

Come fly with us as we test out the new Oxbridge shuttle - then win yourself tickets



Varsity

Dean to bless gay couples

Emma chapel first in C of E to endorse civil partnerships

Rachel Divall

THE DEAN of Emmanuel College has said he will consider offering blessings to same sex couples' civil partnerships.

In defiance of the Church of England's ban on clergy offering such services, Rev Jeremy Caddick has written to the Bishop of Ely, telling him, "we would not wish to close the door to having services for members of the College community who requested them."

Mr Caddick is able to bless officially because Cambridge colleges are not under the formal jurisdiction of the Diocese of Ely. They are one of the few institutions unaffected by the House of Bishops' announcement last year prohibiting such services.

Mr Caddick's letter follows discussion of the matter by both Emmanuel College Council and Chapel Committee. His stance could pave the way for other institutions not under the bishops' direct control to conduct similar services.

The House of Bishops' statement on homosexual unions was criticised for giving a mixed message, as it said clergy would be free to enter into civil partnerships because this was not "intrinsically incompatible" with holy orders.

Mr Caddick admitted there have as yet been no requests for same sex blessings, but said he was unhappy with "not offering a blessing on the one hand and encouraging clergy to respond sensitively to requests for prayer on the other." His letter describes "dismay" at the House of Bishops' stance, asking "to put it bluntly, what planet is the House on? We shoot ourselves in the foot if we get sidetracked into picking over which adult relationships are acceptable."

Jordan Holland, CUSU LBGT President, said "This sounds like a really positive step and I'm really pleased that the impetus is coming from within the University."

Canon Spencer-Thomas, spokesman for the Diocese of Ely, told *Varsity* "There is a wide range of views in any community. Dialogue between Jeremy and the bishop will continue in a spirit of friendship".

Members and alumni of Emmanuel will now enjoy the unique position of being the only people in the country currently able to receive an official church blessing of their civil partnership.

>>Editorial, page 13



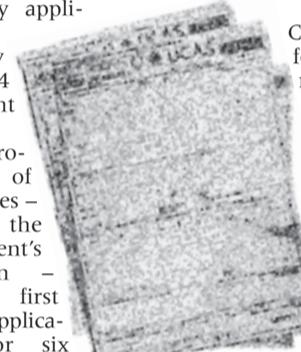
Top-up fees blamed for larger drop in UCAS applications

Raj Bavishi & Amelia Worsley

FIGURES PUBLISHED by UCAS yesterday show that university applications fell by almost 4 per cent following the introduction of top-up fees – twice the government's prediction – and the first drop in applications for six years. This announcement comes as fears that the cap on top-up fees may rise to £5000 and a warning from Universities UK that international applications are falling.

The government had predicted applications would only drop by 2 per cent: last year there was an 8.9 per cent surge in applications as English students rushed to avoid the £3000 top-up fees, affecting those starting in September 2006. But UCAS' statistics show a 3.4 per cent decrease in the number of teenagers applying to UK higher education courses by the January 15 closing date.

The Department for Education and Skills responded, saying, "given the big increase in figures last year there was bound to be a decrease this year." A DfES spokeswoman suggested this year's decline was an anomaly. "Something similar happened in 1998 when tuition fees were introduced. There was a dip in



the number of applicants, but the following year it went up again and has continued with steady growth until 2005. We see no reason why that shouldn't continue."

Applications to Cambridge have fallen for the second year running. They are down from 14,684 applications for entry in 2004 to 14,080 applications for entry in 2006 – a fall of 4.1 per cent.

A University spokesperson suggested it was too early to read anything into the fall. "It follows a similar dip last year and a record high in 2004, so we suspect that we are probably losing speculative applications from the long tail of weaker applicants." CUSU President Laura Walsh gave a different view. "We're very, very concerned, but it doesn't come as a surprise. It is the same with universities nationally, but it doesn't help that Cambridge already has high living costs."

Kat Fletcher, NUS President, said the drop in the national figures was extremely worrying and "suggests that top-up fees and the debt they represent are deterring potential students." She emphasised, "Our standpoint, that debt puts off students – particularly those from poorer or less traditional backgrounds – has been backed up over and over again by research and statistics from both the pro and anti-fee lobbies."

Worried that current funding structures are unsustainable,

>>continued on page 2

No. 634, 17th February, 2006

www.varsity.co.uk

Interview

Only 11 MPs vote less in Parliament than George Galloway does. Three of them are ineligible, five refuse to take their seats, and another two are dead. We ask him if he's doing his job properly. Then he gets angry.

>> page 9



Feature

In a small church off King's Parade, they're having a special Valentine's Day service to celebrate the Goth Eucharist. We join in trampling red roses round a cross-shaped candle cluster. The Goths are quite friendly.

>> page 10



The Dark Side

A Chinese musical extravaganza. With subtitles

>>

Sophie Dahl

The opium of the people speaks of her youth

>>

Park Chan-Wook

The Asian Tarantino on sympathy and vengeance

>>

Kissing risk for students

Being a student and kissing different partners can quadruple the risk of meningitis, according to a new study. Researchers questioned 144 teenagers aged 15 to 19 diagnosed with meningitis at English hospitals and compared each with a teenager of the same age from their GP's list. The team investigated factors that might affect the teenagers' risk of catching the disease. They found being a student and kissing lots of people were associated with an increased risk of meningitis, while attending religious events was linked to a reduced risk. It was suggested that this is because religious young people are less likely to kiss multiple partners. Consequently, they have a smaller chance of exposure to the meningococcal bacteria that can lead to meningitis. Linda Glennie from the Meningitis Research Foundation said, "I don't expect teenagers to become nuns and monks for the duration of university, but I would encourage them to be aware of the symptoms."

Hold-up in the city centre

A man was arrested after an armed raid on a building society. Cambridge Building Society, in Bridge Street, was robbed at 1.30pm on Monday by a man who told cashiers he had a gun. He escaped with around £1500. Although nobody was hurt, the building society closed for the rest of the afternoon as staff were badly shaken by the incident. The man had been seen loitering in the area for several hours before the raid. A suspect was arrested less than 24 hours after the crime when police were called to a separate incident.

Parkside death

A 75 year-old man died at a Cambridge swimming pool on Sunday. He is thought to have suffered a heart attack whilst swimming at Parkside Pools. He was pulled from the water by lifeguards, who performed first aid until the arrival of two ambulances. Resuscitation attempts continued at the poolside but were unsuccessful.

Listen

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

our policy

Varsity is dedicated to bringing you the most relevant and intriguing news as and when it happens.

The opinions expressed in our content are those of the individual contributors, and not necessarily of Varsity Publications Limited.

UCAS applications

>>continued from front page

the former head of the higher education funding council, Sir Howard Newby, announced last week that the cap on annual tuition fees could rise to £5,000 by 2010.

This crisis of funding has caused universities to rely on money from international students, who contribute about £4bn a year to British universities and £10bn to the economy as a whole. Evidence of this dependence comes at the same time as a Universities UK survey warned that applications by international students also declined last year.

One of the main concerns among opponents of tuition fees was that it would put off people from poorer families. But the UCAS figures reveal that although there was a decrease in applicants from poorer backgrounds, it was no more pronounced than for other social groups.

Sir Howard also criticised the

government for not investing enough money in widening participation among poorer students in Britain. But Bill Rammell, Higher Education Minister countered, "Crucially, today's figures show that there has been no reduction in the proportion of students from lower socio-economic groups."

Rammell insisted young people were not deterred when they knew all the facts about the new funding regime - such as the extra bursaries and grants available - and the fact that they only pay fees after graduating.

In December the *Times Higher* reported the Russell Group of research-led universities had suffered the largest drop in applications.

Birmingham and Sheffield both registered a fall of more than 5 per cent, while applications to Nottingham were 14 per cent lower. Although applications to Russell Group universities in general fell, of *The Sunday Times'* Top 10

Universities, only Cambridge and York registered a substantial drop in applications, with London-based King's, UCL, LSE and Imperial all recording increases compared to last year. The figures also show that universities who have set their fees lower than the maximum £3000 in an effort to attract applications, such as Greenwich and Leeds Metropolitan, have had mixed results. Leeds Met gained by more than 8 per cent, but Greenwich suffered a 7 per cent drop in applications.

By contrast, in Scotland and Wales, where different fee arrangements apply, applications increased over the same period. As requests to English universities fell by 4.5 per cent, those to all other UK universities rose by nearly 2.5 per cent. When presented with this information, many students told *Varsity* of their concerns that this suggested English students were applying to universities in Scotland and Wales to avoid fees.

At the Liberal Democrat leadership hustings held at Churchill College on Wednesday night, former Selwyn JCR president Simon Hughes MP, declared to *Varsity*, "These figures just confirm what we all feared, I am firmly against top up fees. There are many other ways of bringing money in, such as donations by former students, philanthropists or ethical investment." The Liberal Democrats remain the only major political party opposed to top up fees. All three candidates yesterday stressed to *Varsity* their commitment to changing the way higher education is funded.

>>*Editorial page 13*

Success for GEEMA

Almost 200 Year 12 students from across the country participated in a GEEMA open day last week that aimed to encourage talented students from under-represented backgrounds to apply to Cambridge. Although the percentage of students from ethnic minorities has doubled since 2001, targets are still not being met.

Stabbing on Parker's Piece



The YMCA on Parker's Piece where the victim stayed

Joe Gosden

A TEENAGER is in hospital after sustaining life-threatening injuries following a knife attack on Parker's Piece on Saturday night. This is the second assault in Cambridge with a bladed weapon in 10 days.

A spokesperson for Cambridgeshire Constabulary highlighted that violent crime was falling in the city and knife attacks remain extremely rare.

Jonathan Martin, Cambridge YMCA Chief Executive, told *Varsity* "There was an unfortunate incident on February 11 2006 at around 9.30pm on Parker's Piece that involved 2 residents from the YMCA on Gonville Place. Nothing happened on site and the staff were not aware of any issue or disagreement between the two individuals."

He added "The YMCA is helping the Police with their ongoing investigations. Both residents will be dealt with through our disciplinary procedures, although any outcome will be confidential."

The assault draws attention to the council's failure to provide adequate lighting on Parker's Piece, despite a lengthy CUSU campaign to illuminate the open ground crossed by many students late at night.

Vicki Mann, CUSU Welfare Officer, told *Varsity*, "that this attack could happen so close to the city police station demonstrates that student concerns over our personal safety are neither unsubstantiated nor unjust."

Anyone with information relating to either incident should contact Det. Sgt Hutchinson at Parkside Police Station on 0845 456 4564.

>page 11
Tess Riley
guilty of chronic colourism



Why halal meat is an absolute must

Asaker Anwar on why colleges should provide adequate catering for Muslims

With a growing Muslim population in Cambridge, I believe that halal food needs to be provided. Certainly colleges such as Trinity, Girton and St John's must be commended for acknowledging the needs of their Muslim students, but a system needs to be in place across the University to avoid undoing the hard work it and its access schemes have done in attracting Muslim and minority students. As a practising Muslim, I found it difficult to get to know many people at St John's, because I was unable to go

to the college bar or attend many freshers' events due to the fact that Muslims are not allowed to drink alcohol or have it on the same table as them. This problem was exacerbated as I could not readily access halal food at the college buttery. Instead I had to go to some of the halal takeaways on Mill Road or bring food back to Cambridge from home. That I could only eat halal meat meant that at times I was excluded from college life and found myself socialising more with people who shared my own beliefs, rather than people in my

college. St John's has taken steps to introduce halal food in the college buttery this year. They now provide halal meals three nights a week and it seems - unlike many other colleges - John's is taking the initiative and making more of an effort to accommodate students' needs. I am very grateful to the college for providing this facility as it has made my college life easier. But some colleges still seem to think it is adequate to ask people to state whether they would want to eat halal food in their dining hall two weeks in advance. Personally I

don't know where or what I am going to eat for dinner tonight, let alone in two weeks! Colleges need to take a better approach in dealing with this challenge if they want their Muslim students to be able to engage in college life. In Britain it is now easier to obtain halal meat at a reasonable price and there should be no excuse for colleges not to provide this service. The issue of halal food and other special dietary provisions needs to be given a greater precedence in the Cambridge student community.

The Week in Weather



FRI



SAT



SUN



MON



TUE



WED



THUR

Report says many students lack key skills

- Embarrassing *Varsity-Cherwell* spelling test proves Oxbridge not immune

Jamie Munk
& Jo Trigg

LAST WEEK the Nuffield Review Higher Education Focus Groups published their preliminary report examining the outcomes that higher education providers look for from secondary school pupils coming to university. Amongst its findings it stated many students coming to university were not sufficiently equipped with basic literacy skills, complaining "basic writing skills are lacking".

To put the Review's conclusions to the test *Varsity* and Oxford student paper *Cherwell* conducted a thorough survey of Oxbridge spelling. The Selwyn Engineer who scored only four out of 20 lent weight to the Review's criticism that even in "one highly selective subject within a selecting institution" literacy was not up to scratch was not far off the mark.

Varsity's spelling test consisted of a score of tricky words commonly used, and commonly misspelt, in student essays. Of the twenty words, participants in the eighty-six-strong survey had most difficulty with 'idiosyncrasy' and 'manoeuvre', even though we generously accepted the American 'maneuver' as well. Needless to say, no one opted for this version.

	Cam errors	Ox errors
Queue	4%	2%
Weird	19%	19%
Harass	41%	52%
Grammar	5%	8%
Address	4%	6%
Liaison	47%	57%
Ecstasy	34%	47%
Definite	12%	13%
Business	5%	6%
Embarrass	49%	59%
Separate	23%	15%
Necessary	8%	9%
Manoeuvre	56%	56%
Committee	17%	19%
Occurrence	48%	48%
Government	2%	3%
Accessible	8%	17%
Professional	11%	15%
Idiosyncrasy	77%	73%
Accommodation	35%	45%



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Classics students push themselves to the limit in the *Varsity* spelling test at the Sidgwick Buttery

Groups of students sat in primary school fashion to take the test in various scholarly locations, including the Sidgwick Buttery, Engineering Department car park, and a plethora of college bars.

No one managed to ace the test and get a gold star, although five spellers scored an impres-

sive 19. Helen, an MML fresher at Tit Hall, was one such super-speller. "It makes us look really bad if we don't know how to write our own language," she said, "they're words we *need* to know." Her MML buddy, who alas only made a mediocre 16, argued

"I've always known that I can't

spell very well, it's a personal thing".

But this was four times better than the abysmal four correct answers achieved by an American studying 'Engineering' at Selwyn. The literately-challenged number-cruncher understandably wished to lie low, which is more than can be

said for the St John's student, who made himself conspicuous by spilling his pint over the examiner in the middle of his test. He scored only six.

Most importantly, it is now statistically proven that the average *Tab* is a better speller than their *Oxon* counterpart: *Cherwell*'s average average of

14, trailing *Varsity*'s mean mean of 15 out of 20. At the top of the literary trees *Varsity*'s co-editors' 19 and 18 triumphed over *Cherwell*'s 18 and 13.

Yet it remains questionable whether the 75 per cent average is high enough to justify the praise of one Cambridge admissions tutor that our undergraduates are at "quite a rarefied level". The University declined to participate in the Nuffield Review and declined to comment both on its and our findings.

Graduate employers, though, seem less concerned by spelling and literacy, than by the social skills graduates gain at university. This week an independent survey conducted by the Association of Graduate Recruiters of over 200 top private and public sector employers revealed that despite increasing graduate numbers, more than half of recruiters expected difficulties in meeting recruitment requirements. These businesses look for graduates with soft skills in areas such as communication, leadership, teamwork and cultural awareness, but 58 per cent anticipated insufficient candidates with these capabilities.

Provided students work on these soft skills they may still be employable - surely comforting to those students who scored under half-marks in the *Varsity* spelling test.

Prizes for Cambridge pubs

Andy Heath

RIVERSIDE PUB The Granta has been honoured with an award for its cuisine.

The popular Cambridge establishment was named Speciality Food Pub of the Year in the Greene King Pub Company's regional awards, in part because it caters for many different tastes. The Granta's menu has a selection of options for vegetarians and vegans. There is also a range of dishes on offer that meet different religious dietary requirements. In addition, the new owners have added a number of Antipodean specialities including Steinlager, Victoria Bitter and summer barbecues in the pondside garden.

"The award is brilliant news," said Kylie Esler, who



The Eagle on Bene't Street, shortlisted for an award

runs the pub with her husband Denis.

Since assuming the lease two years ago, the two New Zealanders have concentrated on improving the quality and

variety of the pub meals. The Eslers spend a lot of time cooking and say they are involved at every level of ingredient selection and meal preparation. "We're much more food-oriented now," Mrs Esler added.

Their improvements have delighted customers. The pub is particularly popular with graduate students, who were quick to praise the changes. "They've really turned the place around," commented a diner, "the staff are always looking out for the customers and the food is so much better than it used to be."

Other Cambridge pubs shortlisted for awards included favourites The Eagle, The Anchor and The Boathouse. The Red Lion in Grantchester was also commended for the quality of its cooking.

The awards will be presented in a national ceremony at the end of the month.



The Granta on Newnham Road, renowned for its food

Varsity finally gets new home

Joseph Heaven

AFTER 15 years of being temporarily accommodated on Trumpington Street, *Varsity*, Cambridge's independent and oldest student newspaper, is moving to a new half-million pound premises in the city centre.

From Michaelmas 2006 *Varsity*'s HQ will occupy state-of-the-art offices in the Godwin Laboratories on the New Museums Site. The newly refurbished space, vacated by the Department of Earth Science in 1996, will also house CUSU and its TCS publication. Prior to its use as a laboratory, the building had been used as a dance hall. The Resource Management Committee's announcement on Wednesday was the result of over two years' negotiation by all the student associations involved.

The University had been under pressure to find a new home for the student organisations to comply with Disability Discrimination Act (DDA) legislation. The provisions, which came into force in October 2004, require reasonable steps to tackle physical features of premises that made access unreasonably difficult for disabled people.

A University spokesman confirmed that the grade II listed building would be made DDA-compliant. Rob Letherby, Space Analyst for Cambridge University remarked on the location of

*Varsity* and CUSU's new premises on the New Museums Site

the building, "it couldn't be more central if it tried". He described *Varsity*'s present building as "tired, squalid, damp," adding "[it's] the grimdest I've seen," but sees the New Museums plan as "a great building". Chris Adams, *Varsity*'s Business Manager said, "We've been working closely with the University for some time now and we're delighted that *Varsity* will be moving to this new site which will provide a more accessible, secure and comfortable environment for our team."

"The new location allows us to enjoy a central position within the University whilst continuing to maintain our independent status from our own offices". Laura Walsh, CUSU President added "it's absolutely amazing - for the

first time in years the University has recognised CUSU, its accommodation needs and the Union its members want it to be. The new building will enable the CUSU officers to do their job to the best of their ability and the CUSU members to make the most of their Union and the services and facilities it has to offer."

The departure of the Earth Scientists from the Godwin laboratories has allowed consolidation of research on paleoclimatology - how the Earth's climate has changed over time - on the Downing Site. Before moving into Trumpington Street in 1990, *Varsity*'s previous homes included premises on Round Church Street and in the old Quayside area.

On Campus

Linkline re-opens

After a brief closure for refurbishment, Linkline has re-opened its service for the remainder of this term. The confidential listening and information service is run by trained student volunteers for the benefit of students. It is open from 7pm-7am every night of full term on 01223 744444 and 01223 367575. For more information, visit www.linkline.org.uk.

CUSU Mental Health Awareness Week

CUSU launched its mental health awareness week on Monday. *Break the Silence* will challenge the stigma surrounding mental health issue and aims to get people talking about the taboo, as well as raising money for charity. Events during the week included a lunchtime art therapy session. There will be an informal discussion on personal aspects of mental health today at 5pm at Caffè Nero on King's Parade today.

Government scientist opens climate change centre

Sir David King, Chief Scientific Adviser to the government, officiated at the opening of the Cambridge Centre for

Climate Change Mitigation Research in the University's Land Economy department. The new centre, known as 4CMR, will be at the cutting edge of international environmental science. Researchers will study ways to reduce the rate of climate change through technological change. Sir David said "Climate change is undoubtedly the biggest challenge facing us this century". He added that the centre will make an important contribution to the effort to reduce carbon emissions.

Alek Wek cancels speech at Union

On Tuesday evening Cambridge Union members were left disappointed when international model Alek Wek cancelled her scheduled speech following a dispute over expenses. The conflict occurred when the Sudan-born model demanded a first-class flight as well as accommodation and transport from New York to The Union. The President of The Union Sarah Pobereskin refused her terms on the grounds that it would be "unfair" to use the members' budget in that way. Press Officer, Seema Yasmin said such arrangements would be "unprecedented...We do not pay such high amounts for speaker's expenses."

Cross Campus

Canterbury easy places for locals

Canterbury Christ Church University will offer automatic places at its Broadstairs campus to pupils from local schools. Sixth-formers who gain a minimum of two Cs at A-levels will be offered places to study for a degree, while those with only one may take a diploma course. Courses on offer include business studies, adult nursing and computing.

Are students worth it?

Oxford students Matt Foster and Kirill Makharinsky have created a website to try to rival the all-powerful Facebook empire. Their site, www.amiworthit.com, allows members to access wannabe's profiles and decide whether or not they are "worth it". After a three-day evaluation applicants are informed if they have made the grade and can become full members. Invitations are distributed in the street to those deemed beautiful enough to become members, and it is rumoured that participants could find themselves in demand for modelling work. A number of Cambridge students have already joined.

Majorly twigged off

The University of Warwick has warned its students to lock their windows whenever-

Anger at station development

Gabriel Byng

MANY CAMBRIDGE residents have expressed serious concerns at a multi-million pound property development near the train station.

Developers Ashwell start construction on seven office blocks, a five-star hotel and 17 blocks of flats in July. Residents' associations believe the new homes will drastically increase traffic and that nearby schools will be overwhelmed.

"The effects in terms of traffic will be horrendous," complained Michael Chisholm, an Emeritus Professor and local resident, "[it] will block options for a serious traffic interchange for Cambridge in the long run." Green Party Coordinator, Margaret Wright, added "they will overload this part of the country".

Ashwell will spend £820m building 1,400 homes across 21.5 acres. The council officers acknowledged that this departed substantially from their

plans. Two years ago the Council's Station Area Development Framework advised no more than 650 new dwellings to be built. Additionally the policy of keeping Foster's Mill as the highest building in the skyline will be ignored, because Ashwell intend to erect at least two 10 storey blocks.

Ashwell's owner Paul Thwaites defended the plans saying, "This is a remarkable opportunity to design a dynamic urban environment and create an entirely new gateway to Cambridge". He added "Cambridge is a big tourist attraction, but visitors are currently greeted by a shambles."

Although the hotel and tower will be planned by internationally acclaimed architect Richard Rogers, who designed the Millennium Dome and the Pompidou Centre, local case officer Neville Doe said, "they will have to demonstrate that it is the right building for the area".

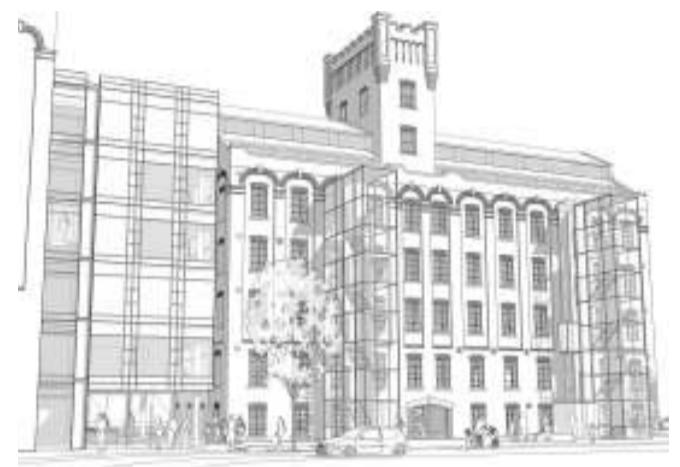
The developers claim that because most of the new prop-

erties will be one or two bedroom flats, there will be few children moving into the area. Locals, nevertheless, still fear schools will struggle to cope. They also worry that, due to its proximity to the train station, many occupants will be commuters, forcing families to live further from the city centre.

"Redevelopment needs to be

undertaken," admitted Chisholm, "but must be done with a view to what the real needs are."

Plans for the scheme can be viewed at the Guildhall and comments should be directed to Sarah Dyer at Cambridge City Council. There will be a Public Meeting about the proposals on February 22 at 6.30 at the Guildhall.



How the completed Ashwell development will look

Oriental Studies' name to change



Dr James Montgomery

Jamie Munk

THE FACULTY of Oriental Studies announced on Wednesday that its name will change to the Faculty of Asian

and Middle Eastern Studies. Subject to final approval from the University's General Board, the new designation will come into effect on October 1.

This has caused controversy within the faculty. When the idea was mooted last term, 87 per cent of students surveyed in the faculty wanted to keep 'Oriental Studies,' with only 1 out of 55 supporting a change.

Students' main anxiety was that they would no longer receive a BA with the well-established 'Oriental Studies' name. Jacob Head, last term's Undergraduate Faculty Representative, told *Varsity*, "my main concern was having

a very strange degree subject to write on my CV". Another worry was that name 'Middle Eastern Studies' did not include the study of the ancient Middle East, known as Near Eastern Studies. Anders Bell, a graduate student, explained his detachment from the proposed Asian and Middle Eastern Studies, "I don't fit into either description as I'm an Assyriologist".

The faculty has tried to assuage student's concerns. After consulting student representatives, they agreed that current students should graduate in 'Oriental Studies'. Faculty Representative Lizzie Payne-Janes told *Varsity*, "we felt it

important that current students receive a degree in Oriental Studies. We enrolled on a course of this title and that is what we are entitled to receive". She conceded "(the new name) does allow for a much broader spectrum of subjects to fit under it".

The outmoded name does not fit with Faculty Chair Dr James Montgomery's wider vision for the faculty. In light of a General Board review, he plans further reforms of the faculty and its tripos. He said "we want to study these subjects in a wider geopolitical unit. Cambridge can become totally cutting-edge."

Girton Ball bickering

Rebecca Greig

CONFLICT HAS ARisen over stringent security measures at Girton's upcoming ball on March 11. *Varsity* received an anonymous email from a "pissed-off Girtonian" about changes that will be made to arrangements prior to this year's ball. Girtonians were sent an email from James Appleton, Vice-President of Girton JCR and responsible for ball security, entitled "Read or Risk Having to Fork Out £100".

The anonymous student described the email as "rude, arrogant, insulting, unfeasible and surely illegal". He criticised Appleton's plan to check ID for two days before the ball.

Speaking to *Varsity*, Appleton presented a different story. When asked whether he thought such extreme measures would work, he replied "I see no reason why they wouldn't. We have a well policed ball and will ensure that everyone who has paid for their tickets has a good time." Hannah Perkins, Co-President of the Girton Ball Committee, echoed Appleton's view, arguing "attempted gatecrashing is a serious problem at every ball

in Cambridge which is both antisocial and unfair on those who've purchased tickets".

Appleton remains unrepentant about the nature of his email. He threatened "forget any sad little ideas about getting in for free - it's not gonna happen... when you get caught, we'll be taking a tidy £100 out of your bank account".

A parody of Appleton's email has recently circulated around Girton. It says, "if you are found trying to get into the ball in any way, you will be drawn and quartered then fed to the University's rotweilers".

Appleton said that the author of the email was a friend of his and claimed he had only received positive responses about his proposed plans for the ball.



Girton College

Gullet cancer progress

Laura Sutcliffe

DR REBECCA FITZGERALD of the Medical Research Council (MRC) Cancer Unit in Cambridge has developed a new test to diagnose cancer of the gullet. The method developed by Fitzgerald and her team involves swallowing a foam ball compressed inside a capsule, which expands once in the stomach. It is then retrieved painlessly from the throat by pulling a thin string attachment, collecting cells from the gullet lining. These can be screened for a condition, Barrett's oesophagus, linked to early signs of the cancer. The condition is caused by stomach acid spilling back up the oesophagus and damaging the gullet wall.

The current method of testing is by endoscopy – an examination of the inside of the throat using a tiny camera on a flexible rod. As the procedure is difficult and uncomfortable, this form of cancer often remains undiagnosed until it is at an advanced stage, when sufferers experience difficulty in swallowing or burning sensations in the throat.

Doctors hope this simplified

test will allow more screening and earlier diagnosis, leading to improved chances of successful treatment.

Cases of Barrett's oesophagus have increased by over 350 percent in the past 20 years. MRC Professor Ron Laskey warned that this trend was set to continue. Victims are mainly men in their 60s with a history of suffering heartburn. Like many modern illnesses it is linked to western diet and lifestyle.



A cancerous gullet (above) and Fitzgerald's device

Architecture's "masochistic" work culture is criticised

Rachel Cooper

THE ARCHITECTURE department's relentless work ethic has been criticised as "masochistic" following an accident in their studios this weekend.

Peterhouse first-year Donna Macfadyen sliced her fingernail off with a scalpel whilst working on a model in the department, having only had a couple of hours' sleep the previous night. She passed out and was taken to Addenbrooke's, but discharged soon after.

Macfadyen admitted she was "really tired", having stayed late in the department the night before. She believes exhaustion caused her to faint after the accident. Incidents such as this in the department are relatively rare, but highlight the gruelling work culture.

Although some students suggest there are only "pockets of competitiveness", others claim their department is "incredibly competitive".

Pressure on architects is at its



An architecture student hard at work in the department.

greatest before "crits", two or three times a term, when students must present their work to their peers, tutors and external adjudicators. Macfadyen had been working for a crit when she cut herself.

Third-year Olly Wainwright said, "Architecture is the only course in Cambridge where you're assessed in a peer context". Pressure to excel in front of contemporaries and tutors allegedly drives students

to work such long hours.

Studio tutors stress the importance of sleeping before crits and advise that if students need to work all night, they do so two nights before their crit. Despite this suggestion many students find themselves staying up. Bengt Cousins-Jenvey, co-President of ArcSoc admitted, "you can go a few weeks with about three hours' sleep".

Professor Marcel Echenique, Head of Department, commented, "It is a difficult subject, because it combines the academic with the creative. Students have to do essays, exams and lecture courses but they also do studio work, designing a building plan and bringing all the theory into practical realisation. There is a double quantity of work and it is very hard. It's a very demanding subject, there's no doubt about it".

Architecture has the highest ratio of applicants to places in the University. Prof. Echenique said, "it's difficult to get in and once you do, you work very hard. It is difficult to achieve excellence across the board - it takes a huge amount of effort".

Although sleep deprivation is not uncommon in Cambridge, the architects' work-pattern is unique. Cousins-Jenvey stressed, "you are always re-evaluating your work". Yaz Suzuki agreed, "sometimes you have to do things at the last minute, because you have to keep changing ideas and plans. With art, you never stop working". Professor Echenique suggested that students who work all night must learn to "pace themselves better".

Two years ago, departmental staff took steps to stop students working all night in the faculty. Until 2004 the department was open 24 hours - studios officially now close at midnight, but students may stay and work if third-year student supervisors are present.

Virginia Bennett, faculty Administrative Officer said, "we try not to let them work all night" and added that the Health and Safety Division frowned upon all night working. She stressed, "I think we have a strong safety culture and students do take it seriously".



weekdays

GORDAN CHESTERTON
DIRECTOR
CAREERS SERVICE

Monday

Began reviewing the employer and student feedback forms from our more-than-just-for-profit event *The Works*, which involves companies who would not normally attend careers events. This will be a very lengthy task as over 1000 students attended.

Tuesday

After analysing the effects of last week's Media Event, which brought nearly 100 filmmakers, producers and journalists together, I had to start to planning next week's *Cam Connect* event, which will promote local employers. We pride ourselves on providing employment opportunities in areas other than just the big city firms; it's one of the things that makes us different from the big commercial agencies.

Wednesday

Away from Cambridge for the day for a meeting with my counterparts at Oxford, before heading back to see a team at the East of England Universities Careers Service about GradsEast - a collaborative, free vacancy scheme for local employers. Directors at other careers services often tease me about what an easy job I have helping very able, highly-employable students secure employment and so many employers queuing up to recruit them.

Thursday

Back at Stuart House dealing with the preparations for a talk I will give to a symposium of 80 employers in Cambridge next week. I had to spend much of my lunch break dealing with enquiries from the press, before spending the afternoon finishing the review of the response forms from *The Works*.

Friday

Thankfully a slightly easier day and much of it spent with more routine admin tasks in Stuart House. I'm very lucky to have a strong team who can take care of the running of things whilst I'm away. At the end of the afternoon we all find time to raise a glass of champagne to celebrate the centenary of the launch of HMS Dreadnought - a strong nautical interest runs through my veins.

Muslim students call for halal meat

Rebecca Greig

THE PROVISION of food meeting special dietary requirements for students of different religions was called into question at Monday's Black Students' Campaign meeting.

Since Wolfson College's decision two weeks ago to serve only halal chicken in their kitchen, Muslim students across the University have asked why similar provision has not been made at their colleges when Gardies restaurant is able to serve halal meat in its meals. At the moment the University gives no guidance on special diets, so choice varies at every college. A spokesperson said, "individual colleges have their own policies on the provision of halal meat. The Senior Tutors' Committee has encouraged colleges to look

at the provision of halal meat to their students."

At Caius halal meat must be requested in advance. As a result of negotiations by Trinity's Islamic Cultural society the college offers halal food once a week. St John's tries to accommodate Muslim students by serving halal three nights a week and will soon introduce halal food in its buttery.

But not all colleges are willing or able to provide this level of service, with the oft-cited reasons of cost and insufficient demand. This caused strong criticism from students at the meeting. Umar Ahmad argued, "halal meat is not much more expensive than other meat and so cost shouldn't be a huge barrier. Halal meat can be eaten by non-Muslims too, so demand shouldn't be a problem."

Robinson cannot provide for the few Muslims it has, but offers a reduction in the



Students' favourite Gardies, which serves halal meat

Kitchen Fixed Charge (KFC) for students who feel their dietary requirements are not being met. Despite requests for halal food at Trinity Hall, the college does not feel there is sufficient demand.

At Queens', halal food is available for Formal Hall only

when booked two weeks in advance. Several students raised the impracticality of this measure but Meera Chadha emphasised the importance of being accommodating on both sides. "The variety of dietary requirements makes it very difficult to satisfy everybody's needs. Students need to be reasonable too and appreciate that part of university and living away from home is making concessions."

But Zen Jelenje, CUSU Access Officer, stated that colleges should make the same allowances for those following religious diets as for those with food allergies. He noted, "Colleges are advertised as 'support systems ensuring students are looked after personally', if this is true then colleges should endeavour to meet the nutritional requirements of each student as far as possible."

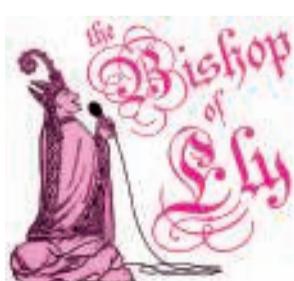
Shreyas Mukund, Black Students' Officer, emphasised

the need for all faiths to be taken into consideration, "The situation for students with other dietary restrictions also needs to be tackled - especially those which tend to be more readily ignored, such as vegetarian and vegan practices among Hindus and Jains."

The Black Students' Committee promised to investigate discrepancies between colleges and to plan practical measures and financial recommendations that can be given to colleges as guidance.

Halal Food

Islam has very strict guidelines about what Muslims can and cannot eat. Certain foods are prohibited, such as pork and the flesh of animals which have died without being ritually slaughtered and fully bled.



Scurrilous sermons delivered warm from the pulpit

Following last week's shocking revelation concerning mindless mingers disrespecting democracy via the medium of sex, we can exclusively reveal the devas-

tating shockwave resulting from our salaciously salient story.

Unlike the no-confidence-motion-bringing dissatisfied element within CUSU itself, our own ecumenical bean-spilling has resulted in a much-needed resignation. The female with an unhealthy disdain for due process (our Episcopal discretion remains inviolate, dear readers) has been forced to resign from the elections committee of our beleaguered student union.

Not only this - we can further disclose, courtesy of a flamboyant, Oaten-esque source, that our lascivious anti-heroine has been carrying on with the master of a

prominent Cambridge college. Again, we cannot reveal monikers. But suffice to say she has intimate knowledge of this nocturnal fellow's sett.

College fire alarms are well-known for their frequent and invasive drills, apparently existing solely to allow more prurient members of college to work out who's sleeping with whom. However, King's College was recently rocked to its foundations, discovering a real fire in an aberrantly-listed monetarist-named accommodation block. Students were hurried outside whilst firemen donned breathing apparatus to enter the flam-

ing, smoke-filled corridors. One fireman even remarked to a sordid, ravishing blonde with a penchant for gossip: "Ey up - it's like fookin' Dante in there," soliciting some concern over crowding of the job market with graduates.

What we can divulge, sensationally, is that this conflagration was actually the unfortunate result of an anxiety attack on the part of a wacky band member. A source in the Kambar furtively informed us that the hapless keyboardist had an attack of nerves prior to his intended appearance at a flaccid indie night, which manifested itself in a pyromaniac, 13 year-old-style

firebinge.

He created a sequence of gauche mini-fires, including the classic loo-roll blaze, the redoubtable tennis-ball-Lynx combo (his possession of said "fragrance" provides enough of a searing indictment of his maturity), and the somewhat misjudged toxic-sofa-stuffing-and-Zippo debacle. Disciplinary action is pending on this adolescent fire-starter and inept ivory-tinkler. All that we advise from the pulpit is that he pops a couple of precautionary Xanax next time he is forced to face the terrifyingly sophisticated, musically knowledgeable and hyper-critical gaze of the Cambridge indie scene.

The Goodness

Carbon versus convenience; air pollution versus air travel

The whole set-up feels pretty classy. Like something from back in the day. The golden days of aerodromes and zeppelins and Jackie Kennedy and James Bond.

What isn't so stylish is the one hour delay. There's fog on the ground at Oxford Airport, and our departure is postponed while they find a fogless place in which to land.

We can't amuse ourselves in the Duty Free, because there is no Duty Free. And Duty Free is never amusing. What is amusing is Cambridge Airport. Because it's not really an airport - more of a Portakabin. In fact, it is a Portakabin. But it does have a free hot drinks machine and a selection of aviation magazines.

Once we get the go-ahead to go, we hit the tarmac, and the magic happens. The strong breeze blows the deliciously dizzying kerosene fumes into our eager faces, and we swagger over to the plane in slow motion, as if we do this every day. Ahead is Sky Commuter's

frisky little electric blue seven-seater Piper Chieftan, waiting to embark on its daily

“

WE SWAGGER OVER TO THE PLANE IN SLOW MOTION, AS IF WE DO THIS EVERY DAY

”

9am hop to Oxford.

The pilot doodles some special calculations on a piece of paper,

probably working out how much we're each going to weigh the plane down. Then he cheerily whips the ladder down, and we squeeze ourselves into the beige, leather-clad interior.

The pilot crouches in the aisle, pointing out the (one) emergency exit. The door.

The plane takes off smoothly, and with panache. Outside, the clouds brush the top of the shiny shiny plane, leaving us to enjoy and then get slightly fed up with the miles of fields below. We feel like we're jet-setters. We feel like we've arrived. 25 minutes later, we have arrived.

Our return flight at 5pm is even more lavish. We are the only passengers on what is, effectively, our own private jet. Almost certainly, depressingly, a once in a lifetime experience.

It may seem like an irresponsible luxury to fly to Oxford and back as the effects of carbon pollution on our environment become increasingly severe. According to 'Decarbonising the UK', by the Tyndall Climate Centre, the UK government

must significantly reduce aviation growth to have any chance of achieving its self-imposed target of reducing carbon emissions by 60% by 2050.

There is a growing number of people who have given up flying. CUSU officers are not permitted to take flights for business purposes. However the aircraft currently operated by Sky Commuter are not high on the scale of rate of fuel burn. The seven-seater plane burns half the amount of fuel of eight cars making the same journey. So it may be that the need for quick transport between these two academic centres balances or outweighs any environmental effects.

And in any case, it only takes 25 minutes.

WIN!

Two return tickets to Oxford. By air! Just send us your doodles. For details see page 24 and www.varsity.co.uk



Nick Rowley, CEO of Sky Commuter, the chartered airline company now running twice-daily flights between Oxford and Cambridge

How is your new airline going?

Our first flight was only on February 1 but so far it's going well. It's taken a couple of years' preparation to get to this stage but the plan is to have a regional airline which taps into the niche of point-to-point commuter services. We use general aviation airfields and aircraft. People can pull up in a car straight to the aircraft. There is no hassle or fuss getting on the plane. Compared to a two hour check-in at Heathrow, it's pretty good.

How is your first route going?

Oxford-Cambridge is a niche service. It's hard to determine how many people it will cater for, but our research says approximately 200 people a day do this journey by rail, which takes two hours or car, which takes three hours. In our second week of operations the demand for this airline route is four times what we expected.

What sort of people are using this airline?

We see some people using the airline regularly, a couple of times a week. Often these are people who have aspects of their work in both cities, e.g. research labs in Oxford and IT departments in Cambridge. 60% of our customers are using the airline for corporate reasons. Then we have anomalous customers, such as an 80 year-old lady who wanted to attend a funeral in Cambridge, but would have been unable to go by train.

What is the effect of the weather on the service?

It affects us more than large aircraft. The main problem is that Kidlington airport, Oxford doesn't have an Instrument Landing Computerised System which guides down aircraft in

bad weather. We can land at the RAF base airport in Brize Norton instead. The trouble is that the Ministry of Defence is very slow when it comes to giving us permission. I hope they're a bit more on the ball when it comes to war.

How do you see the airline expanding?

Other routes we are considering include to Manchester, Edinburgh and the Channel Islands. The infrastructure in this country is all designed to go between the North and South. So we can cater for East-West routes.

Did you hear about the 18 year-old who tried this before?

My company actually provided him with aircraft and technology. But he fell out with people in the airports at each end and never got anything off the ground. The airports then approached me to try to salvage the venture.

Does your airline add unnecessary pollution to the atmosphere?

This route has got existing traffic that is mostly corporate. They do not travel by rail, as it is constantly late. There is no such thing as car sharing, as much as people talk about it, so by flying one light aircraft we are taking eight cars off the road. Eight cars burns 150 litres of petrol for this journey, whereas one flight carrying all eight passengers burns 50 to 60 litres. If you look at average passenger loads, we are burning 75,000 less litres of fuel.

What do you do if you need the toilet on the plane?

There is in fact a toilet on the aircraft. The two back seats have a curtain in front of them. One of the back seats lifts up and doubles up as a toilet. But it is only a 25 min flight, so hopefully people can last the journey.



There's a lot of jobs, but only one Sentec...

Graduate/Postgraduate Engineers

Sentec, the solutions company, creates revolutionary technologies for industry. People who join us want a challenge: they want to innovate, invent and make a real difference. If you love intellectual challenges and want freedom to develop your technical and business skills, you'll find the rewards of working with Sentec go far beyond our competitive benefits package.

We want people with a passion for technology, first class understanding of fundamental science principles and with an outstanding academic background (minimum 2:1 in engineering). Practical experience in a laboratory/workshop and a desire to turn thought experiments into working prototypes is essential.

For more information on our available jobs, please come to our stand at CamConnect on the 22nd February, or see our website:

WWW.SENTEC.CO.UK

The fliers



Pippy, eight, and Zoe, six, are going to spend a few days with their grandparents in Oxford. This is their first time flying.



Rebecca, a PPE student at New College, Oxford, has spent the day in Cambridge at her grandmother's funeral. "My grandmother's dying wish was for me to travel back in style."



Gillian (right), was visiting her friend in Cambridge for the weekend. "Last time I drove to her dinner party, and turned up three hours late."

TONY **Varsity blagged a free return flight to Oxford. This meant that RUBIKA BALENDRA, HANNAH FLETCHER and TOM KINGSLEY had to spend a day in Oxford. They thought it would be rubbish. But actually it was quite nice.**



Sam Blatherwick asks

How are you, fabric?

f: Tense - a caged tiger!

SB: fabric has one of the best reputations in the country. How do you maintain it?

f: By sticking to a very simple plan and not getting involved in anything we can't do ourselves, or shouldn't be doing in the first place. Hopefully people respect that and aren't confused by what fabric is or wants to be. We're happy to have great parties each weekend and bring DJs to a wider audience on our record label. That's more than enough work.

SB: You have a track record of attracting the best DJs in the world to the nightclub - do you approach DJs or do they approach you?

f: Both, but it's far more likely a booking will follow one of our own enquiries.

SB: How has the nightclub scene changed since you got involved?

f: It hasn't. People are still going out to clubs, big and small, at night. That's been the situation for decades. Musically there have been many changes, but the social infrastructure is the same as it ever was.

SB: Have new licensing laws affected the time that people arrive at a club? If not, do you feel fabric is immune from these influences?

f: No, not at all. Nothing has changed as regards when people arrive or how much they drink. We're not immune from changes in this respect and it could well be that the later opening of bars affects us this summer. We'll get back to you on that.

SB: What advice would you have for ambitious student DJs and promoters?

f: Do it yourself. Don't bother sending in mixtapes to fabric unless you've done a night of your own. Not that we don't want to support you, we do, but the best way of getting noticed is to have a cracking little night of your own. That's the point - do something fun for the people you like, the ones you'll take on the private jet when you finally get a massive booking in some glitzy Ibiza hellhole.

SB: Which is the biggest-selling fabric/fabriclive cd? Which is your favourite?

f: The biggest sellers are probably James Lavelle, DJ Hype, John Digweed. If you were to guess at who sells most from the people we've worked with I reckon you'd be right more than wrong. My favourites will always be 'fabriclive 07: John Peel' and 'fabric 13: Michael Mayer'.

SB: Over the past few years the national media has been gagging to proclaim the death of 'dance music'. How do you view this? Do you think fabric is affected by talk like this?

f: Yes, fabric is affected. The effect is indirect but substantial. The 'death of dance' was nonsense. If a magazine fails it's because people don't want to read it - that's a problem of journalism as much as subject matter. The dance music fabric supports very rarely got featured

in the press anyway. In the 'heyday' of the dance press there was a hell of a lot of brilliant musicians and DJs who never got covered (and God help you if you weren't British, American or Sven Vath).

The electronic music scene has never been better or stronger. If the publishers, executives and promoters who chased money from it have had second thoughts then good, that's a positive thing. How journalists can see the likes of Radiohead and Bjork, or Jamie Lidell, Coco Rosie and Akufen, and not declare electronica healthy is mystifying.

SB: Do you take credit for bringing M.I.A. and Diplo together?

f: Yeah, why not. John and Yoko too, that was us. Des and Mel? Preston and Chantelle?

SB: What music do you listen to in your spare time?

f: A huge range of stuff. Depeche Mode, Magnet, Boards of Canada, The Charlatans and Pink Floyd do it for me consistently.

SB: Are you still excited by new music?

f: As a company, yes, absolutely. We used to be excited to the point of annoyance but we've chilled out a bit now. We don't try and force feed people who don't like our stuff anymore. We're just quietly satisfied knowing we're right and they're wrong.

SB: What will fabric be dancing to in 2006?

See the listings for the answer to that one!


www.fabriclondon.com

fabric opened in 1999 in a Victorian meat cellar in Clerkenwell, London and has built itself a reputation as one of the best nightclubs in the country. Along with attracting the best DJs and artists in the world, the club releases an outstanding series of CDs entitled fabric and fabriclive, showcasing the talents of the regular DJs they host. fabric is a huge club with three storeys and a capacity of 2500. It is licensed 24 hours and has 'bass loaded body sonic dancefloors': they vibrate.

Thanks to Cameron Leslie (Managing Director), and Nick Doherty (Head of Press) for answers.



SEEN

Illustration Abi Millar

Words Joe Thomas



Caffè Nero Wednesday 6.30pm

"VARSITY? ARSE-ITY."

JON SWAINE asks **GEORGE GALLOWAY** a straight question and receives a straight escort out of his dressing room

Better out than in, eh?" Community Radio's correspondent laughs at her own belch backstage at the Arts Theatre. In roving reporter's Puffa and Timberlands, she alternates between untangling herself from her mic cable and telling everyone how excited she is. "It's him!" she's about to meet.

With her is Tom Woodcock, Respect candidate for Cambridge at the last general election. The nature of their relationship is unclear. They appear to disagree over the extent to which Woodcock can be seen to partake in her coverage. "We've learnt from New Labour: spun interviews," he chuckles, adding a nervous "...Not" upon noticing my bemusement.

"I'm off to rally the troops," he says. "Will there be lots of Respect members here tonight?" I ask. I wonder whether to expect the plants whose presence has been reported on this tour – presumably to flesh out undersold theatres, or dilute potentially awkward questions, or both.

Mumbling something about expecting lots of students to show support, Woodcock is gone.

We are eventually led into the greyish bowels of the building. "Okay folks - he's all wound up," we're told, as if to prepare for an agitated prize-fighter, twitching on the eve of a title bout.

Instead, in a room whose emptiness is compromised only by a foil tray of soggy ham sandwiches, we are greeted by a leathery, stage-made-up George Galloway. Illuminated pantomime-villain-like by bright, bulb-lined theatrical mirrors, it is suddenly all too clear that despite comparisons of his combative political style to his sporting youth, he never did make it as a boxer.

Both having been promised individual slots, holding Galloway's attention is quickly established as a battle between Varsity and CR. And with good reason. Despite the depths to which his reputation seems to have dwindled, appearing as both a leotard-clad ballerina and giant cat on *Celebrity Big Brother*, there still remain serious questions he continues somehow to elude.

Like recently published details of his meeting with Uday Hussein in 1999. Shaking the mass-murderer by the hand, Galloway is recorded reassuring his "Excellency" that "I'd like you to know we are with you 'til the end." Who did he mean by "we"? Who did he mean by "you"? And what "end" did he have in mind? He hasn't said.

And what of relations between Galloway and Saddam Hussein's former deputy - very civilised and sophisticated man, Tariq Aziz? His complicity in the gassing of up to 7,000 Kurds at Halabja in 1988 and murder of political rivals wasn't enough to stop Galloway petitioning with holocaust deniers for his release from jail. But was Aziz' apparent statement to a US Senate

Subcommittee that Galloway received illegal oil payments – which he denies, and rendering him guilty of perjury if true – enough to rattle their friendship?

It is not without some frustration, then, that I greet CR's tepid opening gambit. "You've had an awful lot of publicity recently," she says, "but I feel people still don't know what you stand for, or what your political views are – what could you say about that?"

I sigh. "We stand for peace," says Galloway. Indeed, his vocal anti-Iraq war stance has been consistent, and is responsible for much of his renown. But not so publicised was his eulogy last July to those "poor Iraqis - ragged people" using the most "basic of weapons" to "write the names of their towns in the stars" – "martyrs," to be precise, making "the country ungovernable." He defended his comments, denying that they put British troops at risk.

"Justice, equality" he continues. Like for homosexuals? This might sound convincing were it not for the equivocation of party grandes, regularly compromising LBGT campaigning done at grassroots. Leading figure Lindsey German accused OutRAGE!'s Peter Tatchell of having a "colonial mentality" for condemning the slaughter of gays in Jamaica. In November, she attacked as "having a hidden agenda" a motion brought to Respect's annual conference attempting official censure of the dumping of gay rights from the party's election manifesto.

They seem hamstrung by the party's reliance on homophobic donors. Dr Mohammed Naseem, their largest donor and provider of 50 percent of their funds declared to the Electoral Commission, is Home Affairs spokesman for the Islamic Party of Britain. His party advocates the death penalty for homosexuality. Yet, as Galloway continues tonight, Respect profess to be "against bigotry".

As he embellishes their cause – "a belief that some things are too important to be left to the profit sector," and "bringing people together, irrespective of wherever they came from, whatever their colour and however they pray," it seems unsurprising that, as Galloway keenly advertises, Respect are "the fastest growing political organisation in Britain." Undoubtedly there are, as Galloway describes during his show, a great number of people who feel forgotten by New Labour.

As Galloway repeats (albeit melodramatically: there is not nearly so much absolute poverty today), "the gap between rich and poor is wider than it was when Charles Dickens was chronicling Victorian England." It would indeed seem "irrational," then, that a Labour prime minister should boast to the bosses of Goldman Sachs that under his watch, they continue to pay a lower proportion of income tax than

under Margaret Thatcher. The "hear, hear" he receives for this later is amongst the few that don't send my head into my hands. Apologies to "Israel and the United States are exactly the same thing"; you didn't quite make it in.

Many, too, share his concerns that "public utilities and services should be handed over to people whose purpose is profit," a fear provoked by Tony Blair's relentless selling-off even of individual schools and their curricula.

Yet it is the more recent combination of earnest socialism with such unsavoury elements that leave a bitter taste to analyses of Galloway's clan.

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE? WHOEVER YOU ARE

"Was he [Saddam] hated by the ordinary people?" actress Rula Lenska asked Galloway in the *Big Brother* house on January 10th. "Not at all; not at all" he replied, "as is obvious now. He was hated by political opponents, as he suppressed all opposition," he continued, "but he wasn't hated by the ordinary Iraqi - no, not at all," he concluded, shaking his head.

Permitted to speak, I press him on this. "I thought we'd give you the opportunity to set any controversy straight," I say. "You told Rula Lenska that Saddam Hussein was not hated by ordinary Iraqis. I wonder whether you could elaborate on that, and tell us which Iraqis he was hated by."

"Actually, I didn't say that," he lies. "Your premise is false. I gave a long and discursive description." Happy he has been clear on "the good things that Saddam did, and the bad things," which "greatly outweighed the good things," he says he has "no need to set any records straight." I disagree.

He boasts of this being his 23rd tour date. But, "a lot has been made," I remind him, "of your weak voting record in parliament. You have the twelfth-weakest, behind Tony Blair, who's obviously got quite a lot to do, five Sinn Féin members (who abstain from taking their seats), the speaker and deputy speakers (ineligible to vote) and two MPs who have actually died during this parliament. Don't you think

you owe more to your constituents?"

He is incensed. "Just you leave my constituents to me. My constituents are nothing to do with you."

"I usually think it's more valuable to be appearing at a theatre show like this, speaking to hundreds of people," he goes on, "than sitting in the House of Commons." At £15 a ticket plus booking fee, I'm not arguing.

I don't ask for it, but he gives me "a bit of fatherly advice – don't bet against us winning the (local) elections in Tower Hamlets" in May. I am yet to raise my voice, but he is "a little confused as to why I'm so angry" about his possible neglect of duty. I want to explain that all British taxpayers, not just those in Bethnal Green and Bow, pay for a big pot from which his wages are drawn, but decide against it. He probably knows.

I had thought I was clear on Galloway's views on the controversy over the publication of cartoons satirising Muhammed. He condemns as "grossly irresponsible" their publication in Denmark, "one of the most racist countries in Europe, without a single purpose-built mosque," criticising the British press for being "full-on in their denunciation of the Muslims" and "negative coverage".

But as he continues, he is confusing. "There's no such thing as freedom of speech," he says - "all freedom of speech is curtailed. I am, for example, curtailed from saying what I think of this gentleman (he points at me) by the laws of libel." Since he is quite free to disseminate truth without fear of retribution, I can only assume it is the wish of George Galloway MP to spread lies about me. "And if he were black," he continues, "I'd be curtailed from making a racist attack on him." I am surprised. "Would you want to?" I ask. He ignores me. "If he were Jewish, I'd be curtailed from making an anti-semitic attack on him."

Somewhat dazed, it takes a final stab at defining banality by Community Radio to bring me back into consciousness. "It's nearly Valentine's Day," she coos. "We're doing a program about love. Could you say a few words about love for me?" "Aah, love," sighs Galloway. "My love is like a red, red rose, newly sprung in June." That's Robert Burns, my dear." Speechless with nausea, I am powerless to halt her. "We're doing a poem as well," she says, "and we want people to fill in the end. So if I say 'Love is...', you fill in. 'Love is?'." "Love is love," comes the inspired reply. "Cool," she concludes.

"Isn't this quite an insult to..." I start. Before I can continue, Galloway delivers a firm, backhanded rap to my leg. "Why don't you just leave?" he says,

moving me towards the door. "Whoever you are – you didn't even say who you were, or where you were from." "I introduced myself when I came in," I correct him. "Cambridge Varsity," says his assistant. "Cambridge Arse-ity" is his reply.

Outside, I'm quizzed on why my questions were "so aggressive". Minor panic spreads amongst Arts Theatre staff. The photographer and I hurry into the auditorium to take our seats. After some beckoning and whispering, an usher is sent to stand next to us, and a senior official takes a seat behind.

The first half of Galloway's show features some impressive rhetoric. But on Iraq he is predictable and selective. And his eloquent leftist critiques of modern Britain, spanning asylum to habeas corpus to ID cards, are spoiled by attempts at cheap laughs. Watching a man divorced on grounds of infidelity (which he denied) receive mass applause for quipping David Blunkett resigned "to spend more time with other people's families" is unsettling.

He even says "you only know Blair's lying when his lips move." The audience - two-thirds full and notably light on student presence - is in hysterics.

The second half consists of audience questions; I still have a long list. But the house lights have been turned on, revealing all to the stage. Despite my arm being elevated for most of the 45 minutes, Galloway has clearly decided he will not be answering anything more thorny than "which was more intimidating – speaking before the US Senate, or us tonight?"

There is only one arm up other than mine. I recognise the voice of the woman selected in my stead. "I've got an 18 year-old daughter," she says. "She doesn't look old enough," quips Galloway instinctively. "And worry about the future that she's got to look forward to." It's Community Radio. That's her question.

Galloway is delighted. "We went over a cliff with George Bush," he says. "The only thing we can do is what I'll be doing in March – if the war on Iran hasn't started – marching on the great anti-war demonstration." In front of me, wide-eyed, 29 year-old Jaime Grogan excitedly whispers "we should go!" to her mother. Such collective exhilaration at the thought of a brand new war to oppose is quite a sight.

Afterwards, amongst audience members who have become exit door leafletters, I ask Tom Woodcock how it reflected upon Cambridge Respect that their leader appeared deliberately to refuse to answer questions from a student of the city. "I don't know," he replies, refusing to catch my glance, and continuing to hand out stickers. "You'll have to ask him yourself."

A task, it would seem, more easily said than done.

MY BLOODY VALENTINE



PHOTO BY JAMIE MARLAND/ILLUSTRATION BY TOM KINGSLEY

Lost love, self-sacrifice, heartbreak and rose trampling: **JESS HOLLAND** celebrates a very different kind of Valentine's Day at St. Edward's King and Martyr - Cambridge's very own **GOTH EUCHARIST**

"I'm the most cheerful person I know," Lucy, a corseted, platform-booted goth from Homerton, tells me. Her leather-trousered, chain-wearing boyfriend, Thomas, nods in agreement. "That whole gloomy thing is so put on." She thinks about it and concedes, "there is angst...but it's well-meaning angst." We're at Goth Eucharist, an idiosyncratic Christian service in a little church just off King's Parade. It was set up a year ago by Theology fellow Marcus Ramshaw for members of Cambridge's goth community

and combines religious worship with a goth aesthetic. Gothic dress is encouraged, the liturgy is re-worded to deal with 'the darker things in life' and incense smoulders in the eerie candlelight. Ramshaw presides over the service wearing a black cloak usually reserved for requiems and invites us all to join him at the Kambar's goth night, 'The Calling', after the service.

It's Valentine's Day and the service is dedicated to 'lost love, self sacrifice and heartbreak'. Red carnations are strewn over the inner sanctum, and we're

encouraged to tread on and destroy them while receiving Mass. Contemporary music (Depeche Mode, Joy Division, Jeff Buckley) blares out of a little hi-fi, wonderfully anachronistic next to a huge flickering cross made up of red glowing candles that gives the austere architecture of St Edward's King and Martyr Church the air of an Evanescence video.

Ramshaw's modified liturgy trades heavily on metaphors of light and darkness, and asks Jesus to assuage the grief that is like "a raping of the soul".

The sermon is given by trainee vicar Linda Ducker, and examines the self sacrifice exhibited by characters in The Matrix, before turning to the topic of 'the other' chosen one who gave up his life for a promised land. She tells us that, while researching the topic of a 'Gothic Valentine', she found a cartoon that seemed to sum up how heartbreak and loss can feel. It had the caption "Please rip out my heart and destroy it".

It's after the service that I talk to Thomas and Lucy. Both University students, Lucy is a Christian who has always gone to church regularly and now feels that she's found a service that "really connects with people, that's more than just going through the motions". For Thomas, on the other hand, who describes himself as a pantheist.

I ask Rev. Ramshaw how he feels about people coming to his Eucharist who perhaps aren't as interested in the message as in the medium. He tells me, "Half the people who come here wouldn't ordinarily touch the church with a barge pole. But there aren't any wrong reasons for coming. This is not an attempt to be a missionary service, it's just trying to reach people where they are at and provide pastoral support. Quite often the sermons will cover something like depression or despair or suicide or low self esteem. All we're trying to do is give a sense of hope."

Ramshaw doesn't see any tension between gothdom and spirituality, insisting that "most goths I know are spiritual if not religious. But goth music and the goth outlook is something that the church has either forgotten or misunderstood, viewed very negatively as a bunch of Satanists and wiccans and stuff like that." Despite his experimentation with new forms of worship, Ramshaw's beliefs are resolutely old-fashioned. "I really do believe in the supernatural," he tells me. "If angels don't exist I would feel very conned. I've never seen one but I think they do exist, and I believe in ghosts." This love of the mystical and the symbolic is something that links together gothic and Christian culture for Ramshaw,

as well as a shared sense of integrity. "Christianity is meant to be about a real honesty before God," he says, "and in the goth community there's also a sort of honesty about facing up to life's problems and not making light of them."

But some of the more orthodox parishioners of St Edward's might find it hard to make the connection. I find Geoffrey Barnes, the deputy church warden, sitting at the back of the church. He has come to check up on the Goth Eucharist, and report back on what goes on. But he is over-

can provide a service for people who might not otherwise feel they were welcome at church, then I believe it is a service to our saviour."

And it's not just Christianity that's gaining new recruits. Richard, a student at Clare College, is a Christian who has been coming to conventional services at St Edward's King and Martyr for over a year, and has just worked up the courage to try out the Goth Eucharist. When asked if he considers himself a goth, he laughs. "I didn't, but I'm beginning to wonder now. I think I might be finding an inner goth somewhere." He tells me that he doesn't go in for the black-clad look, but likes the philosophy. "I like the idea of walking over the flowers, trampling over lost love. I wasn't brave enough to walk over the flowers though, because I didn't want to spoil them."

The flowers were Ramshaw's idea, although he has now set up a committee on the blogging website LiveJournal, which help choose music and themes for the Eucharist. Marcus tells me that Cambridge is becoming increasingly well known for the strength and friendliness of its goth community, even if it's only made up of about a hundred people. "The Calling is the friendliest nightclub you'll go to," he says. "It's a place where people will just come up and make friends with you. It does tend to be older people, though. I think that if you're a first year undergraduate you might find it a bit harder."

Both the Goth Eucharist and the Cambridge University GothSoc have only started up in the last year, and with the considerable press coverage of Ramshaw's service (he's been fielding interview requests from CNN, Sky, Channel 4, the Guardian, Rolling Stone and a host of others, with BBC1 filming the next service in a fortnight's time) the attendance rate of both is swelling rapidly. There's evidently never been a better time to get in touch with your dark side. In a cheerful, Jesus-loving sort of way.



THE SERMONS COVER THINGS LIKE DEPRESSION, DESPAIR OR SUICIDE. ALL WE'RE TRYING TO DO IS GIVE HOPE



whelmingly positive about the experience. He tells me, "There is some concern from some members of the congregation who attend other services. I'm a 'Book of Common Prayer' person myself, but I believe in the phrase a 'broad church'. And if at a quarter to nine on a cold Tuesday evening, Marcus

Cambridge International Concert Series

2005-2006

A SERIES OF OUTSTANDING ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

FRIDAY 17 FEBRUARY 7.30PM

EUROPEAN UNION CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

CONDUCTOR GERNOT SUSSMUTH

SOLOIST DAVID PYATT Horn

Mozart Symphony No 40 in G minor, K550, Rondo for Horn, K371, Horn Concerto No 4 in E Flat, K495. Schubert Symphony No 5 in B flat

WEDNESDAY 15 MARCH 7.30PM

RUSSIAN STATE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

CONDUCTOR VALERY POLIANSKY

SOLOIST TATYANA POLIANSKYA Piano

Prokofiev Symphony No 1 in D, 'Classical' Shostakovich Piano Concerto No 1 in C minor Rachmaninov Symphony No 3 in A minor

TICKETS £26.50 £22.50 £18.50

TUESDAY 25 APRIL 7.30PM

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

CONDUCTOR MARK STEPHENSON

SOLOIST CHLOE HANSLIP Violin

Mozart Overture: The Magic Flute Mendelssohn Concerto for Violin in E minor Dvorak Symphony No 8 in G

WEDNESDAY 10 MAY 7.30PM

BUDAPEST SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF HUNGARIAN RADIO

CONDUCTOR TAMAS VASARY

SOLOIST NINA KOTOVA Cello

Mozart Overture: Don Giovanni Dvorak Cello Concerto Grieg Peer Gynt Suite Sibelius Symphony No 5 in E flat

SPECIAL STUDENT OFFER:
ALL TICKETS £10.00
WITH THIS ADVERT



THE CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE

BOX OFFICE
01223 357851
www.cornex.co.uk



Anyone For Thai Grue Curry?

Frank admissions in the colour controversy

Tess Riley

Vietnamese, like many languages, does not verbally distinguish "blue" from "green" – the adjective *xanh* covers both, what English linguists term "grue". Were we to use just one word in Cambridge, the potential problems could be disastrous; shouting "come on you Grues!" at Varsity football matches might earn you a few grue bruises, and the thought that WKD might not be its usual flourescent blue makes me come over all green. Ugh.

Physicists would have a terrible time with their wiring, mathmos would get their abacuses all in a fuddle, geographers would be prevented from their very important colouring-in tasks, and I would find myself in Modernism seminars discussing Virginia Woolf, a leading Grue-Stocking feminist of her day. No thank you.

Vietnamese avoids possible pitfalls by finding an ingenious way to distinguish between the two colours. "Leaf grue," *xanh lá cây*, describes green things and "water grue", *xanh nuoc*, blue. Excellent. Next time your best friend comes back from Cindy's a bit worse for wear you can tell her she's looking a bit "leaf grue" – it's much more elegant.

Native English speakers might think this lack of adjectival range is odd – why not just have two different words? Yet, we ask this from our own subjective point of view, through our own language. Indeed, we



do not have two separate words for light and dark blue. Russian does; *goluboy* (excuse my accent), what English calls "light blue", is as independent from *siniy*, or "dark blue", as pink is from red to us.

But who is "us"? English language speakers? British people? What about those who are Russian-English bilinguals? We're all seeing the same thing, even if we're not dividing linguistic boundaires the same way. One explanation for such differences is that languages develop according to what is important for the speakers

I WATCHED AS SHE DRAINED A SAUCEPAN OF BLUE PASTA AND POURED OVER BLUE TOMATO SAUCE

of different cultures. We've all heard the one about the twenty seven and a half different ways to say "white" in Iceland, but did you know that the red-light district is named as such because of the colour's association with blood and therefore arousal?

I started thinking about colours after my panic last week that my flatmate had gone crazy. After a long day, I trudged into the flat to be welcomed by delightful cooking smells. Immediately revived by the thought of nabbing some of Rachel's pasta dish, I went into the

kitchen. All appetite vanished: she was drinking a glass of greeny-blue, very-off, milk. "Rach, are you okay?"

Surely the essay crisis hadn't come to this? Suicide by mouldy milk? I was ready for action. I had seen *E.R.* I knew the score.

However, fears were allayed and all thoughts of George Clooney suppressed when she promised me that the milk was new. However...

"I'm seeing if you're a colourist."

A what? "A colourist. You know, like, a colour racist – whether you'll only eat foods that are the colour you expect them to be. Try this." I watched her with mingled awe and suspicion as she drained a saucepan of blue pasta and poured over blue tomato sauce. My plate resembled a miniature Picasso from his Blue Period. With cheddar cheese.

Having Rach scientifically peering at me was one way to put me off my food; blue or otherwise. But, she was right, it did taste odd and it looked vile.

So, I'm a colourist. I'm anti-blue. That sounds bad.

Acceptance is the first stage towards recovery. The full cure? Well, I'm doing my best, sitting here listening to my Chet Baker blues CD and practising sexy netball moves to get into the Blues team. What else? Should I turn Tory? Give up environmentalism? Maybe I should become Vietnamese?

Oh dear, I'm coming over all grue.

A LACK OF SKILLS

CUSU
EDUCATION
OFFICER



Jacob Head

Key skills occupy a rather neglected position within the Cambridge system. Due to the University's relentless academic emphasis, the acquisition of "transferable skills" which can be used outside the narrow confines of academia is not as strongly encouraged as it could be.

An element of this is certainly snobbishness: many students and staff instinctively associate the words "key skills" with former polytechnics and less academically rigorous degrees. Many even foster a strange sense of pride in the esoteric nature of their courses and how inapplicable they are to the "real" world.

This is unfortunate, as Cambridge is one of the best places to acquire additional skills which can increase employability. The choices are almost endless: courses in everything from learning Korean to studying C++ are offered by various departments and centres.

On the more subtle front, being involved in one of the many clubs or societies offers experience of running an organisation more complex than a small charity or business. All of these experiences can and should be highlighted as part of a CV and, when properly exploited, can make one far more attractive to employers. More importantly, however, is the positive effect they have on our lives, beyond employment and into social activities and general interest. It is therefore unfortunate that not much effort is devoted to learning such skills, especially by us as students.

The University Education section and CUSU are working together to encourage students to see their education as not just beginning and ending in the lecture theatre. Two personal development programmes, Springboard (for women) and Navigator (for men), have been developed and these might help us to see our lives in a more holistic way.

Extra-curricular courses are also becoming more frequent. Once these programmes are in place, the main problem will always be communicating to students of their existence. This is not a new problem, especially considering the collegic nature of the university, but the co-operation of the Faculties, Colleges, JCRs and CUSU will be required to solve it effectively.

In the long term, financial considerations may become a problem as extra-curricular courses are often the first to be cut when faculties or colleges are faced with financial pressure. Services such as the Language Centre and Computing Service could easily be at risk should the university decide that its money is better spent elsewhere. This is something which CUSU needs to keep a careful eye on, to ensure that these important programmes and the benefits they offer are not lost for future generations of students.

Leave Your Party Prejudices At The Door

Why Blair-baiting and Tory-hating hurt our politics

Katherine Poole

Last week, I went to see Ann Widdecombe speak at the Union. Nothing radical about this. I'm always on the look out for women who cut a figure more forthright than my own, and Widdecombe certainly has a voice that could shatter lead. However, once I'd got past this in order to actually listen to what she was saying, I was rather unsettled to realise that I actually agreed with some of it.

This is more than a slight departure for someone who, upon coming home from school one election year to discover her front lawn dotted with Tory party placards, very nearly called Childline.

Widdecombe reminds me of the woman who used to run the wardrobe of our village drama group with a bag of jumble and a vigorous regime of individual responsibility. Once, when pulling on a delightful *Alice in Wonderland* costume, I discovered with some discomfort that a pin had been left in the fabric, and had ripped up the back of my leg. "You left a pin in it!" I

yelped at the witch, accusatorily. "Well you should have checked," she replied. That told me.

Both women are proponents of tough love in its most basic sense, combining brusqueness with enormous enthusiasm: an approach no doubt shared with a large number of Cambridge supervisors. Even when Widdecombe began yelping in an ever-so-slightly scary way about single mums (only the 'feckless' ones, mind; fathers apparently having been discharged as rapidly by Anne as by the mothers) it was clear that the source of her vitriol was a desperate anxiety for the welfare of the children, and a desire to halt the cycle of disaffection.

All of a sudden, the leftie mindset seemed more like that of a stroppy adolescent, who sulks about how unfair it all is, and could do with a spell in a Widdecombe-esque boot camp in the Nevada desert. What's become of me? Is it possible for the-other-kind-of-blue blood to run congenitally and inescapably in one's veins? And if so, can one get dialysis to correct this?

Yet even for someone with such a strong Pollyanna streak as myself, it's difficult to overcome old suspicions. The single-mother rant issued from a question about the ingrained and indomitable Tory stereotype. Even if we accept that it was my personal responsibility to check for pins in my frilly blue frock, it would still have been nice for someone to warn me that pins might have been there in the first place. "Would a Tory government warn me about the possibility of pins?" I found myself wondering, somewhat unprofitably.

I was once asked by the Labour Student Chair of another university to justify why my lot (the Greens) came to be allied with their lot (the Tories) in Leeds City Council, and seemed confused by my untroubled conscience. Everywhere else prejudice is generally accepted as a bad thing. Yet when most people of student age do muster the strength to 'engage', it's often only to perpetuate the pageant of pantomime villains. Blair - Boo! Thatcher - BOO! Bush - Big Boo Plus Fright Mask.

Galloway - Indefatigable Boo! Such an approach is neither radical nor constructive - it is complacent and predictable. It is almost the Establishment response.

There is no profit in such recourse to stereotype, or in permitting our concern for appearance to act as party whip to good judgement. The failure to negotiate our embedded allegiances makes us all the more vulnerable to the distraction of cheap jibes, superficial promises and bickering. Isn't it rather undeveloped to go on the defensive in the face of criticism? The aggressive nature of politics too often drives good ideas underground, or opens the door on them too soon, and they are rushed out like a towering cake-based representation of political astuteness, only to quickly collapse into half-baked slop.

Future generations will have to take a more productive approach to government if they ever want to reverse political apathy. Don't you know the only way to deal with bullies and fibbers is to ignore them? The voting public do.





MEMBERS OF THE BLOG
FRATERNITY ATTACK EACH OTHER
WITH KNIVES AND NEEDLES

My grandad fought in nineteen different world wars and now he's expected to remember 4 numbers for his Chip 'n' Pin. You think he's capable of that? I don't bloody think so.
Kirsten

If this Chip and Pin debacle is some sort of backward-arsed way of saving the NHS, then I'm afraid it's going to go the same way as the 1936 Grand National, when three horses died of dysentery, and the NHS was scarcely improved. **beardedbaby**

Podcasting constitutes a cheap and reliable substitute to both useless, petty birdwatching and boring, analogue Grand Nationals. Just rig up the podcast and fire off the first of 12 prize-winning radio shows! With podcasting, the future smells of civilians. This means you, you stupid brewer. **tech_help**

I don't think anybody should be allowed to start "ranking" the wonderful Amazon landmarks, like so many cheap, slutty whores **Mike**

Get off your high horse, Mike, and actually take a look around you.
Bronson

Bronson: take you're your point about high horses. Horses get too high: no more Grand National
Divided

GN unlikely to succeed in my book. Without? Probably the jockeys.
sheriff_of_nottingham

Agree: GN needs jockeys de facto. As for Chip 'n' Pin, impossibility of time-travel negates precise answers
Analyst

Jam is made from fruit and sugar.
Info_cruiser

Okay: let's divide up the rough from the smooth. Bronson: you're wrong. Sheriff: Who are you? Jeremy: you're definitely wrong :-) **gently_watching**

This Chip and Pin debate encapsulates, once again, everything that is rotten and bone-less about the pointless state of the West Virginian archipelago. What a trashy mess of weak old generals. What an appalling brigade of layabouts. **Ladle**

Ladle: immense over-reaction. Don't you ever visit circuses or parks? Look at those laughing children. Look at all this great stuff! **east_islander**

More jockeys immediately **Alison**

Jockeys **jockeys**



Its editorial team lacking in basic skills like so many of their peers (allegedly), the *Varsity* Spelling Bee takes a turn for the rude. Students, respect your teachers

Act Your Age, Not Your Suit Size

We're not grown-ups yet; let's not pretend that we are

Shock. Horror. The CUSU President proposed a motion without letting the rest of the CUSU executive know. This is BAD. A really really BAD thing. A really really really BAD thing. But the question is, how bad? Is it bad enough to end friendships, is it bad enough that it necessitates letters being circulated and motions of no confidence being brought? I doubt it, and the speed with which the post-vote executive has decided that all is fine suggests that a chit-chat around the kitchen table would have been a more mature way to deal with the situation.

It's not just that such activity is a grossly disproportionate response to a relatively minor offence, it's that by behaving in such a pompous manner those involved have undermined the good work that I'm sure CUSU does. It isn't so much a case of the boy crying wolf, as the student-dressed-as-parliamentarian crying mummy.

To this extent the whole affair is reminiscent of the perennial threats to impeach Tony Blair. Mutterings of constitutionality and accountability carried the try-hard undertones of the class geek scrabbling for attention while the teacher marches off in the other direction. And that was about a war; Laura Walsh was only accused of misleading the twenty or so people who have heard of CUSU.

If she had tried to use student union funds to buy herself a tank, there would perhaps have been a case for removing her from her post. As it is, the people concerned need to go to Asda and buy themselves some of that perspective stuff. It's very cheap, and it helps you to realise that your actions have human consequences. It's all very well jumping up and down on your high-hobby-horse, but student politics is exactly that, *student* politics, and there is very little in student life to justify treating anyone the way Laura Walsh has been treated by people that claimed to be her friends.

Of course, this lack of perspective isn't limited to CUSU. No indeed. It's endemic to this provincial backwater of ours; all across Cambridge there are students trying to 'do a Batman'. Trying, that is, to dress up as something they are not and have themselves taken more seriously. They probably have a multi-coloured sidekick alongside them to assist in the maintenance of the illusion. He may be called Dobbie. Or something.

“

PERHAPS THIS EXPLAINS THE PERPLEXING ABUNDANCE OF DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKETS IN CAMBRIDGE

”

As a result we have student political societies full of people talking, acting, and dressing as if their energetic squabbling had any relevance at all to the actual business of government. We have newspapers that react to a spelling mistake as if the world had collapsed, and people turning up to lectures with briefcases and a portable HR department.

I once attended a meeting of the Lord of the Rings Society in which the President brought a motion to disaffiliate the society from Mordor; he was set upon by goblins and some guy with a lisp. Many people take their extra-curricular activities so seriously because they want to pursue them as a career afterwards. They therefore conceive of themselves as somehow in training. This makes some sort of sense I suppose. Except that school

cadets on exercise don't fire missiles at their geography teacher just because he is temporarily pretending to be the enemy general.

This widespread malaise paints a bizarre picture of our corporate body; to outsiders the town appears to be full of teenagers walking round with their parents' oversized clothes dragging along behind them, conversing in a bizarre parody of 'adult', and hoping beyond hope that no-one notices the discrepancy between who they are and the role they are playing. Perhaps this explains the perplexing abundance of double-breasted jackets in Cambridge. Your dad can wear a double-breasted jacket, but only because he has two breasts. If you're a woman you probably have two breasts too, but that's different, and you still shouldn't wear your dad's jackets.

If this all seems a bit of an exaggeration, that's because it is. For most people Cambridge is a great opportunity to try a host of new things and have a lot of fun before the real-world turns up and stuffs us into its knap-sack. But it's perhaps important for the minority, who run around with looks of immense concern on their faces, to remember that we are just students, and that being students is a privileged opportunity for things not to matter all that much.

Of course, it's useful to have a student union to organise sex education talks; of course, we're glad that there are people putting on plays of a high quality; and, of course, at some point some of us will be doing very similar things in capital cities around the world. But we aren't now, and acting as if we are is a sure-fire way to miss out on all that is best about the stage of life we currently inhabit.

Someone, somewhere is reading this and reaching for their briefcase (and calligraphy set) to write a letter about the importance of the CUSU constitution. I would like to thank them. They've proven my point.

Olaf Henricson-Bell



VARSITY

A move forwards

Varsity is glad that members of Emmanuel College may be the first people in the UK able to receive the Church blessing's for same sex civil partnerships. We are proud that such a move has come from within our University.

Cambridge has a long tradition of being at the forefront of reform. As an institution this University has proved itself capable of adapting to the changes of the times; but too often this has been a drawn-out, tortuous and divisive process. The particular issue at hand has proved similarly difficult for the Church of England in recent years. Rev Caddick's move is a bold one, establishing his - and indeed Emmanuel's - position as being abreast of a wider mood in this country for a progressive social agenda.

With some justification, many students will continue to criticise the hypocrisies contained in the Church's messy compromise, and to question the relevance of Rev Caddick's gesture to their lives when it affects such a small proportion of the wider population.

However, this gesture is far from meaningless. It is surely a reason to celebrate that in this instance, a lone college in a university frequently described as an isolated ivory tower has made a clear and brave statement about the way in which it regards its members both as individuals and as citizens of a larger society. Whatever one thinks of the Church of England as an institution, it should be acknowledged that many people have for too long been made to feel unwelcome in the chapels of a faith they share. To attempt to reconcile this is as much a matter of concern to those interested in the preservation of human rights and tolerance as it is to the followers of any one religion.

Application investigation

The new application figures released by UCAS should be seen as both a cause for concern and a disappointment. It seems clear that, as many predicted, the introduction of top-up fees has had a detrimental effect on the number of school-leavers applying to university.

Whilst it should be acknowledged that those predictions – by the government and others – underestimated the change, the simplicity of the story is perhaps overstated. As the Department for Education and Skills point out, this year's drop was made worse by the unexpectedly high increase caused by those forfeiting a gap year to avoid top-up fees' introduction.

However, the fact remains that there has been a drop in those applying to English universities preparing to move to the top-up fees system, and a sharp rise in those seeking places at Scottish, Welsh and other institutions who are not doing so. That this might continue would surely be undesirable to both the former and latter.

However certain of the benefits or evils of top-up fees, they are a present and future reality to our University. We must continue to pressure those at the top of the institution to improve provisions made for those applying (or considering it) from the poorest backgrounds, and communicate better with sixth-formers ourselves in order to make clear the realities of future debt. A Cambridge degree remains not only a fantastic experience but an incredible asset. It should be available to all who can achieve it.

Do you have a passion for writing, taking photographs, designing, illustrating or producing publications? Do you want to show your work to 18,000 readers across Cambridge and Anglia Ruskin Universities every Friday?

Varsity is always looking for new contributors. The team's contact details are on the left. Email the relevant section editors today and get involved - no prior experience is necessary.



or write to:

Correspondence
email us: letters@varsity.co.uk
or write to: Varsity, 11-12 Trumpington Street, Cambridge CB2 1QA

Say It Again, Sam

Dear Sir,

Maybe merely a point of pedantry, but for all its professed knowledge of romantic films, your Valentine's Arts special (*Varsity, 10th February*) makes one serious mistake.

The picture of the couple locked in a passionate embrace could not in any way be mistaken for Bogart and Bergman. They are Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh, and the film in question is *Gone With The Wind*. But frankly, my dears, do you give a damn?

Yours faithfully,

Helen Fisher
Clare College

Trouble In King's

Dear Sir,

I find James Laidlaw's letter (*Varsity Letters, 10th February*) highly offensive, both for its content and for the insult to students' intelligence implicit in any expectation Laidlaw might have that they will be convinced by his arguments. I am prepared to accept his claim that students from independent schools do not

perform better in the tripos, but this should only lead us to suspect him of still worse motives for his courting of top public schools. He cannot deny that there are financial benefits to be had in encouraging applications from the independent sector.

To suggest that students' objections to egalitarian policies are the result of "dated class prejudice" is both offensive and completely unfounded, as is his attribution to the same students the "ghoulish anticipation" of Thatcher's death. As Laidlaw should be perfectly aware, this is a conflation of two separate issues. I for one am uncomfortable with the "Thatcher death party", but this doesn't prevent me from caring about access.

Further, his description of the hammer and sickle as "an iconography of mass murder" can only be the result of amazingly simplistic reasoning. His final comment amounts to saying that socialist and communist students should not have been let in. Perhaps recruiting exclusively from Eton would avoid further "mistakes".

Yours faithfully,

Lorna Finlayson
King's College

CUR1350 Speaks

Dear Sir,

Following Ardin Salem's excellent article regarding our recent Community Radio Licence application (*Varsity, 10th February*), I wish to point out a misunderstanding: The "short-term restricted FM Licence" (also known as an RSL licence) is completely independent of the Community Radio Licence application scheme.

I also wish to state that CUR1350 is the only Community Radio Licence applicant focused upon the students and staff of Cambridge University and ARU. No service aimed at academics exists on the FM platform in Cambridge.

We firmly believe that our proposed Community Radio service will benefit the academic community by broadcasting material with their interests at heart, and also by giving all academics an opportunity to produce their own programmes on-air.

Yours faithfully,

Michael Brooks
Station Manager
CUR135

Mozart's Mystery

Dear Sir,

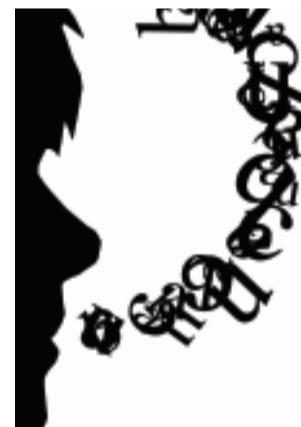
Although it hardly seems fair, in reference to the article (*Varsity, 10th February*), to apply scholarly ideals to Mr Letschka's review of Pletnev playing Mozart (undoubtedly as inappropriate as Pletnev's alleged attempts to "impose Romantic ideals on purely Classical music" ... and "war-horses of the Classical repertoire" at that), the implication that Mozart died in 1756 surely warrants correction?

If the review's opening statement - that 2006 is the 250th anniversary of Mozart's death - does however prove correct, I fear that the company of a forthcoming student production of "The Marriage of Figaro" (completed in 1786) are sadly mistaken as to the authorship of this work.

Yours faithfully,

Rowland Moseley
Co-Chairman
CU Opera Society

Letters may be edited for space and clarity



Letter of the Week

The Finer Points Of Good Writing

Dear Sir,

The Anonymous Student's comment last week (*Varsity, 10th February*) was, ironically, itself a demonstration of the supposed weaknesses of the "Cambridge Essay". The writer's own self-reference was demonstrated by their application of grievances peculiar to the study of English literature to the works of "arts students across the land (or at least Oxbridge-wide)". I have rarely found that works of History, for example, suffer from the same turgid jargon as literary criticism. This may be one reason why the former discipline is flourishing, while that of English is plagued by the self-doubt so apparent in the Anonymous Student's essay.

Furthermore, your writer did little to dispel the sense of self-indulgence which they so rightly criticised. They had the honesty to tacitly admit that they used such words as "intertextuality" or "problematised" or the phrase "ontological quest of alterity". But they acknowledged that they did not have the willpower to resist such terminology: "I can't help it," they wailed. This is simple laziness, as is their failure to consider any writing style between the extremes of the "linguistic signifiers" they criticise and "txt spk" or "chav dialects".

The purpose of writing is not to wrap oneself up in a cocoon of words that no-one understands, trying to make one's work and oneself impervious to criticism through obfuscation. One should aspire to clarity, possessing confidence in oneself

to present an idea an audience can understand. Good, clear writing shows respect to the reader. It also shows humility. Arguments are successful because they are persuasive, not confusing; to be clear in one's style of writing is to acknowledge that someone may disagree, and to invite their alternative opinions, not deny them.

Yours faithfully,

James Freeman
Corpus Christi College

P.S. "Ontological quest of alterity" means "being different".

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

"Education in Cambridge has been drained" The Anonymous Student

This Week: What Are We Really Doing Here?

Cambridge is an egotistical institution. Its members engage constantly in self-exultation, like some sort of involuntary institutional masturbation. I'm sick of the constant Cambridge agitprop; everyone here has been enrolled in this grand scheme of deception. "Come to Cambridge, it's great!", they crow.

It's about time we stopped ceding to the undiscriminating hagiographers and their fucking awful exclamation marks. Access has for too long been the paradigm: I want to champion the anti-access cause. I don't just want to keep ethnic minorities, the disadvantaged and the disabled out, I want to keep everyone out. It's the only way

to save them from themselves.

I was reading a few weeks about a political philosopher - Adam Smith I think it was - who came up to Cambridge in the eighteenth century for three or four years and spent his time here acquainting himself with the classics of English and European literature. I wish I could have done that; it sounds self-directed, self-chosen and delightfully aimless. It even sounds pleasant.

But education in Cambridge is so completely exam-oriented. And with exam orientation comes its bastard corollary: prescription. Read the following sections from the following books; absorb the verities of the following lectur-

ers; mimic your examiners; affect knowledge and intelligence. There is something schematic, routinized, bureaucratised about learning here. Cambridge is a manufactory of the educated: we are passively made by the long-developed processes of the faculties.

A long time ago when students used to come up to Cambridge to learn a little of the Classics, in a gentlemanly way, the experience was thought much more valuable for what it was and because of the self-development that it constituted.

Education in Cambridge has been drained of inherent value. It is now little more than a tool for the fostering of human capital: Smith is read because it will

help us to absorb and engage with reports written by the marketing division, not because of its intrinsic value. It is a hollow text, read to teach a methodology, nothing more.

If there was no qualification, no status; if there were no prospects, no expectations - would you still do it? Remove all the external incentives and ask yourself if that which inheres in education is enough to make you want to read Marx or furrow your brow over that obscurantist Hegel. I think I know the answer and it makes me think less of myself and less of you. Education has become a means like a shovel or a prostitute, not the end that once it was.





Versace SS05 hourglass ballgown



Fresh faces at Valli SS05



Prada's smart casual SS05



B is for ball gown

The ball gown itself is the main concern, the set on which the ball will play itself out. Try working with a seamstress to come up with a totally unique piece, or check out some of the more elusive London boutiques. They needn't be expensive, so have a wander around Covent Garden's Neal Street or Spitalfields market. Fiorella on Green Street is soon to launch a new range of ball

C is for casual, smart casual

An invitation arrives. Exciting until you notice the dress code. What happens when stipulated is 'smart casual', 'informal' or even 'invitation only'. Dress accordingly?

It is only polite to ensure that you look as pretty as possible to fit in with your host's vision for their party. In the Cambridge world of tie and formals, 'smart casual' needs more thought than most dress codes. Gentlemen have more room for creativity usual. Try a pair of tailored trousers with a long-sleeved shirt and v-neck jumper. Arrive in a tie and you can always whip it

D is for details

off if you feel overdressed. Muted browns and greys are fashionable and look suave, but being more experimental with pinks and blues will make you stand out.

For ladies, a well-accessorised dress looks elegant with heels. Flats work with a casual skirt and top combination, emulating Bardot's understated chic. As a rule, the more casual, the more effort you must put into accessories.

Keep make-up light and natural, with a dash of blusher, a pink lipstick and a flick of mascara. A sleek ponytail worked for Giambattista Valli's catwalk

enough for the boys ('black tie' instructs the gentlemen) ladies face more of a quandary. Remember 'fashionable' isn't for everyone. You may not suit the shape of the season. Never choose latest looks without checking

it will do for you what it does for the six-foot superwoman on the cover. Coco Chanel said 'fashion changes, styles remains' - you will want to look at these photos in a decade's time without acute embarrassment.

jewellery, elegance is key - a simple row of pearls will never look ostentatious. Keeping the accessories minimal will let your amazing dress steal the limelight, and also make sure the look remains understatedly glamorous, rather than misjudged and over the top. Ally Lulu has the most beautiful shoes in Cambridge and the new season stock is coming in just in time for the spring balls.

When it comes to

princesses in his Spring/Summer 2006 collection. Wrap a lace ribbon around your hair tie and mist some hairspray over the top to prevent too many tendrils working loose.

Details make a difference. If you're really unsure what to wear, take a silk scarf, brooch or a precious necklace in your bag, to put on if you feel too casual. The golden rule is that if you walk into the room wearing an air of confidence and a megawatt smile, you will automatically look like the most stylish person there.

Fiona Walker Doyle



E is for eat this...

Miso soup

To serve two:

700 ml water (2 large cups)
1.5 tablespoons miso paste
0.5 teaspoon dashi stock



balanced suspension. Traditionally thought to lower blood pressure and prevent cancer, clear miso with a meal will rehydrate and refresh, tempering our western desire to overeat. Dashi stock, the first element, is bought as a ground powder. It falls into four varieties - Konbu (kelp), Katsuobushi (bonito flakes) used in this recipe, Niboshi (sardines) and Hoshi Shiitake (shiitake mushroom). Miso, the second element, is a creamy paste in form and found in many varieties across Japan. The most common are Shiro (white), a sweeter paler flavour, and Aka (red) used here, which has a saltier and stronger taste.

Contained in the simplicity of miso is infinite possibility. Proportion between the two elements can be constantly changed, and regional variety within Japanese flavours is a wealth to investigate. Miso can also be enriched by other ingredients, from Chinese cabbage, tofu, eggplant, noodle and spinach, to potato, clam and daikon radish. All the ingredients are available from the Chinese supermarket on Mill Road.

Lucy Munyo

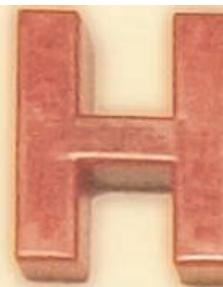


Miso soup is a simple blend of dashi and miso, forming a perfectly

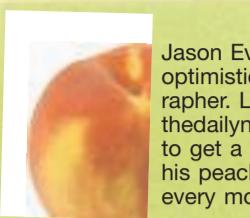
balanced suspension. Traditionally thought to lower blood pressure and prevent cancer, clear miso with a meal will rehydrate and refresh, tempering our western desire to overeat. Dashi stock, the first element, is bought as a ground powder. It falls into four varieties - Konbu (kelp), Katsuobushi (bonito flakes) used in this recipe, Niboshi (sardines) and Hoshi Shiitake (shiitake mushroom). Miso, the second element, is a creamy paste in form and found in many varieties across Japan. The most common are Shiro (white), a sweeter paler flavour, and Aka (red) used here, which has a saltier and stronger taste.

Contained in the simplicity of miso is infinite possibility. Proportion between the two elements can be constantly changed, and regional variety within Japanese flavours is a wealth to investigate. Miso can also be enriched by other ingredients, from Chinese cabbage, tofu, eggplant, noodle and spinach, to potato, clam and daikon radish. All the ingredients are available from the Chinese supermarket on Mill Road.

Lucy Munyo



H is for here today



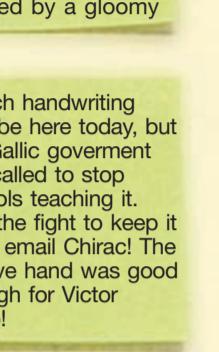
Jason Evans is an optimistic photographer. Log onto thedailynice.com to get a slice of his peachy outlook every morning.



Judging by the latest New York shows, war-time gloom is here to stay. We started the century with *Sex and the City* optimism, but the images of our generation will be defined by a gloomy



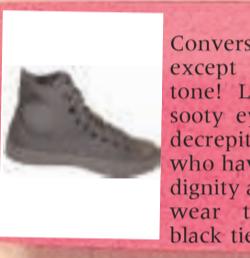
Red roses are exclusively for cheating boyfriends to give when they've sinned, white roses are morbid, pink roses are tacky. Yellow is the way to go for classic grace.



French handwriting may be here today, but the Gallic government has called to stop schools teaching it. Join the fight to keep it alive; email Chirac! The cursive hand was good enough for Victor Hugo!



J is for JUST NOT ON!



Converse are fine... except in monotone! Leave these sooty eye sores to decrepit old men who have lost their dignity and have to wear them with black tie.



Taffeta is a difficult fabric. In carefully sculpted skirts or in black or navy blue it can be breathtaking. But a shapeless block of fabric changing colour in the light does not make for a stunning gown.



Pinning up Valentine's Day cards. You think it's the embodiment of a sentiment... that sentiment is pity. Same goes for Facebook pokes. Poke back or poke off.



Long skirts are being tapped as a trend for next winter. But are Cambridge girls really ready to hide their perfect pins? Varsity Lifestyle seriously hopes not.



L is for liaisons

It has come to my attention that the behaviour of certain individuals on formal swaps, drinking society outings and sporting socials has been far from the required. Certain boys have been neglecting the women to their left and right, believing alcohol alone is key to a successful night. They are mistaken. Not only does a girl wish to enjoy a nice glass (or bottle) of wine, but also to be entertained by the gentlemen beside her.

It seems these few troublemakers have not learnt their ABC of formal hall etiquette. Not only are these three simple rules invaluable for a great evening to be had by all, they will massively improve your chances of a post-hall romantic encounter.

C is for Attentiveness. The girl next to you is interesting and you really want to listen to what she has to say. This may not be true, but this is what you want her to think. Even if that overdue essay now seems more scintillating than ever, at least keep a look of feigned interest on your face. Nod and smile once in a while, too. If she is able to keep your attention, listen to her and ask questions. It may seem like the most ridiculously simple requirement, but spend too much time yelling abuse at other boys, or drinking yourself into a stupor, and she will feel unwanted and uncomfortable.

B is for Banter. This is key to a successful Cambridge evening. Ask



Cambridge is a city full of pubs, some of which serve no food, some of which serve bad food, some of which serve gastro-food; none of which serve real pub food. The notion of the pub lunch has become less appealing as the chains pump out microwave ready meals and others try to emulate a brasserie-style experience. There certainly is a lack of pubs where one might specifically go to eat. My suggestion for those of you who have a taste for the traditional is to head to The Queen's Head, in Newton. This pub is timeless and refreshingly rustic. Newton is a mere six miles from Cambridge and the perfect opportunity to escape for the evening.

The 500 year-old pub has an amazing history, with the current owner being the third generation of his family to run the place (from a list of recorded owners that reaches back to 1725). From the outside the Queen's Head looks much like any other village pub, but once inside you cannot fail to be charmed by its old-fashioned warmth. The saloon bar flickers under candle light and is filled with old wood benches and tables tucked into various nooks and crannies. The huge log fireplace and stags' heads add to the feeling that you are a world away from university life.

The choice of food was simple: did we want either the beef, ham, smoked salmon, or cheese platter? For starters we had the Queen's Head soup, which rotates daily within the colour spectrum of 'dark brown',



Q is for Queen's Head pub
Fowlmere Rd, Newton, Cambridge



S is for shoot

T

Tiffany wears light blue polkadot 50s dress from Vera Vintage Clothing, £65; blue Mootich shoes with heart and feather details from Ally Lulu, £227 (reduced to £67); cream cardigan from Revolution, £90 (reduced to £50); cream semi-precious necklace from Ally Lulu, £42 photographed by Andy Sims, styled by Susannah Wharfe, hair by Reeds



Arts



Classical

Witnessing high drama at the opera

>>page 20



Music

Whose mantelpiece will be graced by a Varsity Award?

>>page 17



Visual Arts

Reviewing Blake at the Fitzwilliam Museum

>>page 18



Screen

Getting vengeful with Park Chan-Wook

>>page 23

Tales of the unexpected

A Mandarin musical takes to the Cambridge stage. **Sarah Wilkinson** admires a valiant attempt to explore the power of Chinese myth, but wonders whether too much is lost in the subtitles

The ADC auditorium for opening night was seething with anticipation. An almost full house on opening night attested to Cambridge's interest in sampling Chinese musical theatre. In order to bring out the original poetic quality of the play, it was decided that the play should be performed in Mandarin, a decision reflected in the composition of the audience, more than half of whom were Chinese. However, perhaps the heavy use of subtitles prevented those of us who could not speak Mandarin from extracting the intended positive values.

Chinese myth may seem alien at first, the cultural heritage so different and so ancient, and the traditional characters unfamiliar, yet inevitably in our experiences of human emotions we find ourselves inhabiting the same world of sense and sensibility. Despite the generations which have passed since the first recorded Chinese mythological tales in the Wei and Jin Dynasties (220-420AD), the thematic focus remains just as relevant, though perhaps our interpretations of these themes have evolved with time.

The Dark Tales encapsulates archetypal traits of traditional Chinese myth, including rebellion against repression, the intertwining of history and mythology, the exaltation of perseverance, labour, self-sacrifice and, ultimately, the exoneration of true love. Love throbs at the heart of Chinese myth, beating out its relevance through the stories of Gods and ghosts, of fox-fairies (foxes who study human nature for thousands of years until they assume humanoid traits, most often becoming beautiful women) and spirits; all characteristic figures of classical Chinese mythologies.

According to the producer of Cambridge's first Chinese musical, *The Dark Tales*, this reflects the fixed nature of Chinese class boundaries, which, though lessened in rigidity, still exist in contemporary Chinese society. Yeuyang Zhao told me that it is "imprudent" for a girl to consider marrying higher than her class, for it is likely to bring shame to both families, and that honour and loyalty to the family should be the optimum priority. This situation surfaces in the script as a maid is scorned for even thinking of seducing a scholar, a gentleman above her in status and therefore beyond her reach. It is values such as these which Zhao believes have been reshaped over time even, he suggested, since Guowei Du originally

conceived the play in 1989. As he states, "Traditional values are no longer valuable in today's individualist society". Though he does not believe that all of these values can or need be brought back into focus, Zhao hopes that his production of *The Dark Tales*, based on the short story collection of Pu Songling (1640-1715), will be a "showcase of historical values" from which we will be able to extract the useful elements, elements which may instigate positive change both for the individual and society.

Zhao expressed a very definite desire for the latter to be brought under the spotlight, and in this I believe he has accomplished his goal. Attempting to merge the serious qualities of the origi-

“LOVE THROBS AT THE CENTRE OF CHINESE MYTH, IN TALES OF GODS AND GHOSTS OF FOX-FAIRIES”

out-of-tune singers and trying to piece together the rather befuddling story line, I found myself missing what Zhao wished me to experience as I remained, for the most part, emotionally unmoved.

Perhaps it was because it was Valentine's Day and there were so many expectant couples perched in the audience. Perhaps it was because my hopes for the production had been raised in my fascinating discussion with Yueyang Zhao. Whatever the reason, I felt quite disappointed that I had been unable to extract something more positive from a production with so much potential. It was undoubtedly interesting to see characters which are so familiar to Chinese culture (such as the fox fairies) being vividly brought to life, and yes, at times the stage glistened with beautiful fabrics, with sensuous silks and sequins. However, the spiritual meaning underlying the myths was not made sufficiently accessible for the Western members of the audience, and it appeared that the Chinese spectators found the production more humorous than heartfelt, to judge by their frequent gales of laughter. In hoping to share the intriguing aspects of their ancient cultural heritage with a Cambridge audience, the CUCCS have a noble aim. Unfortunately, this may not be the production that realises their dream.

The Dark Tales is on at 7.45pm at the ADC until Saturday

nal script with the entertaining nature of the 2001 Cantonese operatic version of *The Dark Tales*, the CUCCS (Cambridge University Chinese Culture Society) has created a musical interpretation which focuses heavily on the theme of forbidden love. As a mortal, Duxiu, attempts to continue a relationship with the ghost of his former lover Luoxia, and a fox-fairy, Ziyu develops a doomed love for the devoted scholar Ruyun, we see the frustration and tears bred by boundaries when they divide the hearts of lovers. I felt that only Yourzhi Zou (Ruyun) and Ivy Xiaojun Sun (Ziyu) were able to transcend the technical difficulties experienced on the opening night to convey the power of their love. Sun's crystalline voice resonated with purity, whilst Zou allowed his voice to carry the weight of his desire into the auditorium with ease. Zhao admitted to me that the range of vocal abilities presented to them in auditions had restricted them somewhat. In the confusion of following the inconsistent subtitles, listening to the slightly



Arctic What? Maximo Who?

Liz Bradshaw finds that anticipation only sets her up for disappointment at the NME Awards Tour

The annual NME Awards tour traditionally offers a showcase of what, we are led to believe, is among the best in contemporary British music. What we are treated to tonight, however, reflects not only some of the promise of the current indie scene but also much that is questionable about it. There are some great moments, but with uncomfortably long gaps in between them.

“

THE CORN EXCHANGE IS ABOUT AS EMPTY AS THIS BAND'S SOUL

”

The tour is more successful in its second aim, to provide a platform for relative unknowns to reach a wider audience. Although inevitably this often means being confronted by a wall of indifference from die-hard fans of the headliner, impatient with having to endure even more support bands than usual, both The Mystery Jets and We Are Scientists cope admirably well with this state of affairs.

Despite having taken Pulp's maxim 'Help the Aged' to heart, The Mystery Jets are more Dad-chic than Dad-rock, full to the brim with youthful enthusiasm. We Are Scientists are the surprise hit of the evening, managing to hold the attention of a difficult crowd

not only during dancefloor favourites 'Nobody Move, Nobody Get Hurt' and 'The Great Escape' but throughout the entirety of their set. They might not be particularly original, but they are consistently interesting and entertaining. Even so, their departure is greeted with the sense that now we can get on with the real event.

The Arctic Monkeys could feature on one of those AOL adverts about whether we control the internet or the internet controls us, such are the ambiguities surrounding their rise to fame and the contagious hype that has built up around them. With the music media so much in collusion with The Arctic Monkeys' myth, tonight offers an opportunity to try and make our minds up for ourselves – and it all starts rather promisingly.

The band as a whole sound grittier live, and Alex Turner's famous 'Northern scum'-inflected vocals are even more compelling than on record. With no time for delayed gratification, they quickly launch into a tight rendition of 'I Bet That You Look Good on the Dancefloor', sating the desires of a lustful crowd who they know will keep coming back for more.

Not many bands would have the guts to play their most famous song 5 minutes into a set, but the problem is that, however the songs are arranged, the material on their debut simply doesn't prove consistently strong enough to sustain them over the course of even a relatively short set. In contrast to bands like The Strokes, who had no trouble pulling off whole sets based on one near-perfect record, The



Maximo Park's Paul Smith onstage at the Corn Exchange

Arctic Monkeys are forced to resort to uninspiring album filler more often than one would expect from a band touted as the Next Big Thing. It's not an uncommon problem for a band possessed of no back catalogue to speak of, but it's not what all the hype would have you expect.

When the band are at their best tonight everyone's having too much fun to think, and that's the way it should be. During the slower moments,

goers as the ones who got away.

It's not Maximo Park's fault that tonight has essentially been hijacked as an Arctic Monkeys gig. But it is their fault that they give people nothing to stick around for except tired indie that clings desperately to the oh-so-stylish coat tails of Franz Ferdinand and co. In this respect, Maximo Park reflect the growing proportion of the current crop of indie bands who only mimic existing trends rather than add to them. Lead singer Paul Smith is a vision in pinstripe, dancing like a monkey on coke against a backdrop of what appear to be giant flashing rubix cubes. He's Northern too, which seems to count for a lot these days. Presumably because Southerners are all too busy drowning puppies or voting Tory to form bands.

Unsurprisingly, the attempt to barrage us with so many distractions that we don't realise they're essentially playing the same song over and over again fails. 'Apply Some Pressure', the stand-out track on debut *A Certain Trigger*, manages to get the crowd going, but it's too little too late. By now the Corn Exchange is about as empty as this band's soul.

The internet, the resurgence of live music, the rise of the indie disco and all the beautiful boys with guitars who inhabit it have injected British music with new life and accessibility. This achievement is not to be sneered at, but it does make it harder to separate the wheat from the chaff, the Franz Ferdinands from the Kaiser Chiefs. Unfortunately there's just a little too much chaff on display tonight.



BLATHERWICK

I haven't been to Cindy's and have no desire to go, but I almost did at one point when I agreed to go in fancy dress. Thankfully we never made it and I'm still a Cindy's virgin. I once joined the queue and spent the next three weeks pondering my own death. Whilst curiosity isn't dragging me headfirst into that armpit of Cambridge I'm still pondering the appeal. I like to think I'm not the indie snob that smug grin at the top of this column may suggest; but as I discovered at the end of last term, I can't really name anyone I like who lacks a certain credibility. Then I decided I really liked Sean Paul's singles and everyone giggled. So it's not that I'm rejecting Cindy's for the music - I don't actually know what gets played in there. So I'm not only a cultural snob, I'm also more self-deprecating than I endeavour to be.

Nine Black Alps play the Junction next Tuesday, Green Mind promotions celebrate their fifth birthday with **The Chalets** and **Dive Dive** at Club Goo (Soul Tree) on Wednesday. Queens Ents have **Disintegration** on Saturday, Clare Cellars have French turntablists and DMC World Champs **C2C** on Friday night and on Sunday are holding a Jazz night with the **Jenny Stone Trio** and **Funk Shui**, the former mixing latin and jazz standards, and the latter mixing it up with a snaky mix of jazz and funk in curious ways. King's have electro-funk on Friday and **Paul 'Ministry of Sound' Higgins** on Saturday. Meanwhile, next Thursday, Fitzwilliam's **Soundcheck** is putting on the type of funk cum hip-hop indie night we've all grown to cherish in Cambridge. So if you've never trekked that side of town, it'll be worth trying out. Cambridge City Football Club is the other side of Jesus Green and past the Portland Arms, but cheap beer and minimal techno may be worth the journey for **Badger Attack!** on a Friday evening.

To read more from the NME Awards Tour, including an interview with Mystery Jets, see www.varsity.co.uk

Mystery Jets
Making Dens

★★★★★



After being touted, somewhat unfairly, as 'this year's Magic Numbers', I discovered, to my great relief, that the only common denominator between The Magic Numbers and The Mystery Jets is a slightly dodgy familial line-up. Far from being typically embarrassed by his Dad's musical taste, lead singer Blaine Harrison has allowed his old man to play rhythm guitar. So, whilst The Numbers awkwardly partake in post-gig sibling fumbling, Mystery Jets are fast affirm-

ing that they are not at all your average guitar outfit.

The sound is refreshingly loose, almost lazy in places. The first few tracks appear as if out of a musical wilderness - instantly likeable if not immediately definable. The album only reaches focus during the guilt-edged 'The Boy Who Ran Away', a funky and fraught romp that puts The Futureheads in mind. What immediately follows is remarkable; the funereal waltz of 'Horse Drawn Cart' and the animalistic funk of 'Zoo Time', coupled with the inharmonious dislocation that is *Making Dens*. All offer a sound that is at the same time ambitious and eminently listenable. Old man Harrison would be proud. Were he not on stage with the rest of the band.

Patrick Galey

The post-Brits hangover

Michael Divaz probably didn't enjoy James Blunt winning

It would be easy to dismiss the Brit Awards, but they're treated with such prominence that it seems such a shame that they're seen to define a music industry. As far as I know alcohol is still banned and no-one is going to mock Kanye for pretending to be Jesus (I can't believe there hasn't been more of an outcry to him wearing a crown of thorns on the front of Rolling Stone) in the same way that Jarvis Cocker did to Michael Jackson ten years ago. I'm writing this pre-show, you're reading it after-show, so who knows, but for a start there'll only be one black British artist picking up an award, unless the Sugababes win, and it seems wrong to pigeonhole all black artists in the Urban category.

to see it pick up an award.

Still, on the brighter side, it is pleasing to see The Arcade Fire and Kano nominated and standing a reasonably good chance, especially Arcade Fire in the international breakthrough category. I would love to see Kano win ahead of the terminally boring Lemar and Craig David, although I'm not sure he'd yet win an award which is voted on by the public. Kanye's performance should be incredible and he'll rightly pick up some accolades, but I get the feeling the Brits have missed an opportunity by not inviting The Arcade Fire to perform. Their spectacular live show would have more than stunned a national TV audience that hasn't been properly introduced to their music.

THE VARSITIES



Most Overhyped Debut Album:
All of them

Most unlikely beneficiary of the fact that NME have finally got bored with The Strokes
Arctic Monkeys

Fittest Indie Boy/Girl:
Antony (of the Johnsons)

Pop Culture Hero:
Simon Amstell

Flogging a Dead Horse Award:
Oasis

Flogging a Dead Horse After Just One Album Award:
Kaiser Chiefs

Most Unlikely Pop Critic:
Boris Johnson

Best Cockney Rhyming Name:
James Blunt

Most Unrighteous Indignation:
The Magic Numbers

The 'We actually think you're quite good' No Irony award
The Arcade Fire

What immortal hand?

Estella Shardlow marvels at the epic ambition of William Blake, on show in a new exhibition of 'Jerusalem' at the Fitzwilliam

"Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand, and Eternity in an hour": arguably one of Blake's most famous lines; certainly the best to express his limitless vision. Constellations are magnified, contained within the limbs of a human figure, men tumble like dispensable trinkets through cloudy skies. The rise and fall of mankind is subjectively depicted. All within a series of A5-sized printed plates.

One may have come across Blake's tones in English lessons on 'Songs of Innocence and Experience' or 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell', two earlier poetry compilations, whilst many more will have sung of "England's green and pleasant land" in church services.

'Jerusalem', his 1804 work, is the subject of the Fitzwilliam Museum's current exhibition. It is difficult to distil the complex, often contradictory views expressed in it into a synopsis, just as one cannot simply deem Blake a painter, engraver or poet - he was all these and more. But the overall theme is his concern over the state of England, as in his eyes, church, government and society were becoming corrupt.

Amongst his tiny scrawled writing Blake attempts to bring the characters and concepts he writes about to life. The majority of his prints are relief-etchings with additional engraving and watercolouring. An entire cast seems to have been devised to symbolise the strife he believed his nation to



be suffering. Albion and Jerusalem are the lead roles, representing Old England and his estranged female counter-

CAN ONE REALLY FATHOM THE NOTION OF ALL TIME AND SPACE CONTAINED IN A GRAIN OF SAND?

part, respectively. Blake himself crops up as Los, a creator and bardic figure often disguised as a night watchman. Their forms appear dainty and languid as

they twist and merge into one another, whilst the repeated motifs of chains, flames and winged beasts create a fantastical land of Gothic whimsy- part apocalypse, part fairytale.

Blake's beliefs are based on opposites. A figure morphing from 'innocence' to 'experience' rises up Plate 47's side. Similarly, Plate 9 divides an idyllic pastoral scene above the text with the biblical Temptation beneath. This imparts a sense of childish naivety upon the collection, as if he has not yet learnt that things do not only fall into black or white and good or evil.

The atmospheric calm and low lighting in the Shiba room lends itself to the display of intricate, illustrative items, having previously hosted the reclaimed Macclesfield Psalter manuscript last term. The first four chapters of Jerusalem

have been exhumed and mounted as individual plates along the walls, whilst several other publications by both Blake and his contemporaries-including the philosopher Swedenborg and satirical cartoonist James Gillroy- sit in two central glass cabinets.

The somewhat understated display and specific nature of the exhibition is likely to offer most to those familiar with the figure of Blake or students of related fields. In fact, the drama and impact does not really derive from looking upon the text-based pages with their diminutive illustrations, but instead from a catalysis of what the beholder may already know; when we see watery orange lines we know vehement fires writhed in the artist's mind. Perhaps an appropriate analogy is the genius professor of many a department in Cambridge. The finer points of quantum physics are tediously easy to him but light-hearted banter or just acting 'normally' are flummoxing. In other words, Blake does not and cannot succeed in depicting what was inside his vast-some said deranged - imagination in a technically accurate and convincing manner. After all, how can one really fathom the notion of all time and space contained in "a grain of sand"? Well Blake could, of course, but in this case it is images, not words, which fail him.



www.fitzmuseum.cam.ac.uk

Curry and vomit

Hannah Fletcher spends a classy night at Churchill Spring Ball



The highlight of my night was the queue for the bathroom. "Come on girls!" screeched an overweight monstrosity, oozing out of her crime of a dress. "We can fit four in one cubicle! We fit six in in Chester!" Stepping over the girl slumped in the corner in a pool of vomit, she and her three equally hideous buddies do indeed manage to fit into one cubicle.

This was nothing compared to the horrors of the rest of Churchill Spring Ball. White girls in saris, rolls of exposed lab jiggling as they flailed, sorry, belly danced. Over-excited Cambridge boys asserting their manliness shooting plastic hoops over bottles at the arcade, desperate to present their fawning girlfriends with a pink fluffy unicorn. Red-faced, sweaty, oaf-like students everywhere, determined to get their money's worth in food, drink and fun, godamit, *fun*.

Admittedly, I don't like balls. I also don't like curry, which unfortunately was all that was on offer (apart from cubes of cheddar cheese, white rolls and tortilla chips). On the plus side, the curry, brought in from a London take away, ran out at 10:30. Apparently it was quite nice though.

The main music act, The Paddingtons, was loud and

obnoxious. They were from Hull but clearly wished they were from Sheffield. They also clearly wished they weren't in Cambridge, playing to a bunch of toffs pretending to be cool enough to enjoy their noise.

Less abrasive entertainment was to be found in Wolfson Hall with a program of stand-up comedy, hypnotism and Bollywood movies. The comedy was funny; the hypnotism was funnier. Watching anxiously self-important ball committee members try to herd dozens of intoxicated revellers off the aisle steps - a fire hazard - hobbling on heels, tripping on dresses as they went, was funniest.

This review has been negative. Perhaps unfairly so. The Bollywood theme was inspired, making any tackiness absolutely appropriate; the alcopops were never ending; valiant attempts were made to prettify the red bricks of Churchill; and all credit to the genius who hired the demon ferris wheel.

Deceptively tame-looking, each cage in fact rotated 360 degrees. Should you wish. Most males did. Most of their female companions didn't. The sound of their screams mingled with the pungent odour of vomit, sweat and curry. All-in-all it was a thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Careers Service



Keen to stay in Cambridge?

CAM CONNECT 2006

Wednesday 22 February 2006, 3-6pm

Judge Business School

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

Meet a range of local employers offering technical and non-technical opportunities
Details on the Careers Service website www.careers.cam.ac.uk

To date: Analysys Mason Group; ARM; Autonomy Systems Ltd; Cambridge Consultants Limited; Cambridge Healthcare & Biotech; Cametrics Ltd; CSR (Cambridge Silicon Radio); Ember; Innovia Technology; Jagex Limited; Library House; P A Consulting Group; Sentec Ltd; Transart Educational Marketing ; TTP Group plc; TTPCom Ltd; Ultra Electronics Controls Division

For One Winter's Night

Natalie Woolman has already booked her ticket to *The Calvino Project*



One entirely original music score. Two directors. Four of Italo Calvino's fairytales. 44 actors, designers, dancers, musicians and architects. This is *The Calvino Project*, on for one night, and one night only, this Friday at the Cambridge Union.

One half of the directorial team, Martha Spurrier, describes the show as "the most exciting thing I've done here", and, as she and the other director Jenny Lee introduce me to some of the puppets they use in the show and describe their inspiration, I cannot help but share in their enthusiasm for what promises to be an incredible night of Cambridge theatre.

The creation of the *Project* was organic: the directors provided their actors, dancers, technicians and musicians with photocopies of Calvino's work and let them improvise and devise their individual reactions to the literature. It sounds risky, but the directors assert that in somewhere with such a range of talents as Cambridge it was the ideal opportunity to explore the possibilities and boundaries of the Cambridge theatre scene. Contrasted with the Merry-go-round of Cambridge theatre - twentieth century kitchen sink tragedies, innovative approaches to Shakespeare - it is refreshing to see a totally new concept being explored. Lee and Spurrier attest to this,

“ ”

**IS IT POSSIBLE-
TO CREATE THE
MAGIC OF A
FAIRYTALE IN A
CHAMBER
CONSCIOUSLY
DESIGNED TO
RESEMBLE THE
HOUSES OF
PARLIAMENT?**

” ”

explaining the thrilled responses of Arts talent in Cambridge finally being given free reign to invent and innovate.

The Calvino Project is being staged in the Cambridge Union, the choice of which may strike some as slightly incongruous: is it possible to create the magic of a fairytale in a chamber consciously designed to resemble the Houses of Parliament? Spurrier explains how they were greatly attracted by the old, beautiful and traditional aspects of the building, which they felt to be totally in keeping with Calvino's work. With all the effort and ideas that have been lovingly woven together in the *Project*, it is impossible not to wonder why it is only being staged for one night. The answer is simple: it is true to Calvino. The theme of all the fairytales is their ephemeral quality, the transience of things we celebrate at one moment, mourn at the next; the actors will have to work with real flowers and the knowledge that they only have one shot. The directors' aim is to "go for it and then rip it up at the end."

The Calvino Project. It is one show that has the prospect of changing Cambridge approaches to theatre. I have my ticket. Get yours.

***The Calvino Project* is on tonight at the Cambridge Union**

And the little one said...

Bedbound keeps Bernadette de Villiers awake



Enda Walsh's *Bedbound* features just two characters, a father and daughter who are confined to a room. The daughter, who suffers from polio, is a poignant figure attempting to retain her sanity and some semblance of hope. The father is a fierce, perhaps brutal man who throughout the play reveals a dark and complex nature. The two actors are Amy Gwilliam and Gareth McCarter.

A play such as this depends on the strength of the performances, and both actors have a clear stage presence and flawlessly master Irish accents. Amy Gwilliam is masterfully expressive and could not have been better cast for the role; her thin frame and fair complexion lending a sense of realism to the trapped and lonely figure she portrays. However whilst the role of the daughter is intricate and disturbed, it is McCarter's role as the father that is the most challenging and complex. It is a commendable performance; the audience watches as McCarter acts out scenes from his past, assuming different identities, fighting, shouting, screaming; from the vicious to the profane,

from comical to insane. The timing between the two actors is excellent, the language and the rhythm of the play inventive and impressive.

The set is minimal, conveying their squalid situation perfectly. An imperfect aspect of *Bedbound* though is the lack of depth illustrated in the relationship between father and daughter. There were very few times when the father and daughter actually looked at each other, and their relationship, or lack of it, could have been more richly illustrated. This is the responsibility of the director however, and in all other regards Annabel Trew has conducted a fine work in bringing such a dynamic and powerful piece to life.

Bedbound does have flaws - a little more could have been done with the lighting, at times it was a little static, the relationship between the characters could have gone further. But the strengths of the play should not go unnoticed: this is an excellent piece of theatre. It deserves a good audience.

***Bedbound* is on at the Corpus Playroom until Saturday at 11pm**

View from the gods



The Varsity Elect Pass Judgement, with **Nico Phillips & Ed Blain**

To many, Valentine's Day means love, candlelight, music, and tasteless cards from people you'd rather ignore. But we theatre gods decided to return to a more unpleasant, religious age, when the day remembered the gruesome martyrdom of the eponymous saint. And so we found ourselves sitting through five hours of war, murder, disfigurement, and corruption with nary a scrap of romance.

The company of *The Drowned World* claimed to show us some of the best writing of the decade. Largely they succeed, presenting the script, beautiful and powerful, with a delicate touch. The dramatic juxtaposition of citizen and non-citizen in this dystopian world is neatly done, allowing echoes from holocaust to 1984 to resound. Love polluted, fetishised and violent. Rosy. Careful, balanced and accomplished.

The Corpus Playroom hosts its second company of Valentine's Day martyrs with The Fletcher Players' production of *Journey's End*. Some might ask why another play about (ex-)public school boys has been resurrected for the Cambridge stage. The cast give it a good shot. But hampered by cuts, the play lacked the growing anticipation and rise and fall in tension which can make it gripping. First night nerves, or a fear of going over the top? Cheero!

Two in a bed at Pembroke New Cellars. Sounds promising. Only one's a psychotic furniture dealer and the other, his daughter, crippled by polio. Disfigurement, literal and metaphorical, keeps them *Bedbound*. Trapped in the four gauzy walls of their bed, 'stale and silent', their monologues converge and part, revealing two fascinating personalities. Romance? A recounted gay arse-licking and a desperate fuck. Well, if you like that sort of thing. Excellent.

The Dark Tales, a Chinese musical at the ADC, gets closer than any of this week's productions to a celebration of romantic love, though even here all ends unhappily. The production is an endearing combination of stunning musical and school play. Glorious choruses are brought to earth in a cacophony of stinging discord. The splendidly dressed cast parade around a set that looks like a pre-school art project, papier maché and scrumpled cloth. Though the actors' physical comedy transcends language barriers, the subtitled translation adds its own laughs. Putting a line like "all I want to do is study in an academy" into a heartfelt love song is both funny and strangely apt in Cambridge.

Eastern Master of Revenge

Ed King on the films of Park Chan-Wook: 'the other Tarantino'

It would be difficult to over-emphasise the impact made by Park Chan-Wook on the release of his manga-inspired 'technonoir' *Oldboy* in 2004. But I'll try. A major aspect of the marketing strategy and critical hype that has surrounded the release of Park's *Sympathy for Lady Vengeance* has been the tag 'the South-East Asian Tarantino'. One review began: "Quentin Tarantino doesn't make nearly enough movies. Thank heavens for Park Chan-Wook." And yet the similarities are superficial; Park has consistently proved himself to be far more than the mere purveyor of stylised blockbuster violence.

Beneath the façade of hip, be-suited,

gun-wielding thugs and extended choreographed fight-scenes (one-on-twenty punch-ups in hotel corridors) there is an underlying paranoia that is a million miles from the complacent pastiche of the *Kill Bill* films. In interviews he cites Kafka and Vertigo-era Hitchcock among his influences and these debts are easy to spot as the bewildering plots entrap Park's heroes, and the spectator, in webs of events whose meaning remains forever beyond their understanding.

Park's first huge commercial success in Korea, *JSA: Joint Security Area*, narrates the impossible friendship between North and South Korean soldiers in the demilitarized zone and whose fates are irresistibly dictated by forces beyond their control. But this theme of powerlessness was used to greater effect in *Sympathy for Mr Vengeance*

released two years later and retrospectively named the first in a 'revenge trilo-

gy', partly as a canny marketing ploy, and partly to justify the treatment of the revenge thematic in two consecutive films to Korean journalists.

The film, arguably Park's masterpiece, sets out in the most bleak and minimalist fashion the essential dimensions of his paranoid vision. The deaf-mute protagonist Ryu's desperate attempts to fund his sister's kidney transplant drive him to kidnap his boss's daugh-

ter. When the kidnapping goes wrong and the daughter dies Ryu is faced with the full force of her father's vengeance. The strength of the movie is in its even-handed portrayal of the two protagonists' situations, making us reluctant to place our empathies on the side of either one. The resulting effect is an intuition of the meaninglessness of the impulses that drive the film's revenge narrative. *Sympathy for Mr Vengeance* has none of the baroque stylistic imprint that has come to characterise his later films, a reason perhaps for its relative failure in the box office. The

violence is at its most brutal and unapologetic, divested of all the aesthetic trappings that made *Oldboy*'s sequences, however graphic, much more palatable. Steady frames show close-ups of torso's being lacerated by scalpels and Achilles' tendons severed by flick knives.

But it was *Oldboy*, with its flawless set pieces and vertiginous narrative frame, which really established Park at the pioneering edge of world commercial cinema. With *Oldboy*, Park began once more to court a mainstream international audience, whilst maintaining his standing with the critics. Oh Dae-Su a disgruntled middle aged office worker is kidnapped after a drunken night and imprisoned. After fifteen years of solitude and escalating madness, he is released, determined to track down his jailer. What he finds instead, in true noir style, are his own crimes and their gruesome consequences.

But perhaps the essential image of Park's cinema, the irreducible end point of his characters' struggles, is provided by the closing moments of *Sympathy for Mr Vengeance*. Park Dong-jing, slumped against a car as his killers drive away, cranes his neck to read the note knifed to his chest that might just explain the reason for his violent death, the victim of opaque and elusive networks of power and chance. Whatever you think of *Lady Vengeance*, Park's next project, as dubious as it sounds (a romantic comedy entitled *I'm A Cyborg But That's Okay*) should be eagerly awaited.

Sympathy for Lady Vengeance ★★★★



tell the backstory of her prison comrades.

Although probably not to all tastes Park's camerawork here is satisfactorily kinetic, mirroring the better parts of his earlier movies, it maintains pace even in the few necessary scenes of exposition.

Yet this only emphasises the abrupt shift down for the denouement. This does prove a better format for Park to explore the message of his film and gives both Lee Young-ae and *Oldboy*'s Choi Min-sik space to let their understated performances shine. It also allows an emotional resonance untouched upon in the likes of *Oldboy* to come to the fore and shows Park to be a director capable of substance as well as style. Likewise, the camera seems considerably more grounded in this half and we are allowed to take in the inherent, yet never gratuitous, violence.

It is only unfortunate that we are promised pace and excitement by the first half which the second fails to deliver. As the direction is taken up by the need to explore issues the story becomes confused and the decision to shun the graphic violence as an exercise in moderation actually detracts from the horror of the final scenes.

Overall this is a good film, which will consolidate Park's reputation as one of Asia's most promising filmmakers, but it is difficult to recommend when Hollywood has recently produced better films both stylistically (*Kill Bill*) and thematically (*A History of Violence*). Interesting but not essential.

Sam Law

HE CRANES HIS NECK TO READ THE NOTE KNIFED TO HIS CHEST

“ ”

ter. When the kidnapping goes wrong and the daughter dies Ryu is faced with the full force of her father's vengeance. The strength of the movie is in its even-handed portrayal of the two protagonists' situations, making us reluctant to place our empathies on the side of either one. The resulting effect is an intuition of the meaninglessness of the impulses that drive the film's revenge narrative. *Sympathy for Mr Vengeance* has none of the baroque stylistic imprint that has come to characterise his later films, a reason perhaps for its relative failure in the box office. The

when I felt anything but.

Who were your heroes?

Winston Churchill, Oprah Winfrey, Roddy Doyle, Dolly Parton.

Who were you in love with? A lovely boy called Tarquin.

What did you keep secret from your parents? I don't think anything.

What music did you listen to? Lauryn Hill.

What was the most rebellious thing you did? I did not have much to rebel against. (Permissive parents.)

Where had you travelled to? Australia, India, Africa, America, Hawaii, all over Europe.

What are you ashamed of having done? Nothing I would share.

What did you believe in? Honesty and ghosts.

What was your best friend? I had a few, the same since school, same now.

What were your illegal activities? They had all ceased by the time I was twenty.

What was your most

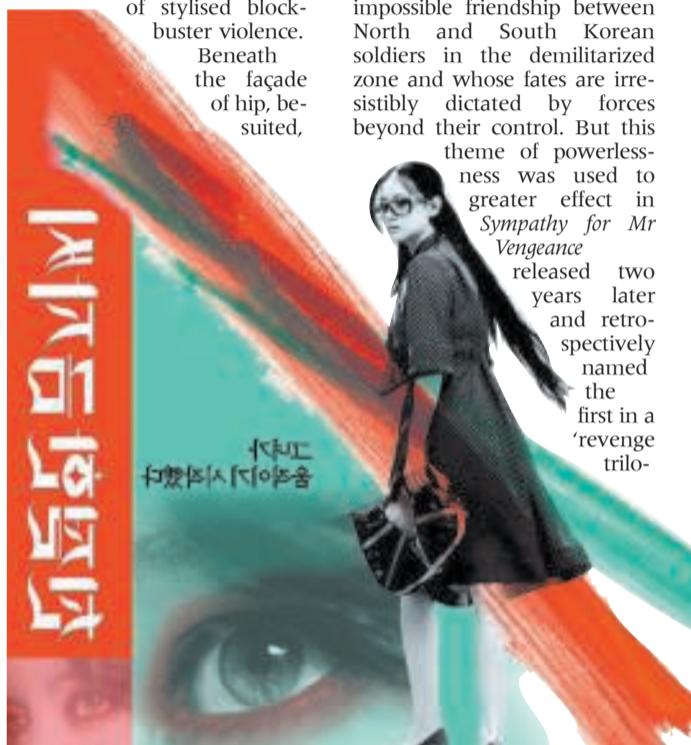
prized possession? My grandmother's wedding ring.

What were you afraid of?

Not having enough money to pay my mortgage.

What made you angry?

Having to be grown-up

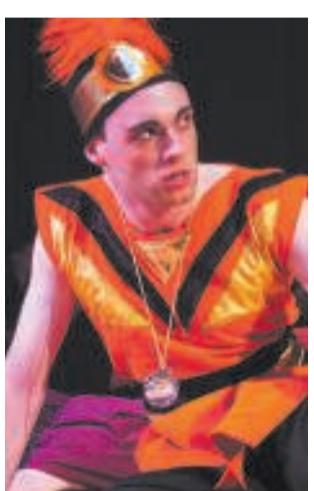


Rameau boy!

The Incas' opera proves to be solid gold

Explosive and entralling, a packed West Road Concert Hall sat transfixed as James Halliday presided over a performance of *Les Incas du Pérou*, an act of the opera *Les Indes Galantes*, with such flair, passion and integrity, that it left your reviewer frantically seeking out as much Rameau as he could get his hands on. This was a performance to convince even the most ardent of sceptics that Baroque opera is stimulating, exciting and enjoyable; this was a performance to treasure, for it is unlikely to be ever equalled by any student band.

Everything about this production (semi-staged, although I remain to be convinced about the 'semi'-ness of it!) was totally convincing – especially the ballet sequences which can cause even the most distinguished of modern directors severe headaches. Rameau's work represents the genre of opéra-ballets, made up of short contrasting acts which as Halliday suggests, were designed for a more demanding audience with a short attention span'. Would it be so cruel to describe a Friday-night Cambridge audience thus? Perhaps not, but Francesca Harris' choreography was captivating, complementing the often strong rhythmic impetus



of the piece, and responding well to the array of percussion which Rameau deploys; certainly my attention was held.

The three lead roles were beautifully sung and acted. For me, Katy Watson shone, her beautiful, limpid tone in her aria to Hymen just one reason among many to commend this performance. Her portrayal of feminine fragility in the face of the oft over-bearing Jonathan Sells was utterly compelling, and her union with Carlos touching. Sells was outstanding, a performance of such stature to rank alongside his Trulove last year, and I eagerly await his Count Almaviva.

Sells' Huascar was undoubtedly a feather in his ever-expanding cap of operatic roles. Gerald Beatty's Carlos was well-judged, though I was rather puzzled by his costume; Rameau's delicate orchestration did not have the heavy clump of his Doc Martens in mind.

This operatic delight was preceded by a recital of Baroque Sonatas given by David Irving (violin) Emily Smith (cello) and James McVinnie (harpsichord). Their coordination, particularly in the Handel Sonata in D minor, was outstanding, the first Allegro movement a clear highlight. James McVinnie's account of the Concerto in D major for harpsichord by J. S. Bach was mesmerizing, the repeated chords of the Larghetto expertly deployed, resisting the harpsichord's more percussive qualities.

This was a truly outstanding concert. Cambridge's finest student musicians joined together to perform neglected masterpieces of the Baroque canon. Totally convincing, totally enjoyable, I left feeling this was the best thing I had seen in Cambridge so far, and following the CUCO concert two weeks ago that is high praise indeed.

Francis Letschka

When I was

21

Sophie Dahl



Granddaughter of author Roald Dahl, Sophie Dahl is an international model. Campaigns include the infamous Yves Saint Laurent's Opium advert, which was banned by the British Advertising Standards Agency. Her first book, *The Man With the Dancing Eyes*, is "an old-fashioned romance for a modern-day world". Sophie Dahl lives in New York.

In what year were you 21 and what were you doing? 1998. I had been modeling for three years.

Where did you live? I had a cottage in Battersea which I owned.

How did you celebrate your 21st birthday? I had a party at the Berkeley Playhouse, with break-dancers. Out of the two hundred or so people there, I actually knew about ten.

What was your favourite outfit? A very bosomy Dolce and Gabbana dress.

Who was your best friend? I had a few, the same since school, same now.

What were your illegal activities? They had all ceased by the time I was twenty.

What was your most prized possession? My grandmother's wedding ring.

What were you afraid of? Not having enough money to pay my mortgage.

What made you angry? Having to be grown-up

Emily Stokes



STREET BEATS DJ SKETCHY & DJ RIP

Once again we bring you our fortnightly offering of news, views and reviews on all things urban.

BBC R1's Desi Beats champions, **Bobby Friction** and **Nihal** hit Churchill Ball on Friday in some style. This charismatic double act not only delivered a set full of the biggest Bollywood and bhangra beats. Most impressive was their diverse selection of Asian influenced breaks and dubstep.

Saturday saw Warning return to the Junction, and boy, it was a monster. With a reputation as one of leading D'n'B nights in the country, we saw **Ed Rush and Optical, Subfocus** and the big man himself, **Andy C**, absolutely smash up the dance.

Last week saw a tragic loss for the hip-hop world. Respected producer **J Dilla, aka Jay Dee**, passed away at his home in Los Angeles, aged 32; he was suffering from lupus. He worked with the likes of **A Tribe Called Quest, Common & De La Soul** and influenced **Kanye West & Pharrell**.

Out on Feb 13 was **Life's** second solo album on **Zebra Traffic Records**. A regular performer at Cambridge college events, **Life's** flow is definitely something to check if you're unfamiliar.

The rise of **dubstep** has really taken us by storm over the past few months. Having progressed out of grime, but taking influences from two-step, breaks, jungle and even metal, it is by far the most progressive form of stoner music we have heard in a long time. Currently championed by BBC R1's **Mary Anne Hobbs**, it's definitely something not to miss. Watch out for producers **Digital Mystikz and Loefah, Skream, Distance, Kode9 and Vex'd**.

King's brings you its own dubstep night on Friday February 24, and for those of you who enjoy it, make it down to **DMZ** at Third Bass, Brixton, on March 4 - the lineup is enormous, as is the sound system, and it looks set to be a seminal night in the short history of this form of music. Saturday 18th March also sees German breakcore/ grime producer and DJ **Versus One** hit the Boiler Room.

Clare Cellars once again bring something fresh this Friday. French DJ crew **C2C** (3 x World DMC Team Champs) hit Cellars as part of their UK tour. With four DJs on four turntables this promises to be quite a show.

Catch Sketchy & Rip at Urbanite every Thursday @ The Soul Tree, Sat Feb 18 at John's Boiler Room and Fri Feb 24 @ Kings' Cellars

Knowledge of Authors

Salman Shaheen talks to Cambridge resident **Jill Paton Walsh**, author of the Booker Prize finalist, *Knowledge of Angels*, and rekindles his own literary spark

On a clear day in winter you can see the turrets of Jesus from her window. Just a stone's throw from my college, I must have walked that path a dozen times or more without ever realising that I was walking past the house of not only a Booker Prize finalist, Whitbread winner, Commander of the British Empire and wife of a former Varsity editor, but also one of my favourite authors. It's not often one gets to meet one's heroes in the world of literature, Jill Paton Walsh reminded me, as most of them are dead. But in some senses, I like to think, our meeting was fated. She wrote a book inspired by Salman Rushdie, and I was named after him.

Knowledge of Angels, the book for which Jill Paton Walsh is best known, is a fable that grew from her outrage at the fatwah on Rushdie, and deals with the religious intolerance of a small Christian island community of the past. For me, the themes discussed within the book have never been more relevant nor more dangerous, as a 'war on terror' rages and Muslims take to the streets to protest the now infamous cartoons depicting Muhammad. But would she have done anything differently? "No," she says, "That book, which I think is the one I was born to write, contains my very carefully considered and lifelong belief about the conflict between faith and unfaith."

It is important for us, when registering our horror at the Muslim protests, to remember our own past. "I think a devout Christian has much more in common with a devout Muslim than either of them has with an atheist," she argues, "The Rushdie affair blew up, and the papers were full of stuff about how insufferably intolerant Islam was, and how Christianity wasn't like that. Until the day before yesterday Christianity was like that. The last person to burn in Europe for heresy was in the early 19th century." This is the reality of her fictitious setting, and it is here that I am honoured by the revelation of a hitherto untold story, "There's a list in Cambridge University Library, of the people burnt for heresy on Mallorca in the Middle Ages. And the name of every character in that book is formed from that list. That's a sort of quiet tribute to the victims."

It came as no surprise, then, to learn that Jill Paton Walsh is strongly against a law banning the incitement to religious hatred, and it is here she finds a passion that needs no god to evoke.



"You don't need a law that stops people laughing or showing the prophet Muhammad in a turban." These are, of course, issues of the modern world, but she gives a very convincing reason as to why her book should be set in the past. "It's easier to transport a modern person backwards in time, so that the same collision of ideas is transposed into the past. People will read about the past without their guard up. The golden atheist has to arrive in an isolated place, which is still practicing a very traditional, authoritarian form of nonsense."

Jill Paton Walsh is, however, no stranger to faith. She was raised a devout Catholic, but perhaps it could be said that in losing her faith she gained far more in terms of literary inspiration, as her novel *Lapsing*, may be a testament to. As a writer, she says, "you have to have something to go on, and in the end it has to be your own life experience." As for faith, well "you

“

THE FRUIT ON THE
TREE OF THE GARDEN
OF EDEN SHOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN CALLED
KNOWLEDGE, IT
SHOULD HAVE BEEN
CALLED CERTAINTY

”

can't understand it if you've never had it. I hope my book did not attack faith. The problem is certainty beyond the available evidence. The fruit on the tree of the Garden of Eden shouldn't have been called knowledge, it should have been called certainty. And God proscribed it because he's the only person who can handle it. Human beings can't handle it. It's the Knowledge of Angels."

They say you should never meet your heroes, because they will always disappoint you. But when such finely crafted metaphors are slipped so easily into conversation, it's hard not to be inspired. As for Jill Paton Walsh, who were her first influences? "The professors of English at Oxford when I was an undergraduate there," she says,

before very casually mentioning that "they were called C.S Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien." No one famous then. She herself began her career as a children's writer, and when tutored by those two towers of children's fiction, "It appeared to me perfectly compatible with high culture."

She has since progressed, however, a decision that "was really forced on me because my children had grown up and I lost it. I moved on to adult writing, straight literary writing first. When that became very difficult I began to write detective stories as a sideline." She was famously invited to complete Dorothy L. Sayers' final, unfinished, novel featuring Lord Peter Wimsey, *Thrones, Dominations*. However Jill Paton Walsh has her own detective heroine, Imogen Quy, the protagonist of her latest novel, *Debts of Dishonour*, to be published later this month. A town girl, working for a fictitious Cambridge college, Imogen "bridges the town and gown gap. It's not Cambridge as I really see it, it's an imaginary Cambridge, derived from the past. A framework, a bit like the island." For Jill Paton Walsh, Cambridge is like a "little Noah's Ark, floating in a huge flood of anti-civilised values. A precious little ship, which carried a civilisation of the past forward into the future. It cannot possibly be regarded as a sensible modern view, so it's a suitable thing to put into fiction."

A few weeks ago, I attended a talk given by Zadie Smith at King's, in which she said that she would rather give up writing than give up reading. Putting this choice to Jill Paton Walsh, I cast a glance at her extensive shelves, overflowing with books, and already know the answer. She says, "Reading is like breathing." Thankfully this is not a choice she has to make, and she says that she will continue writing "as long as I can sit up. It's a bit addictive, you should be warned."

But it's already too late for me. It is snowing just a little by the time I begin the short walk back to Jesus, but I am warmed by a fire within me that an author, whom I greatly admire, has stoked. I cover the ground across Midsummer Common with haste. There's no time to lose. I have a novel to write.



www.greenbay.co.uk

the Story

It's all got too much for Harriet Bradshaw as The Archipelago takes another bizarre twist. If you have a creative streak send us the next 400 words to literature@varsity.co.uk by February 16th and see it printed here.

"I, I'm leaving now..."

And I was walking, dragging tablecloth after tablecloth, silver spoons, flowers and straws falling to the floor, crashing, tumbling, crying. I stood in the doorway, and waited. My shoes felt stiff, my collar was tight and the feeling of claustrophobia grated on me. Oscar crossed my path and winced. His glaring eyes following me as he pawed across the red carpet into a darkened crevice beneath the table. The room was left with angry mutters and swearing, scoffing under breath.

She remained in my head that afternoon, laughing at me, frightful laughter that bleeds you dry, stone cold, falling from grace. Her picture, I must escape that self-assured



smile, those sharp eyes.

The train left at ten o'clock, there was a family sitting in the dusty seats that had not escaped the "classy" styles of the seventies. Tea was poured; packets of sandwiches, crisps and sweets were devoured. I sat and read the business supplement, avoiding eye contact at all cost as they played "eye-spy" with their

mother. I shrugged down into my chair, gazing at the black and white, black and white...if everything were so simple.

"Excuse me? I dropped my pen. I believe it rolled under your chair." Her voice was sweet with a peculiarly distant elegance.

Imogene, her name was Imogene: her grandmother's name. And these "delightful children" were her brother's: she was taking them out for the day. Her eyes were green, pools of natural light and delicate presence.

I felt a fool, the collar tightened; I was drawing short of breath. Big red letters and that brash sign: the carriage was non-smoking. My sin.

I excused myself and walked to the dining cart. I

took out a cigarette and slipped it into my mouth and flicked the lighter. The burning soothed my angst that was coiling up inside me. I turned to the counter, breathed out my last and ordered a black coffee. She would be sitting there, waiting, a friendly face to return. I gripped tightly to the carriage counter as the train turned. My stomach began to twist and curl.

"That's one fifty then please."

I fumbled and opened my wallet: her face dropped to the counter, a self-assured smile glowering up at me from her tiny, passport sized stage. The nauseous smell of rich coffee and toasted sandwiches was thumping, coins splashing to the floor. I was falling... Darkness...



cambridgefutures

the student career and personal development society

Providing a unique insight into the wealth of career opportunities available to Cambridge University students since 1976

'SKILLS TRAINING WORKSHOP'



Date - Tuesday 21st February 2006

Time - 6:30pm - 8:30pm

Location - Mong Hall, Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge

Every day, P&G brands touch the lives of nearly five billion people in more than 160 countries all around the world. Our people make sure those brands live up to their promise – to make every day life just a little bit better. Billions of times a day, our brands face the two "moments of truth" – the first is when the shopper decides whether to buy a P&G brand in the store and the second is when that product is used.

Come to the workshop to experience some of the challenges that we face every day at Proctor & Gamble.
You'll regret it if you miss it!

To book a seat at any of our upcoming events or to simply find out

www.cambridgefutures.com

more about various careers visit our new and extensive website

Book early to ensure your place!

Get to grips with IT



UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE
Computing Service



FREE IT Training Staff & Students

Instructor-Led & Self-Taught
Beginners to Advanced

Courses include:

- PC, Macintosh, Unix/Linux
- Internet & Email
- Word Processing
- Spreadsheets & Databases
- Web Page Authoring
- Desktop Publishing
- Graphics/Image Processing
- Programming
- and many more....

www.cam.ac.uk/cs/courses

course-admin@ucs.cam.ac.uk 01223 334662
New Museums Site, Pembroke Street, Cambridge CB2 3QH

Pick of the Week

The essential events of the next seven days... and the best of the rest



Measure for Measure

By William Shakespeare. Shakespeare's funniest comedy is given a facelift, squeezed into stilettos, and thrust onto the ADC stage in an awe-inspiring tidal wave of karaoke, pornography, electro-punk, and singing nuns.

ADC Theatre, 7.45pm, Tue 21st-Sat 25th Feb £5/£7 (Tue-Thu and Sat matinee), £6/£8 (Fri-Sat)



Singin' in the Rain

By Richard Rogers et al. Cambridge University Musical Theatre Society presents one of the all-time greatest musicals, a satire of twenties Hollywood. When talkies come to town, the silent stars face tough choices.

Cambridge Arts Theatre, 7.45pm, Tue 21st - Sat 25th Feb £10/£15/£20 (Tue-Sat), £10/15 (Thu)



The Third Policeman

By Flann O'Brien. A new adaptation of the cult novel brings devilish policemen, human velocipedes and eccentric philosophy to the stage. Murder mystery. Hilarious comedy. Romantic love. Village policemen, and lots and lots of bicycles.

ADC Theatre, 11pm, Wed 22nd-Sat 25th Feb £4/£3 (Wed & Thurs), £4/£5 (Fri & Sat)



The Marriage of Figaro

By W.A. Mozart. Cambridge University Opera Society marks Mozart's 250th anniversary with a grand and sparkling production of The Marriage of Figaro, one of the composer's best loved operas. Unmissable.

West Road Concert Hall, 8pm Wed 22nd - Sat 25th Feb £4 - £18



Princess Mononoke

Hayao Miyazaki's epic predates *Spirited Away* by 5 years. The epic and bloody clash of mythical forces in a forest world would traumatise kids and will probably turn you into a weeping mess.

Robinson, 6pm and 9pm, Sun 19 Feb, £3



The Libertine

In this highbrow blockbuster Johnny Depp is Earl of Rochester, the most debauched member of Charles II's court, and its best poet. He drinks his way to an early grave, earning posthumous acclaim. Everything we secretly want to be, but can't because of like, essays and stuff.

Picturehouse, all week

The Calvino Project
The dark wood debating chamber comes alive with a night including DJs, dancers, sopranos, and the odd actor as well. Ideas from around the world fuse in the telling of the great Italian author's stories. (below right)
Fri 17th Feb, 8pm, Cambridge Union, £6/£8

Beautiful Child
By Nicky Silver. What happens when you love the forbidden? A 39-year-old falls for a kid and finds out. Tues 21st - Sat 25th Feb, 9.15pm, Corpus Playroom, £4/£5.00

Lights, Camera, Improv!
People are trying to be funny on stage. Will they succeed? You decide, as audience suggestions determine the course of the night.
Tues 21st Feb, 11pm, ADC, £3/4

The Bacchae
By Euripides. Greek drama gets updated to the nineteenth century. 'The Bacchae' is an ancient horrorshow of sex, violence and revenge. Tragic.
Sun 26th Feb - Wed 1st March, 7.30pm, School of Pythagoras, £4

The Father
By August Strindberg. Male dominance and female weaknesses collide in a bitter domestic battle. People shout, people cry, and everyone leaves feeling really depressed.
Tues 21st - Sat 25th Feb, 7pm, Corpus Christi Playroom, £4



Arts Picturehouse

Friday 17th February
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 12:30, 14:40, 19:00, 21:20
Hidden (15): 12:00, 16:40, 20:30
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 23:10
Lady Vengeance (18): 16:20, 18:45
Me and You and Everyone We Know (15): 22:50
Proof (12A): 14:10, 16:15, 18:20
The Libertine (18): 21:30

Saturday 18th February
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 12:30, 14:40, 19:00, 21:20
Hidden (15): 12:00, 16:40, 20:30
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): Late Show 23:10
Lady Vengeance (18): 16:20, 18:45
Me and You and Everyone We Know (15): 22:50
Proof (12A): 14:10, 16:15, 18:20
The Libertine (18): 21:30

Sunday 19th February
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 14:40, 16:50, 19:00, 21:20
Hidden (Cache) (15): 12:00, 20:30
Lady Vengeance (18): 16:20, 18:45
Me & You & Everyone We Know (15): 12:00
Proof (12A): 14:10, 16:15, 18:20
The Libertine (18): 21:30

Monday 20th February
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 12:30, 14:40, 19:00, 21:20
Hidden (15): 12:00, 16:40, 20:30
Lady Vengeance (18): 16:20, 18:45
Proof (12A): 14:10, 16:15, 18:20
The Libertine (18): 21:10
Tickets (15): 21:10

Tuesday 21st February
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 12:30, 14:40, 19:00, 21:20
Hidden (Cache) (15): 20:30
Lady Vengeance (18): 16:20
Morvern Callar (15): 21:15

Open Hearts (15): 13:30
Proof (12A): 16:15, 18:20
The Libertine (18): 16:40

Wednesday 22nd February
Avant Garde: Film as Personal Expression (): 13:00
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 11:00, 14:40, 19:00, 21:20
Hidden (Cache) (15): 16:40, 20:30
Lady Vengeance (18): 16:20, 18:45
Proof (12A): 11:00, 16:15, 18:20
The Libertine (18): 21:10

Thursday 23rd February
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 12:30, 14:40, 19:20, 21:20
Hidden (Cache) (15): 14:00
Lady Vengeance (18): 16:20, 18:45
Proof (12A): 12:00, 16:10, 20:30
The Bitter Tears Of Petra Von Kant (18): 17:00
The Libertine (18): 21:10

College Films

Caius
Batman Begins (12)
Fri 17 Feb, 20.30
The Edukators (15)
Wed 22 Feb, 20.30

Christ's
Napoleon Dynamite (PG)
Sun 19 Feb, 20.00, 22.30
Rocky Horror Picture Show (15)
Thu 23 Feb, 22.00

Robinson
Princess Mononoke (PG)
Sun 19 Feb, 18.00, 21.00
Dirty Dancing (15)
Thu 23 Feb, 21.00

St. John's
Wallace & Gromit: The Curse of the Were-Rabbit (U)
Sun 19 Feb, 19.00, 22.00
Hotel Rwanda (12)
Thu 23 Feb, 21.00

Hom-Proms 2006

An exciting celebration of British music, featuring many Last Night of the Proms classics, including Elgar, Walton, Arne, Parry, Vaughan Williams and more. Free drinks, nibbles and flags provided. Indulge your hidden bourgeois nationalism.

Homerton College Great Hall, £4 adv / £6 door, Sun 19 Feb

To prebook email homproms@hotmail.co.uk

Champagne Concert

Music to celebrate John Piper's window in Robinson College Chapel- accompanied by a luxurious meal in the College's Great Hall. Decadent, but funds will go to the development office.

Robinson College Chapel, £25, Thu 9 Mar

To book phone 01223 339 036

Oleg Gordievsky

was a KGB colonel stationed in London. In 1974 he defected and began work for the Secret Intelligence Service. The man who was arguably Britain's intelligence's most important asset for a decade speaks to the Peterhouse Political Society about post-Soviet Russia and dodges socialist eggs.

The Lubbock Room, Peterhouse, Mon 20 Feb 3.30pm

Question the Union
Sarah Pobereskin, President of the Cambridge Union Society takes your questions on 'The Union: A Progressive or Regressive Institution?'. Right on the chin. Go accountable! **Keynes Hall**, King's, Tue 21 Feb, 8pm

Richard Evans

The great historian of modern Germany gives a talk to the Girton History Society entitled "The Third Reich in Power: Coercion and Consent in Nazi Germany".

Stanley Library, Girton College, free entry, Mon 20 Feb, 8pm

Starting at Zero: Black Mountain College

Founded as an artistic counter to the rise of Fascism and the death of the imagination, in its 24 years (1933-57) Black Mountain attracted an incredible range of international talent. Willem de Kooning, Buckminster Fuller and John Cage all lived there. Kettle's Yard commemorates.

Kettles Yard, free entry, until 2 April

Recharge

Free massages at the GU. It's a grad life.

Graduate Union, 3-7pm, Fri 17 Feb

stage

screen

events

Fez Fridays
new, eclectic, expensive
9-3, £6/£5 with flyer
The Fez Club

Clare Cellars
DMC World Team
Champs + DJs - weey
9-12.30, £3/£4
Clare Cellars

Generator
indie/electro, but really, just indie. Surprisingly good.
9-2.30, £3
Kambar

Plastic 2
electro-sharp sound-waves with a hint of reggae rock, apparently.
10-12.45, £2
King's Cellars

fri

Disintegration
live bands tba + indie/electro DJs
9-12.45, £4
Queens'

The Visions
The Modal Monks + Hamfatter
worth seeing
8pm, £4
The Man on the Moon

Fly
Quality house beats with Paul Higgins and Gurpy
10-12.45, £2
King's Cellars

Get Down Crew + Reunion + Recoil
Back from Berlin.
9-1, £3
Boiler Room, St John's

sat

Sunday Roast
the weekend stops here and so does your dignity
9-2, £4
Life

Songs in the Dark
Atmospheric. Music, poetry, jokes
9pm, £3/4
Clown's Cafe

Jazz at Clare
The Jenny Stone Trio + Funk Shui
restrained rutting
9pm, £3/4
Clare Cellars

Acoustic night
Michael Gormley + Dave's Cousin's Band
oh no
8pm, £3
Cellar Bar 8

sun

Fat Poppadaddys
eclectic, sweaty
9-3, £3/4
The Fez Club

International Student Night
pohjanmaa kautta!
9-30-2, £5
Life

R*E*P*E*A*T
Alpha Road + Pilots of the Sixth + Ascendia + Numloq
8pm, £3
The Portland Arms

Acoustic night
Michael Gormley + Dave's Cousin's Band
oh no
8pm, £3
Cellar Bar 8

mon

Unique LBG night
9.30-2, £4
Life

Ebonics
r'n'b, hip hop and dancehall by DJ Kayper and MC Inja
9.30-3, £2/4
Fez

Acoustic night
in a cosy Italian restaurant
9pm, £2
Kamis

Bands at the Portland
Something about Dave + A Boy Called Hero
8pm, £4
The Portland Arms

tue

Rumboogie OH GOD
9-2, £4/5
Ballare

Dive Dive at Club Goo
with The Resistance
solid new wave indie
8-3, £3/4
The Soultree

Bands at the Portland
Me Against the World + The Hope + 6 Ways from Sunday + Papa Shango
8pm, £4
The Portland Arms

wed

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

Soundcheck
ft. various DJs incl Fat Poppadaddys
9-1.30, £7 adv / £9 door
Fitzwilliam College

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

SCA Battle of the Bands
Little Alien headlining + competitors
8pm, free entry
Newnham Bar

thu

Sponsored by **VUE** www.myvue.com/students



10-11 Mill Lane (off Trumpington Street)

KARAOKE
EVERY MONDAY NIGHT, 8-11, WITH COCKTAILS 2for1!
Come along & have a sing song, AJ Discotheque provides the music, you sing the song!

[Varsity]

STUDENT MEAL DEAL:
2 COURSE & BOTTLE OF WINE ONLY £15!

CALL NOW TO BOOK YOUR TABLE.
OFFER ONLY OPEN TO STUDENTS WITH A VALID NUS CARD, MUST PRE BOOK., OFFER @ MANAGER'S DISCRETION

Tel: 01223 322 777

[Varsity]



Social Activity Organiser for central Cambridge language school
Must be outgoing, friendly, organised and reliable
For approx 4-10 hours a week, afternoons and evenings

Please call **01223 312333** and ask to speak to Simon Gray or send a letter of application to **Regent Cambridge, 119 Mill Road, Cambridge CB1 2AZ**

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL 2006

Solve your accommodation problems by calling Carole Smith / Anne Goring on 01620 810 620 email address:

festflats@aol.com

or write to Festival Flats, 3 Linkylea Cottages, Gifford, East Lothian, EH41 4PE

www.festivalflats.net

The ADC Proudly Presents

THE 2006 TOWN AND GOWN PRODUCTION

FUENTE OVEJUNA

by Lope De Vega

18th - 22nd July 2006, ADC Theatre

A fantastic opportunity to work with seasoned director Steven Siddall.

AUDITIONS

Sunday 19th, 10.00 - 3.00,
Tuesday 21st, 10.00 - 4.00,
ADC Bar.

Please prepare a short speech from any Shakespeare play.

No one does cinema like



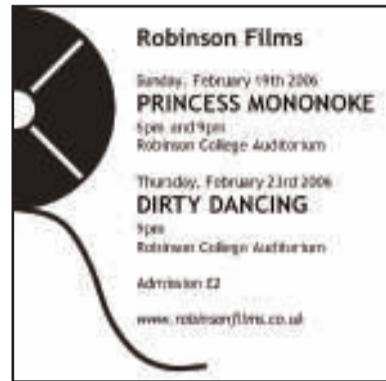
grafton centre • cambridge

Film Times from Friday 17th February - Thursday 23rd February

THIS WEEK'S BIG NEW RELEASES
GOOD NIGHT, AND GOOD LUCK (PG) (1h55) (NFT) Daily 11.00 13.10 15.25 17.40 20.00 Fri/Sat Late 22.30 CASANOVA (12a) (2h15) (NFT) Daily 13.00 15.40 18.20 (Not Tues) 21.00 Fri/Sat Late 23.50

CHICKEN LITTLE (U) (1h45) (NFT) Fri-Sun 9.30 10.00 Daily 11.30 12.30 13.45 14.45 16.00 17.00 18.15 19.15 BIG MOMMA'S HOUSE 2 (PG) (2h) (NFT) Daily 11.10* 13.30* (Not Sun) 15.50* 18.10* (Not Tues) 20.40* Fri/Sat Late 23.00*

FINAL DESTINATION 3, WALK THE LINE, MUNICH, FUN WITH DICK AND JANE, BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN, MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA: CALL FOR TIMES

book now on 08712 240 240 or online at www.myvue.com

Advertise on this page from only £20! To place an advert, email **business@varsity.co.uk**

No matter how life sucks.
With Dojo, life is all about slurps.
Enjoy life's moment
at DOJO.
DOJO Noodle Bar
1-2 Millers Yard
Mill Lane Cambridge CB2 1RQ
T: 01223 363 471
www.dojonoodlebar.co.uk



CAMBRIDGE LEISURE PARK
Tel: (01223) 414488

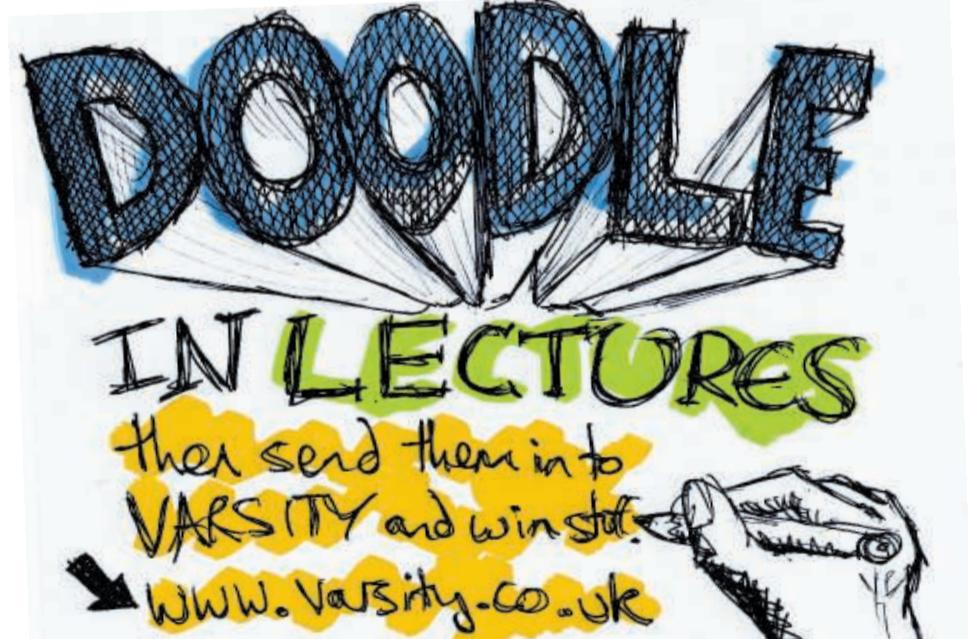
Buy any large Pizza and get a free chocolate fudge cake for takeaway only

Sunday to Thursday at any Cambridge Pizza Hut

Don't forget this voucher!
(Use by March 31st 2006)

A Winter Chocolateland!

Varsity



visit the
all-new

VARSITY.co.uk



Save £££....



- Unbelievable prices on airfares, hotels & car hire*
- Great value round the world tickets*
- Vast range of trips, tours and activities*
- Comprehensive travel insurance*
- Dedicated group travel team*

Wherever in the world you're looking to travel to, speak to our extremely well-travelled, enthusiastic and knowledgeable consultants for help and advice.

TRAILFINDERS



THE TRAVEL EXPERTS

Waterstone's Second Floor, 22 Sidney Street, Cambridge, CB2 3HG
WORLDWIDE TRAVEL 01223 461 600 GROUP TRAVEL 0845 050 5955
www.trailfinders.com

Women's Lacrosse

**CAMBRIDGE 12
BRISTOL 1**

WITH THEIR Varsity match looming ever closer, the Blues Lacrosse Team had a lot to prove. Their last league match, and indeed one of the few matches left before they pace out on to the pitch against Oxford on the 4th of March, it was crucial that the result was good enough to secure a high place in the league, and affirm their confidence for Varsity.

The Blues travelled to Bristol to face a team to whom they had lost disappointingly last term. They knew the match had the potential to be a tough one, and that the Bristol side would step out assured by their previous result. The match began with centre Tanya Glanville-Wallis unusually not taking the ball immediately from the centre draw, and for the first few minutes possession stayed mainly with Bristol's attacks. Eventually the ball was recovered by the Cambridge defence and fed smoothly up the pitch, exactly in the way the team had been rehearsing. Things were improving, and using the set play they had planned, a goal quickly came, with the ball being flicked deftly into the bottom corner by Tanya – a goal that was a necessary boost to psych up both player and team. From that point on it was clear who dominated this match. The next goal came straight from a perfect centre draw which Cambridge captain Charlie Hill received, sprinting down to goal almost unimpeded. A spectacular shot saw Cambridge defiantly on top. More goals followed, with many being scored off moves the team had been perfecting, with particularly good pair work coming from Charlie Hill and Ros Lloyd, who between them ensured the score reached 7-1 at half time. Cambridge's advantage at this point reflects how hard the team was working, with Bristol's defence achieving some recoveries which stalled the Blues at moments. The team was tiring, and half time came with encouragement and stern words from the captain to improve the team's discipline.

The second half showed this inspiring team-talk pay off, as Cambridge stormed ahead with numerous shots on goal from various players, most notably Fiona Macpherson who controlled attacking play for some time. Much praise must go to goalie Lizzie Maughan for some great saves and clearances that showed the opposition exactly where the ball was intended to stay – well up in Cambridge's attacking end. The call from the captain saw Cambridge prove their ball handling skills with two minutes of accomplished possession, putting pressure on the Bristol team to try anything to gain control of the ball. But their attempts were to no avail, the final whistle was blown; the score left at a well-deserved 12-1 to a strong and determined Cambridge side.

**Persophene
Bridgman-Baker**

Women Gymnasts leap to Victory

But there's more disappointment for Cambridge men in Varsity battle

Lydia Cole

OXFORD OVERALL WINNERS

FEBRUARY 12 witnessed an event almost unheard of in Varsity gymnastics' history: the magnificent Cambridge women won their Varsity team competition against the Oxford Dark Blues.

This year's competition was held in Marriott's gymnasium, Stevenage. The Dark Blues took a while to get to the battle ground, having become lost in the

"Outstanding effort, considerable guts and solid coaching"

depths of Stevenage housing estate, but when they eventually arrived they looked as fierce as ever. Nevertheless, several new faces were noted in their team and their numbers had dwindled in comparison to last year's competition. Following a warm-up, which gave the Cambridge team a chance to size up the opposition, the gymnasts marched onto the floor, presenting themselves

to the judges who were to decide the outcome of this, the most important event of the Cambridge gymnasts' calendar. After a hard year's training the light blue side knew they were a stronger team than ever before, so they commenced battle with some confidence.

The morning was divided into the men's and women's competitions, running alongside each other on different apparatus. The men competed on floor, vault, pommels, parallel bars, rings and high bar, performing some amazing moves and displaying outstanding body control. Their competition was a close run fight between our Commonwealth athlete, Alex Hedges (first-year Natsci at Fitzwilliam) and his Huntingdon training partner representing Oxford, Matt Bullimore. Hedges rose to the challenge, performing without fault in condensed versions of his Commonwealth routines, and gained the individual men's gold medal. Bullimore took second place, while third also went Oxford's way. All three medallists performed to a very high standard, demonstrating the considerable quality of Oxbridge's best gymnasts.

As well as featuring seasoned professionals, a number of competitors were somewhat newer to the sport. Bachrun Mason (third-



Ashley Tran performed particularly strongly against Oxford

year engineer, Robinson) and James Watson (second-year engineer, Selwyn) only took up gymnastics mid-Michaelmas, but similarly pulled out all the stops. Outstanding effort, considerable guts and some solid coaching from Hedges in the week leading up to Varsity led to some strong performances, however the team as

first place in the women's individual competition. She proved a fantastic secret weapon Club captain Claire Nixon (third year SPS, Homerton) also showed excellent flair on the bars and as a result triumphantly gained the bronze medal. Oxford's Captain, Faye Cadnam, deservedly took silver for her stunning performance, including a near-faultless floor routine. Marianne Chilvers (PGCE, Homerton) excited the crowd with her energetic and beautiful dance on the floor and Laura Gardner (third year Medic, Trinity Hall) performed as elegantly as ever in her routine. Helen Chambers (second year Natsci, Churchill) did a magnificent job on all four apparatus, and Lydia Cole (third year Natsci, Trinity) in her role as team reserve helped the judges set the level of scoring with her routines at the start of each piece.

It was a wonderful day's competition with excellent effort from all participants and very high quality performances. The club as a whole has greatly benefited from having such talented gymnasts this year and the hope is that there will be more to replace them in the future, maintaining if not improving the standard for next year's Varsity match and beyond.

The women's competition was equally exciting, with some beautiful routines on floor, beam, bars and vault. Ashley Tran (MIT exchange student at New Hall) gave Oxford a real shock with her stunning somersaults on the floor and outstanding beam performance that gave her

Hockey success for Seconds and Thirds

Triumph for Cambridge hockey girls in the run-up to the Blues' Varsity match

Claire Rushe

SECONDS WIN 4-1

THIRDS WIN 3-0

MEN'S SECONDS BEATEN 2-1

ON MONDAY February 13, the "Alternative" Varsity hockey matches took place at Iffley Road, Oxford. The Bedouins (Third women) started the day. Having won the trophy every year since the competition's inception, the pressure was on. There was the usual Varsity Match scrappy start, but coach Alun Rees calmed nerves from the sidelines and soon Cambridge were dominating, awarded several short corners.

The continued pressure paid off when Lucie Bishop worked the ball up the left, crossing to the penalty spot where Izzy Blakey was ready to pounce, slotting the ball into the net. The back line was calmly controlled by captain Hannah Roberts, with man of the match Tory Pile executing a vital defensive goal line clearance. Nicola Park's pace and skill riled the Oxford defence throughout the game, culminating in a short corner, which she then converted, sending Cambridge into half-time 2-0 up.

As is expected from a losing



The victorious women's second hockey team celebrate after besting their Dark Blue rivals

side, Oxford returned stronger, forcing saves from keeper Beth Cash. The Oxford attack startled Cambridge, resulting in a green card for Alex Workman and Alison Weetch.

This soon passed, and the Bedouins regained their composure. Liz Riley took the ball up the right wing at great speed; the ball was sent flying in for Nicola Park to grab her second goal, firing the ball into the top left corner. This was the end for Oxford, Cambridge finishing in style.

Next, the Squanderers took on Oxford's Infrequent (Third men) in front of a crowd featuring Cambridge Blues brandishing a loudspeaker,

much to the umpire's delight. It was even, Cambridge needing only a draw to retain the trophy. The Light Blues often threatened, but it was not to be: in the final minute Oxford scored, snatching victory.

The second half of the day was kicked off by the Nomads vs the Monkeys (Second women) led by coaches Sam Grimshaw and Alun Rees. The Nomads started confidently and within ten minutes, Anna Stanley had chipped the ball over the keeper into the net from the middle of the 'D'. Cambridge continued to have the upper hand, worrying Oxford so they had to resort to an obvious foul in front of their goal. This immediately

resulted in a penalty flick for the Light Blues, for which CUHC president Lydia Tong stepped up, hammering the ball home to make it 2-0. The play evened out, with Oxford managing some dangerous attacks, but very little got through the strong back line with Tash Tanna tackling and clearing with confidence. Nicky Peart was called in to make one dramatic save just before half time, keeping the score 2-0.

In the second half, Oxford started the feistier team, with their pressure eventually converting into a well-deserved goal. This was just the catalyst to spur the Nomads back into their game.

Their flowing forward play led to many short corners being awarded, however it was obvious that Cambridge are not used to a water-based astro and failed to convert. However, in open play, there was little difficulty, as Tash Close scored another quick goal, stretching the lead back to two goals. The Light Blues stamped their authority on the game when Cat MacDonald executed a precision shot to finish the match 4-1. The captain, Rachel Trafford, won man of the match for her pivotal role as centre midfield; her champagne prize kicked off celebrations that lasted well into the night.

The final game saw the Second men battling it out as Cambridge's Wanderers took on the Occasionals. The game was end just as the teams were evenly matched, but in the first half Oxford showed more desire, sending Cambridge into half-time 2-0 down. Their team talk must have been inspiring, as the Light Blues came out with a new-found determination. In the game's final seconds, Graeme Shaw shot at goal for Sam Grimshaw to tap in at close range. But the celebrations soon turned to commiserations as the final whistle was blown and the boys realised it was too late to retain their trophy.

The men's and women's first teams will play their Varsity matches on Tuesday March 7.

Star Sam sails single-handed

Sophie Pickford meets Vendée Globe 2008 hopeful Sam Davies

MEETING SAM DAVIES is a humbling experience. Since leaving St. John's nine years ago, her meteoric rise to sailing stardom has seen her take part in some of the world's most challenging sporting events. Round-the-world record attempts, single-handed transatlantic races and now a Vendée Globe campaign are a daily part of life for this petite thirty year old, whose unassuming and softly-spoken manner disguises a phenomenal toughness, gritty determination and extraordinary capacity to endure the harshest conditions known to man. Sam returned to Cambridge this weekend in her capacity as ambassador for the Brightside Trust, an internet-based scheme which provides mentors for underprivileged teenagers with an interest in studying Medicine or Veterinary Medicine at University. Her message is clear, that "you can do things you never really thought you could if you are determined and motivated." Two qualities both she and the scheme's participants have in abundance.

Sam started sailing around the Solent with her parents when she was a child, "somehow I was never afraid, scared or cold, I was always enjoying myself." This philosophy has stayed with her "if I'm having fun then I'm sailing 100%, whereas if I don't have a smile on my face, I'm probably not putting so much effort in." Nevertheless there have been some low moments. The day after her final engineering exam at Cambridge Sam flew to New York to join Tracey Edwards' all-female crew in their round the world record attempt. A violent storm in the Southern Ocean with winds of more than sixty knots bashed and battered the boat; they were dismasted shortly afterwards, a heart-breaking development, "we had worked for a whole year". Sixteen days of sailing under a jury-rig followed before they reached land.

It is these sorts of moments that Sam finds the hardest. "The most stressful times are when you aren't doing well, when you can't under-



Sam Davies racing single-handed downwind in her Figaro

stand why something happened or when you made a mistake," she says. These are magnified when sailing single-handed, taking five-seven minute cat-naps and only getting two hours sleep in every 24 hour period. "There's no-one to make really difficult decisions with, and every small misfortune gets magnified 100 times." Sam gets through it "by being mentally strong, that's one of the real skills of it, mental strength." This is something she has had to develop. "The more you sail the better you control your emotions and benefit from them rather than letting them get you down." At the other end of the spectrum, the finish is "amazing, an

incredible feeling, completely impossible to describe. Whatever you achieve is down to you and your boat."

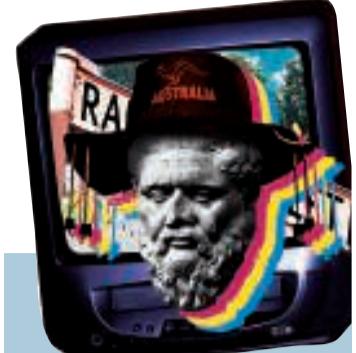
Sam has certainly had some considerable successes already. At age 26 she was the first girl to arrive in Brazil at the end of a Transat, being placed 11th overall, but for her, even making it into a professional crew was a huge step. "As a kid I was amazed and overwhelmed by the racing boats in the Solent. I never believed I could do it, the nearest I thought I would get was buying the magazines." Despite her achievements, Sam has a very balanced approach to competition, "every race I do is a success whether it's a good result or a bad one." In many races,

the financial and logistical pressures are such that "you've already succeeded just managing to get to the start."

These pressures have been eased recently by some lucrative sponsorship deals. As a member of the Offshore Challenges sailing team, Sam was supported by team-mate Ellen MacArthur until she found sponsorship from Skandia. Recently this has been replaced by a new deal with Roxy clothing, who fund her training at Port la Forêt, home of France's elite offshore racing school. They have also agreed to support her participation in the toughest single-handed yacht race in the world, the Vendée Globe, which will next take place in 2008. The boat she will use has an impressive pedigree, having already seen two Vendée skippers home safely in first place in 2000 and 2004.

Sam is very realistic about why she landed the Roxy deal, recognising that her sex undoubtedly helped her. Women attract more media interest in sailing, more photographs are taken of them and their boats, and as a result they are more attractive to sponsors. Thanks to Ellen MacArthur's experiences the public and media also have a much greater awareness of sailing as a sport, "because Ellen has achieved so much and they see I'm doing a similar thing they're keen to help. They see it is possible for a girl to compete and win." Even so, Sam still experiences some sexism, though "very rarely." The only time she notices a difference between her ability and that of her male counterparts is when trying to get the spinnaker up in the Figaro she sails daily, otherwise racing is "much more about mental strength and tactics."

Sam's next big project will be the double-handed Transat 'AG2R' from Concarneau to St. Bar's, starting on April 9th. Her team-mate for this event will be Alexia Barrier, and together they will make up the race's only all-female entrant. Having seen her calm determination and deep-seated ambition, I know who I will be putting my money on.



Erinsborough Ethics

There must be very few streets on earth like Ramsay Street. No one gets on that well with their neighbours – you might utter a sprightly, "Morning!" in their direction as you put the rubbish out, or give them their ball back when it comes over your fence. On occasion, you might even have a heated debate about the height of their leylandii hedge. The trouble is that no one chooses their neighbours – you're just thrown together, regardless of whether you get on or not. The same should be true of Ramsay Street. On the one hand, you have a man like Harold. Harold is a man of morals, a pillar of the community. Yes, he loses his marbles from time to time, but he gives advice to those who need it (and those who don't), he feeds the hungry and he comforts those who are hurting. If he were an animal, Harold would be a wise old owl. On the other hand, you have Lyn Scully. She is the antithesis of Harold. She gossips constantly, she never thinks about the sensitivity of a situation before opening her mouth, and she has this amazingly whiney voice that penetrates to your very soul. If she were an animal, Lyn would be an anteater, sticking her nose where others don't want her to. How can two such opposite characters reside in the same corner of the universe? How can they stand to be around each other? What is Neighbours trying to tell us?

Well, Neighbours is following in the footsteps of David Hume. Hume was the first philosopher to recognise mankind as just another part of the natural world, rather than – as had previously been held – some lesser form of the divine. In other words, Hume emphasised the need to let our philosophy be influenced by our place in nature. We shouldn't concern ourselves with lofty metaphysical concepts which have no great bearing on our lives; instead we should reflect on the world only as we know it.

And the world is full of contrasts: light and dark, good and evil, matter and anti-matter, yin and yang. Some might say that the world is in a delicate balance between these states: wherever there is light, somewhere must be dark; wherever there is good, somewhere there must be evil. Neighbours reflects this view of the universe. Wherever there is a Harold, there has to be a Lyn. Wherever there is a likeable, believable character like a Susan, there has to be a Zeke. Ramsay Street has to be in this equilibrium in order to function properly. So, though we might not like every character residing there, they are all necessary in order to form the soap as a whole.

I guess there are four lessons here: 1) In the Humean mould, take nature seriously, and let it reflect your view of the world. 2) Put up with something bad if it contributes to a whole which is good. 3) And don't promise four lessons from a column when you can only think of three.

Varsity Matches

The following Varsity matches will be played in the Sports Hall or Rosenblatt Pool, Iffley Road, Oxford, unless otherwise stated.

Friday 17th

Table Tennis: 9am – 5pm, Men's & Women's A & Men's B teams.

Saturday 18th

Karate: 9am-12.30pm, Men's & Women's A & Men's B teams.

Trampolining: 9am-12.30pm.

Volleyball: 12.30pm – 6.30pm, Men's & Women's.

Swimming: 1pm - 3.30pm, Men's & Women's.

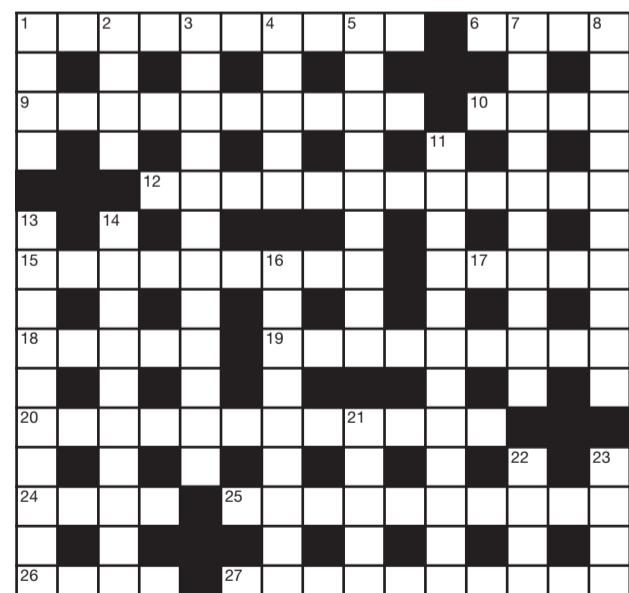
Water Polo: 3.30-7.30pm, Men's, Women's & Alumni

Fencing: 10am - 5pm, Men's & Women's A & B teams. Exam Halls, High St, Oxford.

Pistol Shooting: All day in Wantage.

Sunday 19th

Basketball: Men's & Women's A teams.



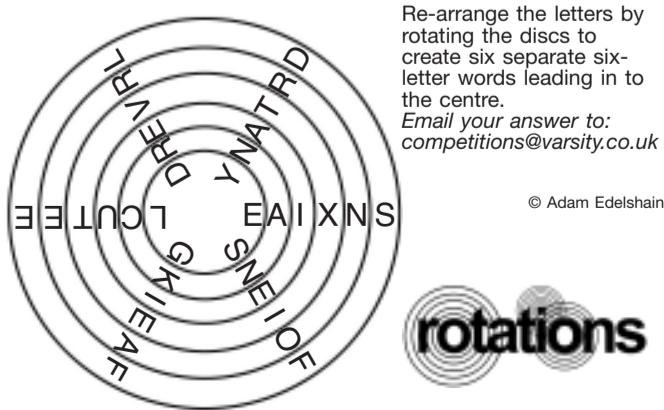
Across

1. Render weak from poor diet, albeit varied (10)
6. Bear returned ring (4)
9. Such a system creates accord, given time (10)
10. Earthy fool? (4)
11. Amazingly unsteadily (12)
12. In Yorkshire river men take time to achieve habituation (8)
13. Gag, seeing beggar topless (5)
14. I believe in haphazard decor (5)
15. Man in car in charge of dead bodies (9)
16. Compensation for amputees? (9,3)
17. Good man on in February (4)
18. Priestly doctrine Irishman and doctor disseminated (10)
19. Standard idea of length (4)
20. Queen invited this rascal to dance (10)
21. Divine air that's not here (5)
22. Lie on aristocratic place (4)
23. Nurse's arms ache regularly (4)

© Mathmo

Down

1. Useless Eastern fellow (4)
2. Corral's site of a mob uprising (4)
3. Secure home against second-row and Morrison's band (4,3,5)
4. Sharp sound made by gant returning over water (5)
5. Test cider about to be split three ways (9)
6. Biology and art should be compulsory (10)
8. Irishman's hit after tantrum (10)
11. Vivarium isn't built in Roman style (12)
13. Accessory used by seamstress to fold chinos up in (10)
14. Cambridge tutor's great at taking it out of visitor (10)
16. Odd, unlike UKIP? (5)
21. Divine air that's not here (5)
22. Lie on aristocratic place (4)
23. Nurse's arms ache regularly (4)



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

© Adam Edelshain

Scribble pad



CAPTAIN'S VIEW

KATE HINDSON
UNIVERSITY SWIMMING
CAPTAIN

At 1pm on Saturday, the first team swimmers will leave the blocks in the 114th Varsity Match at the Rosenblatt Pool, Oxford. Over the next two hours, we will discover whether six months' planning and training have been enough to secure a seventh consecutive win against our old adversaries.

As ladies' captain, I hope this year won't see the end of Cambridge's winning streak. In terms of preparation, I believe we'll go into the match having given ourselves the best possible chance of winning. Since the squads were selected in October, each swimmer has covered an estimated 500 kilometres – that's 20,000 lengths of Parkside Pool – and swum about 360,000 strokes. This groundwork should enable every Cambridge swimmer to stand at the end of their lane on Saturday confident that they can beat the person standing next to them.

But training is only part of the winning formula. With foundations in place, tactics come into play. All signs indicate it could be a close contest this year, making team selection crucial: select the right combination of swimmers and events and we'll have something to drink to on Saturday night; select wrongly and we'll be drowning our sorrows. This year, responsibility for this has been mine. Having agonised over various line-ups, second-guessing Oxford, I announced the team on Monday. After hours of deliberation I am in no doubt it's the strongest I could field.

In the midst of captain's duties, I've hardly had time to reflect on personal aspirations for Saturday. But there's one thing I'm sure of: it will be a long and tiring day. After (let's be optimistic here) leading my team to victory in the swimming match, I'll be back in the pool as a member of the ladies' water polo team, in what promises to be another tough competition. It's been a demanding year juggling commitments in the two teams, but let's hope that it'll all pay off in the end.

What are my feelings leading up to the big event? Apprehensive – perhaps; nervous – a little; excited – most definitely.



GYMNASICS

Light blues on good form
Strong showing but men miss out on Varsity success



WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Triumph for Seconds & Thirds
Double success shows First team the right way to do it



INTERVIEW

Alumna takes on world
Sophie Pickford meets yachtswoman Sam Davies



LACROSSE

Cambridge 12-1 Bristol
Blues end league campaign in style with Oxford looming

Mixed fortunes for netballers

Seconds win thriller by a point but Blues endure agony of Varsity defeat



ADAM FUDAKOWSKI

Cambridge's seconds clinched victory in the last seconds, whilst the firsts struggled to find their form

Claire Foister

Firsts:	CAMBRIDGE	29
	OXFORD	40
Seconds:	CAMBRIDGE	30
	OXFORD	29

THOSE WHO have never played a Varsity match often find it difficult to understand how one can matter so much. But something to do with the crowds, the preparation, the build-up and all the tradition involved means the Varsity match has the ability to generate extremes of emotions. The Cambridge women's netball squad experienced both ends of the spectrum this weekend.

The Seconds match got off to a shaky start, with errors from both sides as they calmed their nerves and adapted to the strict umpiring style.

It was clear it was going to be a close match, the first quarter ending only 7-5 to Oxford.

The next two quarters saw Cambridge come out strongly, with some great defending from Katherine Cook and Helen Peterkin, and some tough play from captain and man of the match Eimear Neeson, who managed to claim several passes from her opponent that really didn't deserve to reach her. She finished the first half with a 100% shooting record.

However, every time Cambridge pressured them, Oxford managed to respond and pull away, and by the third quarter Cambridge appeared rattled, failing to capitalise on some great interceptions, and ending the quarter 7 goals down at 23-16.

But in the last quarter the game really took off. After an even start, and helped by some great centre

court interceptions from wing attack Laragh Widdess, Cambridge started to creep back. At 21-27, Cambridge coach Rachel Folley glanced at the clock and simply said "six minutes, six goals". A tough ask, but Oxford had cracked, and were struggling to get the ball into their attacking third.

Unbelievable high pressure shooting from Penny Anderson and Eimear Neeson had every Cambridge supporter on their feet as the light blues edged closer and closer.

In the last 20 seconds of the last quarter Cambridge took the lead for the first time in the match, and there was no time for Oxford to respond. The scoreline finished at 30-29.

Following the tension of the seconds' match, both Blues sides had a nervous start to their game. In the first few minutes the Cambridge attacking play looked easier and smoother than Oxford's, who seemed to be struggling more against

a strong Cambridge defence. Despite this, careless passing and errors from Cambridge let Oxford get ahead, and in doing so allowed them the space to settle into their game first. The Oxford shooters soon found the excellent form they would continue throughout the match, and helped their team to a devastating 15-4 lead at quarter-time.

From the second quarter onwards the match was closely contested. In fact, had the scoring started again at this point the match would have ended in a draw, but the Blues were always going to struggle to make up such a large deficit.

Great defending from goalkeeper Georgie Powell continued against a very strong Oxford goal shooter, but the pressure of the chase led to too many errors, and Oxford continued to have too much space to attack all the way down the court.

Changes at half-time saw fresher Sarah Warren move to wing defence, where she found better form. Several interceptions made by her helped the Blues to win the 3rd quarter.

Cambridge did everything they could in the last quarter. The shooters registered a combined 91% shooting accuracy, with a clean sheet for Kate Yateman-Smith. Stunning interceptions from goalkeeper Cathy Cucknell meant Oxford didn't score again until halfway through the quarter, but it wasn't enough, and the game ended at 40-29.

It's fair to say that the Blues didn't play at their best - it is always difficult to find your rhythm when chasing your opponents – but to their credit they never gave up the fight, and can take some comfort from the fact that they won the second half.

This, however, shouldn't take away from a great performance from Oxford; Cambridge fresher, Sian Folley, described it as the most physically demanding and fast-paced game she'd ever played – a credit to both sides.

Words probably cannot describe how it must feel to lose the Varsity match, but lasting impressions of the game will be positive.

Man of the match and captain Becky Gwilliam should feel immensely proud of the positive atmosphere and attitude she has created in her squad. The style with which her team fought for victory and then gracefully accepted defeat to the better side on the day demonstrated true sportsmanship.

Send your doodles

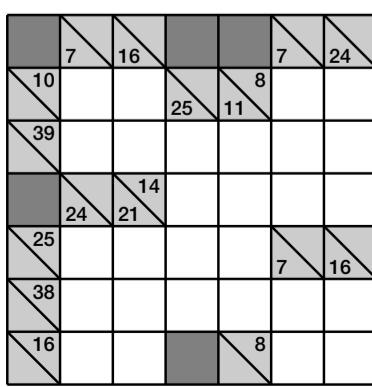
To win your very own pair of flights to Oxford - see pages 6-7 and varsity.co.uk

Kakuro

Medium

Fill the grid so that each run of squares adds up to the total in the box above or to the left. Use only numbers 1-9, and never use a number more than once per run (a number may reoccur in the same row in a separate run).

Solution and solving aids at www.dokakuro.com



Sudoku

Easy

The object is to insert the numbers in the boxes to satisfy only one condition: each row, column and 3x3 box must contain the digits 1 through 9 exactly once. What could be simpler?

