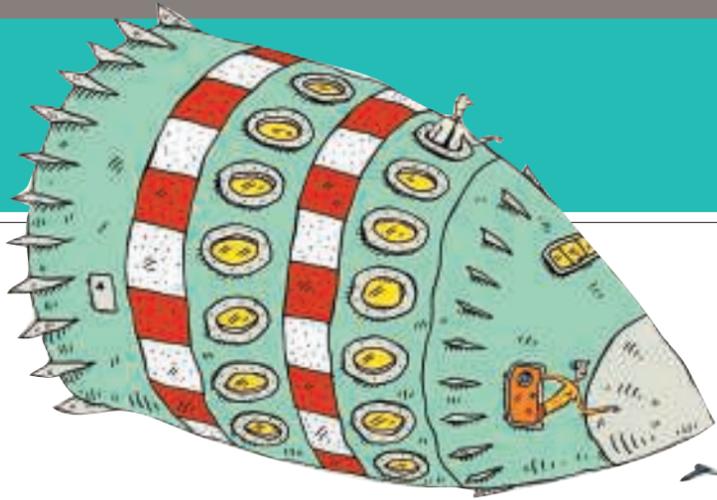


We meet two of the UK's best cartoonists and they draw the Cambridge Bubble



Ripped Off

Students blow whistle on 'Oxbridge' Russian Trip "scam"



Rachel Divali

JUST DAYS after the Oxford University United Nations Association (OU-UNA) advertised a trip to Russia on its mailing list last week, the President of the Association circulated a retraction, warning students he had been "alerted by a former participant of the tours advertised in the email that they are a scam."

Students in Oxford and Cambridge have subsequently levelled serious criticisms at the tour operator "Russia! Tour", claiming that the yearly trips "take advantage of students" and are "at best overpriced but at worst unsafe".

The yearly trips are advertised as 'Oxbridge' based, despite having no formal link with either university. Research by *Varsity* has revealed widespread discontent amongst former participants of the trip, the majority of whom cite lack of communication between themselves and Basilios Papantoniadis, the trip co-

ordinator, as being the predominant problem.

The initial alert came from former Oxford student Amy Buenning, who went on the 2004 trip, who emailed the OU-UNA President urging him to warn students not to sign up to the trip, saying "I stayed on the listserves at Oxford to try and spread this message."

Buenning claims that accommodation on the Spring 2004 trip was "by far the worst I had ever stayed in", that members of the group were "involved in a bus accident with a logging truck" and that ten students were accidentally left behind in the town of Pushkin.

In her email Buenning also states "we discovered that every theatre ticket in the 'optional' program had the price blacked out, and we were paying Russia Tour almost twice what the actual tickets cost."

However when contacted Papantoniadis said "there is a price differentiation law in Russia, whereby foreigners have to pay more than native Russians >> continued page 2

Racist vandalism in Muslim prayer room at Anglia Ruskin

Raj Bavishi & Rebecca Greig

STUDENTS AT Anglia Ruskin University have appealed for calm after a Muslim student walked into the university Muslim prayer room on Tuesday morning to find it adorned with US and Israeli flags and anti-Islamic slogans. The flags had been pinned onto the bulletin boards with two A4 pieces of paper scrawled with offensive remarks saying "Go away Muslims", "We will not forget Sept 11" and, handwritten in Arabic on the Israeli flag, "God will protect us and not protect you". A piece of paper was also found on the floor with an image of one of the Danish cartoons that have recently sparked controversy across the world. The picture, a caricature of Muhammed wearing a bomb-shaped turban, was emblazoned with the saying "la ilaha illallah" which trans-

lates as "there is no god but Allah".

The students reported the incident to university security who swiftly passed on the complaint to the Anglia Ruskin authorities. Speaking to *Varsity*, Director of Student Affairs, Dr Paul McHugh, said "Muslim students and staff have reacted with dignity to a deliberate attempt to outrage and provoke them. I believe that university management speaks for the whole university community in denouncing unacceptable behaviour of this sort".

Sister Sheridan James, the university's Muslim Chaplain, emphasised the "positive" way in which the University has responded to Tuesday's events adding, "there has been a high level of support from the University senior management and the vice-chancellor, who have dealt with the situation efficiently and effectively." Professor David Tidmarsh, Anglia Ruskin vice-chancellor, met with officers of the Islamic Society yesterday, listening to their concerns and express-

ing the university's condemnation of this "offensive and provocative behaviour".

The university management is investigating the incident. It has been announced that disciplinary proceedings will be taken against anyone found to be involved. But it has been speculated by some, including Sister Sheridan, that it was the work of an individual rather than a group. She said, "this is an isolated incident with no previous indication of any anti-Islamic feeling at the University."

Discussions are underway concerning the instalment of CCTV cameras outside the prayer room, or the possibility of locks being fitted. Sister Sheridan said that this would be a last resort adding, "everything will be done to ensure that the prayer room remains a freely accessible space for Muslims and non-Muslims alike."

The Secretary for Anglia Ruskin's Islamic Society told *Varsity* she was pleased with the way Muslim students

had responded to the incident saying, "everybody has been really calm. People were initially upset but the university has treated the issue with great sensitivity." This feeling was echoed by fellow student Shadi Alansari. Speaking to *Varsity*, he said "There was no need for them to vent their anger inside the prayer room. However, I feel that people have reacted perfectly and the university has resolved this quietly, in the best possible way."

Sister Sheridan sees potential for the incident to be used constructively. She said, "we don't want to create any antagonism. We do not see this as a blow to the university's Muslim community, but rather an opportunity

to engage with the university and wider academic community." She sees the problem as one of confusion and ignorance among the wider population, to be resolved through education. "In this country there is a general lack of understanding about what Islam is about. The Muslim community is an open and welcoming one, but we need to show people that this is the case." Some students are considering a public show of solidarity between Muslim and non-Muslim students, through the reading of a short passage to fellow classmates, condemning the incident and emphasising the need for peaceful coexistence, to be achieved through acquiring a better understanding of different beliefs and cultures.



Sister Sheridan: "we don't want antagonism"

>> Editorial page 13

No. 635, 24th February, 2006

www.varsity.co.uk

Bred Gold & Green

At thirty-one, Zac Goldsmith is a father of two, Editor of the *Ecologist*, proud owner of his own organic farm and an environmental campaigner and adviser. We ask him whether he's had it all a bit too easy.

>> page 9



Blow it up big

It's fifth week. It's raining again. Why not head to the station and invest in a Travelcard? In tribute to the capital's world-beating restaurants and fashion scene, Lifestyle revisits Antonioni's classic London flick *Blow Up*.

>> pages 14 & 15



Michael Frayn

Playwright, author, ADC stage-demolisher >>

The Irving Debate

Should he have been jailed for his lies? >>

No sitting on the fence

Men's Blues fencers pip Dark Blues 111-110 >>

Cam Ebay craze

Computer-literate Cambridge residents are increasingly using eBay to auction their unwanted items. According to new figures from the company, more than half the city's residents use the online auction house. With 54 per cent of people in Cambridge registered as eBay traders, the city comes third in the country for usage. This is an increase of 42 per cent on last year. Norwich and Ilford topped the eBay league. The upsurge reflects the national rise in the number of users listed on the website. Established in 1995, eBay had 10 million users in the UK, according to February 2005 figures.

Residents resist development plans

Almost 200 local residents flocked to the Guildhall on Wednesday evening to voice their anger at proposed £1 billion developments to the Station Road area. Representatives of property developers Ashwell were heckled by the crowd, concerned by the strain an influx of new residents would place on schools, hospitals and roads. Council members came under fire for approving the plans that would, if implemented, treble the housing limits recommended in the Council's 2004 Station Area Development Framework. Ashwell plans to build seven office blocks, a five-star hotel, and 17 blocks of flats.

Cambridge bucks vocational subjects trend

Increased fees are reportedly deterring some students from non-vocational courses, but not those applying to Cambridge. According to UCAS, top-up fees appear to have steered students towards subjects such as Nursing, Chemical Engineering and Social Work. Although the application process at Cambridge is not complete, early reports suggest the opposite to UCAS' findings. A University spokesperson said: "From what we can see so far, our figures will buck the trend". There has been a big increase in applications for Geography, Archaeology and Anthropology. Prof Mary Beard, head of the University's Classics department, said, "applications for classics are on a gradual upward track and this year is no different."

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CUR 1350

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Smoke-free hospital

Nicola Harding

ADDENBROOKE'S HOSPITAL will go smoke-free in two weeks time. From March 8, staff, patients and visitors will not be able to light up anywhere on the 67 acre site, including all buildings and grounds, the car parks and bus station. Smoking is currently permitted only in designated areas. The decision was prompted by the results of a consultation carried out last year, with the majority voting in favour of going smoke-free across the entire site.

Brenda Hennessy, Director of Administration at the hospital, believes that the new policy will help to create a healthier atmosphere for everyone who uses the site. The hospital thinks that "having smoke-free grounds as well as buildings sends a strong message from the organisation about the established dangers of smoking and second hand smoke". A hospital volunteer worker, Christie, supports the change. "I think it's good that they're banning smoking" she said, adding "it's a hospital - they're meant to be promoting good health".

Staff smokers and patients will be supported and encouraged to seek ways to quit. "The policy is not about whether you smoke but where you smoke", a spokesperson told Varsity. The hospital hopes the policy will demonstrate its dedication to

promoting good health.

Members of the public at Addenbrooke's this week had mixed feelings about the prospect of the ban, with many seeing it as an infringement of civil liberties. Margaret, a care worker, told Varsity "I don't see what the harm [of smoking] outside is", adding "people must be allowed to make their own choices". David, a 70 year-old smoker reiterated the point, arguing that "I think they've got a cheek, it's taking away a freedom".

The appropriateness of enforcement of the ban has also been called into question. The hospital will encourage staff to implement the policy when they see people smoking. A hospital worker, Richard, questioned "who's going to go up to a bereaved parent or a group of drunken stragglers" to put out their cigarettes. He did admit, though, that the new policy would encourage him to cut down.



Hospital will go smoke-free

Future of Citi4 bus service in doubt

The future of the free Citi4 bus service may be in question as the University and County Council can no longer afford to subsidise it. At a meeting on Wednesday, the University discussed ways of providing a new service along the same route, looking at the potential of colleges to help fund the service.

If not, the University may decide to fund a wider discount scheme, which would lower the cost of bus travel for all university members. The bus currently costs £300,000 a year to run, with 95 per cent of its passen-

gers university card holders. The remaining five per cent who pay the £2.50 day fare, are not enough to fund the service.

CUSU has received several complaints from angry students, who said they would not be prepared to pay for the service. Claire Adcock, Churchill Welfare Officer, said "The Citi4 is a very important service for our students. Unfortunately it seems that there is not enough money to fund it anymore." The University now has two months to secure a new contract.

'Oxbridge' Russia trip continued

>>>continued from front page
for theatre tickets to encourage the country's cultural life."

A Cambridge third-year, told Varsity she had heard Papantoniadis negotiating a taxi price in Russian, and then in English quoting members of the group a higher sum. She also alleges that the hotel in St Petersburg was "cold, dingy, and dirty; we shared a bathroom between three rooms, with a toilet that leaked and didn't flush. The blankets were so dirty that they made us itch; my sister returned home with a tick."

Another Cambridge student, Rachel Phillips, also voiced concerns about the trip, but admitted she thought the company's terms and conditions meant they had covered themselves, "everything they said would be there was, it was just that his [Papantoniadis] absence was unnerving at times. If something had gone wrong we would have had nowhere to go."

Varsity has obtained a copy of a letter sent to Papantoniadis in May 2005 by two students following advice from the Oxfordshire County Council Trading Standards Office. It details 20 alleged violations of the "standards and promises" set down before the trip.

The allegations include the fact that just nine days rather than the advertised ten nights of accommodation were provided, that three of the promised tours were not offered, and that "the co-ordinator, Basilios Papantoniadis, did not fulfil his duties."

Co-authors Vivian Luo of New College, Oxford, and Vera Makarov of Pembroke, Cambridge told Varsity that although the letter had requested "a written response by June 1, 2005", they were yet to hear from Papantoniadis.

Laura Case, who was a visiting student at St Catharine's, Oxford, when she took part in the trip last year said she had tried to organise legal action following a series of "grievances" with the way things were run. Prior to the trip she alleges that Papantoniadis assured her mother that he would escort the group "everywhere throughout the



Accommodation provided for the 2005 "Oxbridge" trip

entire trip". However she claims she did not see him again after the "morning of the first day in St Petersburg." She too cites a lack of general organisation and promised trips and tours as being a problem with the trip.

The Russia Trip's website boasts 17 "partners", including British Airways, KLM and the international hotel chain Hilton, however none of the travellers Varsity spoke to could recall any links with these organisations, one student saying "I'm lost for words that the website insinuates you might be staying at a Hilton hotel."

Varsity also discovered that although Russia Trip purports to operate from a prestigious Mayfair address, the location given is in fact a "virtual office" - a rented mailbox and personalised telephone operator service available to any individual or business to rent, which is designed to provide a "prominent...cost-effective business address".

Because the trip is advertised via various groups and societies, the University can't easily control its exposure across the

campus. Following the circulation of Buening's email she was contacted by an Oxford second-year concerned that she had been offered a discounted Easter trip should she promote the company's summer trip in return.

A Cambridge University spokesperson told Varsity "We can confirm that the organization has no official affiliation with Russia Tour. We would advise anyone considering the trip to think very carefully."

Buening speculated that the de-centralised collegiate system of both Cambridge and Oxford and high levels of student-run clubs and societies left the Universities at risk of being taken advantage of.

When contacted Papantoniadis said he was "concerned that those who have complaints resulting from the trip have not used the formal mechanisms to make their voice heard. We take this seriously. It is extremely upsetting. We are happy to respond to each of these allegations."

With additional reporting by Kate Collins of the Cherwell News Team

"Don't write me off as a hopeless case"

Clare, former Cambridge student, on why the YPS should have been saved

Yesterday I attended a meeting of the Cambridgeshire Primary Care Trust (PCT) at which I learnt that the Young Persons' Service, a service which I have been attending every day for the last five months, is to close. Minutes later I was asked by a Cambridge Evening News reporter for my reaction to the news. Shocked, all I could manage (except for a string of obscenities which, unfortunately, did not make it into print) was, "I think people are going to die. My friends are going to die."

Twenty four hours on, I am not much more capable of a coherent response to news which many of us at the YPS

have found devastating. After all, where does one begin? With the biased and inaccurate report quoted at yesterday's meeting? With frustration that concerns raised during the public consultation period were ignored? Or with despair that this life-saving and life-changing service is to be cut, and no adequate alternative proposed.

The YPS and, more specifically, the day programme known as the Therapeutic Community (TC) which I attend, are excellent services. I once commented to a Varsity reporter that the first thing you lose in a psychiatric ward is your dignity; yet at the TC staff treat clients with respect

and kindness, as people rather than patients. Most importantly, perhaps, the focus is on each individual as an entire person, not as a mere bundle of symptoms and diagnoses, a psychiatric problem to be solved and got rid of. Such an emphasis is entirely lacking at the proposed alternative service, the Complex Needs Clinic (or "hopeless cases" as it is jocularly known) where the assessment process involves filling in a form and returning it by post.

The decision, as the chair of the PCT admitted, is made not on clinical but financial grounds. But those who attend

the TC have, to quote the PCT report, "extremely complex and serious problems" (my own history includes a suicide attempt at the age of 9, a 10 year habit of self harm, and a lengthy admission to an acute psychiatric ward) and the facts of the matter are that there is no cheap alternative to the TC.

I am now extremely worried about my own future. The YPS offered me hope for an independent future; without it I am heading rapidly towards a lifetime of psychiatric need, and being written off as another hopeless case. And at twenty two, I think I'm too young for that.

>page 11
Mungo Woodfield
gets all worked up about Balls



The Week in Weather

						
FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR

Monday's child both shaken and stirred

• Martini mayhem on the city streets - but it's all for a good cause

Raj Bavishi

STUDENTS RAISED at least £1,000 in Cambridge's "most outlandish charity event" on Monday.

Entitled "Martini Monday" and organised by philanthropic Cambridge students, the day was conceived as a way to raise money for the Sub-Saharan African Fund for Education (SAFE).

Throughout the day, students, dressed in cocktail dresses and DJs, took a glass of Martini to lectures, supervisions and the city streets, along with a bottle to top up their glasses. Participants were challenged by fellow students and members of the public to 'down' their Martini and challengers were encouraged to make a discretionary donation of £3 to SAFE. Glasses then had to be refilled, ready for the next challenge. Those who were 'caught on camera' without their glass had to donate one pound for each incriminating photo.

Rupert Myers, who organised the event, told *Varsity* "The co-creator of Martini Monday, Hans Gangeskar, asked me whether I thought it would be mildly amusing to spend a day with a glass

of Martini in hand. I said yes, this would be a funny idea, breaking the winter gloom, and furthermore it would make for a novel charity event".

Myers added that they wanted to create a fun and engaging charity event true to the spirit of Jailbreak and RAG Blind Date. Ellie Rye, a St John's fresher who participated and drank about nine Martinis, confirmed that it was certainly a "very merry day".

But as it turned out, the event was not entirely safe for all involved. Billy Sardar, a first-year engineering student from Emmanuel, was taken to Addenbrooke's after he injured himself whilst participating. Sardar estimates that he might have consumed a full 70cl bottle of Martini before falling over and hurting his head in college.

Now fully recovered, Sardar seemed glad to have raised £55 for SAFE. Speaking to *Varsity*, Sardar remarked "I really am not proud of what I did". Although positive about the event, he added that it was "not well suited to certain people who don't know their own limits".

Myers and fellow organisers were hauled into the Emmanuel Senior Tutor's office after Sardar was taken to hospital, but no further

action was taken.

Speaking about the event, Myers declared that it was "hugely successful", adding "I have no doubt that if repeated it will raise an even greater amount, whilst also being a relatively harmless distraction from the quotidian".

Founded in the 1980s, SAFE was originally an anti-apartheid movement campaigning for equal access to education in South Africa. Student contributions were used to fund bursaries for South African students to attend Cambridge University. Today, SAFE continues to support initiatives as limited educational resources prevent the development and full participation of some ethnic groups.

In the 1990s, the scheme was expanded to support a variety of organisations promoting education in the sub-Saharan region as a whole. Although a global issue, the problem of access to education is particularly desperate in Southern Africa.

There are now schemes in sixteen Cambridge colleges. There are no administrative costs involved, which means that every penny contributed by generous students will go directly to the charity's educational projects.



Martini Monday revellers, including organiser Rupert Myers (bottom left), say cheers for charity

YPS' stay of execution ends



Protestors attending a vigil in February to campaign against cuts

Rachel Cooper

CAMBRIDGE HEALTH chiefs have announced their decision to slash youth mental health services, despite public opposition.

At a meeting on Wednesday, directors of the Cambridge City and South Cambridgeshire Primary Care Trusts (PCTs) agreed to close the Young People's Service by Autumn 2006.

Marie Pepper, a psychotherapist with the YPS, described the decision as a "travesty". She added that the PCTs' concerns were not clinical but financial. Both the Therapeutic Community, a two-year programme, and outpatient services will be closed in a move to save £170,000.

Speaking about the board's decision, Derek Bray, Acting Chief Executive of the PCTs explained, "It was a difficult decision to reach and in no way reflects on the excellent level of care provided by the Young People's Service. The reality is that we are spending £4 million more on mental health services than we are allocated and we have to live within our means."

The PCTs said that £180,000 left in the YPS' budget will be invested in the Complex Needs Service and the Cambridge Early Intervention Service (CAMEO), both of which will now be reorganised and expanded to enable them to care for those who previously used the YPS. Mark Phippen, Head of the University Counselling

Service, said that the YPS had "pioneered excellent therapeutic work" and its closure will be an "enormous loss".

Dr Shankarnarayan Srinath, Consultant Psychiatrist in Psychotherapy at the YTS, confirmed that the news was "devastating". He stressed that young people have a "particular level of mental need" that requires specific care. When asked about the transition for young adults from the YPS to other services, Dr Srinath said "my big worry is that youngsters might get lost in the process".

Those young people currently benefitting from the Therapeutic Community confirmed that they were "pretty devastated" by the news and were uncertain about the future.

Local MP David Howarth, who fiercely opposed the cuts, said "The decision to close the YPS yesterday was very disappointing. It is a tragedy for those who currently use the service. This is a service that works. It is saving lives and should be allowed to continue to do that." He added "It is a real mistake for those looking at the Health Service's future finances. Closing the Young People's Service will cost far more in the long-term than the cost of saving it, and I'm very disappointed that the PCT didn't understand this." Bray stressed, "I cannot emphasise enough that we do not underestimate the impact this decision will have on service users".

Emmanuel plans for bird flu

Jo Trigg

DESPITE TESTS for avian flu on dead swans found in Cambridgeshire proving negative, fears have arisen about the fate of the Emmanuel College ducks should the deadly virus reach the United Kingdom.

Britain was put on high alert as France confirmed its first case on Saturday, after tests on a wild duck found dead in the Ain region confirmed the arrival of the disease. Emmanuel College Student Union President Ben Wallwork told *Varsity* "Emma is obviously bound by the law



The Emma College ducks

in exactly the same way as anywhere else, and I am sure any government advice on the matter would be followed if the bird flu did arrive here". Currently British govern-

ment policy is to move birds inside only if avian flu were to be found in the UK.

One Emmanuel student acknowledged that moving the ducks indoors would be "a necessary precaution for the ducks wellbeing and our own", although another student told *Varsity* "College just wouldn't be the same without the ducks - it would feel like a college without a soul".

Another took a more optimistic outlook, saying "here, the hierarchy is Master, Ducks, Fellows, Students - we would be sad to see the ducks gone, but I'm sure there would be a party when they return!"

Howarth wants cheaper condoms

Rachel Cooper

SIXTY-NINE MPs, including Cambridge's David Howarth, have signed an early day motion in Parliament calling for VAT on condoms to be cut from 17.5 per cent to five per cent in order to prevent unwanted pregnancies and the spread of HIV, after news that reported cases are on the increase and that Britain has the highest incidence of teenage pregnancies in Europe.

MPs say condoms are the best way to cut the worrying statistics, and a reduction in VAT would promote their use.

They are calling for condoms to be reclassified as an "essential health item", rather than a

"luxury item". EU rules prevent VAT being removed entirely. Currently, the British public pays over £7 million in VAT on condoms each year.

The motion, proposed by Lynne Jones, Labour MP for Islington South and Finsbury, backs Superdrug's campaign calling for an end to what it dubs the 'sex tax'. They launched the 'sex tax' petition in 2005, and have now collected over 6000 signatures calling for a change to the law. The High Street chain has reduced the cost of VAT on its own brand condoms.

On Tuesday, Paymaster General Dawn Primarolo hinted in a letter to Superdrug that Gordon Brown might make the cut in his March 22 budget. 74 pence could be cut

from the price of a pack of 12 condoms and 30 pence from a pack of three.

Howarth responded "I was very pleased to hear that Gordon Brown may be planning to cut the VAT on contraceptives in this year's budget, and I hope that these rumours are proved to be true".



On Campus

Ospreys home to roost

The Ospreys have acquired a new home at 22 Jesus Lane. The premises will provide much needed space for meetings and social events, as well as providing a focal centre for women's sport in the university. Committee Chair Karen Pearce said "[we] look forward to growing stronger and giving more and more support to help raise the profile and achievements of sports-women here". The new premises were opened by Vice-Chancellor Professor Alison Richard in a ceremony on Wednesday.

Cambridge prof predicts faster sea level rises

A Cambridge academic has warned of the serious implications of rising sea levels. Professor Julian Dowdeswell, Director of the Scott Polar Research Institute, argues that the "global sea level will rise more rapidly than previously thought, and is set to exceed 0.5 m over the next century". His observations come in the light of evidence from new satellite observations that show Greenland's glaciers spilling into the sea at twice the speed of ten years ago. While it could take thou-

sands of years for the entire ice sheet to melt, according to Dowdeswell, even small rises in sea level could have adverse effects on coastal settlements.

Student wins prize for hearing aid research

A third year PhD student has been awarded the 2006 Pauline Ashley Prize. Lucy Cavendish student Karolina Kluk is researching the identification of dead regions in the inner ear, which will enable the development of more sophisticated hearing aids tailor-made for individual requirements. The prize, awarded by Deafness Research UK, will enable Kluk to travel to Canada to continue her research at the University of Toronto.

University mooting final

Alexander Williams, and Christopher Knight, third years at Sidney and Queens, argued their way to victory on Wednesday evening in the final of the university-wide Brick Court Chambers Mooting Competition. The moot centred around the law relating to the frustration of contracts, and, according to the judges, they beat their John's opponents "by a nose".

Mixed response to Emmanuel Dean

Rebecca Greig

THE DEAN of Emmanuel College's announcement last week that he would consider offering blessings to same sex couples' civil partnerships has generated a mixture of reactions within the student community.

The Emmanuel College Student's forum has become a site of discussion about Reverend Jeremy Caddick's decision and sparked a debate about same sex marriage.

While many people have welcomed the Dean's decision as "a testament to the fact that Emma is a truly welcoming and inclusive community",



Emma Dean, Rev Caddick

others on the forum have regarded his position more critically. 'Bethany R' declared, "I think it's really sad that Jeremy has so publicly contradicted the truths of a faith he claims to profess. The Bible teaches

clearly that sexual relations outside of a heterosexual marriage are against God's perfect plan for human relationships."

Stephen Burgess, a Christian student at Emma, commended Caddick's willingness to reach out to the gay community, but argued that "the Church should not bless what God opposes". He said, "to do otherwise would be betraying Jesus, who went out and associated with prostitutes, but still said to them 'Go now and leave your life of sin'."

These views are not shared by everybody in the Christian faith. The director of the Christian network Fusion, Gabriel Smy, issued a statement emphasising tolerance

and acceptance. "Rather than judging the actions of others we hope that people experience God's love for them."

Many Christian groups were unwilling to comment on the Dean's decision at all, with a spokesperson from the local church, St Andrew the Great informing *Varsity* that none of the senior staff would be prepared to make a statement on the issue. The College also declined to comment, saying, "It's not a matter for the college, but for the Dean to discuss."

The Dean was unavailable for comment but an emergency open meeting has been called by three members of Emma to "discuss supporting the Dean in his recent statement on chapel ceremonies."

Third Cambridge stabbing in two weeks

Jess Hindes

A 45 YEAR-OLD man is recovering in Addenbrooke's Hospital after being stabbed on Christ's Pieces last Friday evening.

Two men, aged 41 and 32, and a woman, also 32, were arrested on suspicion of grievous bodily harm, and have been released on bail. A further two men were arrested on suspicion of attempted murder. One has been charged and the other bailed.

It is the third knife attack in Cambridge in recent weeks, following an incident on

February 11 on Parker's Piece in which an 18-year-old man was critically injured and another on February 4 in which a Cambridge resident was attacked on his own doorstep.

In addition, 41 year-old Mandlemkosi Nelya was found on Coldham's Common, on Tuesday, with serious head injuries. He died on Tuesday afternoon in Addenbrooke's Hospital after failing to regain consciousness. A post-mortem examination has confirmed that he died as a result of a fall, but it is still unclear whether or not Nelya was the victim of another attack.

But Carole Langton, of

Cambridgeshire Police, stressed that all these incidents were unrelated. She stressed that violent crime is still "rare" in the city.

Vicki Mann, CUSU Welfare Officer, reassured, "though these incidents are shocking, they are isolated events and there's no need to panic. They do, however, highlight the need to be conscious of our personal safety, regardless of the time of day."

She highlighted the availability of a CUSU personal safety leaflet and advice on the CUSU website, which outline such precautions.

The attack took place at 6.30pm, when the area was still

very busy. The police are appealing for witnesses. Anyone with information should contact Cambridgeshire Police on 0845 456 4564, or Crimestoppers anonymously on 0800 555 111.



Christ's Pieces last week

Cross Campus

"Visual chaos" in Oxford

Oxford city centre has been described as a scene of "visual chaos diminishing the quality of our lives" in a new report. The booklet, published by the Oxford Civic Society, was commissioned in response to worries about British historic city centres being ruined by clutter. Problems identified include intrusive road signs blocking views of historic buildings, with even hanging baskets coming under criticism.

Students demand prayer-friendly timetable

Newcastle students are urging the university authorities to change lecture timetables to meet the needs of Muslim students. A motion passed by the student union has called on the university to allow for students to be free to attend Friday prayers between noon and 2pm.

End in sight for X-ray specs?

Scientists at Imperial College London, working in conjunction with the University of Neuchâtel in Switzerland, have been developing a new material that will allow them to see through solid materials. By exploiting the way that atoms in a material move,

they hope to use their research to manipulate materials to become transparent. Such technology could be highly useful in such fields as examining internal bodily structures, and looking through rubble at earthquake sites.

Harvard president quits

The president of Harvard University, Lawrence Summers, announced his intention to resign from his position this Tuesday. Summers' five year tenure in the post has been a difficult one. Last year he faced heavy criticism for arguing that there were fewer women involved in the academic study of maths and sciences as a result of innate differences between the sexes. Former president Derek Bok will serve as interim president from July, when Summers formally steps down from the post.

European MIT plans criticised

British University heads have described plans to set up a European Institute of Technology (EIT) as poorly thought out and say it will produce a "costly white elephant". Drummond Bone, head of Universities UK, said the EIT plan, launched by the European Commission, "is not the right vehicle to promote the growth of research."

Regal wins battle

Amelia Worsley

A CAMBRIDGE City Council hearing on Monday ruled that The Regal pub should be granted an entertainments license despite over 1600 complaints by the public.

Tony Stevens, the Picturehouse manager, described the Council's decision as "a serious blow to the life of our business". He explained, "Who is going to want to watch a film at our cinema now when you can't even hear it? The very survival of our business is at risk."

The Regal is part of the JD Wetherspoon's chain, known for its no music policy. But it has recently been taken over by a different branch of the company, becoming a Lloyds Bar, which means that it can provide entertainment.

The Picturehouse received much support in its fight against The Regal. The council received an unprecedented number of representations, after the Picturehouse wrote to its customers about The

Regal's wish to host live music and DJs.

Stevens said, "I knew the Picturehouse had support but did not expect so many would go the extra mile."

A petition to back the Picturehouse was organised by a Churchill student. As the only Cambridge cinema dedicated to screening independent, foreign and art-house films, the Picturehouse enjoys a strong student clientele.

Despite this opposition, the entertainments license was awarded on February 20. This means that The Regal will now be allowed to play music between 7am and 4am every day. Sarah Hemingway, of the Regal, explained that "There is now no issue with us playing music", and there will be "a DJ on Friday and Saturday nights."

Stevens, however, remains sceptical, "Whilst the application has been granted, nothing can take place until an acoustic survey has been completed to assess the noise impact, and any necessary sound insulation work is completed."



The bar at the Regal, the Lloyds Bar on Regent Street

Animal rights threat

Gabriel Byng

THE MAN behind the animal rights campaign against Oxford University students has been identified as Nicolas Atwood.

Atwood, a 33 year-old living in Florida, runs a website inciting violent attacks against staff and students over the construction of a £20 million animal-testing facility.

Last week, the site gave the names and addresses of 40 employees who were "legitimate targets" and carried a message urging supporters to "blow these fucking monsters off the face of the planet".

The police are powerless to act and the National Extremism Tactical Unit confirmed, "British police cannot simply take down sites that do not exist in the UK". The Federal Bureau of Investigation is similarly unable to remove the site as the US first amendment pledges free speech unless there is evidence of an imminent attack.

Atwood went to the utmost lengths to hide his identity by using aliases, his parents' address and through running his website via the Far East. His unmasking comes just weeks after animal rights protestors named the founder of Pro-Test, the pro-research campaign, as Laurie Pycroft, a 16 year-old from Swindon. Like the animal-rights protestors Pro-Test uses websites and chat-rooms to rally support, but refuses to engage in violence or intimidation.

This Saturday there will be a Pro-Test march starting at

11:30am on Broad Street in Oxford. The organisation is hopeful of a big turnout, with Oxford students recently voting 85% in favour of building the lab, with only 7% against it, in a poll by *Cherwell*, the Oxford student paper. A Cambridge group, the Cantab Protest Support, has been set up to co-ordinate transport to Oxford for the march.

On February 1, the Cambridge based anti-vivisection SPEAK Campaign released an article accusing Pycroft of being "a delusional penis-obsessed narcissistic youth with a penchant for guns and pornography and a liberal inhalation of cannabis". Pycroft immediately condemned this as "very amusing, and a complete ad-hominem attack."

Police believe Atwood has travelled to Britain and met Greg Avery, leader of the campaign to close Huntingdon Life Sciences. He has a criminal record that stretches back to 1997 for animal rights activism.



A previous protest in Oxford

Lecturers poised to strike over pay

- Unions vote for one-day academics' strike in March
- Tripos Exams marking could be under threat

Rachel Cooper

CAMBRIDGE STUDENTS could be left with lectures cancelled, work unmarked, and exams thrown into chaos, as academic unions AUT and NATFHE voted overwhelmingly in favour of industrial action last week, following a breakdown in negotiations over pay. If the dispute continues, this Summer's graduation process could be put at risk.

As *Varsity* reported in January, Unions are angry that employers have reneged on promises to use a third of the money gained from the introduction of top-up fees to improve academics' salaries. Unless employers move swiftly to resolve the pay dispute, AUT warn that universities across the UK will be brought to a standstill with a one day strike on March 7, followed by an assessment boycott beginning the next day.

Lecturers, researchers and academic related staff will refuse to mark students' work, cover colleagues' work, or take part in the exam process, as part of the ongoing boycott.

32 percent of AUT and NATFHE members voted in

favour of strike action and forty per cent for "action short of a strike". Unions made it clear that they were open to dialogue with the employers and saw strike action as a last resort. Nick Savage of Cambridge AUT, told *Varsity* that AUT members were "reluctant" to undertake any action that could adversely affect students, but claimed they had been "pushed into a corner" over pay. He added that over the past 20 years, academic pay has dropped by 40 percent in relative terms and that the union wants its members' pay to be brought into line with equivalent professions.

Unions are asking for a catch-up figure of 20 percent to be paid over the next three years, but the Universities and Colleges Employers Association (UCEA) are refusing to come to the negotiating table until unions "put their long-planned industrial action on hold".

Savage said, "for years, UCEA has said it would like to pay us more when funding allows. It is time for them to deliver on that promise". He continued, "we hope we can get to serious negotiations and resolve the issue before the action affects

anyone too seriously."

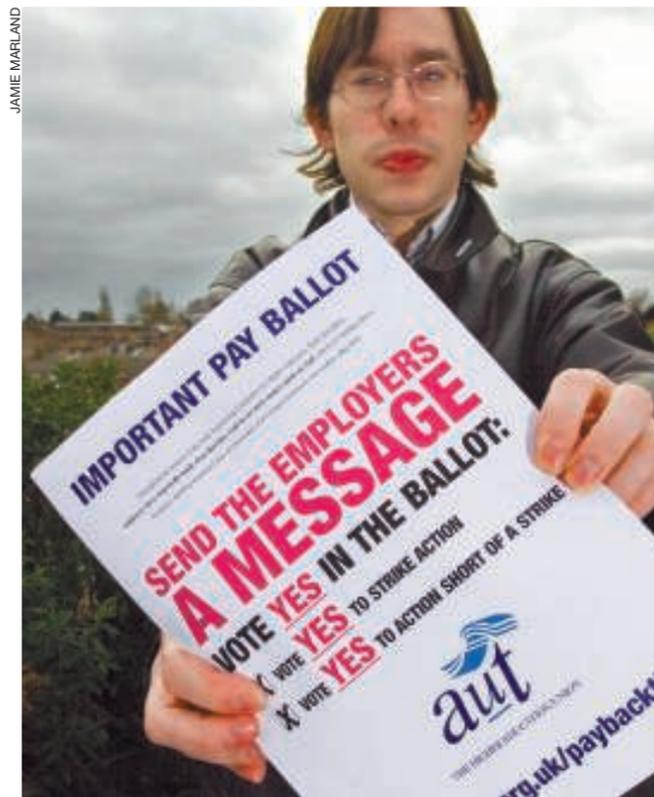
Sally Hunt, AUT General Secretary said, "Our decision to take industrial action has not been taken lightly. The employers have had months to stop this happening and, even after our resounding mandate from members for industrial action, they still haven't made us a pay offer."

She continued, "I am extremely saddened that it has got this far and can fully understand the fears and frustration of students and their parents."

CUSU President Laura Walsh expressed her concerns about the strike action but added, "AUT has been forced into this situation. It's important that we support the unions in their wage claims but we do have concerns about how it will affect students".

Professor Andrew Cliff, Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Personnel at Cambridge University said, "The University continues to hope that a resolution will be achieved nationally through the negotiating machinery. However it can reassure students that they can expect to be examined and graduate as normal this year".

He added that the vote in favour "is only a small



Nick Savage from Cambridge AUT supports the strikes

minority of the total number of academic and related staff in this sector". It is unclear how many Cambridge staff could be involved in strike

action. Cambridge AUT was unable to provide exact membership figures, but in 2004 there were 762 members on record.



CHRISTINA ELLIOT
MARKETING AND BAR
MANAGER, ADC THEATRE

Saturday

We've just finalised the programme for the summer season so I spend the morning writing to the shows' producers to arrange publicity meetings, and briefing our brochure designer.

Sunday

Sunday is quiet in the office. Stephen Siddall, director of next season's 'town gown' show, *Fuente Ovejuna*, is auditioning students in the bar. I chat to him about the publicity strategy for the show while replacing old show posters with new ones.

Monday

I write the weekly press releases for the shows in two weeks time: *The Iliad After Homer*, *Beckett Shorts*, and *the Medics' Revue*. I also update the news page of the website with pictures of *Circus* in rehearsal.

Tuesday

Bar-cleaning day. I design the weekly cocktail which this week is called 'Sexy Measures' to tie in with the Mainshow, *Measure for Measure*. I'm on duty tonight which means that I'm in overall charge of the Theatre. We have a drinks offer on for the first night of *Measure*: two for one drinks for cross-dressing customers.

Wednesday

I come in at lunchtime after having been on duty the night before. Michael, the Manager of the Theatre, has been away for a couple of days so I update him on what's been going on. In the evening I watch *Measure for Measure* and *The Third Policeman*, both of which are excellent.

Anthropology students demand transparency

Jamie Munk

CUSU EDUCATION Officer Jacob Head has outlined his vision of a 'Charter for Change' in the university's provision of education at last night's CUSU Executive meeting. His proposals for reform come only weeks after problems of transparency in exam marking have arisen in a university department.

Head told the Exec "we can't trust the University to solve any problems with education on their own". Instead, he plans to instigate

a three-year plan, covering issues from supervision training to pressurising exam boards to provide more feedback for students.

At an open meeting in the Department of Social Anthropology on February 9, students expressed their discontent that they had received very little constructive feedback in the wake of their exams last summer. Present third years had been particularly surprised by their results, with only one first awarded, and many more 2.2s than usual.

One third year told *Varsity*, "people felt very let down by

the department". Another who attended the meeting, described how, beyond the published exam reports, the department "were cagey about giving further information". They were especially frustrated that while the Department of Archaeology, in the same tripos, provides students with more detailed "essay by essay" breakdown, in Social Anthropology no such data was given. The department declined to comment on the meeting.

Although the General Board of the university "expects Examiners, in the interests of transparency, to

provide candidates routinely with any data which are meaningful or helpful indicators of examination performance". Students must apply within a month of receiving their results to obtain comments and mark breakdown, unless their department volunteers the information. Students are not entitled to see their exam scripts.

Head told *Varsity* "making feedback available for students is especially important in their first two years," adding "there is no reason why scripts can't be returned with examiners' comments".



The Social Anthropology Dept.

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Footlights

get in on the act



Are you taking the episcopal?

With the hullabaloo of fake Sheiks still resonant in the national consciousness, we are pleased to announce that there is a real member of Middle Eastern royalty resident in Cambridge. Not only this - he has been indulging in some very public sexual

practices. Our mole in the high society university scene (who, one might speculate, is likely to come across last week's master whilst going about his underground business) recently bean-spilled about oral sex in public places involving an Egyptian prince with a prominent, "savagely foul" scar across his face. The worst incident occurred when a discerning young lady decided not to opt for a mouthful of man-milk; at the critical juncture she went manual, with disastrous consequences for a mild-mannered Etonian nursing a Pimm's nearby. This unfortunate chap received a goblet of 27-carat cum on the fetching collar of his Viyella shirt. Our advice from the pulpit: there's only ever one reason to suck off a minging

rich royal - money. And the more you take, the more you'll get.

We at the Bishop are blessed with the patience of Job. But - and with thanks to the good Rev. Martini - we can't help but notice that the ongoing tale of forbidden love in the upper echelons of our democracy appears to be dragging on in the manner of a latter day, office-based Shakespearean tragedy. Our advice regarding the tenability of a key elections committee member's position has been blithely ignored, while this crime's lesser partner sharpens his columns all manifesto-like. For the third time, we stress the icky impasse confronting our statute-cross'd lovers. Resign. Seriously.

are CARTOONS taking over the WORLD?

Last week Danish cartoons of Muhammed dominated headlines the world over; yesterday England's first cartoon museum opened in London; following the lead of most British nationals, *Varsity* is being slowly overrun with illustrations.

HANNAH FLETCHER asks renowned British cartoonists **PETER BROOKES** and **STEVEN APPLEBY** whether the day of the cartoon has arrived

©PETER BROOKES/THE TIMES



©PETER BROOKES/THE TIMES



©PETER BROOKES/THE TIMES



HANNAH FLETCHER



“

IT'S HORRIBLE BUT BEHIND IT IS SOMETHING SERIOUS. THESE NEO-CONS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS IN AN INDIRECT WAY. ABU GHRAIB WOULDN'T EXIST IF THEY HADN'T ATTACKED IRAQ. I THOUGHT IT WOULD GET A HUGE AMOUNT OF COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE TOTAL LACK OF TASTE. BUT NO, NOT A BLOODY THING!

DAVID BLUNKETT RESIGNED ON THE SAME DAY THAT BEST MATE, BRITAIN'S FAVORITE RACE HORSE, DIED. SO I HAD BLUNKETT AS THE HORSE'S HEAD BEING RIDEN BY HIS BEST MATE TONY BLAIR. I THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD JOKE. BUT ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE. NO ONE COMPLAINED ABOUT THE TREATMENT OF BLUNKETT. IT WAS ALL ABOUT THE HORSE.

I DID THIS AFTER THE JULY 7 BOMBINGS, MAKING A MORAL EQUIVALENT BETWEEN BOMBERS BLOWING UP PEOPLE IN TUBES AND BOMBERS DROPPING BOMBS ON INNOCENT CIVILIANS FROM 30,000 FEET. YOU KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO DIE - WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I KNEW IT WAS A CONTENTIOUS ISSUE.

”

Steven Appleby has a weekly strip in the *Guardian* and the *Sunday Telegraph*. His work has also appeared in the *Observer*, the *Daily Mirror*, the *New York Times*, *Harpers & Queen*, *GQ*, *i-D* and *NME* among others. He has published 24 books and held numerous exhibitions.

How did you get into cartooning?

I've always liked cartoons - especially those dark cartoons about girls being drowned... and stuff. I went to an all-boys Quaker boarding school, and art was always my best subject. I nearly failed my A-Levels but I got an A in art. Going to art school was kind of like, well I like art the best, it's the most fun and the easiest - I'll just do that. Slowly I got more and more committed.

I did a foundation course in Manchester then dropped out for a few years and tried the music thing. But my band was rubbish. I went to Newcastle Poly then the Royal College of Art where I did an MA in illustration. But I always wrote as well as drew and I got really frustrated illustrating other people's thoughts. Often it was a wine column or whatever. It's hard to do mutants for wine columns. So I sort of stumbled into cartoons.

Do you have the best job in the world?

Well, it is a really great thing to do. I have my own little space and I can do what I like with it. But I try and do other things as well. I've done exhibitions and written stuff for Radio 4 and I make ceramics. It's just me trying to shift my little world

into other areas.

You're work isn't political like many cartoons. Are you politicised?

Not particularly. I'm a bit too day-dreamy and offbeat. When I was a kid - this is kind of self-analysing, I'm not really sure if it's rubbish or not - the world was full of wonder but as you get older it gets more understood. I'm trying to re-imagine it, to be in touch with innocent wonder or whatever. But at the same time, I'm preoccupied with getting older, what the hell's it all about... I'm not very educated in any of these areas so I just make it up.

I like purposelessness and pointlessness as well. There's one cartoon with a pointless shop where everything's guaranteed pointless. The character buys a pointless revolving door which just takes you back to where you started. But then the door turns out to be useful so he asks for his money back.

My holy grail is to produce work that stands up over time. I've always had a hang-up about leaving something behind or touching people. I like doing obscure things but with a sort of poetry or resonance. The thing with politics is, it's important in the moment but then it goes away. I would rather deal with more timeless subjects.

Would you call your work surreal?

It probably is surreal. But I've learnt that it has to be rooted in the real world otherwise it doesn't connect and doesn't mean anything.

I mean. Maybe it's not enough. No, I. Unless you want. I think it might. Maybe because. Maybe.



Peter Brookes is the political cartoonist for the *Times*. His work has also been published in the *Radio Times*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, the *New Statesman*, *Marie Claire* and *Cosmopolitan* among others. He won What the Papers Say Cartoonist of the Year in 2005.

How did you end up a cartoonist?

I made a wrong turn when I left school, into the RAF. I wanted to be a pilot, or I thought I did. But I was useless, absolutely useless. The greatest indication of how useless I was was that I was the only one there who couldn't drive a car, but I was



HANNAH FLETCHER

Times?
I've had two shots at doing what I'm doing now. The first one was a bit of a failure. I wanted to do it but I wasn't sure that I could. They gave me the opportunity to do political cartoons but also illustrations and I found it the easier option to do illustrations – all you're doing is attaching a drawing to somebody else's thoughts. I did that – tried to do it – for a couple of years. But I was always annoyed with myself that I hadn't made it work. So I gave it another try and I've been doing it now for 15 years.

Do you have the best job in the world?

There's no doubt about it. Drawing is what I love doing, thinking the kind of thoughts I have to think is what I love doing and being nasty to people is what I love doing – seeing what you can get away with. It's like being a naughty boy, one of those boys who always sat at the back of the class.

There are things that give me a bit of a headache. I do this thing on a Saturday - **Nature Notes!**

Yes! But the thing about that is, I've been doing it for exactly ten years now. Ten years last week.

You must be running out of animals.

Yes! Yes, I've been repeating myself in subtle ways. It gets harder and harder to do. But that said, I can't imagine a better job.

You don't seem to be restrained by any of the libel laws that writers work by. You get away with a lot.

It's true. And it's because

flying planes. I got kicked out after about two and a half years. Then I decided to do what I'd always wanted to do which was go to art school. My father wasn't the slightest bit encouraging – he thought I'd starve in attics and all that sort of thing.

But luckily when you have made a boo-boo like that, you make sure that the next decision is the right one.

Tell me about your student days.

I was at college in the '60s - it was a very political time. You did get this feeling that everything was up for grabs and people of your own age could actually effect change.

Corny, but true. It was just the most wonderful time to be a student.

Strangely, I wasn't very politicised then. I was at Central St Martins. LSE was down the road. They always tried to get us motivated. The worst thing you can do to art students is try and get them motivated politically. They're all so inward looking. But eventually we did become politicised and had sit-ins and they worried about us being angry. But it was a strange sort of anger because actually we were more interested in finding ourselves than finding politics.

When did you come to the

Sorry, I'll start again. Maybe it's not rooted enough in the real world, but I think people do get it.

Does your mind work in different ways from other people?

In my experience it works a little bit differently, yes. I've had lots of people say, "We read your cartoon on Saturday, what are you thinking?" It doesn't make any sense at all!" But it's not really meant to mean anything.

What is your view on the recent Danish cartoon controversy?

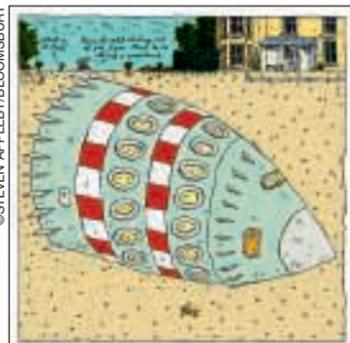
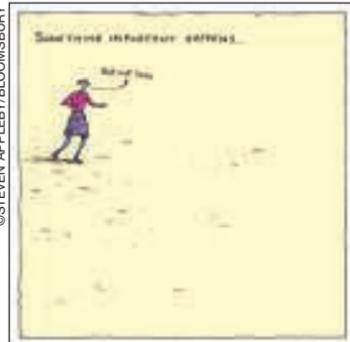
There's a whole bunch of thoughts. The freedom of speech thing is important but being sensitive to people's feelings is also important, just in life. I wouldn't have done them but that's more a fear thing. And then I think, looking at it that way, you should do them.

I did a thing for the *Guardian*. It sounds crap but it was to do with someone taking a pee and Jesus turning water into wine and wine into urine. And nobody complained!

Are cartoonists taking over the world?

I wonder what the world would be like with cartoonists in charge...

It's really great that there's more respect for cartoons. Cartoonists have always seemed to be on a lower level than fine artists. But I do like the label cartoonist. It's sort of workman-like and unpretentious...although I'm being pretentious talking about it.



“ THOUGHTS FLOAT AROUND IN THE AIR, LIKE MOLECULES OR WHATEVER - MY SCIENCE IS RUBBISH - AND THEN THEY FLOAT INTO YOUR HEAD SO THE SAME ONES KEEP CROPPING UP.

THIS LEAVES ALL THE POSSIBILITIES OPEN. SOMETHING WONDERFUL HAPPENED JUST OVER THERE, YESTERDAY, JUST OUTSIDE THE PICTURE. IT'S A FOCUS ON THE WRONG THING.

THIS IS ME AS A KID HOPING ALIENS WOULD LAND IN THE GARDEN AND YEARS LATER, DIGGING IN MY GARDEN AND FINDING A BIT OF METAL. I DUG DOWN AND IT WAS AN ENTIRE BED FRAME.



cartoons exist on a different plane. The great thing about working as a cartoonist on a newspaper is they don't understand it. They think you knock it off in 20 minutes.

On the other hand, I do try to work in a journalistic way. I don't try to be obscure – I hate that. I can't stand ambiguousness in a cartoon. I like to be as direct as I can. If people don't get it, that's a failure on my part.

Your directness has often caused controversy. Do

you court it?

No, I don't. What I do is have thoughts about the day's news and if they're contentious, they're contentious. If you set out to cause controversy, then it's false.

And the Danish cartoon controversy?

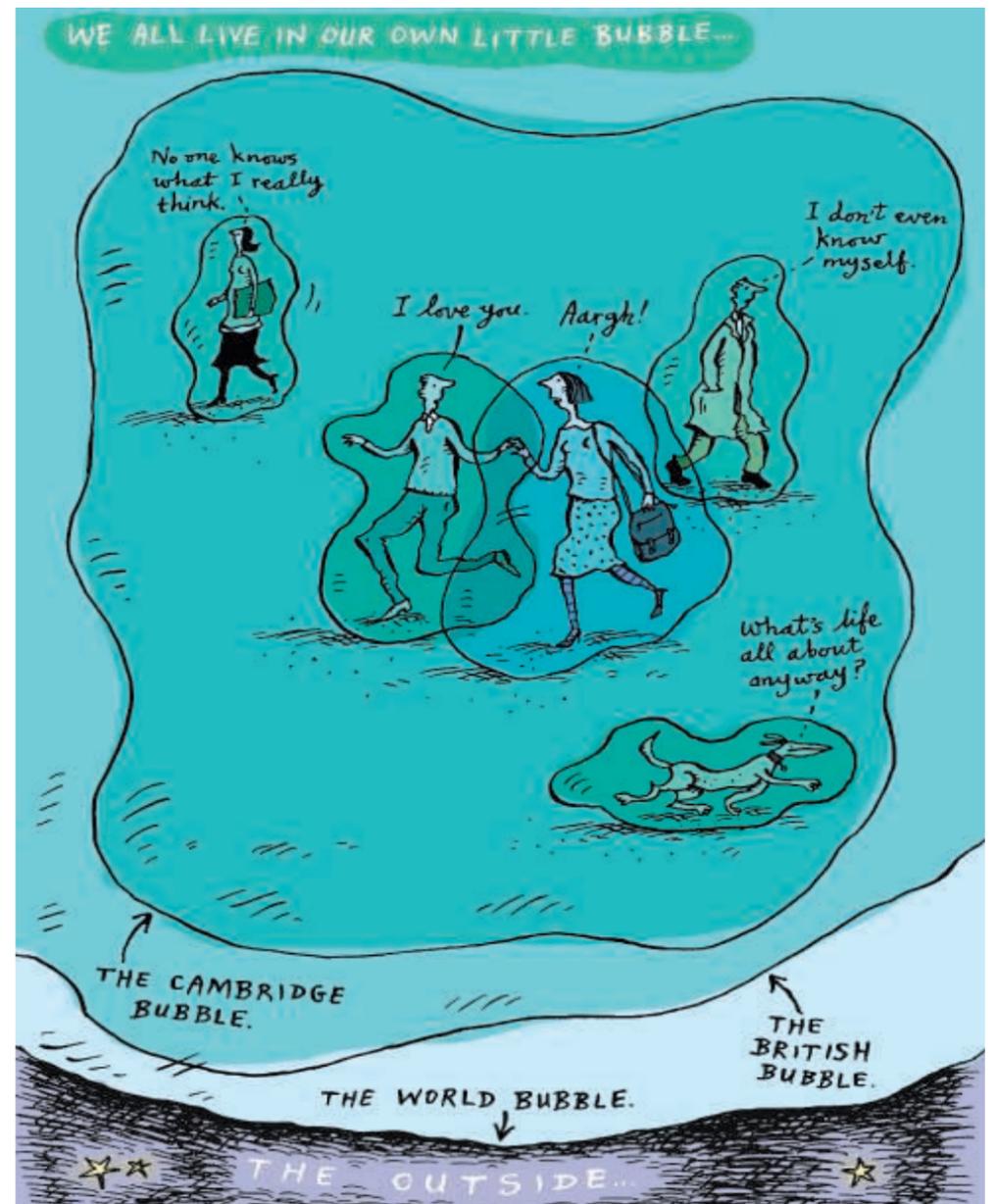
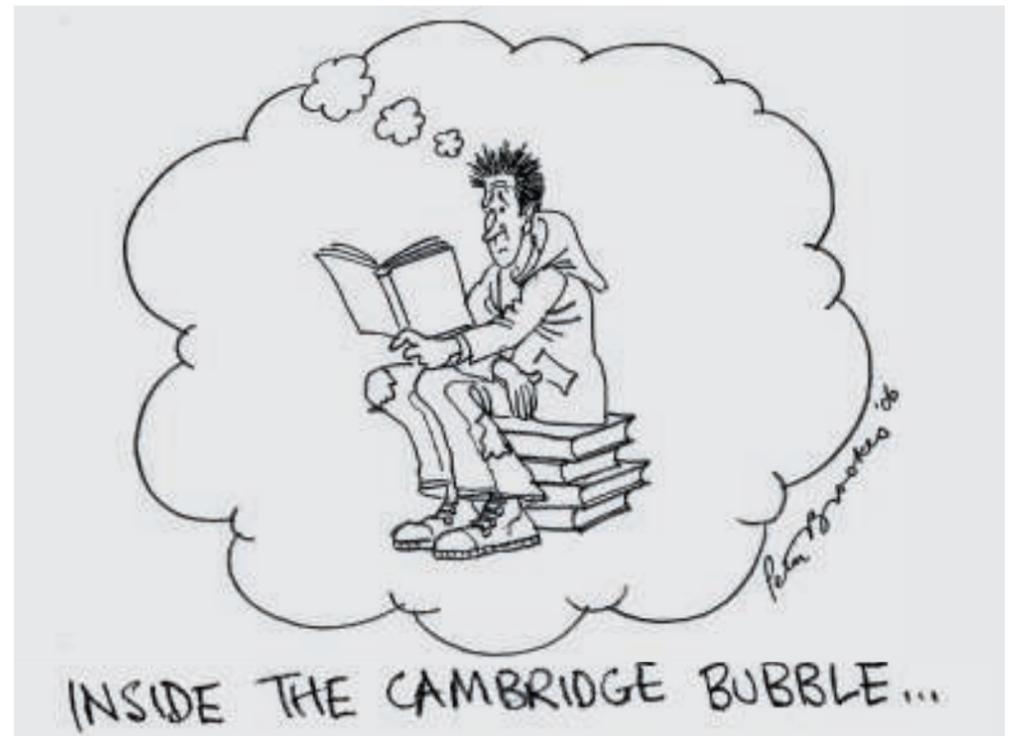
What a terrible outcome for a set of rather mediocre cartoons. They weren't really cartoons. Someone said, "we want you to draw the Prophet. Give us your interpretation of what the Prophet looks like." If I was the

cartoonist and I had any inkling of common sense, I wouldn't bloody well do it! So my real thought was, they're as thick as two short planks and it serves them right. There's now been a lot of deaths. How they live with that, I do not know.

Are cartoonists taking over world?

Ha! No, we're just having our day. I think the *Sun* had the headline, "All this for a bunch of measly cartoons". And that's the way people think of cartoons – as a lower form of life.

Specially commissioned by *Varsity*, Brookes and Appleby draw **THE BUBBLE**



THE JOLLY GREEN GIANT

He's young, rich and wants to change the world. But is *Ecologist* editor, successful organic farmer and Conservative policy advisor **ZAC GOLDSMITH** too good to be true? **EMILY STOKES** investigates



“Oh my God I am so sorry. God, how awful of me. I’m so sorry. You’ve been here all this time – I was just downstairs – I had to – oh I’m sorry.” Zac Goldsmith is twenty minutes late for our meeting in the rather dishevelled *Ecologist* offices and is very, very sorry. I find myself enjoying his profuse stream of stuttering, imploring apologies. When his mobile rings he is thrown into yet another frenzy: “Fuck! Oh God! Sorry sorry! God I hate mobiles! Wish they had never been invented! The thing is that... Oh well... Sorry.” I relish this performance because he looks and sounds quite a lot like Hugh Grant in *Four Weddings*. He has the sort of charismatic charm that makes me a bit less ‘investigative’ than I’d like.

He plays up to the part like a pro, even though it’s rather a complicated role he’s written for himself: good-looking (we’ve established this), expelled from Eton at sixteen (for marijuana that, incidentally, wasn’t his), son of Tory chief Lord James Goldsmith, multi-millionaire, potential politician, farm-owner, husband (to socialite Sheherazade), father (of two, doubtless soon to become the next It girls), and finally editor of the *Ecologist* magazine and campaigner against the baddies (multi-national corporations) who are destroying our planet. He ruffles his already (perfectly) tousled hair and furrows his brow to show his environmental anxiety. He smokes a roll-up and momentarily sets off the fire alarm. He looks surprisingly eager when I ask if I can take a photo. It’s all very endearing.

He’s thirty-one and seems very young indeed. He also seems very rich: no vulgarity (apart from the poker afternoons at Aspinalls and the party snapshots in *Tatler*), just straight, old-fashioned, I-don’t-need-to-think-about-money wealth. He’s good at showing that he understands his privileged role – “I have money, I have access to people, I have all kinds of privileges” – but is also keen to show that he can’t really play the rich version of Robin Hood because his money (all three hundred million pounds of it) “can’t

make a spot of difference” to policy at the level of the E.U., and he’d be wiped out by multi-national industries if he tried to fight them wallet to wallet. There’s something about him that reminds me of someone (a public school boy, probably) who has just been on their gap year: healthy-looking, ultra laid-back, and just a little evangelical. And, in a way, his whole life has been an extended ‘year out’ from the moment when he went to California to work for ecological companies and then to the Himalayas after Eton. He’s never had to face disillusionment or the grind of doing something pointless, because he’s never needed the spare cash. He skipped from a childhood loving animals to an adulthood loving animals (and farms and farmers and little village communities where everyone looks after each other).

He admits all this himself, but in a rather defiant way. “You’re seventeen-eighteen and you think: ‘Fuck!’ What the hell are you going to do? And then you go to university just to bide your time to think about what you’re going to do – and then you’ve learnt a whole load of rubbish that has no application to real life at all. Then you’re twenty-one, twenty-two, and you don’t know what you’re going to do and you freak out. It’s a frightening thing this.” I have no idea where this particular panic mongering is going and so I giggle nervously. He gets to the point, finally: “So I think it’s driven out of people, but all children do start with a love of nature.” We should therefore, according to Zac Goldsmith, extend our childhood innocence, and not give in to the corrupt pragmatism of the everyday. “Look,” he says, in a rather serious way. “It’s not a coincidence that every successful children’s series is set with little cottages and ducks and geese. Look at *Wurzel Gummidge*.” His expression is fraught. “No factory farms or hideous Richard Rogers buildings,” he rants mildly. “The natural world does resonate with people.”

His wish that people would appreciate nature is impossible to argue with. But it does grate a little that he finds it so easy

“IT’S NOT A COINCIDENCE THAT EVERY SUCCESSFUL CHILDREN’S SERIES IS SET IN A LANDSCAPE WITH LITTLE COTTAGES AND DUCKS AND GESE. LOOK AT WURZEL GUMMIDGE. THE NATURAL WORLD DOES RESONATE WITH PEOPLE.”

to be green; not everyone has the privilege of owning a farm and buying from local farmers’ markets (or, perhaps, employing someone to buy from local farmers’ markets). In his farm in Devon, he tells me, “I breed wild horses to try and reintroduce them into Dartmoor because there are very few proper Dartmoor ponies in Dartmoor. So I’ve got a breeding programme there. But I know nothing about horses so a neighbour comes in to look after their hooves and in return I give him sausages.” His interest in prettifying the countryside makes me imagine his farm is a little bit like Marie Antoinette’s little mock-village in the grounds of Versailles complete with ‘authentic’ peasants and ‘rustic’ cottages.

My doubts about his sincerity are dispelled, however, when he begins to reel off examples and facts a little breathlessly, like a school presentation, in a very earnest voice. He wants to talk about organic food and about the evils of globalisation and he doesn’t want to talk about much else: “If everyone were to consume at the level of an individual American, we’d need to have five to eight planets of identical wealth to sustain that.”

According to him, it’s not up to the individual to make personal sacrifices: “Too often it scares the hell out of people because the implication is that you’ve got to tighten your belt, wear sandals, live like a monk and only ever walk anywhere; it’s just not a useful message.” Instead, it’s up to the government to force change so that we won’t even notice that it’s happened, and so that it’s easier for us to do the right thing. He fantasises about the government buying everyone

energy-saving lightbulbs for their homes as little presents; we’d save the power equivalent of one and a half nuclear power plants. There’s no time to rely on people to change their habits, because “the large majority of people don’t do things just because they’re ethical. They see the normal coffee and the fairtrade coffee, and they don’t necessarily go for fairtrade, even though it’s only a few pence more expensive.”

Zac Goldsmith the Conservative is the current pretty face of the British green scene; David Cameron appointed him for his Quality of Life policy group after only a few days of being made leader, and Zac and the others are to report back with their proposals after eighteenth months. Conservatism and being green for him are related because he is interested in small communities, decentralisation and localisation: “Self-government at a village level, a household level, an individual level: you’ve got to hand as much power back to communities and ordinary people as possible.” But in order for this to happen, he argues, the government has to encourage what he calls a “real free market”; this means that we shouldn’t feel pressured to buy non-organic food just because it’s cheaper, and poor countries shouldn’t be duped into buying GM crops from overseas when they could be using local farmers. This isn’t real “choice” because no one would choose GM food over organic if they could afford organic. We can only start making progress once the structures that encourage us to do the wrong thing have been removed.

Zac Goldsmith manages to talk in an encouraging way about what the Conservatives are doing while also appearing to be a rebellious outsider, at least a sceptic, by starting his sentences with phrases like, “whether Cameron is just doing this for votes or not...” He says he doesn’t trust politicians, and so people should be able to look after their own communities at a local level; we should therefore be thinking, I assume, that he will be a different, more trustworthy

sort of politician. All of this makes me feel uneasy about him, simply because he seems to have found a way of winning on all sides. He is wary of the government but all for government action. He is also against individual people struggling to live ecologically (preferring that the government should make the changes) while running a magazine that can most easily be found in exclusive health-food stores and which encourages people to grow their own vegetables. I can’t help feeling that he might try just a little harder to widen green appeal not only upwards but outwards – to most people, who don’t have an excess of money but want to do the right thing. If Zac Goldsmith is so clear that it is the government rather than the odd individual who must enforce change, his attempt via the *Ecologist* to advertise designer recycled fingerless gloves and articles about allotments is surely a little inconsistent.

Yet despite all these worrying contradictions, Zac Goldsmith somehow finds a way to win us over. I leave the *Ecologist* offices with a new determination to go green. It’s not just that he’s charming. It’s that he manages to combine what seems to be a comforting realism about what we can achieve (that, luckily, doesn’t ask too much of any of us) with a boundless, almost crazed, enthusiasm. “At the end of the day, I’m looking for answers, not problems,” he says, happily. And, while that might be easier for him than for most of us, it’s the sort of optimism that could begin to make a difference.

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THE DEBATE: HOLOCAUST DENIAL

LAURA DIXON looks at the case of DAVID IRVING and his holocaust history

In 1989 David Irving spoke to right wing students in Austria. He denied there were gas chambers in Auschwitz and argued Hitler had been a "protector" of Europe's Jews. In London in February 2000, Irving took US Professor Deborah Lipstadt to court after she called him "one of the most dangerous spokespersons for Holocaust denial". In his defence, he said: "There are so many Auschwitz survivors going around, in fact, the number increases as the years go past". When he lost, the judge called him an "anti-Semitic, racist Holocaust denier" who "deliberately misrepresented and manipulated historical evidence".

This week, Irving claimed there had been a misunderstanding. He argued he had changed his mind back in 1991. In the judgement last week he undermined his work, disappointing his right wing fan club and he sent to prison.

The 1949 Austrian law makes it illegal to "deny, grossly play down, approve or try to excuse the National Socialist genocide in print, broadcast or other media". But is it right to imprison someone on the grounds of their beliefs?

Professor Deborah Lipstadt - Professor of Modern Jewish and Holocaust Studies at Emory University, USA. Published *Denying the Holocaust: The growing assault on Truth and Memory* (1993) and *History on Trial: My Day in Court with David Irving* (2005)

Professor Richard Evans - Professor of Modern History at Caius. Acted as an expert witness in the Irving libel trial in London in 2000. Published *Telling Lies About Hitler: History, the Holocaust and the David Irving Trial*

Walter Hënnerle - Politics Editor, *Wiener Zeitung*, Austria.

Daniel Finkelstein - Comment Editor, the *Times*

What was your reaction to the decision to imprison Irving for three years?

Evans: The court has created a media circus that has given him publicity he doesn't deserve. It also suggests that European countries have double standards of freedom of speech, allowing

insults to Muslim sensibilities but not to Jewish feelings.

Finkelstein: I'm not in favour of making expression of opinions a criminal offence. I think that although Irving is an unbelievable liar, he shouldn't be prohibited from speaking.

Did he deserve it?

Evans: Strictly speaking he deserved to be found guilty - he did plead guilty. But I don't believe that the threat of neo-Nazism in Austria is so severe that it warrants such a draconian law.

Did you believe him when he said he had "changed his mind" and that he "was not an expert on the Holocaust"? Slightly suspicious for a man who has written so many books in this field...

Evans: Exactly. He says he's not interested in the Holocaust, then makes pronouncements about its supposed non-existence. He claimed he changed his mind about the Holocaust due to documents he found in 1992, but in 2000 I spent three months in the court listening to him denying the Holocaust, every day of the trial. His claim, as the court decided, was not credible. During the 2000 trial he agreed on more than one occasion to accept a generally agreed historical fact "for the purposes of this trial", but the judge would not allow it: either he accepted it or he did not. The slight concessions Irving made were, as the Austrian court concluded, only tactical.

Lipstadt: I don't believe a word that man says. Evans described his work as a "tissue of lies". It just doesn't make sense - if the man said that he changed his views in the 90s why did he sue me in 2000? In the summer of 2004 he waged a bitter fight with the New Zealand authorities, trying to get a visa for that country in order to go there and engage in Holocaust denial, and he was very public about that. He has been giving speeches all the time along those lines. The judge had to know that.

Finkelstein: I think it's clear he hasn't changed his mind. Until quite recently he has expressed his opinion on the Holocaust, which made this idea of the documents he found in the 90s chang-

ing his mind ridiculous. He is not a proper historian, nor were his findings based on proper documentation.

Regarding freedom of speech, do you think the Austrians are right to have this law?

Evans: It may have been understandable in 1945, but not now. This trial has strengthened my view that such laws should be repealed. It's wrong to make history the subject of legislation in this way.

Lipstadt: The law has been updated somewhat. But in principal, I'm against laws that prohibit Holocaust denial; I'm against censorship in general. The basic thing about my trial is that we defeated him. He tried to silence me but we won with historical data. Having said that, I do add a caveat: words and actions have different historical resonances depending on where they are. History is a prism through which people's view of what is going on around them is refracted. In Austria and Germany that prism is of the Third Reich, and one of the major facets of that is the Holocaust. So the way they look upon this is different. I can understand it, but I'm not sure it's the most efficacious way of fighting Holocaust denial.

Hënnerle: Austrians let Hitler talk. We have a responsibility to be more cautious now. Austrians can debate the same issues as are being raised in newspapers across Europe, but the debate happens from a different starting point. For now, it's a matter of security. We're safer with these laws on the statute book than we would be without them. In ten years, they won't be needed any more. A new political generation is coming to the fore and harmonisation across Europe is eroding the importance of the specific national experience. The case of Irving, however, shows that for now we would be foolish to get rid of them.

So his claims of freedom of speech were hypocritical?

Evans: Yes, absolutely. He claimed that Lipstadt (and "the Jews") were trying to silence him, but he was trying to silence Lipstadt by getting her book



PHOTOS: THE TIMES

“ HE'S NO POSTER BOY FOR FREEDOM OF SPEECH ”



“ YOU NEED TO FIGHT FORCE WITH FORCE AND LIES WITH TRUTHS. YOU CAN'T FIGHT LIES WITH LAWS ”

“ ”

Top: Irving gives a speech at a right wing rally in Germany, 1999.

Above left: Irving arrives at the High Court in London to continue the libel action against Lipstadt, 1999.

Above right: Lipstadt speaking at a press conference after winning her libel case against Irving, 2000.

withdrawn and a law passed banning the publication of criticism of his work or allegations that he's a Holocaust denier.

Lipstadt: Irving tried to settle before my trial, laying down these conditions: firstly, I give £500 to a charity of his choice, secondly, I publicly apologise for calling him a denier and say he isn't a denier, and thirdly I agree to have all my books pulped and shredded. That's no poster boy for freedom of speech.

If censorship or freedom of speech is understandable in certain cases, then where then do we draw the line?

Lipstadt: Regarding the Danish cartoon, as bad as those cartoons were - 'bad' in that they weren't good - they had every right to publish them. Did it show good taste? No. Did it show good thinking on the part of the publisher? Maybe not. But the law shouldn't be interpreting that. There's a difference between freedom of speech and incitement. Freedom of speech is not unlimited: you can't libel, you can't slander. There are limits.

Finkelstein: I believe in the power of truth. I don't think there is any contradiction between the way the press has treated the Danish cartoons and how they have dealt with the Irving case. The English press chose not to publish the cartoons even though they believed in the right to. We believe Irving has the right to free speech, even whilst we choose not to publish, nor to respect his opinions.

Does giving his case so much media coverage elevate him to a high-profile position and make him all the more dangerous?

Finkelstein: There's always a danger of that. The question is how do you define 'lies'? You need to fight force with force and lies with truths. You can't fight lies with laws.

Evans: Not really. In the end, all publicity is not good publicity, and though people may feel sorry for Irving after the trial, I don't think it will have convinced them that his bizarre views on the Holocaust are worth paying any attention to.

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Varsity

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The Trustees hope to be in a position to make an election/elections in the early part of Easter term. Shortlisted candidates will be invited to interview.

While experience of student journalism is a pre-requisite, applicants need have no experience writing for *Varsity* or its associated publications.



Whither the bootlegged midbrow?

Cambridge's cultural polarisation lamented

Lowri Jenkins

At my college's English dinner, I drunkenly proclaimed to my DoS that the basic needs of a Cambridge student were cheese and poetry. It was only inebriated bollocks: the comment was preceded by a confession that my clumsiness made me feel like I was "trapped inside a muppet suit". But the next morning, when I recalled in horror what I had said, being the pretentious English student that I am, I reassessed the idea of 'cheese and poetry' a little.

The cheese Cambridge students thrive on is not Roquefort, but Cindy's, *Neighbours* and pints chased with vodka. The poetry we find in books and minds: work, reading, endless discussions. Yet these two don't seem to fit together. Why is it that week after week, the same drunken masses happily pile into Cindy's the day having been so stressful and intellectually rigorous that by nightfall, we can only appreciate themed outfits, long queues and the faint smell of WKD? I've been to Cindy's twice: once drunk and once sober. Sober, it's pretty bad; drunk, it's worse. The dancefloor grows throbbing limbs, the carpet is sticky with fluids not worth contemplating; someone is touching your arse, the Pussycat Dolls are playing for the fourth time. And this is supposed to be a good night out. We're intelligent people; our discerning critical eye stretches as far as the culture we engage with. It seems we expend so much of our intellectual and creative energy on academia, that when it comes to going out,



SIMON CALDER

we're left with a capacity for only the Dairylea of nightlife.

After my drunken epiphany, I drifted from theatre to gig to random college cellars, trying to get that plastic-wrapped taste out of my mouth. I worried that maybe all our student culture was just a bit vapid, something we plundered for pleasure rather than recognition. In their anthemic 'Panic' The Smiths, clichéd gods of any indie moper, sing: "Burn down the disco/ Hang the blessed DJ/ Because the music they constantly play/ It says nothing to me about my life." What do Pussycat Dolls say about my life? About our

“

WHAT DO THE
PUSSYCAT
DOLLS SAY
ABOUT MY
LIFE?

”

lives? I couldn't, and still can't, reconcile myself to the fact that, far from culture reflecting our lives, it simply provides a respite.

That Cambridge suffers from a lack of subculture does not mean it is a quagmire of cultural decay. Theatre, for one, is a thriving part of student life. Yet even the theatrical community is less expansive than its numerous productions suggest; the same faces, plays and ideas crop up repeatedly. Like the University itself, theatre is preoccupied with its foundation in tradition, which hinders and sustains it. Both come with such strong recommendations,

it seems difficult to leave the baggage behind. Theatre has strength enough to sustain its family of thespians, but not a community of students. The same holds for any 'non-mainstream' event. All club nights, societies, and performances that are remotely subcultural in character are not so in function. Instead, they're like pockets: self-contained, in awkward places and, (particularly if they're of the skinny jean variety), difficult to get into.

So why this cultural polarisation, this neon gash which divides the arid desire for anonymity amidst the flailing of Cindy's from the pockets' passionate endeavour for notoriety? Perhaps it reveals our strange attitudes towards standing out and fitting in, both escaping and embracing tradition. Or maybe this fragmentation is catalysed by our location in such a small city. Residents and students keep themselves to themselves. We don't engage in the culture of 100,000 Cambridge residents; ours is the shrunken culture of 18,000 sometime-students. I'm not sure whether the skinny-jean sub-pockets aren't just as bad as the sick-splattered floors of Cindy's; perhaps both 'cultures' are as exclusive as each other, encouraging further division, not just between town and gown, but between gown and gown alike.

Three generations ago, T.S. Eliot wrote "it is more difficult today to be an individual than it ever was before". He could just as easily have been talking about today, when maybe even hanging the DJ won't help anymore.

A LOSS
OF RIGHTS



PROUD
SMOKER Gietzmann

What is happening to the government? Their arrogance, as they undergo the "historic" third term, has become ridiculous. First they banned hunting with dogs, then they tried to make it legal to lock people up for ninety days at a time without trial, and now this: the banning of smoking in all enclosed public spaces. Even if I didn't smoke I'd be angry at the decision; it shows just how far our civil liberties are being eroded.

But it's not just the loss of liberties that bugs me; I actually question the point of this law. First of all, what are they trying to achieve, the protection of the public? Well, I'm not buying it. Every person in this country has the ability to protect themselves: if you don't like smoky places, don't go and spend money in them. How many people have come across supermarkets or cinemas or theatres where smoking is permitted? People don't like them, so they don't exist. I know only one shop in Cambridge where you are allowed to smoke and it is a tobacconist; I hardly think any customers are going to complain about that rule.

But what about pubs and restaurants? A pub without smoke seems unnatural to me. I've come across one smoke-free pub in my life and I've never been back; it seemed as foreign as a pub without beer, sticky tables and disgusting scampi fries.

A far more important issue, however, is that of public health. If you can't have a fag down the pub you'll just wait till you get home. But this will result in many people smoking only at home, in front of their children, when before they would have had an alternative outlet. Adults in a pub can choose whether to stay or go, a child has no such choice. As a result, the effects of passive smoking will be far more heavily concentrated on infants than before, and child health will be at even greater risk.

The House of Commons needs to stop and think about its actions. Smoking is bad, ban it. Fox hunting is cruel, ban it. One would have thought they have bigger fish to fry, pensions and debt are still in crisis, our armed forces are apparently stretched to the limit, we're supposedly dodging terrorist attacks left, right and centre, so MPs decide its time to stop people having a cigar after dinner.

Once, the destruction of civil liberties was an issue which many felt was worth fighting for. Now such a decision can be casually passed off by our government as little more than a distraction from other, far more pressing issues. I accept that debate on public smoking is necessary. But now that I consider this latest, sudden ruling, I feel and I know that I have been cheated a little, as has everyone, smoker or not.

'Tis Pity She's A Cynic

Everywhere a borrowed cynicism, nowhere a Moomin

Alice Thompson



Naivety is difficult to maintain in Cambridge. Many in this institution wear their cynicism with pride. A sneer and a borrowed witticism, a detached, dispassionate veneer intended to convey intelligence. Because of this, I was heartened and only a little confused when it was declared that I was "militantly naïve."

A troop of malformed imaginings began to occupy my mind. Parades of the United Front of Gullibility marching on the grey towers of common-sense, hopeful, impassioned and only faintly stupid. Our uniform would be optimistically laughable, our outlook unfeasibly positive. We would enforce enthusiasm, demand compassion and have daily drills in 'saying things like we really meant them'. Irony would be outlawed; sarcasm a punishable offence. Moomins would police the streets. Cambridge would fall within a week.

Sitting in the dank, monastic cell of the fourth floor of our phallic UL fortress, I began to formulate the

foundational principles of my Naïve Republic. Article 1: Cynicism does not equate to intelligence. Would this be enough to deter the over-analytical tongue-lodged-in-cheek, post *Dawson's Creek*, I do-it-twice-a-day *Neighbours*-loving generation? Probably not.

But even if cynicism did not carry connotations of knowledge, it would still retain a certain allure. This is because of the worryingly misguided belief that a jaded know-it-all possesses an allure to the opposite sex. As a crazy woman evidently bound for a lonely life of spilling Guinness, knitting and talking to cats, I am clearly in no position to speak for the romantic preferences of the wider Cambridge population. They're probably not as spinster-like.

But I do feel compelled to state that cynicism appears to me approximately as alluring as a first date in a sewerage farm. It is the equivalent of advertising your personality in terms of the possession of 'a poisonous and festering

outlook on life resting on a seething mass of bitterness and contagious negativity, which you - you lucky lady - could also gain possession of just by spending time with me.' Faced with such an option on *Blind Date*, I think I'd always go for the alternative, however inane the pun he made to Cilla about the pineapple.

My frenzied illusions of a ruthlessly enforced guilelessness led me to think about why the cynicism of Cambridge bothered me so much. I decided it was because so much of it is second hand. People here merely appropriate the image of other people's world-weariness.

Others become cynical because life has worn them down. We become cynical because we want to disguise our privilege, conceal our innocence. If we pretend that we have been hurt long before, it suggests our ability to survive future damage.

However, the protective nature of cynicism does not prevent it from becoming deeply tedious. If not

ungrateful. We have the gift of a three year vacuum of infinite possibilities. We therefore have a responsibility not to camouflage or disown the cautious optimism that this time gives us. Three years later, then we shall start the grind. In the meantime, do something useful with your unadulterated faith in humanity. A mixture of amused apathy and calculated disdain is not enough.

To those cynics still snarling in their tubs I would now like to point to the dangers revealed by historical precedent. Consider the Father of Cynicism stinking in his barrel: Diogenes, the mentor of Oscar the Grouch.

If the historical record is to be believed he died a number of intriguing deaths. My personal favourite is the death in which an eagle mistook his bald and shiny head for a rock. It dropped a turtle on him. He died.

There are times when the lessons of history are quite clear. Save the bald men, save the turtles, save yourselves. Abandon cynicism. Or at the very least, feign sincerity.

Israel and chips

BLOGGERS REPLACE EVERYTHING WITH ANGER. ON THE HOUR.

Who's PM? Answer: Blair. How many of you Samuels spazzed up on that question? Thought so. I'm the only dignified one on the whole blog. **mowgli**

I thought it was you, ElephantChild. I recognise your new, fake name from nowhere and it's obvious that it's just the same old you. **Gatherer**

Ending your prayers pretty soon now, Matey. Any day now. He gonna cum and blow yur whole houz down. Here cum da Jersey storm clouds **redfield**

To all those logged on since 8:13am: hello. Newbies may not recognise the style, but I'm here all the time so learn to watch and I'll become a familiar. **Matthew**

There's very little to distinguish either the initial instance of which was I think what David was talking about, and the more later some of you referred to the Borneo Conflict but it hadn't happened at that stage. **original_thinker**

Rotton: a) not even what hadn't even starting at that stage stage which was an irrelevant point anyway b) your point about the "growth of the mafia" made it a didn't know the of the main countries involved in you it and then arrived later than you'd accounted for, meaning, basically, that you completely contradicted yourself. **original_thinker2**

You're completely contradicting yourself now - or hadn't you even noticed with your hand so busy on the pork. **Gatherer**

"You're completely contradicting yourself now". Good to see that debating standards haven't paled among you prigs, or maybe I should lead you gently back to the watering trough to get another load of that shit you like. **mowgli**

"Good to see that debating standards haven't paled among you prigs". When you're dying in hospital, I'll be relaxed and happy and I'll try and get shit on you. **Gatherer**

"get shit on you". Can't you even spell? Make a proper point. What? Little piggy don't have one? Go back to Monaco, lost little damsel. I'll be right there to start the biggest fire there's ever been. **mowgli**

For those of you logged on since 8:14am: hello. I've been assembling parts for a new argument and it'll be ready soon... Watch This Space! **Matthew**

"point. What? Little". I've got a cock AND a brain. Thanks to blogging, now I can use both of them/neither of them. **human_man**



Why Not a Vietnam War-themed May Ball?

Decadence triumphs over make-believe in the battle of the themes

When Peter Tosh, reggae hero and sometime student icon, sang "Legalize it, and I will advertise it," he was using the same hysterical proteron logic that supports May Ball themes and their publicity. Okay, so just as any self-respecting Comment article needs a tenuously relevant quotation and a preposterous use of technical terminology as its opening gambit, Cambridge May balls are wont to announce themselves with frankly superfluous themes and pretentious sentiments. But I don't want you to get me wrong: I love going to them as much as the next student. I can't fault the enjoyment they give and I don't want to belittle the superhuman efforts put in by committee members to make sure we all have unforgettable nights. But it's the advertising that gets me; it's the attempt to sell that becomes farcical.

It is hard to suppress a giggle when reading the Downing Ball website, which proposes 'Aetheria' as its theme and promises that 'Uranus will provide delightful rides'. Surely there is some mischief abroad here? Along the same lines, Caius' motto, 'Mrs. Brown's in town' has the faint whiff of gang-bang about it. I know Victoriana's in vogue this year - both John's and Caius have looked that way for inspiration - but I'm not sure 'Queen Vic' would have put herself about quite so readily. Clare's 'Easy Street' ball has the intriguing tag 'Prosperity is just around the corner'. Set in 1920s America, I wondered whether this 'prosperity' referred to the Great Depression at the end of that decade or was simply a resigned concession to Trinity's Ball, down the road on the same night. Presumably a ticket to Clare will, at the very least, give you a great view of Trinity's fireworks display.

Of course, not all balls go in for this theme folly. Trinity is conspicuous in eschewing the need for one, preferring

to spend its Oligarchical sums of money on champagne, oysters and fireworks. Loath as I am to say it, if you look at the posters for the Trinity May balls in years past, they are a cut above the rest. They are not aiming to promote their 'Bollywood hits Churchill' innovation or 'Avalon found in Girton' concept.

Instead, they push that Trinity brand: we are exquisitely rich, and exquisite with our riches. Yes, it's a bit smug. But perhaps it beats trying to convince people they will be swept away to magical lands as soon as they stumble through the Porters' Lodge.

“

ALONG THE SAME LINES, CAIUS' MOTTO, 'MRS. BROWN'S IN TOWN' HAS THE FAINT WHIFF OF GANGBANG ABOUT IT

”

But it did make me laugh to see Peterhouse's promotional ploy for this year: the oh-so-discreet, ever-so-classy business card popped into everyone's pigeonhole. Rather like Trinity, Peterhouse would clearly like to distinguish themselves from the riff-raff - to ram the point home, the dress code is white tie. I don't know what you thought, but to me, solicitous business cards belong in phone booths. If you have to advertise, then don't seem so awfully embarrassed about it.

If colleges are set on having themes then I do think they could be more adventurous. If you want a unique sell-

ing point, if you want it to be a night to remember, why not 'think outside the box'?

I once had a dream about an apocalyptic May Ball, where the whole court was buried in grey ash in the aftermath of a napalm attack. If I might say it myself, that would have been one memorable scene for a party. What's more you could invite Shekere - not that hip-swinging Colombian songstress, but Cambridge's band of tribal drummers - to play at an End of the World ball. They would actually fit in. They have always seemed a little incongruous to me, banging away in various Cambridge environments; this would finally give them the chance to really let rip. It would all be part of the sweaty, catastrophe vibe.

Well, now you know my predilection for bongos and bombs, I'll get back to reality. It seems that all balls want to sell themselves in one or more of three ways: it'll be glamorous, it'll be magical, it'll be decadent. There are only so many ways of saying those things thematically, which is why there is always overlap of ideas year after year. We all know that the devil is in the details, so why even bother splattering your ball with broad stroke concepts?

I'm going to go to a ball this summer and I'm sure I'll have a fantastic night. When my foggy head clears the next day I'll remember the music, the food, the friends and the 6am photo, but the theme will probably come in last of things to rave about.

I suppose that ball committees get sick of dealing with sponsors, caterers and shirty rock bands and the hours spent dwelling on the grand concept are a great deal more enjoyable. But you have to admit that the result often comes across as a wee bit silly and a little bit fatuous. Almost as fatuous, you might say, as taking the time to complain about it.

Mungo Woodfield



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VARSIITY

VARSITY

Anglia's terrible attack

The shocking acts of vandalism committed at Anglia Ruskin University on Monday night could have proved fatally disruptive in a weak community. In the current climate, such a despicable and cowardly attempt to upset and offend the peaceful observers of a faith in a supposedly safe and tolerant environment is incomprehensible. It is disturbing to think that such actions may have resulted from a calculated wish to capitalise on the extreme views being voiced in the media as a result of the continuing debate about the limits of freedom of speech. Whilst condemning the sheer stupidity and bigotry of those involved in the incident, *Varsity* therefore thinks it is important to praise the calm and measured response of most Anglia Ruskin students.

All those contacted by our reporters stressed the positive way in which both the authorities and the student population had reacted to the incident, and were now working together to assuage any fears on campus. It is sad that, presently, a good degree of perspective and judgment on these issues cannot be automatically assumed on the part of the members of an open society.

However, since this is the case, due credit should be given here. For Anglia Ruskin to move on from this incident, it is vital that the individual or group responsible (and we can only hope that it was the former) is subjected to appropriate disciplinary procedure and removed from the university.

A liberal voice

We applaud our MP's calls for the removal of VAT from contraceptives. Their classification as "luxury item" seems ridiculous - they are no such thing, and should be classified as such.

Over a year ago, the Independent Advisory Group for Sexual Health and HIV said that the cost of over the counter contraception was acting as a "disincentive to consistent use" in the UK. Their 2004 annual report recommended that VAT should be removed from all over the counter contraceptives, including condoms.

Problems surrounding the provision of and education surrounding contraception are more readily associated with the developing countries, especially in sub-Saharan Africa, where their chronic shortage, and misinformation about their use has contributed to crippling pandemics of HIV and other sexually-transmitted diseases. Clearly, this remains one of the world's most urgent problem, and should be addressed by aggressive provision and education.

But, problems of sexually transmitted infection and unplanned pregnancy are also considerable closer to home. Incidences reflecting this are growing. Figures released by the Terence Higgins Trust earlier this month suggested that the UK has the "worst sexual health in Europe." Whilst better, pre-emptive sex education at a formative age is necessary, more should be done to prevent problems in the present reality for many young people across the UK. This means addressing reasons for "disincentives to consistent use" of contraception.

We are fortunate to be members of a union who, with the help of our subscriptions, can provide its students with such heavily subsidised contraceptive resources. Many surgeries and clinics also offer them free. We are not so naive as to suggest that such handouts might easily be made much more widespread. More people must be persuaded of contraceptives' value as an investment. But, we do believe that the price of condoms and other contraceptives should better reflect their market value, and that their users should not be penalised by the government as a means of extra revenue. The benefits of their mass use are urgent, and far too important for this.



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

Churchill Spits Back

Dear Sir,

Hannah Fletcher's review of the Churchill College Spring Ball (*Varsity*, 17th February) is atrocious journalism. Ms. Fletcher seems to have spent the entire night in the girls toilets watching "over-weight monstrosities" relieving themselves. Would Ms. Fletcher have preferred the ball to have excluded fat people?

No real attempt was made to review the event. The music line-up was apparently wasted on your reporter, although it was favourably reviewed elsewhere in the paper, and only a cursory reference was made to the visual transformation of the 'red bricks' of Churchill.

To be fair she declares her bias, admitting that she doesn't like balls or curry. Is it *Varsity* who should be held responsible for this article, in sending the most inappropriate reporter to review a Ball based on the culture of the Indian Subcontinent? Publish this complaint and set the record straight.

Yours faithfully,

Anonymous
Churchill College

God And Gays

Dear Sir,

To claim that the decision of Emmanuel College's Dean is to be lauded because it participates in "a progressive social agenda" for this country (*Varsity*, 17th February) is to miss the point spectacularly. The function of the Church is not to validate the ever-changing mores of secular politics, but to bear witness to God's eternal Truth. This means that it must often stand firmly against modern assumptions on a whole range of issues, one of which is human sexuality. It is for this reason that the Dean's announcement cannot in any way be considered, as your editorial puts it, 'a step forward' - quite the reverse.

Yours faithfully,

Mark S. Smith
Peterhouse College

Snob Clobber

Dear Sir,

Should one be surprised that many students run up large debts while at college, or that the outside perception of Cambridge

students is of spoiled rich kids, when your newspaper shows a young lady in an outfit costing £424 (*Varsity Lifestyle*, 3rd February)? If this is what it costs to keep up the right image here, I'm not surprised students from poorer backgrounds are put off applying, or that politicians want to re-introduce fees, as students clearly can afford it.

Yours faithfully,

Dr Sarah Preston
Peterhouse College

Halal Slaughter

Dear Sir,

Halal slaughter does not allow an animal to be electrically stunned (as in conventional slaughter) before its throat is cut and it bleeds to death. Therefore, the animal remains conscious for several seconds, as some blood continues to reach the brain through the vertebral artery.

There was a public outcry when Jamie Oliver was seen killing a sheep in Italy by cutting its throat, yet this practice goes on unquestioned in all British Halal abattoirs. If college kitchens

decide to serve more halal meat (*Varsity News*, 17th February), this cruel practice is being encouraged in the name of religious tolerance. Perhaps animal welfare also needs to be considered?

Yours faithfully,

Beccy Skellern
Queens' College

Column Conflict

Dear Sir,

I would like to congratulate the author of the marvellous 'Erinsborough Ethics' column. Finally something which genuinely represents the interest of the university's student body, reconciling popular culture with serious academism. Much better than that Literature students' wet-dream-of-a-column that was 'incidentally'. I think Miss Organ should take a trip down under.

Kirsty Dootson
Newnham College

Letters may be edited for
space and clarity



Letter of the Week

Those Very Prickly Things

Dear Sir,

Far be it from me to sound the raucous note of opprobrious censure upon such a person as Mr James Freeman with regard to his sage observations on the subject of perspicuous writing (*Varsity Letters*, 17th February). Lucidity is a virtue we should all pursue. On this desideratum of scholastic labour I am most cordially in agreement with him. Beshrew my ungracious heart were it otherwise!

However, the unwelcome task falls to me to defend that positive den of voracious minds, the Faculty of English. Mr Freeman makes an uncharitable comparison between the written styles in this Faculty and his own. It may be voiced that there is, in

the writing of English literary criticism, an unfamiliar jargon which may appear otiose to those not already immersed within its wellsprings. Nonetheless, that this lexical body is ridden with a plaguing turgidity, I cannot entirely concede.

I would argue that while some critical jargon is invidious, much is a necessary tool to a discipline that handles those very prickly things, words. It may, *pace* Mr. Freeman, be occasionally salutary to use the word 'problematise', for the sake of brevity, rather than 'presents itself as a hindrance', or indeed to use the word 'intertextuality'. Such words make life easier, and used as a sauce to argument, rather than as its meat and bones, are, to a tempered constitution, delectable.

Finally, that a discipline is not

'plagued by self-doubt', is not in itself a criterion of academic health. As Raymond Williams once remarked, it may not be altogether inappropriate for the discipline of criticism to feel itself in crisis, so long as such commotions are 'strong and healthful'. Pride sometimes precedes a pothole in the road. But I do not intend to find fault with Mr Freeman, and I hope my remarks have palpably hit the target of linguistic humility to which he exhorts us all.

Yours faithfully,

David Marusza
Corpus Christi College

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

If you have a passion for journalism, why not get involved with *Varsity*? If you'd like to contribute writing or photography, contact the relevant section editor (left) for details of how to get involved. From next week, we'll also be looking for a new Editor and section editors to form our May Week and Michaelmas teams. And if you're considering a career in journalism and graduate later this year, The Varsity Trust could support your further study. See the advert on page 10 for details.

"Cabin fever had set in by early afternoon" The Anonymous Student

This Week: The race for Trinity Ball tickets

What would you do for a Trinity May Ball ticket? It would seem that many of us would spend the entirety of our Sunday in hot pursuit of these rare commodities. Only Trinity could be arrogant enough to believe that it is acceptable to announce only the date that the tickets will go on sale to the unwashed masses, without giving a time or place until the day itself.

Our day began at 8.30am when nine undergraduates squeezed into a small black car outside Trinity Old Fields. It was apparent from the outset that there were people more determined than we were to get tickets; the road was full of

groups on bicycles, ready to set off at a moment's notice. Perhaps the most impressive individual, though, was a frozen-looking medic, who had been standing alone outside the Old Fields since 5am, the time that tickets went on sale the previous year. He had wrapped himself in tin foil as well as several layers of clothing in the name of insulation.

Morale and numbers dropped gradually during the day. Though we had twiglets, Quality Street and later McDonalds drive-thru to keep up the energy levels, and music and Sunday papers to keep us entertained, cabin fever had really set in by early afternoon. At last by then none of us had to sit in the boot.

It would clearly be at one of the few times of the day that we had left our Grange Road spot that a call would come through: '4pm, Trinity Old Fields'.

The excitement and nervousness was palpable. We were driving back from town, having recently realised that one of us was missing a university card. Every traffic light from then on was red. On reaching our destination, there was a queue of about 100 people in front of us, and it was at this point that we discovered only the first 100 would get guaranteed tickets.

All was forgiven as I was handed a number just within the top 100. All thoughts of lynching Trinity students evaporated in

smugness and free tea.

Obviously, there are a group of Trinity ball committee members that spent the day sitting in a warm room eating caviar and drinking champagne, and probably having a good laugh at idiots like us. But we will be at their ball, along with all the people that just got their ticket from a friend, and I bet we will have a far better night. If we can entertain ourselves for seven hours in a car, we can do the same at the most extravagant ball in Cambridge.

Oh, and just in case you wondered, Mr Tin Foil got his ticket. He is a lesson for us all in sheer determination, if not slight insanity.



LONDON FASHION WEEK REVIEWS



Ronit Zilkha

Coiling over the Degas print on the reverse of their invitations, the audience awaited the Ronit Zilkha A/W 2006 Show with the excitement of a small girl about to watch *The Nutcracker* for the first time. Two tutu-wearing ballerinas fluttered gracefully down the runway to a syncopated electric mix of Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake. The revival of dance class chic by Dior only a few seasons ago was all too short-lived; the pinched waists, plunging necklines and soft fabrics of ballet enhance the feminine form with elegance, innocence and youthful charm.

Delightful images of organza gowns or the silk ribbons of the Sleeping Beauty's satin slippers were far from the minds of the audience, however, when Zilkha's models emerged in outfits cut from rough tweed, heavy wool and dull devore velvet. Thick pleated skirts protruding at the waist were combined with casual golfing-style sweaters, frumpy cardigans bearing a striking resemblance to wall-paper accompanied evening dresses and wrap-around stoles in salmon pink were teamed with bulky ruched skirts in varying shades of khaki. Moreover, any notion of classical sophistication was corrupted by the abundance of garish appliqué vintage woollen flowers and clumpy black footwear. This is not a good look for the sophisticated women of Chelsea and Primrose Hill who are Zilkha's prime customers.

Embracing Degas as her inspiration was a surprising and audacious choice for the A/W Collection. His paintings are flooded with the light of Parisian Springtime and the intricacy with which he depicts his ballerinas' costumes makes them appear as delicate as unfurling nemesia blooms. Surely such a vision would have better lent itself to a S/S Collection; Zilkha's hazy autumnal palette of russet and fawn and range of severe plaid fabrics are far too difficult to associate with this form of dance.

Allegra Kurer

Unconditional



The mood of Philip Stephens' menswear collection reflected the directional but sombre mood of the Milan Fall 2006 shows earlier this year. The cropped trousers in beige and khaki were accessorised with black army boots in a way which bordered on a Scout uniform look in some pieces. The echoes of knightly challenges, which showcased in Prada in Milan, came

across in the eye masks and leather gauntlet gloves of the male models. The vast capes that both the male and female models wore were teamed with hoods and oversized scarves wrapped around the neck repeatedly - giving a look of protection from the elements. Apart from the men's three-quarter length trousers, these clothes looked like they were designed for Icelandic guards - shielded from the harsh winter but ready for conflict. This collection was taking no prisoners.

Stephens also experimented with the formal shape of menswear combining this with a more casual look. Waistcoats were looped over loose, oversized shirts and soft, jersey trousers, and the backs of the cardigans were elongated to mimic the look of tails on a jacket. This shape was reflected in some of the women's shirts too, and provided a new take on the Spring/Summer 2006 penchant for shirt dresses.

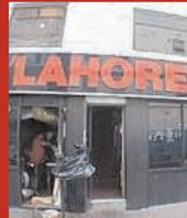
The female models in particular strode down the catwalk with jaunty energy, their loose hair swinging nonchalantly behind them. The thigh-high leather boots, reminiscent of Stella McCartney's version, leant a harder edge to the soft chiffons of the dresses and loose trousers, and complemented the innocent, fresh-faced look with the natural make up through contrast. Purity met eroticism in this collection, with demure white satin dresses following transparent chiffon mini-skirts along the catwalk. Loose white shirts were bound to the models' arms with leather bondage straps.

The women's trousers ranged from loose to tailored and lacked a continuity of shape, but the dresses more than made up for this. Some of the final dresses were so long that the models had to clutch the material in their hands to stop from stumbling on the catwalk. The flowing Grecian elegance of these gowns emphasised the definite shape of the men's silhouettes in a way which complemented both. The looks were wearable yet exquisite, and most definitely desirable.

Fiona Walker Doyle



LAHORE KEBAB HOUSE Umberston St, London E1 (Whitechapel Tube)



Lahore Kebab House is one of the best Pakistani restaurants in London. It is authentic, cheap, and a whole class above the tourist targets of Brick Lane. You will not have to face the usual curry house clichés; the atmosphere is not intoxicatingly kitsch, the menu is short, and there is not a chicken

korma in sight. There is a BYO drinks policy, so if you want alcohol, you'll have to pop into an off-license first. The restaurant is more like a canteen, with basic decoration that borders on slightly grubby. But the food is outstanding.

It is worth a visit for the kebabs and tender chicken tikka coming out of the tandoor clay oven alone. Other favourites include their daal tarka and lady fingers in masala. There isn't a huge range to choose from, but this guarantees that everything comes sizzling and fresh to your table. The service is quick, extremely attentive, with naans (and usually seconds of the tikka) being replenished as you eat.

Considering this is London, the prices are exceptionally reasonable for the quality and amount you get.

Quentin Jones



ASAKUSA Mornington Crescent / Camden Town 265, Eversholt Street NW1

It is easy to miss this ramshackle little restaurant; tucked away in the seedier end of Camden Town, between a 'massage parlour' and a Chinese take-away. Asakusa is always bustling and it is usually impossible to get a table without booking. The specialties range from sushi to grilled chicken tails, and from tempura to fried salmon heads. This will be a hit with the more adventurous eaters, and also great starting point for those

who haven't had great experiences with Japanese food in London. The specials are written over the wall on scraps of in Japanese (one of the super-friendly waitresses will translate), and the menu is extensive. Don't miss the tuna sashimi, carpaccio style beef, or crispy bean curd.

Quentin Jones

Styling by Fiona Walker Doyle, Photography by Amelia McLachlan, From left to right: Andrea wears green dress, £12 at Ark Vintage; Pucci shoes, £199 at Ally Lulu; Natalie wears sheer black dress, £39.99 at Cult; John wears Lacoste polo shirt, £55 at Reeves; chinos, £19.99 at H&M; silk scarf, £1 at Salvation Army, Mill Rd; Elle wears blouse, £8 at Cancer Research, Burleigh Street; Michael wears pink shirt, £70, and black jumper, £90, both at Reeves

BLOW-UP

To celebrate London Fashion Week and the general style Renaissance of the capital *Varsity Lifestyle* pays homage to Anonioni's sixties fashion epic *Blow-Up* (DVD £7 at Fopp, Sidney Street). The fifth week blues can't get you when you escape to the city that always swings!

Recipe

The more I explore Cambridge, the more I realise that most foods can be found somewhere, especially in the environs of Mill Road. However, I've never seen good veal. The other day I spent a very happy Saturday morning wandering round Borough Market (across the road from London Bridge tube station), where I bought a beautiful shin off a chap who'd driven down from Lancashire where he raises his milky little calves. And then slaughters them. Ah well. I had the shin chopped osso buco style into thick rounds, and these I dusted with a bit of seasoned flour and put in a nice casserole with a good hunk of butter, a couple of chopped shallots, a chopped carrot, and a small

amount of chopped celery. I stirred it about idly over a hot flame, till the meat had gone an inviting brown colour on the outside (you're basically frying it at this point), at which point I turned the flame right down, poured in a glass of white wine, and a glass or two of stock. I then left the pan to stew for a while with the lid on, but with a space for the alcohol to boil off and escape. Anyway, this simmered at a very low heat, and I napped while my veal stewed away. The aim is to coax the marrow out of the bone by melting it, and this it did very obligingly, greeting me when I awoke an hour later with a wonderful smell, and I found a delicious meaty goo waiting for me in my pan. I ate it with some cannellini beans I'd cooked up the day before, essentially following the same simple formula: one drained tin of beans fried in butter with a few cloves of garlic and the odd bay leaf, with the further addition of a tin of chopped tomatoes. Leave on a low heat and nap away.

Jackson Boxer



Baltic - 74, Blackfriars Rd

Not cheap, but done with great style. Excellent Polish menu, perfect for this time of year, and generally a very slick dining experience. I seem to keep reading that Polish food's the next big thing, and on the strength of this I really don't see why not. It appeals to our love of starch, and they do magnificent things with pork.



The Anchor and Hope 36, The Cut

Superbly indefinable. Is it a bar? A restaurant? A (God forbid) gastropub? Whatever, the food is delicious, the menu exciting, the bill low. There is nothing not to like about The Anchor and Hope. Except that you can't book, and it's often full.



Inshoku, 23/24 Lower Marsh

I visited here once a few years ago, and thought it was brilliant, very cheap and lively, doing straightforward Japanese staples. They clearly took their fish seriously, and it had the pleasant air of a well-kept secret. It looks pretty unlikely, but everywhere on Lower Marsh does, so persevere.

HERE TODAY

Giles Deacon AW06

London's most commercially promising young designer, previously at Gucci, gives up his ladylike look for a fresh modernist feel. Forget about the woman you wanted to be and embrace the coy hard-ass you know you are.



Ali MacGraw in Love Story

Love the hair and the pea coat, but could do without those giant glasses.



Sugar-free Sweeties

Boots does a range of sweets for diabetics. Sounds medical, but delicious caramel drops contain no added sugar and only nine calories per sweet (which lasts for about 15 minutes!)



GONE TOMORROW



Roberto Cavalli

As if his fashion's crime against our vision wasn't grotesque enough, the ultra-tanned designer faces two years in prison for claiming renovations of his decadent villa as tax deductible business expenses.

Cambridge Liaisons

Much as we all may love Cambridge, we know that it is not the thriving metropolis that London is. This is never more apparent than when you decide to take someone you like on that special night out, only to find that you have exhausted the usual eating establishments and seen every film on at the cinema for the past three weeks. It can seem that there is nothing different and exciting to do, especially compared to the vast array on offer in the capital city.

If you don't have the disposable income to afford the London date to remember, why not use unique London experiences as your inspiration for dates in Cambridge? Swap travel expenses for alcohol money and have your 'London date' on the cheap without even having to leave Cambridge's fair spires far behind.

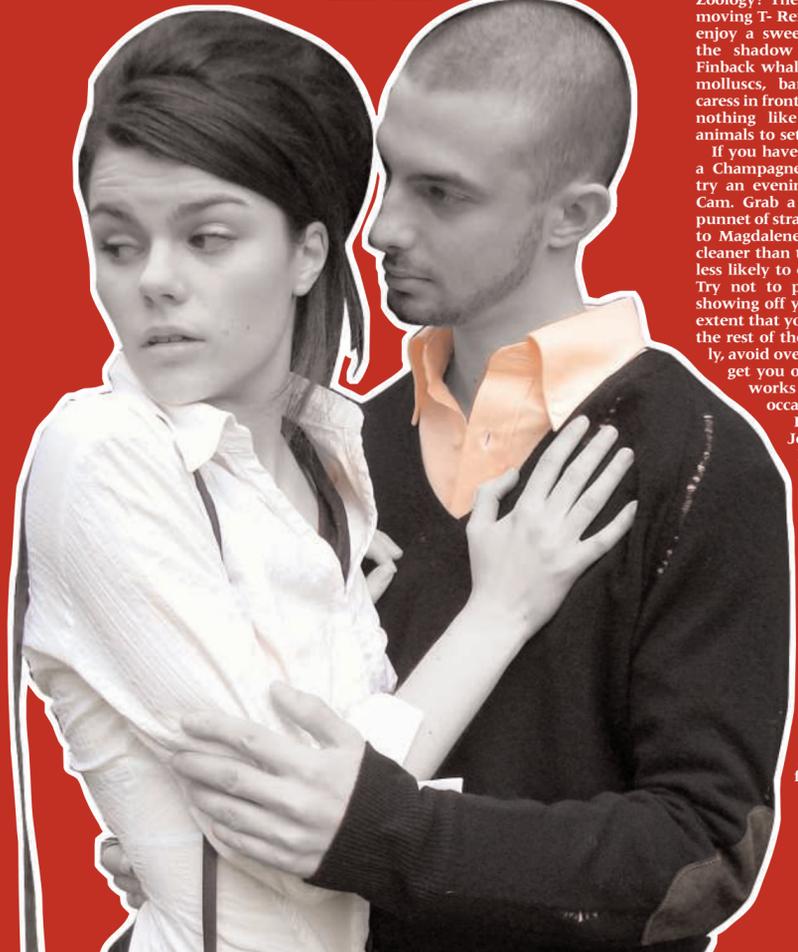
Get outside in the crisp Cambridge air by going on an open-top bus tour, as an equivalent to a London double-decker. There may not be as many sights to see as the many tourist attractions of London, but you may learn a few interesting facts about our little town, which can always be recycled on another date if this one goes drastically wrong. Enjoy the feeling of being a tourist - take a photo at every stop and wave at your bemused friends on the way back from supervisions. This is great for a 'trophy' date if you are with a particularly attractive individual, as you can be seen all over the town to ensure maximum gossip circulation.

Instead of venturing to the Natural History Museum, what about taking your beloved to the Museum of Zoology? There may not be a full-size moving T-Rex on display, but you can enjoy a sweet mid-afternoon kiss in the shadow of the skeleton of a Finback whale. Meander amongst the molluscs, banter amidst the birds, caress in front of the crocodiles. There's nothing like a room full of dead animals to set the mood.

If you have always wanted to go on a Champagne cruise on the Thames, try an evening of punting along the Cam. Grab a bottle of bubbly and a punnet of strawberries, and head along to Magdalene Bridge. The Cam is far cleaner than the Thames, and you are less likely to encounter a stray whale. Try not to physically exert yourself showing off your punting skills to the extent that you have no energy left for the rest of the night. Most importantly, avoid overturning the punt - "let's get you out of those wet clothes" works only on the rarest of occasions.

Be inventive: picnic on Jesus Green instead of in a London Park, dress up for the latest ADC production as if it was the latest Blues Rugby home match instead of to Twickenham, climb up to the top of St Mary's Church for views to rival the London Eye, or laugh together at a Footlights Smoker instead of at a comedy club. Amazing dates on a student budget - Cambridge may not be the new London, but maybe it's more interesting than we give it credit for.

Jenny Stocks



Arts



Music
The Cambridge DJs who refused to let their gap years end

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Theatre
The Footlights Spring Revue comes to town

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Classical
Mozart and his overlooked contemporaries

>>page 18



Literature
Do film adaptations spell the end for the novel as an art form?

>>page 18

Democratically speaking

While at Cambridge, his greatest moment in student theatre was destroying an ADC set. Now, his plays are performed all around the world. **Michael Frayn** talks to **Was Yaqoob** and **Ed Blain**

Greatness begins at Cambridge, or so goes the received wisdom. Fry and Laurie were first funny at Cambridge, Germaine Greer made her name at Cambridge, and Burgess and Maclean first started spying at Cambridge. How refreshing, therefore, to meet a man who didn't make his name while at Cambridge, but nevertheless went on to greatness.

Michael Frayn, the man who made Chekhov funny in translation, did not have a promising beginning as a thespian. He originally intended to begin his acting career at the ADC, but got off to an inauspicious start.

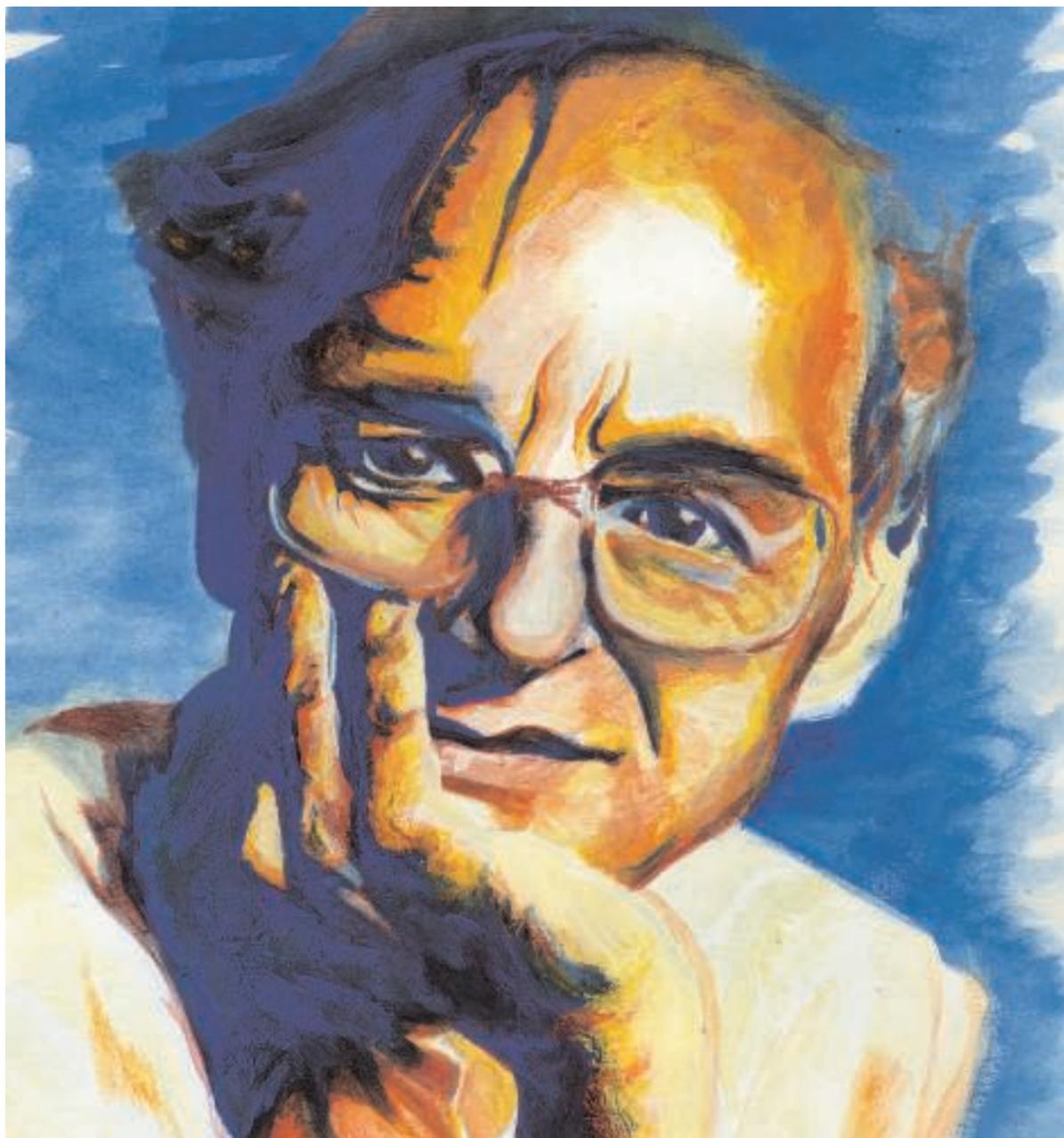
During a production of Gogol's *The Inspector General*, he tried to exit the stage through a door. It was jammed. Frayn pushed again, and the whole wall collapsed. He wryly notes now that the sound of sardonic clapping that followed put him off acting for life.

With rather more success, Frayn turned his hand to writing. Considering himself an irredeemable outcast from the ADC, he joined the Footlights, hoping to find a more sympathetic audience for his so far unintentional comic talents.

He recalls that at the time the group had no permanent residence, but instead met at a clubhouse in Lion Yard. This was the setting, he wistfully recalls, of the rehearsals for their annual May Week show, which traditionally spent two weeks in Cambridge before moving to London for a further three weeks. Frayn wrote the first Footlights May Week show that did not go to London. In his own words, he was left with "sour grapes".

Forty years later, Frayn is the acclaimed author of what is possibly the funniest farce in the English language, *Noises Off*. The farce revolves around a play-within-a-play, in which we see, from the wings, actors coming and going from the stage of a disastrous provincial theatre production. Perhaps it's Frayn's meditation on his ADC debut. Frenetic and funny, *Noises Off* sticks two fingers up at the notion that success at Cambridge is a prerequisite for success in the big, bad world beyond the citi4 bus route. So much for Footlights.

So where, we ask, did the roots of the unexpected trajectory of his career lie? Frayn was in Cambridge during his National Service. The Berlin Airlift of 1948 and the dramatic political events of the Cold War's beginnings led him to learn



RACHEL MILLER

Russian at the Joint Services School for Linguists, based near Cambridge. The school, which also claimed as a graduate Frayn's friend Alan Bennett, taught a course that Frayn laconically describes as being "fairly general".

Luckily, aside from the basics, it took in the greats of Russian literature, including Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*. His interest in Russian has never abated. Later in life, whilst working as a journalist for the *Guardian* and the *Observer*, Frayn travelled to Russia with Harold Macmillan on his visit to Khrushchev. He has not returned since the collapse of Communism, although

“THEATRE IS A MIDDLE-CLASS INTEREST, BUT IS DOESN'T HAVE TO BE”

his Tony award winning-play *Copenhagen* is currently being performed in Moscow.

He has certainly built on his early dallings with Russian culture. Frayn has translated five of Chekhov's plays; *The Seagull*, *Uncle Vanya*, *The Cherry Orchard*, *Three Sisters*, and the rarely performed *Wild Honey*. How comfortable did he feel working with Russian classics? He immediately raises the problems of translation.

"There's no such thing as translation," he says, echoing T.S. Eliot's sentiments. Explaining further, he adds that "some words, like typewriter, are very similar [to its

equivalent in Russian] but idiomatic usage is embedded in the language that it is a part of. The character has to say what he would have said if he were a native."

Our interview took place as the Danish cartoon controversy erupted. With this in mind, we asked for his thoughts on the potentially offensive nature of theatre. "It's ridiculous to take offence at what you see," Frayn said. "It can be", he continued, "attributed to the power of plays and cartoons that people can get worked up – more so that religious people can be offended. When people get offended about things it's because they are not quite certain about them themselves. Self persuasion is easily undermined."

Without meaning to sound too contrary, we asked Frayn whether he saw a tension between the iconoclastic impulses of theatre directors to shock, and their comfortably middle-class audiences. Is it possible to be edgy with Arts Council funding in one hand and a skinny latte in the other?

"Theatre is almost an entirely middle class interest," he replied, "but it doesn't have to be." He adds that plays do not always have to be torn between pandering to audience and crude resorts to shock tactics.

He flags up the success of *Jerry Springer: The Opera*, which we all agreed was a fantastic show. Contrary to what the *Mail* would have us believe, it intelligently confronted persistent stereotypes without playing to empty theatres. People who may never have been to the theatre before went to see it because it spoke about a cultural background that was different to that of the average theatre-goer, without being condescending. Theatre at a national level need not always resort to the cloning of high culture staples accessible only to a few.

Which brings us neatly back to student theatre. Referring back to university, Frayn mentions the difficulties of balancing experiment with mass-appeal in the big bad world of commerce, and ponders how to choose between the enormous opportunities afforded to writers, directors and performers. Student audiences are often more willing than other demographics to grapple with more adventurous and, dare we say it, without blushing, more experimental productions.

And, if these productions end up playing to empty houses then the actors can always resort to Michael Frayn's own version of 'bringing down the house'.

Get up, Stand up, Lively-Up Yourself

Sam Mumba, John Pickavance and Mo Salih examine Cambridge's Reggae Renaissance...

Reggae was founded upon the grossest of musical devices, and what many at the age of three may have thought a clever idea, the off beat. Yet it can offer with its subtlety the most engaging of experiences. I guess for some people there is nothing more to music than moping around trying to look cool because everyone else is.

But reggae is not just about white boys with dreadlocks who like their homous fair trade. It's about being yourself in your own world, your own trance, your own experience.

Reggae is ingrained in most facets of the Cambridge urban music scene however, until recent years it has been heavily unrepresented. Home-grown artists like DJ Lionheart, DJ Jeff and the Bubblers have broken through previous barriers to entry and have been rapidly growing in support, helping the Cambridge reggae platform to gain momentum. When asked his views on reggae's growing popularity in Cambridge, DJ Rah replied "until the philosophy which holds one race superior and another inferior is finally and permanently discredited and abandoned, we shall never have peace". Make of that what you wish.

New nights such as 'Badda dan dem,' and 'Revelations' have blossomed again after a period of silence. These nights are not just your average 'boogie' session. Lovely fresh-from-the-oven Caribbean beats, in a "lively-up yourself"

“

REGGAE ISN'T JUST ABOUT WHITE BOYS WITH DREADLOCKS

”

groove rhythm with fairly cheap drinks make 'Badda dan dem' a special night. The reggae offered is both roots-culture and roots-dance-hall, including some of the most popular artists from both genres, such as Anthony-B, Luciano, Horace Andy and the Legend himself, Bob Marley. Bashment, Dance-hall, ragga, soca, hip-hop and R&B are also part of

the collection on these nights.

Stevie Judah is the man who gets the decks rolling for 'Revelations'. Sadly, this night only rolls around on the last Friday of the month, and is held at Legends, situated at Cambridge City FC off Milton road. This makes it a bit of trek for most students. That and insufficient publicity on the promoters' side has led to a patchy outcome on these nights. As dem say 'Ya dunno whatchya gon' get! Fe real!' The last of these was held on January 27 and featured DJs Gizarda and MixDat. It was meant to be a sell-out but it only started building in numbers when there was less than half an hour of playtime.

Nevertheless, it had a plethora of tunes that set one's skeletal frame harmonizing in motion with the melodic rhythms and bass. Lest we forget 'One good thing about music: when it hits you, you feel no pain!' (Bob Marley). This was the vibe that Legends had to offer and even bigger nights are scheduled for the coming months. With upcoming nights at Fitz, John's and Clare, and the current ascendancy of Nice Up (the Shakedown), reggae is definitely coming to our streets!

...while Jacqui Tedd learns how everyone should get down, nice-up and boogie

Sam Leon and Mike Misiewicz just "wanted to play some rockers, some reggae." This was the motivation behind starting their string of successful 'Nice Up' nights. While there are already a host of good reggae nights around Cambridge, most require a bike ride that lazy students are not prepared to make. The 'Nice Up' boys wanted to host a night nearer the town centre, allowing us poor, porter-restricted kids to party past midnight on at least one week night. So, the Kambar on a Monday for drunken dancing it was.

Their ethos is fairly DIY.

Forget professionalism, it's about getting as many people involved as possible. And for £1, no-one can really complain.

While they are not exactly sure what 'Nice Up' means (they first heard it used on a song on the 'Real Rock' riddim by Michigan and Smiley called 'Nice Up The Dance'), the name compels them to keep on playing those reggae tunes.

But there is something even for the non-reggae fan. Rocksteady, ska, 80s dancehall, dub, ragga, dubwise d'n'b, future dancehall, have all featured. Their only driving force is to produce a mix that

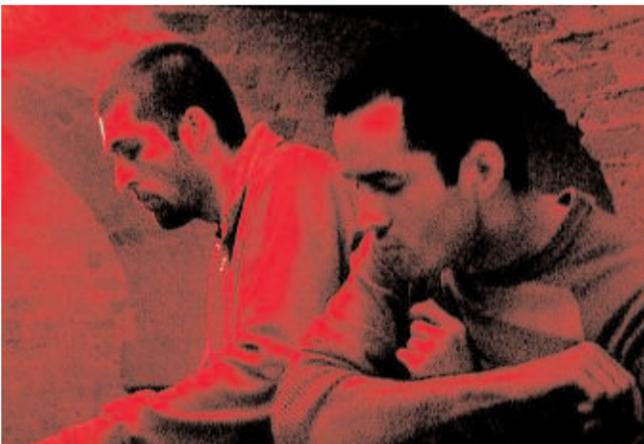
"keeps drunk people as interested in the music as drunk people at Kambar can be."

The next 'Nice Up' is branching out further with the djs trying out the sound of the Rio Favelas. "Its been trendified by M.I.A's 'Bucky Dun Gun,' which is based solely on a Rio Funk beat, sort of wild, bumping, a bit primitive on the production side - maybe even sexy - lots of shouty female vocals anyway." And what more could we possibly want?

Catch the next Nice Up - The Booty Shakedown on Monday February 27 at the Kambar



C2C, Inja and Skuff - Clare Cellars, February 17



So here was one of the most interesting and truly exciting line-ups to have hit a Cambridge college ent for several months. But where was all the hype? Where was all the interest? Nowhere to be seen, as usual.

And, as per usual, this venue took far too long to heat up, and hence the night followed the same monotonous format: where the hell is everyone, when's this place gonna fill up; warm-up act (in this case, very good) plays to a less than half-full room; bar closes; people finally come in and vibe; night ends with everyone feeling a bit cheated and wanting more.

Why can't people make the effort to leave their college bar just a bit earlier? Apologies - rant over.

The headliners tonight were none other than C2C, four-man French DJ crew, and three-times DMC Team

World Champions - a feat that allows them to join the ranks of Mix Master Mike and Q-Bert. "Who?" I hear most of you asking. What a shame that DJs this good - world class, in fact - aren't actually that well known.

Anyway, their show was mind-blowing. Four DJs on a turntable each, scratching the hell out of all sorts of samples and records to create new tunes on the fly.

Individual routines showcasing each DJ's skills; fresh beats created on the MPC, over which some insane scratching was produced.

They topped all this off with a seriously dancefloor-friendly set - including the Beastie Boys, Beyonce, A Tribe Called Quest and more - but all done in serious style.

It's just a shame that - as usual - A Cellars night didn't get the attendance it deserved.

Nikhil Shah

No Sex Please, We're New Wave Was Yaqoob hangs out in the staff room



What do we want?" Young Knives drummer Oliver Askew looks bemused. He haltingly, almost shamefacedly replies, "Sex...?" This improbable virility seems believable in the lounge-lizard ambience of an empty Soul Tree. But not that believable. The band are, after all, dressed like a trio of sham-bolic Geography teachers doing Elvis Costello impressions, complete with patches and thrift-store tweed (with stains - kids, this is REAL LIFE). So the first and last potential soundbite of the interview, like DiCaprio drowning at the end of *Titanic*, slips away anticlimactically with a sigh of grateful collective relief.

Thankfully, fears of tired and embarrassingly sexed-up injunctions to *dance* indie kid! *dance!* fade as well. The Young Knives have been around rather too long to jive with the new-wave and white-funk revivalist clichés of Franz et al. Their admirably spiky debut

Are Dead was released in 2002, before it was deemed acceptable to dance 'proper' to indie in clubs without being kicked firmly in the balls by someone pissed on Strongbow.

“

WE'RE SIMPLE. WE DON'T SIT AROUND AND STUDY XTC

”

So what do they think they sound like? Henry comments "I can see comparisons to the Pixies, and maybe McLusky - I'd like to think we have the same bitter humour in us". He adds, more dubiously, "and Adam and the Ants as well - we love those guys." I wince.

He grunts, unimpressed, "But I think people read too much into possible musical influences. We're simple. We don't sit around and study XTC." A summary then? "Melodies, noise, escapism."

Henry sells his band short. The Soul Tree is a venue so sterile it seems plausible it might lick its own balls clean when its customers have gone.

However, even here, their discordant power pop and frantic vocals are thrilling enough to get people dancing. They vary between the expected post-punk - propulsive basslines and jagged riffs ('Weekends and Bleakdays') to unsettling kitchen-sink dramas that conjure up the Pixies scrapping with Alan Bennett ('She's Attracted to...'). One of Henry's earlier comments, however, was somewhat prescient. The band's relentless early-Pixies-isms - thudding but somewhat clean bass, mildly overdriven guitar and pounding drums are simpler and less creative than his intriguing lyrics.

Henry's strangled, almost Tom Waits-esque voice, lends gravity to an otherwise somewhat musically limited repertoire. As does the undeniable stage presence of what, from a distance, looks like three flailing nerds engaging in incongruous rock and roll fun.

The Young Knives are refreshing, if not groundbreaking. As they undramatically leave the stage, it's hard not to wish them success - albeit of an undramatic kind. If only to see school Geography department chic come back in.



BLATHERWICK

An internet rumour this week claimed Pete Doherty was an invention of the KLF. They were the ones that burnt £1m and fired empty rounds into the audience at the Brits way back when. It's blatant untruth, but imagine if other pop stars were just inventions. What if Adam Ant conceived Busted? What if Girls Aloud had been formed on national TV? What then? Is this pop world we're living in a world of lies?

If all bands are hoaxes do they split before they get found out? The Rifles are meant to be playing The Soul Tree on Wednesday, yet on their website we're told they're sadly no more. I'd go along and see for yourself. Strangely, there's two gigs at the Junction on Thursday. You may have heard of the Fun Lovin' Criminals, but they're actually quite bad, aren't they? Go see Broken Family Band instead. In support are The Shivers, also from Cambridge, and ploughing a similarly weird alt-country furrow. Clare Cellars on Friday have Fat Poppadaddys. Queens' have a Motown night on Saturday, whilst The Video Club is on at the Kambar next Thursday, with good live music and student DJs.



THE CLASSICAL COLUMN JAMES DRINKWATER

A bumper fortnight of classical concerts begins tonight with an appropriately eclectic, if bizarrely incongruous programme of Wagner (Prelude to Act I of Parsifal), Milhaud ('Le Boeuf sur le Toit') and Rachmaninov (Second Symphony) – one might call this 'from leitmotif to idée fixe via the tango' – conducted by **Julian Black** under the auspices of **TCMS** (24th Feb, Trinity Chapel, 8PM, £5).

Contrastingly, the **Academy of Ancient Music** this Monday offer a tightly-knit programme of music for string orchestra in the 'Empfindsamer Stil': two CPE Bach Hamburg string symphonies, two violin concertos – Haydn's virtuosic C major concerto (the one that isn't on the Grade 8 syllabus!) and in D minor by Franz Benda – and, by Mozart, the Adagio and Fugue in C minor (in the putative string orchestra arrangement), and a D major divertimento from his seventeenth year (27th Feb, West Road, 7.30PM, £12-£25).

Next at West Road (1st March, 7.30PM, £11.50), the also-resident **Endellion Quartet** play Haydn's first 'Tost' quartet (Op.54/1), the first Beethoven 'Razumovsky' quartet in F major, and the earlier D minor quartet of William Alwyn, a not insubstantial work: excellent playing guaranteed from this ensemble, who are now, on the retirement of the Lindsays, nationally unrivalled.

CUSO (WR, 2nd March, 7.30PM, £4) make their first appearance of term with alumnus **Richard Birchall's** account of the Elgar Cello Concerto for many bound to be the star attraction (Birchall last heard in his near-flawless account of the Dvorak with CUMS I in November 2004). Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony and Holst's 'Somerset Rhapsody' make popular if unenterprising book-ends.

For those not yet struggling with the financial (let alone academic) crises such an onslaught of quality concerts can induce, the flamboyant cellist **Steven Isserlis** continues the trend a week today (3rd March) with three Schubert chamber works: the beautifully unforced though not arrestingly profound 'Arpeggione' Sonata, the rarely-heard B-flat String Trio, and the surer masterpiece, his second E-flat Piano Trio (WR, 7.30PM, £10-£23).

The **Sagittarian Consort** (Trinity Chapel, 8PM, £5/3) then take once more to battle on 4th March, this time pitting Bach's *Johannes-Passion* against **CUCO's** second offering of term (WR, 8PM, £3) – Haydn's 'Imperial' Symphony, Mozart's D minor Piano Concerto (alumnus **Nicholas Rimmer**, soloist) and celebrity-conductor **James MacMillan's** thrilling symphonic 'Tryst', which, on this occasion, will probably steal the spoils.

Finally, for those who like permanent records, a notice that DVDs of the recent *Varsity*-acclaimed performance of 'Les Incas du Pérou' are available from James Halliday (jkh31) of Caius College.

When others dream for you

Jonny Ensall looks at the bigger picture and asks: have films made books obsolete?

A couple of centuries ago the lady at leisure would find time, after visiting the poor, doing needlework, attending father and other such stuff of Austen novels, to bury her head in a good book. Or, as is parodied in Austen's *Northanger Abbey*, a bad book, like the trash fiction of some of the poorer 19th century Gothic novels. Comparable to watching too much TV, reading could be a form of indulgence disapproved of by parents and peers. Yet today any form of reading, even of the God-awful *Da Vinci Code*, is encouraged by society because it's generally thought better to have the population buried in the sensationalist crap of religious superstition than the sensationalist crap of *The X-Factor*.

TV and films are the new trash. People wanting shallow entertainment have turned their eyes from the pages of novels to their TV, cinema or computer screens where titillating action is available in graphic detail for almost anyone who wants to see it, and is often unavoidable for those who don't. All this serves to give literature kudos as a more distinguished art form. Yet books can of course be shallow and titillating as much as films, it's just that reading requires a brain to translate words into images. Whatever filthy pictures we have in our heads when reading are this way safely contained in our heads.

Thus when filthy pictures we thought would stay contained hit the big screen we are often shocked. But also we are relieved that we no longer have to think up filthy pictures for ourselves. If films are thought of in their simplest terms as projections of some of the images humans are capable of dreaming up, then as film-watchers do we necessarily

need to dream up our own images any more? Has the film-maker made literary dreaming obsolete? It could, on the other hand, be essential that we now return to literature and re-engage our brains before we become lazy dreamers, completely desensitised to the extreme possibilities of the psyche?

“DO WE BECOME LAZY DREAMERS, DESENSITIZED TO POSSIBILITIES?”

For the case for literature, books offer things that films cannot. Take, for example, Jonathan Safran-Foer's excellent novel, *Everything Is Illuminated*. In it Foer describes his travels to the Ukraine to try and find the village of his grandfather's birth. He enlists the help of 'Ukrainian Heritage Tours' – a small company run by an inept family team. The genius of this book lies in the interconnectedness of its narratives. The story is told from three different, slowly converging perspectives (Foer, his guide and a history of Trachimbrod) that take the reader from deep in the past through into the present and from person to person. The result is a beautifully woven together novel that forms a lot more than the sum of its parts. It creates ideas that rise above the surface of the words to form a beautiful, fragile sense of what history, family and love can mean.

So, it would seem strange that director Liev Schreiber should choose to adapt such a narratively complex novel into a simplified feature. Yet, the film has a few tricks up its sleeve. It probes similarly sensitive areas of consciousness as the book, but rather than using narrative trickery it uses the colour palette of the artist and the musical scale of the impresario. A beautiful image and a sweeping musical score can have the same power to tweak our emotional knobs as a literary description.

And so we arrive at the main question, whether or not to see the epic *Da Vinci Code* movie on its release. If you want to preserve your lingering thoughts about how interesting the book was, maybe it's not the best idea to go and watch the Hollywood blockbuster. It is not the shallow design of the film (unashamedly titillating its audience with numinous terrors) that separates it from the novel, for this is a common purpose of both art forms. It is rather what they offer us sensorially, and here there is no common ground. On one side: engaging yet slow burning ideas, on the other: immediate artistic stimulation. Each is valuable,

each is precious, and don't let the disgruntled faces leaving the multiplex convince you otherwise.



A 'Marriage' of Convenience

CUOS's 'Figaro' is weighed and found wanting



With *The Marriage of Figaro*, Mozart set out to shock. Quite reasonably, much of the promotional literature for CUOS's West Road production refers to the undoubted revolutionary undercurrents of the play, but it is essential to appreciate that by shocking, we don't mean Mozart simply pandered to the cries of the politically oppressed – much more that he investigates with supreme insight situations which make not just the characters but audiences of all estates feel emotionally uncomfortable, offended, even hurt.

Director Nick Blackburn's interpretation certainly kicks off with an anxious energy, although it is a shame such a *prestissimo* shuffling of feet should drown out the overture – amazing more for its electrifying formal precision than its

energetic abandon. Our eyes settle on a scantily furnished, historically-neutral stage, dominated by three bare wooden frames, which throughout the evening will serve by turns as pages from a wedding photo album, closet walls, hedges, windows, and, predictably, fences to hurdle. But this is about as formally structured as the conception gets. Forced to negotiate an absurd cluttering of on-stage chairs, the cast themselves are clad in modern, almost casual dress, with Barbarina, the wonderfully impish Cherubino (Lucy Taylor, previously Andronico in 'Tamerlano', looking quite the part) and the feudal virgins the only characters in anything like period costume.

Least becoming is the Countess (Augusta Hebbert), who in an unflattering polka-dot dress appears more fed-up than suicidally heartbroken in

the aria, which in Jeremy Sams translation is rendered as the strangely Medelssohnian 'Hear my prayer' (better known as 'Porgi, amor'). This is symptomatic of the portrayal of a 'court' in which there is little visual or behavioural social stratification, no initial code of propriety or decorum which is eventually broken. A telling example is with the undressing of Cherubino: da Ponte indicates the frail Countess should sit apart from the boy who kneeling, gazes bashfully at her from a distance; in this production she actively assists in his pinning down, and is all but swept up in the whole emasculatory procedure, humorous though it is!

The significance of acts of physical transgression or entrapment (literal and metaphorical) is most severely weakened in the Act II Finale, but this has as much to do with

the singers' interaction with the audience, as between themselves. Their vocal technique is of course beyond reproach – in fact, it is almost too good. More than half the cast are choral scholars, which makes for excellent articulation and phrasing. But in opera, this is only half the battle: the intonation and characterization behind the notes is where the real dramatic moment lies. Notably, too few of the shifts between posture and sincerity, surprise and relief, calculation and entanglement register vocally and physically in the performers (the spontaneity of Figaro's decision to play Susannah at her own game in Act IV for example is completely lost). One fears that the cast may assume that because they are singing in the vernacular, their motives and actions are more easily understood: in fact, singing in English increases the pressure to overcome domestic familiarity and lend sufficient weight to the plot.

Credit must be given to Jonny Sells (Count), who positively exudes aristocratic hauteur, and to Mary Bevan (Susanna) – unfailingly intelligible, if far too grown up for a girl whose beauty is her whimsical generosity of spirit: their Act III duet was thrillingly acted and comically winning. But unfortunately, the general lack of attention to historical formalities, perhaps in attempt to be more accessible and approachable, makes the experience in general messy, and diminishes the actions of dressing, undressing, addressing and redressing to what at times seems like foolish games.

James Drinkwater

Bored of Mozart?

Mozart has all the trappings of a modern celebrity. His name is known around the world, his CDs have sold millions of copies and he's got more biographies than Mariah Carey. He even has his own brand of sickly-sweet cakes.

All this tends to obscure the fact that other people actually wrote music in the eighteenth century as well; 2006 is not only Mozart's 250th, but Joseph Martin Kraus's too. Yes, the famous Joseph Martin Kraus, or 'the Swedish Mozart', as he was occasionally known. Younger than Mozart by four months, he eventually became a member of the same Masonic lodge.

Inevitably, child prodigies going by the epithet of 'the [insert name of country here] Mozart' became ubiquitous, and in England that honour fell to the rather unfortunately named William Crotch. His concert career began at the age of three, although he was eventually better known as a teacher and composer. Today, he is probably best known for his psalm chants and his gloriously mellifluous anthem *Lo! Star-Led Kings*, which are still part of the standard repertory for choirs.

There was even a 'Basque Mozart', Juan Crisostomo de Arriaga. A promising career was cut short by his early death, at only 19. His work shows great talent and he won many competitions during his brief life. Sadly, much of it has survived only in fragments.

Amidst all the Mozart-worship, it is easy to forget the host of lesser-known contemporaries whose music is too often overshadowed by his. There is much of theirs that is worth listening to. Now have another Mozartkuchen.

Caroline Waight

Back to the retrofuture

Jeff James weighs up *Measure for Measure*

In Charlie Arrowsmith's riotously fun adaptation the corrupt deputy Angelo rules a Vienna of the "retrofuture." The company manages the difficult feat of extracting the real humour of the text, whilst some excellent principals ensure that we engage with their trials.

Spencer Hughes and Bella Heesom play Angelo and Isabella. When Isabella comes to plead for her brother's life (condemned for kissing a boy in a phone box) the scrupulous Angelo feels the pull of his libido. Hughes' calm authority allows us to believe him and to feel Isabella's torment when he tells her that "my false o'erweighs your true."

Although recasting Isabella's brother's lover as a man is interesting, having the

portly Provost as an S&M bitch-queen is not: Sarah Lambie is just not nasty enough. The production is at its best when rediscovering the text's own humour: Andy Wimbush's Lucio and Annabel Lloyd as the chav-tastic Pompey succeed in making their scurrilous jibes laugh-out-loud funny.

One of the greatest joys in the play is the series of all-too-brief cameos. Owen Holland excels as Mistress Overdone in high heels and a shock-white beehive wig. Lizzie Crarer lights up the stage as Angelo's jilted girlfriend Mariana, while Sam Hinton and Patrick Oldham are great as gay executioner and unruly victim.

This colourful background sometimes makes it hard for the central characters to grab

our full attention. Alexandra Finlay is the scheming Duke. Her narrative speeches are difficult and we are distracted by Charlotte Watson's crazed prisoner acting up behind her. Finlay grows into the part and she makes good sense of the ending. The company's reaction to the Duke's unmasking makes the audience feel their shock, despite the fact that we've known her identity for the whole play.

A rocking soundtrack and the novelty of a stripped-out stage ensure that the fine cast are consistently engaging and fun. This is a sexed-up, finked-up, fucked-up Bard. Go see it before it's shut down by Cambridgeshire County Council.

Measure for Measure is on at the ADC until Saturday



JAMIE MARLAND

View from the gods



The Varsity Elect Pass Judgement, with **Luke Roberts, Lydia Wilson & Osh Jones**

Zeus: So, Poseidon, how was *The Father* at the Corpus Playroom? Poseidon: Well, Zeus, thanks for asking. It was rubbish. God knows why you'd stage this novelistic abortion of a play. At any moment when it looks like something interesting might actually happen between two of the characters on stage, they

quickly start facing the audience and talking about things that happened before to no one in particular. Most of the actors seem to have given up in the face of this textual adversity, except for a valiant effort by Casi Dylan as Margaret, the nurse.

Mars: Poseidon, you're a talented cynic. *Singin' in the Rain* was a joy! The current CUMTS generation is blessed with a team of angels who make musicals in this town possible; here they descend as the trenchcoated chorus have a genuine presence as they glitter across the stage in a versatile array of comedy cameos and tap dancing dons. These guys have trained. Impeccable casting across the board, the leads achieve the iconic status within the production which their characters hold in the film. The production capitalises on the cinematic space of the Arts Theatre; not only in the projected silent films but somehow in the clarity of its delivery and sense of itself as pictorial tableau – which it skilfully melts away from at moments of intimacy.

Poseidon: Did you get a free glass of wine in the interval?

Mars: Yes I did Poseidon. Did you Zeus?

Zeus: NO. If *Measure for Measure* at the ADC had been a glass of wine it would have been dry and cheap with a desperately sexed up and

pretentious label. Despite some beautiful cameo roles by Lizzie Crarer, Sarah Lambie and Oli Rose the production desperately failed to engage an audience with its ridiculous glam and bad comedy. Packed with vile modern stereotypes, toilet humour and some truly awful performances, it did no justice to exquisite writing. It presented a truly middle-class conception of an oh-so dark and trashy world. You wouldn't believe it; they had GAY people, TRANSVESTITES, and PROSTITUTES on stage! Wow. Emphasis is too often placed on aesthetic in Cambridge, surely we should be trying to create an interesting dynamic between the characters onstage. I can't deny that an incredible energy exuded the production. It's just a shame that the energy was misplaced.

Poseidon: Let me talk Zeus. I saw *The Beautiful Child* at the playroom. The script really sang through, and it was, in essence, a truly enjoyable and engaging production. There were flaws – some acting was full of rather too much hatred for the character being played, some acting simply weak – but the damage done was negligible. In particular, Ben Reizenstein and Emma Hiddleston gave really engaging performances.

Zeus: I think I'll go and see that tonight!

Poseidon: You should.

Roll Up! Roll Up!

Lowri Jenkins interviews comic hydra Tom Kingsley, Tom Sharpe and Tom Williams about writing the *Footlights Spring Revue*

It's a stressful, serious day when I huff down Castle St to meet the three Toms, Kingsley, Sharpe and Williams, behind this year's *Footlights Spring Revue*. After discovering my bike is broken, noticing it's starting to rain and having my belt fall off three times as I power-walk over Magdelene Bridge, things are looking gloomy. It's this kind of unnecessary gloom which the *Circus* is trying to alleviate.

When we settle into a booth at Tatties on Trinity Street, Tom Sharpe picks up on this. He describes *Circus* as a week-long anti-gloom protest

feet." (Tom Kingsley laughs incredulously, "but that's just what clowns do!")

Aside from our clown-hating friend, there's something refreshingly inclusive about a circus. Accessibility seems to be a key part of what the trio are trying to achieve. They explain that a lot of the motivation for doing *Circus* came from a desire to connect with both audience and humour in a more direct and light-hearted way. All three are regulars at Smokers, and well-established *Footlights* members; do you think our Cambridge comedians take themselves a little too seriously?

"There's just this paranoia that if you're in *Footlights*, you have to do something worthwhile," Sharpe says.

The three nod in vehement agreement. Williams talks about the reactions of people in his college, occasional Smoker-goers, who "feel like the people on stage are funny because they know they're funny."

"There is sometimes quite an anti-*Footlights* vibe," Tom Sharpe says in between mouthfuls of a baguette, "Just like "Oh, God, not more of this". Hopefully because we've made such a big deal about trying not to be like that, the audience will warm to it a bit more. We're trying to make sure that it's not alienating in any way."

It helps that the cast, although all very busy (and funny) Cambridge performers, are not ingrained in that *Footlights* inner circle. All three agree that the rehearsal process and development of *Circus* has not been hindered by any of the actors simply trying to perform 'their type of comedy'.

"And the characters are very memorable as well," Tom Kingsley says, "these are really real people."

"We want everyone to come and watch," the remaining Tom concludes, "we don't just want the *Footlights* crowd that come to Smokers every two weeks. We want people who hardly ever go to comedy or theatre."

"We want the engineers!" Sharpe declares, "From Girton!"

Williams insists that all they want is a crowd full of people who want a good time and are willing to take life a little less seriously. It's a refreshing change that comedy in Cambridge feels so inclusive.

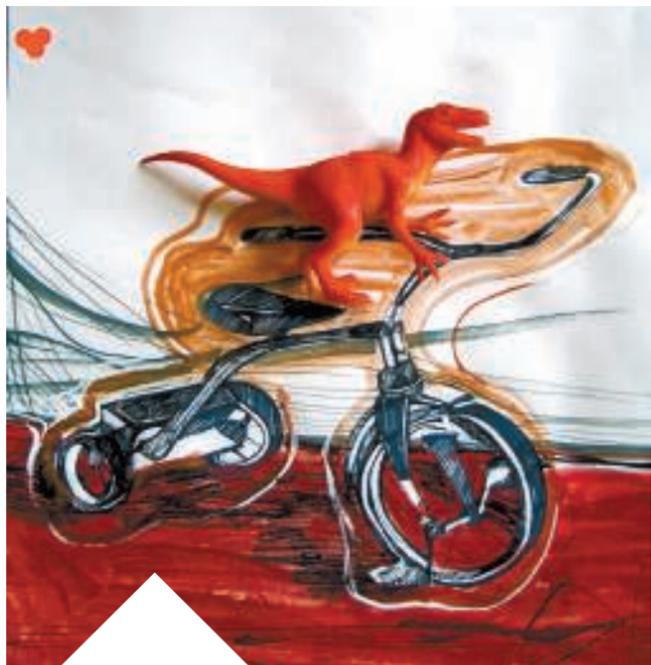
The Footlights Circus is on at the ADC next week at 7.45pm



See www.varsity.co.uk for a definitive review guide to Cambridge theatre, including every ADC main show and ADC late show reviewed, every week. This week: *The Third Policeman* and *Measure for Measure*

After the End of Art?

Richard Braude and Simone Westermann delve deep into the mysterious world of performance art



must be live.

Performance art grew out of a German art movement called Fluxus, which staged conceptual events devised without the need for planning, or even an audience. Sometimes it offers a genuine critique of social issues; in every case it ought to push artistic boundaries. The "actions" staged by Beuys, for example, were rituals intended to heighten our appreciation of everyday objects. One of his performances, for example, involved sitting in a tub of water with flashlights attached to each thigh.

Debates could run and run on whether this is futile exhibitionism or an insightful juxtaposition of the flashy exterior self with the intimacy and solitude of bathing. Other renowned examples include Alison Knowles' 'Variation No.1 on Proposition [1964]', 'Make A Soup (Proposition [1963]' being 'Make a Salad'), or Ben Vaulter's 'Three Hens' [1963], in which three hens are released and then caught. There are so many ways to interpret these things. Or not to, as the case may be. Eva and Adele, one of the most famous performing duos, claim to be 'The Beginning after the End of Art'. In a world where Rolf Harris can try to replicate any masterpiece for the BBC, and works of art are cloned onto post-cards, mugs and t-shirts, one longs for an artistic medium that is fresh and surprising.

This is the real beauty of performance art - that any impulses or inane activities can be credited with artistic status. Being pointlessly intoxicated in a club can now constitute a conveyance of the repressed emotions of youth in a disposable culture. I knew it: Cindy's is art. And it doesn't stop there, as performance art filters into Cambridge in a variety of forms this month.

Tricycle is the brainchild of a group of students at King's. They stress that it is not an exhibition in the traditional sense, nor is it a play; rather something in between that diverges from the predictable dynamic of theatre. It is intended that the viewer will be immersed in the production, walking amongst the art and getting involved in it, as opposed to sitting soporific in the auditorium.

Clearly, the most important thing is to be original. The School of Pythagoras at St John's is to be the venue, and the performance is intended to take place on March 6. So if you've found yourself inspired or intrigued by the chicken-releasing, bath-displaying exploits of the performance artist, perhaps *Tricycle* will be something worth 'hopping onto' this term.

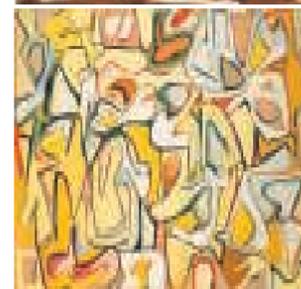
Tricycle will be showing at the School of Pythagoras at St. John's at 8pm, March 6. For more information please contact Richard Braude by e-mail at rb440@cam.ac.uk

"The best thing about the term performance art is that it includes just about everything you might want to do." So said the wise Laurie Anderson, pop singer, multimedia presenter and spoken word artist. Ah, I hear your cynicism setting in already - maybe you believe that she should stick to one thing, or you're just a bit confused about why she should call herself a performance artist; indeed, why should anyone? Performance art can involve anything - theatre, music, dance, speech, cookery, gardening, and physics. The only requirement is that it

“ ANY IMPULSES OR INSANE ACTIVITIES CAN BE CREDITED WITH ARTISTIC STATUS ... CINDY'S IS ART ”

Black Mountain

Jim Whittock sees North Carolina come to Kettle's Yard



Starting at Zero is about Black Mountain College, an arts community set up in 1933 in North Carolina which aimed to foster new ways of thinking amongst students, and to prepare them to deal responsibly with the complex problems thrown up the post-Depression era. Despite its brief existence, the college turned out to be one of the most productive experiments in the arts of the twentieth century, yielding an impressive set of alumni including the likes of Rauschenberg, de Kooning and Motherwell.

The writer Louis Adamic said in 1936 that the college needed to be experienced, and looking at the objects of Black Mountain's afterlife - poetic letters written between close friends, sketches mapping out complicated dance routines, abstract paintings, and a profound photographic record of day-to-day events - it is clear that this was no ordinary place.

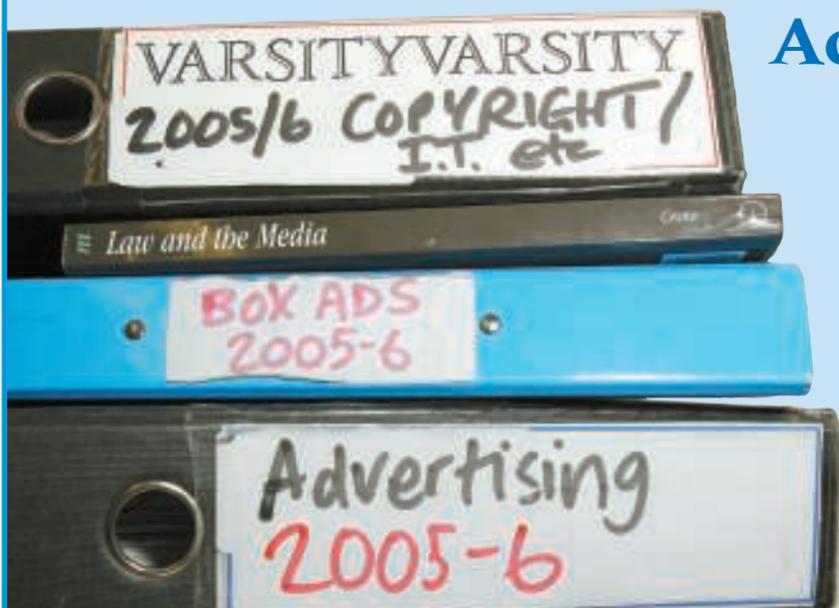
Black Mountain still has real relevance; from its rural hide-away, you could say that it set a standard for modern ways of thinking. Modern Art aims to cultivate flexibility of thought and challenges to tradition, just as the college did. Students at Black Mountain were trained to forget everything they thought they knew and to go back to basics. *Starting at zero* is what we will all be doing if we are to get our heads around this curious snapshot of an American cultural phenomenon.

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Madden, Movies and Madness

Elaine Craig meets John Madden, the Oscar-winning director of *Proof*

In 1998 John Madden's *Shakespeare in Love* picked up seven Oscars, including Best Picture and Best Actress for Gwyneth Paltrow. In *Proof*, Madden's new film, Gwyneth plays the daughter of a brilliant but mentally disturbed mathematician, trying to come to terms with her possible inheritance: his insanity.

This is, in fact the second time that Madden has directed *Proof*, having first dealt with the script in its original play form. Madden acknowledges there are some rather exceptional things a film can achieve that a play can't.

"One of the things movies can do is time travel," he says. A film can create "a mystery in the present with a solution in the past."

But the role of director in time travel is not as complicated as you might think.

Madden directs his cast with a meagre "here are the words". "It's a different matter if you're directing onstage: you need to deconstruct the material first. In a

“**MOVIES IN THE MIDDLE GROUND HAVE NOW DISAPPEARED**”

film, you only have to get it great once”.

The dialogue-driven nature of *Proof* made it difficult to shoot: exceptionally long takes ate up reels of

film. "It was odd to do it that way. Normally film works in tiny, bite-size chunks. That's one of the things that was challenging about it".

Madden's views on Hollywood are refreshingly optimistic. He disagrees that character-driven pieces are becoming a rarity. "If you look at films getting the attention this year in the nominations, they're smaller independent films that are about more difficult subjects.

They've paradoxically gained a currency because all the movies in the middle ground have disappeared now".

Nominations or not, Madden seems happy with *Proof*. Whether or not it wows the Oscars jury, he hopes that his film is going to reach out to the individual audience member with power and sensitivity.



Naoki Matsuyama is the winner of the Cinecam script writing competition. His short film *Change the World* is currently in production for release in Cambridge and beyond. Varsity asks him about his script, Cinecam and creativity in Cambridge.

Have you ever done anything with Cinecam before?

This is the first time I'm been involved in any Cinecam project and *Change the World* is the first script I've ever written. I had no idea what a film script would look like so I went searching for tutorials on the internet.

So how did you start the writing process?

With sporadic scribbles in my sketchbook. For the script, I tried to put down on paper exactly what was going on in my mind visually, without adding or subtracting anything.

So what was the final result? Could you write a teaser for the film?

Some students are sat in a college room drinking wine they have brought back from formal hall. They aggressively, but eloquently, discuss the situation in Iraq and its possible solutions. Their words however, sound hollow to the student next door who sits, quietly, in front of a computer screen.

So are you trying to say something specific about Iraq in the film?

No. The purpose is to stimulate debate and help the audience to examine themselves, especially Cambridge students. I want the audience to think about their own ideas as much as I did when I was writing the film.

How would you like your film to appear on screen?

As a mirror in which we can see ourselves.

What's going to happen to the film once it's made?

This project is going to be used to majorly launch Cinecam. It's going to be submitted to various festivals including Cambridge, London and Edinburgh.

Would you say that Cambridge is a creatively fertile place?

Well, what exactly do you mean by a 'creative' person? I've been getting into theoretical concepts of 'creativity' lately and it really pisses me off when people label me as a 'creative person', especially because I so often label myself and others that way since I got here. The answer to the question is: not very for the visual arts. It would be nice to see half as many visual arts events as football and rugby matches. Cinecam is doing a good job promoting a range of events, including this script writing competition, giving chances to people like me who didn't have a voice before.

Proof ★★★★★

I entered the cinema with trepidation; a film about maths and insanity? It sounded like a well-worn cliché. However, *Proof* isn't that bad, as it happens.

Gwyneth Paltrow plays Catherine Llewellyn, daughter of Robert Llewellyn (Anthony Hopkins); once a mathematical genius, whose brilliance is crippled by insanity. She is plagued by insecurities and paranoia; a mathematician herself, she harbors an overwhelming fear that she will end up as her father did.

When he dies, the hundreds of notebooks her father wrote in the final

three years of his life are trawled through by Hal (Gyllenhaal), a student of Robert's who wants to find something that will prove that out of insanity can come genius.

In his quest, Hal stumbles across a 'proof' which may be what he has been searching for. Inevitably for an American film, Hal and Catherine 'get it on', for want of a less cringe-worthy euphemism, and there is a pretty good twist in the middle, but not a lot actually happens.

However, this is not a weakness of the film - more of a reminder that it is adapted from a play of the same name.

The film is dominated by dialogue, and some scenes can seem slow and perhaps a little laboured; Gyllenhaal in particular, despite, we being simply lovely to look at, appears a little overwhelmed by the more verbose speeches. However, Paltrow slips very well into depressed melancholia, delivering dialogue which had the potential to be unbearably clichéd with a sensitivity that is arresting and unexpected.

But, surprised as I was by the quality of Paltrow's acting, I was equally disappointed by Hopkins' over-stated portrayal of the mad professor.

Proof carries with it the burden of comparison to *A Beautiful Mind*, the most notable 'maths genius goes mad' film, but it bears this burden well. The use of flash-backs and flash-forwards gives us a glimpse into the fractured minds of the two main characters, and the script, although very 'wordy', is sharp and well-paced.

What *Proof* does well above all, though, is to convey the message that the line between genius and insanity is sometimes thin; something that Cambridge students, would no doubt purport to know only too well.

Rachel Boston

When I was

21

Sheila Stern



After Cambridge (Newnham), Sheila worked in the Foreign Office, but had to leave because she married an 'alien' (Peter who was from Czechoslovakia). She continued to live in Cambridge, on Barton Road, where she taught French and translated Proust and Burckhardt. She replied to my questions a few weeks before she died on November 16 2005.

In what year were you 21 and what were you doing? Late June 1943, waiting for confirmation of my job at the Foreign Office after my degree results.

What were your illegal activities? Climbing in out of colleges after hours. The back gate of Trinity was tough. At Newnham a small door was left unlocked all night by the housekeeper and we were never caught. One girl in a ball-gown took it off and threw it over the railings, then couldn't climb over and had to appear at the night-porters' lodge in her underclothes.

What was your most prized possession? Books, including those of my boyfriend, Peter Stern, who was in the RAF from June 1941. There was a tussle with my tutor over my storing them but she gave way - Mrs Helen Palmer, the sister of the painter Henry Lamb.

What were you afraid of? Being late with essays. And being forced to go to underground air raid shelters, but this only lasted for two to three weeks of my first term. In London when I was 21 I had the same phobia and often eluded air raid wardens.

What made you angry? Xenophobia among some of my friends including anti-Americanism. They were suspicious too of my foreign boyfriend in chief.

What did you eat? All meals were provided in college and were very decent - stewed peaches with ham I remember - superior to most other colleges. Chinese and Indian

meals out. A Chinese restaurant was bombed (next to the Union) and the cook got away with all the rice.

What music did you listen to? Classical at the Music School off Downing Street, choral works in King's, the organ-loft at King's where a friend, later a composer, had an organ scholarship. Once we climbed up onto the roof with a large pot full of tea.

What was the most rebellious thing you did? Took off on a sunny Sunday with a Newnham friend on the pillions of two motorbicycles, arranging for others to sign me off dinner etc. We went to Ashdown Forest and picnicked, my friend in terror of seeing some family acquaintances as she lived not far away. Taking a short rest from our exhilarating ride, we watched a soldier and a girl come down to the road to wait for a bus. They kissed and separated and we looked in total silence till the bus left. It was very important to all four of us. We got back safely and had a noisy supper in Selwyn.

What did you hope to be? A writer, perhaps a journalist.

What do you wish you had known then that you know now? The college library was the best place to work - U.L. too full of encounters. That I should have worked more, though I knew that then.

Good Night & Good Luck ★★★★★



George Clooney's second directorial feature has made a considerable impact. A stylish and thought-provoking film, *Goodnight, and Good Luck* is exactly the kind of project to build on the credentials Clooney has earned recently, working with indie favourites Steven Soderbergh and the Coen Brothers.

Set in the 50s, the film makes stylistic nods to period cinema with its evocative iconography of cigarette smoke curling seductively against the black and white cinematic palette. However, alongside this sumptuous aesthetic there sits a disorientating documentary edge that brings home the subject matter of the film.

Goodnight, and Good Luck is about the reports of war correspondent Edward R. Murrow, who used his TV shows to challenge Senator McCarthy's reactionary accusations of communism against American citizens during the Cold War. McCarthy purported to be a defender of American liberties

however his tactics often ignored the legal rights of those accused. As a result of Murrow's reports, his political career was destroyed.

Murrow's TV reports often speak to us directly, as do the sections of contemporary footage from McCarthy's speeches that have been seamlessly spliced in.

We are placed in the position of the 50s TV audience and invited to ask the same questions. In an ingenious piece of casting, most of the lead actors in *Goodnight, and Good Luck* are faces we'll recognise from TV entertainment: relatively new to the big screen, but familiar to us from our loyal vigils to *The OC* and *the West Wing*.

Clooney, of course, made his transition from TV to film a long time ago, and it was a hugely successful one. While his switch from actor to director is more recent, the classy integrity of *Goodnight, and Good Luck* bespeaks a hopeful future for him.

Ling Low



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Pick of the Week

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



Circus

By Tom Kingsley, Tom Sharpe and Tom Williams. The Circus is in town. For one week only, see the sights, smell the smells, and laugh at the jokes in this year's Footlights Spring Revue.

ADC Theatre, 7.45pm, Tue 28th Feb - Sat 4th March £5/£7 (Tue-Thu and Sat matinee, £6/£8 (Fri-Sat)



Greek

By Steven Berkoff. This reworking of the Oedipus myth squeezes comedy from the stony ground of working class life in Thatcher's 1980s Britain. And yes, he does still marry his own mum.

ADC Theatre, 11pm, Wed 1st - Sat 4th March £3/£4 (Wed & Thu), £4/£5 (Fri & Sat)



Academy of Ancient Music

Pavlo Beznosiuk will be conducting the Academy of Ancient Music orchestra in performances of Bach, Mozart and Haydn, to celebrate the 250th anniversary of Mozart's birth. Promises to be spectacular.

West Road Concert Hall, 7.30pm, Mon 27th Feb. £12/£18/£25 - ring Cambridge Arts Theatre Box Office: 01223 503333



Beth Orton

Having delighted the crowd at the otherwise probably soporific BBC Radio 2 Cambridge Folk Festival 2004, Beth Orton returns to perform songs from her LP, *Comfort of Strangers*. Trip-hop breaks, folk guitar and her trademark haunting vocals.

Cambridge Corn Exchange, 7.30pm, Sun 26th Feb, £18.50



Persona

Bergman's 1966 film is one of his greatest. Ostensibly about a recuperating actress' consciousness merging with that of her nurse, but really about big things - like ART and LIFE. It might be more pretentious than reading Chomsky in Ballare, but its haunting profundity makes it a must-see.

Picturehouse, 1pm, Wed 1st March, £3



Hiroshima Mon Amour

Groundbreaking film by Resnais that helped launch the *nouvelle vague*, combining a touching love story with a scathing indictment of America's use of atomic weapons. Essential viewing for champagne socialists and the boys/girls they want to impress.

Picturehouse, Thurs 2nd March, 17.00

Smørgasbord

Cambridge's most prestigious festival of new writing returns for its ninth year.

Tues 28th Feb-Sat 4th March, 7pm, Corpus Playroom, £4/£5.50

And Then There Were None

By Agatha Christie. Ten people are together in a house. Soon there are nine. Then eight. It's Agatha Christie. You get the idea.

Tue 28th Feb-Sat 4th March, 7.30pm, Fitzwilliam Hall, Queens' College, £6/£4

Footlights Smoker

By the God of Comedy. Will they be funny? Will someone use an acoustic guitar? What is love? Head along and see.

Tue 28th Feb, 11pm, ADC, £5/4

The Bacchae

By Euripides. Greek drama of sex, violence and revenge.

Sun 26th Feb - Wed 1st March, 7.30pm, School of Pythagoras, £4

Vagina Monologues

By Eve Ensler. The phenomenon that swept the world comes to Cambridge. And it's for a good cause.

Sun 5th and Mon 6th March, 7.30pm, St Chad's Octagon, £4/£5

Taxidermy and Perchance to Dream

By Nick Garrard, Krzysztof Honowski and Natalia Petrovskaia. Two new short plays by Cambridge students.

Wed 1st - Sat 4th March, 7.30pm, Peterhouse Theatre

Tomato Pulp

By Stuart Bell. The Corpus Christi Freshers have written a play. This is it.

Tue 28th Feb-Sat 4th March, 9.30pm, Corpus Playroom, £4/£5.50

The Merchant of Venice

By William Shakespeare. You love it.

Thu 2nd - Fri 3rd March, 9.00pm, Jesus College Chapel, £4/£7



stage

Arts Picturehouse

Friday 24th February

A Bittersweet Life (18): 22:50
Capote (15): 12:45, 15:15, 17:45, 20:15
Crossing the Bridge (12A): 14:00, 18:45, 21:00
Future Shorts - February 2006 Programme (18): 23:00
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 13:30, 15:45, 18:10, 20:30
Hidden (Cache) (15): 16:00
The Breakfast Club (15): 22:40

Saturday 25th February

A Bittersweet Life (18): 22:50
Capote (15): 12:45, 15:15, 17:45, 20:15
Crossing the Bridge (12A): 14:00, 18:45, 21:00
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 13:30, 15:45, 18:10, 20:30
Hidden (Cache) (15): 16:00
Nanny McPhee (U): 11:00
The Breakfast Club (15): 22:40

Sunday 26th February

Capote (15): 12:45, 15:15, 17:45, 20:15
Crossing the Bridge (12A): 14:00, 18:45, 21:00
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 13:30, 15:45, 18:10, 20:30
Hidden (Cache) (15): 16:00

Monday 27th February

Capote (15): 13:15, 15:45, 18:15, 20:45
Crossing the Bridge (12A): 14:00, 21:00
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 14:30, 16:45, 19:00, 21:15
Hidden (Cache) (15): 15:50
Imagining Argentina (15): 18:00

Tuesday 28th February

Capote (15): 13:15, 15:45, 18:15, 20:45
Crossing the Bridge (12A): 14:00, 21:00
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 16:45, 19:00
Hidden (Cache) (15): 16:00
Jour De Fete (Re) (U): 13:30

My Summer of Love (15): 21:15

Wednesday 1st March

Capote (15): 13:15, 15:45, 18:15, 20:45
Crossing the Bridge (12A): 14:00, 18:45, 21:00
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 14:30, 16:45, 19:00, 21:15
Hidden (Cache) (15): 16:00
Jour De Fete (Re) (U): 11:00
My Summer of Love (15): 11:00
Persona (15): 13:00

Thursday 2nd March

Capote (15): 13:15, 15:45, 18:15, 20:45
Crossing the Bridge (12A): 15:00, 18:45, 21:00
Good Night, And Good Luck. (PG): 14:30, 16:45, 19:00, 21:15
Hidden (Cache) (15): 12:45
Hiroshima Mon Amour (PG): 17:00

College Films

Caius

One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest (18)
Fri 24 Feb, 20.30
Nine Queens (15)
Wed 1st March, 20.30

Christ's

Kinky Boots (12)
Sun 26 Feb, 20.00, 22.30
Rope (PG)
Thu 2 March, 22.00

Robinson

Cinderella Man (PG)
Sun 26 Feb, 18.00, 21.00
Citizen Kane (U)
Thu 2 Mar, 21.00

St. John's

In Her Shoes (12A)
Sun 26 Feb, 19.00, 22.00
Just Like Heaven (PG)
Thurs 2 March, 21.00

screen

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

Question the Editors

Mainstream Student Press: Its Role and Responsibilities - Amy Goodwin, Jon Swaine and Ben Sillis, editors of *Varsity* and *TCS*. Go get 'em.

Keynes Hall, King's, Tue 28 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.

Kettle's Yard, free entry, until 2 April

A Touch of the Divine

The first exhibition in Britain devoted to the Italian 16th C artist Federico Barocci. Explores his career as a superb

and prolific draughtsman, and examines the influence and impact of his work. See next week's *Varsity* for a review.

Fitzwilliam Museum, 16 Feb - 29 May

Blake's Jerusalem

The Fitzwilliam gathers an unrivalled collection of Blake's watercolours. Featuring one of only two known coloured copies of Blake's final and most ambitious book, *Jerusalem*. Mesmerising.

Fitzwilliam Museum, 7 Feb - 14 May

Lecture on Chernobyl

Alla Yaroshinskaya, member of the Russian delegation to the UN to negotiate nuclear non-proliferation, and international authority on ecological issues and nuclear technology talks on the 'Big Lie: Chernobyl Twenty Years on'.

Robinson Theatre, Fri 24 Feb, 5.30pm

Europheles, Europobes, and other Parrots

Alexander Macmillan, Earl of Stockton, MEP until 2004, and current adviser to British politicians in the EU will be talking about the role of Britain within Europe.

The Cambridge Union, Fri 24 Feb, 6pm

events

Jazz at Johns

Funk Shui and friends.
9-12, £4
The Fisher Building, St John's

Fat Poppadaddys

the Fez favourites come to Clare
9-12.30, £4
Clare Cellars

Piss Up Look Sharp

young, dumb and full of it. real full of it
9-1, £3/Free for members
The Union

Dubstep

Sketchy and Rip do grime in the hole
9-12.45, £4
King's Cellars

Twist n' Shout

can you make Motown cheesy? Queens' will give it their best, by god
9-12.45, £4
Queens'

Dot Cotton

LBG/Tomfoolery
10-3, £8/£9
The Junction

Speakeasy

gambling, jazz, beer - get wasted
10-12.45, £2
King's Cellar

Cool

they may be going for irony in the title
9-2, £6/£8
Ballare

Sunday Roast

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

Pendulum

live d'n'b. your skull will never be the same
10-3, Price tba
The Fez Club

Tap & Jazz Dance Society

students dance, blush
7.30pm, £5
The Junction

Beth Orton

songwriter comes, students sleep
7.30pm, £18.50
The Corn Exchange

Fat Poppadaddys

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

International Student Night

pohjanmaan kautta!
9.30-2, £5
Life

Bands at the Portland

boys swinging guitars
8pm, £4
The Portland Arms

Elektrorock

avant electronica/rock fusion - promises to be good
8pm, £4
Man on the Moon

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

Strawberry Fair Acoustic Night

woozy, full of hippies and incongruous happiness
8pm, £2
The Portland Arms

Rumboogie

oh for heaven's sake
9-2, £4/5
Ballare

The Rifles at Club Goo

with Milburn + Club Goo DJs
indie, bloody indie
8-3, £4/£5
The Souttree

Songwriters Nite

yes it's spelt like that despite the pain
8pm, £4/£5
The Souttree

International Student Night

na zdravje!
9-2 £4
Ballare

Urbanite

must you?
9-3 £3
The Soul Tree

The Broken Family Band

with The Shivers
esoteric, stately folk
7pm, £7/£8
The Junction

8 Track Shack

relaxed open mic night
8pm, free entry
King's Bar

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sat

sun

mon

tue

wed

thu

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Film Times from Friday 24th February – Thursday 2nd March

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 14.00 16.00 18.00 20.00 22.00 Fri/Sat Late 0.00
BRUCE WILLIS, MORGAN FREEMAN, JOSH HARTNETT in
LUCKY NUMBER SLEVIN (18) (2h10) (NFT) Daily 11.20 (Not Sat/Sun)
 13.50 (Not Sat/Sun) 16.20 18.50 21.20 Fri/Sat Late 23.50
CHICKEN LITTLE (U) (1h45) (NFT) Daily 10.30 (Sat/Sun Only) 11.10
 12.40 (Sat/Sun Only) 13.10 15.30 17.30
WALK THE LINE (12a) (2h35) (NFT) Daily 11.40* 14.30* (Not Sun)
 17.30* 20.30* (Not Tues) Fri/Sat Late 23.30
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Robinson Films

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 Robinson College Auditorium

Thursday, March 2nd 2006
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Merce Cunningham dancing at Black Mountain College, photo: Hazel Larsen Archer. The Estate of Hazel Larsen Archer, Courtesy Jan van der Donk.



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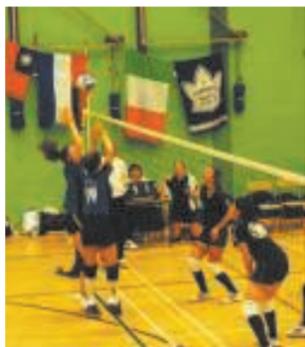
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Volleyballers defeated

Stephen Sarkozy



BOTH MEN'S and women's volleyball teams were after revenge on Saturday, following losses last year. But things didn't go as planned. After a confident start by the women, unforced errors cost them the first set by six points. Mistakes were also rife in the second. With a large home crowd, the Oxford defence coped well, in contrast to Cambridge, whose back row struggled to pick up Oxford's strong offence.

In the third set Cambridge rediscovered their form. With aggressive middle hitting from Fiona Danks and clever play by setter Bethan Shaffery, Oxford found themselves behind. Cambridge eventually took the set convincingly. The quality of play and competition remained high and a fourth set followed, another victory for Cambridge.

The tense final set saw spirited, competitive play from both teams. With gutsy hitting from Antigone Dimas, the Cambridge team fought hard and saved a number of match points. But eventually errors reminiscent of the first sets gave the match to Oxford.

The men's Light Blues came to play the Varsity match without their coach. Women's coach Jon Clarke stepped in, and setter Tjonnjie Li and Captain Stephen Sarkozy continued their on-court leadership. Pavel Zubko and Jonas Neher played through the middle, with Sven Meeder and Marek Chalupnik doing damage from the outside. Mike Finley continued his defensive role. Unfortunately, a large Oxford lead in the first set was never overcome, although the gap was closed near the end. The Dark Blues were flying, with strong support from their crowd.

Down two sets, the Light Blues seemed down and out. But abandoning caution, Cambridge took advantage of some relaxation from Oxford to build an early lead. Cambridge held the lead to take the set to 20 points.

The fourth set finally saw quality volleyball from both teams - fantastic pick ups and stuff blocks, and terrific kills. Oxford stormed back, tying the contest at 25-all. Strong serving from Neher saw Cambridge take the set after some phenomenal rallies, and the match would go to a fifth, deciding set.

The set began closely, but Oxford began a strong run, Cambridge failing to execute. A few consolation points were insufficient, and Oxford, to the delight of their home crowd, took the Varsity double. Despite the result, Cambridge can be proud of taking Division Champions Oxford down to the wire.

Fencers strike Varsity success

Men's fencing team win dramatic match by a single hit to edge out Oxford

Danny Ryan

**CAMBRIDGE 111
OXFORD 110**

FOUR CAMBRIDGE fencing teams made the trip down to Oxford for the annual Varsity match on Saturday. The event, in its 105th year, was held at the impressive Examinations School - the wood panelling, portraits and chandeliers more akin to a James Bond movie than a fencing match.

Going into the match, both the Men's and Women's Blues had won and lost against Oxford in BUSA this season. For the Men, this was their first defeat in over two years, a reflection of their dominance in this sport that led to them being one of three teams shortlisted for the BUSA Team of the Year Award in 2005.

With no coach, no sponsor and very little in the way of significant funding - unlike Oxford, who have recently received a hefty £1 million donation, the past few weeks had been something of an uphill struggle for the Light Blues, also unable to train due to problems with faulty equipment. It remained to be seen whether the teams could recover from these setbacks.

Up first were the Women's Firsts and Men's Seconds. The Women, under the captaincy of Anna Robinson, got off to quite a shaky start, losing both the foil and sabre rounds. This



The 105th Varsity fencing match was dramatically clinched

left the epeeists with the massive task of making up an 18 hit deficit, which, unfortunately, they couldn't quite manage - despite the addition this year of Great Britain junior Mary Cohen. Sadly, the final score of 119-115 to Oxford was only due to earlier faults with equipment that had resulted in the Dark Blues gaining a four hit advantage, which, due an apparently total lack of decency and sportsmanship, they had decided not to relinquish.

The Men's Seconds fared little better, going down 135-90 despite some gutsy performances in all weapons. Top efforts from captain Clarke and Jones in the sabre left the epee team within reach, but the Oxford were just too strong.

In the afternoon it was the turn of the Women's Seconds, traditionally something of a

showcase for Cambridge's Modern Pentathlon talent. Again, though, Oxford walked away with it, taking the foil and epee 90-52 to finish the match.

“Dom ‘£100’ O’Mahoney showed that he was worth every last RAG penny”

This left only Cambridge's Men's Firsts standing in the way of a complete Varsity whitewash. The Blues had been hit hard this season through the loss of some key members of the team, espe-

cially their former British Champion and captain, Matt O'Connell. Oxford, on the other hand, have gained no less than 4 Great Britain junior internationals over the course of this year.

The stage was set for a tight match, both teams having beaten each other in BUSA this season. The Light Blue foil team of O'Mahony, Shaw and Galloway fought hard, but were shocked to be 40-14 down going into their final fight.

Dom “£100” O'Mahony showed that he was worth every last RAG penny, though, clawing back seven hits against Oxford's British Foil Champion to make the final score 45-21. This was still not an ideal deficit, however, so up stepped the ex-international Sabre trio of captain Ryan,

Allen and Rumney, intent on reducing Oxford's lead.

The score was 30-28 going into the last round of fights, but all three showed the grit, integrity and speed needed to close down the round with a winning margin of 45-32.

Going into the epee Cambridge were 11 hits down, but confident of victory despite the large gathering Oxford crowd. Some fantastic fights from the ever-solid Culling and rampant Shaw meant that going into the last fight the Light Blues were only trailing by 2 hits, setting the stage for a nail-biting finale. So, onto the piste stepped TASS athlete TG Greensides to face the Oxford captain. TG raced to an 11 hit lead, leaving victory for either team to the last hit. In the final 10 seconds of the match, in a fitting display of malcoordination, the Oxford captain tripped on the side of the piste, allowing TG to nail him in the chest and hand Cambridge their 8th consecutive Varsity victory, 111 hits to 110. It was a stirring performance from the Men's Blues, who gave 100% for the team: every man had his moment, and every man dug deep and took it.

The remaining focus for the teams now is the BUSA championship, which the men are hoping to retain for the 6th year in a row and the women for their 2nd. Varsity has shown the captains where improvements can be made, allowing them to approach the first knockout round this Wednesday full of confidence.

Oxford team claim Karate clean sweep

Blues find Oxford in uncompromising mood as all three sides are beaten

Simon Picot

**MEN'S 'A' LOST 45-15
WOMEN'S 'A' LOST 30-10
MEN'S B LOST 54-6**

THIS WEEKEND saw the 27th Karate Varsity Match, held this year in Oxford. Unfortunately, the Light Blues suffered some pre-match disappointments, losing two of their top fighters, Konrad Rajab (back) and Simon Picot (further damage to previously broken right hand) to injury. Nevertheless, they travelled to Oxford confident of a strong performance. It was to prove a veritable Varsity Match of two halves.

Despite a sleepy 9am start in Oxford, the Cambridge team started far the brighter. First up was the Kata section. This consists of a display of pre-arranged movements to demonstrate technical expertise, which is scored by a panel of referees. Spectacular performances from Simon Picot, Ian Macleod and Tom Auld ensured a Cambridge '1,2,3' in the individual Men's 'A'



The Karate teams were unable to match the Fencers' success

Kata section.

Similarly strong performances in the Women's individual kata, especially from Charlotte Gray, and Men's B kata, resulted in a healthy early Cambridge lead. The synchronised kata displays also went well, both Women and Men's B winning with very impressive showings and Men's A drawing. First half, then, to Cambridge - Men's A leading 41-26, Women leading 28.5-

16.5 and Men's B leading 42.5-24.5.

The second half was the fighting. Each fight was a two-minute round, the first fighter to score ippon (symbolising a technique that could be a knockout if followed through), or be ahead in points at the end of the round, being declared the winner. Fielding a weakened Cambridge fighting team, experience in the squad really was at a premi-

um. Despite this, Cambridge still looked to have the stronger and better fighters. Many of the bouts proved to be scrappy affairs, with Oxford edging most of the tight decisions. This resulted in a skewed scoreline that was unrepresentative of the comparative standards of the teams.

“Cambridge still looked to have the stronger and better fighters”

In the Men's A team, good fights from the experienced hands of Ian Macleod and Mike Opel resulted in Cambridge victories. This was the only good news in the 'A' team fighting, as Oxford's nullifying tactics were stifled by a close-quarters approach, creating a flurry of techniques, none of which were clearly scoring. Cambridge's superior technical ability overcome, the outcome of the fights rested heavily on luck, as it was difficult for referees to see the scoring points.

For the women, nearly

every Oxford fighter was more experienced, and had a height and reach advantage over each of the Cambridge fighters.

Despite valiant efforts to get through the longer guard of the Dark Blues, only Charlotte Gray and Sarah Owen succeeded in winning fights. The Men's team featured one of the most impressive techniques of the competition, and also one of its most amazing decisions.

Despite facing an opponent several inches taller than him, Charles Bradley executed a seemingly perfect Jodan Mawashi Geri (roundhouse kick to the head), which appeared to come from nowhere, and was only noticed by his opponent when it tapped him on the head.

But, the referees somehow deemed the kick to have been technically incorrect, much to the amazement of both the Light and Dark Blue teams.

But the second half belonged to Oxford, as they won the Men's A team fighting 45-15, Women's 30-10 and Men's B 54-6. This was a greater winning margin than the Cambridge advantage carried through from the Kata section, and meant an Oxford win overall.

Dark Blue still the colour on court

Cambridge basketballers perform well but Oxford remain team to beat

Ramsey Farragher

MEN LOST 76-71
WOMEN LOST 82-68
MEN'S 'B' LOST 79-69

LAST WEEKEND the Cambridge basketball teams headed to Oxford for their Varsity matches, full of confidence after strong performances in the regular season from all three squads. The Lions (Men's B Team) pressured Oxford from the start, but as the match progressed Oxford took and held the lead. Captain and MVP Thiratayakinat drove repeatedly to the hole, drawing fouls along the way and clocking up 28 points.

Impressive outside shooting from guard Lee and forward Kucwicz, combined with strong rebounding from post players Fletcher and Richardson revived the Lions' confidence, but Oxford maintained their form, ending the game with a 79-69 victory.

The Women played next, Cambridge breaking Oxford's opening press well but struggling to hit jump shots and free throws on unfamiliar rings. As the first half unfolded Oxford pulled out a strong lead due to some impressive outside shooting and excellent boxing out on rebounds. The final shot of the half summed up Oxford's form, as their shooting guard sank a buzzer beater from two metres beyond the three point arc to end the half with the score an incredible 40-17 to Oxford.

Drastic action was needed -



The Cambridge Women's team had a disappointing day, eventually going down 82-68

Cambridge's coach made changes to line-up and strategy to pull the game back. Cambridge went back in with a tight full court man press, guard Frances Bowen Day pressuring Oxford's star Point Guard brilliantly, forcing bad passes and steals resulting in fast break scores. Cambridge substituted every few minutes to keep fresh legs on court, and the strategy paid off, Cambridge outscoring Oxford 25-14 in the third quarter.

The fourth quarter was a

flurry of activity, Cambridge continuing to pull the game back, but Point Guard Frieda Mansfeld fouled out along with post players Emily Schwartz and Vanessa Waite, leaving Cambridge suddenly weakened, and Oxford began to take control again. The 82-68 final score was devastating to a Cambridge side that had performed so strongly in the second half and had begun such an impressive comeback. Special note must go to highest scorers Emily Schwartz and

Vicky Lister, who scored 19 points each and played well defensively. MVP was shared between Schwartz and Lister, with both playing tireless and solid defense, Schwartz playing an impressively calm and controlled game and making a number of rejections and steals, and Lister hitting three 3-pointers under strong pressure, plus making all seven of her free throws.

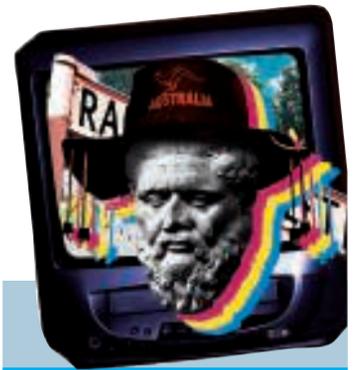
Hopes rested on the Men's Blues team to prevent Oxford from taking a clean sweep, but

it soon became clear that Oxford's unconventional 1-3-1 zone was proving to be impenetrable, leaving Cambridge shooters James Edwards and Nikos Bamiedakis to carry the Cambridge attack.

Repeated drives and calm playmaking from Point Guard and MVP Nick Love also provided a number of scoring opportunities. The score line was close for the entire game but as the game moved into the final minute, Oxford led by three. Cambridge's final burst began when Cambridge forward Anthony Hylick smacked an Oxford three-point attempt clean out of the air in an impressive display of athleticism and careful defensive timing. The Cambridge supporters were on their feet screaming, and Oxford were momentarily reeling.

Cambridge stole the ball and broke down court, passing to Nikos at the arc for the three pointer that would level the game. The shot looked great but rattled on the insides of the ring before beginning to roll around the inside of the hoop. The court was silent for what felt like an eternity, before the ball cruelly rolled off the edge of the ring and into the hands of an Oxford rebounder. Cambridge quickly fouled to try to get possession back, but the foul shots were both made leaving Cambridge with a few seconds to recover five points.

Oxford took the game 76-71 and completed the perfect run of all three victories. Although the day did not end well, all three teams can be proud of never dropping their heads, and fighting right to the very end against truly impressive opposition.



Erinsborough Ethics

This week's *Neighbours* saw two amazing revelations. First, residents of Erinsborough can wash their clothes at the General Store. I never knew this before Thursday, when Karl requested a shirt to be washed, and it sort of elevates Harold and Lou to near omnipotent beings. The General Store is their kingdom; they can do anything there: sell coffee and cakes, mend relationships, send post, wash clothes. The second was that Gino Esposito is really called Ray Murphy. This revelation holds more philosophical weight than the first (as we shall see), but I still can't get the idea of washing clothes at the General Store out of my head. Was this revelation really necessary? Who washes the clothes? Why doesn't Karl have a washing machine? Nobody knows the answers to such deep questions; for now, let us be content to accept that *Neighbours* moves in mysterious ways.

Regarding the second revelation, *Neighbours* is examining the area in philosophy known as "personal identity", which seeks answers to questions like "am I the same person from one time to another?" The thesis that someone's name determines their identity was investigated through the characters of Gino and Ned. Gino confessed to Ned that he was born with the name Ray. What was Ned's response? It's difficult to tell, because Ned is the worst actor of all time in the whole world. His response to any situation is a confused look, a monotonous mumble, and a walk off-screen, no doubt to add another layer of hair-spray to his stupid head. This time was no different. But, since Ned didn't treat Gino/Ray any differently, we can infer Ned wasn't bothered about his real name, refuting the Geocentric view that a person's identity is dependent on their name.

A more serious challenge to personal identity comes in the form of Connor. In the aftermath of the plane crash, Connor has been adopted by Harold, and Harold is slowly moulding him into a younger, less potato-like version of Harold's late son, David. When Toadie tried to rescue Connor from Harold's grasp and bring him back to the House of Trouser, Connor resisted, informing Toadie "he [Connor] had changed". By this, I don't think Connor intended to refer to his bodily changes (he is the only shipwrecked and homeless person I have ever known to put on a stone in weight), but to his psychological changes. Harold has changed the way Connor thinks, acts and treats his friends.

Has Connor become a different person? In one sense, no - he is numerically one and the same Connor after the plane crash as he was before. But in another, important sense, he is a very different person; he has lost all those Connorisms which we used to love. *Neighbours* is emphasising that it isn't a person's name nor their bodily features which determine their identity - it is their character, the make up of their psychology, and how this is viewed by others. Connor's body may have returned to Ramsay Street, but his identity is missing, presumed dead.

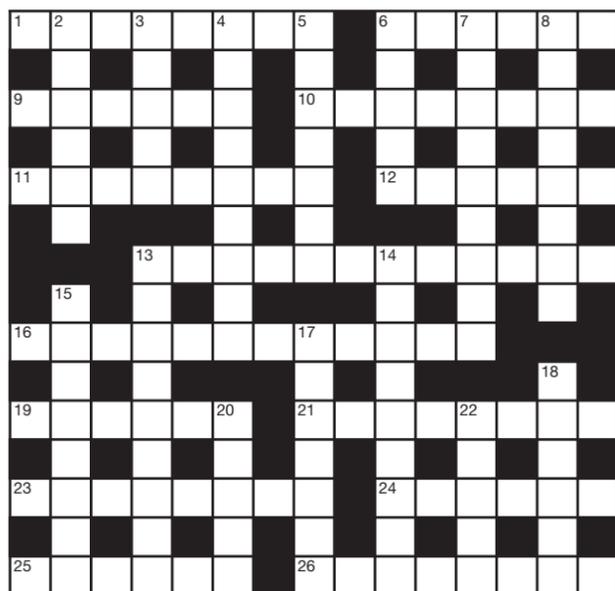
First Division in photo finish



THERE IS guaranteed drama at both ends of the men's football first division in the final fixtures of the season. At the top, St. John's travelled to Jesus on Sunday, knowing only a win would keep their slim title hopes alive. In a tight match, Gibson's acrobatic first-half volley divided the sides. This leaves John's and Jesus locked at the top (Churchill third with a game in hand), in the driving seat - theoretically. Victories in their final two games would guarantee the title.

At the other end, Homerton's poor form continued, losing 4-0 at home to fellow strugglers Trinity. Fitz won the relegation six-pointer at Catz thanks to Barnes' second-half header. Christ's are not out of the relegation fight either, and nothing less than a win in their last match will save them from the drop.

Adam Bracey



Across

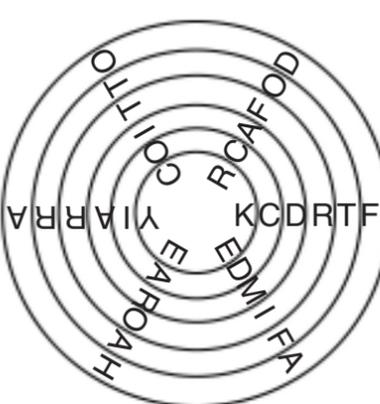
- Standard complaint's extremely obvious (8)
- Gore misleads coalition (6)
- Polytechnic University snob discouraged (3-3)
- Fight risks him being crippled (8)
- Climber and scree combined (8)
- Cowardly shout - cry of pain (6)
- Ely gang involved with civil benefit that lasts (6-6)
- Unusual tip to sincere hotel employee (12)
- Extreme masculinity? (6)
- Memo about nanny (8)
- Parasite's growing endlessly convoluted in empty room (8)
- God with part of axe in chest (6)
- Knitting pattern for gravy-boat (6)
- Life fund from philanthropist (8)

Down

- Carpenter in *Neighbours* is a girl (6)
- Pointless weblog about the world (5)
- Sworn statement saying I'd supported a couple of fellows at about six. (9)
- Attempt score in Ashes, say (4-3)
- Article I try adapting in number of arguments (5)
- Greenish tinge in centre stage (9)
- Settle into position in Queen's concert hall (8)
- Radiate ill energy with malign look (9)
- Theme Tim left with ten variations (9)
- Real cup I use for rum (8)
- One in eight (7)
- Sell fence to enclose alien (6)
- Creature found in low Kent (5)
- Ruthless woman? Quite the opposite! (5)

© Mathmo

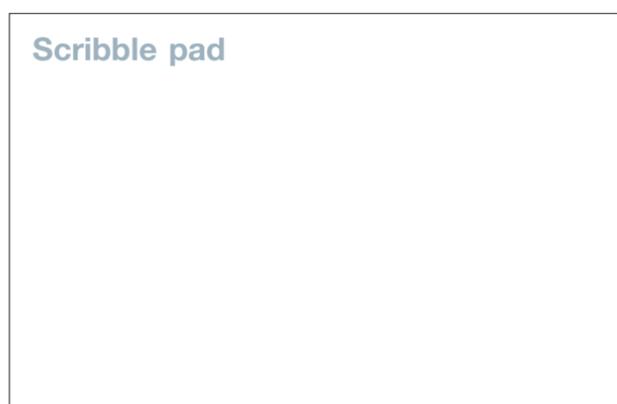
Re-arrange the letters by rotating the discs to create six separate six-letter words leading in to the centre.
 Email your answer to: competitions@varsity.co.uk



© Adam Edlshain



Scribble pad





BASKETBALL

Varsity defeat for Blues
All three sides fall to an impressive Oxford



COLLEGE FOOTBALL

John's receive title boost
Jesus suffer first defeat as league race changes again



KARATE

Bad day for Karate teams
Dark Blues give Cambridge little to cheer



FENCING

Blues edge out Oxford
Cambridge 111-110 Oxford



CAPTAIN'S VIEW

TOM CLOSE
SWIMMING CAPTAIN

LAST SATURDAY'S Varsity Match saw some spectacular performances as both women's and men's teams powered their way to a seventh consecutive victory. To remain such a dominating force over an Oxford team that, unlike us, have both a swimming pool and a coach, as well as double our training time, is testimony to the commitment and hard work put in by the team over the course of the year.

The Cambridge women, now enjoying their longest ever run of successes, pulled out some characteristically good performances to clinch their win. In a team weakened by injuries and facing an Oxford side strengthened by several new arrivals, the result was far from predictable. The final result, with a winning margin more comfortable than last year, is one of which the whole team can be proud. Much credit is due to women's captain Kate Hindson, who has led the team by example and whose tactical decisions paid off.

For the Oxford men any hope of winning was always going to be fairly unrealistic. However, the team we faced at the weekend was a million miles from last year's, which conceded the largest possible defeat. In contrast, this year we were made to fight for every last point and the Cambridge victory was only a result of the tremendous amount of talent present. Oxford captain, Matt Fox, should be congratulated for his role in leading the team recovery after last year and in doing so, sowing seeds for Oxford's potential return to form.

One of the most significant things about the match this weekend was the role played by freshers. In a team that has benefited greatly from retaining some of its strongest competitors, such as now sixth time blues Dan O'Dea and Viktor Stein, it is encouraging to see new members of the team contributing to our success. Even with the return of Saturday's triple record breaker Andrew McConnell to America, this injection of new blood into an already formidable team leaves Cambridge with one of the strongest squads in the history of the university. Next year promises to be an exciting one.

Swimmers in Varsity victory

But the water polo players suffer day of disappointment in the pool



The victorious Cambridge swimming team celebrating their Varsity victory in Oxford this weekend.

Mike Flower & Sophie Pickford

Cambridge	103
Oxford	67

A YEAR'S training and preparation was put into practice this weekend as the swimmers took to the blocks at Oxford's Rosenblatt swimming pool to once again overwhelm their Dark Blue counterparts. The Light Blues had the formidable task of following last year's dramatic 110-67 Varsity victory, the largest margin in the match's history.

Cambridge, who retained last year's Varsity stars Graeme Spence, Anja Slim, Viktor Stein and this year's captains Kate Hindson and Tom Close, boasted a powerful intake of fresh talent, all of whom played prominent roles in this year's victory. Fresher Tom Rose set the tone in the first race of the day, winning the 200 I.M. in a rapid 2.13.57. The pattern was to be continued throughout the

afternoon as Oxford – improved on last year – couldn't stand the pace set by an excellent Cambridge squad performing at their best.

Graeme Spence returned from an injury-ridden year to storm the 100m Butterfly in an outstanding 58.14, narrowly outside the University record, but leagues ahead of his Oxford counterparts. Cambridge took 1st and 2nd in the 100m Breaststroke event, hotly anticipated by Cambridge as a competition between their two consistently tied light blue swimmers. In the end Brett McLean pulled out an outstanding swim and a lifetime best of 1.06.86 to claim a convincing victory just ahead of Ben Yeoh who, earlier that afternoon, took 2nd in the 200 I.M. ahead of both Oxford swimmers.

The Cambridge ladies, though off to a tentative start, took hold of their match to win by an even greater margin than last year, with impressive swims by Emma Game in the 200m Freestyle and Teresa Thurston, who retained her undefeated title claiming her third 100m Butterfly victory. Cambridge veteran Anja Slim returned to deal a decisive blow to the Oxford ladies in the 100m Butterfly

and Breaststroke in her 8th and final Varsity match. Captain Kate Hindson put in an enduring performance in both 200m events to lead her team to their 7th consecutive Varsity Match victory, the longest winning streak in the event's history. Kate was proud of her team, saying "everyone's performances over the weekend were a testament to the effort and dedication the whole team have shown. Saturday's result was the reward."

The men's 100m Freestyle record, originally set in 1985, was broken in 2004 and then again in 2005 by this year's captain Tom Close. This weekend Tom returned to defend both his title and his record in the most thrilling race of the match alongside Andrew McConnell who had earlier shattered his own 200m Freestyle record in a phenomenal time of 1.53.01. The two Cambridge swimmers once again led Oxford from the start, finishing 1st and 2nd. Close was on form, but McConnell, in his Man of the Match swim, once again destroyed the record in a time of 52.37 to give him near domination of the entire Freestyle University record table. The Cambridge swimmers can be proud to have been part

of one of the strongest, if not the strongest team that this University has produced. This year's victory, the 7th in a row for both the swimming men and ladies, confirms Cambridge's domination of the pool. With such a young team on top of another intake next year, the Light Blues look sure not only to maintain their supremacy, but to once again grow stronger in the coming year.

Following the success of the swimming there was disappointment in the pool for the Cambridge water polo players. The women were up first, playing a strong opening quarter. Fresher Rachael Mell scored a beautiful opening goal, putting Cambridge ahead in the first minutes. Oxford quickly responded with a strong shot from the top of the arc, leaving the tally level at the first break in play. Yet the score-line was deceptive; Oxford had had eight tries on goal in the first eight minutes, most of which were brought down by the Cambridge keeper, whereas Cambridge had only had two. A tiring Cambridge side seemed unable from this point to contain Oxford, particularly their star player, a former Junior England Captain, who broke away from the pack again and again to score one on one goals from two metres. Though every Cambridge player gave their all, and the team was led strongly by Captain Bridget Riley, Oxford were simply a better team on the day. The final score was 13-5.

After the girls' disappointment there were high hopes for a strong men's side who have dominated Oxford for the last two years. Though missing GB international Jon Stafford, the side were confident they had enough depth to win. A shaky start, conceding three goals in the first few minutes and only clawing one back before quarter time, was compounded by questionable running of the table. Cambridge players were not called back in after man-downs a total of three times, leaving Oxford with an unfair advantage. It would be easy to blame Cambridge's loss of 13-8 on such small matters, but the truth is that the Light Blues underperformed. They never found their form, playing as individuals rather than as a team. Captain Zern Chu Tay agrees, "on Saturday night I saw a good Cambridge side perform way below par, faltering under pressure when Oxford lead early in the game." The men will have to put this defeat behind them before their BUSA semi-finals next weekend. As Tay says, the result "is a good wake up call."

Next week

Varsity's interviewers indulge in a food and drink special

Hitori Easy

Shade in the squares so that no number occurs more than once per row or column. Shaded squares may not be horizontally or vertically adjacent. Unshaded squares must form a single continuous area.

3	3	2	1	5	6	5
3	7	4	5	2	4	6
2	7	7	4	5	5	6
5	2	1	7	6	3	3
7	5	1	6	5	5	4
1	4	5	6	7	2	3
7	1	6	5	3	1	2

Kakuro Hard

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

		20	32	8	7	17			
		33							
		23							
		17							
					24	11			
				11					
		10	4						
		30							
		5							
					14				

Sudoku Fiendish

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.

				8		5	3	
			4	7				9
9							2	
5								7
			6	9	4			
1								8
	8							1
4				2	3			
2	6		5					