


# Block buster

Rachel Whiteread gets cubic at Tate Modern

# Burton Returns

How *Beetlejuice*, *Batman* and *Big Fish* changed the world forever



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# V A R S I T Y

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947



# “ B U R G L E D ”

Police report 61 thefts in 13 days - and almost all resulting from complacency  
**To prove how easy it is to enter your rooms, *Varsity* simulates 61 more break-ins**



## News Team

Cambridge Police have reported a dramatic level of burglaries over recent weeks. Organised gangs of criminals are thought to be targeting Cambridge students at the beginning of the new academic year. According to City Centre Sergeant Marc Rycarte, most of the burglaries have resulted from students leaving doors and windows insecure, open or unlocked. 61 burglaries reported in the 13 days between 3rd October and the 16th, compared to an average of around 12 this time last year.

In response to these shocking figures, *Varsity* has worked over the past week with local police to investigate the extent of student awareness regarding issues of safety and security. Joined by two local Police officers, *Varsity* sent out its very own team of ‘burglars’ to see how easy it is to break into Cambridge houses.

In four hours we managed to find ways of gaining access to 61 more properties in areas largely inhabited by students. Over two days we doubled this number. All houses that could have been burgled were left with a “You’ve been Targeted,” crime prevention flyer and a copy of *Varsity*. *Varsity* discovered a shocking level of student complacency.

Our team pushed open unlatched windows and could have freely wandered in through unlocked front doors with astonishing ease in broad daylight. Very few people even looked twice as we worked our way down the narrow streets between Lensfield Road and the station, before moving onto accommodation near Jesus Lane and towards Magdalene Bridge. In many cases we could have walked away with thousands of pounds worth of goods, from mobile phones charging on window sills to computers and televisions placed within arms reach of open windows. On several occasions

we would have been able to walk well inside houses without being challenged and to access wallets and keys visible close to doorways. Police figures indicate that student burglaries result in an average of £1500 worth of theft. More worrying, explained PC Carol Langton, is the extent of the personal damage that such theft can cause. Sergeant Rycarte described victims of theft who had lost dissertations and sentimentally valuable possessions as well as those “seriously disturbed,” by the idea of an intruder in their room.

Problems with relaxed student attitudes to security were confirmed by making several calls to Cambridge colleges who own accommodation in the areas we targeted. A Downing Porter confirmed that there had been many recent incidences of CD players and laptops being taken through open windows at the college, adding “its always like this at the start of term...people just don’t think”. A Head Porter at St.

John’s told *Varsity* that “the college regularly ran campaigns to raise awareness amongst its students,” but properties on St John’s Road were amongst those that have experienced actual theft recently.

Their mood was matched by a frustrated Porter at Sidney Sussex who lambasted students for not taking responsibility for their own security. He explained that “they’re always leaving their doors off the latch...we make every effort to improve security, but we can only ever be as good as the students themselves.” Areas targeted by burglars over the past fortnight have included Lensfield Road, Mill Road, Tennis Court Road, Thompson’s Lane. Colleges that have witnessed crime include Trinity Hall, Magdalene, St. John’s and Churchill.

Cambridgeshire Constabulary have encouraged students to be vigilant, especially those living near Tennis Court Road and Mill Road.

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## Exclusive political interview

George Osborne discusses David Cameron, drugs, and a difficult week

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news in brief

**King's Parade could be No.1**  
King's Parade is up against 24 other high streets in an online poll to win the title of 'Favourite British High Street'. It faces competition from Edinburgh's Royal Mile and the King's Road, Chelsea as well the more local Gentleman's Walk in Norwich. Visit [www.touchlocal.com](http://www.touchlocal.com) to register your vote.

**Fraud charge**  
Cambridge graduate Philip Bennett has been charged with fraud and hiding up to £309 million from investors. Bennett, Chief Executive of US based commodities and futures trading corporation Refco, has allegedly used a hedge fund to hide enormous funds owed by Bennett to the company. Bennett denies the charges. He studied at St Catharine's college.

**Tit Hall Heartbreaker**  
An interview with The Observer revealed that Hollywood actress and Cambridge graduate Rachel Weisz was nicknamed the "Trinity Hall Heartbreaker" during her years at the University. Much to male despair, her boyfriend of the time was the Director of Footlights, Ben Miller.

**Google drops Gmail**  
The Google internet service popular with graduates has abandoned the Gmail name. Gmail account users will now be @googlemail.com. The move follows a long-running row with a small British firm that has claimed trademark rights to the Gmail name. It is a big victory for the small financial research company, IIIR, which has a £3.23 million market value compared to Google's £49 billion. This week onwards new users will receive an @googlemail address.

**In exams we trust**  
A conference held on October 17 discussed the issue of trust in the UK assessment system. The event, held at Robinson College, marked the launch of the "Cambridge Assessment Network" – a network established to help the international community of assessment professionals share knowledge and expertise. 240 people attended, including academics, teachers, examiners, professionals, journalists.



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**CUR 1350**

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# “Thirty seconds and you could have died”

## College staff blow threat out of proportion

Rachel Dival

Junior Bursar Paul Simm will explain to Trinity College Council today how it came to be that graduate students were given this dire warning.

“The hot water had gone” recalled an anonymous Trinity grad living in Portugal Street, “when maintenance came round to fix it they discovered a huge hole in the gas pipe and warned us half a minute in the downstairs toilet could’ve killed someone.”

The gas supply to the house was immediately cut off and the problem reported to Trinity. But students living on Portugal Street say they are unhappy with the level of communication they received from the college on this issue.

Trinity’s graduate society began to investigate the problem, presenting their findings earlier this week at a meeting with the college. They want to know who is responsible for the situation. It is in response to their questions that Simm will report today.

Simm admitted to *Varsity* that there had been ‘a number of problems’ with the boilers on Portugal Street over the past year. But he stressed that the college had abided by all health and safety regulations, “there needs to be a gas inspection every year and a certificate issued - we have always complied with this.”

The situation is complicated by the fact that the accommodation on Portugal Street is managed by outside agents. In April the college were told that some work would need to be carried out on the boilers prior to the date of the next inspection. This was planned for the long vacation to minimise disruption to students.

Following an inspection in mid-July Simm was told that two Portugal Street boilers needed to be disconnected. Trinity then sent their own maintenance team to the properties, who thought one boiler was “ok” but agreed the other was in need of “serious attention”. Simm believes that it was on this occasion that a resident of the house containing the more dangerous boiler was told the “thirty second threat”.

Trinity say the level of danger was exaggerated on this occasion and sent their head fitter to check all the Portugal Street properties. As a result of his inspection four boilers in the street were disconnected, but no immediate risk to student safety was revealed.

Portugal Street was not the only area of Trinity accommodation to be criticised. Students claim some rooms within college have condemned heaters which are still connected to the gas supply.

Trinity 3rd year Lilie Weaver told *Varsity* “the sticker warning me not to use my heater had fallen off. I used it and ended up feeling very ill.”

Another student, who wished to remain anonymous, recalled how a friend living in Milton Road accommodation had “accidentally switched on his gas heater and subsequently became ill with carbon monoxide poisoning.”

Trinity’s Clerk of Works, Ray Sammons, said that all condemned appliances should have their gas supply capped and would certainly be “clearly labelled” if unsafe. He said he would “look into the matter” but was confident that the college complied with all required regulations, saying “We have a fulltime member of staff devoted to checking appliance safety.”

Simm told *Varsity* that the Portugal Street houses now all had working boilers and that new safety certificates were being issued. He said, “all required procedures were carried out, so at this stage it’s hard to know who is to blame. As far as I’m aware everything is now up and running again.”



Trinity accomodation in Portugal Street

**Bomb hunt**  
The WW2 bombs discovered in Longstanton, north of Cambridge, have raised serious concerns for a future housing development on the farmland area. Experts are now searching the land thoroughly in case it could affect the building of 8000 new houses. It is anticipated the work will take another ten days. Of the four bombs discovered, three were detonated and one made safe and removed. 480 homes were originally evacuated but it is hoped that no more evacuations will need to take place.

**ADC late show cut**  
The lights went up on Saturday’s last night performance of ‘Suddenly Last Summer’ ten minutes before the end of the show, due to the previous show overrunning. An ADC representative explained to audience members that the cut was made necessary by the stringency of licensing laws. A cast member described his anger levels as standing at ‘eight out of a possible ten’. Disappointed theatregoers milled around outside the building after the show to compare ideas about how Sebastian died.

**Cambridge Bac announced**  
The University of Cambridge International Examinations Board (CIE) last week announced plans to introduce new European style diploma. The “baccalaureate” will be aimed at international students and for British schools with an overseas interest. Details are yet to be finalised but CIE said the diploma would act as an alternative rather than a replacement of their international A-Level and AS qualifications. The proposed diploma would include three international A-Levels, an AS-Level and a curriculum extension option.



Drummer Street bus station - deserted

# The bus stops here

Joanna Trigg

The controversial decision to move the long distance bus terminal from Drummer Street to Victoria Avenue has been deferred after Jesus College raised serious concerns. Dr Stephen Siklos, Senior Tutor at Jesus, told *Varsity* that he feared the move could have a "serious impact on student safety."

The decision was reached after a meeting on Monday 17 October when representatives from the Brunswick Resident's Association, acting on behalf of Jesus, presented the council with a petition of residents opposed to the move. Spokeswoman Wendy Andrews told *Varsity* that they could not "see any logical argument in favour of moving the bus terminal to Victoria Avenue."

The National Express coach company also presented a

petition, with Head of Corporate Affairs Mike Lambden telling *Varsity* that customers "would value a central stop" and that Victoria Avenue was "not central enough." He explained that "the current bus station is not fully utilised" and that making improvements would be a viable alternative to relocation.

In the face of such concerted opposition Cambridge Projects Manager Richard Preston conceded that "with hindsight" the proposal had not been properly considered and that the council would examine other potential sites "as quickly as possible".

Emmanuel College is the closest college to the current bus terminal. Peter Parkes, the Emmanuel College Student Union President said “we’d be delighted to see as much of the bus traffic moved away as possible, although we’ve never had any safety issues.”

# Taking aim in Wars of the Roses

A bizarre anonymous source contacted student media this week with a list of waspish complaints against Martin Arrowsmith, Chair of the CU Labour Club (CULC). CULC insiders are baffled as to who might have made these accusations. Arrowsmith said, “I can’t think of anyone in the Labour club who might say these kind of things.” The source set up their own anonymous Hotmail account to send the missives and has refused to reveal identity or even confirm membership of the CULC.

According to the source Arrowsmith is “over-worked” and “time-pressed”. His alleged offences include failing to book a stall at the Freshers’ Fair leaving the club to share with the Fabian Society. Arrowsmith admitted that “there was confusion - that was my fault” but denies that he has over-committed himself.

The anonymous source claims Arrowsmith has been “threatened with being thrown off the CUSU committee”. Whilst Arrowsmith admits his attendance rate is poor he claims he always sent someone in proxy apart from on one occasion.

Laura Walsh, CUSU President said “Martin hasn’t had the best track record of attendance to CUSU meetings and carrying out his duties since his election, but my attitude at the start of the new year is to give everyone a second chance.”

Arrowsmith was further

blamed for not competently filling the termcard and for teaming up with other societies for events. In response Arrowsmith said, “We’ve got a great termcard. I’ve worked my ass off for that termcard. Jane Jacks [former CULC President] said that it was the best termcard she has seen.”

A member of CULC admitted Arrowsmith was “a little dull” and not very “dynamic” but that that he had “not done badly.”

The accusations referred to the election scandal earlier this year in which Arrowsmith was left as the only candidate. Opponent Joe Powell has now re-joined the club and told *Varsity* he likes to keep a “low profile”.

Jamie Simcox, CULC Treasurer said, “it was a shame that there was no-one standing against him [Arrowsmith]” but that he’s “done a good job”.


On the night *Varsity* went to Press, one final complaint came into the *Varsity* News inbox which claimed, “The National Chair of Labour students formally censured him for his chaotic disorganization.” Arrowsmith was not too concerned and said, “CULC hasn’t been part of Labour Students (LS) for three years. Basically, we’re anti the LS, they’re generally corrupt. Even the General Secretary of the Labour Party told me he thought they’re inept. I don’t think they [the LS] like me much.”

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**Fiskicuffs**  
Tom Kingsley gets tanked up




The Week In Weather




FRI




SAT




SUN




MON



TUE



WED



THUR



# Tit-Hall-ation for charity

Jamie Munk

Trinity Hall students were treated to a unique spectacle last Saturday as the college played host to the Miss Tit Hall beauty contest. The show, organised by the college RAG committee, invited thoroughly unprepared fresher boys to dress up in skimpy skirts and push-up bras, strutting their stuff in the hopes of gaining the coveted title of Miss Tit Hall 2005.

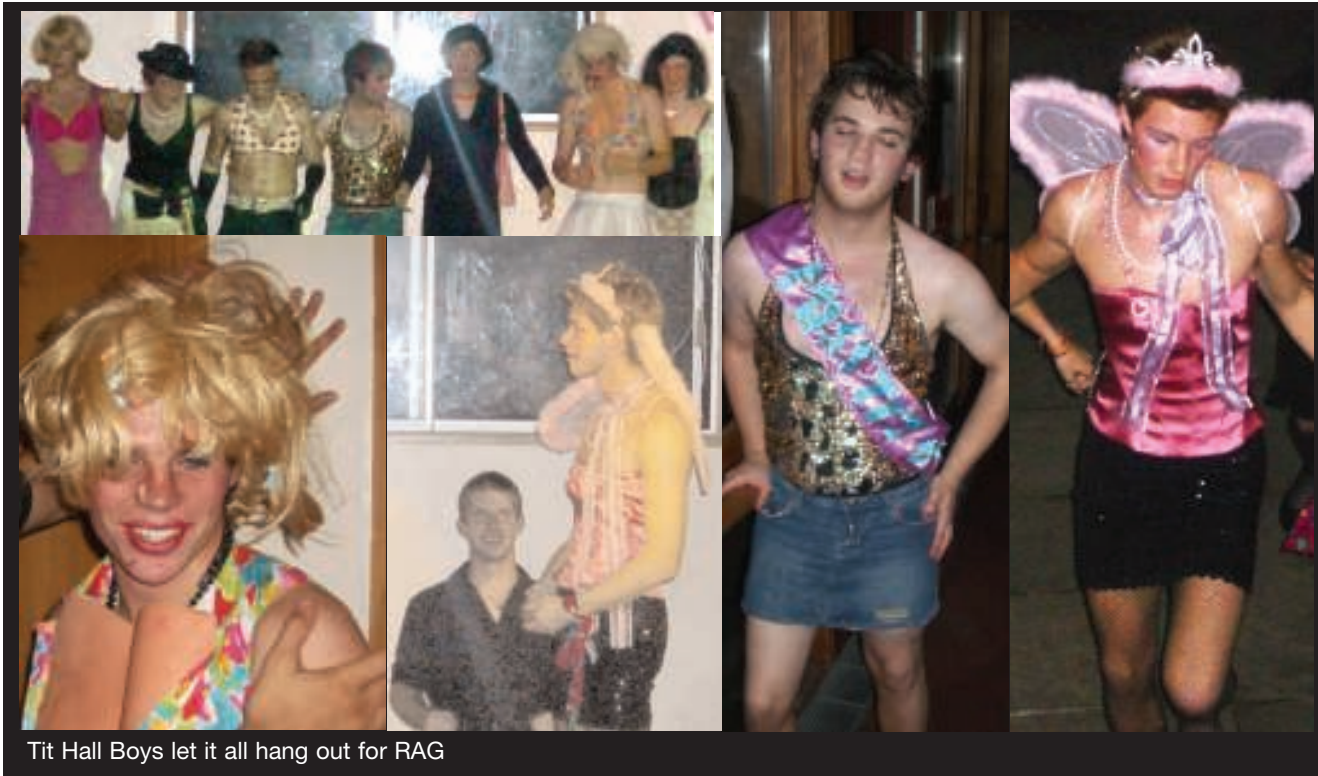
The unwitting contestants competed in a range of activities devised by the reigning champion, second year Will Sorby, in front of a discerning panel of judges. From a rather straight-laced opening of introductions and karaoke, proceedings soon degenerated into a riot of whipped cream, exposed fake breasts and lapdancing, with volunteers from the enthusiastic crowd being brought on stage to take part in the action. Sorby, praising the participants, told *Varsity* "they've certainly got guts to go up there".

Excessive drinking, particularly on the part of the contestants, has often provided cause for concern

at previous events, but the organisers seemed well prepared. College RAG President Sharon Jacobs explained that "extra effort has been made this year to make sure drinking is much more sensible". Throughout the evening a security team were put in charge of the contestants' 'welfare', a hands-on job that entailed some tough-love and occasional forcible removals, culminating in an attempted seduction on stage by the two finalists.

Crowd members voiced mixed reactions, ranging from the wildly enthusiastic to the slightly scared. While Sorby described the performance as "sexual", second year Marsali Grant admitted to being "quite disturbed", predominantly because "they look so convincing". The freshers indeed relished the chance at donning a range of bikini tops, fishnet tights and high heels. One went so far as to describe the experience as "refreshing and liberating".

Whatever the case, newly crowned champion Rob Morgan was delighted with his achievement, as was the RAG committee who raised £500 on the night.



Tit Hall Boys let it all hang out for RAG

JAMIE MUNK

## Mill Rd petition Local traders unite

Ros Earis

A group of Mill Road shopkeepers and residents have set up a petition to curb the "mounting problem" of drink, drugs, violence and vagrancy on their streets.

Groups of homeless men and women are reported to gather along the street at night, and locals are worried that their noisy and occasionally violent behaviour is affecting business, making the area unsafe. Mr Vasant, a shopkeeper on Mill Road, told how "They abuse anybody on the street...if nobody gives them money then they swear at them, and that's just not right. Now we don't stock their drinks anymore, which is bad for our trade". Another local tradesman also complained that rowdy and intimidating crowds are damaging business, saying that "groups of drink and drug-addicted people outside your door drive away customers. It's a mounting problem".

Led by the local Labour Party the shopkeepers aim to recruit support for the introduction of a Designated Public Places Order (DPPPO), applying to twenty-four problem spots in the Mill Road area, which would allow police to

arrest people drinking in public. Under current laws groups of drunks can be dispersed, but this is merely "moving the problem around", according to local Labour party spokesman Ben Bradnack.

The Liberal Democrat council previously rejected ideas for a change in the law and blocked the DPPPO, claiming that it was unnecessary and illiberal. They are supported in this view by those targeted by the campaign: John, one of the homeless people on Mill Road, thinks that the petition shows a lack of compassion towards vagrants, and accuses the traders of "only caring about profits". He says, "We've got nowhere to go so it's not surprising that we end up on their streets. If they want an end to the fights they should find us homes. And we've got just as much right as anyone to be drinking on the streets".

The next council meeting is on December 8, where the petition's organisers hope to rally enough support to see the new laws pushed through.



www.cambridge.gov.uk



Traders on Mill Road band together

ELAINE CAMERON

## Chinos for Goalposts once again

Joe Gosden

The Downing Gentleman's XI convened for the first time in ten years on Tuesday evening after the existence of the club was rediscovered by its new President James Brown.

The club came to light after a re-examination of the Downing College Amalgamation Club constitution by JCR President Kat Beechey, under the terms of which the college are legally obliged to provide funding for all listed societies. The Gentleman's XI used to function as a fully-fledged football club which played purely for enjoyment and prided itself on its strong social side, even fielding a cricket team in summer.

Twenty ties in the club's colours had lain dormant in university outfitters Ryder and Aimes, who had not sold one for a decade, after the club folded in the early 1990s due to a dwindling membership.



Downing XI celebrate their reunion in Parker's Bar at the University Arms

Brown told *Varsity* "The idea is to promote one of Cambridge's little known facts; that in 1846 H.C. Malden of Trinity College laid down the first ever rules of football when he posted the '10 commandments' on trees surrounding

Parker's Piece - the birthplace of the modern game. The laws, known as 'Cambridge Rules' were later adopted by the original Football Association in 1863".

The club are planning to have traditional kit made up and

Brown hopes to return to Parker's Piece at least once a term to "play by the old rules, in traditional kit against the forces that gave rise to the game back in the 1840s; Eton, Winchester and Harrow."

MICHAEL DERRINGER

## Will the smoke clear for Emma?

Rob Page

A plan to ban smoking in student rooms is causing controversy at Emmanuel College.

The college Buildings and Services Committee are keen to implement a ban, but they have asked Emmanuel College Student Union (ECSU) to undertake a consultation with the students as a prerequisite to any action.

It is widely believed that the college regards smoking as a fire hazard and that the sole aim is to reduce any potential risk. But Dr Richard Barnes, Senior Tutor of the College, offered a different perspective. "Discussion has been prompted particularly by the inconvenience for non-smokers, especially those who have to occupy a smoky room." He confirmed the college's intention to be guided by student opinion: "There would need to be a significant degree of consensus before any discussion could be taken further."

The full results of the ECSU survey are not yet available, but as it stands, the proportion of students

in favour of a ban is almost exactly equal to that in opposition. 35 per cent of the students have responded. Peter Parkes, President of ECSU, said: "The current results suggest a very divided membership - results which I hope will dissuade the Committee from an immediate implementation of a ban."

Emma porter Rick Cord deems smoking to be a "marginal fire risk," but said: "To be honest, I've seen more fires caused by faulty TV sets than by smoking. My own feeling is that it shouldn't be banned. It's a question of basic liberty."

Many are concerned that students attempting to disguise their habit would constitute a much greater fire hazard. This view is shared by Nicky Olle, whose room was destroyed by a fire in March, albeit one caused by an electrical fault rather than by smoking. She said, "I lost my entire dissertation, which was annoying, but worse was the fact that literally all my possessions, except a few CDs, went up in smoke." She added, "I think it's



Will the bar be the next no-smoking zone?

ridiculous to suggest a ban. Wouldn't it be wiser to put ashtrays in students' rooms? Then it would be down to people to

smoke responsibly; they wouldn't end up putting cigarette butts in bins. It's a question of whether or not the college trusts its students."

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On Campus

**Student Turn-Off**  
Today is University of Cambridge Switch-Off Day. Students are encouraged to conserve electricity by switching of laptops and lights. If every one of the 26,000 staff and students at the University left a mobile phone charger plugged in and switched on at the socket, but not even charging, this would cost the University over £100,000 in electricity. If everybody in the country made sure their TV was turned off instead of being left on standby, then this would save enough electricity to close a power station.

**Cycle cops for Cambridge**  
Cambridge is to have its own three strong motorcycle patrol unit. The squad will be used in the ongoing fight against anti-social behaviour and road traffic offences in the city. Chief Inspector Adrian Hutchinson warned that the unit would be targeting “anyone using a vehicle to commit a crime.” Two bikes will be BMWs and one a Honda Pan European.

**UN Environment Lecture**  
UN Secretary General Dr Klaus Toepfer addressed New Hall on Thursday as part of the “Environment on the Edge” lecture series. His lecture was focused on the environmental problems facing th world including the ecocide of the Marsh Arabs. The next talk in the series will take place on November 15 at New Hall.

**Quick thinking by Darwin**  
Research by the Director of Cambridge’s Botanic Garden, Professor John Parker, revealed that Charles Darwin began to form his theories on evolution at a much earlier stage than had been thought. A new article by Professor Parker claims that it was actually Professor John Henslow, founder of the Cambridge University Botanic Garden, who sparked Darwin’s interest in evolutionary thinking.

**Celebrating Sue**  
This weekend New Hall will host a celebration of the life of Dr Sue Benson, the brilliant anthropologist and social scientist who sadly passed away in July. Her work focused on issues of race, gender and the body. She was greatly loved by the thousands of students she taught over the years, *Varsity* once made her their Star of the Week, a column rarely featuring senior staff. The celebration will start at 2.30 this Saturday at New Hall, Anyone who would like to attend will be very welcome.

**Violent weekend**  
Cambridge’s city centre was immersed in violence last weekend; Thompson’s Lane was the scene of a brawl between local youths on Friday night, leaving the scene covered in glass. Students from Trinity Hall and Magdelene witnessed the fight. On Saturday a student witnessed an apparent attack on a man on the Queen’s Road.

Cross Campus

**Meningitis scare**  
A male student at Liverpool University has died of suspected meningitis, leading to the health campaign to vaccinate all other students. The university said it was “saddened by the death” The post mortem takes place this week.

**Beatrice to leave Britain**  
Princess Beatrice has decided to forgo British universities in favour of attending a US college. She described how she likes to “hang out” in her mother’s Manhattan apartment. She follows fellow royal Lady Gabriella Windsor who graduated from Brown this year, having famously thought thought it would be “like Dawson’s Creek” only to be shocked by “drugs, alcohol abuse and sexual licentiousness”.

**NUS getting a little too cosy?**  
The NUS National Secretary has made the shock revelation that “Insurance is not a student luxury...it’s a necessity”. This conveniently fits with the equally shocking findings in the same press statement from NUS-approved insurance provider Endsleigh that “students are taking more and more to university”. At the bottom of the press statement they jointly highlight the fact that all students should take out specific student insurance in case they are not covered by their parents’ policy.

**London Unis want to award own degrees**  
Imperial College, King’s College, University College and LSE have all applied to the UL’s Privy Council to be able to award their own degrees. Imperial have said that this is because they think their own name carries more weight than that of the UL. So have all the other colleges of the UL.

**Protestors kicked out of Oxford Union**  
When President Festus Mogae of Botswana spoke at the Oxford Union this week protestors were forcibly moved from the debating room. When protesters against the President’s regime asked awkward questions, members of Special Branch removed them from the room. Outside, more members of Survival International campaigning against Mogale’s treatment of bushmen were also forced to move. In total 25 members were removed from the event.

**Britain’s Oldest Student**  
96-year old Bernard Herzberg has just been named as Britain’s oldest student. He has just started a Masters’ degree at the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) in African economics and literature. He would have liked to begin a doctorate but feels three years is too long at his age.

Campaigners crash Shell show

Varsity News Reporter

Three Cambridge students ambushed a Shell recruitment drive this week to deliver an environmentally friendly message. Blue-chip hopefuls were fly-ered by the local branch of People & Planet as they arrived at the University Arms Hotel presentation. The group attacked the petrochemical multi-national’s “terrible human rights record”. To his “pleasant surprise” Queen’s grad Josh Robinson was given a few minutes to speak for the environmentalists before Shell’s presentation began. His message to the job-seeking students was simple: “We’re not saying don’t go for Shell, but do think very hard.” People & Planet are a national student network who



Josh Robinson hands out leaflet in protest and is given a platform to voice his objections

campaign to alleviate poverty, defend human rights and protect the environment. Philippe Rose, Shell’s Recruitment Team, said “We like to let students express themselves so long as it’s polite. Things like



JAMIE MARLAND



CU Chabad Jewish Soc re-enacted *Sukkah* on the Cam this week in order to rias awareness of the week-long *Sukkot* or *Tabernacles* festival. *Sukkah* is the Old Testament commandment to build and dwell in a hut for the duration of the festival, which commemorates the time the Israelites were wandering in the Sinai Desert.


Supervisions here to stay

Jude Townend

National media reports last week suggested that the Cambridge supervision system was under threat from the increasing financial deficit of the last few years. *The Times* ran the headline: ‘Cambridge faces the end of one-to-one tutorials’ and claimed ‘Cambridge may be forced to abandon its tradition of one-to-one tuition unless it can raise sufficient additional endowment funds to meet the cost’. *The Guardian* was more hesitant but claimed Cambridge would not be able to ‘afford its traditional ‘premium services’, including one-to-one ‘supervisions’ as they are known.’ In response Dr Nick Holmes, Chairman of the Board of Scrutiny, told *Varsity* that the media had wrongly included supervisions in the category and that “only some of Cambridge’s premium services were under threat.” The Board Of Scrutiny, established in 1995, examines the way in which the University is run and comments on this to the University’s governing body, the Regent House. These media reports followed the October 11

Discussion of the Board of Scrutiny in which their 10th Report was the main item on the agenda but the threat to supervisions was not even mentioned. Dr Holmes said, “Why the news media choose to emphasis what was a minor point in the Board’s 10th Report, I do not know. Perhaps because they thought it made an attention-grabbing article.” A spokesperson from the University said, “the coverage was lazy reporting and blew it out of proportion.” The report from the University’s watchdog states: “in the future the premium services the University and Colleges provide for its students and staff will have to be funded out of endowments or other non-government funds. If this extra income does not rise at least at the same rate as student and staff numbers then it will be difficult to maintain the premium services that the University and Colleges provide.” Dr Holmes explained the confusion that ensued: “Some of us now wish that we had added ‘some of’ in front of ‘the premium services’ in the fourth sentence -it would have more accurately expressed what we were thinking.” Holmes says the Higher

Education Funding Council for England’s (HEFCE) published information “could be clearer” whilst Philip Walker, a spokesman for HEFCE, commented “it is extremely complicated the way Oxford and Cambridge are funded” but “I honestly don’t know what has triggered the interest” as the decisions to change funding were made in 1998. Another spokesperson from the University of Cambridge said, “it’s our own fault really for being so transparent in our deliberations. Yes, we do need to raise the funds but supervisions are not under threat. We will be able to maintain the supervision system.” Oxford University also encountered media confusion over their tutorial system changes. In November 2004 media reports suggested the tutorial system was on its way out and students protested in response. In January 2005 Oxford responded with a statement: “there is no question of Oxford University abandoning tutorials as a core part of its teaching provision” The Cambridge Board of Scrutiny reports are published in full in The Reporter online. **Survey page 6**

	<b>Varsity finds the best value printers</b>
<b>Comet</b> Lexmark Z515 12 pages/min Scanner, Copier £24.99	<b>Currys.co.uk</b> Canon Printer, Scanner, Copier All in one £51.57
<b>PC World</b> Lexmark X2350 15 pages/min Printer- High res. Save £20, £39.99	<b>Dixons.co.uk</b> Samsung Laser Printer- High res. £72.47

**1998:** HEFCE announces changes to Cambridge and Oxford funding  
\*HEFCEs will take over the funding of “privilege fee” status from LEAs  
\*HEFCE will gradually reduce premium funds by one third from 1999.  
\*These and other changes will be introduced over a ten year period which is due to end in 2008.

**August 2005:** 10th Report of The Board of Scrutiny issued. It warns of the deficit faced in recent years. Vice-Chancellor launches £1 billion fundraising campaign

**October 11:** Submission of the 10th Report of the Board of Scrutiny

**October 14:** National media report threat to supervision system. University issue statement saying: “The current supervisory system will remain integral to the world class quality of a Cambridge education. However, it comes at a price. We are working hard to rebalance our sources of funding and to achieve a sustainable surplus. This includes the launch of our £1 billion anniversary appeal.”

Counselling Service under threat

Tess Riley

The University Counselling Service fears that it will be a target of cutbacks in university funding. UCS offers a wide range of programmes and the number of students seeking their help grows by five to ten per cent a year. Given that the student body also increases by one per cent a year, resources are already severely strained. The UCS offers counselling for both staff and students. The University meets all the staff user costs, however colleges contribute £13.70 per student member towards a fund for students who need counselling. This is where a dangerous loophole lies: colleges do not necessarily put

their financial budgets above the welfare of their students, but what is certainly true is that discrepancy exists between what help is on offer, how this can be paid for and how difficult those suffering from mental health issues find it to seek that help. The increasingly comprehensive information provided by organisations such as UCS and CUSU is invaluable. But there are still those who do not realise the significance of mental health issues. One female student spoke of her attempt to seek out help. Her tutor told her there was “no point” going on the UCS waiting list because she would have graduated before receiving treatment. Phippen reassured *Varsity* that students who ask for an appointment will have a preliminary assessment the next day. However, this offhand remark deterred the student from seeking help. Further urgency is lent to the situation by the fact that the busiest time in the UCS’ calendar, the middle of the year, has not yet arrived. At this point last year the UCS was full to capacity, leaving those requiring longer-term help to have to wait several weeks before being seen. Phippen concedes that this is “not good enough”, yet the UCS is likely to hit that crisis point again next January. Cuts have also been proposed to mental health services for Cambridge City, a possibility that local MP David Howarth is battling fiercely against. Despite the great efforts cur-



rently being made by the overstretched UCS, worrying statistics continue to emerge. Last year’s figures show that suicide attempts made by those seen by UCS almost doubled from the year before. That self-harm increased almost 50 per cent 2004 is glossed as ‘rather worrying’, but not abnormal from a similar increase nationally. Relationship issues and depression remain the most common problems that patients seek help for.



# SELLOUT

## Zoe Pilger investigates the Iron Lady's relationship with the University



In 1985 Margaret Thatcher was refused an honorary degree by Oxford University. At the time the BBC called this a "stunning snub". The decision was political: under Thatcher the Tory government had made drastic cuts to university funding. Over 1,000 Oxford academics and administrators supported the protest against Thatcher. 5,000 students signed a petition they and cheered as the verdict was read out. The Iron Lady became the first Oxford-educated Prime Minister since the war to be denied the honour.

For the university dissent carried a massive risk. Oxford and Cambridge have traditionally enjoyed a very "special relationship" with those bastions of the British establishment for whom they provide fodder. Politicians, spies, media men, corporate executives: all have been sauced out of the universities, moulded into the necessary shapes and fed to a public who is not sure it likes what it's eating. Oxford and Cambridge are the gatekeepers and gatekeepers are not meant to talk back.

But Thatcher had gone too far. Her exultation for economic growth did not include education. To the contrary, education-alongside most other areas of the public sector- was her first casualty.

Peter Pulzer, Professor at All Souls College, Oxford and leader of the campaign, gave this statement: "This is not a radical university, it is not an ideologically motivated university. I think we have sent a message to show our very great concern, our very great worry about



the way in which educational policy and educational funding are going in this country. I hope the prime minister and the government and the country at large will take note."

Pulzer's words are resonant. His "very great worry about the way in which educational policy and educational funding are going in this country" is a worry now shared by many academics. Blair has done what Thatcher never dared: charge students for education. Pulzer's insistence that Oxford is "not a radical university", nor "an ideologically

motivated university" is also significant. Even twenty years ago the preservation and sanctity of higher education did not equal radicalism, but logic. It was viewed as a right.

Clearly the goal-posts have moved. In 1999 Cambridge University offered Margaret Thatcher the honour of becoming a Companion to the Elite Guard of Cambridge Benefactors. She accepted. Her recommendation to this post followed a period of lusty bankrolling to business in Cambridge, otherwise known as

"fundraising". £2 million was donated by the Margaret Thatcher Foundation. This Foundation, established in 1991, proclaims its mission in the most strident terms: "To further free trade throughout the world".

Accordingly, a Margaret Thatcher Professorship of Enterprise Studies was installed at Cambridge's Judge Business Institute and Churchill College was bestowed with the official Margaret Thatcher archive. In contrast to Oxford's principled dismissal, Cambridge was ecstat-

ic at the prospect of sponsorship from a woman who once said: "If your opportunity is to be equal, it is not opportunity". Surely this would clash with the current furore over admissions policy? No scrutiny, it appears, is afforded to the history of an individual who gives money.

At least this seemed the consensus of the University General Board as they recommended the "generous offer" from the Margaret Thatcher Foundation be "gratefully accepted." The winner of the Professorship was Alan Hughes. He is a member of the BMESG, which encourages corporate research throughout the university. His current project is entitled 'Market for Corporate Control'; Maggie would be proud.

On receiving his Professorship, Alan Hughes was asked about the potential controversy of his patron. His reply was astounding: "The point [of the Professorship] is entirely non-political, the money was given without any strings attached." "Non-political" is not an adjective usually applied to Margaret Thatcher. Hughes' desire to remain aloof from the ethical implications of his position is convenient, though unconvincing.

Thatcher is said not to have met Hughes prior to his appointment and Hughes will not talk about his own political views. The Margaret Thatcher Foundation, however, was delighted at the news of where its money had gone, calling Hughes "an excellent choice", and "warmly welcoming" his continued work in the field of


enterprise.

Aside from the University's under-publicized lack of ethical investment policy, guidelines on ethical patronage (an alter-ego of investor) are also necessary. One example of The Margaret Thatcher Foundation's less unpalatable connections is the former fascist dictator, General Pinochet. The Foundation, which was founded in 1991, includes among its publications a pamphlet by Robert Harris, entitled 'A Tale of Two Chileans'. Harris extols the virtues of the "true democracy" Pinochet installed in Chile during his seventeen year reign of oppression and torture. Indeed, only two weeks prior to his arrest, Pinochet was entertained by the Thatchers at their Chester Square home in London.

Sir Patrick Neil, Warden of All Souls College, was main a supporter of Thatcher during the Oxford snub, in which she was voted against 738 to 319. Sir Neil was baffled by the University's decision, commenting: "We have never given honorary degrees in the past because we approved or disapproved of someone's policies."

Surely to 'disapprove' is not a strong enough word for someone who advocates an acknowledged fascist, amongst the other 'policies' Thatcher implemented during her time in Office. To depoliticise university decision-making exempts academia from the real world, and legitimises a bubble-mentality unaccountable to actual morality. This is what has happened to Cambridge.

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# weekdays

DUNCAN ROBINSON  
DIRECTOR OF THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM

## Wednesday

Charlotte late for school, so drove through the Cambridge rush-hour to Long Road Sixth-Form College before retreating to the Museum for an unusually quiet morning. At 10 am strolled over to the History of Art Department to introduce myself to the new crop of research students. Then back to the Museum to discuss our Christmas concert with the Director of the New Cambridge Singers. Lisa left for Sicily at lunchtime. Early evening at home in the Lodge for Magdalene's Litfest, joined by Tamar Yoseloff, Poet-in-residence, who read some of her poems before dinner in Hall.

## Thursday

As usual, a College day. At lunchtime I admitted the new Fellows ('auctoritate mihi commissa . . . etc.) before the first meeting this term of the Governing Body. Left at 3 pm to drive to Stansted. Arrived in Palermo around 10 pm, just in time to join members of the Marlay Group (patrons of the Museum) at dinner in the Palazzo Alliata di Pietratagliata.

## Friday

Felt decidedly truant as we set off by coach to the Temple at Segesta. 'Mad dogs and Englishmen' came to mind, so bought a sunhat after lunch and before trudging around in search of more palaces and even more churches.

## Saturday

Less guilty – after all, it's the weekend. Held forth at length on the extraordinary 15th Century painting of the Triumph of Death in the Galleria Regionale, then reduced to silence by Laurana's marble bust of a woman, anticipating Brancusi by five centuries. After lunch a surfeit of Sicilian baroque architecture and the elaborate confectioneries of the plasterer Serpotta. Dinner with the Principessa and guests at the Palazzo Speciale.

## Sunday

Reluctantly parted company from the holiday makers to return to Cambridge in time for Evensong and Chapel. Resisted the temptation to read emails before going to bed.

## Monday

High mileage on the bicycle today, pedalling backwards and forwards between College and Museum. Plenty to catch up on after the weekend, including one or two minor crises. The first of our informal Fresher's Lunches in the Lodge followed by a meeting of Heads of Departments with the Vice-Chancellor. For once a quiet evening at home; after supper, enjoyed reading the essays I set my first-year art historians at the very beginning of term in a vain attempt to counteract the social whirl of their first few days in Cambridge.

## Tuesday

Began the day at the Museum by arranging a display of portraits by the Ghanaian photographer Sal Idriss to co-incide with Cambridge Black History Month. Met with an M.Phil student who wants me to supervise her dissertation and then made it back to Magdalene to join Lisa for another of our lunches with the Freshers. Spent most of the evening wading through papers for tomorrow's meeting of the University's Planning and Resources Committee, relieved at 9 pm by a breathtaking recital by one of the organ scholars. Where else in the world could you possibly find such a wealth of talent on your doorstep?

# incidentally...

by zoe organ



Do I exist if no-one can see me? (trees bashing around forests etc...) In the first year, a friend confessed that she sometimes had to throw herself into the melee of Sainsbury's in order to be "perceived." On the one hand this was potentially tragic. It might have lead to lingering looks exchanged with checkout boys, a messy indeterminate relationship with the *Big Issue* Seller, a sense of identity founded upon choice of yoghurt. Nevertheless, the exchange of milk will always remain at the heart of western society: the beast meets the world and we drink . To demean this simple, wholesome act bespeaks the arrogance of bubble-encompassed students.

# Varsity asks: is Cambridge teaching really so special?

**The supervisors say:**  
"Supervisions are a central part of the collegiate approach to teaching"

"They allow students to go into depth on subjects of their choice and convey a level of depth that cannot be undertaken elsewhere"

"It's a wonderful privilege for students"

"If supervisions were to go it would change dramatically the way instruction works... it would ultimately be a loss to students."



PERRY HASTINGS

## Outside the bubble

"I really envy the way you get one-on-one tuition every week. I have a ten minute feedback meeting after I've written an essay, and I never feel like there's time to cover the issues. To have three or more hours a week must be so useful!" Catherine Donald, University of Durham

"I don't see why Cambridge should get more money than everyone else to support this system. If you can't afford to run them without government subsidy, you should have to get rid of them" Amit Goenka, UCL  
"I spent a year at Cambridge

and then went to York, and I now realise how helpful supervisions were." James Taylor, York University

"Sounds like a lot of work to me. At least in a class or seminar you're not so exposed." Emma Robinson, Leicester University

"Supervisions got me my degree! They were the only forum I had to ask questions and get specific answers to things I wanted to know. In lectures you just get talked at - but you need supervisions to understand things" Olivia Gray, Pembroke grad 2005



## Sniffing around the diocese

The Bishop has come to learn that a failed Labour politician has decided to return to his alma mater, Trinity College, to study for a PhD in the History Faculty. His election hopes in leafy Sevenoaks, Kent were dashed to smithereens and his party contingent purged amidst allegations of far-right extremism. Indeed, as an undergraduate in Cambridge, his own dubious leanings were well-known: a former under-

graduate described the atmosphere at his notorious parties as one of "fetid sub-Nietzschean desperation". All I can advise from the pulpit is that a return to the groves of academe should herald a calmer era of reflection for this latter-day Ernst Röhm.

It has also come to light that a first year graduate student at a prominent Cambridge college lied about his religious background in order

> The national media got slightly over-excited this week about the potential threat to the world-famous Cambridge supervision system. What's all the fuss about?

## The students:

"It's having the same supervisor your college Master once had; having the authors of the books your friends at other Universities read, talk to you for an hour about what they really mean. It's about the writing between the lines, and the insight distilled over many years given to you *viva vocat* in an ancient and beautiful environment." Rupert Myers, Law

"The supervision system is what differentiates Oxbridge from the rest. It was certainly one of the main reasons why I applied. If it was done away with I think there'd be an uprising, and a lot of disgust and outrage." Laura House, French and Spanish.

"Taking away the supervision system would be very detrimental to Cambridge's reputation. In Germany, Cambridge has this excellent reputation because of the supervision system. However, the high level of academic expertise would remain." Lou Proske, English

"If the supervision system went, you'd be getting rid of the point of

going to Cambridge. It would be making a mockery. For me it's the only structured part of the course. It gives students a chance to develop their understanding more, because of the close attention of dons" Brendan Coyne, History

"The whole point of coming here is having the supervision system. One-to-one teaching makes you so much better at your subject, because you can pin-point areas you're not so capable at and improve yourself. I'd be extremely disappointed if it had to go." Andy Bailey, Engineering

"The supervision system is unique to Oxbridge. Taking it away would be to remove their biggest selling point. The system has produced amazing results in the past - people get so much more out of the whole university experience." Nicky Peart, Natural Sciences

"Supervisions are great but there's a lot going for seminar teaching. You get to bounce ideas off your contemporaries rather than someone who is already an expert in their field. Sometimes that can be just as helpful. Ruth Smith, History

to obtain a better room. Incensed at not being allocated an en-suite room, the ex-public schoolboy traded on his family's distant past, claiming that he "could not wash with the unclean infidels" and thus required an en-suite room,

“HE’S ABOUT AS DEVOUTLY MUSLIM AND AS POLITICALLY CORRECT AS ROBERT KILROY-SILK”

which he duly received. One fellow graduate student succinctly described this un-echt Islamist: "He's about as devoutly Muslim and as politically correct as Kilroy-Silk." Our Episcopal advice is simple: try Anglicanism, you'll get in less trouble, and we love wily toffs.

In a shocking continuation of last week's tidbits, I can exclusively reveal that a certain Japanese contraceptive conglomerate is still bombarding a bewildered young Cambridge hack with their longest, finest and thinnest products. In a shocking initial-based coincidence, JCD (Japanese Condoms Direct) politely enquire in their press release (scurrilously pilfered by the Bishop from under a growing mountain of the aforementioned sheaths) that they 'hope the quality and safety of these condoms was evident from the sample provided'. Exactly what are they implying?

Got some juicy gossip? The Bishop has gone a bit 21st Century - you can now email the hottest happenings as and when they happen. Get those scoops and scandals to [thebishop@varsity.co.uk](mailto:thebishop@varsity.co.uk)

More tea, anyone?

In the second year, when I got contact lenses and realised just how many people I had been depriving of perception in Sainsbury's that I could fully appreciate the pleasures of this place. At Cambridge's core, boundaries dissolve: the perfect place for flirting. Those who prop against the bar in Fez, studiously cultivating the "casual look" simply cannot pull off dispassion in such chemically charged environments. Everyone knows they're on the pull. Sainsbury's, the temple of nonchalance, invites a strut of its own. The completely undemanding nature of the venue, your obvious excuse for being there, the fact that it is unlikely that random men will pinch your nether parts, the sense of exposure when all the world can see the products that constitute your hygienic life - all these contribute to a sensual matrix ripe for relationships to fructify. Just a tip.

Aside from Sainsbury's, The Cantabrigdian's desire for perception is well known. It's not such a problem in other universities because there aren't so many self-definitions. A major problem here is that "the boffin" is stripped of his credentials, partly because there are always others who do less, care less and achieve more, but also because his defining characteristics, the geeky specs, the slight but lovable body odour, have been appropriated by hoards of aging dons. So in the first few weeks people frantically dive into another pigeon hole- and perform! "Who are you?" turns into "What are you?" Perhaps its egotism or perhaps it's the philosopohical dictum which affirms that we only exist in terms of the gifts we can bring to other people- which would imply a correspondingly impassioned state of Cambridge love life. (Varsity survey required.) I think there is another reason,

both for Cambridge passions and Cambridge pigeon holes, which is that, more than elsewhere, we are forced to confront a sense of non-being. Often the churning out of the ill-devised essay can feel a like a tree falling to no audience. There is a different silence when I shut my bedroom door to the one there is at home. What made them think when they let us in, that just because we got our grades, (perhaps because we weren't sitting next to the man we loved during our exams, like the friend who went to Bristol or Durham) that we were suitably conditioned for this intensity of work? It is surely not about brains - we are to sit still. This is terrifying. Especially when you are an English student and the very work itself is telling you that you'd be better off prancing about the country in pastorsl rhapsody. It is unnatural for people of our age entomb themselves in monastic seclusion and focus on something

other than themselves! The sense of impending doom when I shut my bedroom door is because I know that I should do it a lot more, and because of this doom, I haven't been alone for ages. In exam term, the colluding identities of the Blue-Tac and the Horsey-Horse have an reduced choice of bops, pavs, events for them to cross orbits. The abiding guilt that Cambridge gives you for doing anything other than work is never enough to outweigh the horror of work itself. I can recall coming out by moonlight onto the lawn at Newnham, looking at the Old Hall (lights glowing behind the red curtains), having a quiet cigarette with a token copy of *Sir Gawain*, remembering that sort of lonely contentment that people go on about after gap years. If only my fellow maniacs would all come out, alone, in the quiet air and grass, then peace and love would rule the world.



# DON'T LOOK BACK

In a week which saw politics and tabloid muck-rake collide, **JON SWAINE** asks whether youth can be forgiven, or if we should live in fear for our futures

More inopportune moment could not really have been chosen. The week of forced smiles, forgotten names and trying desperately to be half as interesting as Gap Year Joe had just about passed. Nurofen in one hand, horrifying essay title in the other, freshers across Cambridge were quietly celebrating the end of all the nonsense. Of the strained salutation, the liver-aching drinking and blushing scrambles for shared interests. "Oh, precious normality," they whispered. "Liberating lack of expectation – stay with me, please. Never let anything like freshers' week ever happen to me again, for I need to be myself once more."

But before the joyful tears of 'First-year-not-fresher-actually' emancipation had even dried came the news that perhaps the guards should stay up.

Our ways of life at university; our recreational pursuits and the people with whom we choose to mix – they matter right now, and will matter forever. So you'd best get back to the beaten track: won't somebody please think of their future?

David Cameron may have taken drugs at university. George Osborne knew a prostitute. It is dull even remarking on the dullness of this news. Of those railing against them, many shop the line that it's all about the honesty – that old 'trust' chestnut. Is it, though? The moment any collegiate wrongdoing was admitted, wouldn't it be 'all about' the drugs? And then that would make someone unsuitable to lead a political party and a government, for sure.

It sometimes seems that in principle, everyone is accepting of transparency and of everything being 'out in the open', until it offends their own, actually quite particular threshold of taboo. Ours is a politics long-since resigned to some of the negative impacts of always-on media. But we seem to have allowed the most audible voices of that media to set some very narrow parameters of what is acceptable content in the grand narratives of our politicians and potential leaders.

So, when examining their backgrounds, we want our heroes nice, normal, down-to-earth men of the people. "Pretty straight guys," as Tony memorably put it. And who could possibly disagree – until, of course, comes the realisation of what nice and normal might mean today. What if, like Michael Portillo felt compelled to 'confess' in 1999, they had homosexual experiences in their youth? Well, they must be all for those woolly "pashmina politics"



that Iain Duncan Smith so courageously fought against. And what a fabulously regular guy he turned out to be.

But in the pursuit of this flawless life story of just-about-acceptable fallibility, all we seem prepared to accept is Blair-esque blokishness. While all-clear on the important tests, like smiley family, unremarkable sexuality and lifetime aversion to cannabis, curious bits of pseudo-rebellious fluff, like once being in a terrible band, or a complete lack of interest in student politics add that necessary, laddish edge. When compared to earnest, or egghead, polymaths like William Hague – taking a First while simultaneously president of the Oxford Union, his college JCR and the University Conservative Association – the battle seems won even before policy is on the table.

Similar questions of actual policy, it should be said, to those conspicuous for their absence in this week's ugly quarrels. And herein lies the problem. We really do neglect entirely the important things – the real substance behind the slippery plane of name-calling we seem incapable of exceeding.

“WHEN EXAMINING THEIR BACK- GROUND, WE WANT OUR HEROES NICE, NORMAL, DOWN- TO-EARTH MEN OF THE PEOPLE”

We forget, even, the scandals that might be more morally troubling. Kenneth Clarke has earned an estimated £1m from sales of a more lethal drug than the one a 22-year old George Osborne shared photograph-space with, some of it to people in the Third World far less educated on its ills than old Etonians. But who cares? Smoking isn't quite on the Very Bad agenda. If it isn't homogenised and ready for easy-access copy, just forget it.

And in a way, so goes the parable for our university days, too. It is a cliché to remark on the restrictive ubiquity of Cambridge social clichés. Nonetheless, subjects, social groups and societies still are tribal enough to grip hopefuls in their expectations and conventions.

They fixate students with fitting in. We should be 'normal', but not so actually normal and at ease with ourselves that it might offend. Cautiously chug the pint at the drinking society swap, stand for election to all the right positions, be in the right plays that the best people will see – all the time forgetting to ask whether it means anything, or whether we're doing

anything worthwhile. It doesn't matter, it seems like the right thing to be doing, and it meets the narrow expectations which are presented as being desired of us.

Yet we're still being educated; surely we're the ones allowed to be unafraid of mistakes and relish the learning from them. As David Cameron stated this week, "we are all human, and we all err and stray". Yet equally he knows that to reveal what his strays entailed would be political suicide. If we can't do these now and still be forgiven upon future reconsideration, we can't ever again. We are meant to come out of this stage bruised, but better for knowing it, realising that it's served its purpose, and sent us into the world ready to weigh up the important things – the policies – well. It seems difficult enough that the outside world is determined to hold the indiscretions of youth up to its sparkling standards. Worse still – though understandable – would be an accordant recourse to safe uniformity by youth.

At one Cambridge college, the return this year of a particular student has sparked some double takes. An infamous rascal of undergraduacy has surprised many by finding himself allowed to remain to study for an MPhil. "I was, well, a nightmare for college when I was here," he says, a description corroborated by those who distinctly remember his presence as they were encouraged to 'merrily' enjoy the night before their entrance interview as their introduction to his ways. By all accounts, his college's patience very nearly expired more than once.

Yet as he reflects, at Cambridge, for better or worse, "the First is everything". What went before might have turned heads, or caused problems. But if you are able to show that in the thing that brought us here – in what even the most adamantly work-shy could probably bring themselves to describe as an "important thing" – eventually you got it right, then at least you can be spared an automatic condemnation for the past. Often, the outside world doesn't even seem willing to give its public figures that chance.

No-one would wish to reduce the experience of this university to its Tripos. It is, of course, an imperfect assessment. But it is one at least reflecting on the issues. Which is more than can be said for many of the trifles we choose to concern ourselves with here, before realising it's too late. Or, for that matter, deciding to squabble over who might have snorted what, and when, when there's so many more important things still to be done.



**You're rubbish:**  
Varsity helps you be better

Hi, I love the column, and I'm the dictator of some country in the south Middle East, and have I got anthrax? Hell yeah! I've got anthrax! But frankly, I'm worried that it may or may not be produced in association with the Soil Association's high organic standards. How can I be sure that my arms have been ethically produced? Or should that be, produced ethically?

**Cheers, Edward (Teddy)**

Dear Eddie, Thankyou Eddie for your letter you don't know how common a problem yours are! I know how you feel dear, but it's literally a piece of cake (not literally!). Your query is a simple solution in water. What I do is you just look for the little 'Soil Association' label on the side of your anthrax bag. First, Ed, some fast-track anthrax facts: organic anthrax making is an ecological production management system that promotes and enhances biodiversity, biological cycles and soil biological activity :) It is based on minimal use of off-farm inputs and on management practices that restores, maintains and enhances all the ecological harmony apparently. 'Organic', Ted, is a labellin' term that denotes your anthrax has been developed to ensure environmental stability and that certain methods are used to minimize pollution :( from air, soil and water. Best of all, your chemical warfare will be without any harmful foreign chemicals – so anyone you share its with will appreciate its debilitating natural taste. Hope that helps you out a bit; stay organic! :)

**My neighbour, a wine lover like me, gave me a poor bottle. Should I inform him of his error?**

**N.Allen**

I think Aesop may have the answer here: "A fox and a stork were sharing a bottle of wine. The stork accused the fox of having little sense of community. The fox danced, slapped the stork, dressed like a nobleman and ate the stork out of friendship. The moon wept 'Did he deserve that?' The stork said 'ask the fox.'" Maybe you should 'ask the fox.'



# Bright Young and Blue

Shadow Chancellor, closest ally of leadership favourite David Cameron and tipped as a future leader himself. **GEORGE OSBORNE** tells **JAMES DACRE** why the Conservatives still matter

George Osborne is the *wunderkind* of British politics - Hugh Grant's bashful politician from *Love Actually*. At 34, he is Shadow Chancellor, has worked closely with four Conservative leaders and bettered Gordon Brown in the Commons. For the Tory party he is seen as a future star who could eclipse David Cameron, to whom he has been playing kingmaker over the past week, steering his election campaign from strength to certainty. He also, it must be said, made the front page of lurid Sunday Newspapers, pictured in his student days alongside a clearly labelled "HOOKER" nicknamed "Mistress Pain." The two days since have seen Osborne refusing to comment to the national press, but as a former editor of the Oxford magazine *Isis*, he accepted that he "could hardly turn down a fellow student publication."

"It has," he sighs, "been an extraordinary weekend of intense media attention on David Cameron and I...but you get weeks like this and have just got to ride them out. We will emerge stronger from it and, really, when there are so many difficult issues out there in the world what you did or didn't do when you were at university pales in significance. What interests the public may not necessarily be in the public interest, but it comes with the territory. Although a free press can be intrusive when you are in politics, it is much better than not having a free press." Whether hailed or hounded by them, Osborne has always held a profound respect for the nation's media, originally intending to "report current affairs rather than be participating in them." At Oxford University he was "put off student politics and my main interest was in being a journalist. I was not at all politically active there," he explains with an uncertainty that suggests that he is still somewhat surprised to be sitting in Parliament.

On leaving university, a politically dormant Osborne spent a short-lived period as a freelance journalist working for the *Telegraph* and *Times*. Now Osborne and his contemporaries are often cited as examples of "professional politicians" who have entered Westminster very young, and without any real experience in the workplace. Does this mean that he brings less to the politician's table? "I think that an idea that you should have another career, or go make money before you go into politics is a bit artificial. The way that life in general goes is that you take things as they come. I don't feel that this makes me a less effective politician." It is, he claims, his Friday constituency surgery sessions in Tatton that keep him in touch with the real world. He describes last week meeting "a woman whose husband has just been jailed for rape, but who thinks he's innocent, someone struggling with their housing and another with child support agency problems." But one cannot help feeling that there cannot be too much in common between these constituents and a man with a privileged education at top London public school St. Paul's and Magdalen Oxford, with a baronet for a father and a debutante mother, who can expect the multi-million pound

inheritance of the Osborne and Little wallpaper empire.

Yet in his defence, Osborne does appear impressively in touch, genuinely modern and prepared to work very, very hard at his job. And as a 30-something, Gap-wearing lover of modern art, devoted husband and father of two, he is certainly a telegenic vote winner. "I spent more time with William Hague than I did with my wife for a number of years," he says of his four years as a political secretary and script-writer for Hague (blundering only by advising him to don the famous Notting Hill baseball cap). It was a position in which he receiving an ideal crash political education by preparing the former Tory leader for Prime Minister's Question Time. When asked who had politically inspired a young Osborne, he replied generously, "I certainly don't have a pantheon of heroes... but the person who has had the greatest influence in politics on me has been William Hague... a brilliant, brilliant man. Very, very bright and fantastically articulate." And William Hague has been known to return the compliment, previously describing him as a "natural parliamentarian."

Certainly, it takes a natural parliamentarian to have survived what Osborne has so far braved during his political career: He was special adviser to Douglas Hogg during the BSE crisis, press consultant to Major during his dismal last days, given the task of preparing three successive leaders to take on the Prime Minister and handed the notoriously difficult seat of Tatton. He has described his first political job - being sent to observe the 1994 Labour Party conference as the only Conservative Party member amongst a legion of hard-left delegates - as "the worst job in the world."

It is however perhaps the past week that has proved the hardest of Osborne's political career to date. Photographs published in the *News of the World* alongside the aforementioned "Mistress Pain," insinuated the involvement of drugs in his social scene of the time. If anything, Osborne appears to want to turn the speculation that he may have used Class A drugs - or associated with those who did - as a student, into an effective platform from which he is able to moralise about the perilous consequences of drug abuse. And this begins with his criticising New Labour. "No government has successfully tackled drugs despite repeated claims of a 'war on drugs.' Tony Blair launched this 'war on drugs' 45 minutes before going on the David Frost programme because he wanted to have something to say on a Sunday - but it doesn't work and drug misuse and damage caused by drugs continues to grow. My friend was a drug addict and I saw his life destroyed - I'm fully aware of the problems that drugs cause and I think that you need tough and realistic policies - you need to talk to the half a million people a week who take Ecstasy. To understand that people are using these drugs and talk to them in a language that they understand and make it clear to them the damage these drugs do without being completely unbelievable. Young people know that there is

a distinction between Heroin and Ecstasy. They are both bad for you, but until you communicate this in a language that people understand, you're not going to get anywhere with them. There is so much to learn out there about how to tackle drugs on the ground but we in Westminster just don't fully understand."

Is there an inherent hypocrisy demonstrated in liberal drugs policies proposed by affluent recreational drug-takers whilst thousands who are less privileged suffer life debilitating drug addictions? "Drug addiction goes across all groups of society and I don't think that you can divide it into different classes. From the richest people in Britain to the poorest there are people whose lives are destroyed by drugs. I would bet that there are very few families in this country who have not been affected in some way by the damage caused by drugs. We all have had experience of people's lives being destroyed by drugs."

We discuss many areas of this theme before finally focussing upon why so much attention has been given to this narrow issue during the party leadership contest. "They didn't have anything else to attack David Cameron on," Osborne believes. "He has set the leadership campaign alight and its clear if you speak to anyone in the Labour Party that they fear him." Yesterday and Tuesday have shown that Cameron's possible association with drugs does not bother those

**Tackling the drugs problem: "I've seen it first hand with friends of mine that I was at university with and I've seen the disaster that drugs bring to people's lives... all sort of drugs. I've seen the destruction that Cannabis causes. I've seen the damage that is done. The rhetoric from the government hasn't delivered any results on the ground and we need a tough but realistic approach."**

MPs inside his party. A *YouGov* poll published yesterday suggested that he is backed by 59 per cent of grassroots conservatives.

We are cut off by an apparition who enters the office to reclaim a forgotten brief-case. Once he has left, Osborne changes tack, reverting to one of his favourite anecdotes. The morning of the 2001 general election provides one of his most poignant political memories. "I got elected to Parliament and yet William Hague announced that he was resigning as Conservative leader." So did he encourage him to stay as leader? "It was inevitable that he would not have been able to survive in the rather poisonous atmosphere of the Conservative Party at the time." And what of Michael Howard's post-election decision to step down from the post? "I do think that he should have stayed on for longer." Yet, he concedes, "the leader of any opposition only has one thing - the expectation that they may one day be prime minister, which is where the authority of the job comes from - without this expectation, they have no authority." It is a problem that he thinks Blair will experience over the next few years. "Now that he has decided

to go, his authority will diminish."

Perhaps Osborne's greatest political strength lies in his ability to play chameleon - for it is still unclear to most whether he is situated towards the left or the right of the party. What is obvious is that he is distinctly liberal on social issues, voting to repeal Margaret Thatcher's Section 28 legislation against homosexuality in schools, ensuring his absence from the Commons during the ID cards vote and abstaining from the recent Conservative vote against gay couples adoption rights. Making no secret of his support for Bush, war in Iraq and cross-Atlantic politics, he is also fervently pro-American; loving a country where he spent valuable time gaining an education in compassionate Conservative policies. He is a youthful idealist (who wants his epitaph to read "someone who extended opportunity to people") who "would like to be able to give people not so fortunate as me the same sort of start that I had."

**On Access: If you could put into the state system the best academic and vocational schools in the country, there is no doubt that you would transform this countries prospects. There is no reason why all the best schools in the country have to be private. There is no reason why the kind of teaching available at St. Paul's School should not be available in the state system. There should be much more streaming and more selection on ability. The quality of British education means that we do not have the kind of skilled workforce that we need if we are to succeed in the 21<sup>st</sup> century.**

He has ticked every box," a colleague says. Some put this down to sincere confidence, others a schoolboy arrogance. "It's just like boarding school here," Osborne's PA whispered as I waited outside an office emanating self-congratulatory male laughter. It was just hours before it emerged that David Cameron is the leadership favourite and his campaign team inside Osborne's office clearly couldn't wait for the news. And as half a dozen men a generation older than Osborne left the panelled room, the Shadow Chancellor emerged to present me with an "I love David Cameron" badge. Hermes tie, navy-blue Timothy Everest bespoke suit, sleeves rolled up, socks always black. He is charismatic and immediately likeable. He is also distinguished by an ability to dismiss confrontation with an easy sense of humour. He does not however make a clown of himself like Boris Johnson (indeed, at 14 he prudently changed his name from Gideon to George to avoid this) and avoids William Hague's awkwardness. The humour, of course, can have its downside, and he still recoils over media coverage of his "wilder" undergraduate days. "I had my student days for all they were worth when I was 22 years old," he tells me. "It was all just student japes...involved just drinking too much really. If you're not going out and having a good time when you're at university, then you're not enjoying yourself." But most people's idea of having a good time doesn't involve wine glass munching, Portaloo rolling and pink tailcoat wearing. Known at university for debauched nights enjoyed amongst his fellow Bullingdon Club peers (an exclusive Oxford club claiming Boris Johnson, David Cameron and Osborne as

recent members). Osborne smirks that the club's "oath of silence" keeps him from discussing it, but is clearly agitated that this oath did not stop Harry Mount, a good friend of his, from sharing their secrets with the press. In his defence, Osborne got a strong 2:1 and a scholarship in modern history, was heavily involved in student journalism and "spent far more time in the library than on the town."

These former "Bullingdon Men" now make up the bulk of the "Notting Hill Set" a metropolitan group of bright young Conservatives said to fraternise as much in parliament as they do in W11. They are joined by *Times* columnist Daniel Finkelstein, advertising guru Steve Hilton and fellow MP Michael Gove. The media comparison's frequently made are to the posse of New Labour MPs that dwelt in Islington during the 1990's, frequenting Granita - the restaurant at which the notorious Blair-Brown deal was made. Does Osborne have a similar deal with

Europe."

"Our economic policy has got to be a lot broader," he explains. "One of the jobs I've got to do is to show that there is more to the Conservative party than tax and spend." And when I ask him whether the major ideological attraction of his proposed Flat Tax system is that it draws a line of difference between the Conservatives and Labour, he concedes that whilst a different policy is imperative, this wasn't the motivation for any of the "Eastern European countries who have very successfully implemented the system" and isn't for him.

Osborne set a famous precedent for confrontation during his first encounter with Gordon Brown (a Goliath who has seen away 6 successive Shadow Chancellors and is the longest running Chancellor since William Gladstone), taunting him with "I know you see yourself as a Prime Minister in waiting, but I only hope you prove better at being Prime Minister than you have been at waiting." Brown is a politician who is weary from waiting, whilst Osborne, who was only twelve when Brown first became an MP, is in a real hurry. Brown is a man whom he describes as a "steamroller" who "manipulates facts and figures to feed his arguments." And, worst of all, Osborne emphasises, "he hardly ever listens to anyone who advises him." Contrastingly, Osborne is know to take much interest (and to some *too* much interest) in opinion polls, focus groups and grass-roots opinions and is a modernist who believes that Brown's obstinacy is his major flaw. So who is Osborne's target voter? "A young woman aged 30-35, travelling on the tube on the outskirts of London, reading the *Evening Standard* - that woman, who doesn't vote Conservative at the moment, is holding down a job, has two children at home and is interested in their home, safety, occupation, local school and hospital." It is these local issues, he believes, that the Conservative party has got to be engaged in. And not in the fashion of a Labour party which "assumes that party knows best and that people don't know how to run their own lives." The 35-year-old *Evening Standard* reader, Osborne urges, should be treated with more respect than this. And vitally, this means abandoning the ghost of Margaret Thatcher, a woman who was Prime Minister. "before many of the people voting in the next General Election were born." The Conservative Party is at its best, he argues, "when it is a party of the future, rather than a party of the past," as it often still can be.

And what of Osborne's future? Will he remain Shadow Chancellor if Cameron fails to win the leadership contest? Has he been in private negotiations with David Davis?

Osborne laughs, "if you start worrying where you're going to be tomorrow in this game, you can only have sleepless nights." Yet most of Osborne's nights are likely spent working. As one of the few Tories whose reputation has significantly improved since the General Election, he will almost single-handedly be working upon winning an election four years in the making.

## Biography:

**Born** 1997: London  
**Education:** St Paul's  
**Education:** Oxford, Magdalen College, Oxford  
**Family** 1998: Married Frances, 2 children. Son of Sir Peter Osbourne, textile businessman  
**Career:** 2004: Shadow Chief Secretary to the Treasury  
2003: Spokesman for Economic Affairs  
2001: MP for Tatton  
1997-2001: Political secretary to Leader of the Opposition and secretary to the Shadow Cabinet  
1995-1997: Special adviser at the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food  
1994-1995: Conservative research department and head of the Political department  
1993: Freelance Journalist





# Pigeon Feat

## The Vaults - Restaurant Review by Anthony Marlowe and Joe Schutze-Weissmann

Pigeons. People seem to like these feathered fiends; some feed them and others apparently fancy them. I hate them and eat them whenever possible. Vitriol aside, pigeons are a real problem. One solution aired in Trafalgar Square was flying Peregrine falcons at the flocks. This was a great success but it never really took off since tourists were frequently struck by the bloody, decapitated pigeon corpses.

Your fair and thoughtful restaurant critics are here to help with two innovative solutions to this deeply troubling issue. First: send them all to the Huntingdon labs. We are not sure of the scientific benefits of replacing primates with pigeons but it should solve the Animal Rights problem. We can't imagine anyone desecrating graves or rioting for the sake of a few pigeons. Or, better, battery-farm the bastards; the obvious appeal here is in a regular source of good pigeon at great prices.

Pigeons, and here rather circumspectly comes our point, are like tapas. You query? Fair enough; let us explain. A lot of tapas is of the scrawny mongrel European variety; ubiquitous, clumsy, messy and unappealing. Both may give you the shits, as a poor formal-goer found out when dining one night at Caius -though she barely noticed in the context of the food (more on that elsewhere). But good pigeon, like good tapas, can be found if you know where to look. We enjoyed killing two

birds with one stone, so to speak, at the Vaults where we found tasty tapas involving palatable pigeons.

Vaults does tapas, but unlike La Bullshit down the road there is a healthy disregard for the Hispanic monopoly on the stuff. From a menu of over thirty dishes ranging from European rarities to Asian favourites your dedicated critics cheerfully tried as much as they could; the king prawns with chilli noodles were excellent as was the steak: medium-rare actually comes as such.

“GOOD PIGEON, LIKE GOOD TAPAS, CAN BE FOUND IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK”

Alongside such classics we greatly relished the pioneering pigeon and chorizo combination which confirmed restaurant-manager Andy Gaskin's faith in unpretentious innovation. In the same vein we delighted in a serious homemade crème caramel both rich and light.

There is a clear passion in their selection of wines. Vaults has a standard wine supplier, but also buys interesting hand-picked specials, discovered,

apparently, by the management on random rural rambles. Dining here is a frenetic experience due to the bar/restaurant interface. We would not recommend taking your grandmother. Vaults does the best cocktails in town. They're not cheap but fortunately for poor students there are a number of student-friendly offers. Mondays you can bring your own bottle into the restaurant. Tuesdays it's six pounds for two of the same cocktail all day and the same during happy-hour throughout the week.

There is an uneasy relationship between the bar and the restaurant here, but the place is buzzing and now open to one in the morning. For a flying start to your Friday night we recommend taking a cocktail into the restaurant where, alongside excellent tapas, you can help solve the pigeon population problem.

**In a nutshell**  
**Where:** Trinity Street  
**When:** Restaurant stops serving at 10pm, bar open until 1am  
**Price:** Dishes between £4-£11  
**Food highlight:** Pigeon is excellent and humane  
**Wine:** Surprisingly good South African Shiraz/Viognier

**Ratings**  
Food 7/10  
Value 5/10  
Atmosphere 7/10

## buyer's guide: wines under £6

How often are you faced with too little time and an impending formal/birthday/essay crisis for which you desperately need a decent bottle of wine but haven't time to read all the labels? Well, fear not. Varsity's intrepid wine writers have done all the hard work for you and have found 6 good bottles for under £6.

 <p><b>Cusumano Nero d'Avola 2004- Sicily</b> £5.49 Oddbins</p> <p>This one got everyone very excited at a recent tasting session, and you'll soon see why. Lots of rich flavours of spice, chocolate, tea, raspberry... I could go on but try it &amp; you'll get the idea.</p>	 <p><b>Koonunga Hill Shiraz Cabernet - Australia</b> £4.99 Sainsbury's</p> <p>It may only be £4.99 but this is some serious wine for the money. Exciting smells of mint, roses, pepper and black fruits backed up with a little oak. Fantastic party wine or with red meat.</p>	 <p><b>Gerard Bertrand Viognier 2003 - France</b> £5.99 Cambridge Wine</p> <p>An interesting peach skin texture. Famous for a restrained hint of apricots and nuts. The perfect accompaniment to roast chicken or lightly spiced food. And a bargain too, given this high quality grape.</p>
 <p><b>Cono Sur Pinot Noir 2004- Chile</b> £5.00 Threshers</p> <p>A wine that you'll either love or hate. Delicate strawberry and raspberry flavours with a touch of spice and a hint of truffle (if you're a romantic) or farmyard if you're not. Great for drinking with lamb, salmon or mushroom dishes.</p>	 <p><b>Stormhoek Sauvignon Blanc 2004 - S. Africa.</b> £5.60 Cambridge Wine</p> <p>A nice fresh wine which is perfect for relaxed drinking either on its own or with fish or light salads. Notes of lime, mineral and white flowers backed up with zippy acidity. Not so in your face as a Kiwi Sauvignon but very pleasant.</p>	 <p><b>Walker's Pass Chardonnay USA-</b> £5.99 Oddbins</p> <p>An 'Elton John' wine: not subtle, but hard to dislike. The nose explodes with vanilla, honey, melon, spice and lemon. An immensely creamy and rich wine with a good whack of oak and ripe fruit. Best consumed on its own.</p>



CAMBRIDGE  
ECOLOGY  
EXPERT**Professor  
Howard Griffiths**

In the northern hemisphere, there is an annual dance of carbon sequestration by summer, followed by CO<sub>2</sub> release in winter, but because of anthropogenic emissions and deforestation, atmospheric CO<sub>2</sub> continues to rise inexorably each year.

Plants really matter: terrestrial and marine plants are absorbing around an additional two thirds of anthropogenic (C) emissions each year, whilst an extraordinary 15 per cent of the entire atmospheric pool of carbon (750 Gt) is also exchanged across leaf surfaces on an annual basis.

However, the evidence from global climate models and empirical observations suggest strongly that the additional CO<sub>2</sub>, with other greenhouse gases, are now causally linked with changing climatic conditions. So what are the implications for life in Cambridge over the next 50 years?

Firstly, general climatic patterns suggest that the South East will become drier and warmer, whilst Atlantic fronts will deposit more rain over the North West. Warming allows more water vapour to be held in the atmosphere, and having gone up, it is likely to come down increasingly as more extreme climatic events in the future. Whilst we cannot say definitively that the intensive storms we have seen in recent years are caused by climate change, they typify what is predicted to occur. At the coast, sea level rise and with the increasing storm frequency are likely to increase pressures from erosion, whilst inland, increased urban developments channel storm water more directly into rivers, leading to the threat of downstream flash-flooding.

Warmer winters, interspersed with cold intervals or late frosts, will add to the pressures on native vegetation, insects and pollination. A longer growing season will help those plants continuing to sequester carbon. But more severe droughts, such as the one seen in Europe in 2003, have recently been shown to reduce forest growth.

So what options are available for those who are environmentally aware? On average, 3.5 tonnes of carbon are produced by a car travelling 12,000 miles per year, or represent the emissions from the energy used by each individual's activities in the UK. Reducing our carbon emissions by using more fuel efficient cars is one possibility, but how can we adopt energy neutral practices?

Flagship tree planting schemes attract good publicity, but in practice you would need to plant one hectare each year to absorb your carbon emissions.

Energy saving around the home, in terms of insulation, and energy saving bulbs can partially help us meet our Kyoto commitment to reduce emissions, but we need much more proactive support to adopt alternative energy generation activities. The thought of exporting energy to the national grid encourages folk to keep the kettle half-filled. Thus, we become empowered to save money rather than energy: personal financial incentives, rather than concern for the legacy we leave our children, are perhaps a compelling means to achieve energy efficiency for the future.

# THE THREE R'S

## REDUCE, REUSE, RECYCLE

**KRYSTYNA LARKHAM** gets back to basics with the University's Environmental record, asking which colleges must stand in the naughty corner, and who is at the top of the class?

Of the many colours that pervade this university, one colour that we can be dependant on to stay conservatively the same is that of the gown, black or navy blue through the ages. It may come as a surprise to some therefore that Cambridge was given at this year's 'Green Gown Awards' not just one, but two 'Highly Commended' awards for Waste Management and Water Efficiency.

The central energy contract held by the University is ninety-nine per cent carbon-free, i.e. from renewable sources. It recycles 20 tonnes of cardboard a year that would otherwise end up in landfill sites, all departments now abide by national guidelines for mercury waste emissions, and the Committee for Environmental Management Environmental Plan "contains a comprehensive list of objectives and targets that are intended to ensure acceptable levels of environmental performance, in accordance with the requirements of the University's environmental policy."

Before we all pat ourselves on the back and paint Senate House green in celebration, we must remember the two other components of this University: the colleges, and their students. A Spring 2005 report by the Cambridge University Environmental Consulting Society ranking colleges in order of "environmental performance" is far from encouraging. The study covers college administrated

areas such as kitchens, including the sourcing and disposal of food, paper use in offices and libraries, heating and insulation, lighting and waste disposal. Whilst Churchill College was placed first in the league table, due to "the college's policy of recycling most kitchen waste (cans, glass, food waste, cooking oil and cardboard), the policy for efficient paper use in the college office, and (apparent) robust policies on ethical investment and the environment", graduate college Darwin "appeared at the bottom of the table, performing consistently low in almost all of the categories."

It was not just the colleges that scored badly. The report goes on to say that "the most common complaint was the lack of student willingness and general apathy towards environmental issues, notably recycling." This issue was raised by Varsity's correspondent Katherine Poole two weeks ago, "Ethical Living is actually a coolness black hole (see Chris Martin)". Not only is recycling time consuming (all that sorting out of cardboard from paper and washing of yoghurt pots), but it's also, quite frankly, boring.

It is annoying to have to shut down your laptop and turn off the stereo every time you leave the room, rather than just leaving them on standby. As for following your mum's advice and sticking on another jumper instead of jacking up the heating, you know quite frankly where you can stick it. Whilst Gillian Lee, Recycling Officer for Cambridge

County Council has only praise for students standing on the University's various green councils, she agrees with the report that "the majority of students profess to be keen on the environment but often do not participate in the schemes available, and when they do they put incorrect items in, wasting the service and meaning the landfilling of the recyclate mixed in."

But being environmentally aware makes sense whether you are an environmentalist or an economist. Matt Sims, the CUSU Green officer said: "For many Bursars, green initiatives will only be considered if they come with a cost saving benefit bundled in. Indeed, the University itself only bought green electricity because it was the cheapest contract available at the time". The money men it seems, even have a price for our environment.

Howard Griffiths, Professor of Physiological Ecology at the Department of Plant Sciences says: "The economic costs of not taking action to mitigate climate extremes and instability are likely to lead to a 2.9 per cent loss of global GDP, which compares with only 0.01 per cent required to stabilise future CO<sub>2</sub> emissions at 450ppm, which at £10 per ton of carbon emissions avoided, equates to a mere 4-19 trillion dollars!"

So what can we do? If you live in a college house or hostel, paper, tins, plastic bottles and biodegradable waste will be collected for recycling on a fortnightly basis. Turn appliances off when you are not using them, boil water for just the one cup of tea, not the whole kettle. Join Thom Yorke's "The Big Ask" campaign which is lobbying the government to keep its promises on Carbon Emissions, take part in today's (Friday) "Cambridge Switch Off day", and even read Varsity, itself published on recycled paper.

These things alone, however, merely slow our consumption of fossil fuels rather than reverse

them. Philip Sargent, co-founder of the Cambridge Energy Forum, is convinced of Cambridge's contribution to the world's future sustainable energy consumption.

"Cambridge is a centre of world changing energy research. Rolls Royce has two of its university technology centres here in gas turbines and in materials for turbine blades. We have the UK electricity policy research group at the Judge Business School, nuclear waste disposal work in Earth Sciences, heavy power electronics in Engineering, magneto-caloric materials in the Materials Science department which will revolutionise refrigerator efficiency with a radically different physical principle.

"The UK's best-regarded fuel cell start-up company CMR is also located in the city, sustainable engineering groups, the BP institute in fluid flow (oil and carbon dioxide in oil rocks, natural air-conditioning in houses), and even architectural research into energy efficient housing are all part of the legacy.

"The city is brimming over with ideas to overhaul the world's energy systems, to rationalise what is already there and some game-changing ideas that obsolete current received wisdom."

"We are at a time where there are important and interesting questions being asked with great urgency, and many routes to the answers are sitting in the head of people you pass in the street in Cambridge."

Or maybe, dear reader, even in your own.



The premise of [www.myfootprint.org](http://www.myfootprint.org) is simple: answer 15 questions about your current lifestyle and prepare to be shocked when the website calculates your impact on the environment. Of the 15 questions you may have to guessimate a few of the answers, but the multiple choice format gives you a fair idea of what you should put. The site is well put together and very slick, within 4 minutes of arriving at the start page you are confronted with your results. Having found out your ecological footprint, neatly displayed as the number of planets we would need if everyone lived like you, the site offers information about how you can take action to reduce your impact on the environment. A great idea, brilliantly executed and well worth a visit. Do you have any idea just how much landfill a single May Ball creates? Why not reverse the trend like Churchill, and use fully green materials for your ball, like paper plates, wooden cutlery, and fully biodegradable potato starch binliners? Contact Matt Simms, CUSU Green officer, for more information on the Green May Balls campaign. [www.green.cusu.cam.ac.uk](http://www.green.cusu.cam.ac.uk)

Doug McMahon





STYLISTS AND IMAGE: ROSIE IBBOTSON AND TOM TRUE WITH THANKS TO LIZ DREW ; MODELS JAMES AND LIZ



So he watched his hands  
shapping a woman  
as if he was still asleep...

**Pygmalion wears** Shirt (Asprey), Jumper (Gucci et Giulio), Trouser (Topshop) and Tie (Oxfam). **The Statue wears** earring (H&M), Necklaces (Various Charity Shops), Silk Shirt (Model's Own), Wasitcoat (Beyond Retro), Scarf worn as Sah (Edinburgh Woolen Mill), Skirt (made from Scarves from various charity shops), Skirt (underneath- Cambridge Market), Tights (Tabio), Shoes (Rokit)

# Mirror, Mirror



## 04. The It Bag

Shopper, tote, clutch, shoulder, paper. The options are, indeed, multifarious and fearsome. What does my bag say about me? Will the other kids judge me? Do I really care? The answer, Snow White, is yes. You do. The crucial element of fashion flair is accessorising. And that means having a killer bag; so listen carefully.

### Step One: Spend money...

A sad truism, but expensive bags, quite simply, are lovely. Softer leather, finer craftsmanship, built to last. Save up to get one you really want; not only will you feel expensive but you'll be 35,000 calories lighter from abstaining from Smirnoff ice for a few months. Old hand Mulberry has surpassed itself this year with Phoebe, cousin of Roxanne and Jolene (it's not a sitcom, I promise); while Alexander McQueen's Novak, elegant and classic, caused a stir in Paris. A more realistic target might be a one of this season's Miu Miu - around £200-300; all very beautiful and impossibly chic.

### Step Two: ...Or don't

You're not a fraud. You're just clever. Buying 'versions' from Topshop and H&M are acceptable fixes, but the purity of the true drug will keep you coming back for more. In a non-Divine-Brown-sense, be sure to check out what the street (virtual included) has to offer. [www.asos.com](http://www.asos.com) has a fabulous copy of Burberry's Cinda (£495) for a mere iota of the price (£22). Don't worry: chav-tastic it's not; Burberry class

minus the check. Topshop also has a range of beautiful leather bags well worth perusal.

### Step Three: Ugly bags are inexcusable

Having exalted pricey bags, don't be tempted merely by the fact that it's expensive. Take Jimmy Choo's Himalayan bunny bag for £1,400 (below). What a poor, fugly reason to sacrifice a bunny. So please refrain and exercise due prudence.



### Step Four: Stay monogamous

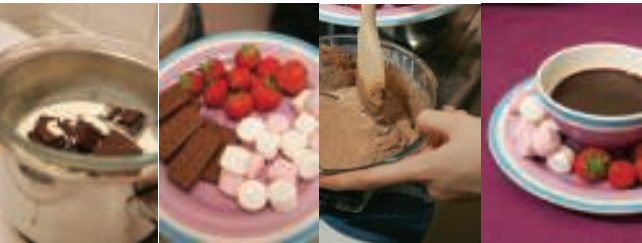
Just as the papacy might counsel, I urge you to commit and stay faithful. That way when you find her, you can invest in a real goody, like Marc Jacobs' Daria this season (£540- have a browse at [www.net-a-porter.com](http://www.net-a-porter.com) ).

### Step Five: The Murse

The famous Man Purse can be seen toted on the shoulders of even the least beautiful man nowadays. If you're not a beautiful man and you do indeed possess a Murse, give it away and bow your head down in shame.

Charlotte Tan

## a spot of indulgence



### Vodka Chocolate Fondue

Take two student essentials – alcohol, chocolate – add a corridor full of friends, yesterday's out-of-date biscuits and even a Fair Trade conscience and you have quite possibly the sexiest, easiest, most indulgent dessert in the world.

#### Ingredients

200g really dark chocolate, broken (Fair Trade is ideal)  
142ml double cream  
Vodka (or Grand Marnier)

#### You will need

Small saucepan  
Wooden spoon  
Glass bowl

#### Serve with

Marshmallows  
Biscuits  
Strawberries  
Spoons  
Chocolate fingers

#### Instructions

0-3 mins - Put the kettle on.  
3-4 mins - Place chocolate in bowl & add cream.  
4-6 mins - Pour water into saucepan (to 2/3 full) & put on low heat. Balance bowl on top, making sure it does not touch the water.  
6-8 mins - Stir occasionally.  
8-10 mins - Once cream and chocolate have started to melt, add as much vodka as you want ( or Grand Marnier if you're feeling extravagant), and heat until mixture is dark and glossy.

**And the following day...**  
Chill leftover overnight in small cups to make a very elegant dessert for next day's date or parents' visit.

Fiona Roberts



# Careers Service event



## Careers for Mathematicians

**Thursday 27th October 3.30 – 6.00pm**

**Centre for Mathematical Sciences, Clarkson Road**

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

### 20 EMPLOYERS ATTENDING

**Barclays Capital, Data Connection, Deloitte, Detica, Deutsche Bank, EMB Consultancy, Ernst & Young, GlaxoSmithKline, Goldman Sachs, GCHQ, IBM, Mars & Co, Mercer HR Consulting, Norwich Union, PricewaterhouseCoopers, Qinetiq, Swiss Re, The Actuarial Profession, Towers Perrin, Watson Wyatt**

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



## cambridge futures

*the student career and personal development society*

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All the Answers

Lord McNally by Bobby Friedman

Titles can be deceptive. Lord McNally of the Liberal Democrats seems far too unassuming for a key figure in a House with as much pomp and ceremony as the Lords. He answers the ‘phone himself in his office, and has the benevolent manner of a man who’s trying to do his very best for his party, even if he knows that the Liberal Democrats are still light years away from ever seriously competing for power.

Seeing McNally in Cambridge last week at the University Liberal Democrats’ launch event, talking to less than forty people, all of whom were party activists or journalists, seems a far cry from May 5th when the Lib Dems took Cambridge in a massive popular swing from the sitting MP Ann Campbell. McNally, though, takes the meagre audience in his stride. He tells me after the talk, “Student

meetings have varied from three to three hundred people in my career, if you get six people there who’ll be genuine activists, if you fire them up to get them involved, that’s a plus. Cambridge students are at Cambridge to get good degrees not get Liberal Democrats elected.”

Still, as the faithful (and already converted) sat through two hours of Lib Dem propaganda, with everyone nodding in agreement to every word spoken, it made me wonder why McNally bothers, especially given that almost none of those present will still be studying in Cambridge at the time of the next election. McNally explains: “The transient nature of the constituency is a strength. Students that sign up go off into the world. I’ve been in politics forty years and it’s still rewarding when a new MP says he first heard me when he was at university.”

It’s this idealism that perhaps led McNally to break away from the Labour Party and help form the Liberal Alliance in the 1980s, which soon became the Liberal Democrats. It was a move that saw the head of Jim Callaghan’s political unit and a rising star in the Labour Parliamentary Party lose his seat in the Commons, after just four years, in 1983. He became a life peer in 1995 and leader of his party in the Lords last year. Still, his optimism is inescapable, most notably when he tells me, “Factors are moving in a Liberal Democrat direction. The shine’s coming off the government’s economic miracle. People are looking at the balance. We’re looking for the devolution of power and civil

liberties. There are good omens for the Liberal Democrats.”

He refuses to countenance the possibility that Charles Kennedy won’t be leader of the party by the time of the next poll, and says the Lib Dems made another advance forward at the last election. It’s a sentiment that Simon Hughes, with whom he shared a platform in Cambridge and who is rumoured to want Kennedy’s job, will be hoping is incorrect.

In fact it seems McNally’s conciliatory tone is something that only comes with a detachment from the politics of the lower House, and it’s a relief to hear a politician answer a straight question with a straight answer. He admits candidly that he hopes David Davis becomes Tory leader: “He would look shop-soiled very soon.” Interestingly, he admits to see-

“THE SHINE’S COMING OFF THE GOVERNMENT’S ECONOMIC MIRACLE. THERE ARE GOOD OMENS FOR THE LIBERAL DEMOCRATS”



ing David Cameron as the greatest threat. “If I were a Tory MP, I genuinely would have been thinking Ken Clarke. Now I’d think Cameron. The danger for him is that, like Hague, who was an outstanding Parliamentary who didn’t connect with the country, this might be a General Election too early for him. He’s a slick and able performer, articulate and bringing a new brand of Toryism. He’s the person who would give us the most problems because he would be the new kid on the block, with an extended political honeymoon.”

That said, McNally’s eternal optimism seems to shine through even this cloud, saying again that his party “shouldn’t worry about others.” Or perhaps it is his sense of duty to toe the party line rather than his natural disposition that makes it seem as if

he’s popped the happy pills.

Our conversation soon turns to the drugs row embroiling the Tory leadership contest, and McNally admits that if he were George Osborne reading the allegations about him in last Sunday’s papers he would have been in a “deep depression”. His advice to Osborne would be to “grit his teeth and try to ride out the rough water.” At the same time, though, with the wise air of someone who’s made it through his political life with his reputation unscathed, he argues that “If you don’t want to be on the front page then don’t do it.” Perhaps strangely for a liberal, he says that there’s a high price to pay for having a free press. “We don’t want a situation like in America”, he argues. “If the media start a witch hunt about every person’s minor peccadillo and justify it as in the public interest then that

would deter people from holding office. In history you can’t find a major figure who would not have been destroyed by a Sun or Mirror investigation. Churchill had his depression and his drinking”, he says, perhaps with a wry eye in the direction of his leader in the Commons, infamously nicknamed Champagne Charlie.

Most of all, McNally seems to be a man who believes that his political life is worth it. He talks with pride of addressing both Oxford and Cambridge students in the last week. In what can be such a bitter profession, full of questions about coke-snorting and backstabbing, it’s heartening to hear from someone who’s over sixty, and who was an MP for just four years, still getting excited about a handful of students turning up to fly their political flag.

Some More Whining

Formal Hall Review - Gonville & Caius College by Anthony Marlowe and Joe Schutzer-Weissmann

Contrary to popular opinion, formals are not about food, value or fashion, but enjoying the company of your peers in the rich and rare environment that most colleges provide. They fill, with endearingly Cambridge trimmings like gowns, pennies and grace, the gap between teenage curry-house carnage and adult dinner-party debauchery. And, you can bring your own booze and drink it to the dregs.

I am told that fun can be had without drink, and there is more than a scent of sense in that; reading in the bath, Eddie Izzard, nudism, “a warm gun”...whatever pulls your trigger. But when someone tells you that formals without drink are fun, beware the heavy stench of bullshit that will probably pollute the air. Such people will be happy sober in Cindies and ought to be avoided.

Perhaps I exaggerate. Perhaps you’ve never finished a formal sober enough to know. But I am a Caiian and at Caius we are required to eat at Formal as often as five times a week. Since this is most damaging to the health and the wallet, the least we can do is to spare the liver. And so, under a fretted roof and the grim gaze of Caius, Gonville and Hawking we eat every night in forced sobriety and it is not always fun.

Perhaps the fault is with me. Perhaps I should make more of an effort to rejoice in this com-

munity life. But as I have inferred, formal at Caius is obligatory. For all the good intentions of collegiate cohesion, it is the social aspect that suffers and in its sober stead the focus is on food.

So then, let me focus on food. A friend once emerged



grey-faced and sober from Caius formal, wryly remarking “I don’t feel like I’ve eaten anything...just that I’ve been altered inside.” The meal in question mainly consisted of a Cornish Pasty. But then again they call chips “pommes frites”. The real name is “Slug Wellington” or “the carrion coffin.” Imagine jellied eels swimming in bloater paste coated in a bitumous crust of poster-paint, straw, horse-shit and spittle.

Perhaps I should describe this all less literally: think battery farms and burning hair, snails’ tails and flies’ eyes, mullets, Moroccan camels’ testicles and Ugandan locusts, Stevo,

Birmingham New Street Station, School food, Damien Hirst and miseries of childhood. I really can’t do the thing justice - the words, the images don’t exist, but you get the idea. Please, don’t ever ask me to write about food again.

Formal is more about the wine and people than it is the food or service. While we can’t help with the friends, Varsity has arranged a great deal with Cambridge Wine Merchants for you, the beloved reader. For the next week CWM offer money off on all these wines. Tell them you read it in Varsity, save up to 25% and have an even better formal:

**Trebbiano d’Abruzzo:** The girls liked this white and it slips down a treat.

**Vistamar Chardonnay:** Joe drank a bottle in about 40mins. He seemed pretty happy, probably due to its 13.5% alcohol kick.

**Silvola Prosecco Frizzante:** Classic cheap sparkling white, leagues above Sainsbury’s Cava, with a much gentler hangover.

**Tuscum Regum Sangiovese:** a very, very cheap and very very downable red.

**Montepulciano d’Abruzzo:** fine for sipping, better downed.

**Cornellana Carmenere:** Highlight of the lot, originally imported from Bordeaux, Chile has made this their own and we are grateful. An Absolute bargain, too.

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My sister has informed me that she has recently started blogging. Is this another one of those "girls things" I shouldn't really ask about?

Not at all. Blogging is the process of writing a weblog: An online journal that contains dated entries displayed in reverse chronological order. They usually focus on either one particular area, like gadgets or music, or just to record someone's thoughts.

So, essentially, if I can stumble across my sister's blog it could be just like the time when I read her diary, only this time she'll have no excuse to try and scratch my eyes out. How am I going to find it?

Blogs are by their very nature open and public but with over 14.2 million currently online you are very unlikely to stumble across a particular blog. Up until quite recently it has been hard to search for blogs but there are a few new services that aim to make it much easier. *Technorati* is the most popular blog search website but not necessarily the best. *Feedster* is my current favourite. It does a wonderful job helping you to find individual blogs and to search through them for content.

So who, apart from my sister, writes these blogs? To be honest reading through reams of poorly constructed teenage angst doesn't exactly appeal.

The range of people writing blogs is as diverse as the range of topics that are written about. Bloggers were traditionally seen as amateurs encroaching upon the mainstream media but now the medium has been embraced hundreds of professional blogs are starting to appear. The quality of blogging by amateurs should not be underestimated though, as it was these people who started the whole revolution in the first place.

Can I read these blogs like any normal website?

Yes you can, and many people do, but there are better ways. One of the innovations to accompany blogging has been the RSS feed. I won't go into the technical terms but essentially this means you can read all your favourite blogs in one place using websites like Bloglines.

But I don't have any favourite blogs yet.

You soon will. If you sign up for there is a directory of blogs, organised in various different ways, which you can use to find blogs you wish to try. They also maintain a list of the most popular feeds that can be a good jumping off point into the world of blogging.

www.technorati.com  
www.feedster.com  
www.bloglines.com

Doug McMahon



TOM KINGSLEY

Independent war reporter and columnist **ROBERT FISK** has met Osama Bin Laden three times. He meets **TOM KINGSLEY** to see how the experience compares, and hopefully finds it quite a lot nicer

You spend too long in war zones, you get edgy. Robert Fisk has, and he is. He's very edgy. We're sitting on a strange bench outside Great St Mary's, and throughout the whole conversation his eyes are flicking around purposefully – studying whatever it was that made that suspicious noise, or that one.

This must be how he's managed to stay alive in dangerous places for quite so very long. "I've only survived because of good fortune," says Fisk briskly. "You don't learn how to survive – you learn how to TRY to survive. And you learn that very quickly, unless you're stupid. War is a big, hard, troubling experience of panic, artillery, wounds." Survival isn't a technique but an instinct. "You MUST survive."

Fisk's been surviving on the streets of Baghdad, reporting for *The Independent* with Patrick Coburn. Few other journalists bother. "They're sitting in their hotels behind armoured walls", snaps Fisk, glaring to emphasise just how thick the walls are. "I don't mind that – with large areas of the city controlled by insurgents, the situation is very dangerous."

"But these Hotel Journalists don't tell their readers where they're writing from. We get the impression that they have checked their facts, yet they are entirely unable to do so. It wouldn't make any difference if they stayed in Cambridge and reported from here!"

Well, sure, but how long can he go on being brave in Baghdad? He glares. "A bit. American troops shoot you if you get too close. There are too many people with mobile phones watching from the rooftops for foreigners, or any rich Arab. I still go out into the streets and talk to people. I go to restaurants with them. I have lunch." Pause. Glare. "Half an hour max."

In half an hour from now, max, Fisk is going to have supper at the Union before he goes to talk to its members. Three years ago John Malkovich was doing the same thing – but while Fisk is going to publicise his new book, Malkovich was famously shouting how he'd like to... er... how he'd... um. "Well he said he wanted to shoot me," snaps Fisk. Yes. But why? He's better than John Malkovich.

Fisk has won the British International Journalist of the Year award seven times more than Malkovich. His reports are so fair that Amnesty International gives him prizes for fairness. But being fair means that you expose the faults of both sides. And that doesn't get you many friends. Fisk exposes policy flaws in both Arabs and Americans, and in both Israelis and Palestinians. His criticism of American-Israeli foreign policy provoked the fading Jewish-American actor to attack him in the Cambridge Union.

"His remarks were quite stupid," says Fisk, "but I do care that his filth has an effect on others. A few days afterwards, a website reported that the actor's words were 'a brazen attempt at queue-jumping', and showed an animation of my face being violently and repeatedly punched."

The caption for the animation said: "I understand why they're beating the shit out of me." This was a reference to an article which Fisk wrote just after being savagely attacked by Afghans in 2002. Fisk forgave his attackers in print, saying that if he had been in their position he "would have done just the same to Robert Fisk, or any other Westerner [he] could find." His critics took this as being final proof that he was a ridiculously naïve and self-hating liberal who was unable to support a war. Fisk swiftly reminds me of the truth that those critics fail to mention. Moments before he was nearly killed, "those villagers had lost all their relatives in a B52 bomb attack. I really was the token Westerner."

Fisk's knack of maintaining his common sense even when nearly being killed is what makes his journalism so refreshing. There's no bullshit with Robert Fisk. "I tell what I see," says Fisk. "I don't hide anything in any way. That's what we all should do." The way he says it, he isn't just referring to journalists. It's everyone's duty to ensure that truth be told – journalism is just one (influential) area of that struggle. With such a strong personal philosophy, I get the feeling that he sees his journalism as an extension of his life. He lives to tell the truth. "Amira Haas gave the best definition of journalism: our job is to monitor the centres of power. The Defence ministry doesn't

like me, because I'm doing my job properly: I'm telling the truth – refusing the narrative of history as it is laid down by presidents."

He's rare. "In America, there's a very osmotic relationship between the politicians and the press. Their journalists like to be close to power, so they don't dare criticise it. You know when they show White House press conferences, and a reporter says 'Mr President!', and the President replies: 'Yes, John!' That sums it up." Once the wars are reported, they get manipulated further. "Television lies: it won't show violence. It hides the fact that war is lethal. For most people under 70, their only experience of war is Hollywood. People believe it's about victory or defeat. It's not. It's primarily about death."

A *Big Issue* seller comes towards us. Fisk's eyes flash towards the unexpected movement, and then stare fiercely into space. "On the last day of the invasion I went into the biggest medical centre in Iraq. The floor was swamped in blood. People came in on fire. Someone came in carrying his severed arm. On a trolley, a man's eye had come out of his face, a piece of cotton stuck in the socket to stop it dripping. It was Crimean War stuff. It's not a movie."

The *Big Issue* seller walks away hurriedly.

Fisk has seen what really happens in the wars that politicians start, and gets very worked up when I bring up the glib governmental cliché of the War on Terror. He winces when I mention terrorism. "What does it even mean? The word has just become a punctuation mark." Does Bush exaggerate terrorism? Wince. "He wants to make us frightened people. The war on terror," he says, smiling sadly at the very idea, and then wincing, "is just an excuse for ideological projects to be made in our name." He gets very angry. "We 'want' to give democracy and what we call freedom. Yet most of all, they just want freedom from us! We covet their resources and territory and strategic situation."

This driving anger is what's enabled Fisk to complete the "deeply depressing" ordeal of writing his latest book, *The Great War for Civilisation*. It combines Fisk's experience of reporting in Iraq with that of his father, 2nd

Lieutenant Bill Fisk, in the Somme in 1918.

In the months that followed the First World War, the victors drew the borders of Northern Ireland, Yugoslavia and much of the Middle East; Fisk junior has spent his entire career watching people within these borders die.

It's cold, so we go into Cafe Nero. The door shrieks on opening, and Fisk jumps like a gun's just gone off. War really has affected him. It follows him around. "Until a few years ago I felt it had been a privilege to be present and to understand history. I've survived more wars than many other people – but is that a privilege? Now I'm not so sure. I've seen things that no one else has seen. Is that exciting, or a curse? Do you want to see what I did?" Well no, but I want to read about it. What has he lost in order for me to read about disastrous foreign wars? He looks over at a family sitting on those comfy Nero chairs. "When I'm here, away from it all, I see families with kids," he says. He doesn't have that.

It's an awkward moment. So...Robert...seen any good films lately? "Yes," he says, surprisingly. "In fact, I often go to film festivals," he says, even more surprisingly. To be fair, the films tend to be about political tension – *Michael Collins* – or about the Middle East: *Blackboards*, *Kandahar* and *Three Kings*. *Three Kings*? "Well it showed the Iraqi civilians very sympathetically, and it was a lot of fun as well. You know the bit when they shoot people and the camera follows the bullet? That was clever."

We haven't bought anything from Cafe Nero – take that, Cafe Nero, with your noisy doors – so decide it would be rude to stay any longer. The door screams again on the way out, and this reminds him that he also really liked *Kingdom of Heaven*. Really? Didn't it rewrite history a bit? "No! If anything it was too fair! I have some criticisms, certainly, but I thought it really was good. There's a brilliant scene at the end," he says, gesturing excitedly. "where Orlando Bloom says to Saladin 'what is Jerusalem worth?' Saladin shrugs, says 'nothing', and walks away. Then he turns and smiles: 'EVERYTHING!'" I haven't seen *Kingdom of Heaven*, I apologise. "I think you have to see the film," he says.

I'VE SURVIVED MORE WARS THAN OTHER PEOPLE. BUT I'M NOT SO SURE THAT'S A PRIVILEGE



# THE ONE TO WATCH

iTunes and the iPod now do video - **DOUG MCMAHON** wonders why no one seems to care

As the fanfare slowly dies away after the launch of yet another iPod, media analysts are trying to decide if Apple has changed the world. Again. The introduction of video playback to the iPod and the release of video downloads through the iTunes website threaten to bring the murky world of video downloading kicking and screaming to the masses.

But why in a recent survey did Cambridge students unanimously claim to have no interest in downloading video from iTunes?

The lack of interest in video downloading is in sharp contrast to the findings that almost a third of students have at least tried downloading music from the store. If we assume that students aren't totally averse to paying for digital content, as the survey results would seem to suggest, there must be other reasons why they intend to ignore the service.

Perhaps it could be that Apple just hasn't managed to convince us that we need to watch T.V. programmes on our computers yet. But the proliferation on college networks of episodes of the Simpsons and Desperate Housewives would seem to suggest otherwise.

An indication of the problem facing Apple in the student market could be that even amongst those who had tried downloading tracks from the store no one had purchased more than 25. The use of the iTunes music store has not become a habit for students after their initial foray into legally

downloading music. If Apple can't hold on to student customers they must be doing something wrong. So wrong, in fact, that students are not even prepared to try out a new offering. To use the marketing speak they are not "appealing to our core values".

What exactly is it about the iTunes model that is so distinctly unappealing to students?

Somewhat lost in the frenzy of excitement that Apple whips up as a prelude to the launch of every new iPod was a small article that appeared in the *Times* on October 3rd. It concerned the claims made by The Music Managers Forum that solo artists and bands make a miserly 4.5p for every 79p track that is downloaded from the iTunes store. It is a well known fact that record companies tend to treat their stars very badly, with only the top few percent of artists able to make a reasonable amount of money for their creative endeavours.

But the internet was supposed to change all that. When the website mp3.com launched it promised to cut out the middleman and give profits created by the sale of digital music straight back to the artist. Four years down the line the money ran out and after various purchases and re-launches it faded from the scene. The market place was crying out for a replacement that could share some of the ideals of mp3.com with a realistic business plan.

When iTunes was launched, Apple, having sewn up the portable mp3 player market with

the iPod, was in the perfect position to do just this. The recording industry was running scared when Apple proposed to offer legalised music downloads. Online piracy was the buzzword of the day and even suing 11 year old girls didn't seem to stem the tide of downloads from Kazaa.

Rather than instigating a revolution that would tip the balance of power back to the artists from the record companies Apple jumped into bed with them. The power of Apple's negotiating position was strong enough that they managed to negotiate a deal with the major players in the recording industry to sell their tracks for less than \$1. This was price was deemed to be just low enough to entice users away from downloading pirated music.

But what was the cost to the heady ideals of the democratisation of access to digital music, to the ability of artists to gain fair reward for their creative endeavours and to emerging acts trying to use the internet to get their breakthrough? Initially the price seemed high.

There were 200,000 tracks available at launch but Apple had only courted the five major record labels. The choice available was distinctly mainstream; with no way for independent labels to get there artists' tracks online and certainly no way for unsigned artists to find their way into the store. The purchasing of tracks was only available to American citizens; the rest of the world could only look on with interest. Worst of all every

file downloaded from iTunes was, and is, protected by Digital Rights Management (DRM) that restricts what you are able to do with the music you have legally bought. In essence it is no cheaper to buy music from iTunes than a record shop and you are not even left with tangible evidence of your purchase, let alone the convenience to do with it as you wish.

None of the above endears Apple to students, or indeed the population at large. Some small efforts were made to answer the criticisms the store received: independent labels campaigned to be allowed in on the deal and after a brief struggle won. Apple licensed two labels that now allow unsigned artists to upload their tracks under certain conditions. These new labels do at least endeavour to give their artists a bigger cut of the revenues when they manage to get content to the store, a notoriously difficult process. But despite these concessions the iTunes music store still isn't what it should have been.

There has been no discernable effort to make the store anything other than a vehicle to sell more iPods. And so in the best traditions of the internet and consumer choice people have looked elsewhere.

It is in the realms of community produced internet radio, music blogging and the Podcast that you will find the real innovations in digital music. Why is it here that we find the kind of interaction with digital media that we like? Because the forces that drive the

people behind these projects are not purely economic. It was the community that demanded the technology behind podcasts. It is the community that most efficiently promotes the best bloggers and internet radio stations. There is a dynamic interaction between all these elements that allows talented people all over the world to pool resources to create the content they wish to receive. The online world of digital music outside of the big industry players is a meritocracy and all the better for it.

If Apple is to successfully sell both music and video to students they must realise that we demand far more than the mere novelty of being allowed to pay for content. They must embrace the ideals at the heart of the online revolution. Then, and only then, will they live up to the hype that surrounds their every move.



[www.apple.com/itunes](http://www.apple.com/itunes)  
[www.uknmf.net](http://www.uknmf.net)

“ IF APPLE CAN'T HOLD ON TO STUDENT CUSTOMERS THEY MUST BE DOING SOMETHING WRONG ”

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The speaker is Anne Murray Chatterton who is Director of Training at the IPA (Institute of Practitioners in Advertising)







# Oh Tory Boy, the Pipes are Calling

## One more under-represented minority

Tim Roach

As a collective, my A-level history set was distinctly right of centre.

And more often than not our classroom walls were on the receiving end of some pretty aggressive and colourful political language. The philosophy: get off your arses, you lazy oiks, and get a job. Why should our hard working taxes - which of course we weren't paying at 17 - fund benefit-guzzling, employment-evading gazzers (the chav is a very recent phenomenon) who sit around watching *Trisha*, getting pissed and having babies?

The traveller, the criminal, the eco-warrior, the poor: no one escaped the bashing given by this (and I'd prefer to talk about it in the third person) group of obnoxious and unashamed teenagers. Only decorum, and a fear of reprisal, prevents me from going further into the deleterious detail.

And of course, it wasn't even a conceited or embarrassed following, experienced through secret meetings behind the walled gardens with initiations involving the naked bottom and a hardback copy of *Downing Street Years*. This was no holds barred: a cocky and articulate expression of things far right.

Yet somewhere in the move from school to university, all the budding Willy Hagues have done a Houdini on us. Admittedly, those with a degree of intelligence would not entertain such



“Somewhere in the move from school to university, all the budding William Hagues have done a Houdini on us”

views, but to find any sort of confidence right of centre is rare indeed. School-university metamorphosis is supposed to deliver us from incoherence and insecurity to a life of eloquence and self-assuredness - but is it the case that a reverse process occurs for those with something of the right about them?

Maybe my A-level set was a one-off, the freak product of some neoliberal

thought-chemical put in the junior school water supply by the Thatcher government. A recent return to the old classroom, however, suggested to me that mine was far from an isolated experience.

I think that the appeal of the right to your innocent and impressionable grammar schoolboy, lost at university, is that it made men of us. Elitism and exclusion, I suggest,

are to a schoolboy Tory what the motorbike was to James Dean.

Being attached to the right was a buzz: authoritarianism gave us, well, an air of authority. What is more, girls didn't want to go out with the class lefty, whose squishy egalitarianism made him too weedy to play rugby, prone to write poems, and, I'm afraid to say, take up much of the attention of the class

bully. It was he that had compassion for the world's disadvantaged: and it was he that could not survive the rather anarchic conditions of the sixth form common room. To gain any sort of respect you had to be so far round the political spectrum you were staring communism in the face.

And if I may meander back to life on campus, it is in stark contrast that

university brings out the inner Kevin for many a member of Tory Future: an inability to communicate one's feelings, to make sustained eye contact, or to conduct a conversation without apologising for something you might believe in.

One only has to mention controlled immigration to inspire, without fail, a harmony of blushes.

The crumbling of confidence goes hand in hand with the foundational shock most of our junior ideologues experience upon encountering the rather more liberal and diverse environment of university. Girls - thanks for nothing, by the way - decide they've had it with the brawn, and fancy a bit of brain. There is no room at the inn for Macho Toryism. Struggling to be cool at the best of times, our Tory schoolboy's entire moral universe is skewed. I don't know about you, but it would take me a full three years to recover from that.

But before you turn the page outraged at my old class - whoops, another excuse/apology - try to understand it as a form of teenage experimentation. This was our punk stage; our goth experiment; the period in which by going to extremes we were able to discover who we were. Yes, it was distorted by immaturity and brinkmanship (it was a boys' school after all), but I'd rather have tried ideas on for size and disposed of them than not try them at all.

IN DEFENCE OF THE LABOUR CLUB



EX-CULC CHAIR  
TIM STANLEY

My memoirs (a wasteland of namedropping and fictitious sex-chat) will some day record the true story of my year as Chair(man) of the Cambridge University Labour Club. A typical vignette is provided by the time we were graced with the presence of Harriet Harman MP. I had organised a lunchtime meeting and to bring in the crowds declared it to be a 'beer and sandwiches event'.

We raided the club's coffers to buy a keg (standard issue size of 42 pints) of beer and three shop soiled BLTs from Sainsbury's. When the big day approached I realised that I had inaccurately advertised both the time and place. After some rushed arrangements I had to inform the Minister for Women that she had only 15 minutes to speak before 'Improvisational Dance' required the use of the hall. Ms Harman came, spoke to the enthralled half dozen and left with great haste in a government limousine.

Apparently she was less than impressed by the regular interruptions of her speech with cries of 'who fancies a refill?' Nor was she enamoured of the club secretary who brashly cried 'mine's a pint' and then, nudging the Minister, said slyly, 'and a half for the lady.' Later we returned to my rooms where we consumed the remainder of the keg over a 12-hour period. I can't recall what happened to me, but when I awoke the next day on the kitchen floor the Vice-Chair had left a note that simply read, "I've gone to Wales."

I recall this story in order to make the point that university clubs are rarely professional organisations. Given that Labour is in government (and may it ever remain thus) it is impossible to get a speaker more renowned than the ubiquitous MP for 'Phlegm and Pigeon South.' Thus Labour's program of events has always looked a little inadequate and it's certainly no fault of the Chair. In an age in which politics is deeply unfashionable, CUCA, CULC, CSLD remain quietly vibrant social and debating forums for those who still care. As such, the quality of people in attendance is often considerably more important than the quality of speakers on the term card.

I pride myself on what was generally considered a successful year in which Cambridge became (and still is) the largest Labour Club in the country. A success unmarred by the fact that I was asked to resign more times than I care to remember. It still is an inclusive, fun, thoroughly sodden organisation and will remain so under Mr Arrowsmith's leadership. I will not pass comment on Martin's personal qualities and I think it is sad that someone has chosen so to do. It is true that he somewhat resembles a charismatic Yorkshire pudding, but Labour is based on sound principles of solidarity. We respect internal debate, but we do not tolerate unfounded public bitchiness.

It is often, and truthfully, said that student politics is especially bitter because the stakes are so low. The Labour Club operates as a family, a Cosa Nostra of leftwing luvvies. And we love Martin. Thus, we will not faction.

We will find who said these things about our 'godfather', we will track him down and we will teach them a little respect.

## The Difficulties of Mental Health in Cambridge

### Why sometimes it's as hard for the supporting cast

Katherine Poole

The past fortnight included amongst its noteworthy events the nation's annual Mental Health Day (October 10th). According to the mental health charity, Mind, one in four of us will suffer a mental health problem in our lifetime. This means that it will be unusual for any of us to go through life without at some point knowing, perhaps intimately, someone with a mental illness.

Most of us are already aware that the university experience can exacerbate existing mental health problems or trigger entirely new ones. Pulled and pummelled by multiple social, financial and academic demands, we endure pressures of a kind we may never have faced before. Wherever an individual falls in the spectrum of disorders that live under the term 'mental health', the myriad resources this university works hard to provide means that there is usually someone or something there to help. But what happens to the people around the sufferer?

At once egocentric and self-deprecating, many mental illnesses tend to cut through social links at the best of times, destroying even longstanding friendships. At university where everything is shining and new, it can be hard to identify those who are struggling, especially if you're trying to keep your own end up. How can you tell whether the girl next door is unhappy or just naturally quiet? How do you know that the bloke in your class hasn't always got plastered every night of the week? The course of social integration is fast and sweeping - it is bound to leave some characters on the margins.

Yet studies have shown that troubled students are more likely to avoid formal systems of support, and turn instead to that which is more readily available: friends and partners. What happens if you are the person who finds themselves part of the supporting cast? With a new and growing sense of responsibility, and unavoidably aware that *you* are the healthy one, what is the likelihood that

you would seek support for yourself?

As the individual concerned gradually takes centre stage, you find yourself developing the skills of any good actor faced with a nightly performance (matinee on Saturdays): reciting the same supporting lines in (almost) the same order; perhaps varying tone and gesture to give it renewed freshness and conviction.

It can be frustrating and draining when your conscientious attentions bring only superficial results, especially as sufferer withdraws from all other interaction and your sense of responsibility increases. The sense of self-doubt and inadequacy that proceeds may even become explicit, as the sufferer turns his or her own frustration into an articulation of blame.

But regardless of the consistency or intensity of your support, there is unlikely to be a 'eureka moment' where everything falls into place - at least, not one you can provide.

A mental illness creates its own

world, with its own language and frame of reference. It's difficult for a friendship or relationship to survive on its former, healthy terms. Desperate to maintain their comfort zone, of which you are now part and no longer a pull from without, a sufferer can become adept at saying things which give the relationship hope, even as it fails. Often it seems that the brighter the individual, the cleverer they are at sidestepping your work.

At the very least, there is a need for another friend on which to lean. In other cases, as much professional counselling may be needed for the supporter as for the sufferer, and resources such as the Cambridge University Counselling Service will welcome you just as they would the sufferer themselves. Faced with a situation in which continual demands are made of you with sometimes very little in return, you need a space for perspective; to better judge when to intervene, when to step back, or even when to let go.







In the Varsity offices there's a box marked 'Obituaries.' It's a dusty old cardboard thing, full of pre-written obituaries for various influential or self-promoting Cambridge undergraduates, just waiting for someone to die. My obituary is in there: but only because I wrote it. I die of the pox, but before that I invent something great. I've always wanted to invent something great. Whenever I sit down to invent something, all I can come up with is things which have all ready been invented – like soap and socks.

I think I've just been born in the wrong century. I'm pretty sure that if I'd been born a few thousand years ago I could have invented the wheel. I'm pretty sure. And the humble box, if I had the cardboard. I could certainly have invented the obituary, if somebody else had invented the pen. I could never dream up something like a pen. But who could? Even Mr Biro had a predecessor, and his pens are really cheap.

It used to be that all national papers had prewritten obituaries for people they thought might pop their clogs soon. Some of them have now decided that it's all a bit morbid, and have taken to just having one obituary prewritten which they then use for everybody. It's not always accurate, but it is always tasteful: 'He was a lovely man and very good at his job, or her job, in which case she was not a lovely man but a nice woman and we'll all miss them both, who was a good man.'

Last week's newspapers are this week's fish and chips wrappers. But nobody really wraps fish and chips in newspaper anymore. Last week's newspapers remain last week's newspapers. Our society's killed off the butterflies and just left the ugly little caterpillars.

But what is society going to do about it? Is society prepared to write the obituaries for all those dead butterflies? And if not, is there a contingency plan? I'd rather not help if that's okay. Writing this column takes up quite enough of my time, thank you very much society, so I think someone else should sort it out. If they make me do it, though, I think I will just write one generic lament for the whole species of butterfly. Wait. No. That's a bit insensitive towards the dead butterflies, and I'm sorry. People say we shouldn't be rude about the dead. Personally, I think it's better than being rude about the living. And I never trust what people say.

People also say that an apple a day keeps the doctor away – but science has now exposed that untruth as the lie that it is. We need at least 5-a-day to keep the doctor away, and apples are tooth-rottingly sugary so they certainly don't keep the dentist away. And why would you want to keep the doctor away anyway? If you've got the flu, which I do, you don't want to keep the doctor away – you want him to come right up to you, over your defensive wall of apples, and give you some of his medicine. Calpol, preferably. I love drinking Calpol, even when I'm not sick.

This week's issue is missing the letter 'x' because the printers used up their quota kissing people and things. Luckily, it's not a widely used letter. But it's a little embarrassing.

You'll probably have noticed we have the nicest fonts in Cambridge journalism. We also have pretty pictures. Sometimes we have integrity. We've been reading lots of proper newspapers to see how they work. They work more like books than they work like tapestries; in that they're manual. This is to make them more compact, and easier to sew.



TOM KINGSLEY

# In the Beginning was the Word

## And it was good. So why are we so keen to re-write it?

In da Bginnin God cre8d da heavens & da earth. Da earth waz barren, wit no 4m of life; it waz unda a roaring ocean curved wit dRknness.

Can U read dis? Just imagin wen ppl st8rt spking like this. Dey've already st8rted writing da bible in txtspk and skools m8 st8rt teachin kids txtin inSted of readin.

It transpires that the Bible Society of Australia has produced a text message translation of the Bible, in the hope of attracting young people to read and become familiar with traditional scripture. Sexing-up the Bible with text message abbreviations will, they hope, encourage people to send verses to family and friends over the internet and mobile phones.

With all due respect, the Australians have always struck me as a little upside down, but when our own government ministers display signs of the same mind boggling inanity, I start to wonder just how far this stark raving bonkers pandemic will spread.

For you see, just last week another set of alarmist educational statistics – 40 percent of GCSE students failed to attain a C in English – led the government to suggest an overhaul of the English language curriculum. Forget grammar and punctuation. Scrap reading books and abolish essays altogether. Children will instead learn how to send text messages and surf the internet in the classroom. Have you ever heard anything as ludicrous in all your life? Even Blackadder would agree that these proposals make Baldrick's "cunning plans" seem like rocket science in comparison.

Have they finally lost the plot? Never mind illiterate school graduates, I'm more concerned about the state of mind of our country's so-called leaders. According to the Qualifications and Curriculum Authority, lessons should "take account of the new language of text messaging and the effect of the internet on reading skills." One bright spark must have pondered: "Oh dear, we have a problem of illiteracy

among our youngsters. If they can't read and write let's actively help them dumb down by concentrating on texting and the web so that they won't even be aware of the basic skills they are lacking." Perhaps school exams will be texted to pupils so that old fashioned, heavy-duty pens and pencils can also be done away with once and for all. Eight-year olds may be trained to become world class texting champions, but ask them for a short story and they'll be left speechless.

“The advent of the ‘Textament’, the all-new 100-minute Bible is a godsend for those seeking a shortcut to theology”

It seems that George Orwell may have been only 20 years off the mark if Newspeak becomes a 21st century reality: textspeak. Like its namesake, textspeak threatens a violent erosion of language, robbing people of the power of thought by stripping language down to the bare minimum. Our nanny state risks institutionalizing textspeak in schools, reducing the English lexicon to a frugal spattering of letters and numbers and leaving little room for more meaningful expression.

Just a week before the advent of the ‘Textament’, the all-new 100-minute bible came as a godsend for those seeking a shortcut to theology. It was designed by a laconic Reverend of the Church of England to allow a skim read of Biblical ‘highlights’ without the ‘hassle’ of interpretation or long winded description; a Bible with all the ‘thrills’ minus the conventional frills. Predicted a bestseller like

the original, over 11,000 copies of the ‘punchier’ version have been printed and are soon to be distributed to churches and schools around England.

If something as sacrosanct as the Bible can be so audaciously truncated, surely we wouldn't be averse to adopting the 100-minute Law Economy course? Perhaps SPS can be whittled down to 60? Who needs all those redundant theories and historical precedents anyway?

Maybe I should show a little more understanding. The technological innovations that lie behind these developments have, after all, improved our quality of life in many ways. And yet, despite the unquestionable benefits which the internet and mobile phones have brought, I can't help but worry that they are simultaneously stripping us of something equally valuable.

For the emergence of textspeak, so fast and so readily available, has meant that we no longer have the time or patience for the more personal. Hand-written letters have fallen by the wayside and the long tradition of correspondence has been made redundant. Imagine if Keats had been able to text Fanny Brawne: "Am dying. Luv u 4 evr. x." Whole theories of aesthetics would have fallen by the wayside.

Who can be bothered with an annotated King James or the Arden Macbeth if the whole shebang can be so easily summarised in a few pages of textspeak? Beware. The art of language is under attack. Unconsciously we are witnessing the age of a rapid and deadly corrosion which is gradually worming its way into our academic and religious discourse.

Perhaps the use of textspeak in Cambridge lecture halls and supervision rooms is a distant and unlikely occurrence. But who knows, it may only take a few generations of converted textaholics before Trin8ty and P8erhouse start offering courses in Ori8al studies and Histry of Rt.

Beth Alexander



Soon in Varsity, The Times' Bel Mooney resolves your university blues – send your problems to [letters@varsity.co.uk](mailto:letters@varsity.co.uk)

**Editor** James Dacre [editor@varsity.co.uk](mailto:editor@varsity.co.uk) **Chief News Editor** Amy Goodwin [news@varsity.co.uk](mailto:news@varsity.co.uk) **Features Editor** Jon Swaine [features@varsity.co.uk](mailto:features@varsity.co.uk)  
**Arts Editor** Ned Beauman [arts@varsity.co.uk](mailto:arts@varsity.co.uk) **Sports Editor** Joe Speight [sport@varsity.co.uk](mailto:sport@varsity.co.uk)  
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Adam Edelhain, Jessica Holland, Mungo Woodfield [associate@varsity.co.uk](mailto:associate@varsity.co.uk) **Arts Commissioning Editor** Emma Paterson [arts@varsity.co.uk](mailto:arts@varsity.co.uk)  
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**Editors** Laura Draper, Jenny Lee [theatre@varsity.co.uk](mailto:theatre@varsity.co.uk) **Visual Arts** Miriam Foster, Jonathan Yarker [visualarts@varsity.co.uk](mailto:visualarts@varsity.co.uk) **Screen Editors** Carly  
Farthing, Hanna Briggs [screen@varsity.co.uk](mailto:screen@varsity.co.uk)  
**Photo Editor** Jamie Marland [photos@varsity.co.uk](mailto:photos@varsity.co.uk) **Chief Sub-editors** David Marusza, Louise Williamson **Sub-editors** Jenna Atkins, Rosalind Earis,  
Joseph Heaven **Graphics** Adam Welch, Tom Kingsley, Jon Lopez, Tom Windley, Andrew Tam [graphics@varsity.co.uk](mailto:graphics@varsity.co.uk)

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

### Section Meeting Times:

News - The Munby Room, King's: 7pm, Sundays  
Music - King's Bar 4pm, Friday  
Literature - Tatties, Trinity St: 2pm, Friday  
Sport - The Eagle, 5pm, Saturdays

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VARSTY



# Varsity

## Unwanted Intrusion

All those contacted by *Varsity* regarding our front page campaign expressed deep frustration at the difficulty in combatting the situation without students' whole-hearted involvement.

Porters, police and college authorities agreed that the relaxed attitudes of students themselves are the main reason why theft continues to figure so highly in police record books, despite the city's relatively low general crime rates. A raft of similar campaigns initiated by Cambridgeshire Constabulary to raise awareness appear to have made minimal difference over the last couple of years. Now, given this recent theft epidemic, perhaps students will become more vigilant.

Long gone is an age where we can safely leave doors upon and windows unlatched. To suppose otherwise is simply ignorant. Despite being upsetting to its victims, burglary also takes up valuable police time and seriously demoralises college professionals who seek to ensure stringent security measures.

Yet perhaps our complacency is rooted in something other than sheer laziness. A system in which every student is provided with people to ward, supervise and direct them is bound to involve a degree of infantilising. The average student doesn't even have to buy a lightbulb during his three years at Cambridge, but simply ask a friendly porter. That so few students rent privately means a worryingly high proportion of us may leave here without knowing how to fix a broken fuse, sort a blocked drain, or, it seems, take basic responsibility for our own belongings.

## Mid-life crisis

In this week's arts spread, the cinematic male was reduced to mere rubble where once stood the brooding edifice of the matinee idol. Any movie worth its critical salt prefers to paint middle aged masculinity with shades of grey rather than celebrate its primary colours. It is worth considering then, that if life imitates art, what is in store for Cambridge's Bright Young Things? Are all the dashing young men destined for disaffection by forty? As the article points out, there exists today a cultural obsession with youth and it isn't merely because fresh faces are far more telegenic than furrows, wrinkles and jowls. The Western World places a higher premium on freedom than ever before. This manifests itself not only in the foreign policies of governments, the spread of the internet and globalised trade but also in our fixation with youth. With age comes responsibility and as life becomes more complicated we look back over our shoulders with lust and longing.

It is worth considering too, that the matinee idol and the Eighties Macho Man, hallmarks of masculine pop-cultural representations, espoused some pretty sexist attitudes. Thankfully, this is no longer so readily accepted. Men in the 21st century are rightly not expected to balance shouldering their worldly burdens with any assumptions of gender supremacy. Hollywood is fixated with men's mid-life crises because it is suffering one itself. The film industry is still a male-dominated world and seems inclined to express increasing gender equality as an indication of male weakness. In Cambridge, one hopes and expects that our outlook is different. The parity of the sexes should be a given and gender identity understood. Male students can look ahead to their forties and look around at the women that will be aging with them. And if a man loses his way when he hits middle-age, then those around him can put him back on track.



Correspondence  
email us: [letters@varsity.co.uk](mailto:letters@varsity.co.uk)

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

**Damn straight: lads mags really do suck**

Dear Sir,

I read Jon Swaine's article 'Let's Not Go Nuts' (*Varsity Arts*, 7 October) with pleasure and more than a little surprise.

Articles written by men about the negative side of 'lad's mags' are rarely seen and, even when offered, editors are more inclined to enthusiastically stress the dangers of censorship, rather than the negative impact that the industry has on both men and women.

It's no secret that the people behind *Nuts* are not the women-consuming, emotionally-void vessels that Jon referred to but instead highly astute, intelligent and educated people, who devise ideas like the 'Wet breasts challenge' not because they think it's a good or original idea, but because they know it will make them a fortune. Sadly, when 250,000 copies are sold each week, it seems that they've been proved right.

Hopefully a few *Nuts* fans out there will have read the article and learnt something, but if *Nuts* is correct in saying that "we

asked blokes from around the country what they wanted from a magazine, and *Nuts* delivers it", I'm not just worried, but actually terrified.

Michelle Nuttall  
Women's Officer, CUSU

**Tolerance and art in the heart of London**

Dear Sir,

It is heartening to see that, as a student of the university ranked third in the world, Jonathan Yarker does not find the sculpture 'Alison Lapper, Pregnant' sufficiently challenging for his aesthetic and intellectual tastes (*Varsity Arts*, 14 October).

Jonathan has obviously long ago accepted the fact that there is strength and beauty in places not spotlighted by the media; the fact that he refers to Lapper's shape as 'deformity' and cites the fact that she is a woman as additional grounds for embarrassment is obviously just call-a-spade-a-spade lack of PC hypocrisy, or something. But outside our college

walls, there's a possibility that this kind of enlightened attitude is not ubiquitous; and a cursory reading of Lapper's biography confirms this.

The concept behind the work may not itself be groundbreaking, but the government's decision to put it on such prominent public display, I suggest, is, even if only because it forces us to gaze on something from which we all might feel more comfortable averting our eyes.

Smirk at me for my PC lack of subtlety if you must, but I'll choose our generation being remembered for tolerance, diversity, and "challenging the modern view of beauty" over warmongering, colonialist arrogance or head-in-the-sand complacency, any day.

Jess Holland  
New Hall

**Does flattery win you wine?**

Dear Sir,

Congratulations on a fine redesign, which I have

## Letters

thoroughly enjoyed despite the occasional deliberate mistake. It's good to see one student newspaper has an eye for design at least. Your rival's page 33, anyone?

Oh... and can I have a bottle of wine please?

J Phillipson  
Trinity College

**A defence of Mark: a good man after all**

Dear Sir,

In response to the quite unreasonable criticism of Mark Ferguson (*Varsity Letters*, 14 October) I would certainly wish to defend him against charges of being "poisonous", or failing his responsibilities.

Firstly, I do not feel a balanced opinion concerning what is sensible political action to be irresponsible, and secondly, anyone who had witnessed Mark wallowing about like an elated and somewhat bibulous hippopotamus in the Cam at King's last May Week could hardly doubt the man's good character.

Anon

## The Answers

confederation of slightly indolent demagogues.

David Marusza  
Corpus Christi College

Letters may be edited for space and style

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



## Letters of the Week

**Architecture: thanks for (not much), CUSU**

Dear Sir,

Last week, on approaching my pigeon-hole, I was most surprised and amused to discover a flyer for CUSU making prominent usage of an image of the successful Architecture protest of last year. Much as we are grateful for the lectern that they allowed us to borrow on that occasion, I find it somewhat bemusing that they seem to have laid claim to our rally.

The attendance, publicity and triumph of that protest are a tribute to the effort that the students of the architecture department put into saving their subject, particularly Luke McLaren and John Ross, who selflessly

sacrificed the better part of a term of their third year for the cause. It is indeed a sad pity and sign of the times if CUSU lack any successful campaigns of their own with which to advertise their services.

Bengt Cousins-Jenvey  
George Rhys Jones  
Architecture Society

**My so-called English "society"**

Dear Sir,

Lottie Oppenheim describes the English Faculty as "a slackers' society" (*Varsity Letters*, 14 October). Isn't this stretching the meaning of the word 'society' somewhat?

Personally, I view the faculty as a loose

**"Every sunscreen-smearing tourist was following the campaign"**

## The Last Word

## This Week: Germans are better than us

A few weeks ago, I was invited out for cocktails in Prenzlauerberg, Berlin. My date was an archetypal Teuton: a strapping hazel-eyed engineering student who towered over me.

As we sat sipping our capirihuanas, I cast a throw-away comment about the recent general election with the intellectual detachment perfected by a self-important Cambridge undergraduate.

The reply was a cascade of exclamations: the government must radically reform its economic policy;

it was pure illusion that the Social Democrats' policies were benefiting the poor; the Free Democrats' concept of a three-step tax system was both rational and socially just and so on.

Stunned out of my conversational repertoire, I listened humbly to his analysis of the main parties and admired his political fervour. Which Cambridge student would herald his deepest convictions on a first-date, disregarding the conventional form of small talk and rendering himself vulnerable to the jeers of the nonbelievers? Dear me, no, let us affect superior

and cynical indifference.

And it wasn't just him. When I asked German tourists in front of the Reichstag about the upcoming election, enthusiastic and eclectic replies tumbled towards me.

Every sunscreen-smearing tourist seemed to be avidly following the campaign and to have a pointed opinion on the issues at stake. For them, a change of government meant a direct and powerful impact upon their daily lives.

Even in Cambridge, the extent of our political indifference amazes me. What, a general election soon?

Sarah Marsh

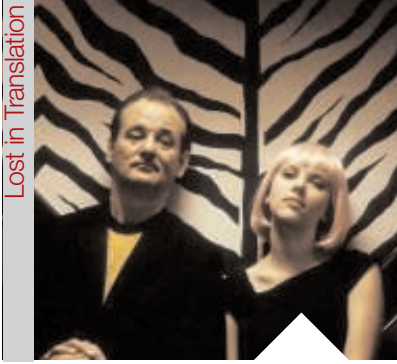
Well, if you tell me where my polling station is, I might be able to make it before my 12 o'clock lecture - that is, if I don't have an essay to hand in and I'm not hungover from formal.

Standing in the pouring rain chanting "Schroe-der, Schroe-der" amongst the throbbing thousands who have still not lost hope in their party, I can't help feeling that the power and passion of a shared political experience is a truly exciting thing... yet one we get so rarely back in Britain.





BILL MURRAY  
TOP 5



A masterclass in understated desperation and unspoken connection as the faded actor stranded in Tokyo. Career high.



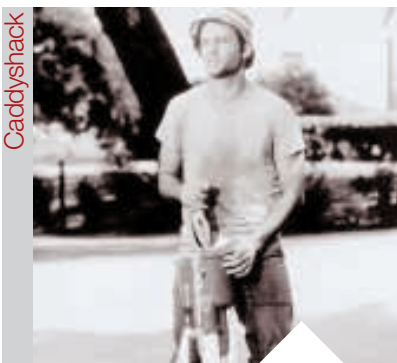
Murray threatened to steal the show from Johnny Depp – no mean feat – as prissy transvestite, Bunny.



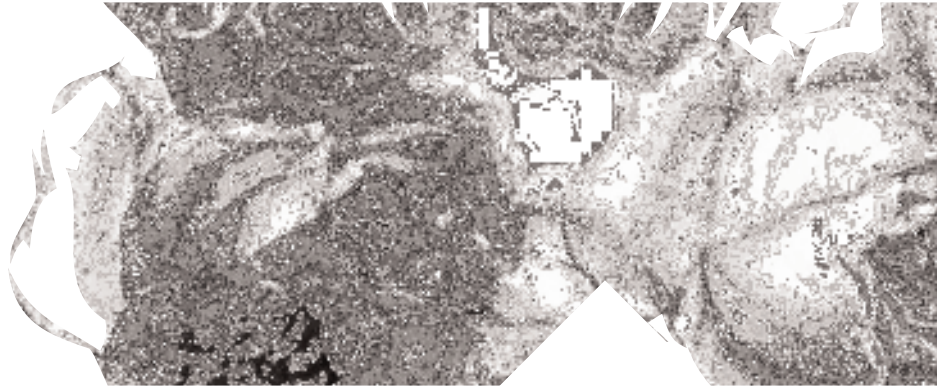
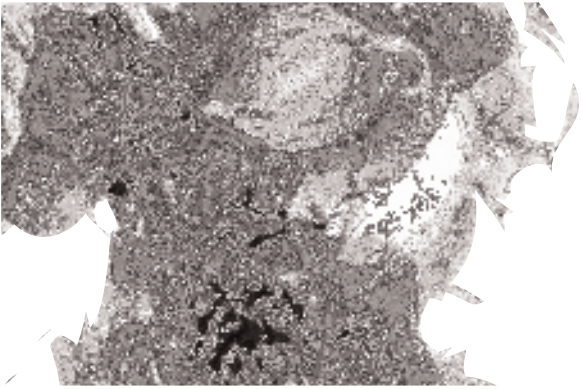
History repeats itself again and again...and again as the weatherman forced to relive one day again and again...and again.



A fantastically funny turn as the hack paranormal expert Peter Venkman trying to save New York from ghosts whilst wooing ounrey Weaver.



Murray the psychotic golf caddy is driven to distraction by his arch nemesis – a destructive gopher.



# It's all gone soft

Hannah Briggs ponders the fall of the Hollywood casanova

For Hitchcock, those men possessing that rare faculty of being able to rivet the audience, while doing nothing, were definite male lead contenders. Sadly, long gone are the days of Cary Grant Casanovas seducing audiences in their forties and fifties. Instead, now men and women alike are forced to reconcile themselves to yet another groundhog day; a tale of post-modern, midlife crisis, most likely in the form of a motionless Bill Murray sporting a vacant expression. It wasn't always so.

The likes of Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart were hailed as icons of manhood in Hollywood cinema of the 1940s and 1950s. It was precisely their magical command over the audience, which led Hitchcock to cast them both as subjects for his post-war exploration of masculinity. Narcissistic and callous, yet unavoidably likeable, in films such as *Suspicion* and *Rope*, these characters became the embodiment of "masculinity in crisis". In the words of Rupert (Jimmy Stewart), in *Rope*, "if you are the perfect, middle-class, heterosexual American male, you go mad". Fifty years on, film-

makers are still beguiled by crises of the male condition, particularly of the mid-life, middle class and middle-American variety. However, increasingly the Murrays and Nicholsons taking on these roles are relegated to art-house cinema status rather

## TALES OF POST-MODERN, MID-LIFE CRISIS

than entertaining the masses in the middle. Perhaps the problem roots from a general ageism and cultural denial of mortality, which receives constant affirmation on the big screen, in the form of Hollywood's most puerile talent.

Murray's most recent deadpan extravaganza, *Broken Flowers* (2005), offers a sober look at a range of possible life choices, all leading to a similar state of discontentment. Following on from his

success as insomniac actor in *Lost in Translation* (2003), depressed industrialist in *Rushmore* (1998) and oceanographer caught in an existential crisis in *The Life Aquatic* (2004), Murray has rendered dislocated identity a commercial brand in contemporary Western cinema. Similarly, *About Schmidt* (2002) tells the nihilistic story of Warren Schmidt (Jack Nicholson), who, in a state of despair, having lost his wife and job, embarks on a sentimental road trip of self-discovery. Better known, is *American Beauty*'s classic critique of the American Dream (1999), which portrays a suburban landscape of repressed desire, alienation and voyeurism as the ideal platform for Lester Bening's spectacular midlife crisis.

So what does the future hold for our dwindling forty plus Casanovas? The same exhausted story-lines with more or less chutzpah? While audiences plea for Nicholson to return to his rebellious ways, and for Murray to take his medication, let's hope that the film world has now fully exhausted the midlife crisis.



## The Varsity Guide to JIM JARMUSCH

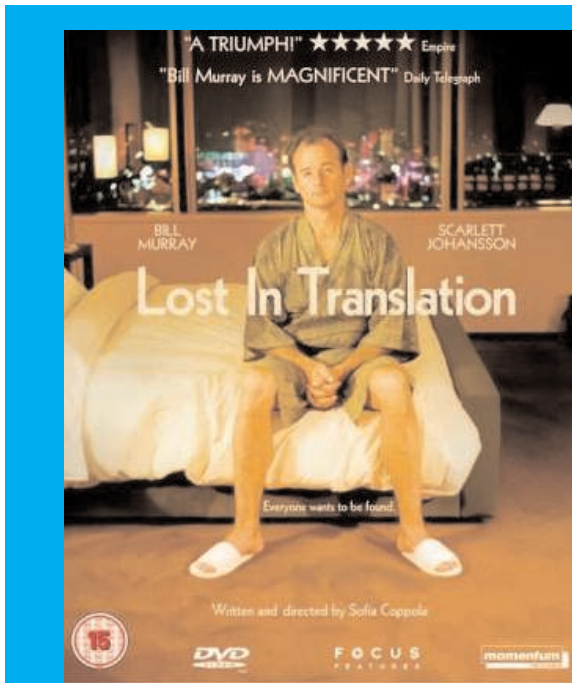
**BEGINNINGS** Graduate of Columbia University (American and English Literature). Travelled to Paris and formed a love of foreign film. Via a brief stint in a band, went to study filmmaking in New York, but dropped out. Made first feature-length movie *Permanent Vacation* in 1980, described by a contemporary critic as "an 80-minute preamble about drifting".

**BREAKTHROUGH** 1984's *Stranger Than Paradise*, a meandering, formless road movie following two NY deadbeats whose mundane lives are interrupted by the arrival of a Hungarian cousin. Shot for \$150,000, and hailed as antidote to the MTV-style filmmaking of the time. Won the Camera d'or at Cannes.

**NOTABLE WORKS** *Down By Law* (1986): musicians John Lurie, Tom Waits and Italian comic, Roberto Benigni, as convicts on the run in the Louisiana wilderness. Described by Jarmusch as a "neo-beat-noir-comedy". *Mystery Train* (1989): vignette-based film set in a dingy Memphis motel, featuring Steve Buscemi and Joe Strummer. *Night On Earth* (1992): five separate stories and conversations from the back of taxi cabs. Jarmusch's first use of recognised movie stars, such as Winona Ryder. *Dead Man* (1995): Johnny Depp stars as 'William Blake', who travels West with a Native American called Nobody. Soundtrack by Neil Young. *Coffee and Cigarettes* (2003): More vignettes, with segments from stars as diverse as Cate Blanchett and Iggy Pop. Received a decidedly mixed critical reception.

**ENTRANCE INTO THE MAINSTREAM** 1999's *Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai* – Jarmusch explores the dichotomy between profession and beliefs with Forrest Whitaker as the Zen-like hitman who finds himself hunted by the Mob after he leaves a witness alive. Eastern philosophy, martial arts, culture clashes and a hip-hop soundtrack.

**INFLUENCES** Parisian cinema; Eastern philosophy; William Blake; that other actor-orientated director/actor, John Cassavetes.



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# In half bloom

Olaf Henricson-Bell reviews Jim Jarmusch's *Broken Flowers*



Sharon Stone and Bill Murray rekindle the flame of youth

The arthouse radar suggests that Jim Jarmusch plus Bill Murray equals novelty gold, and with the quirky inclusion of Sharon Stone we really should have been on to a winner with *Broken Flowers*. Sadly, however, mathematics has let us down once again and we are left instead with the cinematic equivalent of a moist kipper being dragged across one's face at an incredibly slow speed. Thought provoking perhaps, but not exactly to be sought out. This is not

to say that *Broken Flowers* is a bad film - it isn't. The problem is that it just doesn't manage to make you care whether it is good or not.

To summarise: Bill Murray is a lonely old Don Juan figure. Named Don. Just in case the point is missed he is repeatedly compared to Byron's creation. The film begins with Murray receiving an anonymous letter from an old flame informing him that he has a son. Somewhat surprised, and encouraged by his amateur detective friend Winston, Don sets off to visit five former lovers in an attempt to discover who is the mother of his child. In the process he gets laid, punched, and covers thousands of miles in a variety of vehicles.

Now this all sounds misleadingly eventful. For like much of Murray's recent films, *Broken Flowers* is a comedy of subdued withdrawal. Jarmusch films Murray with incredible slowness and stillness, the camera often as static as the lothario himself. The effect is to create a sense of profound detachment and to focus attention on Murray's tiniest movement. In so doing, the film is immediately evocative of *Lost in Translation* and, to a lesser extent, *The Life Aquatic*. It also shares the underlying melancholy that characterised Murray's performance in both of those films. Viewers of last year's *The Consequences of Love* will feel very much at home.

Jarmusch's decision to push this cinematic trend to its extreme is a high risk strategy, and one that almost pays off. As we might expect, Murray rises to the challenge admirably, putting in a performance of subtlety and poise. In several

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**Freshers' flu:** we hope you all die of it. No more queues at Clowns



# How to push the Burton

With the release of Tim Burton's latest gothic fairytale *Corpse Bride*, ethereal melancholy is the Autumn/Winter accessory of choice. Benj Ohad Seidler takes a look at the catwalks



STYLED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROSE IBBOTSON AND TOM TRUE. LEFT: WEARS, LEFT TO RIGHT: DRESS, BY DIANE VON FURSTENBERG; NECKLACE, BY MAWI (BOTH AT HERO); GLOVES, CAMBRIDGE MARKET; RING, TOPSLOP; VEST, MARKS AND SPENCERS; STRIPED VEST, MODEL'S OWN; SCARF, STYLIST'S OWN (Belt worn as necklace); BY NIGHT AND DAY; ARABIAN COSSAGE, MEXO; HANDKERCHIEF (WORN AS BELT), NATIONAL TRUST SHOP; SKIRT, MISS SELFIDGE; HEADSCARF, GAP; GLOVES, CAMBRIDGE MARKET; DRESS AND SHIRTS, MISS SELFIDGE.

This winter the fashion world has been swathed in a murky mist. But rather than looking glumly through the windows of their *ateliers*, designers have run out onto the streets and drenched themselves in sumptuous melancholia. After many seasons of escapism, where fashion houses tried to negate the perils of a troubled world by throwing baubles, pastels and sparkles in its face, a darker spirit has emerged. Loose, flowing empire waists and generally distorted *laissez-faire* silhouettes in rich velvets and unhemmed layers of satin and gauze hide traces of a shapely woman within dark folds.

One filmmaker stands out as a reference that has soaked the looks of this Autumn/Winter season with his signature American gothic style. Tim Burton's fusion of the unsettling mood found in Batman comics with the eerily perfect American suburban woman portrayed in *Big Fish* and the Victorian gloom that endears us to his characters in *Sleepy Hollow*, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and *The Corpse Bride* is even leaking over into many Spring/Summer 2006 shows.

The off-beat clothes on the cat-

walk tell the same story as Burton's characters; one of isolation and consequently liberation. They acknowledge that life can indeed be bleak at times and it might be better to embrace it than to muffle it with floral printed chiffon. If there's a message that should be channelled out to Cambridge students, it is precisely that one does not have to go from party to party spitting pleasantries and shooting fake smiles at whoever one thinks might be the key to breaking into the social scene (which, by the way, does not exist).

If Tim Burton and designers like Marc Jacobs are trying to do anything, they're trying to make sure that the darker shades of the human experience are not lost in the heavy neon glow of a corporate, computerised, politically correct and overly medicated world. The fresher girls this year seem to me to be much more despondent

than last year's, and as a result are more upfront and honestly beautiful. I can see second year party girls handing out bouquets of kisses, empty complements and two-bit gossip as sweet as the cerise corsages in their hair; but it means very little. It's not about being a dark person. Tim Burton himself has said "I am not a dark person and I don't consider myself dark." It's about a certain purity: distilling emotions so that one can constantly feel the power of youth; that drive that gets Burton characters like Charlie and Victor to their happy endings.

Burton once complained, "in Hollywood, they think drawn animation doesn't work anymore, computers are the way. They're relying too much on the technology and not enough on the artists." Substitute the words 'Hollywood' with 'the high street fashion retailer' and 'drawn animation' with 'couture craftsmanship' and you more or less have the lament of the likes of Valentino, the Louis Vuitton design team, and most designers that still stick to traditional methods to create new fashions.

Technology can be manipulated, but the human experience that Burton celebrates must shine through. The flawless cinched full-skirted dresses seen on the

Autumn/Winter catwalks of Lanvin Anna Sui could easily have been worn by the Sandra Bloom character in *Big Fish*; a certain substance in her joyful beauty evoked by the lushness of the fabrics and shape of Sui's dress. McQueen's acid green dress, sported by ginger model Karen Elson on the catwalk, seems like something that might be worn by The Joker, should he ever choose to gender bend in the streets of Gotham City. Miuccia Prada's Miu Miu line for next spring showed introspective girls in clunky dresses, conservative up-dos and combinations of pink and black cartoon prints that Lydia from *Beetlejuice* might choose to wear on a dressy occasion.

Whereas couture methods can be expensive, not everything has to be complex. There's an emphasis on the handmade as opposed to the well-made. Burton once noted, "There's a roughness and a

surprising nature to most B-Movies that you don't get in classic films; something more immediate." This same 'roughness' is reflected in the hems left unfinished on the Lanvin catwalk, the more graphic shapes found in the coats of Stella McCartney, or her straight-jacket sweaters that even Edward Scissorhands would desire. At Louis Vuitton, the wide flowery collars of satin and velvet coats are so overpowering that they give their figures a hunchback, like a luscious monster from *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, their skinny frames obscured by dingy volume.

The release of *The Corpse Bride* has recently been celebrated internationally. Whether it's the prim baby dolls on the Moschino and Chloe catwalks that make us think about Victorian children and how naughty they really were, the Edwardian rigidity of Olivier Theyskens for Rochas, or the dregs of lace masterfully assembled by Nicolas Ghesquiere for Balenciaga, Burton has made an impact.

In New York, the graphic lace collars used as accessories by Benhaz Sarafpour show how wearable the melancholic look can really be. Marc Jacobs remains the main advocate for the filmmaker's leaden look and

his clothes for autumn/winter marked a watershed moment in the direction of fashion's view of the body. His illustrative, naïve silhouettes are given an ethereal softness in his use of netting – the same misty softness that can be found in the cinematography of *Sleepy Hollow*. Even Rei Kawakubo of Commes Des Garçons showed actual 'corpse brides' floating down the runway. Burton once speculated: "I remember when I was younger, I had these two windows in my room, nice windows that looked out onto the lawn, and for some reason my parents walled them up and gave me this little slit window that I had to climb up on a desk to see out of." Great fashion is not always the easiest thing to 'get' or see. A lot of the clothes pictured here may be considered 'ugly' at first sight. But sometimes the green grass is just too hard to see.



Marc Jacobs



Stella McCartney



Benhaz Sarafpour



Moschino



Miu Miu



Louis Vuitton



# His Dark Materials

Carly Farthing examines the dark screen history of Tim Burton

There's no other filmmaker whose movies are as instantly recognisable as Tim Burton's. A vast part of their appeal and their obsession-inspiring allure lies with the Burton *look*: an atmosphere that is at once dark and light-hearted, sinister and comic, unsettling and intriguing. His autobiographical preoccupations - the odd-looking outsider, alienated children and the subversive aspects of suburbia - permeate his dark fairytales, and inform his disquieting and compelling visuals.

1988's *Beetlejuice* was Burton's first big hit, and the movie that confirmed him as one of the most original filmmaking talents to emerge from the Eighties. Its anarchic blend of comedy and horror is an endearing one, and the plot - a dead couple employ a manic ghost to get rid of the new owners of their house - gives Burton the opportunity to create a surreal, grotesquely silly dream-world. His vision of the afterlife is full of brilliantly imaginative images, from Death's "waiting room" to monstrously animated sculptures; all to a calypso soundtrack. Here, it's a gothed-up Winona Ryder who provides the trademark Burton wild-haired outsider - a role taken up by a pitch-perfect Johnny Depp in 1990's *Edward Scissorhands*. The tale of a makeshift man's arrival and subsequent alienation in pastel-coloured Suburbia replaces the mania of *Beetlejuice* with a more sombre, pathos-filled atmosphere while losing none of its

striking visual inventiveness.

Horror seems a genre Burton is comfortable within, and one that provides a loose framework for his dark and surreal sensibilities. As exemplified in *The Nightmare Before Christmas* (1993), his work is infused with a sinister comedy that prevents it from ever being truly scary, although the film's spindly stop-motion animation and its story conspire to make it possibly the most enchantingly creepy children's film ever made. Burton's talent lies in creating perfectly formed parallel universes, filled with dizzily ingenious, fantastic and often disturbing imagery, and this is undoubtedly the reason why 1989's *Batman* and its sequel *Batman Returns* (1992) are vastly more distinctive and compelling than your usual actioner. Burton's Gotham City is a menacing noir vision with its neo-fascist architecture, and there's an delicious perversity to it all - its brooding and scarred superhero, and the fetishistic costume design that's all rubber and leather. Yet underlying it all is a wonderful visual wit and black comedy that Christopher Nolan's recent *Batman Begins* was sorely lacking in - for a mainstream franchise that has permeated our culture, it's gloriously, blackly subversive.

1999's *Sleepy Hollow* was perhaps a more conventional action/horror film, but with his retelling of the Headless Horseman legend Burton creates a visually sumptuous

and dark period look; a gorgeously gothic vision of nineteenth century upstate New York that owes much to Burton's beloved Hammer Horror. It's also this film that cements Johnny Depp's status as the Burton hero. Whether he's a Shock-Headed Peter with blades for hands, or dragged up with an Errol Flynn moustache as the worst film director in history (as in 94's *Ed Wood*), he is perennially the soulful outsider, distinguished by his bizarre look, and Burton can't take his camera off him.

It is true that Burton's films have appeared to become increasingly less "Burtonesque" of late; when comparing his much-derided "reimagining" of *Planet of the Apes* with the glorious perversity of *Batman Returns*, or the unusual sentimentality of *Big Fish* (2003) with *Beetlejuice*'s joyful anarchy. The critics, always quick to leap on an auteur director who looks to be selling out, have of course attributed this to Burton's perceived move into 'the mainstream', but then, with its stratospheric merchandising profits and franchising, what was *Batman*? He may have stumbled with *Apes*, which sadly looked as if it could have been made by any director in Hollywood, but with the release of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* (2005) and this week's *The Corpse Bride*, Burton appears to be back to his surreal, unmistakable best. Both these films, with *Charlie*'s hallucinatory visuals and Depp's psychedelic 1960s stylings and *The Corpse Bride*'s return to the spindly stop-motion animation of *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, look to mark a return to form, confirming Tim Burton's cult status and his position as the most inventive and essential filmmaker working today.

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TOM WINDLEY

## Film review: *Innocence*



Directed by the script-writer of *Irreversible*, Lucille Hadzihalilovic, this is a subtle yet haunting coming-of-age film set in a French boarding school. The focus is on a new girl, and by tracing her experiences the audience is made to grapple with the strangeness of her situation. Beautifully shot, its images have a symbolic richness, resonating disturbingly throughout the film. The visual aspects are complemented by the clipped, understated dialogue and as in *Irreversible*, sound plays a crucial role in generating an eerie atmosphere, hinting at a darker side to the initially idyllic world of the school. Suspense heightens as the narrative gradually unfolds. At times the pace seems a little slow and the themes that the film so tantalizingly suggests could do with further development. But even if the ending leaves issues somewhat unresolved, it cannot fail to be thought-provoking. *Innocence* makes for compelling, if uneasy viewing.

**Camilla Bounds**

*Innocence* (15) is out now at the Arts Picturehouse

## DVD review: *Allen Ginsberg Live In London*



It is bizarre that, for an oral poet, most people's encounters with Ginsberg are on the printed page. For a body of work whose power lies in oral delivery, Ginsberg's poetry lies trapped within the confines of ink and paper; and unlike a poet such as Eliot, whose poems require repeated exposure, Ginsberg works best with the immediacy of oral delivery. *Allen Ginsberg Live In London*, therefore, offers the rare opportunity not only to hear, but to see footage of Ginsberg in action.

The film, shot continuously on a Hi 8 camera amongst the audience, has a satisfying ruggedness befitting the great man as he shuffles on stage (large, jam-jar spectacles, shirt, tie, braces), before he sits down, and adjusts a music stand. The result is to immerse the viewer into the event, even if that involves the less desirable aspects of live performance: a drunken heckler interrupting between each poem or a cough obscuring words or phrases. The material itself is mixed; Ginsberg begins with a Tibetan invocation (most likely to invoke boredom) and the similar musical number 'New Stanzas for Amazing Grace' is also underwhelming. 'Sphincter', an old favourite, is given new life as it is delivered with Ginsberg's boundless enthusiasm, whilst 'Hum Bom!', the highlight, becomes a stampee of oral delivery as his skewed intonation and rapid repetition of simple phrases ("Whydja bomb?/We didn't wanna bomb!") - sometimes conversational in tone, other times childlike or forceful - rise to a crescendo. 'Put Down Your Cigarette Rag', likewise ineffective on the page, jogs to Ginsberg's simple percussive accompaniment and rhythmic vocals ("Don't smoke/Don't smoke/Don't smoke/Don't smoke") as does 'C'mon Pigs of Western Civilization, Eat More Grease!'. Elsewhere the pace is slower; either deliberate and considered, as in 'American Sentences', or simply uninspiring.

The problem with this inconsistency is compounded by the DVD itself: it comes with no extras, purely the footage, and no track listing, meaning you have to endure the less enjoyable pieces to find the truly great ones. The result is a frustrating, yet rewarding experience, and for fans of Ginsberg or even those simply curious about this stalwart of the Beat Generation, this represents a flesh and blood version of his work, not mere shadows on a page.

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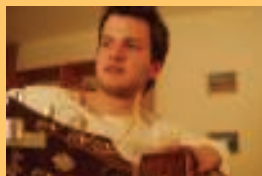
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## Are there enough opportunities in Cambridge for starting in a band?

Tim Dickinson says:



It's not easy, but it can be done. The first problem is that there's nowhere to play. Try the Man On The Moon if you dare, but you'll regret it deeply. And you won't see anything more than chip money.

Better to get to know people who do college ents. Most of the college gigs you play will sound rubbish, because they won't have a sound system, but the atmosphere will be good and you might build up a fan base.

Get a mailing list going. It'll be annoying for half of the people who sign up to get your e-mails, but the other half will come to your gigs... if they like you.

Practise at least once a week, however awful your facilities are. This keeps everyone in your band interested and keep fans interested by playing well.

Abandon all aspirations to be the new Radiohead/Beatles and just do what you enjoy. It doesn't matter if it's not new and sounds like Oasis, because if you enjoy it and keep doing it, you'll find your sound and your audience.

I'm loathed to say it, but slip in a cover song or two in your set. You might think that your material is strong enough, as it may well be, but time has told me that giving people something they can sing along to will get plenty more people on your side. Giving it your own twist (re: Jeff Buckley's version of Leonard Cohen's 'Hallelujah') will help them see music through your eyes as well. Give in. *Tim Dickinson sings and plays guitar for Elephant Juice.*



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TOM KINGSLEY



# THE ARGUMENT

**The arts do not “make us better”.** Human behaviour is not significantly modified through art. Being ‘cultured’ is pointless, and impossible anyway.

**It is impossible to classify a particular work as “art”.** Anything can be considered a work of art for one person. There is nothing inherently special about a work of art.

**Art has become too refined and elitist.** It is not universal if one must be educated to appreciate it. Art does not unite: it creates barriers .

**Literature is the least worthless art.** It allows self-criticism, reasoning and moralising. Also, one discusses literature in the same medium as it appears itself: in words. No other art form can be shared so directly.

# What good are the Arts?

John Carey’s new book *What Good Are The Arts?* says that art is not only POINTLESS but DIVISIVE, IMPERSONAL and IRRELEVANT. So it’s controversial. We set up an argument about it.

David Marusza is studying for his English Part 2 and has a soft spot for John Carey. Omar Sabbagh is studying for his English PhD and wants to “rip Carey apart” in print.

Hello Omar,

John Carey’s books are a rarity among modern writings on literature: they feel like the person at the desk who wrote them is a human being, not a critic. Though not afraid to be frequently polemical and cuttingly sarcastic at times, there is an avuncular “delivered from the armchair” feel in much of his writing. This might be a fault, if it were not for the urgency of much that he says.

His most important point (though it’s tricky to confine a whole agenda to a sentence) is that it’s worth viewing with suspicion the cult of high art which has developed since Kant in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. And he does. He argues consistently and with conviction that the retreat of art into coteries and cliques, its eschewing of the popular, the communal, even the interpretable, is not only bad for art, but bad for people.

Carey’s case is naturally reductive, since when one writes hoping to change massive social malaise there must be reductivism of some kind. But his case is persuasive. Carey argues that a great deal of high modernism arose out of contempt for people, from an insularising tendency in many writers in the early twentieth century.

David.

Omar,

To re-cite the quotation: “Those who proclaim the superiority of high art are saying, in effect, to those who get their pleasure from low art, ‘What I feel is more valuable than what you feel’”

And it is that pendulous ‘in effect’ that is significant. Carey is obviously not saying that all people who ‘claim some art is bad, some good,’ are saying that. What is at issue is that the entirely arbitrary distinction between “good” and “bad”, “high” and “low” (for this cannot be explained in scientific or rational terms, as Carey shows in *What Good Are The Arts?*) implies that anyone in authority can set themselves up as arbiter of taste, and from this can flow the aesthetic prejudices of intellectuals, religious zealots, fascists: they can in effect say “what I feel is more valuable than what you feel”. And this, in such “critical” constructions as “bourgeois sentimentalism” or “degenerate” art, can be an intolerant and destructive force.

David.

“ CAREY SHOWS A COMPLETE LACK OF MENTAL TRAINING - HE IS BREATHTAKINGLY SHALLOW ”

David,

While admitting that it is indeed difficult to explain in rational terms the difference between good and bad art; and while also admitting that there is the possibility of it becoming a political question; there are two sides to the coin. It’s a paradox that makes this question so difficult.

It may be possible for irresponsible people to move from aesthetic judgment to moral and political ones in the way you outline, but at the same time without universal value judgments and clear demarcation points, you can just as easily justify Hitler and the Holocaust, on the grounds that Goebbels felt the furnaces of the death camps lit up the night-sky like a Van Gogh.

Omar.

Hi David,

I wholly agree with you that when reading Carey, one is constantly aware that the author is a fellow human being. However, where I feel you really have hit the nail on the head is in saying that, while he may be human, he is no critic.

Carey, I’m afraid, shows a complete lack of mental training in his writing. Particularly awful, and breathtakingly shallow, was his *The Intellectuals and the Masses*, published in 1992.

Not only is the book rife with self-contradiction, selective (and mis-)quotation, errors of judgment, prejudice and gaps, but through a lack of any definitional or theoretical structure, Carey manages to jump from a few isolated (and debatable) cases of neurosis to what he asserts, without showing, is a “twentieth century intellectual orthodoxy”. He has the cheek to compare George Steiner with Hitler, quite openly, and to dismiss Adorno, who, like Nietzsche and Kant, he does not understand. No, not because he is inferior, but because these are difficult, but rewarding, writers to study. To study!

Cheap criticism of Kant is particularly telling, as the whole notion of critique in the modern sense began with Kant’s three monumental Critiques.

Carey is no critic.

Omar.

“ THOSE WHO PROCLAIM THE SUPERIORITY OF HIGH ART SAY THAT THEY FEEL MORE VALUABLE THINGS THAN OTHER PEOPLE ”

Now Omar,

I don’t know why you insist on calling what is evidently – at least currently – impossible, merely “difficult”. It’s interesting you should argue that to do away with absolute value would mean someone could argue that the Holocaust was justifiable as an “artistic phenomenon”. Someone could, but would it be sane? In any case, wouldn’t that just be reformatting abstract, absolute value judgments? It doesn’t follow that in embracing the claims of plurality in art you have to do away with ethics, surely.

For me, the strength of Carey’s position in *What Good Are The Arts?* is that the myth of spiritual, self-improving art is strongly interrogated and found wanting. It’s this idea of high or spiritual art from which we get the cult of “genius” and the like. It simply doesn’t follow that a taste for classical music makes you more human than someone who finds consolation in, say, *The Monkees*. The commandant at Auschwitz-Birkenau certainly benefited from the spiritualising influence of the prisoners’ string quartets.

David.

Dear Omar,

I have a few things to say about “self-contradiction... errors of judgment, prejudice”, which I confess I find in your approach to Carey. As for “gaps” (and assuming you do not mean those between words, which I think necessary, on the whole) I think it’s possible to find equally interesting lacunae in Kant, and indeed Nietzsche, whose tactic of arguing from one supremely arrogant central assumption outward is a particularly evident sleight of hand in *The Birth of Tragedy*.

It is your assertion that Kant, with his reputation of being the wellspring of modern critical / aesthetic judgment (not necessarily synonymous), provides an inviolate altar upon which to make sacrifices to the great god, Criticism. In fact, it is the completely unfounded and elitist notion of absolute value and “taste” in art, which derives from *The Critique of Judgment*, that Carey does, and is right to, argue against in *The Intellectuals and the Masses*, and *What Good Are The Arts*.

David.

Dear David,

I’d like to make one simple objection to Carey’s thesis. First let me quote a short passage from the first chapter. Having criticized Kant, Carey writes:

“I have suggested that those who proclaim the superiority of high art are saying, in effect, to those who get their pleasure from low art, ‘What I feel is more valuable than what you feel.’”

Is that really what all people who claim that some art is good, some bad, are saying? I don’t doubt that there are pretentious people in the art world: coteries and cliques and all the rest of it. But I’m talking principle here. I don’t think people who distinguish in universal terms between good and bad art are saying that they are morally superior. They are not saying anything about themselves. They are saying that a Picasso or a Rembrandt is, well, simply put, better than emptied soup cans. And people praise Carey for common sense!

Oh and by the way, the whole liberal tradition, which views all human beings as morally equal, derives from Kant’s moral system. Perhaps Carey shouldn’t make such hasty leaps in logic, in his ultra-literalist vein.

Omar.

All right David,

It’s difficult to say how Carey views the connection between ethics and aesthetics. He dismisses Kant for making a necessary connection between the good and the beautiful (Kant’s whole system being inter-related), and goes on (in his example) to call District Judge Brian “Loosely a Kantian” for convicting comedy-terrorist Aaron Barschak when he vandalized the Chapman brothers’ exhibition. Purportedly open-minded as ever, Carey thinks Barschak’s crime might be considered a work of art. Art, then, can be illegal, unethical that is (ethics, after all, derives from the Greek word for custom, which becomes law in modern times.) At the same time however, his whole rant has a heavy and naïf moralizing quality about it. In Nietzsche’s terms, Carey comes across as the archetypal man of ‘ressentiment’.

In my opinion, everything that is beautiful is good. Though what ‘beautiful’ means, whether, for example it is defined along classical or romantic lines, is debatable, but debatable along rational, potentially universalisable, lines of discourse I feel.

David, let’s not do a Carey, and just agree to disagree. That would be boring and pointless. Persuasion is not dominative or exclusionary. Let’s continue to try to persuade each other of the truth.

Until next time, then, Omar.



# Venue Guide: Ballare (Cindy's)

## Where is it?

Oh come on, you know. You might not want your uber-trendy, obscurantist indie friends to know that you know, but you do. It's up the stairs behind Eat, opposite Christ's college. We've all seen you: you might be on the way to Emma bar (honest), but the few drinks inside you leave you powerless to resist the little devil on your shoulder who leads you up those shadowy steps and into Cambridge's premier den of pop cultural iniquity.

## Why Ballare?

Because it's Cambridge students laying aside their copies of Camus, Garcia Marquez, or whatever they've been putting as their favourite book on facebook this week, emerging from the incestu-

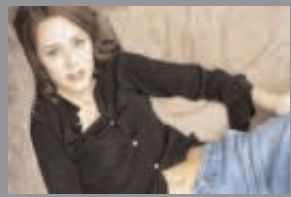
ous, gossip-laden atmosphere of their college bars, recognising that the majority of people really aren't cut out to dance to drum 'n' bass, and actually having some good, old-fashioned, unpretentious F-U-N.

## What Goes On?

Cheese. Cheesey pop, cheesey R'n'B, even some indie cheese if you're lucky. All this tends to culminate at some point during the night with that apotheosis of cheese, the Grease Megamix. Tuesdays are 'Top Banana', run by CUSU. It's £4 entry with NUS, drinks are reasonable, but better get here relatively early to avoid the queue.

 [www.ballare.co.uk](http://www.ballare.co.uk)

## book now:



### Jem

According to her website, Welsh Dido-style singer-songwriter Jem is a big fan of Ghandi.

**The Junction,**  
Wednesday 30th November



### Two Thousand Years

Mike Leigh's new play about two generations of a North London Jewish family, which sold out in London before it even opened, comes to Cambridge as part of a UK tour.

**Cambridge Arts Theatre,**  
14th-18th March 2006

## the essential events of the next seven days



## theatre

**September in the Rain**  
A Yorkshire miner and his long-suffering wife looking back over their lives during their final holiday together.

**Corpus Christi Playroom,** 7pm,  
Tuesday 25th until Saturday 29th  
October



**The Future**  
Comedy by Footlights  
regulars Jonny Sweet and Joe Thomas.  
Businessmen, postmen, and the man in the street discuss hopes, dreams and the tedious reality of the future.

**ADC,** 11pm, Wednesday 26th until  
Saturday 29th October



**Death and the Maiden**  
Man sits bound and gagged in a living room, accused of the most terrible of crimes. A woman, haunted by a brutal past, points a gun at him. Her husband looks on in horror.

**St Chad's Octagon,** 9pm, Tuesday  
25th until Saturday 29th October



## film and music

**Cambridge Philharmonic Society Orchestra and Chorus**  
Music by Stravinsky, Vaughan Williams & Dvorak

**West Road Concert Hall,**  
7:30pm, Saturday 22nd October



**Innocence**  
Bizarre, dream-like and thoroughly creepy allegory of burgeoning female sexuality as seen through the eyes of the boarders at a mysterious girls schools. Go see and make up your own mind.

**Arts Picturehouse** from today



**Batman Begins**  
To our generation the death of Batman's parents has more mythic resonance than the Crucifixion. See it again (along with the Scarecrow and Rha's Al-Gul).

**Robinson,** 27th October, 9pm

# Martha & Mathilda

rock the (play) house



There are few things like an institution. Moseying down to the theatre this week was a reminder of the joy of the known with Pinter at the Playroom, and Brecht, Coward, and the inimitable Footlights' Smoker, at the ADC.

But the institution is a quixotic, Darwinian beast, as those that survive and carry on the next generation are also those that challenge their primordial, or even mordant, forefathers. So Brecht (noble), so Pinter (Nobel), so Coward (Noel). *Baal*, *The Caretaker*, and *Blithe Spirit* all seem to have a

future in the past – Brecht's first work tracks the rise and fall of the grotesque poet-musician, Baal, whose demise is implicated from the moment he is embraced and rejected by 'discerning' society. The production has a cyclical message, as the gin-swigging, festering young are ushered in on the backs of the gin-swigging, festering old, revisiting the same haunts and mutated phrases. There were strong performances from many of this chorus-like cast (particularly Hermione Buckland-Toby, Osh Jones, Jess Brooks and Luke Roberts) and director Adam Welch has closely knit the role changes which Brecht demands must be convincing-yet-distancing in this witty, colourful, and fast-paced play.

*The Caretaker* is a study of individuals forever captive in the present but defined by the past. Situated in a single room filled with the debris of redundant furniture, Pinter presents the audience with a thoroughly schizophrenic perspective through the eyes of Davies (Dan Mansell) who is taken in by the brain-damaged Aston (Tom Secretan), and baited by his brother Mick (Alex Finch). Just as these two personalities rarely co-exist in the room with Davies, so too the life of Aston unravels as a history of mental illness; what Davies perceives as the irrational kindness of one brother is transformed into irrational malice on the part of the other, whilst the offer of a permanent

position as caretaker is from each forthcoming. Mansell's dynamic Davies and Secretan's measured Aston were sensitively performed, whilst Finch's Mick provided a force of malignance throughout, generating much humour, and a genuinely moving production.

Coward's dialogue is saturated with ironic humour as society man and author Charles Condomine (Charles Arrowsmith) finds himself burdened with the lighter side of death in the, too too solid, form of his dead wife, Elvira (Holly Morgan). As the plot thickens with the untimely death of the present Mrs. Condomine (Sarah Lambie), plates, books and ornaments fly, and an otherworldly farce unfolds. With a double haunting on the scene – and the threat of more thanks to the intervention of meddling medium, Mrs. Acate (the show-stealing Annabel Lloyd) – *Blithe Spirit* is even ended with a revelation from the past.

So too the theme of subverting the institution to birth the new and exciting, was perpetuated this week by the Smoker. Much familiar, but nonetheless very funny, material was recycled for this first Footlights showcase of the year, and the infusions of the new trod a wonderfully comic line between the parody and the un-pc('s): Sam Kitchener and Thomas Eccleshare cast a wry smile on the force of the armed, whilst Johnny Sweet was a brilliantly happy-go-lucky Brazilian – we'll see you down the institution.



MICHAEL DERRINGER

# When I was 21 Francesca Annis

**In what year were you 21?** 1966

**What were you doing?** Working. I had trained to be a ballet dancer but by now had drifted into acting and was doing quite well.

**Where did you live?** In a studio extension in South Kensington. Donovan lived at the top and wrote 'Sunny South Kensington'. It's where I first got into Rock 'n' Roll.

**What was your favourite outfit?** Liberties used to sell Art nouveau furnishing fabrics – great rich velvets and heavy cottons – and I used to make my clothes from these and felt very hip.

**What did you eat?** A lot of junk food.

**Who was your best friend?** Sally Alexander, a member of the women's movement and then an actress, now Professor of Women's studies at Goldsmith's.

**Who were your heroes?** Dylan – at that time – R. D. Lang, Marlon Brando, Betty Friedan

**What did you keep a secret from your parents?** Most of my activities.

**Where did you spend most of your evenings?** My then boyfriend was a guitarist and said his great pal, Jimi Hendrix, was coming over from New York. He was a great blues player and we would all hang out together along with the music scene of that time.

**What music did you listen to?** Very Catholic taste across the board. There seemed to be music all the time and a lot of rock and rollers playing, moving around with their instruments, strumming anytime they got their bums on a seat.



**What was the most rebellious thing you did?** Coming from a Catholic family, I suppose indulging in the sexual freedom of the sixties.

**What are you ashamed of having done?** I am too ashamed to tell you.

**What did you believe in?** That men and women were fundamentally and emotionally the same; in total freedom of the individual; that only the immediate present was of any value.

**What made you cry?** Blind Rage when working with Polanski on the Macbeth Film.

**What did you hope to be?** I was already quite professionally and economically successful. I think I just hoped it would continue.

**What do you wish you had known then that you know now?** That men and women are different – and that it's not always my fault.

Emily Stokes



# “Play Some Boyzone!” they shouted...

Tom Durno endures irony overload at Brendan Benson

Humour is a dangerous thing. Cheapened to quips, heckling and costume gimmicks, it can swiftly make the sweetest melody grate like ancient Parmesan. Thankfully, Brendan

“ I DON'T THINK BRENDAN BENSON COULD EVER DISAPPOINT ME; HE LOOKS TOO MUCH LIKE HE NEEDS A HUG ”

Benson's ingratiating inability to keep a straight face toes the borderline very well. It is a shame, then, about the rest of The Junction's inhabitants last Thursday. Support came from OkGo. Their college rock, competent but forgettable, didn't break any boundaries of taste or wit. Their matching-but-not-quite paisley shirt/tie garb wasn't necessarily easy on the eye, but neither did it burn the face with the intensity of Ladytron Lycra. Not even the portly guitarist's 'cool dad' sideburns and NHS specs were enough, alone, for me to consign them to the bin of bad jokes. The overlong, over-rehearsed, cod-Gervais dance routine with which they closed did, however, make my blood boil. Fat men dancing are only funny if they don't look like they've rehearsed at LAMDA.

Clearly, and sadly, the support band's Big Joke had a profound impact on certain members of the audience. The 'UN Boobs Inspector' t-shirts presaged doom, and sure enough, as soon as scrawny little Benson took to the stage, the deluge of japes began: "Play some Boyzone!", "We love you Brendan! Really, we do!" they cried. Even more to my chagrin, a permatanned hussy even decided to physically tickle my ribs, exemplifying her party's total lack of frontal lobes. In light of the Junction's abandonment of decorum, it was with anxious pleasure I looked to BB and his cock-eyed laments for solace. He didn't forsake me, sandwiching the still sublime 'Metarie' between virile new versions of 'Tiny Spark' and 'Insects Rule'. The live impact of *Alternative To Love's* questionably-produced hits was far greater than expected - the namesake single in particular - and was aided by the solid grooves of the band's rubber-faced goon/drummer. The bouncy chug of 'What I'm Looking For' even elicited three small hops from my tired feet. I don't think Brendan Benson could ever disappoint me; he looks too much like he needs a hug. The strength of songs such as 'Folksinger' and 'I'm Easy' are too surely beyond the clutches of The Junction's resident loonies. Nevertheless, any geek-indie visitors to Cambridge's musical hub beware: your tolerance for beer, boobs and Scooby-Doo chat may be sorely tested. [www.brendanbenson.com](http://www.brendanbenson.com)



Brendan Benson plays guitar

## Caribou at the Portland Arms



A simulacrum, says Baudrillard, is an imitation of something that never existed in the first place. I've been waiting a long time for an opportunity to use that word, and it finally arrived on Monday at the Caribou gig at the Portland Arms. Caribou's latest album *The Milk of Human Kindness* was made by one man, Dan Snaith, with a laptop, an acoustic guitar, and a lot of sixties folk and psych-rock LPs - in other words, it's mostly a collage of samples, with a little bit of live singing and plucking. But on tour, he recreates the album, samples and all, with the help of two other musicians who flits between drums, keyboards, guitar, bass, flute, and drums again. It's not that the tracks they're imitating live really never existed, because you can (and should) listen to them on record - but they never existed before as songs, in the conventional sense of music that you sit down and compose from scratch and play all at once and record only afterwards. There

you go. A simulacrum. In my next article I hope to use the word 'amphibole'. Postmodernism aside, what about the gig? That second drum kit I mentioned made all the difference. Caribou's songs are like the tin man from *The Wizard of Oz*, who could walk and talk okay but had no heart - by which I mean that they sound superficially similar to the sunny sixties psychedelia they're imitating, but they just don't have the hooks or the choruses. But Caribou's band make up for it. In their best moments it's the guitarist who's merely keeping time and the two drummers who are knocking you off your feet with explosions of cymbals and snares, and the crowd is going 'Ooh!' and 'Aah!' as if they're watching a firework display, which really they are. Dance, Tin Man, dance!

Ned Beauman

# room for a view

We will be running a series of events on Monday 31st October and Tuesday 1st November in Cambridge for you to meet our people from around the world, learn more about McKinsey and give you some experience of the way we help clients solve complex business problems.

We have places available for people to come and participate in workshops, discussions and informal conversations. If you are interested in registering for a place, please apply online at [www.mckinsey.com/mckinseyoncampus](http://www.mckinsey.com/mckinseyoncampus) by Wednesday 26th October.

For further information on McKinsey & Company please visit our websites [www.mckinsey.com](http://www.mckinsey.com) for information about all our offices or [www.mckinsey.co.uk](http://www.mckinsey.co.uk) for London specific information.

McKinsey&Company





ANDREW TAM

# “Death, violence and gore”

**Sam Blatherwick** gets into Cambridge’s Black Metal scene and discovers it’s surprisingly extreme

When people decided that the style of metal the likes of Metallica purveyed wasn’t quite heavy enough for them, extreme metal was born. It is important to distinguish when talking about metal the difference between the descriptions ‘heavy’ and ‘intense’. Heavy is powerful and was initially brought into music through Black Sabbath, whereas intensity is provided through the speed of the play. The constant

struggle in extreme metal is to bring both heaviness and intensity into the music; very difficult since the power is provided through the slowness of the play. The only area of metal to achieve this is Death Metal. Defined through being very technical with a thrash metal style and extremely low vocals (near growled, but far more clearly defined), lyrics are almost primarily concerned with death, violence and gore. This is distinctive

from Black Metal through Black’s style being almost mid-tempo musically in spite of the musicians playing their instruments insanely quickly; however Black Metal acts tend not to be as technically proficient as their Death counterparts. Vocals tend to be growled and primarily dark and satanic. Doom Metal is gothic in content and tends to be the slower, heavier brother of Death Metal. Cambridge has a surprisingly

strong extreme metal scene. The Rocksoc has a strong metal contingent and ‘Wake Up Screaming’ at the Kambar plays exclusively extreme metal for the first hour every Tuesday and Man on the Moon, a pub opposite Parker’s Piece, puts on a number of extreme metal gigs. As for buying records, HMV has a fairly comprehensive selection – but also fairly limited, considering the wide selection of acts out there.

# Noise Annoys

**Alex Lambeth** shares his experiences of Japanese Noise

It was a dusky summer’s eve in Kobe, Japan, in a dimly lit dungeon-like club by the name of Otoya. I stumbled into the smokey depths a little worse for wear and a little late; the gig had already started. Somewhat worryingly, across the floor was strewn a pile of boxes that seemed to have been destroyed by a mangled guitar, and a sampler looping some horrendous din. Later, I would be greeted to an hour of distorted squeals and pulse beats performed by a strangely polite man, who seemed to insist on performing his set in nothing but a thong and what seemed to be children’s skateboard knee-pads. Whatever this was, the one thing I knew was that it felt like someone was whisking my teeth.

The question circling around my head while I was bombarded by what was unarguably an impressive wall of electronic sounds should have been ‘Is this either the most amazing thing ever or is it possibly the most dire racket to come out of the already dubious genre of extreme electronic music?’ Actually, it was probably less eloquently put by my drunken inner monologue that was most likely trying to gauge if I was really, really scared. Luckily, I stayed conscious and had a musical evening that left me feeling both invigorated and more than a little violated.

On my return to British shores, I tried to make sense of what I had experienced and did a little investigation. I was already somewhat amused by German digital hardcore and, and gave into the fact that my music collection probably couldn’t get any worse. In my search I was lead into the world of the Granddaddy of all noise, Merzbow, a man whose lengthy career has had him venerated as the master of soundscapes. His track ‘Hikigaeru Ga Kuru’, is undoubtedly one of the most wild things I have ever heard. Sadly for some noise purists, Merzbow has recently started producing vaguely coherent digitalised pieces of an Autechre or Aphex Twin style. Probably slightly further up the bonkers scale is the occasional Merzbow collaborator, Massona (a play on the name Madonna using the Japanese Maso and Onna, meaning, rather pleasantly, masochism girl). Massona has

been known to perform gigs that last merely 17 seconds and reliable sources inform me that they may involve hitting a willing girl with a mic and then sampling it, dancing around a bit and then leaving. The inevitable question ‘Is this Art?’ undoubtedly arises.

In Europe we have our own flavours of noise including Nic Endo, a woman who manages to be both extremely attractive and musically terrifying. Nice work if you can get it I suppose. Her take on noise is both mechanical and cold, yet oddly human and expressive. Panic DHH are the most recent European proprietors of noise, but they have added a more accessible industrial tinge to the dense noise soundscapes and textures. Their 2004 album ‘Panic Drives Human Herds’, is a fantastic blast of grinding, processed guitars, noise squeals and distorted drums, which somehow manages to be both ambient, tender and incredibly loud.

Unfortunately Cambridge is hardly a city overrun with noise performances, but all is not lost. Earlier in the year Panic DHH graced The Junction in support of goblin-faced electro Goth Mortis and took their brand of noise brutally onto the Cambridge music scene. Luckily our close proximity to London allows us to be under an hour away from occasional noise perfection, although as one would expect, it is still an underground scene. Only last week Zan Lyons brought his more melodic and beautiful noise to the Islington Academy. My advice is to keep an eye out label websites and you might just encounter something exciting on our doorstep. I would not suggest that you rush out and buy a noise album, it is something that really requires a live setting or endurance and willingness to put yourself through something that you might be uncomfortable with. You may find yourself amazed or disgusted. It can convey emotions in a way unlike any other genre, it has the ability to suck you in, but you may well have to turn it off after a few seconds. Is it good music? Well, not as we would ordinarily describe it. You cannot deny the skill of the musicians creating it but there is no chance you will be dancing to it, not even in Cindie’s.

# Grantchester Meadows Forever

Think Cambridge is all cheese clubs and vile vans? **Olly Riley-Smith** explores its secret underworld of raves in burnt-down mansions, under motorways, and under the stars

So, you’ve ‘done’ Cambridge clubbing right? Sometimes we do appear to have something that resembles more pond life than nightlife, especially when you hear tales from afar; London, Leeds and Manchester, of glittering superclubs, bountiful bars, and what seems like a non-stop city party. Us students are quick to put down Cambridge as useless, and the clubbing about as much fun as a slow-dance with Gran at a wedding.

However, before you go plotting your own club night of Russian bhangra, favela funk and Renaissance chamber music at Kambar; hold your horses - there is plenty more variety to be had on the Cambridge clubbing circuit. One area that goes almost completely unnoticed is the active and massive rave scene that goes on around town, usually for free and completely off the radar of any official ‘going out’ guides you’ll pick up off the street.

‘Now wait a minute’, I hear you cry, ‘a ‘rave’ sounds like something my mother might call a party of more than ten people with loud music in my room’. Either that or you’ll be envisaging a pack of slaving junkies going mental to what sounds like a constantly skipping record for twelve hours. Until you’ve gone to one, a rave seems like something vague and mystical, a promised land of musical enjoyment and misty hedonism, far beyond our usual realm. In reality, you should always expect the unexpected

and never listen to the stereo-types.

Cambridge itself seems to be a city perfectly constructed for the running of illegal parties. Every location is within walking or ten-minute driving distance, ranging from a deserted warehouse on an industrial estate to a secret garden clothed in thick evergreens, the sort of secret hideouts you could only dream of discovering as a kid.

The organisers themselves revel in finding new secluded spots, this perfect hidden crater on Grantchester Meadows or that spot underneath a motorway, it’s like a never-ending game of cat and mouse with the police. Where ever it is they choose, for some reason a certain mystic charm is

automatically invested in their new natural nightclub. The feeling of following eerie electronic echoes through the green haze of a forest or dancing in the shadow of the gutted Victorian mansion that was burnt down by a crazed owner is unmatched by anything Soul Tree can offer.

The music is, admittedly, electronic and tough, which can scare many off, but I’ve seen even the staunchest hip-hop kids and cheese-chompers get into the vibe within minutes of arriving at a rave. It’s just something about the whole idea of going somewhere without arsey bouncers, ludicrous club prices and sterile music, to dance your socks off with a load of people who just want to have a good time that gets people going.

It is nightlife for the ultimate anarchist and escapist, a big bad fuck-you to ‘the man’, but equally just an excuse for people to lose themselves for a whole night and not care about anything but the welfare of your over-danced legs.

So, if you want to dance like a fool and get away from it all for one night, keep an ear out for any raves going on around. Just chat to people, somebody usually knows someone and it is so worth the effort. For those of a slightly more nervous disposition, there is always Labour of Love, monthly at Soul Tree, run by the boys who put on the parties around Cambridge, so check it out and have a chat with them, they’ll point you in the right direction.

**Best websites:**  
[www.systemx.org.uk](http://www.systemx.org.uk)  
[www.letsaveit.com](http://www.letsaveit.com)  
[www.lo-tek.co.uk](http://www.lo-tek.co.uk)  
[www.urbanperspective.net](http://www.urbanperspective.net)

**Best local soundsystems:**  
System X  
Beatsworking  
Badsneakers  
Looma System  
DNA

**Best local DJs:**  
DJ Largo  
Pete Lever  
Witchdoctor  
Mr X  
Bongo Paul

**The next Labour of Love party is 20th November at the Soul Tree**



# album reviews

## Depeche Mode

Playing the Angel ★★☆☆☆

Mary Bowers

Pop Quiz: Depeche Mode is a) a period of French modern art b) a setting for your game boy or c) one of the finest electro pop bands of the eighties, with countless number one singles, success all over Europe (not just in Estonia) and the US and more air miles clocked up on world tours than Timmy Mallett has pairs of glasses.

If you didn't answer c), or you don't know who Timmy Mallett is, then chances are you're not going to like *Playing the Angel*. You also probably don't think Gary Numan is still the height of cool, are halfway through paying off your mortgage and entering this week's crossword competition in the Daily Mail to win a cruise to Norway.

You have to admire Depeche Mode. After

25 years in the charts and 12 studio albums, they refuse to give up the ghost as their hairlines recede. Ten years ago, *Playing the Angel* might have been a good album. However, they still owe more to the Pet Shop Boys than they do the Polyphonic Spree. There is a certain cool quality to 'Lilian' and one can't help but feel that had The Strokes released 'The Pain That I'm Used To' it would be played in every skate shop in town. But they didn't. 'Damaged People' seems indebted to Jesus Christ Superstar (you see if you can spot it too, dear reader!).

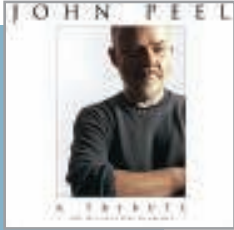
They say you must respect your elders: Depeche Mode prove that your mother isn't always right.



## Various

John Peel - A Tribute ★☆☆☆☆

I'm sure this tribute was compiled with the best will in the world. It's proceeds do go to charity as with comps of a similar ilk, and the records included are good. But does it capture the ethic of what Peel did at all? His radio shows championed new music; this isn't new music, it doesn't work. They've compiled a load of indie-rock standards and thrown an Orbital track and a reggae track in for good measure, which rather takes the piss. It's like they've taken a list of all the Festive Fifties (chosen by the listeners, not Peel) and picked out the most listenable tracks. This is utter trash, just like most of the lazy tributes we've been subjected to. It comes across as completely classless. I decided I might dip into one of the Radio One shows this week and nearly vomited my guts up. It's over. And any retrospective crap just abuses his memory even more.



Sam Blatherwick

## The Fiery Furnaces

Rehearsing My Choir ★★★★★

They've been called kooky, charming, eccentric, quirky – you get the idea.

Or rather, you don't. The Fiery Furnaces are a difficult proposition for writers. Every time an attempt is made to describe their esoteric yet addictive sound it becomes a cliché. Brother Matthew and sister Eleanor Freidberger evoke a dizzyingly intoxicating world, inviting the listener to simultaneously indulge and decipher. This band is something special in a genuinely eager and creative way. Their third album *Rehearsing My Choir* is an intertwined mass of stories, organs, violins and idiosyncrasy. The opening track 'The Garfield El' runs into you like a reeling drunk, reeking of Yann Tiersen's beautiful *Amélie* piano and black and white movies. A plaintive, elderly voice insists endearingly, over the whirling chords, on taking 'a late train

to my lost love'.

Throughout the record, melancholic piano motifs and ripping guitar breaks thread over Eleanor's deliciously dramatic, playful vocals, which sound at once childlike and seductive. This album is one that invariably looks to the past; to nursery rhymes, malted milk and ice cream, to circus music and Peter Pan references. The pair even have grandmother Olga Sarantos providing vocals, lending the album both innocence and gravity.

Clichéd or not, *Rehearsing My Choir* is a lot truer and more human than the sterile adjectives thrown at its creators.



Lowri Jenkins

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[www.diageospirit.com](http://www.diageospirit.com)



# Spirited Away

Tom Royston  
reviews *Blithe Spirit* at the ADC

One advantage of putting Noel Coward plays on in Cambridge is that, unlike in the rest of the world, we don't have to waste any rehearsal time learning how to do the absurd posh accents. So perhaps it's no surprise that this production of *Blithe Spirit* looks taut, sparkly and fun, even on its first night to a half-empty ADC.

The plot revolves around the married couple of Charles and Ruth Condomine, dabbling in the supernatural for amusement, who wind up getting more than a little bump in the night when they accidentally summon the restless spirit of Charles' first wife Elvira. Holly Morgan and Sarah Lambie

stand out from an able cast as the two Condomine wives, playing a difficult comic script with energy and good timing.

Coward wrote frequently about the upper classes and their fraught marriages. Perhaps because he was neither upper class nor in any position ever to marry. Yet this play, also of course about death, was written in the midst of WWII and there's plenty of script out of

“WIT OUGHT TO BE A GLORIOUS TREAT LIKE CAVIAR; NOT SPREAD AROUND LIKE MARMALADE”

which one might make serious themes. The director Laura Hallaways has sagely decided to do no such thing. The cast skate, archly, over any textual suggestion that this is not a raucous farce, and hurrah for that, although one did think they might have been able to snip twenty minutes from the production time as a result.

As Coward said, “Wit ought to be a glorious treat like caviar; never spread it about like marmalade.”

The technical management appears excellent, particularly in the chaotic finale, as furniture and fittings collapse around poor Charles. And I could see from the front rows the hard work some poor soul was putting in, crouched in a tiny space under the stage with a long pole jiggling frantically, simply in order that we should see the séance table rock from side to side. Perhaps it was tantalisingly-named stage manager Jackie Chan. If so, well done you.

*ADC, 7.45pm, until Saturday 22nd, £5-£8*



## The Caretaker

Sam Bostock reviews a careful production at the Playroom & stumbles across some of the best acting he has seen in Cambridge



Dan Mansell as Davies: “A face from Thunderbirds”

Following the announcement that Harold Pinter has won the Nobel Prize for Literature, expectation surrounds this production of his classic, *The Caretaker*. Steeped in greasy 60's London, the play features the tramp Davies's entrance into the lives of two slightly odd brothers, and watches the ensuing rivalries. Questions I had: how would the actors deal with Pinter's particular rhythms? The vaunted pauses? Could they interpret the play imaginatively?

The answer to that last question is no. This production sticks firmly to the level, and the world still awaits a *Caretaker* set in Elizabethan London. Happily, the answer to the other questions is an emphatic yes: the acting in this production is amongst the best I have seen in Cambridge. Dan Mansell does a

great job as the old man, Davies, helped by a face from Thunderbirds, and if he lacks pure magnetism, it makes him ideal for this part: you don't particularly want to look at him. When you do, you shift in your seat. You don't have any change. And let's not forget his voice: gruff, plaintive, and querulous: it could not have been better.

Alex Finch, by convenient contrast, is an electromagnet. As Mick, the macho-but-sensitive younger brother, he has the audiences' eyeballs stuck to his fetching leather jacket whenever he is on stage, while his delivery of the word “Tchaikovsky” is perfect. The biggest credit I can give him is that he made sense of a character I found confusing when reading the play; a character who switches from aggression to fantasising about interior

design in a flash, who will not hear a word against his brother, but wonders if he is work-shy.

Finally, Tom Secretan puts in a good performance as Aston, the older, and probably vegetarian, brother. He too is a perfect fit for the part, looking confused, bovine or quietly troubled throughout. In terms of the set, the lighting, the sound, this is no cornucopia of originality, but it is solid throughout, allowing the attention to be where, in this production, it deserves to be: the acting.

An excellent performance of a great play then. Stars are out of favour in *Varsity* this term, but I'll give it \*\*\*\*\* just in case they get lucky.

*Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, until Saturday 22nd October, £5.50/4*



MICHAEL DERRINGER

## “Gloriously debauched... fast, slick and raucous”

Glowing neon against a thoroughly black sky, Adam Welch's gloriously debauched production of Bertolt Brecht's first play *Baal*, showing at the ADC Theatre until Saturday, is a fast, slick and raucous affair, with multicoloured crash helmets and impressive Welsh accents. Megan Prosser's *Baal* is indeed ‘Scarlet Red Greedy’ – chewing, screwing and murdering his way through intrigued, weak-kneed crowds, disgusted at what they see but all powerless to resist the gin-soaked seductive songs of this hideous master-poet.

In this Pembroke Players' production, spat out dialogue accompanies adeptly controlled movement, heightening the sense of potential chaos and decay that threatens behind

Matilda James  
revels in the  
indulgent  
depravity of *Baal*

every one of these characters. This is a uniformly strong cast, but it is Luke Roberts and Hermione Buckland-Hoby who most effectively and consistently combine the weird lyricism of Brecht's lines with a disconcerting physical stillness that comes close to the best kind of clowning. The live accordion provides the perfect complement to this nod towards vaudeville.

This production of *Baal* is

stuffed full – quite literally, as the title character's pillow gut threatens to burst its buttons at any moment, cruelly mocking the pitifully inadequate pillow pregnancy of his latest conquest Sophie Barger, played here with excellent comic timing and touching fragility by Jess Brooks. Whilst very occasionally the dialogue seems to run away with itself, the actors' enthusiasm for the words slightly blurring their clarity, this is a visually brilliant production, with moments of real, hilarious and horrible greatness.

Vile *Baal* may be, but it makes little difference: you've just got to love depravity this good.

*ADC, 11pm, until Saturday 22nd October, £3/5*

## Imogen Walford: a cheat's guide to Brecht

At the heart of Brecht's theory is the belief that the audience should not be lulled into a sense of emotional involvement. He put up boards with the scenes written on them, actors moved the props in front of you: the overwhelming message was ‘THIS IS NOT REAL’.

But Brecht didn't revolutionise theatre for its own sake – at his core he was a political activist. As a communist German in the 1930's, the course of his life pretty much traces the major events of the twentieth century. Going into exile throughout the Nazi years; being made to give evidence before the House of un-American Activities (and controversially denying his beliefs) and only finally setting up his famous ‘Berliner Ensemble’ in 1949.

The overriding purpose of Brechtian theatre is to motivate the audience into changing the social order. So, why exactly do students do Brecht? His belief in the imminent rise of the proletariat seems old-fashioned, student political apathy is rife and some of the greatest directors in the world trip up over his theories. As Adam Welch, the director of ‘*Baal*’ jokingly suggests: they might just like name-dropping, “it's normally fairly self-important”. So why did he do it? The script. Welch enthuses about his directorial baby, the “snotty and bratty” one of Brecht's plays, written when he was only 19, “naïve, un-polished, and rough”. It's the story of an animalistic, hedonistic man leading to his own self-destruction.

So, excuse me, what? A Brecht without the political message? What's happening to the world? But wait – isn't he also the man who set his plays in boxing rings, who described theatre as a ‘sport’ and who stated “a theatre that can't be laughed in is a theatre to be laughed at”? In the words of Welch “theories shouldn't be proscriptive – they should excite you and inspire you to new things. They should be fresh and exciting and fun”.

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**EVENT** Teach First Presentation

**DATE** 25th October 2005

**TIME** 6.00–7.00pm

**VENUE** The Michaelhouse Centre, Cambridge

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BIOGRAPHY

1963 Born In London

1982-85 Brighton Polytechnic - Painting

1985-87 Slade School of Fine Art - Sculpture

1992 *Rachel Whiteread: Recent Sculpture* solo exhibition in New York

1997 Displayed in the British Pavillion at the Venice Biennale

1991 Turner Prize exhibition along with Ian Davenport, Anish Kapoor and Fiano Rae

1992 Group exhibiton with Damien Hirst, John Greenwood, Alex Landrum and Langlands and Bell, Saatchi Collection London

1995 *Here and Now*, Serpentine Gallery, London

1997 *Sensation, Young British Artists from the Saatchi Collection* at the Royal Academy of Arts, London

*Rachel Whiteread lives and works in London*

WHITE CUBED

Emily Stokes previews Rachel Whiteread's latest sculpture in the Turbine Hall, Tate Modern

“**E**mbankment” is the name of Rachel Whiteread’s brand new installation in the Turbine Hall of Tate Modern, the sixth in the *Unilever Series*. Each year, this commission confronts an artist with the challenge of working in a space the size of a railway station and visited by as many people. In 2000, Louise Bourgeois made a spider that loomed over the Turbine Hall, sitting on the ‘bridge’ that crosses it at the upper level. Olafur Eliasson’s *The Weather Project* of 2003-4 used mirrors, light, mist and a giant yellow ‘sun’ to turn the Turbine hall into a monochrome landscape. Bruce Nauman last year left the space bare, but filled it with sounds until the listener felt dizzy and claustrophobic. Throughout her career, Rachel Whiteread has been making solid moulds of the interiors of objects and spaces. She has done this to the space underneath chairs, to hot water bottles, to baths, and to a house. Having filled them, she strips away the outer surface, like peeling an orange, leaving the shadowy inside space to stand alone like a memory of the original. Her works also usual-

ly stand alone, or in neatly ordered rows like gravestones. Her project in the Turbine Hall suggests a new direction in her work. Inspired by a cardboard box she found in her parents’ house that reminded her of her childhood, Whiteread made casts of ten types of cardboard box. Rather than making solid block-like casts of the boxes, she has made thousands of hollow white polyethylene impressions of them. The original feeling of the lightness and emptiness of the boxes is retained in these ‘shells’. Some are piled up in ordered rows like crates in a warehouse, others are positioned in a precarious pointy mass like a cathedral spire. A few seem to be climbing the walls like an



SUE ORMEROD

ivy creeper, sitting on the building’s iron girders as if they had sprouted there. The installation is both awesome and cosy, grand and intimate. From the first level of the Turbine Hall, the huge white masses look like blocks of ice floating on the ground. But they also look a bit like giant sugar cubes and are recognisably made from ordinary beaten up cardboard boxes. They make the Turbine Hall feel more like a giant warehouse than ever, and yet simultaneously also like a place of worship. The scale of the giant structures is intimidating yet you also want to play with the individual boxes, to reposition them and change the landscape. In the press view, Rachel Whiteread almost put her coffee cup on one of them.

Rachel Whiteread’s work provokes a multiplicity of readings and responses, and this is what makes it so powerful. At the press conference, different arts correspondents call out their questions: “Was it inspired by you moving house?”; “Was it supposed to look like a city scape from the top?”; “Did you want to make it look like St Pauls



TATE MODERN

Unilever Series: Rachel Whiteread’s *Embankment*

Cathedral?”; “Was the work made partly as a result of your recent trip to the Arctic?”. And Rachel Whiteread could only answer “yes” to all of these questions. There is something instinctive rather than conceptual about this new work. It is based on memory and will linger in your mind long after the boxes have been ground down into nothing.

Where to find: Baroque Architecture in Cambridge

**The Wren Library**  
**Sir Christopher Wren**  
Begun in 1676, Trinity’s library is Wren’s most magnificent secular interior.



**The Senate House**  
**James Gibbs**  
Planned at the same time as the Fellows’ Building at King’s, it is a more forceful expression Gibbs’s Italian Baroque training, especially the use of the giant orders

**Pembroke College**  
**The ceiling of the former library by Henry Doogood**  
Completed in 1663, the ceiling is a feast of scrolls, open books, putti and flying birds redolent of the decorative freedom expressed after the restoration

**Clare College, West Front**  
Started in 1669 and completed in 1715 restrained adoption of classical motifs, the Doric and Ionic pilasters add a sense of grandeur

**Emmanuel College Chapel**  
**Sir Christopher Wren**  
Built in 1666, the year of the great fire in London, Wren uses classical motifs in a distinctly un-classical way, especially the ornamentation around the pediment and entablature.



**What was the best feature of studying History of Art at Cambridge?**  
“The Fitzwilliam, rather than being stuck in a library, being able to experience handling objects”  
**What is your favourite thing in Cambridge?**  
“Van Dyck’s *Duchess of Southampton*, every time I go into the Fitzwilliam I am drawn to it, the theatrics are astonishing”  
**What should everyone see in Cambridge?**  
“Kettle’s Yard”  
**What should everyone read?**  
“The Diary of Samuel Pepys”



**What are you doing at the moment?**  
“In the middle of my first cup of coffee...and mounting an exhibition of Canaletto’s paintings and drawings at the Queen’s Gallery, he has completely shaped our visual idea of Venice, so the project is quite exciting.”

**What are you doing next?**  
“We have an exhibition of Italian 16th and 17th century Paintings and Drawings from the Royal Collection, because they are all over the place in different palaces it will be great to bring the best ones together. But it won’t just be a chronological hang, I’ll be a little provocative.”  
**What is your strongest memory from Cambridge?**  
“Using the Madingley Road, Northumberland telescope to see the moon....oh and meeting my future wife at life drawing classes at King’s.”  
**What is the future of Art History?**  
“More precision, less speculation.”

Curator of the forthcoming exhibition ‘Canaletto in Venice’ 11th November- 23rd April, at The Queen’s Gallery, London

The Fellows’ Building, King’s College: James Gibbs 1723-1729

Probably the most famous view of Cambridge is of King’s College from the backs. We all know the chapel; arguably the greatest late Gothic structure in Britain, but its neighbour to the south is more anonymous. The Fellows’ Building is a large block designed by the Scottish architect James Gibbs in 1723, in the contemporary classical taste. Both Gibbs and Nicholas Hawksmoor submitted plans for a three sided court, a classical complex that would have run

along King’s Parade instead of Wilkins’ neo-Gothic screen and Hall. Only the Gibbs building was ever built. It is classical in vocabulary, but not the strict Palladianism of Burlington’s contemporary domestic architecture, it has the decorative flare of the Italian Baroque. Gibbs studied architecture under Carlo Fontana in Rome; this is exemplified in his fluid use of decoration in the central pediment and around the lunette above the arch. Even the pronounced windows, with their projecting keystones, display a tendency for the plasticity of the Roman Baroque, whilst the rustication of the lower floor is typical of Renaissance domestic architecture.

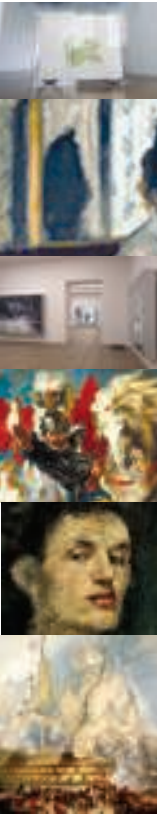
Gibbs was employed to build the Senate house at the same time. It was also intended as part of a much larger scheme, a grand Baroque Forum Academicum, but only the North wing was completed. Senate house is an elegant synthesis of Wren and Palladio, the alternating window pediments and giant pilasters again display the architects training. The fellows’ building is one of the most spectacular in Cambridge and despite its forceful classicism it sits comfortably with the Gothic of King’s Chapel.

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



The Best Exhibitions In LONDON

**Tate Britain: The Turner Prize 2005:**  
18 October 2005 – 22 January, Students £5  
This year’s four shortlisted artists: Darren Almond, Gillian Carnegie, Jim Lambie and Simon Starling  
**Tate Britain:**  
Degas, Sickert and Toulouse Lautrec:  
London and Paris, 1870-1910  
5 October - 15 January, Students £8  
Exploring the dynamic dialogue between British and French artists exchanging confrontational ideas about art, life, and the city  
**Tate Modern:**  
Jeff Wall Photographs, 1978-2004  
21 October – 8 January, Students £5.50  
Major retrospective of the work of the Canadian photographer  
**The National Gallery:**  
Rubens: A Master in the Making  
26 October – 15 January, Students £8  
Story of Rubens’s dramatic ascension from a pupil of a minor Antwerp artist, to the dominant international painter of his time  
**The Royal Academy of Arts:**  
Edvard Munch by Himself  
1 October – 11 December, Students £6  
Munch’s self-portraits constitute a visual auto-biography in which the artist explored his experience of life and his commitment to art  
**National Maritime Museum:**  
Nelson and Napoleon  
Ends 13th November, Students £6  
Marking the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, this is the first exhibition to explore together the lives of Nelson and Napoléon Bonaparte.



VARSAITY ARCHIVE

Art Around Cambridge



# Make a date with us. We could have a future together.

If you're pondering what career can possibly make the most of what your head has to offer, we suggest you put **Thursday 27th October** in your diary. On that date we're visiting your campus to hold an informal evening, hoping to meet the Deloitte talent of the future. After a short presentation about the firm we'll spend the rest of the evening talking together to give you a real feeling for who we are and what Deloitte is about. You'll meet people from all four of our key practice areas of Audit, Tax, Consulting and Corporate Finance and hear about our undergraduate and graduate schemes. All in all, it will be a very stimulating evening. To register email [gradrec.uk@deloitte.co.uk](mailto:gradrec.uk@deloitte.co.uk)

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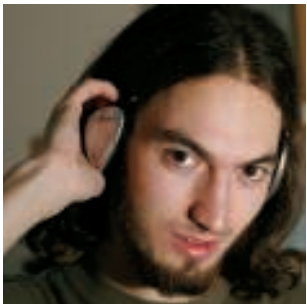
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Dave King

Already it has begun, the shortening of the days and sharp drop in temperature that heralds the start of another hellish Cambridge winter. Living in near perpetual gloom like suicide-loving Scandinavians is our collective fate. At this point it's easy to sink into a melancholic fug, but do not, for help is at hand. The pick of this week's gigs is **Four Tet** at the Soul Tree (Sunday). Four Tet produces innovative, ambient electronica that veers from the funky upbeat to the chilled out musical equivalent of waking up to blue skies and glorious sunshine. Catch him on the first weekend of his latest national tour.

For grime-afficianados, rising star **Plasticman** plays Clare Cellars (Friday) in what should be another night of drunken fun underground. Clare also hosts the rather more refined student jazz sextet **Short Fuse** on Sunday. There is a **Jazz Jam** at Emma bar, free if you bring an instrument to play (Saturday).

Also on Sunday, world music fans can see **Yat-Kha** at the Junction, a throat singing punk band from Siberia who play Mongolian cello and cover Led Zeppelin. If you can't face that cultural experience, I imagine the cheese hordes will be out in force for the grand entrance of **Bradley** from at Ballare (Sunday). The highly rated youngstars the Subways (at the Junction on Monday) are tipped for stardom and will be showing why Zane Lowe and Michael Eavis have been bigging them up.

Busted-impersonators **Rooster** (at the Corn Exchange) will be churning out chart pop for screaming 13 year old girls on Wednesday. The **Punjabi Hit Squad** will bring bhangra beats and Bollywood samples to the Junction on Thursday. Don't let the weather get you down, have a good week.

stage



**Blithe Spirit**  
Much-loved supernatural comedy by Noel Coward.  
ADC, 7:45pm, £5-£8, until Saturday 22nd October

**Baal**  
Bertolt Brecht's first work.  
ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, until Saturday 22nd October

**Calculus**  
Reveals a darker side of Isaac Newton, examining his calculations beyond mathematics.  
ADC, 7:45pm, £5-£8, Tuesday 25th until Saturday 29th October

**The Future**  
Future-based fast-paced sketch show.  
ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, Wednesday 26th until Saturday 29th October

**Crave**  
Sarah Kane's exploration of secrets, lies and games.  
ADC, 11pm, Tuesday 25th October

**Songs from the Musicals**  
Performances of Broadway and West End Hits in the ADC Bar.  
ADC Bar, 7:45pm, Sunday 30th October

**Mary – Mother of a Martyr**  
The mother of Jesus' personal human journey.  
ARU Mumford Theatre, 7.30pm, £9.50/£8, Saturday 22nd October

**The Caretaker**  
Pinter's masterpiece.  
Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, £5.50/£4, until Saturday 22nd October

**September in the Rain**  
Nostalgic comedy of a couple on holiday in Blackpool.  
Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, £4/£5.50, Tuesday 25th until Saturday 29th October

**Living with Lady Macbeth**  
The story of a young aspiring actress.  
Corpus Christi Playroom, 9.30pm, Tuesday 25th until Saturday 29th October

**Death and the Maiden**  
Taut thriller about torture and guilt.  
St. Chad's Octagon, 9pm, £6.50/£5, Tuesday 25th until Saturday 29th October

**Horrible Histories**  
Children's books brought to the stage.  
Cambridge Arts Theatre, various times and prices, Tuesday 25th until Saturday 29th October

**Mobile Thriller**  
Chilling Hit-and-run staged in the back of a car.  
The Junction, 7.30pm & 9.30pm, £8/£5, until Saturday 22nd October



screen

**Arts Picturehouse**

**Friday 21 October:**  
Broken Flowers (15)  
13:30, 15:50, 18:10, 20:30  
Corpse Bride (PG)  
13:40, 15:30, 17:20, 19:10, 21:00, 23:00  
Crash (15)  
20:50  
Innocence (15)  
13:30, 18:30  
Night Watch (15)  
16:00  
Rosemary's Baby (18)  
22:40

**Saturday 22 October:**  
Broken Flowers (15)  
13:30, 15:50, 18:10, 20:30  
Corpse Bride (PG)  
13:40, 15:30, 17:20, 19:10, 21:00, 23:00  
Crash (15)  
20:50  
Innocence (15)  
13:30, 18:30  
Night Watch (15)  
16:00  
Return to Neverland (U)  
11:00  
Rosemary's Baby (18)  
22:40

**Sunday 23 October:**  
A L'Attique (15)  
14:00

Blind Spot: Hitler's Secretary (PG)  
12:00  
Broken Flowers (15)  
13:30, 15:50, 18:10, 20:30  
Corpse Bride (PG)  
13:40, 15:30, 17:20, 19:10, 21:00  
Crash (15)  
20:50  
Innocence (15)  
18:30  
Night Watch (15)  
16:00



**Monday 24 October:**  
Broken Flowers (15)  
13:30, 15:50, 18:10, 20:30  
Corpse Bride (PG)  
13:40, 15:30, 17:20, 19:10, 21:00  
Crash (15)

20:50  
Innocence (15)  
13:30, 18:30  
Night Watch (15)  
16:00

**Tuesday 25 October:**  
Broken Flowers (15)  
13:30, 15:50, 18:10, 20:30  
Corpse Bride (PG)  
13:40, 15:30, 17:20, 19:10, 21:00  
Crash (15)  
16:00  
Girl With a Pearl Earring (12A)  
13:30  
Innocence (15)  
18:30

**Wednesday 26 October:**  
Broken Flowers (15)  
13:30, 15:50, 18:10, 20:30  
Corpse Bride (PG)  
13:40, 15:30, 17:20, 19:10, 21:00  
Crash (15)  
13:30  
Girl With a Pearl Earring (12A)  
11:00  
Innocence (15)  
18:30  
Night Watch (15)  
20:50  
The Perfect Man (PG)  
11:00

**Thursday 27 October:**  
Broken Flowers (15)

13:30, 15:50, 18:10, 20:30  
Corpse Bride (PG)  
13:40, 15:10, 19:10, 21:00  
Crash (15)  
16:00  
Innocence (15)  
13:30, 18:30  
Night Watch (15)  
20:50  
Wintersleepers (15)  
17:00

**St John's**  
Batman Begins: Sunday 23rd of October 2005 at 7pm & 10pm  
Fantastic Four: Thursday 27th of October 2005 at 9pm

**Robinson**  
Team America: World Police: Sun 23rd Oct 4 & 9pm  
Bat man Begins: Thu 27th Oct 9pm

**Christ's**  
The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy: 8pm & 10.30pm, Sunday 23rd October  
The Last Waltz: 10pm, Thursday 27th October

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 (right).  
Museum of Zoology, free entry, 19th July until 24th December

**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

**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



Plasticman  
grime and dubstep:  
one of this term's  
essential nights  
9-1 £4  
Clare Cellars

Gina Villalobos  
country rock, support  
from Steve Adams and  
Rob W Jackson  
8:30pm £6  
Portland Arms

Housonics  
funky house at a college ent? very brave  
9-12:45 £4  
Queens Fitzpatrick Hall

Down the Avenue  
stand-up comedy  
8pm free  
Newnham Bar

Bad Timing  
with post-rock/drone/folk heroes  
the Dead Texan  
8:30pm £5  
CB2

Teenage Kicks  
the best of Cambridge  
unsigned bands  
6:30pm  
The Corn Exchange

Jazz Jam  
bring an instrument  
9pm £3  
Emma Bar

Boomslang  
the Stanton Warriors  
play nu-skool breaks  
10-4 £10  
The Junction

Four Tet  
folktronica genius  
9pm £10.50  
The Soul Tree

Yat-Ka  
Mongolian throat-singing  
7pm £9  
The Junction

I Love Pop  
with Bradley from S Club - new provost for King's anyone?  
9-2 £5  
Ballare

Short Fuse  
jazz and fusion  
9pm £4  
Clare Cellars

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

The Subways  
signed to the same label as notorious ex-Cambridge singer  
Jeremy Warmesley  
7pm sold out  
The Junction

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,  
probably some kissing  
8-12 £2  
Po Na Na

Truant  
DJ Excalibah attempts to justify the existence of UK hip hop  
9-2 £3  
The Soul Tree

Top Banana  
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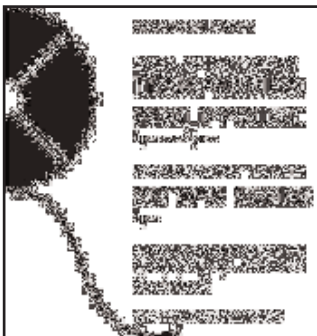
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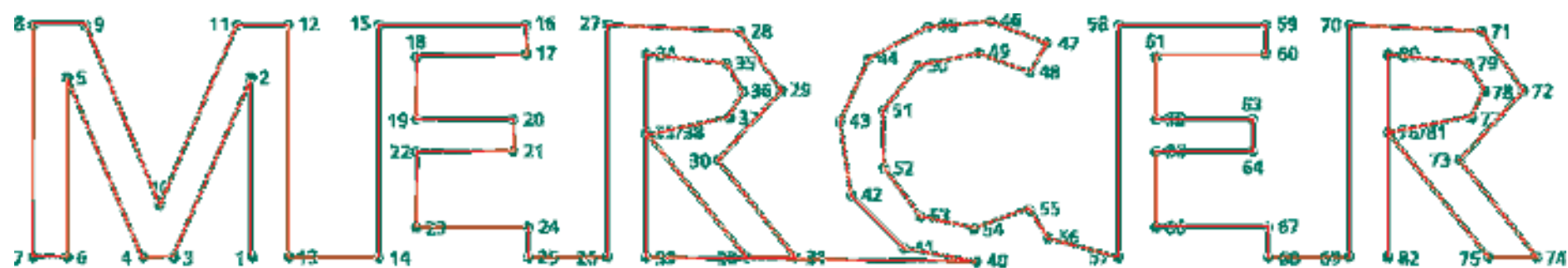
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# Catz and John's capitalise on Fitz loss

Robert Page and Adam Bracey look at the opening weekend's college football action

## DARWIN ST. CATHARINE'S 1 3

They often say that continuity is important in football, and on the basis of this encounter, they seem to be right. A familiar-looking Catz side secured a well-deserved victory against a new-look Darwin team which clearly needs time to gel.

In a hard-fought encounter, Catz provided an accomplished performance, and were oozing confidence by the end of the match. From his position in the centre of midfield, Blues star Davey Mills dictated the play, and left-winger Will Rogers created havoc with his trademark runs.

Catz imposed themselves on the game in the early stages. However, Darwin gradually began to assert themselves, and opened the scoring after 23 minutes. A cross from the right evaded everyone, leaving the unmarked Phil Hinchcliffe to fire into the roof of the net. Darwin visibly grew in confidence after this, and remained in control for the rest of the half.

Catz were back in the game on 51 minutes, when substitute Dave Jones threaded a ball through to Rogers, who rounded the keeper and finished coolly. Catz were now firmly on top, and although Rogers had a volley cleared off the line, it began to seem as if they might not get the winner their play merited.

However, Davey Mills had other ideas, and sealed victory with two late goals – firstly slotting home a dubious penalty, and then unleashing a 20 yard shot which went in off the left-hand post.

With his driving runs and incisive passing, Mills was one of the key differences between the sides. "It was a hard-fought contest, and a good way to start the season. We're looking to re-establish ourselves in the upper reaches of the table after a mediocre showing last year". The day, belonged to Catz, who appear to be in great shape for the campaign ahead.

## TRINITY ST JOHN'S 2 3

Two old rivals renewed hostilities on day one of the league campaign at Trinity Old Fields. This was a hard-fought, dramatic contest, and its thrilling finale was an apt conclusion to a fine afternoon of football.

Defensive indecision was to be Trinity's undoing all afternoon, and the pattern of confusion and hasty play began in the tenth minute when an innocuous clearance left their defence floundering. Goalkeeper Lars Boyde, who was far from authoritative, was beaten by one of his own defenders after a needless scramble.

For the remainder of the half John's assumed control, playing with a poise and efficiency that their hosts could not replicate. As half-time approached they were offered a chance to extend their lead, but the otherwise excellent Cleaver's penalty was poor; goalkeeper Boyde grateful to atone for his earlier error.

If the football in the first period was a little prosaic, the second half produced many moments of highly watchable and entertaining play. However, as with the first half,



In the second division Trinity Hall (pictured above) beat Sidney Sussex 4-2 in their season opener last weekend

Trinity were undone just as they appeared at their most dangerous. John's scored their second goal on the hour from a corner as Trinity failed to clear, and John's number eight Richard Skidmore turned the ball home. Minutes later, John's appeared to have put the destination of the points beyond doubt, as first-year Ben Gibson, unmarked, flicked home an excellent header.

The game truly came to life in the final 20 minutes, as Trinity produced a spirited and commendable recovery. After seeing innumerable

chances go to waste, Chris Plastiras earned just reward for his dogged and influential display, as he latched on to a long ball and finished decisively. John's, who until then had defended sturdily, began to lose their composure and, after their goalkeeper was called into action twice in the space of a minute, they conceded again with a soft second goal from a set piece.

Inevitably, the final minutes were a flurry of long balls and frantic clearances, and Trinity could have levelled at the death. That

would have been an injustice to John's, who for spells in the second half had threatened to embarrass their rivals.

Trinity's Matt Ellis was far from downhearted at the final whistle. "I'm disappointed with the result, but enormously proud of our players for the way they came back. If we could have kept it at 2-0 it would have been different, but the third goal killed it. This league will be tighter than last year". On today's evidence, both captains have plenty to look forward to.

## ELSEWHERE...

Fitzwilliam started their defence of the title with a shock 3-1 home defeat to newly promoted Christ's, last season's Cuppers finalists.

Homerton began the new season with a 2-1 home defeat against Churchill. Harris and Haslet were on target.

Jesus looked ominously impressive as they opened with a 3-0 whitewash of Caius. Goals from Frampton and a brace from Caines were the undoing of the away side.

JAMIE MARLAND

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# Sports teams in financial struggle

An investigation into the funding behind our University sports clubs

Sophie Pickford

Issues regarding the funding of our sports clubs and the costs of trialling for individuals pose difficult questions for Cambridge sportsmen and women. To what extent should the individual teams rely on corporate sponsorship? What is it that forces clubs down this route? And what alternatives do we have?

Almost every major sports team representing the University has some level of corporate cash sponsorship; the swimming and water polo teams have Roland Berger, hockey has Merrill Lynch and Deloitte, netball is being courted by KPMG, Men's rugby has a long-term relationship with MMC, and heavyweight men's rowing is in the honeymoon period with relatively new sponsors X-changing. Yet, even this corporate money is not enough for clubs to balance their books; Roland Berger's annual contribution for kit to CUSWPC, for example, is a mere fraction of the £16,000 needed to keep the club afloat each year. The Sports Syndicate subsidise the deficit, but their contribution will not plug the hole entirely. This is where student subs come in, and where the lottery begins.

A comparison of the cost of trialling in different sports highlights a shocking imbalance in the level of student contributions. Including subs, tours, travel and kit the average member of a University sports club will pay in the region of £300-400 pounds per annum. This is the case for lacrosse, women's rugby and hockey. Men's rugby, with its lucrative sponsorship deal, costs only

£230. Netball has a price tag of £400-500, whilst trialling for swimming or water polo will set you back £600. The real disparity between the sexes comes in rowing. Whilst the heavy-weight men pay between £150 and £250 depending on whether they continue with CUBC all the way to Henley, the women's light- and heavyweights pay in the region of £1000 per year, and the men's light-weights at least £1200 for the privilege of representing the University in their chosen sport.

“The privatisation of University sport is part of a wider debate in higher education”

And that is the most powerful counter-argument to our shrieks of dismay at the unfairness of it all – ultimately we choose our sport. Yet, the University gets a lot of mileage out of our financial and physical efforts. The current funding situation forces clubs to approach corporate sponsors, for without them the level of subs would be completely untenable.

This ‘privatisation’ of University sport, whether harmless or not, must be recognised as part of a wider debate in higher education. Whatever the case, the desperation for funds remains, and it's only the common sense of students that has prevented more scandalous allegiances from taking place. The women's rugby club skated on thin



JAMIE MARLAND

University and college sports teams have to search for individual sponsors

ice a few years ago when they accepted a visit to the European Parliament by Godfrey Bloom, MEP for the UK Independence Party and representative for their sponsors TBO. At the time *Varsity* reported that “this two-day-all-expenses paid trip was bound to establish a relationship between the club and UKIP.” Hannah Batty, the current

CUWRFC captain confirms that money is still being received from TBO, but that “this is purely a contribution from the company itself and has nothing to do with Mr. Bloom's political ties.” The truth is that there are few other options for any club than to cling on by the fingernails to deals already established and to hope and pray for more.

# Athletics win for Catz and Jesus

Strength in depth is key to victory in last weekend's Cuppers showdown

Varsity Sports Reporter

Last weekend saw the annual battle between seasoned athletes and those dragged into action at the final minute by frantic captains as Cuppers Athletics descended upon Wilberforce Road.

St. Catharine's looked set to put up a traditionally strong performance in the men's events, and didn't disappoint by coming away from the first day of competition with a lead of thirty points over their nearest rivals Downing, despite only having won one gold medal out of a possible eight. This goes to demonstrate that the secret of success in Cuppers lies not in fielding a team full of star athletes, but merely in fielding a full team. Decathlete Humphrey Waddington does, however, deserve special mention for winning the triple jump on Saturday, and then going on to finish 3rd in the

200m, 2nd in the high jump, and 1st in the javelin on Sunday.

The 100m final provided the usual drama and was as close as ever; Dan Bray led the field by 0.4 of a second at the end, but the next five athletes across the line were only separated by a further 0.4 secs. Queens' continued to push for total dominance of the middle and long distance events with Andy Bell winning the 3000m. In the field Andy Bennett of Downing won the high jump with a clearance of 1.93m, narrowly missing out on the Blue's height of 1.95m, while Karthik Tadinada of Christ's made a return to discus throwing after a three year absence and defeated the rest of the field by over 7 metres. The rank of the top five in the men's competition was as follows:

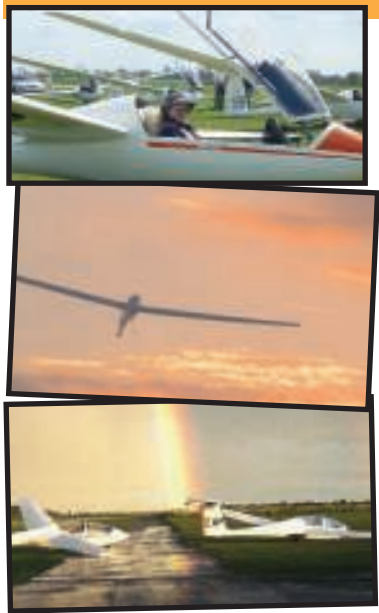
- 1) St. Catharine's 247
- 2) Downing 158
- 3) Jesus 154
- 4) Christ's 127
- 5) Trinity 89.5

In the women's competition it has always been the case that a handful of athletes dominate a high proportion of events, and this year was no exception. On the Saturday Phyllis Agbo (Trinity) picked up golds in the 100m, and 200m hurdles, setting a new undergraduate record for the latter. The Great Britain heptathlete added the 100m Hurdles, long jump, and shot putt on Sunday. Clare Palmer (Downing) was victorious in both the javelin and discus throws, and Ellie Nalson (Jesus) was considerably ahead of the chasing pack in both the 1500m steeplechase and triple jump. Sarah Fielding-Smith of Trinity Hall similarly came away with two golds, her victories being in the high jump and 800m. Rather as St. Catharine's in the men's event, Jesus managed to walk away with the women's trophy primarily as a result of putting out a full team. The rank of the top five in the women's competition



was as follows:

- 1) Jesus 242.5
- 2) Downing 216
- 3) St. Catharine's 198
- 4) Trinity 101
- 5=) Trinity Hall, Robinson 28



## THE LOW-DOWN

### Gliding

**>>Name:** Cambridge University Bowmen  
**>>Where:** Gransden Lodge Airfield (about 10 miles west of Cambridge, we have a lift system to get people out there)  
**>>When:** 4 days a week in the winter and 7 days a week in the summer, we recommend going at least once a week, Uni club preferred day being Wednesday  
**>Who:** Anyone, year membership is only £65  
**>Aim:** Usually there is a prescribed route that has to be flown, in the shortest time possible. The Varsity match is for a 50

minute flight and points are awarded for time in the air and height gained, full rules on our website.  
**>>National:** Two people on the British teams are Sarah Kelman, and Phil Jones, both of whom fly out of Cambridge  
**>>Cambridge:** We have won the varsity match for the last 3 years. Each year we have people competing in the junior national championships.  
**>>Contact:** Visit [www.cugc.org.uk](http://www.cugc.org.uk) or email [evt21@cam.ac.uk](mailto:evt21@cam.ac.uk) for more information



## sport in brief

### Men's Rugby:

The Blues returned to winning ways with a win over Bedford at Grange Road on Tuesday night. Tries from Steffan Thomas and Charlie Desmond led to an 18-8 victory. The Under 21s lost 8-7 on Sunday against the Army in Aldershot

### Women's Rugby:

Kim Stephens and Amy Teal were the try scorers for the women's Blues in their 13-0 victory against Southwold.

### Football:

On Sunday the Men's Blues were narrowly defeated 2-1 away at Nottingham University in their first BUSA League fixture of the season.



A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF  
KATE YATEMAN-SMITH  
UNIVERSITY NETBALL

## monday

Training at Kelsey Kerridge from 22.00 till 23.00. Unfortunately we also had our first injury of the season, a broken ankle. Get Well Soon Penny!

## tuesday

Managed three hours of lectures and a sprints training session. Had a really fun night in Cindies, although less dancing than usual due to aching thighs!

## wednesday

The shooters got together to put up some shots. In the evening, we hit the Maypole with the athletics boys and introduced our freshers to pennyng, fines and general netball havoc. Some of us made it to Cindies, where I'm told we had a brilliant, if somewhat manic evening.

## thursday

After opting out of sprints with the rugby boys we did our own fitness session in the rain. Most of us were aching in some way, either muscles or heads! Decided against Life and had a night in with my flatmates and the OC.

## friday

Five hours of lectures, very draining! Followed by 5-7 training session, ready for another chilled out evening by the time I got home.

## saturday

Rest day, in both netball and work. We had a dinner party for our college children, and enjoyed lots of good food and wine.

## sunday

10.30-11.30 fitness session, where our new coaches really put us through the paces. Had a netballer's birthday formal at Catz and then hit Life. A fabulous and fun-filled end to the week!

## rotations

Win one of three copies of 'Guess Who'. Guess Who is available to buy or rent on DVD on 12 September 2005 from Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment. Thanks to [www.fox.co.uk](http://www.fox.co.uk)

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](mailto:competitions@varsity.co.uk)



# Dame Tanni: Natural born winner

Joe Speight meets Paralympic heroine Dame Tanni Grey-Thompson

In 1948 the Paralympic movement was born when Sir Ludwig Guttman organised the first wheelchair games at Stoke Mandeville Hospital to coincide with the London Olympics of the same year. 64 years later, the Paralympics are returning to the English capital – bigger, better and more integrated than ever before. Following a hugely successful Paralympics in Athens in 2004 where over 4000 elite disabled athletes represented 140 countries in 19 sports, London 2012 will see the continued progression of disability sport. Behind this rise to prominence in recent years has been a figure of towering strength and inspiration – a woman who has defied the odds and become a national heroine.

Dame Tanni Grey-Thompson is Britain's most successful Paralympic athlete, winning 11 Paralympic gold medals, 6 London Marathon titles, and an ambassador for the London 2012 Olympic and Paralympic bid and a member of the illustrious Laureus World Sports Academy. The role which she has played in transferring attention in disability sport away from sympathy and impairments to the appreciation of sporting achievement and her ambassadorial status resulted in the award of a Damehood earlier this year. "My dad actually cried and my mum would have been very proud. It was a lovely day, though it is a bit strange to be called Dame Tanni".

This is a mark of the humility and down-to-earth persona of Grey-Thompson. She effortlessly enlightens you as to the expense of entertaining 29 friends for dinner on the day of her ceremony at Buckingham Palace, and reveals to you the perils of forgetting to give your three-year-old daughter her marshmallows for breakfast. Her conversation is gripping, and her infectious enthusiasm refreshing. But behind it all, Dame Tanni is a fighter and a winner.

Born with spina bifida and paralysed from the waist down, her mental determination has never allowed her to take life easy. "A lot has come from my parents who were both very sporty and ambitious. I can't remember wanting to do

"It's not very pleasant to play board games with me at Christmas"

anything else from a really young age. I'm really competitive, and not a good loser and it's not very pleasant to play family board games with me at Christmas." And the training regime is intense – very intense. "I do 12-15 training sessions a week which are a combination of road-work, gym and conditioning". In addition to the pursuit of medals, Grey-Thompson is also involved with the Sports Council and fundraising for charities. All in addition to the upbringing of her daughter, who she describes as "very strong-willed". Like mother, like daughter.

But why all the toil and hard work? What motivates someone to put themselves through all this? "Winning. It's partly being the best I can, and partly winning. They don't always go together but I love pushing myself as hard as I can". And despite the restrictions of her disability, little could stand in her way. "I think the only barriers I had were from other people who felt that because I was in a wheelchair I couldn't possibly be competitive and do sport. But I when I was growing up there were huge barriers towards disability and I had a huge fight to get into high school and university. It was always someone else's problem and not mine".



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Dame Tanni Grey-Thompson at the Union last year

Despite the increasing profile of disability sport, the element of sympathy in the watching public remains, but for how long? "In the late 80s it was very patronising but from Sydney onwards there has been a big change, though there will always be a sympathy vote to Paralympics, because people always see the disability first and foremost. It will take a long time for that barrier to be broken down, though hopefully by 2012 the public understanding of the Paralympic message of inspiring others will have improved".

In her role as an ambassador for London 2012, Grey-Thompson met with the IOC inspectors on their visit to London in March. "Early on there was lot of negativity about the bid but on the final day of the presentation in Singapore one

of the IOC members came up to me afterwards and said they got something from the London bid that they didn't expect – emotion". And Grey-Thompson is delighted at how the Paralympic Games will fit into the London bid. "It was extremely inclusive and has been marketed as London 2012 – not the Olympics with the Paralympics tagged on."

Whilst the Commonwealth Games in Melbourne next spring look to be her last major event before retirement, Dame Tanni wants to continue to help with the Paralympics in London in 2012. And as the showcase of disability sport returns to its homeland, it is fitting that it's greatest ambassador will be on hand to lend her strength, vitality and inspiration to create a Paralympic legacy in Britain and the rest of the world.



## Channel Hopper

It's 11 o'clock, and on **\*Babecast\***, as host Lauren excitedly proclaims, this can only mean one thing: "It's time for these naughty puppies to come out to play!" When she says it she adopts an expansive Texan accent, for some reason, and then leans towards the camera, winking like a leery old soak at the Dog and Duck. At the same time she grasps her equally expansive breasts (or 'puppies', if you will) and rotates them in unwieldy circles. Then she concentrates her attention on the left one and gives it a business-like upwards heave, craning her neck and sticking her tongue out. She licks her nipple. Obviously it's difficult for her to speak at this point, so co-presenter Tammy takes the lead: "This is the late show," she says, "and it's the hottest adult entertainment you're going to find anywhere!" Lauren turns her back to the camera and jiggles her bottom.

This is how Babecast works: there are five windows visible. Top right is the largest one, where Tammy and Lauren run things. Down the left hand side are three smaller screens where Babes 1, 2 and 3 are visible but inaudible. You can call them and talk to them while you watch, though, and if you are so inclined, tell them what you'd like them to do. At the moment, Babe 1 is lying face down rhythmically thrusting her hips; Babe 2 is bouncing on her knees; and all that's visible of Babe 3 is her feet, which she is rubbing with the telephone. Bottom right is a large text message window, where loyal registered Babecasters can text in their requests for Lauren and Tammy, which they will occasionally perform.

CAN U FLEX YOUR BICEPS AND SPANK EACH OTHER THANX PS DID U LIKE MY PIC LAST NIGHT :-), says Squire1966. CAN LAUREN GIVE TAMMY A MASSAGE WITH HER BOOBS, says Sugadad. MY SIS HAS JUST CAUGHT ME IN HER NIX SHE'S GOT A SPECIAL PUNISHMENT 4 ME WHAT DO U THINK, says jason05. "That's incest," says Tammy, "isn't it?" "It takes all sorts," Lauren airily replies, rubbing her breasts against her colleague's back.

You can also send in picture messages. Tonight, Tammy says, "the Babecast Babes want to see pictures of your tackle next to vegetables!" These pictures aren't shown on screen, but there's a laptop just out of shot which Lauren and Tammy occasionally look at. "Dave's sent us his manneat next to a banana! Nice one, Dave! Not bad! Looks a bit sore!" Lauren adds Dave's name to a kind of makeshift honours board which someone has drawn on the back of a shoebox. The names on it so far are HarryTheHorse, BigNorm1311, and DeputyDoug.

"Urgh!" cries Tammy. Whatever the next picture is, it has upset her. Lauren, who is what you call brassy, is not so easily ruffled. "We've got a message here," she explains, "from a guy who says 'Please show my picture sexy girls!'" She says this last bit in a French accent for reasons which are, again, not entirely clear. "Well we would, love, but you've actually got your willy out and we're not allowed to show them." "But he's on the toilet!" squeaks Tammy. "I think he's taken it in the mirror," is Lauren's breezy response: "It is quite filth actually." Lauren hears something in her earpiece. "Is it time for a break? No, it's just Nick said earlier that - no, yeah - it's time for a break, viewers! Don't go away cos when we come back we'll be doing more of your sexy requests! And Tammy's going to get on on a space hopper!"

\*Babecast\* FriendlyTV channel 208), 9pm-5.30am daily

## fact file

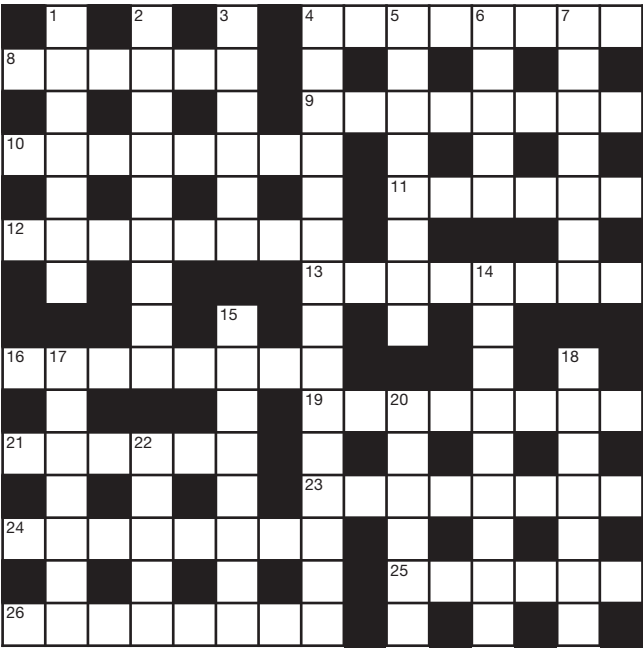
**Name:** Dame Tanni Grey-Thompson  
**Born:** Cardiff  
**Age:** 36  
**Record:** 11 Paralympic Gold medals from 1988 to 2004, 6 London Marathon titles  
**Other:** Fundraiser for charities and member of Sports Council and key role in planning for London 2012  
**Awards:** 2004 BBC Wales Sports Personality of the Year, 2005 awarded Damehood. Member of Laureus World Sports Academy  
**Broadcasting:** Regular columnist and TV and radio personality

## The oldest club in the World

Will Stevenson

The University football team gathered at Parker's piece on friday for their own slice of history. A German television company, in preparation for the 2006 World Cup, had decided that they should like to film the oldest football club in the world; to be correct, they wanted to film the oldest football club in looking like they were the oldest football club in the world.

So it was that the 'Blues' found themselves wearing 1850s style kit replete with the doc martins, cap, Nadal-esque shorts and over-bearingly stripey tops. With the black member of the squad removed on account of the director's desire to be 'accurate', the rest of the squad, albeit with less admiration for the producers grasp of 1850s emmigration history, continued filming.



### Across

- 4. Funny comments as confused sire takes over mail (8)
- 8. Recess found within room i scattered talc over (6)
- 9. Singular type of happy couple (8)
- 10. Liquor makes companion sleep quietly on board ship (8)
- 11. Looked carefully at dessert coming back after watch (4,2)
- 12. I ran hard from vicious old woman (8)
- 13. Wobbled to deter movement on peg (9)
- 16. Accountant and verger are spot on (8)
- 19. Break up due to stress? (8)
- 21. Appeared to have moved off the pitch, we hear (6)
- 23. Going for a spin, having taken time in tying up boat (8)
- 24. Coil Cobra endlessly around vegetable (8)
- 25. Stands and brings car to a stand-still (6)
- 26. Near the light every 24 hours (2,3,3)

### Down

- 1. Icy as a Gallic shrug (7)
- 2. This tippie overcomes caution and hesitation (9)
- 3. Stacked ambassador was mimic (6)
- 4. Hereditary stomach upset (4,2,3,6)
- 5. 500 drove around and got fine (8)
- 6. Type of pigpen the Spanish back (5)
- 7. Carry out client's will to kill (7)
- 14. Ratio lied about in column (9)
- 15. Mahogany, for example, found in tricky forest (8)
- 17. Lycra the French display obviously (7)
- 18. Roll a low bed (7)
- 20. This man's time is ut into his work (6)
- 22. He prohesised about Hebrew life (5)

Set by 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 football team used to play at Roker Park?
- Which ex- 'redball' player won the golden boot in 1999/00?
- Last weekend, 'yellowball' scored against which team?
- 'Greenball' are currently run by which manager?
- 'Brownball' made his name as a player with which club?
- What position in the Premiership did 'blueball' finish in 2005?
- Who finished 'pinkball' in the Championship last year?



For answers to the crossword and Pot Black, contact:

competitions@varsity.co.uk



RUGBY UNION - MEN



Cambridge 18-8 Bedford

Thomas and Desmond tries help Blues to bounce back

RUGBY UNION - WOMEN



Cambridge 13-0 Southwold

Women's Blues maintain 100% winning campaign

WOMEN'S HOCKEY



Cambridge 5-3 Harleston

Ballentine stars as home side scrape past Magpies

ATHLETICS



Victory for Catz and Jesus

Strength in depth key to victory in Cuppers meet



Captain's Corner

SIMON RUTHERFORD

Hare and Hounds

Each stride drives you across the earth one after the other, dashing across fields, crashing through woodland and splashing through streams. The pounding of your heart reverberates through your head. But you can't stop, you won't stop; there's a dark blue vest tracking your every step, ready to stride past as soon as you falter.

This is it; sport at its simplest, purest and most thrilling as Cambridge's fittest and most dedicated athletes take on Oxford's best, with nothing but their legs, years of training and iron wills to carry them to the finish line. Team glory or despair is determined by the outcome of each head to head battle; the performance of each individual runner is paramount in this unique, intense and magnificent sporting event. This Michaelmas sees the 115<sup>th</sup> running of the cross-country varsity match and the Cambridge teams are taking shape.

“THE POUNDING OF YOUR HEART REVERBERATES THROUGH YOUR HEAD”

Claire Day is the only member of last year's women's Blues team to remain in Cambridge, creating a big scramble to fill the vacant places. The girls returning from the summer break have made amazing progress to raise their game for the big challenge this term, and some very talented freshers have bolstered the squad. It's fair to say this new team is less experienced than the Oxford girls, but we're looking forward to causing an upset.

The men's team by contrast only lost three runners over the summer. Last year's race was lost by a few points, but this time the team should be stronger and smarting from such a near miss, it will take a very impressive Oxford team to prevent us from taking a 58-57 lead in the series.

Strength in depth is the key to any success though. After record numbers at the Freshers' Fun Run and immense turn outs at early season training, things are looking very promising for the II-Vs matches run in Oxford on November 26th. We're certain we will take a very strong team, large enough to make Oxford think they're in Cambridge.



# Blues celebrate Ballentine's day

Joyce Bridges

Lizzie Ballentine made a number of crucial saves as the Cambridge University Women's Hockey Blues continue their promising start to the 2005/2006 season with a 5-3 victory against the Harleston Magpies. At 4-0 up the team looked to be cruising, but a spirited fight back from Harleston put Cambridge under heavy pressure. Only a superb performance in goal from the excellent Ballentine stopped Harleston from equalising and allowed the Blues to regroup and close out the match. During the first half, Cambridge looked strong, dominating the possession. Almost immediately they were able to score the first goal through Tash Fowle, shooting straight from a penalty corner. This run of possession and pressure continued with the midfield of Pippa Woodrow, Rachel Wheeler and Jennifer Lees combining well together, working the play up the pitch until openings were available to get shots on goal.

Harleston soon became frustrated and panicked as they were constantly outplayed, as Cambridge players were

## Women's Hockey 1st XI beat Harleston Magpies 5-3

increasingly fouled, the Blues were eventually awarded a penalty stroke which was put away by Lees to make the score 2-0. However, Harleston began to fight back and Cambridge struggled to get the ball. Until now, Ballantine had been required to do little in goal, but poor marking forced her into action and she pulled off some great saves to keep the Blues ahead. Despite this, Cambridge were able to counter-attack, and looked very dangerous as they did so. The vast amounts of space in the Magpie's half allowed Rachel Wheeler to shoot from the top of the D which she expertly placed above the keeper's left shoulder. Rosie Sherman then scored the fourth goal of the half. It was after the half time break that the problems really began for Cambridge, the Harleston coach had obviously said some

stern words as the opposition came out hard, pressing hard and preventing the Blue's defence from getting the ball to the midfield and attackers. This was a persistent issue throughout the half, often resulting in the loss of possession in front of goal and a one-on-one between keeper and striker. Despite stopping several overhead shots, Ballantine was eventually beaten as the Magpie's attack passed the ball around her.

The sloppy defending continued well into the second half, penalty corners were conceded and the score became 4-2. Fortunately, at this stage, Cambridge seemed to wake up and enjoyed a brief spell of possession, hassling the Magpies in their own half. However, the students got caught on the break. The disorganised defence didn't provide adequate cover

leading to yet another one-on-one with Ballantine. Despite a dramatic sliding challenge, there was nothing she could do as the score became 4-3.

But the Blues were relieved to score a fifth and were then able to hold on for a tight victory. The team have to be disappointed after such a promising start. Following such a busy game, keeper Lizzie Ballantine was not too critical of the Cambridge defence: "Last year, the back four were particularly strong. Unfortunately only one member of that line-up remains. Coupled with the slight changes to the formation implemented this year, our inexperienced defence are taking time to adjust to the level of play. The talent is there, we just need to cut out the stupid mistakes." Captain Jen Lees is also optimistic: "We have a wealth of new playing talent this year, the key is integrating these people into the existing teams. Unfortunately this takes time. Luckily Lizzie kept us in the game today, but with a bit of practice, hopefully she'll have a lot less to do".

## “PROMOTION TO THE NATIONAL LEAGUE IS A SERIOUS POSSIBILITY”

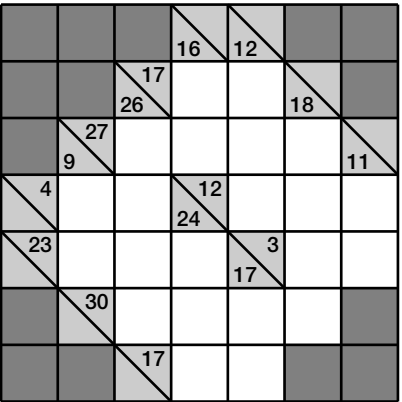
Promotion

25% off your formal hall wine with a copy of Varsity

p14<<

Quick Kakuro

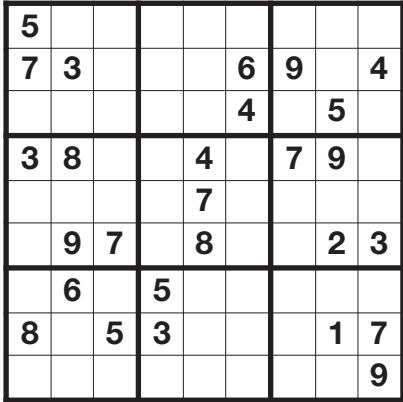
Easy



Fill the grid so that each run of squares adds up to the total in the box above or to the left. Use only numbers 1-9, and never use a number more than once per run (a number may reoccur in the same row in a separate run).

Quick Sudoku

Hard



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?