

That very reel thing

Reviewing the London Film Festival

Feeling the power

The twelve times world champion who put darts on the board



VARSITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

EASY MONEY

Major investigation into the city's drug scene

-The *Big Issue* sellers who deal drugs

-Student purified street heroin in his bedroom

-College porter involved in drugs and prostitution

-Mitcham's Corner, Drummer Street and Mill Road Cemetery identified as key pushing sites

Varsity profiles 5 central figures in the drugs community



Ben, mid 20s, academic researcher

Tom, 20, university student

Ellie, 18, waitress

Zeeshan, 22, Cambridge student

Alex, early 20s, coffee shop manager

News Team

Varsity has run a major investigation into the sale and exchange of drugs in Cambridge. This drug culture has no prevailing pattern; like the University itself, it is random and eccentric. Our report finds that the drugs taken most frequently by students are marijuana and cocaine, although all major Class A drugs are believed to be taken by students in alarming capacities and all drugs of every nature are said to be easily obtainable across the city. Established "crack" and heroin markets exist in the city and many diverse groups are involved in the organised distribution of these drugs. One former

student told a student reporter "Cambridge is one of the safest universities in the country for the suppliers to survive." Another former student was surprised at how easily he could sell cocaine to Cambridge students; often up to half a kilogram a week. Some drug dealers focus their efforts on May Week. It is estimated that students will pay around £65 for a gram of cocaine, compared to a national average of £40. They are likely to pay around £25 for an eighth of cannabis compared to an average of £20 in other comparable cities. The city centre area around Drummer Street, the Arbury and King's Head estates, Mitcham's Corner and the Mill Road Cemetery are

identified as sites notorious for buying Class A drugs. Three of these are within 100 meters of student property. During our investigation, undertaken over two weeks, Varsity witnessed what appeared to be several drugs transactions at Mitcham's corner and what appeared to be the use of Class A drugs in a public space, both before midnight and in areas clearly lit by streetlamps. Several students have intimated that a drugs ring is run out of a popular coffee shop in the centre of town. Varsity also found that surprising numbers of students were venturing into the use of 'crack' cocaine and heroin. They form a strong network that incorporates London dealers, local dealers and 'runners', said to

include many of the city's homeless, including those licensed to sell the Big Issue. Even a college porter is alleged to be involved in a web that extends beyond the use and distribution of hard drugs to prostitution. PC Phil Warren, who runs the city's drug prevention squad, confirmed "many Big Issue sellers have been arrested for selling drugs in the past." Varsity was offered "any weight of anything you like" from the home of on Big Issue seller and cannabis by another. The Police confirmed that every major type of narcotic drug was obtainable in the city. Cambridge students questioned in the investigation have often found the local 'street heroin' they buy... >>continued on page 4

Feature

Poker fights and Wittgenstein: The secret history of Cambridge revealed

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news in brief

Intellectual Property war continues

The Graduate Union has come down very firmly on the side of the University on the issue of intellectual property. Alex Broadbent (GU President) and Ruth Keeling (University Council Member and former GU President) have co-authored a student flysheet urging the Regent House to adopt the Council's policy.

A Midsummer Chef's Dream

Midsummer House, the French Mediterranean restaurant on Midsummer Common, has been voted the best restaurant outside of Cambridge in the Harpers and Moët Awards 2005. www.midsummerhouse.co.uk

Digital books

Microsoft has announced that it will help digitize 100,000 books for the British Library. The company says that once particular technological developments are made, books and documents will be available on the British Library's website and on an MSN book search service. The project has already been underway for some time but Microsoft are investing £1.4 million which will speed up the process significantly. This leads *Varsity* to speculate on the future of the Cambridge libraries and the University Library - might tomorrow's Arts students never have to get out of bed at all?

Autism hormone link

A team of scientists from Cambridge University Psychiatry Department, led by Professor Simon Baron-Cohen, last Friday reported new evidence suggesting that people with autism have an "extreme male brain". Puberty tends to come earlier in boys with autism, supporting the idea that they have higher testosterone levels which shape their early brain development. It is thought this may be what pushes the brain to develop beyond that of a typical male.

Light Up Parker's Piece

On Thursday November 17 a demonstration will be held to light up Parker's Piece. Protestors are invited to go and light up the parkland with torches and candles. At the moment Parker's Piece has no street lighting at all. The route across the Piece is commonly used by students.

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You can hear Varsity on the radio on Mondays at 7pm. CUR 1350

our policy

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Extremism motion

Will Smith

A CUSU Open Meeting this week failed to push through a "No Platform Policy" for extremist groups, which would have prevented them from making speeches in the university.

The motion, brought by members of CUSU, was initially passed with a clear majority, but could not be made official CUSU legislation as attendance at the meeting was too low. However, it is set to be proposed to a CUSU meeting next week as an emergency measure.

The aims of the resolve had been to adopt a policy whereby CUSU would "campaign against attempts by any organisation within the university to provide a platform to an individual or organisation deemed to pose a threat to the welfare and security of our members." The agenda notes of the meeting named the right-wing groups the BNP, the National Front and Combat 18 along with Islamic extremist organisations such as Al-Muhajiroun and Hizb-ut-Tahrir as those they would ban.

Jenni Woolf, the CUSU Anti-Racism Officer who proposed the motion, spoke of the need to protect students from speakers who sought to incite hatred on the grounds of religion, race or sexuality, and stressed that students should be able to study "free from fear".

The motion stated that "Cambridge is not immune from racial and religious tensions" and several speakers warned of a likely rise in racial tensions if extremist groups were able to put forward

their views to students.

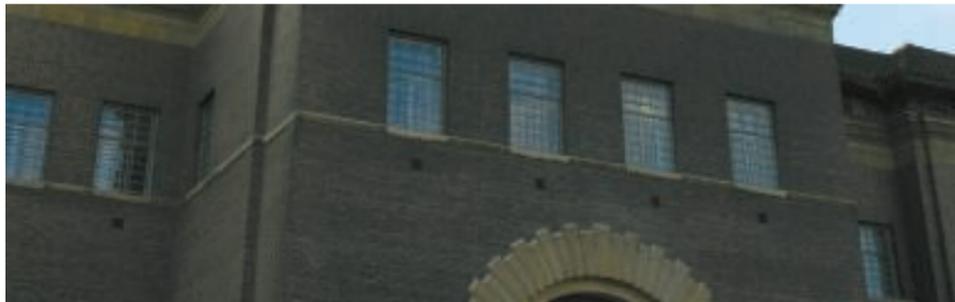
The proposal was met with criticism from several members of the audience, who thought the motion would jeopardise free-speech within the university, and deny students the opportunity to challenge and discredit extremist views through intelligent debate. But Shreya Mukund, the CUSU Black Students Officer, questioned the importance of preserving freedom of speech when the "welfare and security of students" was at risk.

The majority of extremist groups targeted by the motion are known to have been active on UK campuses, and Jessica Kosmin from the National Union of Students spoke of her personal experiences of Hizb-ut-Tahrir and Al-Muhajiroun intimidation, and their attempts to recruit university students.

The "No Platform" proposal followed an earlier motion at the meeting that sought to give CUSU a united stance against the continued occupation of Iraq.

The resolve, proposed by Dan Swain of the Cambridge University Respect Party, was rejected by students. Members of the audience criticised the motion as having "nothing to do with CUSU" and suggested CUSU "should have proper issues to do with Cambridge".

Swain told *Varsity* he was "disappointed" that the motion failed, but admitted that it was "inevitable" that students would not be united over the issue of Iraq. Speculating on the reasons why the motion was not accepted, Swain suggested that the turn-out at the meeting was not high enough for him to gain victory.



Librarians at the UL fear they could fall foul of terror legislation

Academic freedom threatened

Rachel Dival

Academic freedom could be at risk if the Government's controversial Terrorism Bill is passed. Universities are concerned that their staff could find themselves liable under the proposed laws, which had their third reading in the Commons this week. Whilst media attention has focused on the length of time terror suspects could be detained without charge, there is growing concern from the academic world about the wider effects of the Bill.

Professor Drummond Bone, President of Universities UK (UUK), told *Varsity* that although the organisation supported the "general thrust" of the proposals, "the Bill is drafted in such a way that it might well get in the way of normal academic work. The loose drafting of the Bill does cause us concern".

UUK are particularly anxious about three aspects of the Bill: Clause 1, which criminalises the "encouragement" or "glorification" of terrorism, could cover academics lecturing on topics like the history of the Middle East; Clause 2, which criminalises "lending,

selling or otherwise disseminating terrorist publications", may make librarians liable; and Clause 6, which creates a new offence of "providing training in skills relevant to terrorist activity", UUK feel is "unacceptably wide".

Higher Education Minister, Bill Rammell, has told universities their fears are unfounded: "Academics have no need to be concerned, the key proposal is the intention of the person who acts or by their statement seems to incite others to commit acts of terrorism. I don't think within that context that there is anything legitimate academic freedom has to fear".

Universities remain unconvinced. Peter Fox, Head Librarian of Cambridge University Library, told *Varsity* the UUK's fears were legitimate: "The Bill has potentially very serious consequences for librarians. The University Library is working with colleagues nationally to lobby MPs and Peers to get this part of the Bill amended or removed".

MP David Howarth, who voted against proposals to allow police to hold terror suspects without charge for up to 90 days earlier this week, explained his wider

anxieties: "As an academic and the MP for a university town I am also concerned about the Bill's implications for universities and academic research. By pushing through such an unnecessarily wide and illiberal bill, the Government is being complacent about political and academic freedom".

The third reading of the Bill took place yesterday and although MP Alistair Carmichael brought up the issue of academic freedom, no alterations were made. A Press Officer for David Howarth said the problem had been that "the Government had not allowed enough time to discuss the Bill in the report stage, so sections relating to academic freedom were not reached within the time allowed and the chance to debate was lost".

Although UUK issued new guidelines this week to universities about how to tackle campus extremism, university leaders are concerned that the terror bill is likely to provoke the very "suspicion and intolerance" the guidelines are designed to combat.



MIT / Cambridge £1.5 million grant

Cambridge University was granted an award of £1.5 million by the Department of Trade and Industry (DTI) to take forward an existing collaboration with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) last week. It was one of four awards given to research-intensive UK Universities. The new funding comes after a pilot scheme of Cambridge and MIT working together on entrepreneurial skills, which proved a success. Cambridge are delighted to receive the money; according to Professor Alison Richards, "it will allow the further development of Cambridge Massachusetts' (CMF's) work in designing education courses and curricula that enhance knowledge, skills and attitudes of the students who will become tomorrow's innovators." However, concerns over the issue of increasing commercial exploitation of research have been expressed.

Stab wound victim out of hospital

Julie Simpson, the Cambridge student who was violently attacked at Lucy Cavendish College on October 4, has been released from hospital. Simpson, 44, suffered serious stab wounds to the face, hand and body. It is thought she may be partially blinded as a result of the attacks. Simpson was in the final year of her history degree when the attack occurred. She is hoped to return next year. A college source says "Julie is keeping her spirits up" and keeping in contact with friends via email. Alethea Foster, 61, an award-winning retired podiatrist has been charged with attempted murder. Her husband, John Foster, is supporting her throughout the trial. An application for bail by Foster's lawyers was refused by magistrates. She is currently in custody awaiting her next appearance at Cambridge Crown Court on Friday, December 16.

Further Attacks

Yet more attacks have been reported in recent weeks. A 27 year old woman was violently raped on the Leys Road on Monday October 31. A police investigation is underway with no arrests to date. A graduate from Pembroke was followed along Sidgwick Avenue on November 3 by a man on a bicycle who pestered her for her name, phone number and other details - very much like an incident concerning another Pembroke student at the beginning of term. A Robinson female student was allegedly attacked on Sunday November 4. The Senior Tutor told *Varsity*, "College is aware of an alleged incident involving a Robinson student. This is, however, a college matter. It would be inappropriate to take it further at this time." Students should also be aware of a spate of drink spikings in colleges and town.

Missing medical £2 billion

A think tank report has stated that is not clear where £2 billion of medical training funds has been spent. The Higher Education Policy Institute (HEPI) also reports that the current system allows particular universities to secure much greater funding from the regional NHS bodies than others. There is discrepancy between University College London (UCL) and St George's Medical School in London: UCL spends nearly three times as much per head than St George's. Oxford University has more than double the number of staff than Liverpool and other schools. Whilst the report admits that the data is incomplete it states it is "undeniable" that it is "simply not possible at present for the Government to know if it obtains value for the very substantial resources expended by medical schools."

Halting the crime wave

CUSU Welfare Officer Vicki Mann explains what students can do

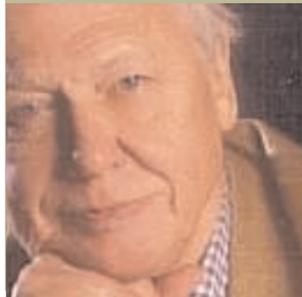
The number of criminal incidents in Cambridge this term is unnerving, particularly as Cambridge was recently voted one of the safest UK student towns, and we are not unintelligent people. So where are we going wrong? When it comes to the issues of burglary and personal attacks, I'm sure that increased awareness is the first step to increased safety. Students are targeted by burglars because of the number of expensive items we have, and because we allow ourselves to become victims. Most people know about the importance of locking bikes. Yet we are complacent about bedroom doors and windows. This

isn't justified. Think about it: how many porters are actually able to keep tabs on who goes in and out of the college? How many college staircases actually have locks on them? How many doors have you - yes, you - held open for a total stranger this term? It really is that easy to let a thief in. Protecting yourself is fairly simple. To start with, don't give detailed directions to strangers around college, and don't hold doors open. Lock your door behind you, even if it's the middle of the night and you're just going to the toilet or raiding the fridge. Once a thief is in your room, it doesn't take long to strip it bare. If you can't lock your

valuables away, at least hide them in a safe place. It's also worth getting your electric items and bike coded, and making sure that you have insurance! Personal safety is another issue that both men and women should be aware of. Poor street lighting doesn't help matters, though many of us wouldn't think twice about crossing Parkers Piece, Jesus Green and the like in the dark, especially after a drink or two. I'm also willing to bet that we've all walked home alone on several occasions when chasing/avoiding a certain someone took precedence over finding your mates. Be prepared. Always plan your

journey in advance, sticking to well-lit areas wherever possible. Walk in a group, whether you're male or female and no matter how old or big you are. Carry a personal alarm and/or a small torch. On a night out, it's absolutely vital to know your limits. Keep an eye on your friends so you know you'll all get home safely, and try to carry some spare cash to catch a cab home just in case. There really is no need to be frightened by the recent spate of crimes. I applaud *Varsity* for raising awareness of this issue and hope that it will encourage us all to pull our socks up in order to push the crime rate down.

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David Attenborough
on high art and populist culture



The Week In Weather

FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR

Drunk and disorderly face the consequences

- No dinner for innocent scholars
- £500 damage fine for rugby boys

News Reporter

Two separate incidents of drunken rowdiness have resulted in severe penalties for students this week.

The Magdalene male drinking society, the Wyverns, invited 20 First Year female students to their annual "Gentlemen's dinner" at formal hall on Saturday October 29. Among the guests were two ex-Wyverns, Will Smith and James Moreton, alumni of the college.

Allegedly, during the meal Smith became aggressive towards one of the fellows, Dr Lockett, and swore at him. John Daley, President of the Wyverns told *Varsity* that "He [Smith] did everything. None of us did anything. This guy is an absolute prick and you can quote me on that."

As a result all of the guests were asked to leave hall. Subsequently, the college authorities considered banning the Society from formal hall for the rest of the year. A final decision has been made to ban the society for the remainder of term.

More controversially, the college decided to ban all attendees, even those who were not attending the Gentlemen's dinner, from Formal Hall the following week. As a result, four scholars, some of whom were nothing to do with the Drinking Society were banned from their Scholars' dinner, a special privilege given to those who obtain first class marks in their Tripos examinations.

These included Robyn Inglis and Fon Gphu Tran. JCR President Rich Hanson, and member of the Wyverns said, "they're nice people, would never say boo to a goose. It is really sad; they have banned four scholars, nothing to do with the Wyverns from Scholars' dinner." However,

Mackay, banned from Scholars' Dinner, is a member of the Wyverns. He said, "I feel very let down by college in not being allowed to attend Scholars' Dinner, as I think that regardless of what happened at our dinner I still deserve to be rewarded for my efforts."

In response the JCR President said, "It wasn't the fellow's [Dr Lockett's] job to come over. If the Head of Catering had bothered to show up that evening none of this would have happened. If only college made an effort to find out who we are! They just see us as 'the Wyverns' not who we are and what we do for the college. I'm as proud to be a Wyvern as I am to be JCR President".

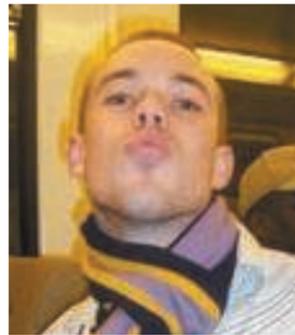
He added, "Basically the college are up their own arses. The Master supported us, it was the Senior Tutor. He took it out on us."

Smith and Moreton, the two non-college members, have been banned from college for life. Hanson complained "One's got a girlfriend here, one's got a brother here - they can't come and see them."

Hanson conceded, "I'm making no excuse for them. I've apologised to everyone, it was an absolute disgrace. We've sent Robyn flowers. We accept the ban." Daley was less repentant, and asked *Varsity*, "Do you know who the Wyverns are?... We do so much for this college! We make this college!"

Dr Lockett confirmed that he was the presiding Fellow at Hall on October 29 but would not make any further comment. The Senior Tutor was unavailable when *Varsity* tried to contact him.

In an unrelated incident three students from another Cambridge college ended up paying out £500 in damages for bathroom repair



Clockwise from top left: Some of the accused Wyverns, James Mackay, Will Smith and Magdalene JCR President Rich Hanson; the infamous Wyverns Garden Party; the Curry King, scene of another college rugby team's toilet tomfoolery

after a night out at the Curry King restaurant on Thursday November 3. After a college rugby dinner spiralled out of control, the students attempted to climb up into a loft from the bathroom, using a sink and a hand-dryer as footholds. One of the students fell, smashing the toilet and sink.

Police were called, but were told on their arrival that the students had been very apologetic and had settled the bill on the spot. The restaurant manager did

not wish to take the matter any further.

One culprit said: "We thought it'd be quite funny to get into the loft. After my friend fell down I was stuck up there for five minutes - the sink had been smashed so I couldn't get down."

Another member of the party admitted: "It was quite raucous - there'd been a lot of drinking and messing about... Everyone was pretty drunk."

Whilst unimpressed, the manager of the Curry King, Ali Rana,

reacted calmly: "We really want students to have a good time when they come here; we just don't want this kind of thing going on. There has to be a limit - surely they can enjoy themselves without causing damage to the restaurant?" He stressed that the incident was a one-off: "I really love students; this doesn't reflect on everybody. It's just a small minority giving the rest a bad name."

Another indication of student misbehaviour came from Dr

Guild, Senior Tutor of Robinson College, who this week warned undergraduates that "behaviour in Formal Hall has been increasingly rowdy this term, and has not always been in keeping with what is, as the name suggest [sic], a formal occasion." Dr Guild stated that all games, including penning, are banned and in the event of such activity "the student or students will be required to leave the Hall, either by a member of staff or the Duty Tutor."

What a Cadaver!

Shortage of bodies for medical students

Steve Elliott

Cadavers have been described as "silent teachers" on the route to medical understanding, but the dissecting room could become even quieter in the coming years as a nationwide shortage of people choosing to donate their bodies is becoming a matter of concern at Cambridge.

The Office of HM Inspector of Anatomy told *Varsity* that "Cambridge like other medical schools in Great Britain has not, in recent years, received as many body donations as in the past". This could eventually cause a lack of resources for medical students, who form the university's third biggest annual intake, behind Natural Sciences and Engineering. First year medics are currently gaining anatomical experience from first-hand dissection of preserved cadavers - at least 40 bodies are needed for each year's dissection course, with another 10 used to prepare projections - demonstrations of one part of the body which can be used to teach a whole class.

Although donations of organs have increased in recent years, only 670 bodies are donated each year across the UK, a drop of 100 on recent years.

This problem comes at a time when the number of medical schools and postgraduate Anatomy departments is increasing year on year.

Cambridge is entitled to bodies from the nine counties of East Anglia. Even then, medical considerations mean not every body sees a student's scalpel, as Dr. Robert Whitaker explains: "We are not allowed to take any bodies with nervous disease or cancer, some are too fat or too thin. We have to turn away a significant proportion of what we are given."

Dr. Whitaker, the Assistant University Clinical Anatomist, maintains that students "can't gain medical experience without handling soft tissue", the opinion held by nearly all of Britain's medical schools. He added, "Some places are not using bodies at all and are in my opinion producing poorer people. We are very much against that here."

The number of cadavers received by the University has been just sufficient for this year's classes, while elsewhere institutions are beginning to suffer. In London, the Royal College of Surgeons has been forced to cancel two postgraduate courses for this academic year because of the lack of bodies, but such measures have not



A Cambridge medical supervision

been taken at Cambridge. Dr. Whitaker asserted, "I don't think we would cut student numbers due to not having bodies," although he did admit, "We are quite worried in the long run."

The decline in numbers of people's specific requests to donate their bodies to medical education has been partly attributed to the Channel 4 TV show "Anatomy for Beginners", in which the German scientist Gunther von Hagens carried out a dissection in front of a live studio audience. Anybody who wishes to donate their body should contact the Department of Health.



www.dh.gov.uk

Smart speed "bumps"

Cambridge scientists change shape of our roads

Jamie Munk

The familiar jolt of the speed bump could soon be a thing of the past, thanks to new "intelligent" bumps developed in conjunction with Downing College. The Dunlop Transcalm system has been successfully tested in the City of London for the past three years and is now being marketed to local authorities both in Britain and Europe.

The new bumps, made of rubber, use a valve system to deflate when a car under the speed limit drives over them, and another valve for when emergency vehicles go past. Only cars driving too fast will now experience the "bump" which gives the much-loved road feature their name. The inventor of the Transcalm bump, Graham Heeks, described the system as a "carrot and stick approach to motorists". While slow drivers are rewarded by a smooth drive, the jolt acts as a deterrent to those breaking the limit.

Dr. Iain Dupere, the Downing engineer who worked on the project, told *Varsity* of the problems caused by conventional speed bumps. While citing the "major problem for people with back problems" of a bump's jolt, he also drew attention to the



The new deflating speed bumps in action

traffic congestion resulting from having to slow down over the bumps. This, he said, "leads to greater pollution and noise", a particularly worry in residential areas where most of the bumps are located. The new technology will not only serve to provide a comfortable ride. Dunlop claim that the Transcalm bumps will save lives. The London Ambulance Survey estimates that every

year 500 people die due to reduced response times, which are largely due to speed bumps. The "intelligent" bumps also provide great flexibility as they are fully adjustable, and can force vehicles to comply with whatever limit is chosen. Dunlop plans to install up to 1000 Transcalm bumps by the end of next year, signalling the end of the bump, providing one doesn't break the speed limit.

THE DEALERS



ZEESHAN

Zeeshan* is a chemical engineering student of Arabic descent. He has been using heroin for four years. He was first introduced to it via friends in his home country, where heroin is the "champagne drug" among the young and wealthy. When he came to England he sourced heroin from friends in London, who in turn introduced him to local dealers in Cambridge. Zeeshan found the UK street heroin to be of very

poor quality, "almost impossible" to take safely without some kind of purification, which he had to teach himself using the internet. He was once caught smoking heroin in his college JCR, but nothing was done about it "because that porter knows I got shit on him too".

Zeeshan initially financed his drug habit by playing the stock market, but when that became too much work he turned to small time dealing amongst friends and university students. Like other Cambridge dealers, he was just an opportunist financing his own habit, not interested in making any serious money out of it.

Zeeshan keeps his drug habit "sustainable" using Subutex, which blocks some of the negative effects of heroin on the brain. He received a prescription for this on the NHS.

Zeeshan is giving up heroin and drug dealing to concentrate on his degree. "It was just too much maintenance... you have to be checking yourself all the time, looking after your finances, making sure you are up to date with everything; you never have time to just stop. I couldn't be bothered anymore."



BEN

Ben* is a Cambridge graduate. While he was here, he regularly sold large quantities of cocaine and ecstasy to the students. He started dealing because he was short of money and an opportunity opened up to him via his then girlfriend. "Basically, some Irish guys my girlfriend knew needed to get rid of a large amount of cocaine pretty quickly. I needed the money and a friend lent me the

capital. I didn't ask any questions."

Initially, the cocaine was shipped over from Ireland. The smugglers would strap packages of cocaine to the underside of the cars in front of them in the queue for the ferry, follow them home and then uncover the packages in the middle of the night.

Ben says, "I thought the amount of cocaine [half a kilo] I got, would take me quite a while to shift. I was amazed that it was gone within a week." After his initial success Ben continued to sell cocaine to Cambridge students for the remainder of his time here. He bought the cocaine for £22 a gram and would sell it for £50. "Sometimes when I really needed the money I would charge up to £65 a gram. No one noticed how much I was overcharging them." Ben knew that he was suspected by members of the university faculty: "They must have done. They were always joking with me, saying I would be CCTV'd if they had the choice...but as long as I stayed out of their way, they stayed out of mine."



ALEX

Alex* is in his early twenties. He has been throwing "warehouse parties" in Cambridge for three years, and is currently being investigated by Cambridge Police for drug dealing. He began selling marijuana to school friends at the Perse Boys' School aged 13, moving on to ecstasy when he went to college at 16: "After a while it just becomes a lot simpler to sort mates out yourself. You might buy an ounce off a dealer, make £2 profit off each

1/8th, and that pays for your 1/8th. There's a lot more profit in pills (ecstasy), but much more risk as well. If you get caught with more than 10 it would be difficult to pass it off for personal use". Alex buys his ecstasy "wholesale", paying £70 for 100 tablets when buying from suppliers outside of Cambridge. This can go up to £150 inside Cambridge and surrounding areas. Like many other dealers in Cambridge, Alex only really sells drugs when he needs to; "I know that if I'm behind on my rent I can easily make £600 profit selling pills at a warehouse party... most people around here aren't really in it for the money. At the free (warehouse) parties, someone will be selling one week and buying off someone else the next". Alex makes sure there are always at least four or five people selling on the night of his parties but there are often as many as twenty people with ecstasy to sell. "Occasionally people get busted but it doesn't make much of a difference. The upward chain keep themselves very well concealed around here".

ONE OF THE SAFEST UNIVERSITIES IN THE COUNTRY FOR THE SUPPLIERS TO SURVIVE

>>continued from the front page

to be of poor quality. The police have confirmed it to be particularly dangerous. One student learned how to purify it in his college bedroom using instructions he found on the Internet, and did so extensively and on a regular basis over his time here. Some students studying scientific subjects have allegedly used their academic knowledge to purify and then use and distribute heroin. The police hold no records of having arrested any Cambridge University students for selling drugs.

On the whole, Cambridge students are careful about keeping their drug use 'sustainable'. It is thought that around 10 per cent of the student body uses cannabis either regularly or sporadically. Conscious of their workload, students drug-takers research their drugs, making sure they take the appropriate medication (such as Subutex for heroin users) and vitamin supplements to keep themselves in check. Despite the success of ongoing police investigations such as this summer's 'Operation Spinney', the police seem to pay little attention towards student drug dealers and users. According to one local barman and drug dealer

"it wouldn't really solve anything by busting a couple of small time Cambridge or ARU dealers. Students know that if all the drug dealers in the whole of East Anglia got arrested, someone could still bring them MDMA from

Small and close-knit, the non-student drug scene is generally kept very well concealed. Dealers don't sell on the street or "push"; they largely deal with people they know personally. Most are opportunists after quick, easy money, rather than

appear to be openly sold in Cambridge is at locally organised "free" or "warehouse" parties. Usually between 30 and 500 people attend these; mainly college age students, but also people up to age 65-70, and teenagers as young as 13.

Cambridge also houses higher-than-average numbers of recovering drug addicts, and homeless "crack" cocaine and heroin users, many of whom live in homeless shelters on Victoria and Mill Road.

Other than the occasional overlap, restricted to individuals, these drug-using communities don't interact. The majority of students bring drugs into Cambridge from home, and will probably never speak to a local dealer. Similarly, the local college students source drugs from contacts they have made through the warehouse parties, and will hardly have any contact with the "crack" and heroin addicts that frequent the Mill Road area.

Each drug community is small, and looks after its own. Ultimately, University drug users comprise an eclectic mix of Fellows, supervisors, students and University employees who use drugs in a variety of environments; private and public, impromptu and organised.

“STUDENTS KNOW THAT IF ALL THE DRUG DEALERS IN THE WHOLE OF EAST ANGLIA GOT ARRESTED, SOMEONE COULD STILL BRING THEM MDMA FROM SOUTHAMPTON OR COKE FROM LONDON OR 'CRACK' FROM MANCHESTER. IT'S IN A WHOLE DIFFERENT LEAGUE TO ANYTHING LOCAL.”

Southampton or 'coke' from London or 'crack' from Manchester. It's in a whole different league to anything local." One college porter said of drug-users in their college "we're fully aware of what is going on and recommend to them that they stop what they are doing."

career dealers. This, coupled with differing tastes between locals and students, (for example Cambridge students favour MDMA powder over pills, believing it to be purer), explains why Cambridge students are so disconnected from the local drug scene.

The only place that drugs

"The Big Issue has a vendor Code Of Conduct which demands that no one selling the magazine should be under the influence of drink or drugs, and no one selling the magazine should indulge in criminal activity. The cost of both is debadging. The Big Issue Foundation offers drugs rehabilitation services to any homeless or vulnerably housed people who need it."

Lisa Woodman
Publisher, *The Big Issue*

"Every college has an explicit policy in relation to drug use which is known to all, both staff and students. These policies all start from the basis that having and using substances of this kind is illegal, unacceptable and is incompatible with being a member of a college. There is close liaison with the police and anyone with any knowledge of any illegal activity should pass this onto the police."

Ray Jobling
Secretary to the Senior Tutors' committee

Heroin - £60

The Facts

- Street heroin costs about £60 per gram
- Heroin is a morphine derivative, which works by depressing the central nervous system. It is particularly dangerous when used together with stimulants like cocaine
- Usually diluted with other substances, varying from lactose to Paracetamol
- Can be smoked, snorted injected or taken orally
- Produces an immediate 'rush' of relaxation and well being. Physical and emotional pain are completely removed
- Responsible for 1/5 of all drug related deaths

Distribution

- It is estimated that 20-30 tonnes are smuggled a year, only 2 tonnes of which are seized
- 87% is thought to come from Afghanistan
- Most UK heroin passes through processing labs in Turkey, Greece and Bulgaria
- Mainly imported through busy South East ports in England, so trafficking is easy to disguise. Some comes to ports near Newmarket.
- Can be bought wholesale for £13000 a kg
- Readily available in Cambridge, coming from secondary sources in Arbury, Newmarket and Felixstowe.



Heroin- Brown, Skag, H, Horse, Smack

THE DEALERS



TOM

Tom is 20. He sells drugs to his friends in Haverhill during his holidays from university. "You never really got anything other than weed or skunk at home until people started going off to Uni. I'd never even tried any class A's until I left home. But I went to Uni and wanted to try new things. I met people who were really into the rave scene and I got into pills." Soon his friends at home had expressed an interest and he start-

ed to bring drugs home for his friends to try, and when he realized that there was local demand, he started bringing back larger quantities from his university town. "It's great because where I am, stuff's so cheap. you get a decent gram of MDMA for £20, pills for £1 or £2 each. Market prices in Cambridge are a joke, so I can make a decent profit without feeling like I'm ripping people off". Tom sells drugs to finance his own habits, and to get some easy money for while he is away. "My student loan goes straight on my accomodation, so if I want to have any kind of a life I need to earn my own money." Tom sees his drug dealing as a temporary solution to his hardship as a student. he has found it hard to get a holiday job, and seeing small scale dealing as an easy solution to his problem. "There are so many student jobs which are really poorly paid. You work ten hours and you only get four quid an hour. Selling drugs, I can work the hours I want, at a price I want. The way I see it, I'm in control of my business. I don't have anybody to answer to. I'd never do it properly. Once I stop using drugs, I'll stop selling them".



Cocaine- Coke, Charlie, C, White, Percy, Snow, Toot

Cocaine - £40

The Facts

- Street cocaine costs between £40 and £50 per gram
- Cocaine is a white crystalline powder extracted from the leaves of the South American coca plant
- Highly addictive, especially in crack form. Users feel an initial rush of energy and increased alertness
- Can be smoked, snorted or heated into a liquid and fumes inhaled through a pipe

Distribution

- It is estimated that 25-40 tonnes are smuggled a year
- 66% is cultivated in Columbia by paramilitary organisations
- 3/4 is imported across the Channel in lorries and private vehicles
- The remaining cocaine comes by air direct to London
- Readily available in Cambridge, coming from secondary sources in Newmarket and Colchester.

Ecstasy - £40

The Facts

- Pure ecstasy comes in in the form of a yellow/ brown crystal powder, and is sold by the gram at £40- £50
- Ecstasy tablets are usually a cocktail of MDMA powder, amphetamines (speed) and heroin and cost between £2- £5
- A stimulant drug which also has mild hallucinogenic effects
- Takes effect in 20- 60 minutes, (longer if on a full stomach). effects can last up to 8 hours
- It is important to drink water to replace lost fluids, but drinking more than a pint of water an hour can be fatal

Distribution

- 100 million+ ecstasy tablets are distributed throughout the world each year
- Bought wholesale for around 50p each
- Some laboratories are set up in the UK, yet most is imported from the Netherlands
- Organized crime in the UK is focussed heavily on the Ecstasy trade
- It is one of the most readily available drugs in the UK, yet there is a distinct shortage in East Anglia
- Local prices are often inflated to £6-£8 a tablet



Ecstasy- Pills, Brownies, Disco, Biscuits, Hug Drug, Mitsubishi, Rolex, Dolphin, XTC



ELLIE

Ellie has just finished her A-levels at Hills Road Sixth Form College. She was a straight A student. At the age of 16 she started dealing cocaine and ecstasy to friends in London in order to finance her heavy drug use. She was introduced to drug dealers and became involved in the warehouse party scene through friends at college. Ellie says; "Soon I was taking pills a few times a week and it was starting to get expensive. I didn't want to get into debt and I had a few friends who were dealing. It

seemed a good way to pay for my own drugs while getting a little bit of cash for extras. It seemed a good alternative to a Saturday job." Shortly afterwards, Ellie started going out with a drug dealer who sold her cocaine for as little as £20 a gram. Ellie says; "I wasn't looking to rip anyone off. I'd just pass a few grams onto friends for £25 or £30, just to pay for mine." However, she has had a brush with the law as she was previously cautioned for possession. She admits that "It was a lucky escape...I was on my way to pick up 100 pills to take to a party when it happened. I kept thinking what would have happened if I'd been found with all those pills on me. It really scared me. I didn't want to see dealing take over my life." Now, she has slowed it down. "I've had my fair share of experiences. It's not exciting anymore. I'll still go out and get fucked occasionally, and sometimes make a small profit on a few pills, but it's nothing serious. It's so much pressure, and it takes up so much time. It's only really sustainable when you're using yourself."

All names have been changed to protect the security of Varsity staff

Where can you get help?

Lucas Oliver, Community Support Worker (Drug Misuse) explains

The Bridge, now in its twenty-first year as a non-prescribing drug treatment service, seeks to help drug users change behaviour in relation to the harm caused to themselves and others.

A wide range of people access the service exhibiting a wide range of problems from a wide range of drugs approach. In fact, it is common for people to encounter problems with more than one drug. There are a proportion of people vulnerable to drug misuse throughout all sections of society. However, there are other factors in conjunction with this, such as deprivation, lack of opportunities and unstable relationships, which may be more likely to render the situation problematic. Certain people have addictive personality types which mean they are susceptible to drug dependency and subsequently find it harder to come off drugs.

As part of the local Mental Health Partnership NHS Trust, it is no surprise that problems we see often relate to poor mental health, as well as those with physical health problems. Whilst a few people will have a psychiatric diagnosis of significant mental illness, in the main it is the broadest definition of mental health with which the Bridge is concerned. It is in the sense that everyone has a mental health, as much as they have a physical health to attend to, that the service operates.

In many cases people have sought through the use of drugs, to medicate themselves against what they perceive as poor mental health, only to find out that after a time, far from being a solution, it may have contributed to the problem. Whilst this may afford the individual insight, there often remains a pattern of behaviour that is difficult to

break. However, with the correct motivation and guidance it is possible. It may also help to offer support to the drug users' family or friends who are often adversely affected by the drug use. When people have a heavy drug habit to sustain they can become mercenary in their personal relationships, only maintaining contacts with friends and relatives in order to obtain funds to finance their addiction.

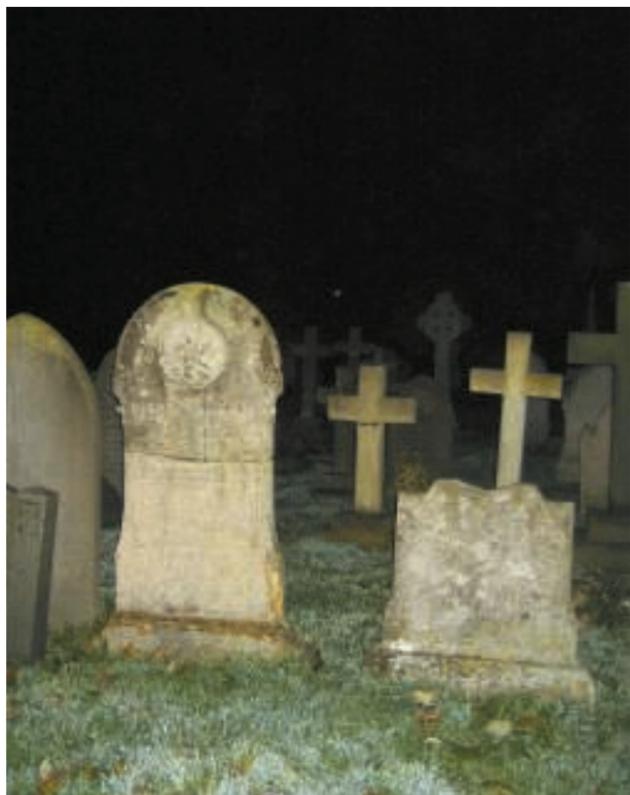
As well as traditional advice, information and counselling, The Bridge seeks to develop complementary therapies and it offers an acupuncture clinic and has just added guided imagery. In this, identified changes in behaviour are rehearsed in a relaxed state. This is because the logical part of the brain is engaged more readily, without the interference of high emotional states. Plans are afoot to develop yoga and chi

gung practices too.

The provision of a needle exchange seeks to address a wider public health concern. Clean needles and syringes are provided to injecting drug users in order to minimise the spread of blood borne viruses such as HIV and Hepatitis C. By encouraging these drug users to return used injecting equipment for safe disposal it also helps to minimise another potential mode of contamination in the wider community.

By offering these services, we play our part in tackling what is undoubtedly a deeply troubling problem.

The Bridge is available by telephoning the information line, making an appointment or dropping-in for advice and guidance during office hours, Monday to Friday. The telephone number is 01223 214 614. The Bridge is located at 152/154 Mill Road, Cambridge.



Mill Road cemetery: Class A drugs allegedly dealt here

On Campus

Clare finally gets DNA statue

The statue of the DNA double helix, by Charles Jencks, has finally been unveiled at Clare College. It is to commemorate the achievements of Professor James D. Watson and then fellow student Francis Crick who discovered DNA whilst students at Clare in 1957. It is hoped that the current statue won't explode like the last one.

New Hall President Resigns

Kat Hedley, New Hall's JCR President, has decided to stand down midway through her term in office, citing her 'inflexible lecture and lab schedule and current workload' as the reason. An emergency election will be held this Friday to find her replacement. The elected President will serve only until the end of the original term, and new elections will take place at the end of Easter Term.

Mays 14 seeks subs

The student editors of Mays 14, Cambridge's annual anthology of new student writing, have been announced as Juliet Lapidus, Imogen Walford and Torsten Henricson-Bell. Applications to join the committee of sub-editors should be sent to mays@varsity.co.uk by November 21.

Phase One of the Cycle Removal Programme

Robinson Head Porter Colin Barnes has taken it upon himself to commence "Phase One of the Cycle Removal Program". With effect from Wednesday 9th November all parts of cycles (wheels, frames, baskets etc) which appear to have been abandoned were "automatically removed and placed in a skip for disposal. Where necessary locks holding any such item will be removed". Phase Two is set to commence on November 21 with the removal of all unmarked bicycles. Robinson students have raised serious concerns over the possible content of stages three and four.

Enterprising Downing students

The Downing Enterprise Competition is putting up £20,000 for the student or team that manages to come up with the best business idea so that they can set up and run their idea for a year. In an email entitled "Are you the next Richard Branson?" the JCR President invited Downing students to put their entrepreneurial thinking caps on. The fact that Branson never went to University, let alone Downing, appears to have been overlooked. Applications are due in by December 10.

Cross Campus

Do you live in a dump?

The NUS has started a national campaign to improve the condition of student accommodation. They have announced that they want students to send pictures of their "crap halls of residence" and intend to take their grievances to the government. Someone has sent in a picture of a rat. *Varsity* is intrigued as to whereabouts in the rodent the student lives.

Anti-Welfare Officer

Merton College Oxford has appointed an "Anti-Welfare Officer" in response to concerns that the Welfare Officers may have been overzealous. The new officer, who was voted in unanimously, has responsibility for identifying "inebriated persons receiving undue assistance from the welfare officers" and thwarting "the best efforts of the welfare officers by supplying alcoholic drinks to the aforementioned individuals". One JCR Committee member, who did not wish to be named, said he had not objected during the meeting as he feared looking like "a miserable git".

First degree is the deepest

Cat Stevens was presented with an honorary doctorate by the University of Gloucestershire on November 4. The singer, who famously converted to Islam, was instrumental in getting the government to certify and support Islamic education throughout the UK.

Reading student a lone gun

Last week Reading University student Rob White launched a protest against Atomic Weapons Energy, who were making a presentation to Reading students. On behalf of the Young Greens Society he waited outside the meeting holding up a large banner that read "Bongs not Bombs" and leafleted. He admitted that he was disappointed by the lack of support from other students. He was joined by one other protester.

Prohibition strikes again

Students at the University of Vermont are to be limited to only having 24 servings of alcohol in one place at one time. The university stressed that this was not per student, but was per party. Previously they had been allowed to have 56 servings - roughly equivalent to a keg of beer - but after concerns about drinking by students under 21 the limit was lowered.

SOAS sell arms investments

Top London university SOAS has announced that it is going to sell off all of its shares in arms companies. Campaign Against the Arms Trade (CAAT) claim that the decision comes as a direct result of the recent "name and shame" campaign that also featured Cambridge colleges. One CAAT campaigner, said that the decision presented a challenge to other universities who still hold investments. 11 Cambridge colleges retain substantial investments in companies such as BAE Systems, Cobham and GKN.

Restaurant Shame

Amelia Worsley

A report recently released under the Freedom of Information Act has revealed that Cambridge eateries Browns, The Bun Shop, McDonalds, Old Orleans, and Café Naz have all failed to meet food hygiene standards in the last year. Cambridge City Council food hygiene inspectors have issued warnings to all. Failure to heed these could lead to prosecution, fines or closure.

Café Naz was found to be infested by disease-spreading cockroaches when inspected in September 2003.

Browns had a fridge with an "extremely dirty" floor, dried milk under the shelves, and a large amount of "black mud-like substance in the vegetable section" when inspected in August. The kitchen was described as "generally dirty", and the lack of soap in



One of the offenders

the staff lavatories meant that staff frequently washed their hands in the kitchen sink after going to the toilet. Food in the fridge was seven days past its use by date, food was left uncovered, and doors were left open despite the fact Rentokil was treating the premises for a possible rodent sighting.

An inspection of The Bun Shop, in March 2005, exposed a mouldy icemaker, a dirty hob and microwave and a five-day-old cooked partridge in the fridge. Keith Gehlert, manager, was adamant the restaurant no longer had a problem: "I just took over a couple of months ago. The first thing I had to do was clean, clean, clean. I'm here to feed people, not kill them."

At McDonald's inspectors described the walk-in freezer and a corridor as "dirty". The Old Orleans was found to be in a similar condition. However, Mus Karmia, kitchen manager, said: "The food inspectors came back one month after the first inspection and found nothing wrong."

Despite the findings Cambridge County Council reassured restaurant-goers by saying that the authority prided itself on doing a good job of making sure food outlets in the city are safe. "We make regular and frequent inspections. We carry out our enforcement duties in a responsible way, we issue food safety notices and we do food safety training."

Back to Nature

Last week *Varsity* revealed how students over Cambridge were baring all in the name of art. This week we review *Orgy*, the sell-out play behind the controversy.

Ellie Simons

Lawrence Hooper's original translation of Pasolini's 60s play *Orgy* features a set containing a prominent, luxurious bed and a suspended frame through which a panel of light is cast onto the wall next to a cellist who underscores the play (until she appears as a character).

The director's notes to this play inform the audience that we should resist our Cambridge-student urge to "over-analyse" *Orgy* as a philosophical treatise. I watched with no agenda, just as the director said, and this is what I saw: the play begins and ends with a man hanging himself. The bulk of the play fleshes out the circumstances leading up to this death, ('death brings a surplus wisdom').

The play is, Hooper tells us, about desire: desire fulfilled, unfulfilled and impossible to fulfil. The first half of the play features a man and his wife, a bourgeois couple, shaming each other and acting out perverse fantasies. Despite valiant performances, the words the actors spoke sounded uncomfortable in their mouths, and the speech rhythms overly lyrical and emphasised. The play contains acts of shame, desire and



Orgy at the Playroom

perversity, yet somehow it all felt hollow and insubstantial. I felt the production was not quite mature enough to deal with the nature of the language and subject matter of the play.

At this point, it seems fair to bring up the nudity. Yes, I can vouch that the rumours are true and there is prolonged nudity, both male and female. I overheard members of the audience (and it was an impressive audience for a first night) remark that they had come on this basis alone, and in that sense, they were not disappointed. Characters took off and put on their clothes a lot, and the man even puts on women's clothes at one point. I am sure it was meant to tie into the "death/desire" paradigm, but I am not sure where.

Watching *Orgy* I felt a mixture of mild revulsion, confusion and, at times, boredom. But what I didn't once feel was sympathy, which I think is the crucial ingredient lacking in Hooper's play.

That said, I would certainly advise attending.

Men and women: the intellect debate

Following recent scientific dispute, Tess Riley re-opens an age old discussion

The gender and intelligence debate stepped up a gear last week with the publication of an article by Dr Steven Blinkhorn in the journal *Nature* in response to the claim by two British academics that men are significantly cleverer than women.

The first claim, in a report by Dr Paul Irwing and Professor Richard Lynn, stated that male university students average almost five IQ points more than women. Their research suggests that there are twice as many men with IQ scores of 125 than women - the typical level for people with first class degrees - and 5.5 men for every woman at the IQ level 155, the level associated with genius. This is not the first time Lynn has produced controversial results; he previously claimed that white people are cleverer than black people.

Blinkhorn's article highlights a number of "serious flaws" in their study and suggests that the two academics were extremely selective in the results they used, ignoring vast quantities of material to make their results fit their hypotheses.

Cambridge exam results seem to corroborate Irwing and Lynn's report. In 2005, male students overall achieved 26.9 percent first-class degrees while women achieved 17.4%. Taking subjects individually, there are some very large gaps across the male-female divide. 23.6 percent of male Economic students achieved a first in part two of the tripos in contrast to 11.1 percent of females. In the maths tripos part III, 64.2 percent of males achieved a first as opposed to 36.4 percent of women.

The results also show that a higher proportion of male students achieve third-class degrees - 17.4 percent - as opposed to the 16.0 percent of women who were awarded the same in 2005.

The results are in line with previous years. Women's colleges consistently come near the bottom of the Oxbridge league tables, as St Hilda's college, Oxford and Newnham and New Hall in Cambridge repeatedly prove. However, it is noticeable that women at single-sex colleges generally achieve better

exam results than their female counterparts at mixed-colleges.

The situation is complicated further when other exam results are taken into consideration. GCSE and A-level results consistently show girls achieving better results than boys. The 2005 A-levels data from the Department for Education and Skills demonstrate the "shocking extent of under-achievement by boys in some of Britain's leading schools". The editor of the Good Schools Guide, Ralph Lucas, looked at state and independent schools and found that of the 1,132 schools considered, 74 percent of girls did better than boys. In 43 percent of these cases girls outperformed boys by over 10 percent.

This data is indicative of a great shift between secondary school and university. One suggestion is that men take greater risks when studying for their finals. Women are more likely to revise everything, men will focus on learning a part of their course exceptionally well, scoring highly if their specialism

appears and poorly if not.

Michelle Nuttall, CUSU Women's Officer, tells *Varsity* that "It is no surprise that men gain more firsts in Cambridge". Women were only admitted into most colleges in the 1970s and '80s and so "Cambridge remains a system built by white men for white men, and in some ways is reluctant to change its methods."

However, the president of Harvard University provoked uproar in January when he publicly claimed that men outperform women in maths and science not because of any institutional bias but rather because of biological differences between the sexes.

Critics of his argument have argued that the discrepancy between men and women may have more to do with social factors than biological ones.

Childcare responsibilities, prejudice, and out-moded beliefs may help to explain why women appear to be in second place to men.

> Survey, page 7

incidentally...

by zoe organ



After the end of last term, one of my more robust friends confessed that he was glad to be home, because in Cambridge, he never healed.

For some reason this seemed an incredibly dramatic statement, much more dramatic than his actual appearance. Maybe it was because it conjured pictures of wounded boys, lying alone in cold student beds, who just kept Bugging On... until the end. They inspire unfamiliar nurse-like desires. It was more dramatic, perhaps, because blood in Cambridge is such a sidelined thing. Red means Jesus College Boat Club, or jam on scones, and

you could be forgiven for thinking, with our chapped wind blasted skin and blue lips, that Cambridge students are really, underneath, lizards. We have slowly morphed into reptiles during our time here, as if we had had to become amphibious to crawl into the Cambridge Pond.

But this is ridiculous. If you go into the ladies' boudoirs in the evening you see hundreds of girls applying lotions and potions to seal themselves up, re-healing themselves constantly in a monotonous cosmetic process that starts in Freshers' week and will carry on for the rest of our lives. Just because, occasionally, this can inspire a sort of nauseous existentialist disgust at the sheer volume of stuff that needs to be applied to our bodies, we should not confer heroic honour on the boys who are so full of neglect.

Blood is a terrifying thing, of course, and we shouldn't go around shedding it with glee. But young men here seem not unaware of their role models. Lord Byron, all the more haunting to the young poet for his floppy hair, went on to surrender his life in the deep south of the Mediterranean, and kept a bear in his room.

One guy I know apparently has a polar bear in his bedroom, but it is stuffed and snowy. This seems rather touching. It seems that modern man is left here, to fall upon his oar, his violin bow, his baton or his fountain pen, unacknowledged.

Of course we should all be grateful that blood is so absent in our world, but the small private pains around us should be recognised, in the lost, swampy, murky world of Cambridge in the winter.



weekdays

COUNCILLOR JOHN HIPKIN
THE MAYOR OF CAMBRIDGE

Sunday

In Prague with group of youngsters from Romsey Mill, a local youth club, who had come to play football against two local Prague teams. One win, one defeat (best forget the score...) We also visit Lidice, the martyr village, and all of us are moved to learn of the massacre which occurred there in 1944.

Monday

Meet postgraduate Alex Benton who gives me an interesting account of his biodiversity research in Siberia. In the evening I host a major fundraising event in aid of Romsey Mill at the Guildhall for over 400 people. One generous guest signs a cheque for £1000 on the spot.

Tuesday

Meet Verity Stroud of the Churches Conservation Trust to discuss fundraising for All Saints Church in Jesus Lane (Simon Jenkin berates us in his book, The 1000 Best England Churches, for neglecting All Saints.) Guest of Honour at Rotary Lunch.

Wednesday

Hear about mediation services in Cambridge whilst visiting new County Court building on East Road. We are told of new ways of settling conflicts without recourse to expensive litigation.

Thursday

Visit a site in Cambridge with an architect who wants to build a student hostel. She informs me on how the building will look and I meet some of the neighbours who live nearby. (Apart from being Mayor I am Vice-Chairman of the Planning Committee.) In the evening I babysit whilst my wife goes to see Joan Armatrading at the Corn Exchange.

Friday

Early morning meeting with planning staff. In the evening I launch a three year project as part of Black History month called *Untold Stories*. These stories are of citizens from black and ethnic backgrounds whose histories have so far been overlooked, but will be recorded on film, in theatre and written testimonies.

Saturday

Spend the morning preparing a major exhibition at the Guildhall; *Hiroshima: Lest we Forget* (November 14 -25). Later I go to fireworks display on Midsummer Common, sponsored by the Grand Arcade. The best display I've ever seen. I get to New Hall by ten past eight to see *Hiroshima Mon Amour* which rekindles memories of my visit to Japan earlier this year for the commemoration of the A-bomb attack of August 6 1945.

Varsity asks: Why do men do better than women in the exam room?

Academics and students: is there a difference in the way men and women work?

"It is possible that they [men] may be more focussed and instrumental in their approach [in exams], but that is a deduction from the "gender deficit" in the results, rather than an empirical observation"

Dr Paul Hartle, Senior Tutor, St Catharine's

"While it is clearly dangerous to generalise, over the years I have seen many highly intelligent and hard working women thrown into panic by Tripos.... Before her Finals, a particular student I knew decided that his girlfriend deserved a First but lacked confidence. He duly trained her to produce witty and shapely answers rather than profound and unfinished essays. He gave her his own best suit to wear. Her resulting First was a good one"

Jane Liddell-King (Ms), English Supervisor

"Performance and participation in supervision: is there a gender difference? It is the supervisor's responsibility to make sure there is sufficient involvement from all students, regardless of the gender ratio of any given supervision. In terms of participation and performance, I have not found any significant difference between female and male students"

Anonymous supervisor

"In supervisions men tend to talk more in mixed groups - but this does depend enormously on the group"

Dr S Watts Homerton, Senior Tutor

"There is definitely a difference. girls want to go all around the subject; boys target specific topics. Boys and Girls have different aims. Girls want to learn more, boys want the higher grades"

Ali, Economics, 2nd year

"Girls definitely prepare more while boys tend to blag it. We have one guy in our year who offered to help a girl with her studies if she got stuck - she's doing much better than him since the course started though which is good to see. We have supervisions on our own though so its hard to know about that"

Abi, 1st year History

"I've actually asked my DOS not to be supervised with a certain arrogant male, because he always just dominated the supervision with fabricated stories about why he hadn't done his essay, and long-winded answers that avoided conclusions. And then, of course, did better than me in the exam"

Anonymous 3rd year, Sociology

> In 2005 26.9% of men at Cambridge got a First; only 17.4% of women. Why the disparity?



Students: why do men get more Firsts?

"Boys are more prepared to take a side of the argument whereas girls might attempt to show both sides which might not work so well in their favour"

Anonymous, 2nd year, History

"Men have always done better than women. That's why Tarzan went out hunting and Jane got left at home"

Anonymous undergraduate, Jesus

"I don't really get it, particularly as girls always come out top at A level"

Anonymous, Emmanuel

"Girls worry too much and then end up trying to learn everything. I do it too, partly because I just like learning more things. It's stupid just to think that being here is about learning how to write the correct answer in the exam; there's so much on offer I want to try and make the most of it"

Toral, 2nd year, English

"Boys do better in exams because they are more confident. They perform better because they are more self-assured and outgoing with their answers"

Emma, Classics



Holy Crap! The Bishop goes undercover

Which former *Varsity* hack, now a famous media darling and columnist for an avowedly autonomous former broadsheet, was involved in an embarrassing text message mix-up with a prominent Tory MP? As ever, our infallible discretion at the Bish will not allow us to tell you his name, but we can relate the sordid tale in full. Finding himself a little randy, our hack hero decided to text his partner with a no-nonsense offer of sex: "Your cock - my mouth; 5 minutes?" Unfortunately, this uncompromising missive was mistakenly texted to a famous Tory

MP, well known for his floppy hair, rosy cheeks and bumbling mien. The unruffled member of the house replied with his usual insouciance and wit: "No thanks, charmed by the offer...but not since school."

The Bishop, always one to push the boundaries of technology, promptly decided to use his own mobile telephone to test the reactions of the aforementioned hack. A hearty exchange followed:

BISH: Your cock - my mouth; 5 minutes?

HACK: Where have I heard that before?

BISH: Your previous employer
HACK: None of my employers have been so generous I am on deadline so text me later if you have anything coherent or non obscene to say.

An hour passed before the Bishop received a rather breathless-sounding voicemail message:

HACK: Hi Nick it's (X), I'm guessing this is your new phone. Hope you're alright and I'll be seeing you at Beth's tomorrow night. But give me a call if you need anything sooner. Um. If by any chance you're not Nick (nervous chuckle)

don't worry about it. Alright, see you later mate.

The Bishop recommenced the exchange with vigour:

BISH: Are you going to make me wait that long?

HACK: You are not nick he just called me identify yourself or i will bar your number

Here Endeth the Lesson.

Following on from our exposé of induction ceremonies in Magdalene College drinking societies, we can further reveal that a group of 1st year clinical students were recently implicated in an even more disgusting initiation rite. A new clinical student was invited to the pub, where a Pepperami was placed on a table. The assembled medics then told the hapless fresher that all she had to do was eat the Pepperami - "but it's very hot." Following her ingestion of the comestible, she was bought a drink; she then asked why the initiation was so easy. She was simply told that she had to prepare the next ceremony. Flushed with the success of her own, seemingly innocuous, ordeal, our unwitting dupe gladly agreed. She was given a second,

wrapped Pepperami, told to unwrap it and then insert it into the anus of a grinning junior doctor, and to place it on the table for the next initiate. We have declined to get a quote from the redoubtable individual, for fear her head may explode.

No doubt over-excited by Guy Fawkes' Night, two students decided to engage in a cruel stunt involving a "Catholic" hamster. The students bought a the rodent from a local pet shop, and a large rocket from the newsagent next door. These virulent anti-papists then reportedly dressed the hamster in a miniature cardinal's uniform, tied it to the rocket, and let off the firework. Horrified onlookers reported the incident, and the pet shop which sold the rocket to the students was traced by an animal rights group. The owner of the pet shop claimed to have no idea of the sadistic intentions of the miscreants, despite the fact that they declined to buy any sustenance or home for the unfortunate rodent, and even returned to the pet shop, clutching the hamster and the rockets, asking for rubber bands.

the Story

Joshua Farrington continues the story from last week.

It's up to you what happens next. Email your continuation of 400 words to literature@varsity.co.uk by 6pm on Tuesday 15th November to take part.

I was on Sunday evening when I first noticed another presence at the restaurant. She did not work there, though I often saw her speaking easily with the head waiter, admiring his few excitable chords, sharing his jokes, her silver lighter, even once, a fleeting dance. She spoke less easily with the old owner, who always seemed moved to silence by her. He would forever hurry by her with the most subtle nod, to daub another daily scrawl, white on black, a negative newspaper headline, meaningless in the night - 'Grilled Mackerel and buttered Asparagus'.

In my mind - the only place where I knew her - I named her Sophie. Sophie who smiled at a dropped plate. Sophie who smoked thin cigarettes with delicate hands, as though they were made of glass. Sophie who always

wore red. Sophie who was always with a different man.

Sometimes she was a giggling girlfriend, lingering fingers on a rich silk sleeve, sometimes, she was silent, aloof, a mile away across a narrow table. She was a blank canvas to mark. And as autumn's rains turned to winter's first snow, I tried to make her mine.

She would be at the restaurant most nights, and when she was, I would watch. Sometimes she would arrive early, and wait with narrowed eyes, or else stalk in an hour late and sit with a lonely expectant man at a table in the corner, and then laugh, whilst I sat, unmoving.

Coffee would turn cold in my hands as I sat for hours gazing at her, willing her to smile, to laugh, to walk away. My work - which I had once loved - came to fill those

daylight hours like a chore, each page marking another minute between when I had seen her last, and when I would be able to see her again.

I was possessed.

There were awful Christmas



lights hung across the street before I managed to visit the *Archipelago* myself. The head waiter seated me silently - another solitary diner - whilst I regarded him like a silent movie star from films I had once loved, uttering hushed admiring thankyou's to themenu, the cutlery, the glass of red wine. I stared blankly at my own dark window, waiting, absorbing meekly the glare of the tattered paper snow-ma that I had placed, godlike, on the sill.

It was nearly ten o'clock when she walked through the door...

to be continued
...by you?



BABY'S GOT THE BLUES

So how bad have yours been? "Fifth week blues" might be a cliché, but it holds more than a grain of truth - everyone seems pretty glum. In pursuit of a professional solution, **RACHEL DIVALL** and **JON SWAINE** put some of your problems to The *Times*' **BEL MOONEY**

For all our incessant moaning about fifth week blues, it has been suggested that it might all just be a collective reaction to the turning of the seasons. Not so much sad as S.A.D., so to speak.

Certainly, the nights start at about half-past two in the afternoon; any semblance of Summer really has gone for good, and it seems as though Autumn never even bothered to turn up at all.

Perhaps it is all attributable to that sudden change in the weather. The rain hammers down all night, and by morning the pavements are plastered with slimy, browned leaves that might just as well be comedy banana skins. If it ever was before, making one's way to lectures is now certainly not fun.

Then again, there are other reasons. All the post-vacation euphoria truly has worn off, and the stark reality of attempting to write an essay two hours in a house full of people who steal your food and torment you with their noisy, noisy sex lives has bitten.

You stare at your bank balance in disbelief, attempting to divide the last sixteen pounds of your overdraft into the remaining three weeks without crying so much that your statement becomes useless, salty mess of tears and pulp. Oh dear.

But whatever the reasons, despair no longer: help is at hand.

Born in Liverpool in 1946, where "home was a flat on a low-rise council estate called The Green," Bel Mooney's world was "turned upside down by a move south, to Trowbridge in Wiltshire." She attended the local girls' grammar school, and "tried to learn a new accent, so I would fit in. Not easy."

When she left school, she gained a place at University College London, and in 1969 gained a first class honours degree in English Language and Literature.

She went on to become a Fellow of UCL and in 1998 was awarded a D.Litt from Bath University. "A small part of me still wants to teach," she says, "maybe that's why I write - after all, both are forms of communication."

When she graduated, Bel began as a feature writer for a the legendary magazine *Nova*, then other national magazines and newspapers. During her career, she has been a columnist for the *Daily Express*, *Daily Mirror*, *Sunday Times* and the *Listener*.

Bel currently writes an advice page each Wednesday in the *Times*, which has rapidly gained cult status. She has now been a journalist for thirty five years, and has also written over twenty five books, including the hugely popular series of *Kitty* stories for children. Her new novel for adults (the sixth) is called *The Invasion of Sand*.

Bel is also an accomplished broadcaster, and has presented many programmes on television and radio, including the award-winning *Devout Sceptics* on Radio 4.

But perhaps none of these things could prepare her for the feat of solving your fifth week doldrums. Here goes.

“

UNIVERSITY IS A REALLY HARD TIME OF TRANSITION - HOME AND SCHOOL SEEM SO SECURE

”

Dear Bel...

I've been with my boyfriend for almost two years: upper sixth and gap year. After lots of discussion, my boyfriend and I decided to try things long distance. He's at Edinburgh so it's proving to be quite hard going. What I really want to know is whether I'm in danger of wasting 'the best years of my life' between two places, spending all my money on train fares etc when, statistically at least, it is unlikely that this is the person who I will end up with. Should I be worried that this relationship might not last forever? My boyfriend phones nearly every day, and we try to meet every other week, but I'm worried one day I'll look back and wonder what was I doing? Does the fact that I am even thinking these things mean that we shouldn't be together? I always thought that people ended up with the person who really was perfect for them, but the older I get the more I think it might just be a case of right place right time. It makes me really sad to think that my boyfriend could have been the one I ended up with if I'd only met him when I was a bit older.

Sam

There's much wisdom in your letter. These are the contradictions we all live with: the door opening / door closing which is part of the human condition - just like the realisation that perfection does not exist. It seems to me you're chafing at your ties of love, and need to loosen them a little. Couldn't you try twice a term, and see how it goes? Being so mutually dependent will mean neither of you can get all you might from university life. But who knows? You could end up spending your life with this lovely guy, statistics or not. Whatever you do, don't waste time feeling sad about stuff that hasn't happened. Live in the present, work hard at your course, read, discuss, meet people - and because you love him, urge him to do the same.

I'm in my final year and don't know what to do with my life. Everyone around me has a career in mind; I keep changing, but feel under pressure to decide. I can see myself ending up applying for one of the big firms in accountancy or something, but this isn't really what I want to do. I've always wanted to work for the Foreign Office, but have become disheartened as it's so incredibly competitive. I've been considering living abroad for a year and learning a new language, which I hope would help my application as well as being an exciting year away. I'm just worried that I'll drift along without ever establishing a career for myself.

Worried third-year

You're like the centipede who thought so much about which leg moved after which he could no longer run! Please go and do that year abroad. Then come back and apply for the Foreign Office, telling yourself you'll be successful. Don't drift: think, work and act.

I'm in my first term and don't feel I've settled in yet. If I'm still this lonely at the end of term I don't think I can face coming back after Christmas, but feel silly to be on the verge of turning down the chance of a degree from Cambridge. Other friends from school who have gone to university seem to have settled in much more quickly and be having more fun than me. I'd rather be back at sixth form and living at home. I'm studying Natural Sciences which means I've got lots of lectures and practicals - also we didn't really have much of a freshers' week at my college, and everyone split off into groups really quickly. It feels too late to get to know people and that everyone else is a hundred times better than me at making friends. Should university be this hard?

Gemma

It usually is, you know. You mustn't think there's anything wrong with you, or that everyone else is having a wonderful time. I felt just as you did in my first term and my daughter was miserable at Warwick. It's a really hard time of transition - home and school seem so friendly and secure. First you must psyche yourself into looking around during those lectures and practicals (good that you have so many) and deciding that since most people feel as you do, your task is to try to help them. Make it a serious project, like sixth form course work. Reach out a little; they'll be grateful. Then there MUST be a club you can join - one crying out for supporters. Every time you feel like giving up ask yourself whether you think the natural progression of the universe is forward or back? You're on the road to the rest of your life. Don't expect it to be easy, then you may well be surprised.

This might seem petty, but I can't stand my best friend's new girlfriend. I know it's not my place to pass judgment, because he seems to really like her but when he's not there she's rude and obnoxious and talks constantly about how many other people find her attractive. I know it'll sound like I'm just jealous, and maybe that's a bit of it too - this can be a really lonely place because everyone's always so busy, and I really rely on my friend. Now he's with her we never spend time together. He's changed too - he doesn't laugh any more. I don't know what to do - if I say something will it ruin things?

Dave

It's strange that so much emphasis is placed on romantic and sexual relationships, when friendship is the lynch-pin in so many lives. You can't do anything about his involvement with this girl, and it would be wrong to tell him you don't like her. Just hope it finishes soon! If he doesn't seem happy then it probably will - and you don't want to crow 'I told you so'. In the meantime, the issue to address is your dependence on him. Sometimes our personal growth requires us to leave people behind; it sounds harsh but it's realistic. I'm not suggesting you cease to be friends with him, just that you make this the moment when you start to work at meeting others. If everyone is 'always so busy' then you have to get busy too. You have a good deal of self-knowledge; use it to move on.

A SECRET HISTORY

We all know the tour guides' favourites - Mathematical Bridge this, Henry VIII's chair leg that. But what curious tales lie beneath Cambridge's surface? **RHIANNON EASTERBROOK** takes a look

There's no way of escaping history in Cambridge. If the architecture isn't a reminder, the tourists braving such appalling weather to photograph themselves outside it are. But in the rush of getting to lectures, or if we're lucky, somewhere else, this environment is easily viewed as backdrop to our daily routine, and all the stories from every corner of the city are overlooked. Here are some that you may know and some that might be more obscure. All, though, give some life to the old stones of Cambridge.

Pubs, forever a part of student life, have had their share of significant history. The Anchor, opposite Queens', for example, was a favourite meeting place for Ted Hughes. It was there that he had a jazz band with E. Lucas Myers and Dan Huws, who once insulted some of Sylvia Plath's poetry in the student magazine *Chequer*. Huws did think Plath "beautiful", though, so that obviously made everything all right.

Compared to the Eagle, though, this is nothing. Not often has a pub played host to two defining moments of the twentieth century. But references to both of the Eagle's historical events are marked on its wall facing Bene't Street. In an academic place such as this, most people are aware of one - namely that of Watson and Crick's DNA declaration.

However, what can sometimes be forgotten is actually more plain to see. In fact, some people would say that the writing is on the ceiling. Travelling to the back of the pub leads you to the RAF bar. There it is possible for anyone to connect with the lives of individuals from one of the most dramatic periods of our country's history. Over a few square metres, in candlewax and lipstick, are the marks of people who went on to fight for Britain and America in the RAF. There are 63 British squadrons mentioned on that ceiling, dating between the Battle of Britain and the end of the war, and then again during the Berlin airlift of 1948.

But only ten years ago the future of the pub became doubtful when it entered into a wrangle with Corpus Christi and was shut for three years before the dispute was resolved.

A building similarly in danger of having its access restricted is All Saints' Church. It was closed as a functioning place of worship in 1973, but has been made accessible to the public by The Churches Conservation Trust since 1981. However, the post of curator has recently been made redundant so once again visitors wishing to admire it will be faced with a bit of a struggle.

You may wonder why this of any importance. Although as one walks down Jesus Lane this church may look like any other Victorian place of worship, it has



ADAM MELCH

what is said to be the most beautiful décor and stained glass of any church in Cambridge. Not only that, it was here that renowned architect George Frederick Bodley worked out his personal style of imitation 14th century Gothic that would direct all his later work. This church also boasts designs by pre-Raphaelite, and early socialist, William Morris, which, due to a reduced congregation and dwindling funds, are appreciated by very few.

Like Morris, another designer with notable views on property ownership was the architect of Clare Bridge. While known as one of the most stunning in Cambridge, the bridge is also said to be on the verge of collapse because he turned these leftist views into action. Paid what he saw as an unsatisfactory amount for his work, the disgruntled man took matters into his own hands and removed a stone.

As can be expected for a city as old as this, Clare's isn't the only bridge that has seen some interesting action in its time. Many

“
A TEAM OF THIRTEEN ELEVATED A MINI ONTO THE ROOF OF SENATE HOUSE
”

readers will know the story of the mathematicians' bridge at Queens'. But over at Magdalene, in 1781, there was a palaver of a slightly different nature. Nearby, some students from St. John's happened to be travelling down

Probably the most famous man to have hanged in Cambridge is Dr. Butts, vice-chancellor of the University in 1672. What marks him out is that his ghost is said to walk Corpus Christi, where he committed suicide.

And this isn't even the only ghost story in Corpus. Such is the number of stories in circulation that this subject really demands a book of its own. However, there is one of which you probably won't hear on any ghost tour. The spectre of the 'Grey Lady' is said to hang over Girton; a young woman, Miss Taylor, supposedly haunting the Taylor Knob staircase since she tragically died before even starting at the College. That's dedication for you.

Cambridge also has seen plenty of legendary, foolhardy stunts. These seem frequently to involve climbing onto things. In 1958, in a testament to intelligence and pointless pursuits, a team of thirteen elevated a car onto the roof of the Senate House, at night and without detection. They brought up a Mini, piece by piece, and reassembled it.

The roofs of King's have also played host to the fruits of ambitious students' japes: a pink, plastic hippo is one of the more notable objects spotted towering proudly above the city.

King's, it seems, has often been home to the surreal. It has been recorded as a venue for a red hot poker fight between philosophers Ludwig Wittgenstein and Karl Popper in 1946. Popper, an invited guest, was reading a paper defending the notion that there were genuine philosophical problems. But Wittgenstein scorned this idea, believing there were only philosophical-linguistic-logical puzzles at best. Those crazy guys.

Nor is this the only time King's has been a location for over-enthusiastic philosophers getting to grips with each other's theses, so to speak. Wittgenstein (again) and Bertrand Russell are said to have had a fistfight on the Parade.

The latter did have his more self-effacing moments, though, he later claimed to have been so shy that he couldn't ask where the college toilets were. This drove him to the lengths of walking all the way to the train station to use the facilities there.

Still, better to lose your shame than your head, like Oliver Cromwell, whose own is purportedly buried in the grounds of Sidney Sussex. The location (if there is one) cannot be divulged, just in case someone feels strongly enough to disinter him.

But that's Cambridge: a stew of contradictions, a mixture of the highest intellectual endeavours and the basest desires. Every single stone, from the deepest gutter to the most towering spire records a story of this most paradoxical of places.



HOT

1067 - the ghosts of the soldiers from the Battle of Hastings retire to Cambridge, a year older and a lot wiser. They build a university. The teaching is top notch, but spooky.

1506 - Some king or other builds loads of colleges, and apparently named them after the first things he thought of when he was signing the paperwork. Unfortunately, 'Bedside Table College,' 'Bed College,' 'The Wife College' and 'Wardrobe College' have since been renamed.

1662 - Isaac Newton renames Corpus Christi 'Borpus Blisty' as a prank, but nobody pays him the slightest attention.

1665 - The University and its students are temporarily shrunk to the size of a pinhead so the plague won't see it.

1770 - Somebody lost the keys to Jesus College and everyone was locked out for ages.

1800 - The University branches out from Home Economics, Spelling and Alchemy to include Maths in its course list for the first time.

1870 - Women are let into the University, but told not to touch anything.

1885 - Charles Darwin, while an undergraduate, finds conclusive evidence that mankind is created by old college chapels weathered down into people shaped over time. He keeps it to himself in case it upsets the Church. The Church would hate to think that's what it would turn into.

1903 - As stated in Queen Victoria's will, for one year the students all have to speak German, and their supervisors and lecturers have to wear all their clothes backwards.

1941 - WWII is raging, and Cambridge sides with Japan. The cabinet is annoyed but indulgent.

1963 - Everyone goes really trendy.

1974 - Cambridge is lost.

1980 - Cambridge is found. And it's full of cake crumbs. What on earth were you up to while you were gone?

NOT



There's this girl I know. Well there's this girl a friend of mine knows. Well actually there's this girl that a friend of mine's friend seemed to be friends with. Yes...

I'm in love with her. Head-over-heels-sell-your-grandma-for-a-kiss love with her. What's her name?

That is the problem. I don't know. I saw her at formal but didn't get a chance to really talk to her later on in the bar. There must be a way for me to find out who she is.

If you're lucky you may well be able to find her by using Facebook. It is one of a new breed of social networking sites that help you to communicate with your current friends and potentially make new ones.

How does that work then? Essentially you go to the Facebook website at www.facebook.com and register with the site. You fill out where you are from and various other personal details, such as what subject you study, what music you listen to and your favourite quotes. You can also upload a picture of yourself to be displayed on your page. You can then use the search box to search for friends that may have entries in Facebook. When you get to their pages you can click on a link to add them as a friend.

This is all well and good but I don't know her name so how am I going to get to her page?

This is where the clever networking side of the site comes in. When you look on a friend's page you will notice that there are a selection of pictures of other people on the left hand side; they represent the people that that person is friends with and if clicked on take you to their own pages. In this way you can follow a chain of friendships from one person to the next. As you browse further into a chain of friends the site helpfully shows you how you are connected to the person you are currently looking at.

This isn't working terribly well. I can't seem to remember which friends it was that made up the chain. I'm not sure life is worth living anymore. I must find her.

There is another way to look for people, but it is a bit of a long shot.

Tell me. You can do a search by any term you think might turn up in someone's description. For instance you might like to find all the people who like a certain band or play a certain sport.

We've got another problem. I've found her. Now what do I do?

Why not start by leaving a message on her page? If you need more help than that you'll have to try a fictional agony aunt column instead.



www.facebook.com

Doug McMahon

ARTS MALFUNCTION

What happens when art meets science? **KATHLEEN RICHARDSON** investigates the world of humanoid robots

Despite our conventional view of robots as representing one of the pinnacles of scientific progress, it was in fact a playwright, Karel Capek, who created the first robots in *Rossum's Universal Robots (R.U.R.)*, some 84 years ago. Performed since the 1920s, *R.U.R.* is set in a future mechanised society in which robots are mass-produced to work in place of people.

The term "robot" was derived from the Slavic term *robota* and means to "work slavishly", and the *R.U.R.* creatures were built to do just that. They were designed without emotions, but after their original formula is secretly changed they gain the capacity to feel and have emotions. This ultimately leads to their desire for independence, and so to their rebellion against the humans.

So it was a playwright, and not a scientist, who was responsible for first inventing robots, and since then society's perceptions of what robots really are has depended for the most part on their portrayal in the media. However, it seems that this is, at least in part, based upon information from the experts. HAL: 9000, the disembodied computer aboard the flight in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, was derived from its inventor's conversations with one of the pioneers of the field of Artificial Intelligence in the 1950s.

Furthermore, the cast and crew of Steven Spielberg's *AI: Artificial Intelligence (2001)* consulted with chief robotics experts at M.I.T.'s (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) Humanoid Robotics Laboratory about the latest advances in the technology, whilst designing the robots for their film.

Robotics is now a field which, unlike many others in science and technology, assumes a place of public importance as a result of the infamy robots have gained through popular culture.

But far from their image as being useful slaves to humans, robots are designed to perform a huge numbers of complex tasks, including medical surgery, cleaning and protecting homes.

Last week, *Varsity* reported that Addenbrooke's hospital in Cambridge had started to use one of the UK's first medical robots to assist in cancer surgery. The three armed Da Vinci Robotic System, which cost £1million, can be controlled by surgeons to perform operations on cancerous prostate glands with minimal invasiveness.

But whilst in the UK robots have been used to assist mostly in areas of industry and medicine, in Japan, where many of the developments in robotics are emerging, robots are an issue of national importance. Japanese robots are being developed to work entirely in place of people, not just in factories, but in all areas of life, with the intention of compensating for the inexorable demographic shift towards old age that experts predict.

Companies and universities are now making the all-purpose robots that previously only featured in fiction. ASIMO, a robot produced by Honda, is marketed as the domestic robot of the future, although it currently has no

autonomous capabilities and remains fully remote-controlled.

Wakamaru, a robot marketed by Mitsubishi Heavy Industries as a mechanical house-sitter and secretary, can communicate spontaneously with humans and recognizes up to 10 different faces and 10,000 words. This robot will cost around US\$15,000 when it becomes available this year, and is designed to watch over the house in its owner's absence, detecting and reporting anything out of the ordinary.

The most prominent area of robot research, however, is focused on developing humanoid robots - robots whose overall appearance are based on that of the human body. In general, humanoid robots have a torso with a head, two arms and two legs, although some may model only part of the body, for example, from the waist up.

Research conducted in MIT's Artificial Intelligence Laboratory, on the robot Kismet, has shown that robots which behave in human-like ways, and have anthropomorphic or human-like forms, have a greater potential to be assimilated into human culture.

The first robots imagined were not mechanical, but made of biological components - with veins, muscles and organs. The mechanical rendering of the machines took place later, and some early depictions of robots, such as in Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, show the robotic characters as possessing a combination of both mechanical and human elements.

In Capek's *R.U.R.*, and in other early representations of the robot, what makes us human had little to do with what we were made of or how we appeared, rather the hallmark of humanity was emotion. But nowadays the boundary between man and machine is blurring rapidly as robots are designed to react

like humans and so appear to have emotions too.

Kismet is a disembodied robotic head that looks more like a mythical creature than a human, but researchers have adapted it by employing the same techniques that Disney animators use to make audiences believe in, and empathize with, their non-human characters. Kismet now has human facial features including eyes, eyebrows and a mouth, and can make appropriate facial expressions when addressed.

The researchers found that humans conversing with Kismet responded favourably to the machine, as nearly all assumed that the actions performed by the robot were the result of some artificial internal state of consciousness.

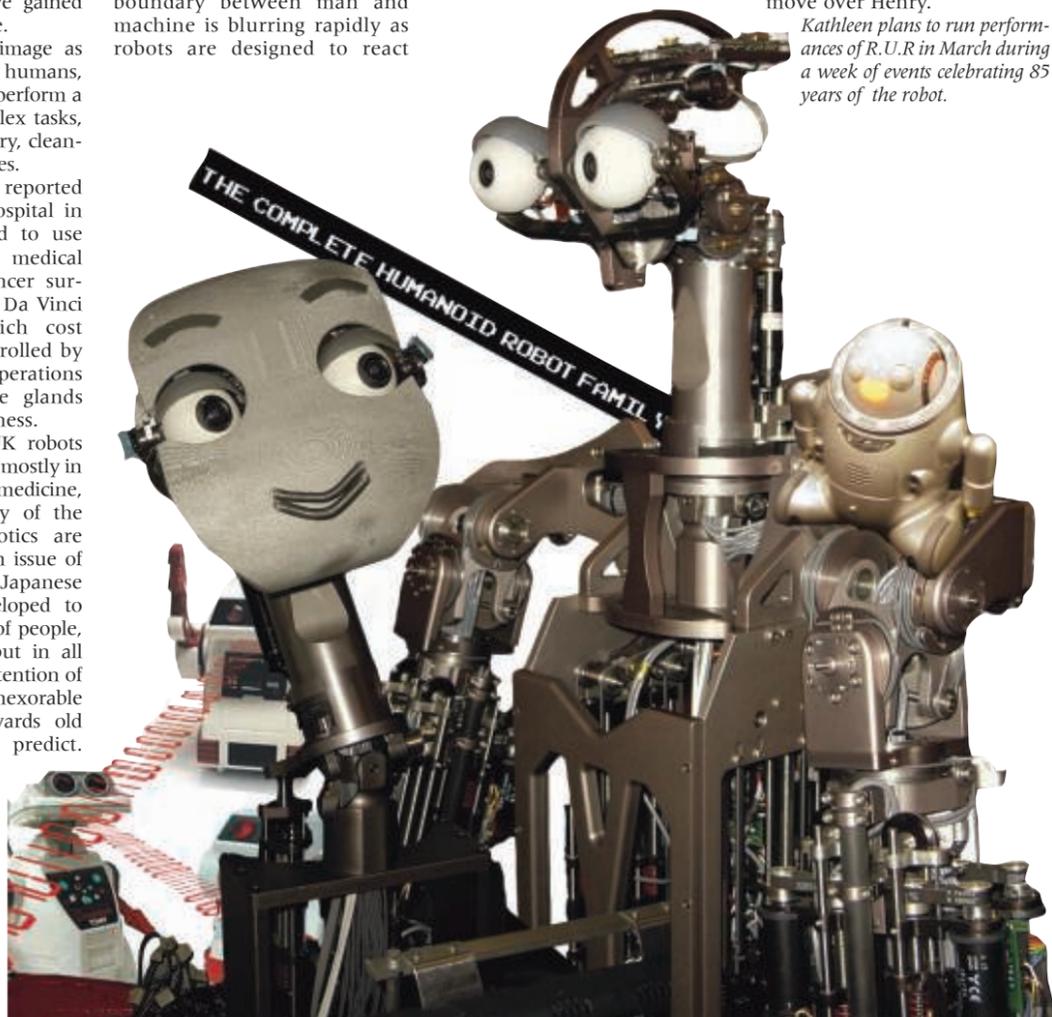
Many robotics experts believe that this "surface-surface interaction", the visual equivalent of small talk, and an important dimension of human interaction, is vital if robots are ever to be integrated into society. If robots can be made to exploit this human dependence on facial expression for communication, by looking and acting in an anthropomorphic fashion, then robots' development into mainstream, commercial culture will be much easier.

This way, robots like Valerie, a young, attractive, manicured, domestic robot who looks like a real woman and can perform household cleaning tasks, may become a part of every family. Or even the recently developed Repliee Q1Expo who looks like a Japanese woman and can make several human movements including fluttering her eyelids.

These household cleaning robots are too expensive for most consumers at present, but the humanoid robot industry is an area predicted to develop significantly in the future - move over Henry.

Kathleen plans to run performances of R.U.R in March during a week of events celebrating 85 years of the robot.

“ THE HALLMARK OF HUMANITY WAS EMOTION, BUT NOW THIS BOUNDARY BETWEEN MAN AND MACHINE IS BLURRING ”



ANDREW TAM AND OLY WAINWRIGHT

Robot Stats

Da Vinci Robotic System
Cost: £1million
Functions: performs cancer surgery.
Likeness to humans: very little, has three arms and is remote-controlled.

Wakamaru
Cost: probably about US\$15 000
Functions: can protect house from burglaries and monitor sick people.
Likeness to humans: looks more like a bath duck, but can recognise up to 10 faces and communicate.

Repliee Q1Expo
Cost: not available to purchase
Functions: can respond to human touch.
Likeness to humans: looks like a Japanese lady, and can flutter her eyelids.

Kismet
Cost: not available to purchase
Functions: useful in research into how robots might be assimilated into human society.
Likeness to humans: a disembodied mechanical head, but can change its facial expressions in conversation.

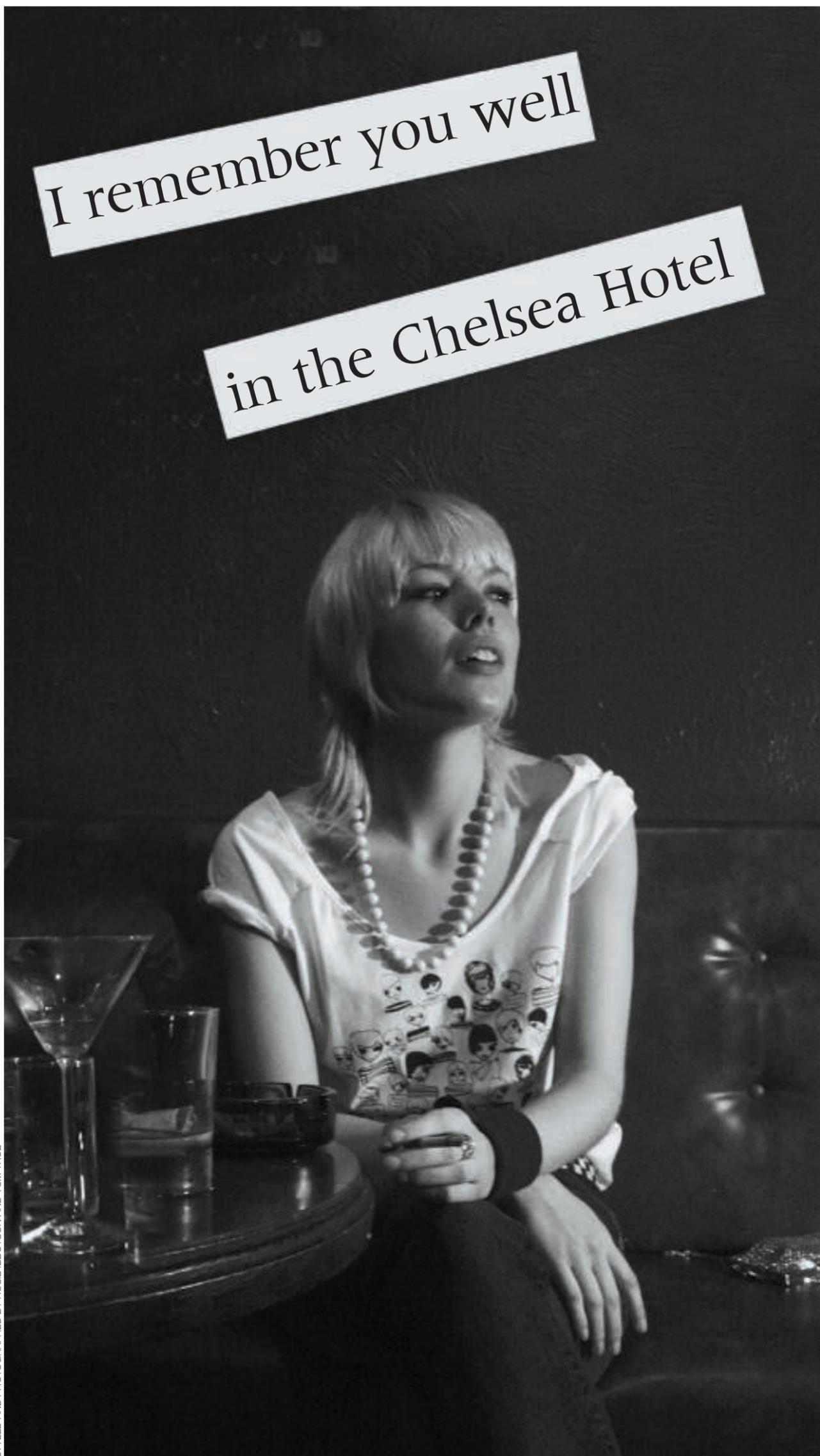
Robots in the Media

ROBOTS vs MANKIND
Rossum's Universal Robots, R.U.R (1921): playwright Karl Capek first created robots. They worked in place of people and eventually gained emotions so that they rebelled against their human leaders, leading to the eventual destruction of mankind.
The Matrix Trilogy (from 1999): 'machines' have taken over the world and just a few human survivors remain to protect their city, Zion.

ROBOTS WORKING FOR MANKIND
Asimov's *I, Robot* and other books (from 1930s): according to Asimov's three laws of robotics, it is impossible for a robot to commit an action which would cause a human being harm, either intentionally or unintentionally. The books explore the limits of the three laws, and include a host of human characters including a robot psychologist.
Star Wars (1977): depicted robots C3PO and R2D2 as walking, talking androids fighting for good rather than evil.
The Stepford Wives (1975 and 2004): the men of Stepford transform their wives into humanoid robots to be used for their own purposes.

ROBOTS: THE NEW MANKIND?
Robots (2005): this animated movie follows the life of one robot, Rodney Copperbottom, as he becomes an inventor and fights an evil corporation. Robots are presented as completely humanised, having emotions, hopes and aspirations.

Zoe Smeaton



STYLED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROSIE IBBOTSON AND TOM TRUE

Alice wears a Handbag (Faith - £15), Wristband (Sportsworld - £1), Necklace (Cancer Research UK - 60p), Vest (Topshop - £14), Jeans (Topshop - £40), Belt (River Island Mens - £7) and Ring & Bracelet (Model's Own)

Mirror, Mirror



07. Utterly Waisted

In high school history classes, the causes and effects of war are drummed into students' minds. Plenty of textbooks explain why a country went into economic decline or how a monarchy was overthrown. It's time to realise that while words can hold our attention, it's the images that draw one to a page. One sees that fashion changes from chapter to chapter

and yet the why and the how go unanswered. Our generation is at the epicentre of a seismic shift when it comes to both world politics and waistlines because the two are intrinsically connected. The definitive silhouette of our times has yet to emerge but designers are experimenting with three shapes in particular, and one can only speculate as to why.



The empire line cinches one just under the chest. The opulence that preceded the French Revolution led to the Napoleonic style, which hides curves under flowing drapery. The shape was brought back into the foreground of fashion by Galliano at his spring '05 Dior Couture show. Making wearers look pregnant, is this shape reflecting our need for old fashion family values, where the woman is celebrated as a childbearer?

Roland Mouret and Alexander McQueen have drawn in the waist to accentuate curves; a reflection of the 1960s, when feminism encouraged its followers to bear all unashamedly. The shape is now being adopted to illustrate the word 'womanly.' A reassertion of the Western power of the vixen, this shape called for models to be padded at the autumn '05 shows. This is no longer a world for flat-chested little girls.

The 1920s flapper rebelled against pre-conceptions of what it meant to be a woman and, as a result, her dresses were as loose as her morals. The collections for this spring were endless parades of loose or abstractly shaped dresses that slouch around the female frame. Perhaps a formal reflection of the Islamic burka, the new shape lets one hide secrets behind it and addresses the movements of a modern woman.

Benj Ohad Seidler

a spot of indulgence



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Chocolate Amaretto Cake

I learnt how to make this while working in a cafe over the summer. It is rich, chocolatey, beautiful and very, very bad for you. As many colleges do not give us ovens this one is great as you can make it in a fridge instead!

Ingredients

1 pack Amaretti Biscuits
2/3 bar Butter
1 regular bars Dark Chocolate
2 pints Double Cream
2 drops Amaretto or Almond Essence
1 teaspoon Golden Syrup

You will need

Cake Tin w/ removable bottom
Saucepan
Mixing Bowl
Whisk
Spatula
Knife
Spoon

Serve With

Cream
Garnish of fruit

Instructions

0 - 5 mins - Melt the butter. Crush biscuits roughly.
5 - 6 mins - Mix together and pour into cake tin. Use hands to spread the mixture evenly and press down firmly to the base.
6 - 14 mins - Melt chocolate. Whip half the cream until thick and fluffy enough to leave a trail on the surface.
14 - 16 mins - Add unwhipped cream, syrup and Amaretto to melted chocolate. Leave on the heat for 2 minutes, stirring.
16 - 18 mins - Fold mixture gently into whipped cream, and leave a marbled pattern.
18 - 20 mins - Pour on top of the biscuit base. Even out the top with spatula and set in fridge overnight.
When firm, remove from tin and use a knife to neaten up the edges of the cake. Decorate with chocolate shavings.

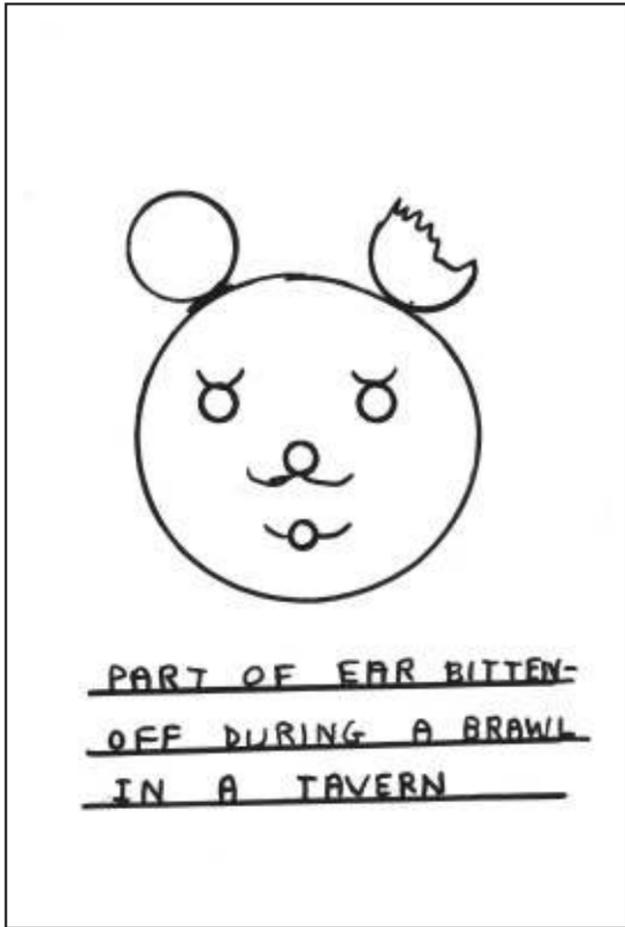
Daisy Black

All the Answers

David Shrigley by Emily Stokes

You may have seen David Shrigley's books of postcards in art gallery bookshops and in the *Guardian* weekend supplement. He scrawls drawings on the back of envelopes and crunched up bits lined paper and then prints them in hardback coffee-table catalogues for Redstone Press under the 'Art/Humour' category. He's a trendy artist.

But his now widespread success hasn't stopped him from feeling like everyone's own personal discovery, and his trendiness doesn't make his work less powerful. His drawings are like a disturbed child's: pictures of small animals doing dirty things, 'MISSING' notices for bizarre bodiless creatures, incompetent self-portraits. His work is piteously naïve and terrifyingly knowing. Some (very serious) critics say that his 'bad' drawings stand in for philosophical theory of the post-modern age and pro-



A new drawing by David Shrigley, created especially for *Varsity*

saic musings on the state of politics. His sentences don't make sense and yet they seem to touch on deep truths.

But Shrigley's work also provokes the sort of uneasy and hysterical laughter that comes with hearing that someone has tragically been eaten by a crocodile. Rather than making us back away from his art, thinking that we don't understand it, we look

at it so hard that we feel like the crazy ones.

David Shrigley was born in 1968, studied at the Glasgow School of Art and now lives and works in Glasgow. His most recent book, 'The Book of Shrigley', contains chapters on 'Rough Beasts', 'Catastrophes and other events', 'The Interpretation of Dreams', 'S-E-

X' and 'Fluff and Weeds'.
What do you look like? ('I've heard you're very tall.' I'm 4'8") I am 6'5" and male. But apart from that I am sure we are very similar.

What was the last work that you made?
 [see drawing done specially for *Varsity*, left]

What is your greatest fear?
 Loss of people I love, terminal illness.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
 A beautiful woman, a glass of wine and some old episodes of *The Muppet Show*.

Your parents were Christian fundamentalists. How do you think this affected you and your work?

They still are. I guess it has had an influence on my work. I deal with a lot of moral issues. I think Christianity has had a positive impact on my life, though I'm not a practicing Christian.

Do you deliberately misspell words in your work?
 No, I'm just a poor speller.

How long does it take you to complete a work?
 Somewhere between 10 minutes and a year.

Do you have a political agenda in your work?
 I guess my work touches on politics sometimes. I'd perhaps like to deal with political themes more since they occupy a lot of my thoughts, though I guess it's difficult because I work very intuitively and try to make 'universal' statements as much as possible; statements which are

not bound to specific contexts.

Are you a moral person?
 Yes.

Who are your favourite artists?
 My favourite contemporary artists at the moment are Andreas Slominski, Maurizio Cattelan and Gabriel Orozco

Who are your heroes?
 Various writers, The Dalai Lama, Brian Clough.

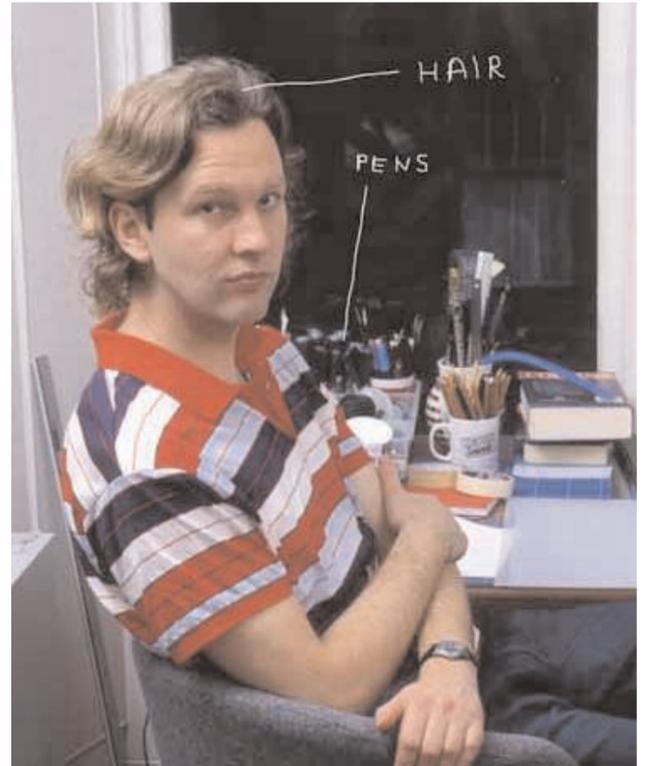
Do you listen to music while you work?
 I tend not to listen to anything when I'm in 'The Zone'. When

I'm not in the zone I have recently been listening to the new Fall LP.

Where do you get the inspiration for your work?
 God knows.

What is your favourite work (of yours)?
 I'm quite proud of the animation I have just finished. It's called 'Who I Am And What I Want'. I think the last thing I've done is usually my favourite.

What are you trying to represent in your work?
 Everything.



Fynely Done

Loch Fyne Fish and Oyster Bar - Restaurant Review by Anthony Marlowe and Joe Schutzer-Weissmann

It is clear that desire and demand walk, like the Walrus and the Carpenter, "close at hand". Auberon Waugh bitterly tells how his father, Evelyn, bought a bunch of bananas, the post-war equivalent of a bunch of lobsters, and ate them all, one after the other, in front of his salivating children. This same Evelyn held quail's eggs as the height of Oxford opulence. These days no one abuses their children with bananas, nor does Mummy have to coax the quails into laying early - both luxury comestibles can be found on the shelves of Sainsbury's. It is the same with smoked salmon: now farmed to the point where every middle class party is catered for, and apathy re-emerges. Oysters are another matter; long gone are the days when Lewis Carroll could write "And thick and fast they came at last/ And more, and more, and more..." Instead oysters are rarer on this little island than African avocados or Australian emu burgers.

Loch Fyne calmly rides out these squalls and storms of food fashion by sourcing their seafood daily from their namesake in the Highlands. The fish is line-caught each day and the salmon, though farmed, is according to Rick Stein "the closest thing to wild salmon I've ever seen." The oysters are grown in the foreshore waters of the loch and the mussels on grit-free ropes. This is all very eco-friendly, sustainable and

sweet. However, more importantly, they respect the food as much as the environment. Good seafood needs little or no adulteration; the current fashion for heavy, complicated sauces and spices reared its ugly head only once and that in the form of a rather unnecessary cold tomato salsa with Anthony's scallops. The crustaceans themselves were huge, moist and tasty, fried very lightly and briefly on each side.

Like a good Maja, oysters are best served undressed, laid on a

“ OYSTERS ARE RARER ON THIS LITTLE ISLAND THAN AFRICAN AVOCADOS OR AUSTRALIAN EMU BURGERS ”

luxuriant bed; and that is how they arrived, on an ice bed freshly redolent of the sea bed from which they were recently reaped. The sashimi salmon was clear and sharp, a much appreciated diversion from the eurocentric menu. Dorade is a rare thing in England since we usually call it seabream. We forgave them this one slip into gastrospeak as soon as the delicious, delicate flavour started swimming around inside. The cheeses were ripe and robust and

the pudding came drowned in sugar and cream, which is how it should be.

It is always depressing to hear customers asking each other "red or white?" as if there is so little range within the two colours that they are exclusive to certain food types. We made the seemingly sensible choice of an oldish Crozes Hermitage to go with our fish, expecting something thin and pale with long legs. The damage done by its irascible sedimentary claws was soon soothed by the paws of a liquid marmalade cat of a Loupiac which left us smiling beamishly for the rest of the afternoon. It is called Clos de Jean and comes highly recommended.

There is a phrase in French, particularly suited to the food critic: "il raisonne comme un huître" meaning someone who talks nonsense, presumably because oysters have mouths but no heads. After an afternoon at Loch Fyne we were inclined to envy them this arrangement.

In a nutshell

Where: 37 Trumpington Street
 When: 9am-10pm
 Contact: 01223 362 433
 Prices: £6 - £25
 Food Highlights: Oysters and King Scallops

Wine: Chablis and Loupiac

Ratings
 Food 8/10
 Value 7/10
 Atmosphere 7/10

Buyer's Guide : Delis



Around the world in 80 days? Move over Phileas Fogg; I achieved a new record of 2 hours (and on a bike). This might sound like pure hyperbole but in a sense my tour of Cambridge's delicatessens was a form of round the world trip. In four shops I encountered the whole of Europe, North America, the Middle and Far East, Africa, China and India. Thus, if you love food, I recommend a trip to All Saint's Passage or Mill Road ('Cambridge's Islington') to witness the array of herbs, spice and exotic delicacies for yourself.



Cambridge Cheese Company
 4, All Saints Passage
 They say: 'Sell it pure and make it original'.

Perhaps one of the most fantastic smelling shops I know, the Cambridge Cheese Shop sells a huge range of cheese from around Europe. At the moment, they highly recommend their Vacherin de Mont D'Or which is just coming into season and for Wallace and Gromit fans, they also stock Stinking Bishop. In addition, there's a massive choice of olives ('England's largest range'), Bonnat Chocolate (pure cocoa butter and sugar, nothing else), and the owner's personal passion, honey. Finally, if you like spice, pop in for an eye watering selection of hot chilli sauces.

Arjuna Wholefoods
 12 Mill Road
 They say: 'A worker's co-operative & Cambridge's oldest wholefood shop'.

A shop priding itself on being 100% vegetarian, Arjuna Wholefoods has everything non-meat you could imagine and more. There's organic vegetables, pulses, beans, fresh bread, healthy ready meals and a selection of vegetarian wine. In addition, this shop has an incredible selection of herbs and spices including catnip, lemon grass and mace blades. It's also worth noting that a good range of gluten free treats are sold!

Limoncello
 212 Mill Road
 They say: 'Cambridge's premiere Italian delicatessen'.

Packed with cheeses, meats, olives, wine and other goodies, you won't regret a cycle to the far side of town. Prices are moderate for the quality and if there's anything you want but can't get, they'll try and source it for you. Particular specialities include



Italian breads & a large fridge full of tasty-looking cold meats.

Al-Amin Stores
 100A - 102A Mill Road
 They say: 'A melting pot of cuisines'.

Observed from the outside, Al-Amin's supermarket-like front facade belies the veritable Aladdin's Cave of goodies it conceals within. This shop sells an impressive range of food from the Far East (noodles, sauces, rice), the Middle East (especially Halal meat) and South Asian produce. Personally, I was most intrigued by the casava and plantain crisps. The deli's owner was also rather keen on fair-trade and organic products, which include lots of interesting vegetables among other things. Words really don't do this place justice - take a proper look!

Lionel Nierop



Watches: Viagra For The Hand

A timely reminder on timepieces

Tom Kingsley

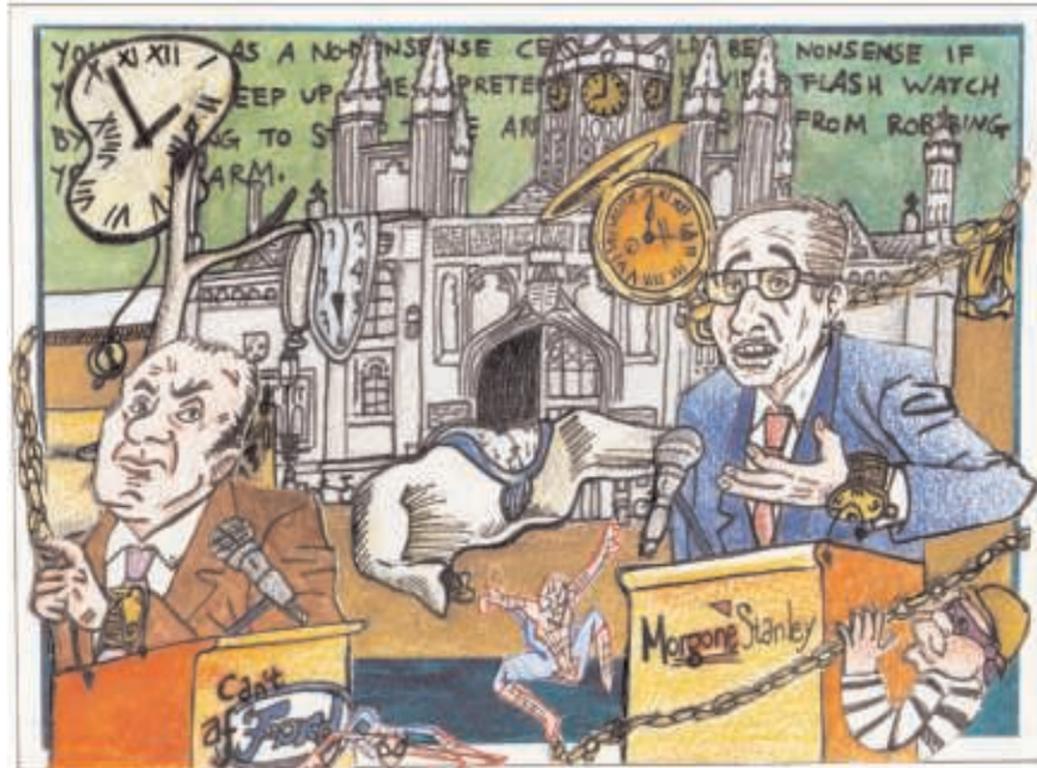
My junk email used to be for Viagra, but now it's for replica watches. This shift in spam subject probably suggests that a cultural change is afoot. Or at hand.

You see, I sometimes read the emails in my spam folder. I have time on my hands. I literally have time on my hands - which is why I take so much interest in the junk emails about dodgy watches.

"With these chronometers style you will impress with your sharp look on top of things", they say, adding saucily that "it are real impression for your lover", before concluding that "our timepiece's literally have CEO written all over them".

I don't think they mean literally literally, because that would make it hard to tell the time. And I'd also question the argument that you'll be happier with a watch that "makes you look like a million dollars".

Attaching a million dollars to your wrist is never a good plan. Attaching an imitation million dollars to your wrist is still not a good plan. And attaching an imitation million dollars to your wrist with an easily detached strap is an even worse plan. If you're trying to impress the man in the street with your watch, you can rest assured that you'll also be impressing the abnormal man in the street. The thief (thieves are abnormal). Sure,



SIMON CALDER

To subtly show your showy watch to other people, you have to do difficult things like hiding all of their watches and all of the surrounding clocks

you could tell the thief that it's cheap forgery, but then that's what you would say, wouldn't you? And you'd lose face. Your image as a non-sense CEO would be nonsense if you didn't keep up the pretence of having a flash watch by trying to stop the armed robber from robbing from your arm.

There are only two

solutions. The first is that you fasten your watch to your hand with a strong lock so that it can't be stolen, or, indeed, ever be removed. Over time, the lock would become superfluous, as the skin would grow round the watch, obscuring its face, and it would gradually become grafted into your flesh. Then

you could only get it off by amputating the arm. The other solution is just to get a budget watch.

Not only is it dangerous to have a flashy watch, it's also pointless. Watches are clever only because they are so small that they are normally covered by your jacket sleeve. So the only person who's going to be looking at your watch is you.

If you want to subtly show your showy watch to other people, then you have to do difficult things like hiding all of their watches and any surrounding clocks so that they have to ask you what the time is and then you obviously can't just tell them what the time is but you actually have to hold out your arm so that they can

read the time for themselves. And that always looks forced. Especially when you're near Big Ben or something.

You shouldn't care what your watch looks like, and you certainly shouldn't care what it says. The important thing with watches is to treat them with a bit of disdain. Being on time for things is so last year. Being late is very now. Oh yes?

Yes. Fashionable people have minimalist watches, and fashionable people are fashionably late. I'm always fashionably late, because my watch is so fashionable. The strap is black, the face is black, the hands are black. It looks so cool that it's actually quite hard to tell what time it is, and so by the time I work out what time it is, I'm late.

Students are quite happy with budget watches, of course. But once they grow up and get a job they become almost as paranoid about watches as they do about business cards. They shouldn't. Advertising works by persuading you to buy things you didn't know you needed.

All you need from a watch is the time. All watches tell the same time fine. You don't need a fake Rolex, and anyway, it's very depressing to be reminded that you're wearing a forgery every time you check the time. Be firm. Spend the money on Viagra.

A POLITICAL CUSU

FORMER PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE



Tom Dye

It's easy to say "they've done it again". Disconnected CUSU, abusing their power and demeaning the intelligence of the very students they should be representing.

But of course this is a polemic, a pointlessly one-dimensional view of how CUSU acts. Wednesday night's Open Meeting and the motion to withdraw the troops from Iraq wasn't about CUSU abusing its power. But it was about certain individuals being so convinced of the correctness of their own opinions that they seek to impress them across the whole student population.

The war in Iraq and Top-up fees are obviously deeply political issues. They are matters that cause debate and disagreement because they have no absolute right answer. On matters such as these, each individual has the right to make up his own mind, to form his own opinion.

This is very different from (for example) the provision of care for those with mental health problems or of the provision of better sports facilities. These are issues that we can all agree on or at least see the rationale for. I'm no thespian, but I utterly support action by CUSU to ensure that those who do enjoy the stage have the utmost opportunity to pursue their passion.

My own political views include opposition to the war in Iraq, but I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to seek to make my personal beliefs the official policy of 18000 students.

Cambridge students are among the most informed and intelligent members of the public and undoubtedly represent a multiplicity of different views. It is not for an organisation that claims to represent all to proclaim a point of view that cannot be shared by everyone.

CUSU must be about issues that all students are demonstrably going to gain from. Quite apart from the fact that George Bush doesn't give a monkey's about CUSU's opposition to the war in Iraq, it's intellectually and morally incorrect for CUSU to be able to take positions on issues such as these. CUSU's official policy and action can only be fair and right if it can reasonably be said to be in the benefit of every one of the students that CUSU represents.

CUSU can't stop people presenting motions to open meetings. The onus must therefore be on each individual not to misuse the organisation for his or her own ends. There is undeniably a certain demographic that attends CUSU meetings, and there is a real and distinct danger that only certain opinions are reflected in CUSU's actions.

I sympathise with those working in CUSU. They are well-intentioned people that have a deep belief that they can achieve real changes that will make the lives of Cambridge students better. Headlines caused by motions such as that put on Wednesday only detract from the good work that CUSU really can do.

The Truth According To Who?

Perhaps its time to sing from a different hymn-sheet

Tristran Elby

Five weeks of Michaelmas term have now elapsed, and, as predictable as the next Tory leader being called David, the wheels of student political and ethical activism are turning. Already the student writers of Cambridge have called for ethical investment policies from their colleges and highlighted the apparent need for increased sexual health provision. But as the burning issues of the day get campaigned on, pontificated and protested about, is there anyone else who detects a whiff of insincerity about the whole thing? Don't many of the common student activist pre-occupations seem to be wearing a bit thin?

Take calls for more sexual health provision. There is the usual story of a mean government under-investing in services that leave the poor, impoverished, iPod owning, students having to wait up to a fortnight for a GUM clinic appointment. The solution is straightforward: the government needs to put its hand in its pocket and provide the first class treatment that Cambridge students deserve. But how ethical is this campaign? When you can't go

into town without encountering one or more beggars along the way, and with the coming winter doubtless set to kill some elderly people for lack of fuel allowance, is it really appropriate for students to be baying for more money to be spent on catering for their reckless sexual habits?

Considerations like these never seem to enter the uncomplicated minds of the activists, as they sail blithely on to the next 'issue'. Colleges investing in British arms manufacturers? Outrageous! How can our institutions support such murderous companies, doubtless bent on profiting from the misery of the third world? Looking cool in their rose-tinted eyewear, the 'politically aware' student never sees the defence industry's tradition of loyal service to the nation, nor the good wrought by British forces able to rely on indigenously produced weapons, such as the defence of the Falklands against fascism, or the stabilisation of Sierra Leone. With African governments struggling to control Islamic extremism, the role that British arms can play in bringing stability also seems to be overlooked.

But then, why bother thinking about the other side to every coin when it is so much easier to buy into the pre-packaged set of opinions that arrived with our freshers' pack. Pick an issue, any issue, and you will find a pleasantly simplistic reaction waiting for you to spout on demand. Going back to the heart-warmingly topical subject of Islamic extremism, we can see the tell-tale intellectual minimalism that such black and white thinking brings. What do we think about the Jihad movement? Well, they're extremists aren't they. All of them. Of course they are, the ethical student thinks to himself, basing his decision wholly on the fact that such individuals are impertinent enough to challenge the status-quo that the students themselves lack the imagination to question. 'Extremists' are naturally driven by crass motives and bigoted intolerance, and this being assumed, all possibility of a sophisticated view of Islamic militancy, or anything else for that matter, disappears.

To find the real root, however, of most of the ethical views of students, you first

have to strip away the pretensions that adorn them. This accomplished, doesn't what's left seem rather like the 'hippy' ideal of the 1960's? The calls for better sexual health services and attacks on the defence industry can effectively be reduced to 'make love not war', while students' traditional hostility towards the security services is not even an ethical view, it's just the hippies' irrational dislike of the establishment masquerading as 'resistance to authoritarianism'.

During the Cold War, hippie escapism might have been a viable option for students, but in 2005 it does not cut the mustard any more than 60's hairstyles do. With the underground-bombing variety of Islamism and the crude racism of the BNP on the rise, there is a need for student politics to break out of this current and very shallow paradigm, with its faux passion and rotary-club charity agenda. Given the murderous intent of the worst of our generation that we saw in July, isn't it time for the best to start acquiring some 'passionate intensity' of their own?





A lot has gone wrong in the Past, I'll be the first to admit that. It seems to me that quite a lot is going wrong in the Present, too. Quid pro quo, the Future's going to be a bit shoddy too. Spaceships sound good, but they'll probably end up just further demean the proletariat, as will the three course meals in pill form.

I used to enjoy the past, but I can't say I really enjoy it much at the moment, and I can't really see myself ever enjoying it again. Which is sad. But then, I've always got the memories. But my memories are so clouded by the past, and episodes of popular sitcoms that I get confused into thinking happened to me.

It's important to have a decent grasp of history. So we know what mistakes have been made before, and exactly how to go about making them again best. You can learn about history from reading books or, more excitingly, from watching telly. On telly, history is all about a man walking through fields and castles looking at you and talking. Book history is more creepy - there are all these words, but you've got no idea where they're coming from.

Better than both telly and book history is re-enactment history. Why not join a re-enactment society and be hired for events in and near castles? Most re-enactments are of battles, but there is an increasing amount of re-enactments of other historical events and pre-historical events. The pre-historical events are rubbish, because it's easier to dress up as a roundhead than a dinosaur. Unfortunately for the spectators, it's a lot more exciting to dress up as a dinosaur. So the sight of grown men rollicking around fields wrapped in green crepe paper and grinning as they roar will only become more frequent.

There's a local re-enactment society in my home-town of Runntlekunt. And you're right, there is of course no such place. Nevertheless.

There's about 12 people in the group, but you'd swear there were more if you watched one of their battle re-enactments. This is simply because they're very fast. On Sunday they meet round a large table to discuss what battles to re-enact. They re-enact the battle on the Tuesday. On the Thursday they re-enact one of their Sunday meetings, but in front of a paying audience.

Their most popular meeting is the 10th March 1988, where Carl and John have a bit of a squabble over whether to re-enact the battle of Hastings or the battle of the Bulge. John wins. Geoff's off in Wales because it's the kids' half term, and a few people say some things they probably wouldn't to his face. The irony is, of course, that Geoff is usually in the re-enactment, playing Brian, because Brian left a couple of years back to set up a Bed and Breakfast in a village close to the South of France. There's some real excitement at the end of the meeting when it turns out Tony forgot to take the minutes. Which begs the question, how can we be sure of the accuracy of the re-enactment we're watching? Such queries are quickly forgotten, though, when the dinosaurs come into the meeting and cause mayhem and madness! It's hilarious, and you really must go!



New anti-terror laws could mean that libraries offering the Koran would be committing a criminal offence

For Pity's Sake, Give War A Chance

Need careers advice? Think: what would Batman do?

We've all got the same problem; and no, it's not gonorrhoea. Just like an STD, however, this problem hovers over one's time at Cambridge, waiting to announce itself with an unexpectedly painful trip to the toilet. Unlike an STD, cranberry juice won't help. Which is a shame. But enough of the painful analogy. I am talking, of course, about the problems of deciding what exactly to do with our lives.

The choices are manifold: Who are we going to marry / divorce / impregnate? Where are we going to do this marrying / divorcing / impregnating? And, especially for the senior citizens amongst us, what are we going to use to fill up the time between marriage / divorce / impregnation?

Of course, we're told, what one does for a living doesn't define us. But we all know that's a lie. A dentist, is a dentist, is a dentist. He isn't a plumber; or if he is, he is a bad one. He should stick to being a dentist. Each year 4,000 finalists wander the streets pondering how best to become the people they dream of being. For most of this group the decision will be framed by the choice between selling out to the City, and enduring the existence of a commuting automaton, or being self-consciously left-field and making a career out of one of a variety of (possibly homeopathic) activities, like teaching. Or saving seals. For us the 'world of opportunity' can be reduced to these two options; we must be good, poor and hemp-clad, or bad, rich and SUV-driving.

And yet it wasn't always like this. There used to be another option; one that offered something different, something with a wider spread of possibility.

War.

Now, I know what you're thinking dear reader, and I beg for your patience. We all know that war, just like drugs, is bad. But that being said, give it a chance. What, for instance, about a teensy-weensy little one? Just for fun.

Because we aren't talking about mod-

ern war. I'm not suggesting that, instead of getting on the Milk Round, we should be firing rounds. Not in the slightest. What I'm lamenting is the long-lost time when a man, or a particularly well-disguised and adventurous woman, could don some shiny metal, jump on a horse and ride off into a sunset of derring-do. Arthur's knights had the same choice that faces us - they could have sat in the counting house counting out their money, or become mysterious monks - but they

“ It is precisely because we lack the opportunity to really be significant - to matter - that we choose to venerate the past ”

also had this third option that we lack; going off to fight.

How about a revolution? A revolution would do. Revolutions, like war, strip away the small scale, the mundane, and let participants live a life of raised significance. It's the absence of this different gear that characterizes our comfortable lives. Not for us the world of change and possibility; we have David Blunkett's resignation and the education white paper to consider. Not for us a St Crispin's day to live in the memory, we have to pay back our debt and save for a deposit on a house.

Think about it. Now that we don't fight wars (real wars, I mean; Iraq doesn't count) we are forced into smaller scale roles. The same thing happened to poetry somewhere in the eighteenth century.

Along came cannons, and uniforms that didn't involve a cape, and suddenly all the romance was gone, and poets were stuck having to write about, you know, love and the natural world. It just doesn't cut the mustard. Admittedly there have been exceptions; before everyone cottoned on to how god-awful it was, the First World War was a half-decent subject. Now we have nothing. No mid-Eighties poet is going to pen an epic called the *Falklandiad* after all. Instead we turn inwards and examine the minutiae of what remains. But I don't want to. I don't want to revel in the beauty of the everyday. Joyce can fuck off with his worship of bodily functions.

Batman, on the other hand - now he had the right idea. Reject the place society grants you; travel to mysterious and geographically inaccessible locations; while there make sure to exaggerate conflicting, emotionally repressed aspects of yourself; and, hey presto, you are a fully functioning vigilante. We accept Batman's extra-legal methods: his jet propelled vehicle cleaving mile-wide holes in the ozone layer, his glorified torch garishly lighting up the sky while we're trying to sleep. And why? Because he is 'more than a man,' and, crucially, more than us. The bastard.

Of course, all this is indulgent tosh that exalts the worst parts of human history. But that is, largely, the point. It is because we lack the opportunity to really be significant - to matter - that we venerate the past. Even in an environment like Cambridge, where you can smell the drive to succeed wafting over you like oil at a petrol station, it is often hard to keep in mind why we jump through the hoops placed before us like particularly faithful lions. What is the hazy goal that we are hoping to one day reach?

We're lucky to be living where and when we do. Cambridge is a blessed place and, for us, life is simple and good. It's just that maybe simple and good isn't always enough.

Olaf Henricson-Bell



Make headlines. Both in the sense of doing something pretty impressive and actually writing some headlines. See page 15.

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Literature - Tatties, Trinity St: 2pm, Friday
Comment - The Eagle, 8.30pm, Monday
Contact section editors (left) to get involved with other sections.

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VARSTY

VARSITY

Another side

There will always be things that are illegal, and an underworld will always develop to market them. Partly because witnessing drug pushing in the city has required our team to spend nights in graveyards and back alleys, but more on account of some of the characters concerned, this investigation into Cambridge's drug culture has proved a sinister one; an example of a less positive way in which the worlds of town and gown can overlap.

Students have always been renowned for their 'drink and drugs' culture. And though it is certainly not fair to lump all students into one stereotype - particularly in a University like our own with its huge variety of attitudes, cultures and beliefs - our investigation into the availability and usage of drugs by students in Cambridge certainly presents surprising results. It is often labeled a 'safe' city, a town where what you see is what you get. But, like anywhere, there is 'another' Cambridge that many people are unaware of. Our drug investigation - not to mention our recent insights into crime and physical attacks in the city - reveals that Cambridge cannot be taken at face value and although it is obviously important not to 'scaremonger', it is equally important that every student is aware of these 'other cultures'. The long term effects of and results of such apparently extreme drug use are probably yet to be seen, but we hope that by delving into these rarely-glimpsed subcultures, we can present an honest and realistic insight into the town, the society and the world we all live in. Perhaps the very fact that Cambridge students are seemingly so unaware of national drug trends as to pay vastly overpriced amounts for their drugs is a sign that the problem is not a serious one amongst students. More likely, it describes the affluence of the average drug taker here.

What seems certain is that these different worlds are unlikely to sink out of existence, however far off the students' radars they remain.



editor

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CUSU: the farce goes on and on

Dear Sir,

Reading the story about Martin Arrowsmith on the front page of your newspaper last week (*Varsity News*, 4th November), we were unsure of whether to laugh or cry. It seems reasonable to say that CUSU is not even capable, to dust off that old cliché, of organising a piss up in a brewery.

For those who are still uncertain of whether or not this distinguished body is more than a list of meaningless titles (for prospective management consultants to show their future City employers that, yes, they indeed did do something more at university than anything productive), the vacuous drivel that spewed out of several CUSU mouths this week is the ultimate proof that it is not.

It reads like a farcical outtake from the best of "Bremner, Bird and Fortune". That the "Education", "Academic Affairs", and "Higher Education" Officers cannot agree on their respective roles far exceeds the bounds of Number 10 charade to reach preposterous levels of

incompetence worthy of "Yes Minister".

For all its talk of streamlining and becoming more accessible to the students of this University, the various positions of CUSU are as impenetrable as any of the quangos currently gracing the halls of Westminster. Drew Livingstone's advice to Martin Arrowsmith that his role was "very important and it is really what the person in office makes it", is a contradiction in terms worthy of the illustrious president of the United States himself.

And, frankly, petulant comments of our beloved President should come as no surprise from someone who, when asked before election what made her different from the other two candidates, could only come out with the laughable and quite honestly irrelevant observation that she was anatomically endowed in ways her fellow candidates were not.

At least our new Entertainments Officer David Clough has no illusions about his role in CUSU, that of bringing Indie back to Cambridge. We only hope that, should he feel it necessary to co-ordinate with him, he can find it in himself to forgive Nikhil Shah, our

"Ents Manager", for not being aware of his agenda in office, yet alone of his election.

Mike Talbot
Ranald Lawrence
Jesus College

The banished and the banishers

Dear Sir,

Regarding Richard Sidey's letter (*Varsity Letters*, 4th November), I never suggested "banishing" the Tories from Cambridge political life - they seem to have done an admirable job of it themselves.

The fact is that the Conservatives continue to do worst of all in cities - Aberdeen, Bath, Birmingham, Blackpool, Bristol, Cambridge, Cardiff, Colchester, Edinburgh, Leeds, Leicester, Manchester, Newcastle, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton, Swindon and others were all once Conservative cities, yet none of them elect a single Tory MP between them.

CUCA remains a pleasant social organisation, but has yet to be taken remotely seriously in a political role, as witnessed

Letters

by the general election, where the Tory vote dropped from 23% to 16.5%

No banishment is required.

Seth Thevoz
Chair, Cambridge Student
Liberal Democrats

Don't knock our master

Dear Sir,

Perhaps Zoe Pilger should have spoken to some students before she decided to attack some college masters - including Emma's Lord Wilson of Dinton - in her news piece last week (*Varsity News*, 4th November).

If she had asked anyone at Emma we would have all told her that Lord Wilson is incredibly popular and makes a very active and wholly positive contribution to the life of the college.

Bobby Friedman
Emmanuel College

Letters may be edited for style or space



Letters of the Week

Mourning the old elite

Dear Sir,

I agree with Ned Beauman (*Varsity Comment*, 4th November) when he asserts the fact that the Apostles "are no longer the subject of any excitement shows how far Cambridge has come", but for diametrically opposed reasons. The increasing extinction of intellectual celebrity within the Cambridge institution is appalling.

Elites are unavoidable and thus a necessity. Our only alternative is a society operating upon ungovernable subjective-social meta-values ("right to opportunity", etc.), where we thereby admit an essential boredom, impatience, and exhaustion with critical dialogue.

Elites still exist in Cambridge, but they are no longer as formally organised, which makes them infinitely more dangerous. The old elitist establishment have been usurped by a new breed - the ADC rep, the Varsity dilettante, the Rugby blue - who are no less impartial than their predecessors. Auditioning your

prize sketch for a Footlights Smoker is nowhere near as permeable as they'd like to pretend, and anybody who has sat through CUSU Council will acknowledge how ineffectual a dissenting opinion is.

Unlike the old elites, a greater majority of the modern protagonists are self-appointed. The opportunity to become involved within an elite has expanded extensively, to the detriment of the greater good. Elites have lost their ability at quality control - what now exists is a malevolent, autogenic quasi-intellectual growth.

The elite is more unjustifiable than it has ever been. The Cambridge system, and to a certain extent modern society, suffers from an acute case of star-strickenness. Great institutions such as the debating and journalism have abandoned their philanthropic roots for vaudevilian novelty and senseless lifestyle enhancement. At least with the old elitist societies, there was a level-headedness and sense of intellectual com-

punction when embarking upon a theoretical inquiry.

Frankly, given the opportunity, Mr Beauman would be a fool to turn down the Apostles (should they exist). Anybody with a rational spirit would realise that there would be nothing to lose in such an invitation, an invitation that could ultimately be terminated at any point should he so wish to do so. We should never let our ideals get ahead of our experiences.

William Barrett
Secretary of The Perne Club

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



"...this would never happen if I'd gone to Durham"

The Last Word

This Week: When the Town dons a Gown

There tends to be an inevitable moment in conversation with any new acquaintance. It goes something like, "...so you actually live in Cambridge? Oh. Didn't you want to go somewhere else?..." Well, no. Evidently, I didn't. I don't need to extol the virtues of the university. Presumably that's why everyone else is here.

Admittedly, there were some initial moments of frustration. I quickly put a stop to my mother's impromptu visits at inconvenient moments. "I was just passing", she would say, "and thought I'd pop in for a quick cup of tea..." Several hours later she'd still be lingering, having fussed about the "disappointing"

state of my room, rearranged my furniture and stocked my fridge with vegetables.

And I dreaded the moments when, hung-over and mid-essay crisis on a Saturday morning, I would nip to Sainsbury's for sustenance, and, lo and behold, there were my grandparents on a leisurely weekend shop, so I would feel obliged to stop to have a painfully slow conversation while my deadline crept ever closer. It's at moments like this that I found myself thinking "this would never have happened if I'd gone to Durham."

It does have its advantages. When friends recount tales of their great three-day expeditions to Edinburgh to move into and out of their rooms, my parents can smugly remark that for

them it is merely a half-an-hour round trip on a Sunday morning. When I forget something crucial, it's only a short cycle-ride away. And towards the end of term, when hunger strikes and the bank balance is dangerously low, a home-cooked feast is only twenty minutes down the road. Everyone's invited, Mum doesn't mind.

Strangely enough, I'm not bored of Cambridge, quite the contrary. The city itself has taken on a whole new identity. I am embarrassed by the number of times. As a resident, I'd never seen the bicycle stampede down Castle Hill at 8.55am; I'd never seen the May Bumps; I didn't go to Gardis.

But when the end of term arrives and the undergrads are

Laura Pearson

replaced by unroadworthy language students with matching bikes and backpacks, I must revert back to a former time.

For the duration of the holidays, "Cindy's" updates its name to "Ballare", Sainsbury's sales temporarily plummet, and it is no longer even vaguely acceptable to wander into town in pyjamas.

So, why didn't I get away? There's plenty of time to do that later. At the moment I wouldn't be anywhere else. It's ironic that the friends I have from school, who are now at Oxford, are often asked why they didn't stay in Cambridge. Apparently, if Oxbridge is the name of the game, the locals cannot win.



PICK OF THE POLYMATHS

The Ego has landed

Do the polymaths of the arts world have their fingers in too many pies? Emma Paterson finds out.



Buffalo '66 (1998): What Gallo did right. Vincent Gallo wrote, directed, starred in, and composed for, this poetic vision of love and self-loathing in a small American town.



THE BROWN BUNNY (2003): What Gallo did wrong. The plotless, formless road movie with that blowjob, and those ridiculing Cannes Film Festival critics.



STRANGLAND (2005): Tracey Emin's newly released autobiography has been met with surprised, but rave, reviews.



THE HOTTEST STATE (1996): For your tortured kicks, pick up Ethan Hawke's debut novel, and follow William, a 90s rendition of Holden Caulfield, in the midst of an ugly relationship with singer-songwriter, Sarah.



THE PROPOSITION (2005): Nick Cave's screenwriting debut is a bushranger western with an impeccable cast, which includes Guy Pearce, Emily Watson and Ray Winstone.

In 1997, Vincent Gallo wrote a controversial article for *Grand Royal Magazine*, the much anticipated publication from New York City born hip-hop sensation, the Beastie Boys. The piece took the form of an interview with himself, and began by asserting, "The best interview of Vincent Gallo was done by Vincent Gallo. The best articles about Vincent Gallo were written by Vincent Gallo, the best acting performance of Vincent Gallo was directed and edited by Vincent Gallo from a screenplay written by Vincent Gallo. So you see, this is painful for me. I'm better off interviewing myself. Imagine getting to interview myself. I'd be so excited, I'd shit my pants." And as we approach the middle of the "interview", perhaps assuming that we had missed his original point, Gallo offers a helpful summary: "God, I do it all. I glow like a ray of light is around me. A kind of Jesus."

Vincent Gallo, then, is a self-confessed polymath extraordinaire. He writes, directs, and composes, graces us with his art and photography, and has made all such treasures devastatingly accessible on his official website - which he runs and updates himself, and has cunningly entitled "The official website for Vincent Gallo by Vincent Gallo". As I gloss over the website's various links, browsing Gallo's filmography and delving into a musical history written as diary entries, I wonder whether this unabashed self-aggrandisement is at least imbued with a conscious sprinkling of irony. But it's hard to tell. The site's homepage brandishes a black and white portrait of Gallo bearded, dishevelled, and somewhat reminiscent of a Dostoevskian tragic hero. The photograph is not credited, but given the maleability of artistic talent that the website is intended to display, one can only assume that Gallo has taken it himself - and without a satirical tongue in his cheek.

This is a man who claims that art is his calling; does not think twice about publicly wishing cancer upon artists whose work he does not respect; and proudly dismissed the comments of a critic who ridiculed his

films by describing him as "a fat pig with the physique of a slave trader". Yet he burst into tears when his most recent cinematic endeavour, *Brown Bunny*, was derided at the 2003 Cannes Film Festival. Is this really a defiant artist with a calling, or a self-absorbed toddler with his finger in too many pies? Gallo has only one celebrated artistic achievement: the independent masterpiece, *Buffalo '66* (1998), which was hailed by critics as one of the best films of the nineties. And seemingly, there the talent stops. What was intended as

“ THE FUTILE ATTEMPT OF A PRETTY FACE TO INTELLECTUALISE HER IMAGE ”

a multifaceted artistic career has proved little more than a narcissistic path to self-promotion. Should Gallo, and so many other polymaths of his generation, simply accept that less really is more?

Recently, former supermodel Helena Christensen was met with uproar among the residents of Sydney, who responded with indignation at the news that she had been contracted to spend two days creating a photographic study of Norton Street, the restaurant and café hub of Sydney's Little Italy. Mayor Alice Murphy told the press, "It wasn't my idea to get a supermodel to take the photographs. We could have got a local photographer, but we wouldn't get the media attention." And had they done so, neither would Christensen. Christensen claims that she began photography before modelling, but it's difficult not to lend a skeptical ear to her justifications, particularly when her exhibitions are peppered with the faces of close celebrity friends such as REM's Michael Stipe, U2's

Bono, and, of course, herself. To the critics she could only hope to defy. Christensen's photographic endeavours seemed nothing but the halfhearted and futile attempt of a pretty face to intellectualise her image. But it can go to plan. This week, *Varsity* reviews *The Proposition* (below), a highlight of this year's London Film Festival, scripted by musician, Nick Cave. Cave also composed the film's score, and as a result, lyrics from the soundtrack occasionally drift into the dialogue. The critics responded well. Nick Cave, they claimed, offered "a superb script, comparable to his unassailable musical output: at turns unforgiving and brutal, at others, romantic and tender," proving that a straddling of multiple art forms could as easily lead to greater depth as it could to dilution. Likewise, Ethan Hawke, inspired by his experiences as a young, aspiring actor in New York City, decided to put pen to paper in 1996 in the form of his debut novel, *The Hottest State*, which critics deemed "An oddly affecting and emotionally raw account of a world inescapably contracted". However, following in the publicity footsteps of Helena Christensen - albeit this time with a story of critical success - Hawke claims that he "never wanted to be a movie star", hoping that his role in the modernized version of *Hamlet* (2000) displayed sufficient intellectual climbing to convince us that he's telling the truth.

For the artistic polymath, it's a tough balancing act to tread carefully, but it can be done. William Blake (right) did it, as did Andy Warhol, Bob Dylan and Madonna. After all, with the celebrity will always come the ego, and with the ego, the desire for ubiquity. Ethan Hawke told one journalist he was considering a screen adaptation of his novel. "I wonder if anyone has ever done that?" he pondered, with a welcome self-awareness. "Adapted their own novel, starred in it and directed it? Sounds like too much, doesn't it? A little too much like looking in the mirror". Perhaps Vincent Gallo should take a leaf out of Hawke's (bestselling) book.

www.vincentgallo.com



Spotlight on William Blake



When polymathy is discussed in relation to William Blake, most people will comment that he was a poet, and also a painter (mainly an engraver) and that these skills were complementary. This is all true, and his contribution to poetry and visual art alone would be enough to establish him as one of the foremost artistic polymaths that the world has seen. But recognising only these talents sells Blake short. He was a satirist, visionary, Biblical scholar, moral philosopher, critic of empiricist thought, champion of the underprivileged in society, and enjoyed reading Milton in his garden in the nude. To encompass all of the various strands of his thought (although possibly not the naked Milton), he managed to construct an entirely new cosmology, separate from and critical of the schools of rationalism and empiricism that he despised. Along with creating, amongst others, the figures of Urizen, Los and Ololon (and providing the basis for an entire industry of commentary on them) he gave Satan a new spin and tried to marry Heaven and Hell. The full title of the most famous of his works perhaps allows a greater insight into Blake's ambition and his accomplishment. The Songs of Innocence and of Experience aimed to show the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul. And, like all great artistic polymaths, his genius was almost totally ignored in his lifetime.

Oily Batham



Revealing his polymathic talents to the world once again, Ethan Hawke joins writer-director Richard Linklater, and co-star Julie Delpy, in the composition of the screenplay for the long awaited sequel to *Before Sunrise*. The first film was an idealistic vision in which two young strangers meet on a train, fall in love in a day, then depart from one another with the promise that they'll meet again six months later. In *Before Sunset*, the lovers, played flawlessly by Hawke and Delpy, are reunited ten years later in Paris, and spend two hours together before Hawke has to catch his flight to New York. The product is a wistful, melancholic revisiting of a love that never was, with a fading idealism and a mourning for the passage of time. According to writers Linklater, Hawke and Delpy, much of the film's dialogue was improvised, allowing the interaction between the protagonists a natural and organic quality. It was clearly an effective method; *Before Sunset* was nominated for the Best Adapted Screenplay award at this year's Oscars, and received nine other screenwriting nominations at film festivals across the world.

Emma Paterson

A Modest Proposal

Carly Farthing is left unconvinced by Nick Cave's screenwriting debut *The Proposition*

From its creative credentials, John Hillcoat's period "Australian western" should be a great film. A script and soundtrack from legendarily twisted musician Nick Cave; the stunning backdrop of the Antipodean wilderness; central performances from two of the finest actors working outside of Hollywood these days, Guy Pearce and Danny Huston, and a supporting cast including Emily Watson and Ray Winstone. So why is *The Proposition* ultimately so deeply disappointing? The main problem lies with Cave's screenplay. The story - police captain Winstone threatens to execute outlaw Pearce's younger brother unless he himself hunts down the psychopathic elder one - has great potential to be an epic tale of familial loyalty against a bleak backdrop of violence and loneliness in the Outback, but Cave is a musician, not a writer. From the haunting lyrical quality of his songs, he may have seemed the ideal candidate, but his script is leaden, uninspired, and occasionally downright clichéd (witness Winstone gazing out to the heat-blurred horizon and intoning "Australia...what fresh hell is this"). It ambitiously aims to simultaneously follow Pearce's dreamlike journey through the hostile landscape whilst charting the inner anguish of Winstone's damaged captain as he attempts to suppress Aboriginal renegades and withstand pressure from both his naïve wife (Watson) and local landowner David Wenham, yet this dual perspective only serves to muddle and confuse the film further, preventing it from having any sense of cohesion. The fascinating issue of the racial tensions in 1880s Australia - epitomised when an Aboriginal collaborator kills an indigenous rebel - also remains frustratingly vague and relegated to the background. For a film with such a mythically brutal and beautiful backdrop that couldn't fail to provide its own emotional power if filmed starkly, it's remarkably fussy. When the camera is content to

simply linger on the majestic desolation of the outback, Hillcoat can't resist the same hackneyed sunset again and again. The acting is a decidedly mixed bag. Both Pearce and Huston are mesmerising actors, whose rugged, impassive faces (pretty-boy Pearce in particular) has been roughly up a treat by the make-up department) demand your full attention. Pearce does 'silently damaged' like no-one else, and Huston, who was stunning in Bernard Rose's LA nightmare *ivansxtc*, is as commanding as ever, yet both are ultimately sabotaged by their own "Irish" accents. As anyone who's seen *Far and Away* or Barry Lyndon can attest, an affected Hollywood-Irish brogue is nearly always guaranteed to jar - even in the mouth of a talented mimic like Pearce who has successfully disguised his native Aussie in nearly all of his mainstream efforts - and here is no exception. The film is at its strongest when it follows the brothers' tense Outback reunion, but unfortunately the larger proportion of screen time is incongruously given to follow Winstone and Watson's domestic crisis. This is a real shame, because both turn in contrived performances that are tediously obvious and laboured in comparison to the near-silent magnetism displayed by the leads. Somewhat surprisingly for actors who have done good work previously, they're often just plain bad. John Hurt's grizzled bounty hunter pops up to egregiously munch the scenery, but is mercifully given little screen time. Ultimately, *The Proposition* fudges its exploration of the outlaw mindset, never really realising the intriguing potential of the extent of the three brothers' depravity. It's a shame, because just occasionally there are flashes of excellence - the powerful cicada-like drone sections of Cave's soundtrack, a close-up of Huston's feral face gazing out of his cave - that hint at how good Hillcoat's film could have been. A sad disappointment.

PRESCRIBED

Marzipan: excellent pre-Christmas fare. Folklore says it was invented in the German town of Lubeck when a long siege left them without any supplies except sugar and almonds. Others believe it was invented centuries earlier in Persia



This column: two weeks ago, we recommend Fizzy Fish. The shelves of Sainsbury's have been empty of them practically ever since. We rule you

BPitch Control: wild German electro/techno label run by the mysterious beauty Ellen Allien. Cut-price label compilations *Camping* and *Camping 2* out now

Milan Obrenović II: Prince of Serbia, 1819-1839. He ruled Serbia for two weeks at the end of his life, but was semi-comatose for all that time, and may never have realised that he was the ruler



CB2: not to be confused with lovely coffee shop/bookshop CB1 on Mill Road, this cafe/restaurant on Norfolk Street sells great food and hosts very intimate gigs

LIGHTS, CAMERA, LONDON

Dispatches from *The Times* BFI 49th London Film Festival

The three hundred and seventy-one screenings on offer at this year's London Film Festival provided plenty of scope for cineastes to sample the most current and controversial in film from across the globe. However, for many, the events rather than the films gave the festival its real strength; taking the form of question and answer sessions, workshops and polemical discussion groups. It was refreshing to see so many industry figures and cinema-goers alike being brought together in a common discourse on the art and politics of filmmaking.

Most events, conversation always seemed to turn to the fate of the British Film Industry, if it can be called an industry at all. As director François Ozon pointed out in his question and answer session, the UK's dependence on its studio driven counterparts in America inevitably stifles the kind of creativity and experimentation which filmmakers should seek to work towards.

Without finding more sustainable sources of funding to support the British Industry, audiences will continue to owe a considerable debt to Hollywood for their much needed doses of escapism.

Hannah Briggs

In conversation with Guy Pearce

Tuesday 28th October saw the National Film Theatre play host to one of one of the most versatile and engaging leading men to



Guy Pearce at the premiere of *The Proposition*

have emerged from Australia, Guy Pearce, as part of *The Times* 'Screen Talk' series of events in association with the 2005 London Film Festival.

In town to promote his new film, the Nick Cave scripted "bush western" *The Proposition*, (see arts spread for our review), Pearce spoke candidly and enthusiastically about his humble beginnings as Mike Young in *Neighbours*, likening it to his 'dramatic education' in the absence of formal training.

He also talked of his pleasure at discovering that many cinema-goers had had their views altered by his portrayal of a transsexual in *Priscilla: Queen of the Desert*, and of his desire to eventually produce films of his own.

Carly Farthing

Festival Picks

BEST FOREIGN FILM:

For the Living the Dead directed by Kari Paljakka

BEST SHORT:

Jane Lloyd directed by Happy

BEST FEATURE:

Goodnight and Goodluck directed by George Clooney

BEST ANIMATION:

I turn my Face to the Forest Floor directed by Thomas Hicks

BEST EXPERIMENTAL:

Lord of the Flies directed by Vladimir Tyulkin

Ed King explores the Ozon zone

François Ozon's return to this year's BFI London Film Festival with *Le temps qui reste* is a reminder, should we need one, that this hugely prolific Parisian director is one to watch.

Averaging one film per year since his feature length debut *Sitcom* in '98, Ozon is hard to pin down as a filmmaker. His films, which leap from genre to genre, are perhaps consistent only in their challenge to cinematic norms and the confrontation of perceived taboos.

Billed as the second in Ozon's planned trilogy on the subject of mourning, *Le temps qui reste* recounts the protagonist Romain's (Melvil Poupaud from Rohmer's *Conte d'été*) struggle to come to terms with his imminent death as he is diagnosed with untreatable terminal cancer. This serious engagement with melodrama with its sober, pared down narrative may come as a surprise to those of us who are familiar with the more playful tone of Ozon's earlier films.

After his apprenticeship at the prestigious FEMIS film school, under the guidance of Eric Rohmer, Ozon proceeded to make a huge number of experimental short films throughout the nineties. However, it was not until the release of *Sitcom* that Ozon entered the spotlight. This ferocious satire on the French middle classes was sure to get him noticed. Charting the moral decline of an average suburban household, the film seems to delight in its depiction of all manner of sexual perversions, including sado-masochism, incest and bestiality.

However, it was *8 Femmes*, the musical-melodrama-cum-whodunnit, with its all-star

cast (Béart, Deneuve etc) that established Ozon on the international scene. A musical romp adapted from the stage, *8 Femmes*'s colourful abundance of cinematic in-jokes, intertexts and homage to 1950's Hollywood is a far cry from the thoughtful, sinister storylines characteristic of *Swimming Pool* and *5x2*.

Yet you can't help but feel that it is the darker thematics of Ozon's more recent work that brings out his real originality. With a fast-growing reputation as one of France's most important and challenging film makers working today, François Ozon is a name that is certain to be around for a while.



Still from François Ozon's recent film *Time To Leave*

Dizzee Rascal at the Junction

Sam Blatherwick is exhausted but excited

Arrive at the Junction to the sight of five police officers pinning a guy to the ground, before being offered tickets to the gig by three kids who had 'forgotten their ID'. Why this date was barely advertised is one question; another is – where are all the students suddenly? It may stink of snobbery to notice this, but it's not the same crowd who were in Clare Cellar's to see Klashnekoff a few weeks ago; noted by a conversation at the bar where upon being

informed that he played in Cambridge only a few weeks ago, a local looked absolutely shattered.

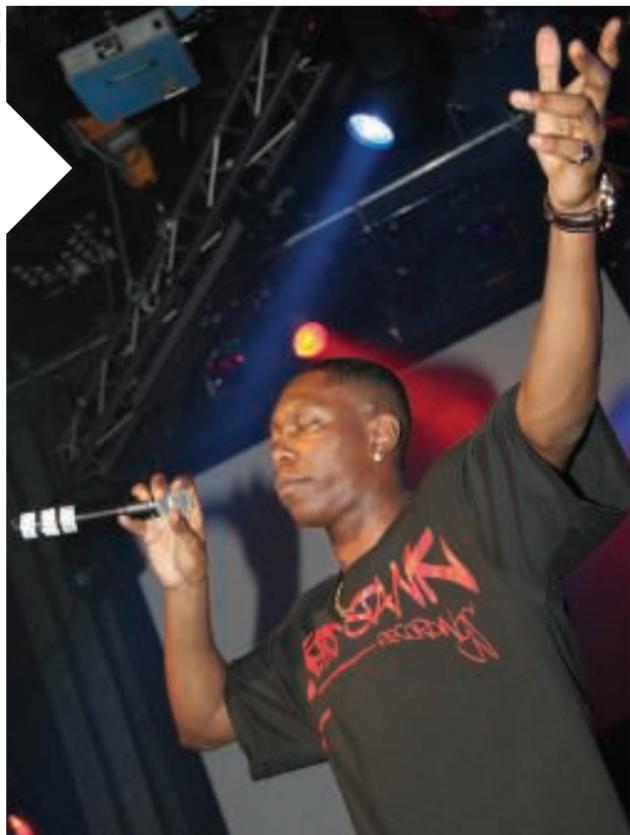
The club is packed. DJ Semtex from 1Xtra is spinning hip-hop and r'n'b and letting us know what's coming up. Meanwhile I'm worrying about the state of my lungs and wondering why he only played the intro to 'What's Your Fantasy'. Eventually at half past midnight Dizzee struts on stage in a cap and the coolest shades this side of 1989; announcing

about how this night's all about his label, before introducing and performing with Newham Generals.

D Double E is undoubtedly good, but whether the material they have is strong enough to support him is debatable. Whether his strongest work will be alongside other, better known artists remains to be seen. Klass A, the other support act, are from Leicester, although I miss that announcement as I'm getting some fresh air. In an interview earlier this year Dizzee described Leicester, amusingly, as "the countryside", although whether this was a metaphor for their proximity to any scene was not specified. Nonetheless, they held up, but it did come across as a stop gap for the main event.

Dizzee finally hits the stage at quarter to two. Considering the live shows of his peers, it's a surprise to see him by himself, with only DJ Semtex providing the beats; but on an empty stage he dominates. Crushing into 'I Luv U' and from then until his magnificent closing 'Stand Up Tall' we're eating straight out of his palm. On stage he mesmerises, dropping his vocals stadium rockesque at choruses to find his people singing along word-for-word. Yeah he rips through his singles in less than forty minutes, yeah it's too late for me to dance with enthusiasm – but yeah it's incredible. Remixing live on stage, changing beats mid-song and never losing his flow; there's more to Dizzee than anyone in your mainstream.

www.junction.co.uk



Dizzee Rascal performs a set with DJ Semtex

Martha Wainwright Live

Charlotte Newman is mesmerised

'Tis a truth (subjectively) acknowledged that a voice such as Martha Wainwright's must be exhibited to best advantage in live performance. It is unfortunate that her recorded work cannot capture her phenomenal voice and charismatic stage presence, but it means that to witness her live is nothing short of a revelatory experience.

Her songs can appear cosseted on the album, slightly huddled and restricted in their production, but in performance they are given a dramatic lease of life. She has a voice that can turn itself to any kind of music to great effect, and live performance showcases her vocal versatility and emotional expressiveness.

Martha Wainwright is also a mesmerising character. Her onstage mannerisms are just intensely interesting, not to mention her venerable sense of style. Perpetually stamping a stiletto-clad foot like a petulant pony, she poured forth a torrent of music that I shall call 'sexualised folk'; strumming her guitars with rhythmic emphasis in accompaniment to resounding vocal acrobatics, or plucking the strings softly, dimming her voice to a wavering whisper. She punctuated her songs with witty repartee, exchanging banter with her band, or chatting to the audience with disarming candour; at one time remarking quite casually: "My nipples keep coming out of this bra", while fumbling around inside her shirt to remedy the situation.

The set comprised a combination of crowd-pleasing renditions of album tracks,

including the much-talked-about 'Bloody Mother Fucking Asshole', a couple of covers such as Leonard Cohen's 'Tower of Song' and some new material and B-sides. Wainwright's vocal skills and musicianship are perhaps most striking with an acoustic setting; alone on stage with a guitar she was able to create a warm, intimate atmosphere that provided the perfect background for her more gentle, emotionally wrought songs. But she also plays well with her close-knit backing band, reinforcing some of the more sparsely orchestrated album tracks with percussion, transforming them into rousing live numbers.

In between songs she gamefully requested beer to be brought to her on stage, as well as six tequila shots with salt and lemon to share with her band members, "for energy". Knocking back a tequila shot, Wainwright closed her main set with a spectacular rendition of a smoky French song in the manner of a French chanteuse; accompanied perfectly by the piano, her gestures and intonation were evocative of Edith Piaf, but with a more raw, rocky edge to her voice.

Energised by the tequila, she returned for three encores, culminating in a tense, beautiful, unreleased song, in which she stood alone on the stage, accompanied only by her nimble pluckings at the guitar. She finished with a luscious version of the album track 'Don't Forget', her band adding their support to provide a rich, resonant end to the gig.

DVD Swimming Pool

★★★★☆

In search of inspiration, successful crimewriter Sarah Morton sets out for her publisher's gorgeous villa in Provence. Her peace is soon shattered, though, when the publisher's attractive teenage daughter, Julie, arrives. The tension between the two women is tangible from their first encounter and as the drama unfolds, the idyllic setting becomes the background for an intriguing plot of sex and violence.

François Ozon's last big hit was *8 femmes* and he focuses on female relationships again here. Charlotte Rampling and Ludivine Sagnier both give good performances in the leading roles, and the undercurrent of sexual rivalry is suggestively brought out. But the scenario is a cliché (stuffy Brit meets liberated Mediterranean) and at times the characters become exaggerated to the point of improbability.

Such improbability makes *Swimming Pool* difficult to accept as psychological realism. However, this may not be the aim. Ozon is a director's director, self-consciously mixing genres and alluding to Hitchcock and Chabrol. Furthermore, the cinematography alone is an incentive to see the film.

Almost. The film moves slowly to build up suspense but ultimately the plot is unsatisfactory, and the disappointing ending leaves you wondering where it was going. *Swimming Pool* is innovative and certainly diverting, but does not quite live up to the expectations it suggested at the beginning.

Camilla Bounds

IS THIS THE END OF CIVILISATION?

Jonathan Yarker examines the impact and endurance of a piece of TV history

TV is hardly a haven of informed, educational arts programmes. In fact, it seems increasingly unlikely it's even home to intelligent life. Yet, when it burst onto British TV fifty years ago, it had a distinctly intellectual champion. Kenneth Clark, as founder and chairman of the Independent Television Authority from 1954-57 was responsible for the decision to end the BBC monopoly on broadcasting. Clark was hardly what you would expect in a crusader for commercial entertainment: a patrician academic in his sixties. But Clark was a visionary who realised the mass appeal of the medium long before any politician or advertiser took it seriously.

If you think about it, television should be the ultimate vehicle not just for entertainment, but for education. It seems today that academia and television just don't go together. It's a clash of cultures, like playing bingo in Covent Garden. However, Clark saw no such divide between entertainment and education; his ideas for television relied on popular appeal "people who settle down to an evening's viewing should be entertained," he wrote. But he believed that they should not just be entertained, they should also be informed, "I believe television is the ideal medium with which to arouse people's interest in art."

In 1969, Clark made a thirteen-part history of Western creative achievement called

“ACADEMIA AND TELEVISION JUST DON'T GO TOGETHER. IT'S A CLASH OF CULTURES, LIKE PLAYING BINGO IN COVENT GARDEN.”

Civilisation. He believed television could achieve a more sophisticated state than merely popular instruction. *Civilisation* represented a new philosophy of presentation "I cannot distinguish between thought and feeling, and I am convinced that the combination of words, music, colour and movement can extend human experience in a way that words alone cannot do."

So is *Civilisation* merely a prototype, an interesting relic of early television or has it endured? The concept is mad; an immaculately dressed, upper-class English gentleman lecturing to the populace on the importance of high culture and art. Clark embodies a

liberal humanist approach to culture. As he sits at Jefferson's desk or reads Voltaire's own books, he represents a connoisseurship and hero worship that has been completely discredited.

Indeed, *Civilisation* has been an object of scorn since the 1970s. New approaches to art history that relied upon social context and economic factors disliked Clark's unashamedly elitist view of high art. It became a totem for all that was wrong with esoteric, gentlemanly art history. To some extent this is fair, *Civilisation* is prescriptive and judgemental. Clark ranks a work by Bernini more highly than a Viking Long Ship with no more justification than that the Italian Baroque was a less barbarous period. Clark's "personal view" ignores Spain completely and the whole series has a tendency to rely on glib generalisations to present a conveniently gentle, chronological narrative.

What makes *Civilisation* interesting is the paradox between Clark's total belief in the importance of high culture and tradition and the fact that his career was devoted to popularising art. Like his hero Ruskin, he was a humanist who thought art and culture were life enhancing and that everyone should have access to them. His whole life was devoted to breaking down the intellectual monopoly on art. As director of the National Gallery, he introduced initiatives to boost entrance figures, he supported

the Arts Council and even his books were directed, not at the scholarly elite, but at the Everyman. It's ironic that books like *The Nude*, and *Landscapes into Art* have endured far better than many of the inaccessible works published by his critics.

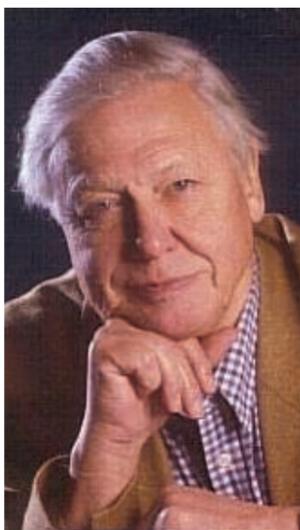
Civilisation has some incredibly powerful moments. At the end of the penultimate episode, Clark stands next to Rodin's sculpture of Balzac and implores us "to defy all those forces that threaten to impair our humanity: lies, tanks, tear-gas, ideologies, opinion polls, mechanisation, planners, computers- the whole lot." This in the context of the student riots in Paris is in no way reactionary; it's a call for us to man the barricades.

Civilisation is dated. But what dates it is not Clark's three-piece suits, or the lack of special effects, it is the tone of humane decency and the desire to find faith in humanity. It's easy to see *Civilisation* merely as a relic, to laugh at the patronising idea of an aristocrat preaching on television about art, but that would miss the point. He ends with a personal credo, a system of beliefs so decent and universal that only a man at the end of his life, a life scarred by two world wars, could deliver with such poignancy: "We can destroy ourselves by cynicism and disillusion, just as effectively as by bombs." In the light of recent political events, we might do well to stop laughing and start listening.



Kenneth Clark filming *Civilisation* on Iona in 1968

David Attenborough talks to Jonathan Yarker



David Attenborough was controller of BBC 2 when he took the decision to ask Kenneth Clark to present a "survey of the most beautiful and influential works of art created by European artists in the last 1000 years."

What made you decide to commission such an ambitious and unprecedented series and why Clark?

"I thought then, as now, that Clark was the best man for the job. He was scholarly, profound and lucid. I wanted something that would be 'text, spectacle and sound' and I knew he would provide the best text. There were also no documentaries of longer than half an hour on at the

time, this was the opportunity to give BBC 2 a bold new agenda.

What was the strongest aspect of the project?

"Clark without any doubt, but his scripts and delivery wouldn't have been as strong without the breathtaking photography and music."

How important was the introduction of colour television and the team you assembled at BBC 2 to the success of the series?

"The whole project was conceived to showcase the sumptuous effects of high fidelity television. We used 35mm film, the gauge used in the cinema, to make it look really sumptuous. The choice of

team was essential to the whole project. The directors, Michael Gill and Peter Montagnon proved to be inspired and in lesser hands the project might well have failed."

You decided to give the series two slots on Sunday and Friday to increase the budget. Did you ever worry about the appeal of the project?

"No. Once I had seen the rough-cuts of the first few episodes, I realised it was going to be staggering and I convinced myself, and the BBC, that the licence payer deserved to see it twice. It is the only successful solution to a financial problem I made as a managerial mogul."

What was the effect of *Civilisation* on broadcasting, BBC 2 and your own career?

"Such series soon acquired a name in the profession. They were 'Sledgehammers'. It bought lustre to BBC 2 and other similar format documentaries followed: *The Ascent of Man* and Alistair Cooke's *America*, but, nothing on natural history. I had the idea for *Life on Earth* whilst watching the progress of *Civilisation*, so I suppose it changed my life."

Why do you think the series has had such an enduring appeal?

"It is intelligent and engaging. The whole series is beautifully

constructed; it is a work of quality."

Many people criticised the programs for being elitist and esoteric, do you think that these criticisms are valid?

"That depends on what the word elitist means. If it means that it is something coming from someone who knew far more than most people about the subject, then clearly it was- designedly and admirably so. If it means something aimed at a very small elite section of the population and understandable only by them, then it was not so."

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM



Art Around Cambridge

'The Great Church at Haarlem' Berckheyde 1674 Fitzwilliam Museum

The view of the Groote Kerk in Berckheyde's home town of Haarlem is taken from a particularly interesting viewpoint. The arcades of the town hall act as a window onto the activities of the square, looking across the marketplace to the north west facade of the Late Gothic church of St Bravo.

While being a recognisable and realistic depiction of the heart of Haarlem the view-

point is contrived to highlight both the architectural and the symbolic importance of the square. The painting serves to establish the city's authority with the great palace, vast church and the markets of fish and meat. Three sturdy, classical stone columns frame the viewers field of vision and we are made aware of the three metaphorical pillars upon which the Dutch state, recently liberated from Spanish rule, rested: democracy, free trade and Protestantism.

Political independence at the rule of law are represented by the portico itself. Built in 1633 onto the front of the fourteenth century town hall, it supported a balcony from which judicial decisions were announced. The paper notices stuck to the pillars are public announcements; the printed evidence of democracy and open government.

The viewers eye is led up to the ornate, 50ft high steeple of the Groote Kerk, St. Bravo's cathedral, the spiritual heart of the city. This Gothic masterpiece was completed in 1550. It was a favourite subject of Berckheyde, panting it more than 30 times during his career.

Berckheyde has depicted sunlight flooding the open expanse of the market square. He has carefully depicted the interplay of shadow throughout the painting and to particularly striking effect in the foreground. The sun casts sharp clean shadows that emphasise and complement the diagonal and perpendicular lines of the architecture.

Each week we highlight an object of aesthetic interest in Cambridge.

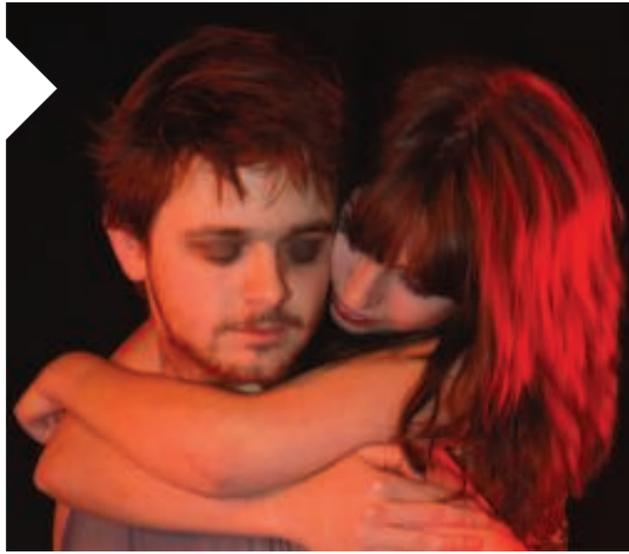
Send suggestions to letters@varsity.co.uk

"A head with hair, long beautiful hair"

As the "age of Aquarius" dawns in Cambridge **Tess Riley** reviews a musical extravaganza

A smoky room, writhing bodies, a hint of nudity and a buzz in the air; and that is just the audience. In a musical that demands its characters sing about war, love, drugs, death and...hair, it is impressive that the heightened atmosphere immediately established is so well sustained throughout the show.

Set in 1960s New York, *Hair* focuses on a group of youths who are totally dissociated from their society. Drugs determine their moods as they violently swerve from being the epitomes of long-haired, flower power, peace-loving stonies, to the desensitised, isolated, junkies, collapsed and strewn across the stage. It is no surprise that when *Hair* first opened it provoked huge controversy. As well as the numerous drug-fuelled scenes, the swearing will still shock many of those living in today's *Big Brother* age – I'm talking TV here, not Orwell – and the nude scene is particularly memorable...need I say more?



James Smoker and Holly Morgan in *Hair*

The combination of Broadway-style musical extravaganza with harsh social and political messages culminates in a very energetic and thought-provoking show. The singing is astounding and on par with any West End musical I have seen. James Smoker gives an extremely strong performance as Claude, while Lydia Wilson and Holly Morgan perform some very

impressive numbers. Fergus Ferrier is a Fresher with a very successful Cambridge acting career ahead of him if he keeps up that level of performance.

But the show is not all psychedelic and 'way out there man' (she says, visualising flares and lots of weed in order to sound like a Rolling Stone type). Here's the best way to explain

why something feels uneasy: there's something exciting about eating all your Smarties at once because you know you are doing something you shouldn't be. Watching other people eat all their Smarties is not fun, in fact I think after Smartie number four it is very un-fun.

It's not that *Hair* is boring in the least. The script does not allow for it, with its constantly fluctuating focus on what it means to be in a gang, on your own, extremely happy, extremely high, extreme. What is true is that half an hour of the script could be cut with no loss of narrative sense. The first half ends brilliantly with, well, more than a bang if you know what I mean (if you are yet to see it there's ambiguity enough to inspire you to go, is there not?) The second half opens with a fairly weak sequence that drags on for too long. Chop out that, along with just a bit of the earlier spaced-out rolling around aimlessly and I think it would be near perfect, naked and Smartie fixes satisfied.

ADC, 7.45pm, Saturday matinee 2.30pm, £6-9, Tuesday 8th until Saturday 12th November

Here's one I made earlier... New student writing reviewed

Gate 13

Andy Heath regains his faith in homegrown drama after watching Mark Ferguson's new play

Attending Corpus Christi Playhouse can sometimes feel like picking up a random book in a waiting room. A showcase for the newer and more obscure side of Cambridge drama, you never know quite what the tone will be or what characters you'll encounter. Unusually, in the case of Cian O'Lunaigh's *Gate 13*, it turned out to be a pleasure from start to finish.

His flight delayed, a man sits at an airport departure gate. He ends up chatting to the series of very different people who share his bench. In the ensuing cycle of vignettes, his physical and emotional journey is gradually written in the spaces around that of those who interrupt his long wait. He learns more than he wants to about these individuals and, in the process, something of himself too.

The structure of the play is neither entirely plausible nor entirely original. Far more important in this 'slice of life' genre is the believability of the dialogue, the poignancy of the characters and, above all, an alchemical ability to transmute the everyday into drama. On all these counts, *Gate 13* succeeds.

Dan Martin's Terry is the spine of this short story collection. His understated performance as the keen-to-be-missing link provides a solid foundation for the rest of the cast. The production, however,

is an ensemble success; the humour of Mark Ferguson's script is leavened by the contributions of a series of acute character actors, rather than comedians. Through the many laughs they create, we come to know (and care) enough about Terry to make the unexpected twist and his closing monologue a genuinely touching ending.

Produced wholly by students, this play is a refreshing and exciting example of how good home-grown drama can be. If you wish to have your faith in both humanity and Cambridge theatre reassured, I strongly recommend it.

Corpus Christi Playroom, 9.30pm, £5/£4, Tuesday 8th until Saturday 12th November



A Fresher approach to theatre

Laura Draper talks to Ed Blain and Isabel Quinzanos directors of *Our Town*

What gave you the courage to apply to direct the Freshers' mainshow?

Isabel: In my case the courage came from curiosity - the will to invent, create and try. There was a little bit of me that said I had nothing to lose.

Ed: I applied almost by accident. I came to Cambridge wanting to act, and almost immediately went down with Freshers' flu. In desperation I applied to direct one of the Freshers' plays. A month later, here I am, completely converted to the joys of direction.

What do you like about *Our Town*?

Ed: It's a play that urges you to make the most of your life, which is a great message for those setting out into the mag-

ical world of Cambridge. The characters realise too late that their sights are set too low, and they try to warn the audience to do better. Before I came up I was told by a succession of old fogeys at dinner parties to 'make the most of your time at Cambridge'. Now we have the chance to pass that message on, but in an infinitely funnier and more exciting way than the one I had to sit through.

What aspect of Thornton Wilder's writing particularly appeals to you?

Isabel: I like the devices he uses to make the audience aware that they are watching a play that is also a parable. His writing, language and his characters are all universal

and really engage the audience, and at the same time the subjects he questions - even if he doesn't propose an answer - concern us all. Why do we die when we die? Who decides? And what could we have done yesterday?

How have you approached the direction of this play?

Ed: This is a play with a small cast playing a very large number of characters, so a lot of work was spent getting people of very different shapes, sizes and sex to portray the same characters convincingly. Each character is portrayed by several actors, which we think conveys the universality of the play. These people are not hackneyed stereotypes; they could be you. I think we've

brought that across by energizing thirteen different people and getting them to work together as a team.

What specific challenges do you think face a Fresher director in Cambridge?

Isabel: I think that the biggest challenge we faced as Fresher directors was to fill the footsteps left by our predecessors. We're sending our cast out onto a stage that has seen some of the best actors of the last 150 years. The Freshers' shows have to come in with a bang and introduce a new generation of talent, and it's up to us, the directors, to make sure that happens.

ADC, 7.45pm, Tuesday 8th until Saturday 12th Nov. prices vary

album reviews Babyshambles Down

in Albion ★★☆☆☆

Kate Bush

Aerial ★★★★★

Kate Bush has got something about her: she's the prodigy from 1978 whose siren call was shrouded in mist when she debuted and since then her personal life has been similarly obscured. It's a cardinal sin to the press, but if no one has been into Bush Towers much since 1993's *The Red Shoes*, then the sound of the eighties has certainly never left, but ripened into something that can stand with her best work on the double album *Aerial*. Let's just recall what's special about Bush: she pays attention to the collision between lyrics and her octave-swooping voice to construct something uniquely personal; from the energetic 'Hounds Of Love' to the melee of Uilleann Irish pipes and orgasmic whispers in 'The Sensual World'. Bush has never exactly been one-note in any sense. So twelve years of maternity leave has brought us strange odes to domesticity and inhabitation of characters' monotone thoughts: Pi

to a hundred decimal places, or the refrain of 'washing machine' on 'Mrs Bartolozzi'. Bush lets herself go on the second disc, a concept album concerned with the ideas of what's above and beyond the home. It's now that her voice gets to its full height. Accompanied by a myriad of female harmonies on 'Nocturn', she gathers into full-blown 80s anthem shouts, before everything falls off an aural precipice into repetitious synth and some classic Bush urgent questioning. The dynamic shifts in tone continue with the scary prospect of Rolf Harris muttering over his canvas (no, really) and then we have sophisticated piano-led musings on sunsets. What is Bush doing to us? What she's always done: capture elements from life and take them for a wander through her vocal chords. And what a wonder.



Chloe Sackur

Lowri Jenkins

If you're a fan of the Libertines, look away now – People will buy this for shambolic glamour, rather than sonic revolution. The band's best singles, the defiant 'Fuck Forever' and the oscillating 'Killamangiro', are the album's best songs; unfortunately they are let down by barely audible guitars and backing vocals weaker than Pete Doherty's resistance to narcotics. Exactly the effect Mick Jones' anti-production intended. Pete Doherty's meandering lyrics and conversational crooning produce a sufficiently ruffian feel; and there are plenty of melodies, but none are developed. With requisite tinny guitars, yelps and lyrics about drugs, this has the accessories of lo-fi punk; yet it's missing the tarnished beauty to justify it. At least it goes really well with those ripped drainpipes you're wearing.

If you're a fan of Babyshambles, look away now – I fucking love the Libertines. They pulled off lo-fi punk, because, on top of the urban poetry and whimsy, in Carl Barat they had an excellent lead guitarist. Unfortunately, Babyshambles have nothing of the sort. Half of the songs here are three years old, lifted from the Libs-inclusive Babyshambles sessions. The messy 'Albion', which previously resonated with delicate romance, has lost something in the translation from sessions to album: Carl. If you've heard how good Pete can be with The Libertines, this album will make you cry inside. It's the sound of a broken talent wanking over a poorly-tuned guitar, with a hat to collect the cash. And that hat is overflowing.

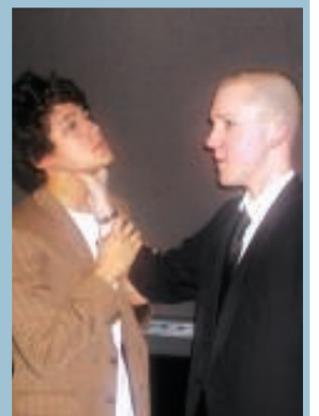
Camera Obscura

Catherine Maddox takes a voyeuristic peek at secrets & surveillance in Ned Beaman's new play

Camera Obscura, winner of the Marlowe/RSC Other prize is a play full of secrets, revealed and concealed. 'You're a public school boy, Harry. You live on secrets' sets the scene for a plot line which was gripping throughout, full of twists and turns, complicated revelations and discoveries.

The script was impressively written, taking a perceptive look at the proliferation of cameras in our modern day city world and its meaning for our personal freedom. This play was as much a journey of discovery for the audience as for the characters; there was a real sense of the history of these school boys behind them, the huge amounts of information they all held over each other which allowed them to become so powerful, so manipulative, and indeed so threatening to their former classmates. It was a glimpse into a frightening world of dishonesty and pretence, a world where you need to be one step ahead of the game, where ambition and competitiveness, success by any means is all that matters.

The cast themselves could have done this impressive script more justice, although the lines were spoken with precision, and the plot was perfectly executed, I felt there were times when the cast failed to come



together to create a sense of real passion and energy. However, particularly effective was the use of a slow, monotonous beat in the background at tense moments, resembling the thudding of a nervous heart, skilfully used to highlight and add to particularly chilling moments. Tom Sharpe's Lucien looked the part of a disillusioned and cynical drug dealer, but the dryness and removal of feeling from the part that he played was a little too perfectly done. Particular mention however must go to Tim Dickinson (Anthony) who held many of the scenes together with his energy-filled performance.

ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, until Saturday 5th November

Venue Guide: The Portland Arms

Where is it? There's this place called Jesus Green, if you cross that you reach a weir. If you cross that you reach some pubs and the ring road. Cross that and there's the Portland Arms.

Why The Portland Arms? If you like your bands up close and personal there's no other option. It's also the setting for some of the best artists the world has ever seen and never heard of. No, really – Cambridge's rather excellent booking companies (like Green Mind, Harvest Time and Bad Timing) put on some great stuff here, spanning all genres of music.

What goes on? You're best checking the rather rudimentary website or keeping an eye out on the flyers in Fopp or Clown's.

Cambridge's lack of fly-posting might keep the place looking tidy, but hardly aids promotional activities. You'll rarely pay more than £4 to get in and music usually starts around half 8ish.

However, live music restrictions mean that off they come by eleven and then you're still quite a way from the centre of town – hardly convenient. Neither is having to leave the room to get a drink, but that's a minor point. If you like your gigs, up close, intense and fairly hard to move about in it's the place to be. Musically it's brilliant, spatially it's cramped. Drinks prices are comparable with most pubs in Cambridge, but I suspect you've got just about used to that by now.

book now:



Paul Merton and his Impro Chums
With Jim Sweeney, Richard Vranich, Lee Simpson and Suki Webster.

Corn Exchange
Saturday 3rd June 2006



HMS Pinafore
The character Sallah (above) in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* sings Pinafore tunes such as "A British Tar" when he is excited or overjoyed.

Cambridge Arts Theatre
28th November to 3rd December

the essential events of the next seven days



theatre

Stewart Lee
Controversial Comedian and co-writer of *Jerry Springer: the Opera* and *Fist of Fun* is back, with a vengeance.

The Junction, 7pm, Friday 11th November, £12/£10



Freshers at the ADC

Showcase of Cambridge theatre's new talent in Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer prize-winning *Our Town* and Ayckbourn's *Confusions*.

ADC, 7.45pm & 11pm, Tuesday 8th until Saturday 12th November, prices vary



The Goat

The seemingly ideal life of a world-famous architect is left in tatters following the revelation that he's having an affair...with a goat.

Corpus Christi Playroom, 9pm, Tuesday 15th until Saturday 19th November, £5.50/£4



film & music

Britten Sinfonia, Tippett Festival

Works by Purcell, Tippett, Beethoven, Britten and new work by John Woolrich

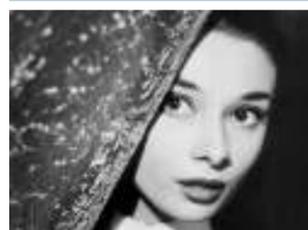
West Road Concert Hall, 8pm, Saturday 29th October, £3



Kisses

Part of the Picturehouse's Masumura Yasuzo season. Creator of the 60's Japanese New Wave, his work is intense, visual and subversive.

Arts Picturehouse, 3pm, Saturday 12th November



Breakfast at Tiffany's

Audrey Hepburn as Holly Golightly singing 'Moon River' breathily on a fire escape makes up for the excruciating 'comedy China-man' scenes.

Christ's College, 10pm, Thursday 17th November

Pick of the Week

Martha & Mathilda

rock the (play) house



This week we have been around the (play) houses, a collage of colleges and the many lives and loves of the theatre world. It was only last week, on the ADC's birthday, that a panel of alumni and current luminaries highlighted that the real merit of Cambridge and its drama is the many venues that thrive alongside the well-trodden boards of the ADC arch. Last year, Cambridge students staged almost 200 shows. This is a lot. And the majority of these were in nooks, crannies, cubby holes and vast palatial suites, owned by colleges and misappropriated by drama societies for their various nefarious uses. Even if out of sight for some, the theatrical wheel is always turning and whether well oiled or not, the shows depict the dedication of teams all over Cambridge.

Through the courts of Caius lies the Bateman Auditorium, a nebulous space, part lecture hall, part theatre (the mantra of many a Cambridge actor/director/technician) and large part air. Through this air, an empty space, of which Peter Brooke would have been proud, emerges *Tape* by Stephen Belber. Composed out of a stool, a telephone and a hold-all, a highway motel room is populated by people who arrive precipitously from the audience, carrying only their emotional baggage. The dynamic between the three characters, Vince (David Midgeley), Jon (Peter 'Pbormm' Boule) and Amy (Natalie Kesterton) is spliced together

from past history and stereo meaning. Director James Hurley creates a filmic piece with a shimmering electric vista projected as the constant background to the moving tableaux that follows. David Midgeley and Peter Boule are particularly convincing, creating a riveting stage couple who are a real treat to watch.

Onwards and westwards in the direction of Queens' Fitzpatrick Hall for an airing of Alan Ayckbourn's *Relatively Speaking*. This proscenium arch has a spacious, generous feel to it, giving plenty of room in which the actors can play. And play they do as *Relatively Speaking* is a tale of mistaken identity in suburbia and inordinate communication between two couples. The comedy walks a razor edge and is consistently well-delivered, particularly by the long-suffering, delightfully ironic Sheila (Giulia Galastro) and the sardonic, savvy Ginny (Camilla Macdonald). Lottie Oppenheim's ingenious set and 1960s costumes provide the perfect framework to this garden party farce which refreshingly tries to be nothing more than it is and is all the more enjoyable for it.

Upwards and eastwards for more comedy of the familial kind in Terry Johnson's *Dead Funny* at the Corpus Playroom. No corpses in attendance, but plenty referenced, and no corpsing but much laughter, from the stands. On a Wednesday in Richard and

Eleanor's sitting room the *Dead Funny* society, a motley crew, get together to mourn the death of a comic satellite. The arrival of Richard's 'anorak' comrades interrupts the couple's therapist-enforced 'alone time' in which they should feel no compunction to climax but the pressure mounts to something much darker and funnier. The play itself is brilliant and Helen Cripps (Eleanor) steals the show with her simultaneously poignant and hilarious sarcasm, her deadpan funny persona and her effortless interaction with her guests. Close on her disgruntled heels are Tom Sharpe (Brian) and Joanna Benecke (Lisa) also providing comedy. Director Tom Kingsley manages to bring out the subtlety of the farce, raising the stakes for the amusing and the moving, which the play and its title demand.

Thus endeth the compass tour de force although, like a tourist, it only scrapes the surface. Our advice to the theatre tourists among you, don your khaki and step off the beaten track.

Relatively Speaking
Queen's Fitzpatrick Hall Theatre, 7.30pm, until Saturday 12th Nov
Tape
Caius Bateman Auditorium, 8pm, £4-5, until Saturday 12th Nov
Dead Funny
Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, £5.50/£4, Saturday 12th Nov

When I was 21 Geoffrey Hawthorn

Professor of International Politics

In what year were you 21 and what were you doing? 1972, in my final year at Oxford

How did you celebrate your 21st birthday? Supper with friends at the digs, for which my landlady's husband, the pastry-cook at Magdalen, baked a cake in the shape of the castle at Windsor, my home town.

What was your favourite outfit? I was immensely fond of a pair of tight trousers (far too tight) from the newly fashionable John Stephen in Carnaby Street.

Who was your best friend? A man who was determined to get a First in English without reading a single line of Shakespeare. He managed both.

What was your most prized possession? The little portable typewriter that I was given as a twenty-first birthday present, to overcome the difficulty I'd been having for some time in persuading anyone to read my writing.

What were you afraid of? People who were more radical than I was. It was like wanting the solace and community of faith, not being able to believe, and wondering why I couldn't.

What did you keep secret from your parents? Selling my bicycle on the quay at St Malo in order to get a boat back to Southampton.

What was the most rebellious thing you did? Encouraged by friends, to appear stark naked (and not a little drunk) in the middle of the night at the door of the college bursar's



Hawthorn at 29, being made a fellow at Churchill

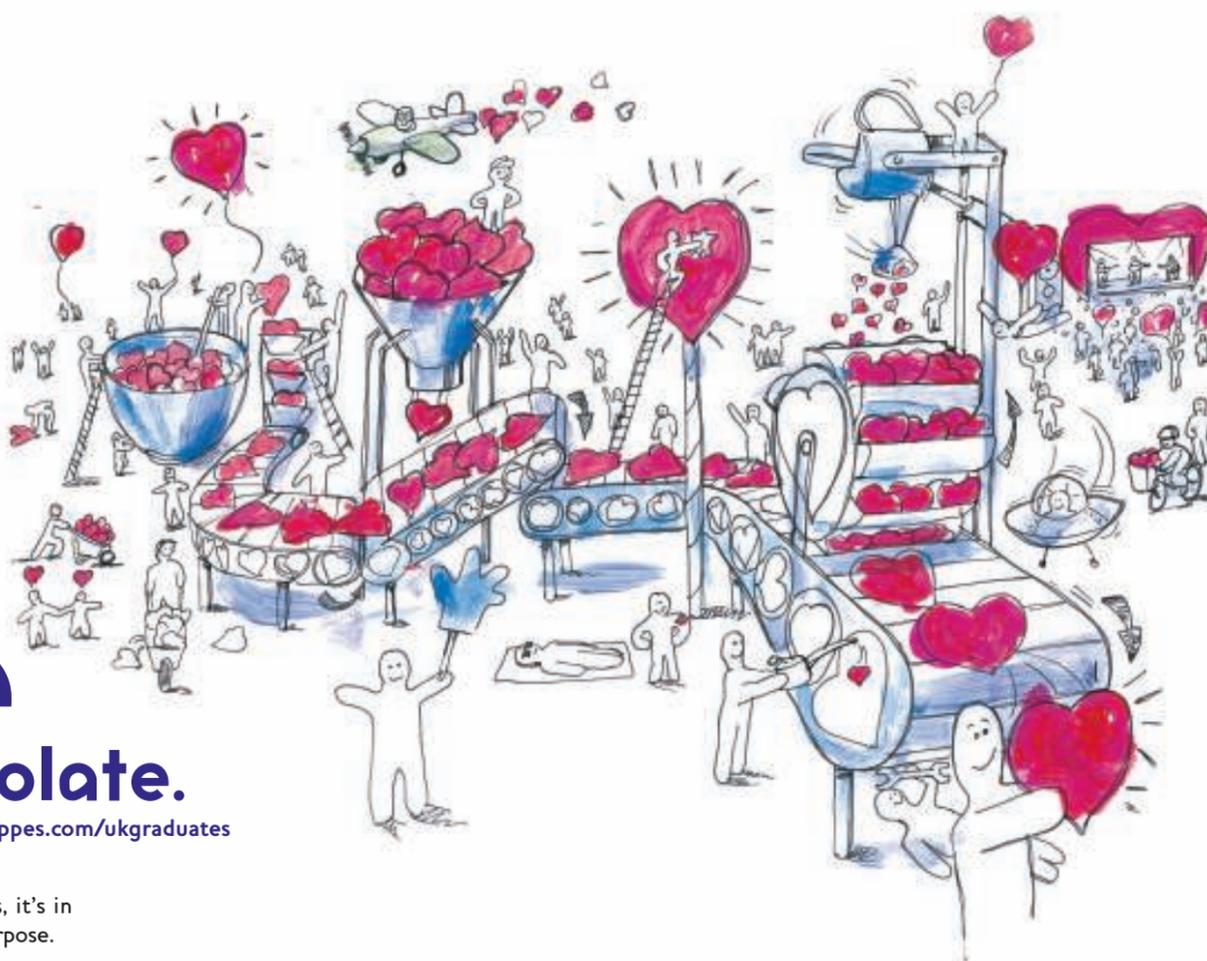
rooms, to complain about the education I was getting. (I remember him wearing a preposterous dressing gown, being humiliatingly decent, and never saying a word afterwards.) Then publishing an article after finals saying the same thing in the Oxford Magazine. Then not returning to take my degree.

What did you believe in? Swedish social democracy, Anthony Crosland's *The Future of Socialism*. And because they were fun, French, and went with Gauloises and black sweaters, surrealism and the lighter sides of existentialism.

What was your most political action? Ceremonially setting fire, with a friend, to the first edition of the Sunday Telegraph early one morning on the Berkshire Downs.

What do you wish you had known then that you know now? How fundamental one's feelings are to how one thinks.

Emily Stokes



creating
more
 than just **chocolate.**

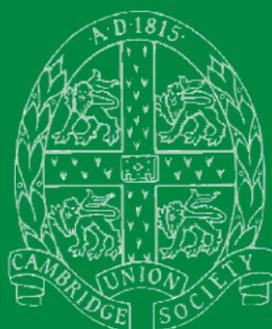
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Although you've already missed out on Ben & Jerry's, Chocolate Tasting, *Big Brother Stars* and Robert Fisk, there's still a lot to come at the Union this term. You can enjoy all of this, and more, every term, for a one-off payment of £99 for **life membership**.

Jazz & Cocktails - Fri 11 Nov 9p.m.

Live jazz accompanying smooth, sophisticated (& cheap) cocktails

Former head of the Secret Service - Mon 14 Nov 7:30p.m.

In his first public speaking engagement Sir Richard Dearlove will talk about his time as a special agent, on Her Majesty's secret service.

Come along and ask the former spy all about it.

This House would detain without trial - Thu 17 Nov 8p.m.

This House believes that the ultimate outcome in Northern Ireland is a united Ireland - Thu 24 Nov 8p.m.

See representatives of all the main political parties come together to offer a definitive resolution of this age old conflict. Featuring: Bairbre de Brún; Mark Durkan; Jeffrey Donaldson; James Allister

The Union building is situated behind the Round Church, off Bridge Street.

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Dave King

'Fifth-week blues' is a peculiarly Cambridge tradition, and it's become a strangely self-fulfilling prophecy. Whatever you call it, this seasonal depression requires something wonderful to lift the spirits. Last week **Yungun's** performance at Clare proved to be just such an event. As the DJ **Mr Thing** churned out slick beats on the vastly improved cellars sound system, you just knew it was going to be a good night. Yungun has some of the cleverest, most poetic and thought provoking lyrics you likely to hear from any UK artist, and his delivery is so effortlessly controlled the crowd is kept transfixed. A number of people told me afterwards they had to stop dancing at points because they were so focussed on the liquid procession of words. Amongst this lyrical inventiveness the promise of irresistible dancing beats was never far away, and the energy of crowd and performer was reflected in an impromptu and much deserved encore. This week I see few events likely to raise the spirits in the same way. **Jools Holland** brings his honky-tonk rhythm and blues orchestra to the Corn Exchange in what should be a delightful evening of uncomplicated entertainment. For those with shallower pockets, the mainstay of student jazz nights, **Jazz at John's**, and will be hosting the eclectic Cevanne Horrocks-Hopayan Quintet. On Saturday at the Junction, Faithless' lead singer **Maxi Jazz** will be DJing records that inspired him as artist. The jaw-droppingly sexy platinum-selling young singer **Lucie Silvas** will be showing off her talents at the Corn Exchange. Electro beats and disco breaks will be the order of the day for **Versus** at the Kamar on Wednesday.

stage

Hair
Iconic rock musical.
ADC, 7.45pm, Saturday matinee 2.30pm, £6-£9, until Saturday 12th November

Camera Obscura
New student writing (winner of The Other Prize 2005) about secrets and surveillance.
ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, until Saturday 12th November

Footlights Smoker
Stand-up and sketches from Cambridge's comedy talent.
ADC, 11pm, Tuesday 15th November, £3-5

Our Town
Thornton Wilder's remarkable play.
ADC, 7.45pm, £5-£8, Tuesday 15th until Saturday 19th November

Confusions
One of Alan Ayckbourn's best loved and wittiest plays.

ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, Wednesday 16th until Saturday 19th November

Dead Funny
Black comedy about comedy and the people who watch it.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, £5.50/£4, until Saturday 12th November

Gate 13
Student writing based in an airport lounge.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 9.30pm, £5/4, until Saturday 12th November

The Cherry Orchard
Chekhov's searching social drama and affectionate family portrait.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, £5.50/4, Tuesday 15th until Saturday 19th November

The Goat
Edward Albee's daring and provocative play.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 9pm, £5/4, Tuesday 15th until Saturday 19th November

Tape
Tense drama.
Caius Bateman Auditorium, 8pm, £5/4, until Saturday 12th November

Impromime
Fully improvised pantomime.
Peterhouse Theatre, 8pm, £6/4, Tuesday 15th until Saturday 19th November

Relatively Speaking
Ayckbourn's heady comedy of confusion and crossed wires.
Queen's Fitzpatrick Hall Theatre, 7.30pm, until Saturday 12th November

Gardi's The Opera
Student written musical about Cambridge's famed kebab shop.
Queen's Fitzpatrick Hall Theatre, 11pm, £3-£7, until Saturday 12th November

The Rivals
Mistaken identity, conniving servants, amorous confusions and laughter.
Cambridge Arts Theatre, various times and prices, Monday 14th until Saturday 19th November

Stewart Lee
Intelligent and sardonic humour from the infamous comedian.
The Junction, 7pm, £12/£10, Friday 11th November

Jimmy Carr
Alumni comedian returns to Cambridge.
The Corn Exchange, 8pm, £17.50, Sunday 13th November

Defying Hitler
Account of a child growing up in Berlin between the wars.
ARU Mumford Theatre, 7.30pm, £9.50/£8, Friday 11th and Saturday 12th November

screen

Arts Picturehouse

Friday 11 November
Broken Flowers (15): 13:50, 18:50
Corpse Bride (PG): 12:15
Ghost in the Shell 2: Innocence (15): 21:00, 23:00
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 13:45, 16:00, 18:15, 20:30
Le Grand Voyage (PG): 16:00
Red Eye (12A): 22:40
The Aristocrats (18): 22:50
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 14:00, 18:30
The Night of Truth (18): 16:10, 20:40

Saturday 12 November:
Babe (U): 12:00
Broken Flowers (15): 12:00, 16:30, 18:50
Corpse Bride (PG): 12:15
Ghost in the Shell 2: Innocence (15): 21:00, 23:00
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 13:45, 16:00, 18:15, 20:30
Kisses (18): 15:00
Le Grand Voyage (PG): 16:00
Red Eye (12A): 22:40
The Aristocrats (18): 22:50
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 14:00, 18:30
The Night of Truth (18): 20:40

Sunday 13 November:
Broken Flowers (15): 18:50
Corpse Bride (PG): 12:15

Ghost in the Shell 2: Innocence (15): 21:00
Giants and Toys (18): 15:00
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 13:45, 16:00, 18:15, 20:30
Le Grand Voyage (PG): 16:40
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 14:00, 18:30
The Last Mitterrand (PG): 12:00
The Night of Truth (18): 16:10, 20:40



Monday 14 November:
Broken Flowers (15): 13:50, 18:50
Corpse Bride (PG): 12:15
Ghost in the Shell 2: Innocence (15): 16:10, 21:00
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 12:30, 14:45, 17:00, 19:00, 21:15
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 14:00, 18:30

14:00, 18:30
The Night of Truth (18): 16:10, 20:40

Tuesday 15 November:
Broken Flowers (15): 17:00
Corpse Bride (PG): 12:15
Ghost in the Shell 2: Innocence (15): 14:00
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 12:30, 14:45, 19:00, 21:15
La Grande Illusion (U): 13:30
Singing In The Rain (Re) (U): 21:15
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 18:30
The Night of Truth (18): 16:10, 20:40

Wednesday 16 November:
About A Boy (12A): 11:00
Broken Flowers (15): 14:20, 18:50
Corpse Bride (PG): 12:15
Ghost in the Shell 2: Innocence (15): 16:40, 21:00
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 14:45, 17:00, 19:00, 21:15
Nelson (U): 13:00
Singing In The Rain (Re) (U): 11:00
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 14:00, 18:30
The Night of Truth (18): 16:10, 20:40

Thursday 17 November:
Ballad Of A Soldier (U): 17:00
Broken Flowers (15): 14:20, 18:50
Corpse Bride (PG): 12:15
Ghost in the Shell 2: Innocence (15): 16:40, 21:00

Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 12:30, 14:45, 19:00, 21:15
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 14:00, 18:30
The Night of Truth (18): 16:10, 20:40

St John's
War of the Worlds: 13th Oct 7pm & 10pm
Downfall: 17th Nov, 7pm & 10pm

Corpus Christi
Galivant: Tue 15th Nov, 8pm, £2

Christ's
House of Flying Daggers: Sun 13th Nov, 8pm & 10.30pm, £2
Breakfast at Tiffany's: 17th Nov, 10pm.



Robinson
Star Wars Episode III: Revenge of the Sith: Sun 13th Nov, 4pm & 9pm
Spartacus: Thur 17th Nov, 9pm

exhibitions

Ways of Living
Contemporary sculpture from four internationally renowned artists. Each exhibit explores the relationship between art and life (below).
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 (right).
Fitzwilliam Museum, free entry, 26th July until 11th December

Coveney: Island Identity in the Fens and Currency in Africa
Two of several small exhibitions in the Andrews exhibition gallery that explore the extensive reserve collections of the museum.
Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, free entry, 19th September until 1st December

The Real Madagascar
An exploration of the flora and fauna of the strange island of Madagascar, from pre-history to the present day.
Museum of Zoology, free entry, 19th July until 24th December

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

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



Dirty Beats
drum'n'bass from DJ Hitch
9:30-12:30 £2
King's Cellars

Jools Holland and his Orchestra
a worthless man who's met a lot of great bands
7:30 £27
The Corn Exchange

Jazz at Johns
The Cevanne Horrocks-Hopayan Quintet
9pm £4
Nusha

Fat Poppadaddy's
a pub jukebox's idea of eclectic comes to Clare
9:30-1 £4
Clare

Plastic
funk, soul, 80's and electro from Spunkyfunk
10-1 £2
King's Cellars

PG Six
folk, supported by Samara Lubelski
8:30 £5
CB2

Hard Shoulder
with Maxi Jazz of Faithless
10-3 £10
The Junction

Lucie Silvas
Radio 2 favourite
7:30 £17.50
The Corn Exchange

Sunday Roast
the weekend stops here, and so does your dignity
9-1 £4
Life

The Damned
ageing punk
7pm £16
The Junction

Acoustic open mic
degrading
9pm free
CB2

The Shivers
with support from the Modal Monks and the Damsons
8pm £3
The Portland Arms

DIY DJ
bring your own CDs, vinyl, iPod or laptop
8-2 free
The Soul Tree

Fat Poppadaddy's
the 'alternative' alternative
8-2 £2
The Fez

Fat Poppadaddy's
pohjanmaan kaitta!
9:30-2 £5
Life

A Hawk and a Hacksaw
part of Harvest Time's free folk season, with Lionshare and Chunk Wilson of Hot Chip
8pm £5
The Portland Arms

Truant
UK hip hop
9-2 £3
The Soul Tree

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

Unique
LBG night
9:30-1 £4

Versus
sleazy electro, with proceeds to the Red Cross
9:30-2:30 £4
The Kamar

Club Goo
indie, with Forward, Russia!
8-2 £5
The Soul Tree

Funk da Bar
drum'n'bass
8-12 £3
Emmanuel bar

Rumboogie
slit your wrists first
9-2 £4
Ballare

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

Urbanite
is killing Cambridge
9-2 £3
The Soul Tree

The Living Room
with Free Will and the Great Distance
8pm £4
CB2

fri sat sun mon tue wed thu

COMEDY

SUNDAY 13 NOVEMBER 8.00 PM
JIMMY CARR

MONDAY 5 DECEMBER 7.30 PM
THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN

WEDNESDAY 7 DECEMBER 7.30 PM
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WEDNESDAY 18 JANUARY

SUNDAY 5 FEBRUARY 7.30 PM
OMID DJALILI

SUNDAY 19 FEBRUARY 7.30 PM
THE MIGHTY BOOSH

FRIDAY 17 MARCH 7.30 PM
PADDY McGUINNESS
 Star of Phoenix Nights and Max & Paddy's Road To Nowhere.

FRIDAY 31 MARCH 7.30 PM
DARA O' BRIAIN
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DYLAN MORAN
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Cambridge University Engineering Society presents its annual

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FitzTheatre announces auditions for Stephen Sondheim's **SWEENEY TODD** to be performed 7-11 March, 2006 first auditions take place in Fitzwilliam College Auditorium on Sunday 13th November, 3.30 'til late. For more info, and to register interest, contact Malcolm Moffat (mm522) or Charlotte Bevan (cevb2).

INVITES APPLICATIONS TO DIRECT
 **IN THE SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS IN WEEK 6 OF THE LENT TERM. FOR INFORMATION ABOUT HOW TO SUBMIT AN APPLICATION, PLEASE E-MAIL lcb37@cam.ac.uk**
 The closing date for all applications is 6pm, Friday 18th November.

THE FLETCHER PLAYERS welcome APPLICATIONS TO DIRECT shows at the Corpus Playroom in the Lent and Easter terms. Application forms available from Corpus Christi Porters' Lodge. Closing date for applications: Wed November 16th at 5pm. Any questions, email Katy, keb49.

A Spine-tingling Pizzotti Requiem
 Sunday night; experience the Queens' College Chapel
 November 13th - 8pm, Tickets £10/£8
 The *fairhaven* Singers of Cambridge

SEEKS NEW PARTNERS

 CLOSE KNIT PRODUCTIONS (LLP), an exciting new theatre company formed in 2005 by Marlowe/RSC Other Prize Winner James Topham and Benjamin Deery, is looking for **new partners** to invest in the company and join its board of directors. Please contact **Benjamin Deery** on company@closeknit.co.uk and ask for a copy of the company charter.



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Citigroup Day on Campus is designed to give you the opportunity to learn more about our 2006 Summer Internships and the daily activities across our business areas, within Citigroup Corporate and Investment Banking.

Detailed below is the timetable of the day. (Please note you can come along for one or all of the sessions. However some will be running simultaneously).

Time	Event:
11.00 – 12.00	Interview and Assessment Centre Workshop
13.00 – 15.00	Technology Case Study OR Capital Markets Case Study
15.30 – 17.30	Investment Banking Case Study OR Trading Game
17.30 – 20.00	Networking events and drink reception

To sign up for the Day on Campus, please e-mail: campus.queries@citigroup.com stating Cambridge Day on Campus in the subject box, clearly indicating which session(s) you would like to attend.

The spaces are allocated on a first-come-first-served basis.

The deadline for sign up is 14th November 2005

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Summer Program – 20 January 2006

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Deadline for applications: **21st November, 5pm**



To apply or for more info, please contact
mays@varsity.co.uk

KETTLE'S YARD

LATE NIGHT VIEW of
WAYS OF LIVING

16 November - Kettle's Yard - 18.30-20.30 - free

Have a drink and enjoy a last chance to see the current exhibition *Ways of Living* before it closes.

Ways of Living includes work by four contemporary artists, some of which has never been shown in the UK before. Curator of the exhibition, Lizzie Fisher will discuss the show during the evening.

Kettle's Yard, Castle Street, Cambridge CB3 0AQ (just over Magdalene Bridge, next to the Folk Museum)
 tel 352124 - mail@kettlesyard.cam.ac.uk - www.kettlesyard.co.uk

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Five-star Fitz looking for Cuppers revenge

Defending league champions forget league woes as holders Jesus stutter through past King's

Adam Bracey

FITZWILLIAM 5
ST. CATHARINE'S 0

Fitzwilliam got their season back on track with a handsome, if flattering, victory over Catz in Cuppers. Beaten by a last-minute penalty at Homerton the previous week-end, Catz were the better team for long spells on a rain-soaked afternoon, but finished on the wrong end of a drubbing.

The two sides were infinitely more watchable when they chose to keep the ball on the ground, and for much of the first period, it was Catz who impressed, producing some coherent football which, on another day would surely have reaped rich reward. Dominating the central areas of the pitch, they forged a number of good openings, the best of which saw lively forward Will Rogers drive a low, angled shot against a post with the goalkeeper beaten. But as so often in college football, the balance of play was upset by a goal out of nothing. Slack defending at a corner-kick allowed Fitz's Rory Gallagher to turn home from close range, and give the home side a lead they scarcely merited. If that was hard on the visitors, Fitz compounded the injustice near half-time when Dave

Kitchen, given too much room inside the penalty area, finished cleverly after good work on the left-hand side.

Catz did not have the look of a side who had accepted their fate and, with renewed purpose, resumed their search for a way back into the game. They continued to create chances, and will wonder how they failed to score on the hour when, with the goalkeeper exposed and two players unmarked, the ball trickled harmlessly wide. Catz also missed an opportunity to get back in the game as Dave Mills' tame penalty was easily saved. Fitz went on to kill the game off in the last 15 minutes through Brendan Threlfall. While others around him were floundering in the lashing rain, he made the game his own, terrorising the hapless back four with dazzling verve and balance. Threlfall added two more goals and laid on the fifth for Fitz's Alex Lott.

Fitz captain John Cheshire agreed that the scoreline was harsh on Catz. "We didn't deserve to win this one 5-0. Credit to Catz, who were the better side, particularly in the first half, but Brendan (Threlfall) really killed the game off, he was a great outlet in the second half." On this evidence Fitz possess one of the tournament's most eye-catching and devastating weapons and Catz will be certainly be glad to see the back of the Blues striker.

JESUS 2
KING'S 0

Meanwhile, King's went to Jesus to play their home fixture after a mix up with pitches, and with an early kick off at 12 noon a number of the players on show were probably still over the limit. But those very (merry) men that form the Jesus defence are unbeatable this season with four clean sheets from four so far. It was no surprise then that King's failed to provide a real threat, but also no surprise that Jesus failed to capitalise on their early possession.

The breakthrough finally came shortly before half time when talented midfielder Ed Bond smashed the ball into the top corner from the edge of the box. The second half produced a tame performance from the Cuppers champions with King's defence holding strong. Only a penalty provided the second goal from which Martyn Frampton converted. Although the 2-0 scoreline failed to reflect Jesus's domination of possession, it became apparent that they had stopped trying after the second goal. With a goalkeeper that is yet to be beaten, it is fair to say that Jesus probably only need to score once.

Elsewhere Churchill won away at Downing 2-1 after extra time with two goals from Haslett.



Fitz (maroon shirts) out-play and out-muscle their St. Catherine's (white shirts) counterparts

MEN'S RUGBY DIVISION 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PD	PTS
ST JOHN'S	5	5	0	0	141	25	116	20
GIRTON	5	3	0	2	74	67	7	14
JESUS	5	2	0	3	52	93	-41	11
DOWNING	4	2	0	2	61	44	17	10
MAGDALENE	4	2	0	2	37	42	-5	10
PEMBROKE	5	0	0	5	37	131	-94	5

Results: Pembroke 0 - 56 St John's
Jesus 7 - 28 Downing
Magdalene 26 - 12 Girton

MEN'S FOOTBALL DIVISION 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	GD	PTS
ST JOHN'S	3	3	0	0	7	3	4	9
JESUS	3	2	1	0	4	0	4	7
CHURCHILL	3	2	0	1	5	3	2	6
CAIUS	3	2	0	1	4	4	0	6
CHRIST'S	3	1	1	1	3	2	1	4
ST CATZ	3	1	0	2	4	4	0	3
HOMERTON	3	1	0	2	3	4	-1	3
DARWIN	2	1	0	2	2	3	-1	3
FITZ	2	0	0	2	2	5	-3	0
TRINITY	3	0	0	3	3	9	-6	0

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Tuesday 15th November 2005

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Who should be funding sport?

An investigation into the lack of University funding for Cambridge sports teams

Sophie Pickford

The University's funding of sport is for many a mysterious business. Seemingly shrouded in a veil of secrecy only lifted for a chosen few, it is perceived as a maze-like web of intricacies, confounding even the most patient of pure mathematicians or astro-physicists. Yet this is not the intent of our head of Physical Education (yes, we do have one), Tony Lemons, whom I met this week at the University Sports Centre (yes, we do have one), Fenners, to unravel the tangled threads of Cambridge's fiscal policy.

In addition to the income of subs and sponsorship money relied on by University sports clubs, an annual contribution is made to most teams by the Sports Syndicate. Their funds are made up of a grant from the University (c.£40k in 2004-05, £50k this year), and a per capita contribution from colleges (£3.27 per head last year, £3.45 this year, totalling c.£56k in 2004-05). Don't be fooled, however, by the apparent recent up-turn in University assistance. Frozen in 1997, the University's contribution only began increasing again in 2002. Significant rises have been seen since, but from 2006 any rise will most likely be in line with projected increases in costs of 2.5% and no more. Allowing for inflation, the University's annual contribution to sport is at present only equivalent to that which it made in 1990.

Distribution of funds is dealt with by the Grants Committee, (effectively a subset of the Syndicate). This has eight members including, amongst others, four representatives from the men's Blues Committee and two from the women's - a constitutional imbalance of the sexes that smacks of some fundamental (yet gradually diminishing) disparity between

men's and women's sport at the University. Individual clubs fill out reams of forms detailing their accounts, and the money is then distributed according to need. But how do you quantify need? The netballers need a netball court, and are currently spending inordinate amounts of money travelling long distances to use facilities elsewhere. A court is the sort of expense that the Sports Syndicate can't hope to meet on its current annual budget, which only provides the most basic level of support. Some other injection of cash is necessary to make the grass-roots changes that are essential to ensure the future of Cambridge sport.

"The primary source of funds is related to the primary provider of facilities - the Colleges"

The fundamental problem is the lack of a significantly powerful centralised body that really cares about sport in Cambridge - the Physical Education department is doing its best, but given its present resources cannot hope to fill this hole. The great sporting tradition built up at this University has grown through the Colleges, who in most cases no longer have the financial provision to meet twenty-first century needs. Yet, as Tony Lemons says, "the primary source of funds is related to the primary provider of facilities - the Colleges." The level of individual student financial contribution to sport "continues to worry" him, though he "wouldn't want clubs to be totally reliant on centralised funding" as this



An artist's impression of the new University Sports Centre

would make clubs "stagnant". As a result, teams' capacity to secure corporate and other sponsorship from outside the University is in his view a great strength.

The most significant move to rectify increasing funding issues is the campaign for a new sports centre, for which £50m is needed. Part of the University's Octocentenary appeal, the project "represents the biggest investment the University has made in sport." It is necessary "because of the shift from traditional

team games to other sports and a more personalised approach to healthy living." Other Universities "have accommodated this over twenty or thirty years", but as a result of the collegiate system Cambridge is still awaiting its sports Renaissance. Hopefully this paradigm shift won't come too late to prevent the increasingly rapid academic brain drain to the States, which is only being accelerated by the basic lack of funding for recreational and health-based sports facilities at Cambridge.



A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF
ANDY STEVENSON
UNIVERSITY RUGBY U21

sunday

Spend most of the morning in my room watching 'that speech' from *Any Given Sunday* before our match. Get into the changing room and drop rubbish banter with JT about the importance of inches. On the pitch, our performance isn't the best, but we still win 31-5 - that's rugby guys, that's all it is...

monday

Just another manic Monday, wish it was Sunday. Training in the evening at Grange Road, then back to the flat for a toastie only to find that Stingray the cheese-monster has eaten all the extra-mature cheddar.

tuesday

Trot out for college in the uncomfortable role of fly half - Catz, the dominant pool leaders, thrash the young pretenders, Christ's, 46-5. Watch the Blues game in the evening surrounded by Desmo's travelling fan club - all they ever shout is "Give it to Charlie!"

wednesday

Pop down the road to go and watch my little cousin play for St.Johns College Prep School. Head out with the Kittens and Jesus Blackwouds in the evening, and find I have spent a stupid amount in Cindies - mostly on the rounds for the whole Uni netball team. Error.

thursday

Admin afternoon as I'm Secretary for the Colleges Rugby Leagues - have to type results and try-scorers names into the website (www.crazyaboutsport.com) while the flatmates rinse me for being so keen. Rugby training in the evening from 5-7, squad looks to be shaping up well with Varsity in only a few weeks time.

friday

Rest day as we have a match tomorrow, but decide to have run around and try my hand at mixed netball. Go out for a great meal for a mate's 21st, but stay sober for tomorrow's game.

saturday

Match at home against Loughborough III - we lost 18-8, but a spelling contest may well have had a different outcome. Their team of genetically engineered P.E. students only outscore us by a dubious penalty and an array of forward-passes and knock-ons.

Wasps stung by late penalty

Jamie Brockbank

CAMBRIDGE WASPS 19
17

Delivering their best performance of the season to date, the Blues' combative defence and rampaging pack more than held their own against a testing Wasps side. Talismanic fly-half Jonny Ufton's experienced boot inspired them to a fully deserved 19-17 victory. This result against the reserve team of the reigning Zurich Premiership and 2003/04 Heineken Cup champions represents not only a major scalp for the students, but also augurs favourably for the squad's self-belief and momentum as they embark on an intense November of Varsity preparations.

Right from the start, the Blues were bolstered by the return to fitness of blind-side flanker Nic Alberts and the former Super 12 player used great strength and

pace to burst through the tackle on the halfway line before being felled one-on-one by the impressive Wasps fullback Thom Evans on the 22. Undeterred, Alberts struck in the 7th minute as he tore through a gap at the fringes of the maul to open the scoring with a flamboyant dive under the posts for Ufton, the former Wasps veteran, to make it 7-0. However, as all too often this season after taking the lead, the Blues almost immediately relinquished their hard work as Wasps' Joe Mbu stole through a defensive gap to level the scores. The London-based professionals were notably quick up in their defensive line, but they were penalised for off-side in the 21st minute, with Ufton's precise left-boot nudging the Blues 10-7 ahead.

In what is becoming a trend this season, the visitors scored within 5 minutes of the restart, with a skilful dummy-scissors pop allowing pacy centre Neil Baxter to put Wasps 14-10 ahead. The Blues failed to capitalise on a storming touchline surge from winger Akinluyi, but the



A bandaged Jonny Ufton struggles to retain possession

bandaged Ufton's post-half-time reappearance after a first half clash of heads kept the Blues in the chase at 16-17 as he slotted a brace of penalties to Wasps' solo effort.

Akinluyi's try-saving cover tackle in the corner to halt a rapier Wasps counter-attack in the 61st minute was a pivotal moment, meaning that Ufton's crucial 35

yard effort in the 69th minute edged the Blues ahead 19-17. In the nervy final minutes the Blues' defended resolutely, with Wasps confined to a missed drop-goal attempt, and there was jubilant relief at the final whistle, with number 8 Mike Harfoot paying tribute to the tireless Blues pack and "awesome" defence in "digging out" a morale-boosting win.

THE LOW-DOWN

Windsurfing

>>Name: Cambridge University Windsurfing Club
>>Where: Mostly Grafham water, but we compete in the Student Windsurfing Association series all over the country. We're currently planning a trip to Egypt at Easter.
>>When: Weekends, weekdays, holidays - whenever it's windy. We try to run intermediate and advanced trips when it's windy and beginner trips when it's not.
>Who: Anyone and everyone. In windsurfing it actually helps to be small.
>Aim: Racing involves getting out and round a

course in the fastest time and generally turns into complete carnage. The main aim is to have fun. It's all about drinking a lot and eating lots of pies so you can demonstrate your manhood by holding down a bigger sail than the next guy.
>>National: Britain won a bronze medal in the last Olympics, but windsurfing is not really an Olympic sport.
>>Cambridge: We won the BUSA event last year, and Oxford has only ever won Varsity once!
>>Contact: www.cuwc.org

sport in brief

Small Bore: CUSBC shot their first match of the season finishing 4th out of 13 in an inter-university match in Edinburgh. Fresher P. Brett from Girton was top scorer on his debut for the club.

Hockey The University squanderers produced a fine third consecutive win on Saturday overturning a 4-1 deficit against a strong Saffron Walden side, winning 5-4 with the last touch of the game.

Cambridge United F.C: Wednesday is the date for the CUFC Quiz Night at the Abbey Stadium. The fun begins at 7.30pm with teams of 6 costing £3 per person.

rotations

Win one of three copies of 'Titanic Special Edition'. John Thompson's Red Hot Poker is available to buy on DVD from on 14th November 2005 from Pathe Distribution Ltd. Thanks to 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



Powering to legendary status

Joe Speight talks to the king of darts, Phil 'The Power' Taylor

"The greatest player ever to throw a dart"; "the king of the oche"; "a sporting legend to rank alongside greats such as Sir Steve Redgrave, Sir Donald Bradman and Mohammed Ali" – the eulogies are abundant. It was in 1990 at the age of 30 when this sporting icon was born. As a 125-1 outsider at the Embassy Championship he overpowered his mentor, the five-time World Champion Eric Bristow, to herald a changing of the guard in the sport which has transformed darts in the twenty-first century.

Phil 'The Power' Taylor has been instrumental in catapulting darts to new heights as the sport has become richer, more professionalised and more global, and he admits that "the sky is the limit." His role in this is undeniable, and he believes "the press interest in me has been the key factor." Tournaments are becoming more widespread in America, with the Las Vegas Desert Classic for example which Taylor has won three times in the event's opening four years, and prize money for some events now reaches up to £5 million. Taylor himself is the symbol of this progression. His astounding list of achievements continues to grow – 12 World Championships, 7 World Matchplay titles and 6 World Grand Prix victories amongst many other successes. He won his twelfth World Championship

with a 7-4 win over Mark Dudbridge in January, and Taylor cites the sixth title as his career highlight, beating Bristow's record.

It is all a far cry from the beginnings of his career when he was "working hard, doing two jobs and getting up at six in the morning." One of these jobs involved earning £50 a week in a factory making ceramic toilet handles. But why did he become interested in the game in the first place? "I was just a natural at it, enjoyed it and thought it would be a good way of making a living." Though Taylor has not allowed his fame and fortune to alter his lifestyle. He is a family man and "we haven't got a mortgage any more, a few nice cars

"It only takes four or five pints to get me drunk"

but apart from that we're just a normal family." 'The Power's' talents, however, are far from normal – "I've got a lot of natural talent and I'm very self-motivated, but dedication is the key." And this is exemplified by his three hours of training every day in which he practices every aspect of the game.

During his career there have been the lows and he admits, "I have thought about quitting before. It takes up a lot of time and effort staying so dedicated, but I keep motivated to carry on and to win by the youngsters coming through. I just love it." He also acknowledges how the game has changed, and moved away from its image of heavy drinking and late nights in smoke-filled bars, pubs and clubs. "Sport has changed. Years ago rugby players and footballers would drink just as much as we did, but now you just can't do it." And his own alcoholic tolerance? "I'm not that much of big drinker really – it only takes me about four or five pints to get drunk."

What more is there to achieve though and what is it that stops the complacency creeping in? "Thirteen is



Phil Taylor celebrates his victory at the recent Sky Bet World Grand Prix

my lucky number and I want thirteen world titles. I'll keep going for another three or four more years." Taylor remains the only darts player to have completed a hat-trick of nine dart finishes, and another of his aims is to become the first player to complete the sport's most challenging feat at the World Championships at the Circus Tavern. And with the all the Olympic hype at the moment Taylor has his sights on an even bigger prize. "I wouldn't mind winning a gold medal. I think darts deserves a place at the Olympics the same as archery and shooting and those sort of sports." But the public perception of darts annoys the current World Champion. "It's just snobbery. If

someone asked me about cricket or football I'd say I enjoy it but with some people you mention darts and they just turn their noses up."

But this is a situation which is beginning to change, largely due to the impact of Phil Taylor on the world of darts. From his humble beginnings in Stoke-on-Trent to a jet-set lifestyle travelling the world in pursuit of further sporting excellence, 'The Power' is one of a very select number of current sports stars who have achieved legend status with their career still going strong. And with the progression of darts into a more mainstream sport, the prospect of Olympic gold may postpone the retirement of dart's greatest icon.



Channel Hopper

The river comes. It's no good. And that, frankly, was a silly play, if you ask Padraig Parkinson: "Well, he'd been praying he had Ace King Ace Queen or something so he'd really bet into him, something he couldn't get away from," he sighs. "You know, it's often a better idea if you flop two pair or something to bet into the flop with the ace on it so that you can get the other guy to bet into it before he gets an inkling that you've flopped the monster. Especially if you're on the button."

Now, it's hard to express on the page the degree to which that was complicated by the the speaker's rattling pace and thick Irish brogue, but imagine a food mixer reciting the poetry of J H Prynne and you're getting there. Still, Jesse May, Padraig's brash American co-commentator, knows what he's talking about; indeed, you can practically feel him sucking his teeth in judicious reflection. Well, that's an interesting point, he finally responds, and, to my surprise, I find myself nodding. It is, apparently. I may as well confess it: I'm hooked on Poker Zone.

I don't know why. It's like watching carp fishing or something. The impenetrability of the analysis is just another disqualifier to reasonable pleasure. After all, when Alan Hansen says terrible defending, or magnificent finish, or even bang-back-of-the-net-one-nil, I'm right with him. This, on the other hand, is wholly beyond me. Nevertheless - poker on the telly's brilliant.

This, I am finding, is one of the sine qua nons of being a Channel Hopper (like being a Mormon or a Rotarian, roughly, but with fewer meetings and more slouching): that there's nothing that won't get interesting if you watch it for long enough while an expert explains what's going on. Mainly sports, but anything, really. Darts and watercolour painting and DIY have all exercised this pull on me before. Today it happens to be poker.

Every edition is more or less the same, with subtle variations. On this one the celebrity is Phil 'The Cat' Tufnell, doing a lot of cheeky-grinning and a certain amount of dirty-chuckling, and here, apparently, "to knock a thicket of wickets off the other players' chips". Its woman entrant is called Michelle, and she's a barmaid from the Midlands, and when she wins a hand Padraig actually says "well, she looks like butter wouldn't melt, there should be a rule against women playing poker". The Scandinavian players who qualified online are called Lars and Torval, and their jobs are being indeterminately Scandinavian, apparently. And the pros are called The Kid and Twitcher, which is all you need to know.

So, why is it so compelling? Well, I don't think the reason has a lot to do with poker, actually (although there's a certain satisfaction in watching Michelle cream the opposition, much to Jesse's hilarity and astonishment): it's to do with being in the club. It's the casual assumption, when they pontificate about flopping the nuts, that if you're watching this, you probably know what's going on; it's the fleeting insight you get into this whole implied world, which stretches out of your sight; it's the innate pleasure in seeing someone else's expertise unfurling itself, to do a thing which is wholly beyond your own limited capacities. Well, it's either that, or I'm a loser. You believe what you want.

Poker Zone on Channel 226 nightly 7pm - late

For answers to the crossword and Pot Black, contact:

competitions@varsity.co.uk

fact file

Name: Phil Taylor
Born: 1960, Stoke-on-Trent
Age: 45
Nickname: The Power
Darts used: 24g Unicorn Phil Taylor
Height: 5'8"
Achievements: Won 12 World Championships, 7 World Matchplay titles, 6 World Grand Prix victories, 3 Las Vegas Desert Classic titles, 2 UK Open wins and inaugural Darts Premier League champion.
Other interests: Port Vale F.C., eating Chinese, holidaying in Cornwall and listening to Joe Cocker.

Freshers' Varsity Athletics

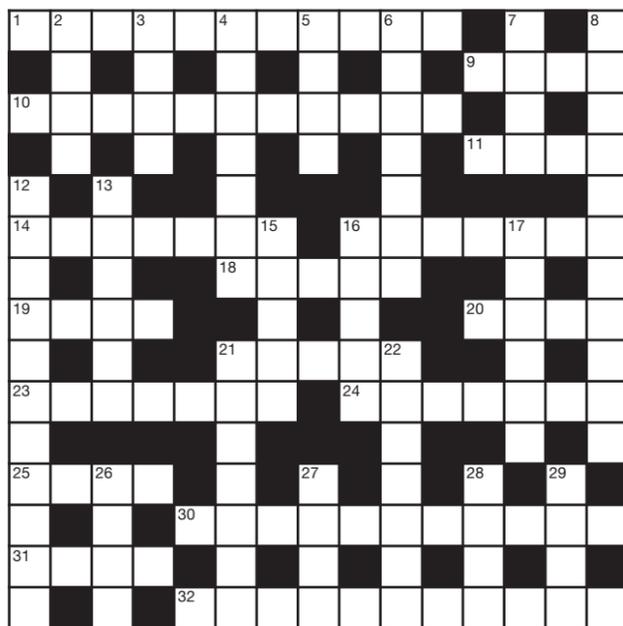
Bilen Ahmet

Last Sunday saw the 2005 Freshers' Varsity Athletics Match at Oxford's Iffley Road Track, and despite the ominous bad weather it would turn out to be a great day for Cambridge.

There were some outstanding early performances from Alison Hackney who finished first in the women's 400m hurdles and Humphrey Waddington, who won the men's long jump by 65cm and also came second in the men's javelin.

As the day came to a close the weather began to clear up for the relays. The men won the 4x100m, while the women won the 4x400m. Alison Hackney was awarded the Achilles Medal for her outstanding performances throughout the day. The men's 4x400m relay team, which consisted of David Reece, Frank Hutton-Williams, Colin Prue and Charlie Romito, then rounded off the competition with a resounding victory over Oxford.

The final scores were Cambridge 96 - 85 Oxford in the men's competition and Cambridge 98 - 92 Oxford in the women's competition.



Across

1. Acquittal over V-sign (11)
9. Repeat Old Etonian's returning with companion (4)
10. Finds I get points after record deliveries (11)
11. North Vietnamese offensive after South let it be (4)
14. Artist's rope (7)
16. Newcomer's mask conceals it (7)
18. I'd back Nathaniel to have feasted (5)
19. Craft time after service (4)
20. A group of three doughnuts destroyed (4)
21. Prevent love getting key (5)
23. Gains from revised material (7)
24. Tilt the German boat (7)
25. Breeding stock created from dust (4)
30. Are internet developments producing comedian? (11)
31. Helper I'd taken into casualty (4)
32. Gets up in front of a team and steps down (6,5)

Down

2. Master I backed to be found around pupil (4)
3. Cube cubes (4)
4. Bay Edward had an eye on (7)
5. Kurt became an Ottoman (4)
6. Diana drove badly and went too far (7)
7. Northerner cruelly ostracised, not raised (4)
8. What mason and graduate have in common (11)
12. Oprah said I can start to produce oysters, for example (11)
13. Disagree if loud Leftie comes back around (6)
15. Tires out ritualistic formulae (5)
16. Of sex that's without hesitation available at a price (5)
17. Scolding for one involved in barter (6)
21. Caught after fund (having gained point) was rendered obsolete (7)
22. Tells story about topless clergymen (7)
26. Untangle French party (4)
27. Plant coming through inferno (4)
28. Advice for wiaters? (4)
29. Action whichever way you look at it (4)

POT BLACK

Instructions: Complete the questions in order from red to black. The answer to each ball is integral to the following question.

- Which team was recently acquired by Malcolm Glazer?
- Which year did 'Redball' do the treble?
- In 'Yellowball', which current international striker joined Arsenal?
- 'Greenball' has just broken which ex-Arsenal striker's record?
- What is the name of 'Brownball's' England international relative?
- 'Blueball's' younger brother plays for which Premiership club?
- Who is the current manager of 'Pinkball'?



ADAM EDELSHAIN

