



The King has landed: what happened when Paxman returned to Cambridge on *varsity.co.uk*

Varsity

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Academic Upset

» *Varsity* survey reveals majority of academics have considered leaving their job

TOM WOOLFORD
News Reporter

A University and College Union (UCU) survey into academics' job satisfaction published last week has revealed that 62 per cent have considered leaving their positions to work overseas or in the private sector. A *Varsity* survey has this week found that this figure is likely to be significantly higher in Cambridge, with 76 per cent of those sampled admitting that they had considered taking up academic posts abroad or abandoning academia altogether.

The strain on academics caused by paperwork is comparable to the national average outlined by UCU, with over a third of respondents claiming that more than sixteen hours per week was given over to administration. This level of bureaucracy has been described by one academic as "increasing amounts of ever-increasing trivia". It seems Cambridge academics work considerably longer hours altogether. The average unpaid workload of respondents to our survey was 16.5 hours a week, significantly higher than the national average of 9 hours. One academic described their overtime volume of work as "loads and loads", while another attributed their unhappiness to having "too much work".

The majority of Cambridge academics surveyed were satisfied with their jobs. 71 per cent were prepared to recommend it to their children, compared to just 45 per cent in the UCU survey. Fewer Cambridge academics claimed that their job had been detrimental to their health, although stress and "chronic fatigue" were mentioned as effects of the Cambridge environment.

But a significant minority of 12 per cent were dissatisfied in their work. One professor told *Varsity* "Morale is low-to-rock-bottom in some areas. People feel exploited and under-valued when they look at their careers in comparison to those of people of equal status in private industry".

Finance also appeared a major concern for many academics. "The pay is pathetic", said one, while another admitted to being tempted by "higher pay for much less intellectual effort" in the private sector. Even within the public sector the pay disparity is significant. A graduate entering the Civil Service Fast Stream could expect to be earning between £34,000 and £48,000 by their late twenties; Junior Research Fellowships in Cambridge offer salaries of approximately £14,500 to £22,000. The attraction of overseas academic posts could be attributed in part to higher salaries. A survey conducted four years ago by the Association of Commonwealth Universities showed that out of the six developed countries it studied, the UK offered the lowest payout for lecturers.

Funding uncertainties also appear to be a cause for concern. One Geography professor argued "There should be suf-

ficient financial support available, as a right, to support research and teaching without me having to spend a large proportion of my time chasing minuscule resources from a state that talks high standards and prestigious research output but doesn't want to pay for it".

But Dr Andrew Zurcher, an English fellow at Queens' College, said that his career choice had never been motivated by quality of life considerations. "Most of us are tired, haggard, often ill, and in a state of moral and political exhaustion from trying to settle accounts between work, home, and civic life", he explained. "Few of us have any job security to speak of", he added. "I certainly didn't elect this profession because I thought it was comfortable, or secure, or rewarding, in any simple sense". Nevertheless, Dr Zurcher was "very satisfied" with his job.

Presented with *Varsity's* findings, the University authorities seemed little surprised. Professor Andrew Cliff, Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Research, argued, "Cambridge is an internationally renowned university in both teaching and research, and competes for its academic staff in an international market. It is no surprise, therefore, that our staff consider posts in overseas rather than UK universities when developing their careers, and do so in greater numbers than do staff in many UK universities". He cited "low" annual academic staff turnover figures of just under 10 per cent over the last four years as evidence of "a competitive edge in its recruitment and retention packages". "Because Cambridge is internationally-renowned," he continued, "it also has considerable success in recruiting outstanding academic staff particularly from Universities in the United States, Canada and the EU".

But Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard appears to be more concerned with the state of the profession. In an interview with *The Times* on Tuesday, she posed the question, "What does it say about the perception of universities in this country if an ever-falling proportion of

really bright British undergraduates is not considering continuing with this as a career?" She predicted that British universities will increasingly have to be staffed by foreign academics, blaming poor salaries for the state of affairs. The UCU argue that universities

need to act immediately to prevent lecturers leaving their jobs, and to ensure that future generations are not completely discouraged from entering academia. From *Varsity's* survey, it seems that such a conclusion is especially applicable to Cambridge.

Time to stand and stare



EMILY WRIGHT

A gentleman wears a poppy ahead of Remembrance Sunday

76%
have considered
leaving British
academia

16.5
average weekly
hours of unpaid
overtime



FEATURES

Touched by
Jonathan
Ross

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ARTS

Sex and
the cinema

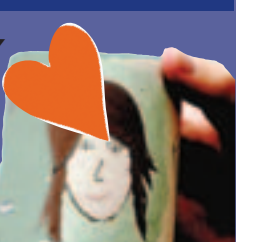
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LIFESTYLE

The *Varsity*
Blind
Date

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Newsdesk

Write for Varsity News:
Meet 5.30pm Sundays in King's College Bar

In Brief

Volcanic ozone research

The eruption of volcanoes destroys ozone, according to new research at Oxford and Cambridge. Two studies have shown, from analysing the 2000 eruption of the Hekla volcano in Iceland, that “mini-ozone holes” are created during eruptions by chemical reactions of volcanic gases. The research's leaders now hope to investigate the effects of much larger volcanic eruptions. **Jamie Munk**

New homes near Trumpington

Plans are in the pipeline for a new housing development programme on the outskirts of the city. Plans announced in May revealed that a total of 6,500 new homes will be built on former green belt land between Trumpington and Addenbrooke's. It is hoped that this “affordable housing”, for which the occupier pays less than the market rates, will provide much-needed low-price accommodation for local residents. **Jessica King**

Jewish Shabbaton in Brooklyn

Last weekend, eleven members of the CU Chabad Jewish Society made their way to Brooklyn, New York, to represent Cambridge in the annual International Student Shabbaton. The event centred on a traditional Shabbat, the Jewish day of rest, and accompanied by lavish food, drink and singing, was attended by over 500 students from 70 universities around the world. One participant summed up the trip as “good banter, good cheesecake, and a moving atmosphere: good medicine for week 5”. **Michael Amior**

African charity cycle adventure

A former Queens' College student is cycling from London to Dakar, Africa to raise money for an AIDS charity. Douglas Brain, 23, began the 4,750 mile ride on September 4 and hopes to reach Dakar by November 18. The journey will take him through seven countries, three mountain ranges and the Sahara desert. Brain hopes to raise £10,000 for SOS Children's Villages, a charity that provides “out-reach” support to help child-led families in situ with food, medicine and a little money. **Lorna Collins**

Needle stabbing at Soul Tree

Police were called to Soul Tree on Sunday 5 October at 10.39, in response to an assault of bodily harm which had been reported. Officers and an ambulance arrived on the scene after an informant complained that he had been pricked by a needle on the dance floor. A spokesperson from Cambridgeshire Police told *Varsity* that no one has yet been arrested. The police urge anyone who might have witnessed the offence to contact them as soon as possible. **Alice Whitwham**

Protest hits travel agents

»Green activists attract police attention at climate change demonstration

ALICE WHITWHAM

On Monday 6 November, police gave out cautionary warnings and threatened to issue £80 fines to students protesting outside the Flight Centre on Sidney Street.

In conjunction with the activist-group Plane Stupid, the students were campaigning to raise awareness about the high levels of carbon emitted during short haul flights, a major factor contributing to climate change.

Police warned that fines would be imposed on the grounds that the group were obstructing the highway.

“police aggressive and unreasonable... way beyond what is necessary”

A spokesperson from Cambridgeshire Constabulary told *Varsity* that the students “were blocking the footpath, forcing members of the public to walk on the road and into traffic”. Elizabeth Dodd, a second year at Magdalene College said that the police had been “aggressive and unreasonable” and went “way beyond what is necessary”. Lianne Hulbert, a third year at Corpus Christi, added that “dispersal dilutes the effect”.

Protestor Tess Riley from St Catharine's College said, “We're happy to talk with the police. We want to be in dialogue with them, not in opposition to them”. She added that “if the police are concerned about questions of legality, they should focus their attention on the actions of airlines and not on peaceful student protests”.

Gary Fitzgibbon, manager of Flight Centre, complained to the police that the group were stopping people from entering the shop. Fitzgibbon admitted that while air travel is a “significant factor” in causing environmental damage, he added that “campaigning outside a retail shop is not going to help”.

Fitzgibbon's response reflects the reactions of a number of airlines to last week's Sterne report, which argued that reducing air traffic would be crucial in preventing climate change. In a report issued by the *Guardian* on Sunday 5 November, a spokesperson from Easyjet said that airlines were being unfairly vilified in the climate change debate, while Ryanair and Thomsonfly suggested that the introduction of a green tax to force holiday-makers to fly less often would only benefit the treasury.

In response to the attempts made by the aviation industry to defend itself, Laura Eddings, a protester living in Cambridge said, “that's absolutely not the scientific opinion. Climate change is happening now and any reputable report will tell you so. Airlines have a vested interest in protecting their business”.

The protest was organised by Green direct action group Plane



EMILY WRIGHT

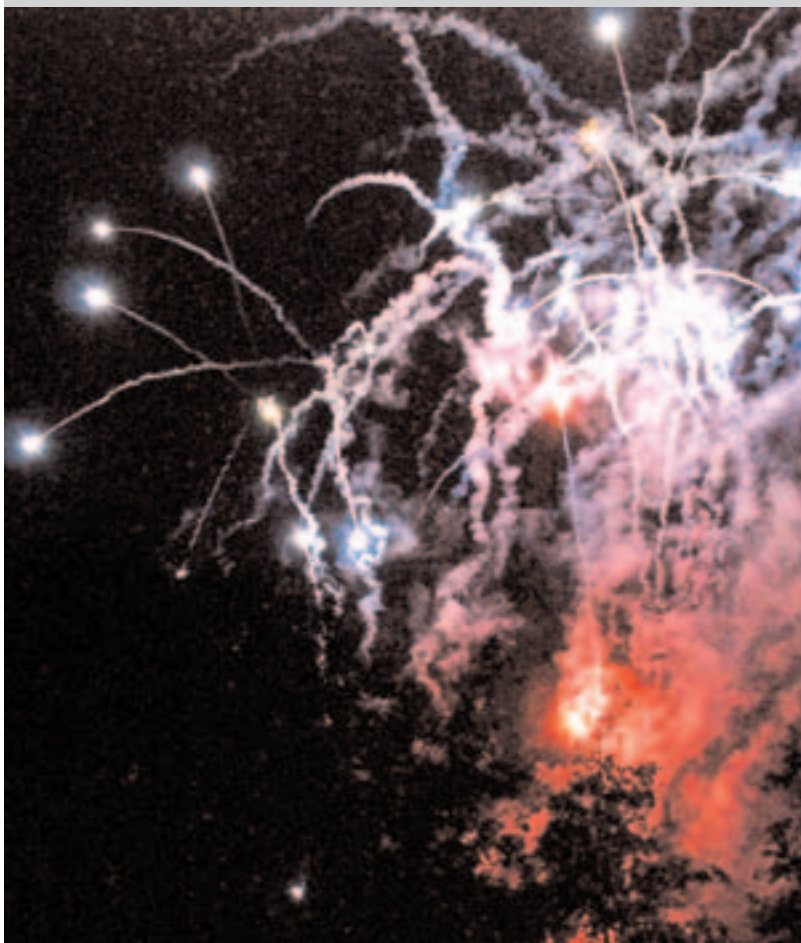
Student protesters negotiate with police on Monday

Stupid, and was the first of a number of demonstrations taking place across the country to mark the start of the UN International Climate talks in Nairobi. Last September, Plane Stupid orchestrated “The Camp for Climate Action” in Selby outside the largest

coal-fired power station in Britain.

But Eddings stated that relying on groups to inaugurate a shift in the mind-set of the country at large was unrealistic; “Combating the problem of climate change depends on the efforts of both the government and individuals”.

Gunpowder, treason and plot: Fireworks at Downing



JOE GOSDEN

Friday 3 November: Downing plays host to a spectacular fireworks display.

New space centre is out of this world

AMY HOGGART

Six million pounds is to be spent on a new research centre in Cambridge to investigate the physics of the early universe.

The project will be named the Kavli Institute for Cosmology after the Fred Kavli Foundation, which is providing the centre with a multi-million pound endowment. Lord Martin Rees, President of the Royal Society, Astronomer Royal and Master of Trinity College, explained, “To remain at the forefront of research requires the best instrumentation, the most powerful computers and rigorous theoretical insight. The Kavli Foundation's generous support will enhance Cambridge's role in advancing understanding of this exciting subject”.

The project will bring together an academic team of at least 50 theoretical, experimental and observational cosmologists from Cambridge's Institute of Astronomy, the Cavendish Laboratory and the Department of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics. It will focus on the first few moments in the life of the Universe.

The Institute is part of an international network of Kavli Foundation-funded research centres. As the first of its kind in Britain it will help to keep Cambridge firmly at the forefront of the fields of cosmology and astronomy.

It will be led by George Efstathiou, director of Cambridge University's institute of Astronomy, who said that it was a “privilege” for the university to host the project.

Fred Kavli, the Californian physicist and businessman who set up the Kavli Foundation, highlighted Cambridge's “stellar record” in making “fundamental discoveries in science throughout the ages”. Kavli added that, “with its traditions of excellence, I have great hope that the Kavli Institute for

“Cambridge has a stellar record of fundamental scientific discovery”

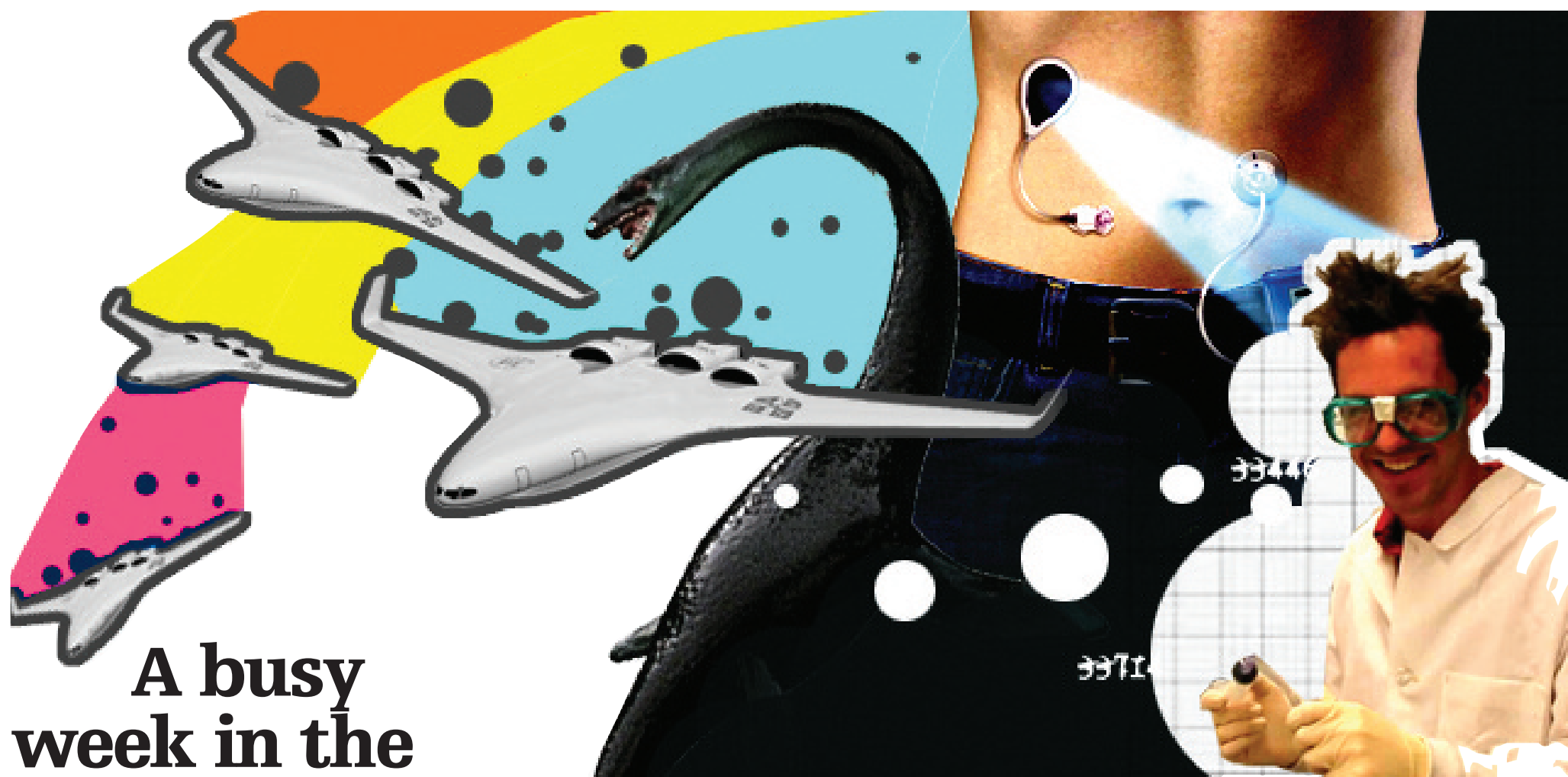
Cosmology at Cambridge will make major discoveries in the future.”

Professor Alison Richard, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, said “We applaud and appreciate Fred Kavli's determination to accelerate, through international collaboration, our understanding of the Universe, and we are delighted to join this endeavour”.

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RACHEL HARDING

A busy week in the laboratory for the scientists of Cambridge

»Intriguing new discoveries propel the University to the forefront of research

NIKKI BURTON
RACHELLE ARULANANTHAM
KAT HANNA

Cambridge researchers have made major breakthroughs in the fields of aeronautics, medical science and palaeontology this week.

A revolutionary design for a silent aeroplane was presented at the Royal Aeronautical Society conference in London on Monday. The initiative promises to significantly reduce noise levels, claiming that aeroplanes will be "virtually unnoticeable to people outside the airport perimeter". The appearance of the proposed design is radically different from the tube-shaped aircraft currently used. A streamlined "single flying wing", similar in appearance to the now-defunct

Concorde, will allow a slower approach to landing, thus reducing noise levels on the ground.

The engines will be mounted on top of the aeroplane, allowing the fuselage to shield engine noise by reflecting sound waves upwards. But, as a result, noise emissions in the cabin will reach higher levels than fliers are used to today.

The stated aim of the project, launched in 2003, has always been "to discover ways to reduce aircraft noise dramatically". Zoltan Spakovsky, Professor of Aeronautics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), compared the potential noise levels of the aircraft on takeoff and landing with "the noise of an office conversation". Furthermore, Ann Dowling, Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Cambridge, admitted that the research team had not foreseen the venture's positive impact on fuel consumption. She explained, "This design has reduced fuel burn, but probably if we scrapped the noise we could go still further in terms of reduced fuel burn." Engineers calculated that the present design would achieve 149 passenger miles to the gallon, in comparison to the current 121 miles per gallon consumption of a Boeing 777.

The BBC reported that Luton Airport plans to form a partnership with the Silent Aeroplane Initiative to build a test vehicle. This would be completed at some point in the next decade, with a view to introducing the design as a passenger aircraft in 2030.

Monday also saw the announcement of a project aimed at developing an artificial pancreas for young people with Type-1 diabetes. Funded by the Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation (JDRF), clinical trials of

the device are scheduled to begin in January 2007.

Type-1 diabetes occurs when the pancreas fails to produce the insulin necessary for breaking down glucose in the blood. Unlike Type-2, this form is much more likely to begin in childhood. Currently, diabetics must manually test their blood sugar level and

inject insulin as often as six times a day; they often find this procedure inconvenient and stressful. Long-term health risks for diabetics include glaucoma, heart and kidney diseases, and strokes.

The proposed artificial organ

approximates the precision of a natural pancreas and should dramatically lower the risk of diabetes-related complications. It will work by continuously sensing glucose levels in the body and wirelessly transmitting the data to a computer that calculates the amount of insulin needed to regulate the glucose. This information is conveyed to an insulin pump attached to the body, which then delivers the quantity required.

Controlling Type-1 diabetes is particularly difficult for children, hence the project's focus on juvenile diabetes. Dr Hovorka, Principle Research Associate at the Department of Paediatrics, told *Varsity* that there are few options currently open to child sufferers. Unlike adults, "children are unlikely to benefit from stem cell transplant research, because of the difficulties of dealing with immuno-suppressive drugs". But, he admitted that the concept could potentially extend to treating adult Type-1 sufferers and Type-2 diabetics. Karen Addington, Chief Executive of JDRF and a Type-1 diabetic since the age of 12, states "I have learnt to live with my diabetes, but it is always there. I believe that Type-1 diabetes can take away the freedom of childhood and I passionately want to prevent that happening to more children".

The third scientific revelation this week came in a talk addressed to the Vertebrate Palaeontology Society. Leslie Noe of the Sidgwick Museum inadvertently put an end to years of speculation concerning one of Britain's most elusive mythical creatures, the Loch Ness Monster. Popular theory has generally classified the creature as a descendent of the Plesiosaur species. But Noe's

studies into the fossilised neckbones of Plesiosaurs conclude that the structure of the Plesiosaur's neck was only able to work in a downwards motion in order to feed from the seafloor. Noe told the VPS that "The osteology of the neck makes it absolutely certain that the Plesiosaur could not lift its head swan-like out of the water".

The project was not in fact related to the Loch Ness Monster, though he admits that his research precludes the suggestion that the creature is a Plesiosaur. He added, "If the Loch Ness Monster hype gets the research into the public domain, then I don't really view it as a problem".

This trio of high profile scientific advancements furthers the reputation of the university as a world leader in the field of medical and scientific research.

The Plane Facts

- The overall shape is a "single flying wing", which allows a slower landing approach, reduces noise and improves fuel efficiency in the air
- Flaps and slats are removed to reduce noise when landing
- Engines are mounted on the top of the aircraft. The fuselage prevents noise from reaching the ground
- Revolutionary ultra-high bypass engines allow slower jet propulsion during take-off and ascent, diminishing noise levels

Artificial Pancreas: How it works

- An artificial organ measures levels of glucose in the body
- Information is sent to a computer via a wireless connection
- The computer calculates the quantity of insulin that the body needs to regulate glucose levels
- Information is sent back to an insulin-secreting device attached to the body
- Insulin pump delivers required amount of insulin to the body
- Balance is restored

Loch Ness Lowdown

- Creature popularly thought to be a plesiosaur, a species of dinosaur with an unusually long neck that lived 160 million years ago
- Reputedly inhabits Loch Ness, Scotland
- The first recorded sighting was in the seventh century
- A scientific enquiry began in 1968 when the loch was scanned using sonar equipment
- The most recent sighting on June 17 1998 reported a "large object with long tail. Emerged, submerged"

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Emmanuel wins College cook-off

»Pressed pork knuckle beats 14 other college menus to dish of the day

LIZZIE MITCHELL

This week 47 chefs from over 15 different colleges took part in an inter-collegiate cook-off, in a competition for the coveted Steward's Cup, which is the first of its kind for 20 years. The event was organised by Bill Brogan, the catering and conferences manager at St. John's, and took place at Pembroke. It was won by a team from Emmanuel, who left with a handful of trophies and the Cup.

All colleges were invited to participate in the event, with chefs required to submit their recipes and budgets beforehand. For the fellows, a starter could cost up to £2 and a main course up to £2.50, while main courses for students were limited to £1.90. As the Pembroke kitchens were not large enough to house all 47 competitors plus ingredients and the tantrums of creative genius, the event was run as a "static-display" competition in which each team prepared their entries in their own college kitchens and brought them, stone-cold, for display and judging. The competition was adjudicated by a team which included Moira Gardiner, Bursar at St Edmund's College, Stephen Mather, Head Chef at Sidney Sussex, Stephen Stackhouse from Cambridge Regional College, and Ian Morgan, Head Chef of the Felix Hotel.

Matthew Carter, Emmanuel Head Chef and leader of the winning team, has said that he is "very proud" and that it was a "good team effort by all

Best in Class Award:
Petit jambon de Volaille
avec haricots blancs et
cassoulet aux tomates

1. Soak butter beans for 24 hours.
2. Sweat finely diced onions with garlic in olive oil, add soaked butter beans and tomato passata and cook for 1 hour.
3. Bone chicken leg and stuff with Toulouse sausage meat. Wrap in pig's caul.
4. Fry chicken to colour then finish in a medium oven for 45 minutes.
5. When bean cassoulet is cooked, add salt, pepper and herbs.
6. When cooked, remove chicken from oven and allow to rest in a warm place for 10 minutes
7. To serve, use some of the beans as a base and put the sliced chicken on top.

involved". Emmanuel chefs won three awards for "best in class" as well as two gold, two silver and three bronze awards. The winning recipes included pressed pork knuckle and foie gras terrine, ballantine of chicken with a but-

ter bean and tomato cassoulet, and trio of Autumn rabbit. While foie gras and rabbit remain the preserve of feasts and high table, the chicken, it has been confirmed, is a definite candidate for formal hall. When questioned, students at the college had nothing but praise for the cooking, which has apparently been "top notch" for some time. The Master of Emmanuel, Lord Wilson of Dinton, told *Varsity* that "Emma has always been very proud of its chefs. We are delighted that they have now won this public recognition. They richly deserve it."

Sidney Sussex is officially the best place to go for pudding, with chef Nigel Tumber receiving his first ever gold medal for a trio of Denham apples. He commented that the competition had been "hard work but rewarding". Chefs from Sidney also emerged with a silver and a bronze award, with Christ's taking another three silver awards. Cambridge's Michelin-starred chef, Hans Schweitzer of Queens' College, did not take part.

Bill Brogan said that the aim of the competition was not necessarily to create meals to be reproduced in hall, but to "push dishes and recipes forward for colleges", pronouncing the competition "a great success". As a direct result, a team is being put together to take part in the countrywide competition to be hosted in March next year by The University Caterers' Organisation (TUCO) at Blackpool, and the competition for the Steward's Cup may become an annual event.



An Emmanuel chef at work



Clare

Unruly freshers upset the fellows

Clare fellows are threatening to impose draconian measures on their student body to curb the boozy tendencies of the new batch of formerly fresh-faced freshers. Fellows have been unimpressed by the particularly rambunctious behaviour of college newbies. Louder, drunker and ruder than ever at formal hall, certain students have even felt victimised in the supposedly amiable game of pennyng. UCS Services Officer has felt it necessary to point out that the bullying of freshers into drinking way beyond their limits is unacceptable.

Trinity Hall

Testing words for the virile of Tit Hall

Tit Hallers may be left without their apparently much needed pregnancy tests after some alleged "abuse" was inflicted on the JCR medical locker. Welfare Officer Judith Jackson reminded undergraduates in a stern email early this week that the taking of such items for anything other than their intended purpose violates the JCR's "honesty box" system. She threatened to make students buy their own condoms if the delinquency continued.

Magdalene

Fellow freshens up at Ballare

One Magdalene fellow found himself in trouble when a group of students dragged him to Ballare. Clearly in unfamiliar territory, but already making friends, he evidently thought he needed to take the toilet attendant's advice and "freshen up". Having been sprayed with some Eau de Cindy's toilette, the socialising supervisor took offence at being asked to pay for the aftershave. A row ensued, and, after much argument, the poor fellow was forcibly removed by the bouncers.

New Hall

Journos under fire from top of the hill

A torrent of outrage has been unleashed on Trumpington Towers from the hill-top bastion of all things feminine. In response to a comment piece in last week's *Varsity* which allegedly defamed single sex colleges, a message was sent to the JCR list, which declared, "We all know New Hall is a great place - now let *Varsity* and the rest of the university know!" An email campaign launched against the editor@varsity inbox also sparked plans to create banners with the tagline, "I heart New Hall".

No need for alarm: it's just a drill



Great St. Mary's Church, Tuesday 7 November, 8pm: Three fire engines appeared in Market Square and two fireman attempted to "rescue" figures stranded at the top of the tower. Concerned passers by, stopping to gape at the spectacle, were relieved to hear that it was only a drill.

Jesus derails the *Express*

JO TRIGG

Jesus College Students' Union (JCSU) has voted to stop buying the *Daily Express* and *Sunday Express* because they are "crap". Guy Willis, who proposed the motion, suggested the student body "cease purchase on the basis of crapness" in an amendment to a proposal originally made by Reuben Bard-Rosenberg on October 25.

Bard-Rosenberg's proposal was provoked by his concern about the recent allegedly racist and homophobic content of the newspaper. He argued, "in the recent past the

"the paper is a load of crap"

Sunday Express has collectively described Arabs as "suicide bombers, limb amputators, women repressors". Bard-Rosenberg told *Varsity* that he felt that "the JCSU, an organisation committed to opposing racism and homophobia, should not be supplying it".

Guy Willis opposed the motion on the grounds that it would endanger free speech. He told *Varsity* "The principle of not having papers supplied because they have distasteful editorial is misguided, the point of papers is to read what the papers say". Yet he proposed removal of the "crap" *Express*, which was amended and passed at the JCSU

meeting on Monday October 30.

Jack Tunstall, a supporter of the original motion, disagreed with the change. He believes that "the original motion did not need to be amended... If I were Arabic or a British Muslim, I would not be happy to buy a newspaper that carries opinion pieces making generalisations about the brutality of my ethnic grouping or religious practices". He claimed this demonstrated "the immaturity of student politics at Jesus".

Bard-Rosenberg was similarly critical, stating that "the record of the *Express* for attacking groups who already face massive discrimination is far more significant than the fact that, as the resolution put it, the paper is a load of crap". But he added "This is not to say that I disagree with the notion that it is a load of crap".

Although secured by a majority vote, the move did not escape objection. History undergraduate Mike Talbot jokingly threatened to leave a copy of the *Express* in Bard-Rosenberg's pigeonhole every morning. Bard-Rosenberg responded, "I would appreciate this as I sometimes run out of toilet paper". Talbot criticised the proposal as "ridiculous" and told *Varsity* "I read the *Express* everyday, but this is Cambridge and most people look down on the tabloids as "right-wing trash". Otherwise undistressed, Talbot said, "I buy it myself so it doesn't really have that much of an effect on me".

The JCSU motion came into effect immediately, and the *Express* has not been seen in any JCSU area since. Bard-Rosenberg was keen to stress that "this is not an attack on free speech".

THINKING TIME...

...IN THE BATH?



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Clear Difference

Oxfords dons battle against reforms

FLORENCE LUI

Oxford academics are currently engaged in a vicious battle with the Vice-Chancellor John Hood over proposals for reform of the university governance system that could see business leaders and politicians responsible for running the institution. If the proposals are carried in the vote on Tuesday 14 November, the 900 year-old tradition of self governance at the university will end.

The reforms are designed to comply with a report written by the Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE), which recommends the introduction of a majority of external seats in the University Council. Proposed changes include a bicameral structure composed of the University Council and an Academic Board. Council membership would be reduced from 23 seats to 15, with seven lay members, seven internal members and a lay chair.

Ruth Collier, a university spokesperson, stressed the benefits of such reforms. She explained "the Vice Chancellor will chair the Academic Board but not the Council, thus spreading out power." But some members of the Congregation, Oxford's main legislative body, feel that the proposal to create a body in which the majority would consist of external members is tantamount to a loss of

independent governance. A flysheet signed by 23 Congregation members declared "a financially-focused Council would have ultimate authority over the Academic Board".

Alan Strickland, President of the Oxford University Student Union (OUSU) agreed that the union would like to see a greater proportion of internal members, including students in Council, adding that "reforms would streamline university governance, allowing it to work in a more coordinated and effective way".

While Strickland recognised that the suggested reforms were the product of months of open discussion and debate, Susan Cooper, Professor of Physics and current council member, argued that Hood "eliminated any possibility of compromise". She added, "we do need change, but we want change for the better, not change to conform to an arbitrary idea of "best practice".

Moreover, Cooper emphasised that Tuesday's vote might lead to the isolation of the University of Cambridge, whose union still retains a majority of internal members. A Cambridge spokesperson said that the university "is on an entirely different cycle of deliberation with respect to governance compared to Oxford".

CUSU President Mark Ferguson concurred, stating "Cambridge has a nuanced, slower pace of reform; a constant state of renewal as opposed to Oxford's current state of upheaval".

Harrow headmaster snubs A levels in favour of Pre-U exam "safety net"

REBECCA BIRrane

Harrow, one of England's leading independent schools, has announced that it will replace A-levels with the new Cambridge Pre-U qualification if the government fails to reform the current system within the next few years.

The Pre-U, currently being developed by the Cambridge International Examinations board (CIE) and due for completion in 2008, will test pupils in up to four subject areas at the end of two years. This will differ from the modular A-Level course, which allows for unlimited resits.

Headmaster Barnaby Lenon told *Varsity*, "A-Levels do not identify or stretch the most able," while coursework provides "opportunities for cheating". He expressed concern over the number of mistakes made by examiners while marking papers, and believes that the Pre-U would provide a "safety net" if the current exams are "weakened further in the coming years".

A-Levels have recently come under attack for allegedly "dumbing down", with this year's pass rate rising to 96.2 per cent. A further 22.8

per cent received A grades, registering an increase of 11.9 per cent in the past decade. Despite such criticism, the Department for Education and Skills (DfES) maintains that A-Level exams are "tried, tested and trusted", with pass rates reflecting "rising standards".

A DfES spokesperson revealed

"A-levels do not identify or stretch the most able"

their intentions to pilot tougher Advanced Extension Award-style questions and introduce a new A* grade.

But these developments come too late to prevent growing concerns over the A-Level. Lenon argued that a "more demanding exam is required

for independent schools" while a spokesperson from Cheltenham Ladies' College admitted that they were attending "briefing sessions" for the new qualification.

CIE are negotiating further with the Qualifications and Curriculum Authority over whether the Pre-U will be available to state schools. Lenon described the lack of recognition and funding given to such schools as "outrageous".

Dr Geoff Parks, Director of Undergraduate Admissions at Cambridge disclosed that a working party has been established to assess the Pre-U, but suggested that Harrow's announcement may be "sabre rattling" in order to pressurise ministers into A-Level reform.



Blair and Boris speak up for science

»Ministers warn against the student slump

PARISA RAZAZ

The Prime Minister Tony Blair highlighted a decline in students' interest in science in a speech in Oxford last Friday. His words come in the wake of the closure of the Physics department at the University of Reading.

Pressure group Campaign for Science and Engineering (CaSE) has welcomed Blair's recognition of the problem, especially as the Prime Minister foregrounded the link between a lack of interest and a shortage of funds for scientific research. Dr Peter Cotgreave, Director of CaSE, told *Varsity*, "The public expects science to be there in order to provide impartial rational reasoning. This needs to be funded."

While Bill Rammell, the Minister for Higher Education, refused to believe that the issue is a pressing one, Conservative MP Boris Johnson told *Varsity*, "I am delighted that the Prime Minister has faced up to the crisis we have in science".

Dan Ashley, spokesperson for

the University and College Unions (UCU), agreed that it is worrying "when you see departments closed on a whim".

Johnson has suggested believes that the problem is part of a marked absence of excitement

"Science is exciting. If you want to change the world, become a scientist"

and passion in relation to the study of science within the education system as a whole. He added, "we need to sort out the appalling situation in our schools if we want the scientists we need".

Cotgreave agreed with Johnson when he argued, "Science is not

creating the same awe within people that it did, say, 50 years ago."

The number of science graduates is lower than ever. Almost a quarter of secondary schools are without a Physics teacher, while the number of students studying Physics at A-Level has dropped by 37 per cent since 1991.

Blair believes that a solution to the problem might be found in more constant and persuasive forms of communication, in order to diminish public fears attached to fields of scientific study. Measures currently being taken by the government include additional funding in Higher Education and the conversion of Science into a 4th R (Reading, Writing and Arithmetic).

But renewing interest in the subject remains primarily an issue of raising its profile. As the Prime Minister commented, "Science is exciting. If you want to change the world, become a scientist."

 savebritishscience.org.uk



Fierce debate in the city of spires

RICHARD LOWKES/CHERWELL

Cross Campus

The best of the rest from around the country

Queen's joins Russell Group

Queen's University Belfast has been invited to join the Russell Group, the "Ivy League" of UK universities. The elite group comprises 19 research-intensive universities including Oxford, Cambridge, Bristol, Edinburgh and UCL. The Vice Chancellor of Queen's described the invitation as "tremendous news".

Oxford students to strip off

Students from St Anne's College, Oxford are to bare all for charity. The college JCR and the Dean have granted undergraduates permission to be photographed naked for a calendar to raise money for the JCR's charitable interests. The calendar will be themed with different sports teams and societies each having their own month.

Stingy students find their home

A new website set up by a recent Birmingham graduate aims to help students on a tight budget maximise their university experience. Launched at 25 universities, studentbeans.com provides banner space for college and society advertisements and a search function for discounts at local shops and businesses.

Trinity Tigers earn their stripes

Trinity College Oxford's rugby team has received £100 of JCR money to pay for a furry tiger costume as a team mascot. Captain Ben Murray hopes that the furry feline duties will be shared amongst team members and believes that donning the all-in-one will herald a string of victories for the "Trinity Tigers".

Bristol munchers in the money

Bristol students on a late-night snack search found themselves unexpectedly in the money when a Royal Bank of Scotland ATM on Whiteladies Road dispensed twice the amount of cash each customer requested. But, the bank has promised to track down those who received bonus snack funds and reclaim the cash.

News Feature

Food, glorious food: but why the disparity in college prices?

» *Varsity* trawls the catering facilities of Cambridge to discover just how much students fork out to chow down.

JOHN WALKER &
TOM PARRY-JONES

It will come as no surprise the the quality of food between Cambridge colleges varies greatly. Opinions differ and students are notoriously poor eaters. This week, *Varsity* investigates the disparity between the cost of eating in college, both on a day-to-day basis and at formal hall. In addition, it was asked why some college self-catering facilities are so much worse than others. *Varsity* takes the cafeteria crawl and poses the question: why are some students forced to pay more to eat well than others?

All colleges in Cambridge pay a standard termly charge to subsidise the running of the college kitchens. Yet this charge, commonly known as the Kitchen-Fixed Charge (KFC) varies significantly. At King's, students pay £85 a term in subsidy, whereas at St John's the figure is just over £137. For the vast majority of students, this fee is non-negotiable, even when students live out of the main college site or go entirely self-catered.

Given the ready-made custom, and the often complimentary freehold, *Varsity* quizzed senior tutors on how such a charge could be justified. Simon Hawkey, Jesus College Manciple, said that "the KFC has always been an issue", whilst Fitzwilliam Bursar Christopher Pratt bemoaned the "difficulty of balancing the catering books". Other bursars explained that the KFC was necessary to reliably cover a proportion of the catering costs.

Churchill justifies the KFC by offering a breakdown in kitchen costs, explaining that they didn't make any money out of formal hall and that their kitchen overheads were substantial. The KFC covered the cost of "maintaining chefs, buildings, laundering" and meeting "gas and electricity" bills.

At Caius and Homerton, a specific KFC was not levied, instead students can purchase a number of meal tickets. But, one Homertonian explained that there was little

choice in the matter, "If you don't buy meal vouchers, your only alternative is to cook in a kitchen without an oven". When quizzed on the value for money offered by the meal vouchers system, she replied, "its really frustrating. You can't get any change from them. If your meal costs £2.20, no change is offered from a £3 voucher." Students found that, even on just one meal a day, they had run out by the fifth week of term.

Further investigation revealed a remarkable disparity in the price of formal dining. The cost of a formal hall ticket at Magdalene College is a mere £3.75 for three courses and silver service, whereas the same meal at Girton, excluding wine, will set the student purse back no less than £13.75. Bringing guests usually invited a small surcharge, and strict limitations were sometimes imposed on the number. Girton used to charge a more reasonable £8.50 until the £20,000-a-year subsidy was removed last year. In recompense, each student is given one free ticket a term, but

£3.75
the price of a
formal hall ticket
at Magdalene

£13.75
the price of a
formal hall ticket
at Girton

a formal a fortnight would still cost them £95 a year more than their Johnian counterparts.

The limited range of healthy and appetising options in some college cafetrias has long been an issue, leading to some students nicknaming their halls "slops" or even "the trough". Some colleges won praise for their extra facilities. The King's Coffee Shop was described as "a great place to relax, eat and socialise", whilst the Butterfield Cafe and sandwich bar at Downing was deemed "utterly fantastic". The newly-opened Q-Bar at Queens' offers continental breakfast every morning and roast Sunday lunches, all at reasonable prices. These have proved popular with students.

But many colleges are simply not doing enough to provide the same variety and quality of menu. Peter Coulthard, JCR President at St John's, said that buttery food at the college was now "very good". This was due to changes implemented by the catering office and JCR working closely together over the last two years, including a "buttery

relaunch", that has "vastly improved" the quality of the food. But not all JCRs have had such success in effecting change. For Magdalene's JCR President Maz Kemple, the problem with the college's buttery food is that it is "unhealthy". The students think it is "very poor" and she argued that it could be "dramatically improved".

For those students who are forced to self-cater, either for religious reasons or simply because of the obstacles of time management, the cooking facilities available varied enormously. While most colleges provided facilities such as kosher kitchens, the general facilities often left much to be desired. Trinity Hall kitchen facilities met with universal student derision; the same was true of Queens', Fitzwilliam, Pembroke and Homerton among others. Corpus facilities were described as "actually quite nice", Buckingham House in New Hall included kitchens described as "platial" and the Downing Kenny kitchens were "better than I had at home" according to one first year.

When asked about what measures CUSU had in place to monitor these issues, Services Officer Ashley Aarons explained, "we're proposing a new CUSU Facilities and Amenities Officer." He explained, "This person would be directly responsible for monitoring the differences between colleges". He also promised a database which "should be operational by the end of term, to cover the figures for rents, JCR details and amenities, which includes food costs."

In the meantime, students are forced to accept high KFC charges, or equivalent, without the assurance that this will guarantee high standards of college catering and kitchen facilities. Conveniently, few colleges mention their catering charges in their prospectuses. The disparity between colleges is one that students will be forced to accept until some kind of centralised monitoring service is put in place.



Students engage in some serious lunchtime eating at Trinity Hall

AMICA DALL

Varsity Asks



So how much of a happy college eater are you anyway?

- My friends have taken to calling me the Buttery Buffoon.
- So where is this Sainsbury's place anyway?
- Brunch every Sunday sorts my hangover right out.
- My corridor kitchen is Michelin-starred.

Vote online at varsity.co.uk



For those bored of who-shagged-who, this week saw a surfeit of weirdness in the diocese....


A certain fellow of an 'outlying' Cambridge college was clearly out of his depth this week upon a chance visit to Market Square. One would expect a chap from such a disadvantaged college to struggle a bit on a trip to the big smoke, but nothing could have prepared him for the ordeal of being vocally harassed by the local hatchback-and-subwoofer-obsessed chavs on account of his

resemblance to a recently convicted sex offender. Thus, amid the shouts of "bunty-man" and "small bean regarnder", our man ran for cover into the only available refuge: Ryder and Amies. No doubt he reasoned that the shop's formal airs would discourage pursuit from the socially challenged lynch mob - as indeed it did. Who says a Cambridge education teaches nothing practical?

In other news, a famous Cambridge playboy, known for his prodigious Special K intake and whose chief notoriety arose from having once inadvertently defecated in his girlfriend's bed, has taken a short break from the academic 'rigours'

of his alma mater. Reports have reached our ears of him earning a few pounds tutoring GCSE girls to prepare them for their History exams. We should perhaps fear more for their intellectual development of such young charges than their sexual innocence: our friend's hatred of bourgeois complacency is leading him to systematically sabotage their education, by introducing as much bogus information into his oblivious students' heads as possible. My clerical friends and I pray that Edexcel will consider 'The Battle of Hastings took place in late 1941' as evidence of original thinking, and reward it with the A* grade it deserves.

Pembroke



Formals: Daily. £6.25 for members, £8.25 for guests. Three courses with silver service, or four courses on Monday-Wednesday.


Superhalls: Held occasionally. £1 extra; the extra cost goes to charity.

“Reasonable” wine is available from the college bar for £3.50-£4.00

Main meals: £2-£2.50

KFC: £120 per term, although this amount is halved if students live out.

Homerton



Formals: Once a week. £11 for students or guests. Three courses with silver service.

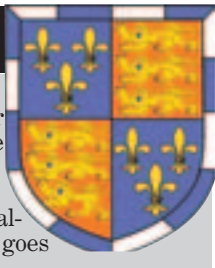
Superhalls: One planned at Christmas. £23 per person.

Only one variety of red or white college wine is available, at £7.50 a bottle. No wine allowed from outside the college.

Main meal: £3-4. Food at the normal hall sitting varies in both price and quality, according to students of the college.

KFC: None. Instead £120 of meal vouchers added to their college rent.

St John's



Formals: Daily. £3.85 for students or guests. Three silver service courses.


Superhalls: Held occasionally. £1 extra; the extra cost goes to charity.

The bar serves quite a wide range of wine: prices start at £5 a bottle. Students can also bring their own wine.

Main meal: About £2. Halal meat is available three times a week in the Buttery, and Kosher meals can be provided.

KFC: £137.31 per term.

St Catz



Formal Hall: £7.50 for members, £9 guests. Three courses plus cheese course.

Superhalls: None

Bottles of wine are available in the college bar, but students can also bring their own and are not subject to a corkage fee.

Main meals: Around £2.50. Described enigmatically by one student as "variable but on the whole fine".

KFC: £125 per term.



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Varsity

Academic prowess

This week, mistakes have been made from all corners as a result of decisions made without due consideration. Time will only tell whether Donald Rumsfeld’s departure was a wise decision, whereas our front page tells a different story. The steadfastness of our resident academics shows that there is more they can teach us than merely the wisdom of Plato or the square root of pi. Our supervisors, lecturers and tutors, though poorly paid, realise that there is more to their job than earning enough to feed a Port habit, no matter how we perceive these high table diners at formal hall.

Unbelievable though this may seem, three quarters of Cambridge academics have consciously chosen the importance of their vocation over the size of their salary, valuing the benefits of teaching and research despite hours of overtime. Not only this, our academic community continues to be the driving force of scholarship. Cambridge academics have designed the “silent plane”, developed an artificial pancreas to treat Type-1 diabetes, and discovered a possible explanation for the myth of the Loch Ness monster; and all in just one week of news. Such pioneering research and discovery could never be possible were it not for determination, and a passion for one’s field instead of a focus on personal affluence.

These individuals are those that teach us. We might sleep off our hangovers in their 9am lectures, we skip their seminars because they’ll never notice, we fail to write thier essays because of an inexplicably late onset of freshers’ flu. None of us are pulling the wool over any bespectacled eyes with these age-old gambits, and perhaps they are in, moderation, harmless. Yet next time we regress to demonising our supervisors as atavistic killjoys, let us imagine that perhaps they share a geniune enthusiasm for our learning as well as theirs, and maybe, just maybe, we could learn from their dedication as well as their didactics.

Space to think

Varsity is the only independent student newspaper in Cambridge. This status explains the much derided investment banker advertisements; it also allows us to talk to dissatisfied academics, to investigate college facilities without bias, and to ensure that University organisations are held accountable. We are proud to be a sounding-board for the student community; so the voices represented in our pages, as in life, can be contentious and occasionally provocative.

Yet Imogen Walford’s comment piece on this page in issue 645, which suggested that all-female colleges “propagate sexism and discrimination”, provoked an email campaign suggesting that it should never have been printed. A popular assumption was that the writer had “clearly never set foot in a women’s college” despite, in fact, attending one for the last two and a half years.

On being confronted with opinions antithetical to ours, we have tend- to jump to conclusions in order to defend the truths we hold self-evident. We cannot believe that anyone in our position would think differently. But unless we are willing to listen to the opinions of others without a kneejerk reaction, we will never learn from their wisdom, or mistakes - or both. One can only hope that in seeking to prove others wrong we might be able to accept the fallibilities inherent in our own opinions.

Varsity

The Independent Cambridge
Student Newspaper since 1947

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

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Joe Hunter

Smoke Signals

There’s no smoke without ire

Here’s a fact about humans: we’re so far removed from the animal kingdom that we positively enjoy harming ourselves. Despite a relentless campaign lasting many decades, the governments of the civilised world have singularly failed to eradicate the desire to smoke. In Thailand, health warnings on cigarette packets even display pictures of diseased lungs or dying cancer patients: but does it work? Not, it would seem, to any significant degree.

Amongst young people in the UK, smoking is still a relatively small but persistent presence. The recent laws passed in Scotland banning smoking in pubs and bars has made smokers very visible: take a walk through Glasgow city centre on a Friday or Saturday night and the continuing popularity of smoking is apparent from the groups of people puffing away outside every pub. As someone who picked up the habit in their mid teens, I’ve never felt like a social outcast or come under fire from the kind of anti-smoking bile that seems to have become socially acceptable.

That is, until I came to Cambridge. When I arrived at my college, I asked the second year who showed me to my room if it was acceptable to smoke in there. He seemed surprised at the question and replied that he had no idea. After a moment’s silence he added “You’ll find that not many people smoke here”. I thought nothing more of this until the evening when, sitting in a bar surrounded by

my fellow freshers, I noticed that I was the only one periodically tapping out a cancer stick. It was then that I started noticing something else. The sideways glances, the subtle yet oh-so-noticeable wafting away of smoke: these people disliked my smoking intensely. As freshers’ week went on, the facts became clear. In my college there are a hundred and ten first years, of which two smoke. Two.



ILLUSTRATION: LETTICE DRAKE

Why should this be? Why should Cambridge be such a bastion of health-conscious prudes? Is it merely that the (let’s face it) generally higher than average intelligence of Cambridge students leads to a purposeful decision not to smoke? This is extremely unlikely for one reason:

the prominent drinking culture. People who avoid smoking purely on health grounds would probably be wary of alcohol too. Though I’m the first to admit that alcohol is a more exciting and immediately gratifying drug than nicotine, health concerns are blithely put aside in order to enjoy a bit of weekend booze-up. Maybe then there’s something in the mentality of a Cambridge student that steers them away from smoking. Perhaps the hard work we all had to put in to get here has something to do with it; smoking to me has always been a lethargic, reflective activity, the epitome of slacking off. Someone who is geared up for night after night of slavish study may feel they have no time to waste on such an indulgence.

My favourite theory is as follows: most Cambridge students lack the ‘rebel’ mentality. By coming to an ancient and prestigious educational establishment favoured for centuries by society’s elite, we’re hardly fighting the power. Thus one who aspires to be part of said establishment (and therefore *the* establishment) is unlikely to possess the kind of attitude that would lead them to disregard the effusion of health warnings and good advice telling us not to smoke that we’ve all been inundated with since birth. I like this hypothesis because it makes me feel like the exception to the rule, rather than a noxious freak. I say: smokers and rebels unite! There is a spectre haunting Cambridge, and it’s a cloud of tobacco smoke.



Lindsay Stronge

Right to reply

Sisters are doing it for themselves

In response to Imogen Walford’s article of November 3rd, it is absolutely grotesque to say that those living in a single sex college are not “challenged” socially and that they do not “interact” with those from “diverse backgrounds”. The membership of New Hall is one of the most diverse of all the Cambridge colleges. Our community consists of students from overseas, all social backgrounds, all colours and all creeds. We have a secular ethos specifically to accommodate this diversity.

I utterly refute the notion that our college “perpetuates a vision of female solidarity that sees men as the ‘Opposition’”. I have never, in all my time here, heard views such as these propagated by College staff. New Hall has a mixed fellowship and key positions in the College Council are held by men – Senior Tutor, Dean and the Bursar to name but a few.

I also take special exception to the assertion that women here “accept the status quo for three years and “adopt” another college”. On what is this based? I can only infer a familiarity with seeing New Hall/Newnham/Lucy Cav students in other colleges on a regular basis. This would go some way to disproving the claim that “girls can emerge from New Hall

and Newnham without having interacted with their male counterparts” and it underlines the fact that women from single sex colleges are among the most

“It is the autonomy of Cambridge colleges which ensures they retain their individuality and do not become homogenous halls of residence”

prominent in university life. On the subject of adoption I can think of several students from other colleges, male and female, who would appear to have adopted New Hall!

And while New Hall’s position in the Tompkins’ Table could be

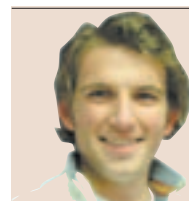
improved upon, last year New Hall’s medics ranked 7th. New Hall students also achieve better results in the English Tripos than those at Trinity and eighty per-cent of our students achieve a First or Upper Second Class Honours upon graduating.

I was pooled to New Hall but if I were to go through the application process again I would apply here directly. The vast majority of my contemporaries concur. Ms Walford admits that there is no “agitation” within the all-female colleges for change but she chose to blame this “on the pressure of work”. I’d blame it on contentment and satisfaction with our experiences. Ms Walford may not like it but it is the autonomy of Cambridge colleges which ensures that they retain their individuality and do not become homogenous halls of residence.

In the next few years New Hall will again be faced with the question of whether or not to go mixed. I and numerous others here will oppose this, as the women of Newnham did only a few years ago. We will not do it in a gesture of “opposition” to men. We will campaign on the basis that New Hall offers a dynamic, inspiring and supportive environment in which women of all backgrounds can achieve their full academic potential.



ILLUSTRATION: RACHEL HARDING

**Matthew Richardson**

Learning our lesson

The perils of privileging research over teaching

We have got a lot to thank Newton for. Even in a world of Teaching Quality Assessments and external examiners it is still the reflected glory of the university's leading researchers, past and present, that makes a Cambridge degree special. The achievements of *übermensch* like Darwin, Thomson, Watson & Russell confer an extra ounce of credibility on us all. Yet has our innovative research bred complacency towards the role of undergraduate education in society? With American universities broadcasting lectures on iTunes and researchers running businesses out of their labs, has our teaching innovated at the same rate – and what should higher education be for?

With the majority of undergraduates studying 'hard' academic subjects, teaching can sometimes seem no more than a selection process for a handful of potential researchers. But Cambridge also has responsibility for preparing swathes of students for leading roles in society. Whilst the university has always been proud of its academic reputation it must appreciate that the vast majority of students will leave after graduation. For them, academic rigour is not an end in itself but a component of a broader education.

Indeed the university's mission

statement commits it to "contribute to society through the pursuit of learning, education and research at the highest international levels of excellence". Traditionally, 'learning' in the university has been led by its researchers, with knowledge diffusing through to undergraduates by means of supervisions, discussion groups and college dinners. For the most part the supervision system is a triumph.

Nevertheless, an ideological espousal of the system can curb debate about improving teaching methods. For the lucky ones, direct access to the brightest teachers is profoundly beneficial. Conversely, we have all had courses rendered unintelligible by jumbled lectures and ineffective supervisors. At best this haphazard system maximizes the achievements of tomorrow's best researchers; at worst it leaves a longing for the simple clarity of structured school teaching. Students can be forced to adapt their choice of courses based on the quality of the lectures regardless of feedback forms. Ultimately the university does not hold its great teachers in the same regard as its great researchers.

Teaching is becoming more professional. Senior tutors and admissions tutors are being drawn from outside the narrow pool of college researchers as these roles come under increasing scrutiny. Still,

partnerships with iTunes may be some way away: some departments are still not entirely comfortable with switching their blackboards for whiteboards.

The most striking failure is the university's total withdrawal from broader 'education' obtained beyond the classroom. In spite of

"The university does not hold its great teachers in the same regard as its great researchers"

the capabilities of participants, sports and the arts are endangered species. Individual teams and societies achieve remarkable things with virtually non-existent central support. Deluded administrators expect top university teams to play at the highest levels on mediocre college facilities. While new faculty buildings mushroom annually, the university's sports and arts facilities remain amongst the worst in the country.

Overall there is little common understanding of what the Cambridge education should be for. Such is the consequence of a patriarchal teaching system led by a federation of individuals. Some tutors tell freshers to drop all activities outside the classroom, others advocate trying everything. There is no evidence that non-academic pursuits do any harm to grades, and beyond these walls they are often of greater benefit than the degree itself. Yet fellows will naturally define worthy undergraduate achievement through the prism of their own academic lives.

The introduction of a market into higher education has forced many universities to reorient their teaching as they compete to attract students. Here, teaching continues to aim less towards developing the individual as to complementing the research process. Yet as the university sector is increasingly exposed to the free market, Cambridge will have to compete for the best brains with the American colossuses. For now, Cambridge graduates are attractive to employers for their individual achievements largely ignored by central support – and because we are standing on the shoulders of giants.

Ethics Girl

Make Love Not War

It is the phrase that defines the American counter-culture of the 1960s: 'Make Love Not War'. Voiced in protest against the Vietnam War, it remains a potent slogan used in times of crisis, echoing across decades in John Lennon's 1973 song 'Mind Games'.

The twenty-first century, failing to learn from preceding generations, is still experiencing the horrors of warfare. Likewise, anyone who cares about the environment is also fighting a war. This is a war to overshadow all wars, which will affect rich and poor, young and old, of every religious background and of every nationality – the war against climate change.

Last Saturday saw over 25,000 – supposedly up to 40,000 – people march through London in a call for action against climate change. Tired with the government's failure to take this issue seriously enough, people came from all over to get the message across: enough is enough, we need to act now.

Those arguing that governments lack the economic and political resources to make a significant difference are wrong. As environmentalist-activist George Monbiot points out this week, if the money and determination expended on waging war with Iraq had been used to combat climate change, our carbon emissions would already be in "free fall".

Others argue that protest marches don't make a difference. After witnessing Britain's entrance into the Iraq war so soon after two million took to the streets of London to voice their opposition to military action, some justifiably have lost confidence in our power to sway political opinion. Yet I believe that in 2006 we are witnessing the return of the grassroots green movements, relatively dormant for the past few years, and climate change is going to be the issue that puts power back in the hands of the people.

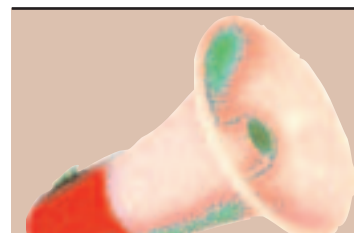
This weekend, we walked through London to demonstrate that, united, we can make a difference. If the party political conferences this autumn are anything to go by, the government realises that climate change is the make-or-break issue for the next election. What the politicians don't seem to have woken up to is the fact that 160,000 people die annually worldwide as a result of human induced climate change. That's the equivalent of 9/11 every single week.

Wrapped up like an Eskimo on Saturday as I made my way through London, Lennon's song came to mind, with its chorus telling us that "love is the answer".

Well, love is not the only answer. I'm not the unrealistic idealist that some might believe. However, love is an environmentally-friendly good start, and from there we can come together to demand legislation and seek alternative ways of living that will actually make the difference which is required.

For now, I'll leave you with one thought: 'Make love, not carbon: turn the light off and generate your own heat.'

Tess Riley



Right to reply

Do you have something to say?

email comment@varsity.co.uk

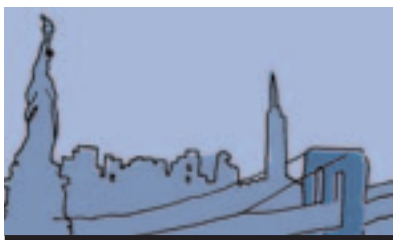
Discuss

Discuss editor: Catherine Hall
Email: discuss@varsity.co.uk

Turn to page 29 or lift up Arts and Features for more discussion



» Notes from New York



Tanya Filer

I popped across the border to Mexico for a few days earlier this week to escape the Election weekend frenzy. That's when it hit me; here I am constantly told that in that quaint little place called Europe it is so much easier to visit a different country than it is from the United States.

Indeed, it often seems in conversation that dear little Europe is seen as one cute country over there on the other side of the pond ready to be ridden around in a Disney style toy car. The truth is however, that travel from the US is not difficult at all. It is no more expensive to visit Mexico, Canada or the Caribbean from New York than it is to go from London to the Continent. Indeed, after flight costs (which are often reduced), accommodation and living expenses can be found far cheaper, and not only South of the US, than in many European countries.

What then, proves quite so difficult about leaving the homeland? Departing the US means leaving a security blanket, where if your hot drink comes warm you sue (and if it's too hot you sue as well), where if you fancy getting a divorce you dial 1-800 DIVORCE and they'll e-mail you the papers, where the streets are lined with reliable if mediocre chains. Moreover, it means entering a zone where American-English does not reign supreme, where knowing only the supposed language of worldwide power risks rendering one powerless to make demands.

Which is why such places as Cancún exist. I am not talking about the quiet island it once was, rather the McDonalds lined resort it now is. A stretch of beach where every other hotel has "Palm Beach" in the name, so that the Northern neighbours can shelter from the Big Bad World in replica Florida. For the same reason, Cancún is "all-inclusive" package land, so that one need no longer worry about the lack of 24-hour supermarkets and take-out restaurants. In other words, it is a resort that cleverly allows a certain proportion of los Yanquis to feel that they are being adventurous while in fact actually requiring them to do no such thing.

If this all sounds more than a little bit harsh, well, it is. But, like so many of us, I can only half criticise it, because I admit, though not very proudly, that sunbathing on the white sand of that US dollar funded beach resort felt pretty damn good.

» Letter of the week

“Next she'll be telling us that Newnham students boycott anatomy because there are 'naughty parts' on show”

Dear Sir,

In my time here, I've heard just about every anti-New Hall joke out there, and taken it mostly with a pinch of salt. What disturbs me is when people like Imogen Walford seem to actually take the stereotypes seriously. The statement that "It's a worrying phenomenon that girls can emerge from Newnham and New Hall without having interacted with their male counterparts" would be amusing if I didn't think she either

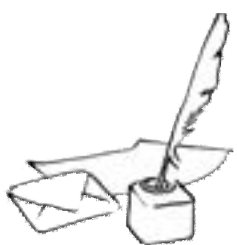
believed it to be true or is a writer of the most sensationalistic nature. Next she'll be telling us that habits are compulsory dress at New Hall, and Newnham students boycott anatomy because there are men's "naughty parts" on show. Just to clarify for all of you out there who are confused: students at all-women colleges are not faced with a "work environment where men and women remain entirely segregated". Maybe you don't notice us in the lecture halls and supervisions because we're so

small and meek, and busy cowering away from the lecherous gazes of all those nasty men, but I can assure you: we're in there somewhere. That the all-women's colleges rank low in the Tompkins table is very much influenced by us being some of the poorest colleges with lowest funding, and, more crucially, the fact that university-wide women don't do as well in exams as men. In fact, our students do better in our all-women's environment than women from many of the mixed colleges. So, actually, we

are "beating" (some of) you, thank you very much.

Yours,
Cindy Chungong
New Hall College

Tell *Varsity* what's on your mind - each week, the best letter will win a specially selected bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants, King's Parade



Dear Sir,

In addition to the "endangered Trinity gas rings" in the article "Cooking up a storm in the Trinity kitchens" (03.11.06, p.7), one will also note the extinction of another benevolent household species, the door wedge. With fire officers due to inspect college accommodations in the next week, the housekeeping staff has cracked down on door wedges as a "fire hazard." Apparently the wedges were deemed slightly more of an immediate danger than our smoke alarms of historically suspect function.

Sensible students use door wedges to prop their doors open to encourage a social atmosphere where neighbors may drop by to say "hello" or share a cup of tea. During these times a sensible student would be directly responsible for making sure his or her room doesn't spontaneously combust (as one would expect if door wedges were present). Sure, there are also students who are not sensible... but the fire/plague/locust/badger hazard posed by such students is not reduced by banning door wedges.

Free the wedges, already!

Philip 'Flip' Tanedo
Trinity College

Dear Sir,

If the UCS wants to be taken seriously (eating disorders epidemic article, 03.11.06) then it will have to actually provide serious solutions rather

than quick-fix solutions within a couple of sessions. As a male bulimic, I would've thought I was interesting enough a case to warrant some serious time, but before the end of my second meeting, my counsellor was ready to prescribe treatment. He proposed two ways of tackling the problem. Firstly, I was to compare myself to a banana (the idea being it is consistent for one person to like a banana and another person not to). Secondly, whenever someone complimented me, in any context, I was to count to ten in my head and say, slowly, "thank you".

This mindless and hasty prescription, needless to say, was utterly useless. In fact, this treatment fitted perfectly with the medical treatment I received; the doctor I saw was only too happy to give me Prozac straight off. He explicitly stated that the idea was to tide me over until after Tripos, at which point I could take some more time to assess the damage.

As you observe, the Cambridge bubble is not great for those suffering from eating disorders, and the treatment needs to free itself from the chains of the bubble, which they currently seem to be fairly tightly shackled by.

'Oscar'

Dear Sir,

Imogen Walford's article was brilliant. Absolutely well written and made points that needed to be made. I'm writing to tell you this because I received an email from New Hell's JCR telling me that what Imogen wrote was not true. Bollocks to them and their subservient minds. They want people to write to *Varsity* and tell them how angry we are at the article. Well I'm not and I'd just like to show my support.

Alex Clatworthy
New Hall

Way Back When: Varsity Archives

» May 30th, 1970: Jeremy Paxman's article on Sex and the Single Student



Students are almost proverbially liberal in their attitude to relations with the opposite sex. According to the image fostered by the mass media, the average undergraduate drops acid five times a

day, and sleeps with a different woman every night.

In part this image is based on fact: some members of the university do lead a very free sex life. But as usual, it is only a "very small minority" who represent a chal-

lenge to established life styles.

Lectures are one obvious source of "pick ups", but here again one may be in a faculty with two women in a lecture hall of 150. The lack of communication is caused in part by the pressures on the individual to conform to the standards of the others in the hall, and in part by reluctance to make oneself vulnerable for fear of being repulsed either by the woman in question or by one's fellows.

The disillusion may well now become all embracing. Many women felt that they had in some way been let down. Instead of "smooth men", many had met only "utter twits". Many in their first year found first year men emotionally immature, while the third year men had already been "hooked". Those who voluntarily or involuntarily withdraw from the Cambridge sexual rat race are often branded as "weird" or "queer". Some women are afraid to go into hall on Saturday night because, "then you're one of them - the don't go outers".

The preservation of a mystique attached to women is largely inevitable, given the background of many undergraduates. Single sex boarding schools often produce

students who are not only socially gauche but also surprisingly limited in experience. The "language of the park bench" is beyond their syntax. And consequently many are incapable of behaving in a mature way in their relationships. The result of lack of experience is that many elevate women to a plane far above that of ordinary relationships. The Woman becomes an idealized concept, to the extent that it is a social achievement to have a girlfriend: "you're just not making it if you don't have a chick". Many see the opposite sex in terms which are purely physical. "You get the extremes - the weeds who just talk about what records they've just bought, and the studs who are just out for what they can get."

A very great increase in the number of women in the university would help. Co-residential colleges would take away the mystique surrounding women, and enable people to accept one another as individuals rather than as sex objects. A few good sights of each other at breakfast would rapidly destroy the idealization of the opposite sex. As it is, many are dissatisfied with the situation as it exists at present, although few would go as far as the Newnham undergraduate who said, "You don't need to go outside Newnham to find what you're looking for."

ARTS & FEATURES!

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The Cult of Celebrity

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Celebrity

A new study suggests that 36% of the British population are afflicted with “Celebrity Worship Syndrome”. With fame a more dubious, but compelling, concept than ever, **Fatima Alam** considers the cult of celebrity

We all know someone who has done something extreme in a star-struck moment: the boy next door who bizarrely bought a toilet seat once owned by Demi Moore, or the easily-influenced teenage girl who sports Paris Hilton “chic”. But these examples are no longer considered to be as isolated, or as frivolous as they once were. Psychologists even have a name for the most extreme cases – Celebrity Worship Syndrome. A research team at the University of Leicester found that 36 per cent of the British population are afflicted by it.

Celebrity worship is not, however, a completely new phenomenon, but an upwards curve of interest stretching far back into the past. As Sartre commented on celebrity, the icons of our contemporary culture are like demi-gods, plucked from the public arena to fill a “God shaped void in the consciousness”. Nowadays our “Gods” work in less and less mysterious ways, with cathode ray tubes and scurrilous tabloids churning out reality TV shows and 15 minute celebrities into our living rooms. The mushrooming of mass communication has pushed this process to the limits of sustainability.

And what disturbing limits they are. A U.S. website, Gawker Stalker, posts the latest celebrity sightings in New York and allows you to stalk the famous from your desktop. You could be a child molester or the latest American Idol (a programme in which, incidentally, more Americans voted than in the last presidential elections), a society debutante or a pop star; the media will find a way to make the tiniest details of your personal life their headlines. Tabloids, for their part, claim that they’re giving people what they want and that their sales are an indicator of people’s demands. As far back as 1949, *Daily Mirror* editor

Slyvester Bolam said that sensationalism was a “necessary and valuable public service”. However, there has been a growing rift between achievement and popular adulation; in the 1960s, John Lennon claimed that the Beatles were probably more famous than Jesus. He was probably right.

Celebrity worship is not necessarily a case of simple, unadulterated love. In a

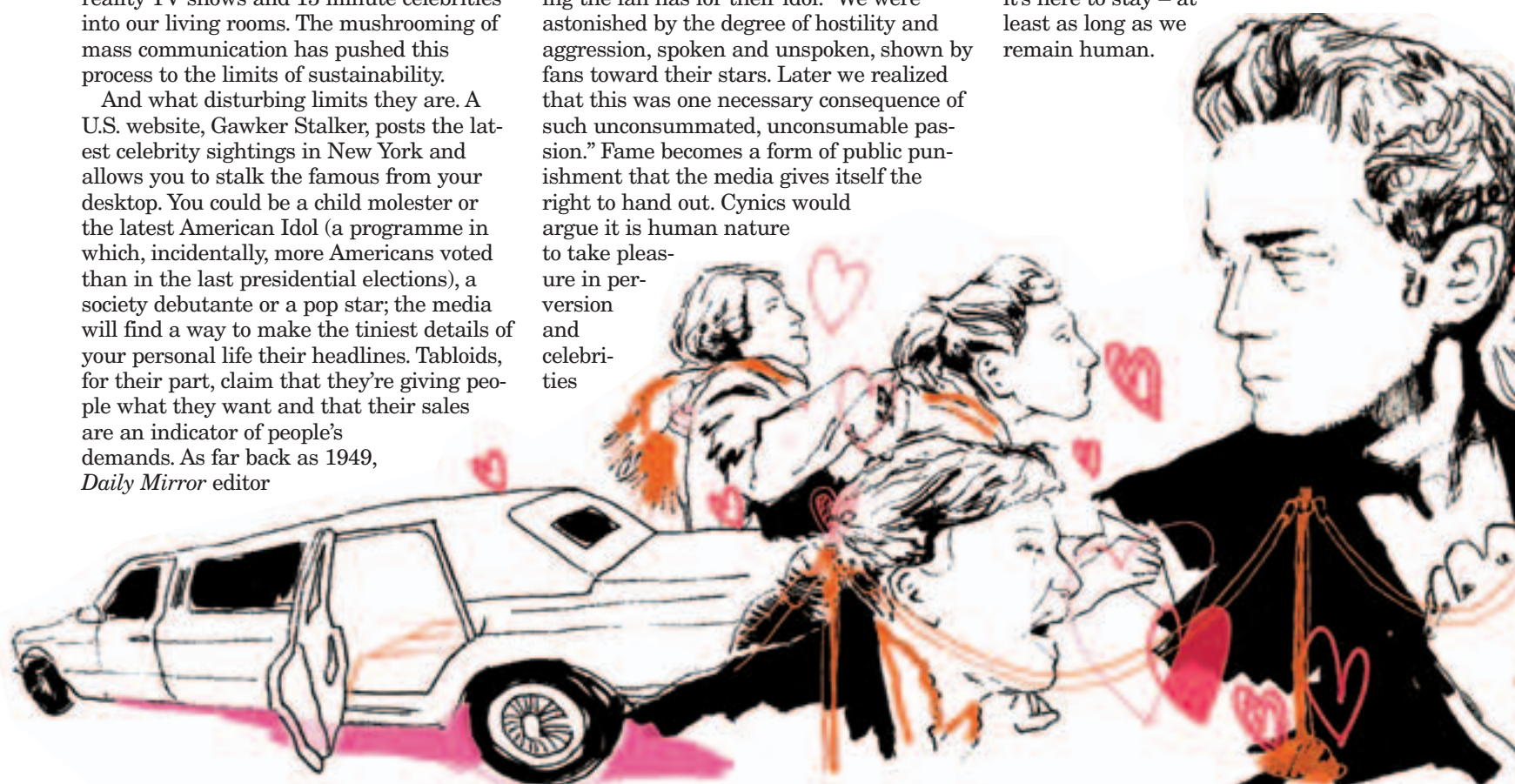
» More U.S. citizens voted in the last series of American Idol than in the last presidential elections

complex love/hate relationship with their fans, celebrities unknowingly act and (often fail) as heroes and heroines. Authors of the *Sex Pistols: The Inside Story*, Judy and Fred Vermorel, have studied the cult of celebrity closely. They comment on the depth of feeling the fan has for their idol. “We were astonished by the degree of hostility and aggression, spoken and unspoken, shown by fans toward their stars. Later we realized that this was one necessary consequence of such unconsummated, unconsumable passion.” Fame becomes a form of public punishment that the media gives itself the right to hand out. Cynics would argue it is human nature to take pleasure in perversion and celebrities

are easy targets because of their (sometimes forced) public life. Yet there is more than just voyeurism and nastiness involved in the fan/celebrity relationship, there is real affinity. Dr. Stephen Reimer, in a lecture on “The Sacred in Contemporary Culture”, explains how publicity and intimacy can sometimes become confused.

“Mostly it’s a feeling that this face which you’ve seen a thousand times must be the face of a close friend.” Princess Diana is one of the strongest examples of this friend theory. Even now, nearly a decade after her death, she still has many “pilgrims” coming to pay their respects at her grave. The inscription on her urn, in a very saintly fashion, reads, “Whenever you call to me—I will come to your aid.”

The psychological dynamics of CWS have been extensively researched but are still open to debate. Whatever name we give them, which ever angle we analyse it from, it appears a human phenomenon to appreciate fame and recognition and it seems like it’s here to stay – at least as long as we remain human.



Status



When she was a baby, **Becky Varley-Winter** was held by Jonathan Ross. She reflects on the meaning of this experience, and the thrill of claiming a connection with someone famous

I was lucky enough to be touched by fame at a young age. The date: 1987. The place: a house party in London, which my parents attended, with me, a tiny baby, in tow. All the celebrities of the age were there. Madonna lounged on the sofa with Margaret Thatcher. The Smiths and The Cure discreetly battled for control of the CD player. Billy Idol rebelliously ate all the hummus.

...Well, maybe not. But Jonathan Ross was there, and I am reliably informed that he held me in his giant, fame-filled arms. I only regret that I cannot remember it. It was, I like to imagine, a happy moment.

This is a blessing that runs in my family. As a journalist in the 80s, my mum interviewed Tom Cruise. "What was he like?" I asked, all agog. She replied that he seemed very nice. What is more, my dad once found himself standing next to Alan Rickman, queuing for the toilets in a London theatre (it's

true: not only does Alan Rickman go to the theatre, he also goes to the toilet).

"What was he like?" I

asked, understandably impressed.

The reply came back that he was "surprisingly short".

With such a rich heritage behind me, I feel thrice blessed by the Ross encounter. My only other claim to fame, which undeniably makes my life even more fascinating, is that Jools Holland's son used to have drum lessons after me. I can remember only that his son wore funky coloured glasses, and there was an air of coolness emanating from them both

that was detectable even to my eight-year-old self.

However, like the cult of celebrity itself, this article is something of a gimmick. I like to think that I am not easily impressed by fame. I come from a somewhat irreverent family, in which the chief reaction to Princess Diana's death was incredulity, not at the sad fate of Diana (which was admittedly tragic) but at the hysteria of the media coverage that followed, to the extent that I was awoken on the day of her death by my dad guffawing loudly at the television.

Yet, in spite of this irreverence instilled

ruthlessly in me via my upbringing, I do feel a grain of pride in having hung out with Jonathan Ross at a party, even though I was a square-headed ugly baby at the time. I would also probably be excited if I spotted a celebrity in the street, regardless of who it was.

If I admired them, this excitement would be understandable. What would I say? Would I ask for their autograph? Shake their hand? Give them a high five? It is suspenseful to contemplate these things. But why would I be excited to see, say, Jordan, who I find unappealing in fairly direct proportion to her orangeness?

Perhaps we just like to recognise a face. Or perhaps celebrities are thrust into our vision so forcibly that we feel a sense of partial ownership, and celebrity spotting is akin to seeing one of our belongings wandering unaided through the streets; we are

appropriately startled. Or we are simply wide-eyed like children at having something we have seen on a television screen, or flattened in the pages of a magazine, appear before us in fleshy, three-dimensional form, like Pygmalion's statue coming to life.

Possibly not. I am only attempting to explain something inherently strange, while gloating, because I was touched by Jonathan Ross.

I am expecting a prize any day now.

P.S. Like, omg! My mum just told me that she was fourteen weeks pregnant with me when she interviewed Tom Cruise, so I was kind of there too!

OVER THE BRIDGE

Monty Don



Monty Don graduated from St John's in 1964 with a degree in Moral Sciences. He is now one of TV's most popular horticulturalists and a best-selling author. His eight titles include *The Sensuous Garden* and *Fork To Fork*.

How did you spend your time when you were at Cambridge?

I played Sunday cricket for the John's second team. I was also involved in the music society. I played piano and organ in recitals.

What is your fondest memory of Cambridge?

I met my wife at Cambridge after only three weeks; she was a linguist at Newnham. We've been married 42 years. Back then there were 5000 men to 500 women in the University so it was a bit more difficult to meet females!

How did you celebrate the end of your degree?

I didn't even go to get it – that's a big regret. My parents were very proud. My brother and I were the first to go to university from my family and I should have given them the treat of the Senate House ceremony. I did, however, go to get my PhD.

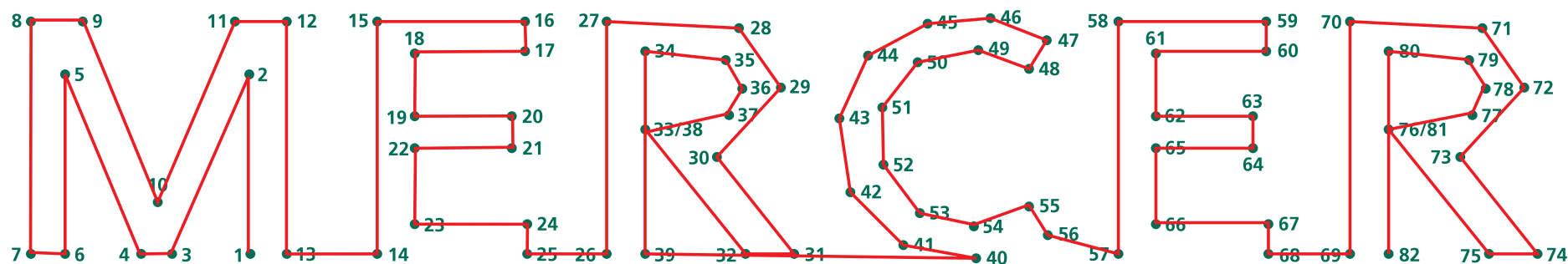
How did you spend the year after you graduated?

My wife and I got married then we took the Queen Mary to New York. We travelled across the country to Berkeley, California where we worked as teaching assistants and took some courses. We then came back to Cambridge to undertake our PhDs – my wife's took six years longer to complete as she had four kids!

Any particular advice for a student wanting to stay in their academic field?

It's a lot better now. At my stage there was little provision for grads and it was quite lonely. However many subjects still have little if any funding. Only do it if it will deeply satisfying for you. Academia is poorly paid so you've got to be dedicated.





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Walk in the Park

Udayan Bhattacharya steps outside the bubble and finds a vibrant scientific community

Rumour has it that there's more going on in Cambridge than what we perceive within the confines of the "student bubble" – that phenomenon which causes us to become oblivious to the activities of the great beyond. Indeed, it doesn't require that you venture very far to discover one of Europe's most prestigious scientific entrepreneurship centres. Many of you might have noticed the uninspiring concrete structures on your way into, or out of, Cambridge without giving a second thought to the significance of the work going on inside. Established in 1970 by Trinity College in the north east of the city, the Cambridge Science Park is one of the biggest entrepreneurial hubs in the area, combining cutting edge scientific research with business and commercial innovation.

Although the concept of building a business on scientific foundations is not novel or recent in any sense, it is quite a modern phenomenon for scientists to take the lead and turn their work into viable, profit-making establishments. In fact we probably owe this whole idea of spin-off companies to a handful of American scientists in the early sixties who decided to turn their research into commercially viable firms providing a range of solutions in different fields. It was the Silicon Valley which set the trend for otherwise distant scientists to take the leap into the world of entrepreneurial creativity. The idea of importing the U.S. science park model was conceived in 1969 by the Mott Committee, chaired by Sir Nevill Mott, the then Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics, in a reaction to the Labour Government's urging for universities and industry to become more closely affiliated with one another.

The relationship between the university and the science park clearly reflects the ideal upon which the park was founded upon: the collaboration between science and industry. Hosting over 90 companies in an area of over 150 acres, fields as different as ecology and nanotechnology are researched alongside one another, and subsidiaries of multinational corporations share the park with small spin-offs. Our

University's prolific research activity has been significantly expanded through its interaction with the park, and the interaction does not end with the university producing spin-off companies. Research is commonly spread between the university departments

» Students should explore their entrepreneurial potential - they have nothing to lose

and company laboratories. For example, Trinity College's Senior Bursar, Dr. Fairbrother, is Director of the Park. Factor in the numbers of Cambridge graduates among the park's 5000 employees and you begin to appreciate the dynamic exchange that takes place between the two.

More insight was gained from speaking to employees at the park. Mike Bond of Cryptomathic Ltd., a small but prominent e-security company, acknowledged that the proximity of the University was a "vital component to setting up in any technology area". Dr Asim Mumtaz, who, during his PhD at Cambridge, co-founded the company

Enecsys along with two fellow post-graduates, highlighted the "pull factor" that the University gives the Science Park. Grabbing hold of a good idea, pursuing it and not leaving your PhD on the shelf emerged as the major motivation for most people. Dr. Mumtaz and his two co-founders enthused about seizing the initiative. "Students should explore their entrepreneurial potential – they have nothing to lose".

The park's activities also include the development of treatments for cancer, genome sequencing, increasingly sophisticated imaging technology and the production of agricultural solutions that prioritise protection of the environment. And it's not all about white coats – you'll also find environmental and patenting lawyers, investors in science innovations and no less than the Royal Society of Chemistry. Then there's the nursery, bar, restaurant, and a health and fitness centre.

Starting a business is not easy and many flounder in the process, but if you believe you have something unique to offer, the Cambridge Science Park is a living example of people realising their dream – and the experience of witnessing your concept evolve into reality is a reward fulfilling enough for most.

www.cambridge-science-park.com

Bottom:
The
Cambridge
Science
Park glows
on the edge
of town



UNDER THE LABCOAT



Tristan Farrow
On Tickling

You can try this one at home with a partner. Try tickling each other at first, and then try tickling yourself. Unless you have a pretty wonky nervous system you'll discover that auto-tickling sadly doesn't work. And for good reason.

Cambridge neuroscientist Daniel Wolpert conducted an experiment in which pairs of volunteers were asked to spank each other mildly on the finger, using the same amount of force they just received. A mechanical contraption applied the first stroke to start them off, and the show was over after eight rounds. The study found that at each turn the amount of force each volunteer applied increased by almost 40%. "The key message is that our findings show we are not aware of our actions as we think", says Wolpert. In additional experiments, the subjects were asked to squash their own index finger with a force that matched a mechanical finger-squasher. The reader should not be alarmed, the forces used were minimal. The results showed once again that the volunteers used too much force. But when the subjects had to apply the same force as the finger-squasher through indirect contact using a joystick, they matched the force more closely.

The brain is a poor judge of the amount of force we exert. "To get the same feeling of force you feel [when applied by someone else], you need to exert more force", explains Dr Sukhwinder Shergill, who co-authored the study, originally conducted at University College London. When we make a movement, the brain receives a signal to anticipate it. But the key is that the brain then subtracts from the senses what it predicts to be the effects of the action. "It is a way of filtering out uninteresting information", says Wolpert, with the consequence that we underestimate the force we use. And since our senses are numbed to the effects of our own actions, it also explains why we can't tickle ourselves. But when someone else does it, you get the giggles because the brain no longer adjusts your sense of touch.

This effect allows us to focus more clearly on sensations coming from outside the body with minimal distractions from inside the body. The authors hint this is a defence mechanism developed by early humans. It may be more valuable to assess another creature's impact on you than assessing your impact on it, suggests Shergill. So, all in all, tickling other people is going to be a less rewarding activity than allowing yourself to be tickled, just don't allow the other person to go over the top.

BLUESCI HEADLINES

» Genetic Equity is a Long Way Off

The moratorium forbidding life insurance companies from using genetic information to discriminate between their clients is not working, according to the distinguished geneticist Professor John Sulston.

» Sleep Now in the Brain

Sleep is necessary to relax the brain, but not the body, according to Professor Jim Horne of the Loughborough Sleep Research Centre.

» Physicists Taught How to Communicate

If you want to teach someone about physics, always make sure you have nifty gadgets and a guitar. That was one of the key messages last Sunday at the Communicating Physics seminar.

Interviews

This month, two of the most powerful people supporting human rights in the UK come to Cambridge: **Kate Allen**, director of Amnesty International UK and **Shami Chakrabarti**, director of Liberty. *Varsity* catches up with both of them.

Kate Allen

Tristan Farrow discusses the censorship of free speech, international injustice, and the role of the internet in putting an end to both, with the Director of Amnesty International UK

It's easy to think you know public figures personally when you see them so often on TV or in the newspapers. I had seen Kate Allen's face on screen numerous times. But when I walked into the Union office two weeks ago to meet the director of Amnesty International UK, the only thing I immediately recognised were her designer spectacles.

Only then did her familiar face and short brown hair gradually come into focus. In her regular interview appearances on television she speaks charismatically in an even and confident

» I am an optimist and you have to be an optimist. I meet extraordinary people with extraordinary stories of courage

tone, so I expected Allen to be tall and overpowering. But as she stood up to shake my hand, the image I carried in my head of a not-to-be-messed-with human rights activist gave way to the real Kate Allen, an approachable and softly spoken woman with a ready smile. Allen gives nothing away of her steely but quiet determination.

It is already after nine at night by the time we leave the Union and sit down to dinner in an Italian restaurant. "And it's not just China. Vietnam, Tunisia, Iran, Saudi Arabia and Syria have a poor record also", continues Allen, as we tuck into grilled mushrooms. "We're seeing an attempt of some very unpleasant regimes to really clamp down on the freedom of expression. I think the internet really is where the battle for freedom of expression is now taking place."

Her address to the Cambridge Union on Friday 27th October was timed to coincide with a renewed publicity drive for Amnesty International's new campaign, "Irrepressible.info", which aims to take the fight for human rights into cyberspace. During her Union address, Allen waved a copy of that day's *Independent* newspaper, which ran a

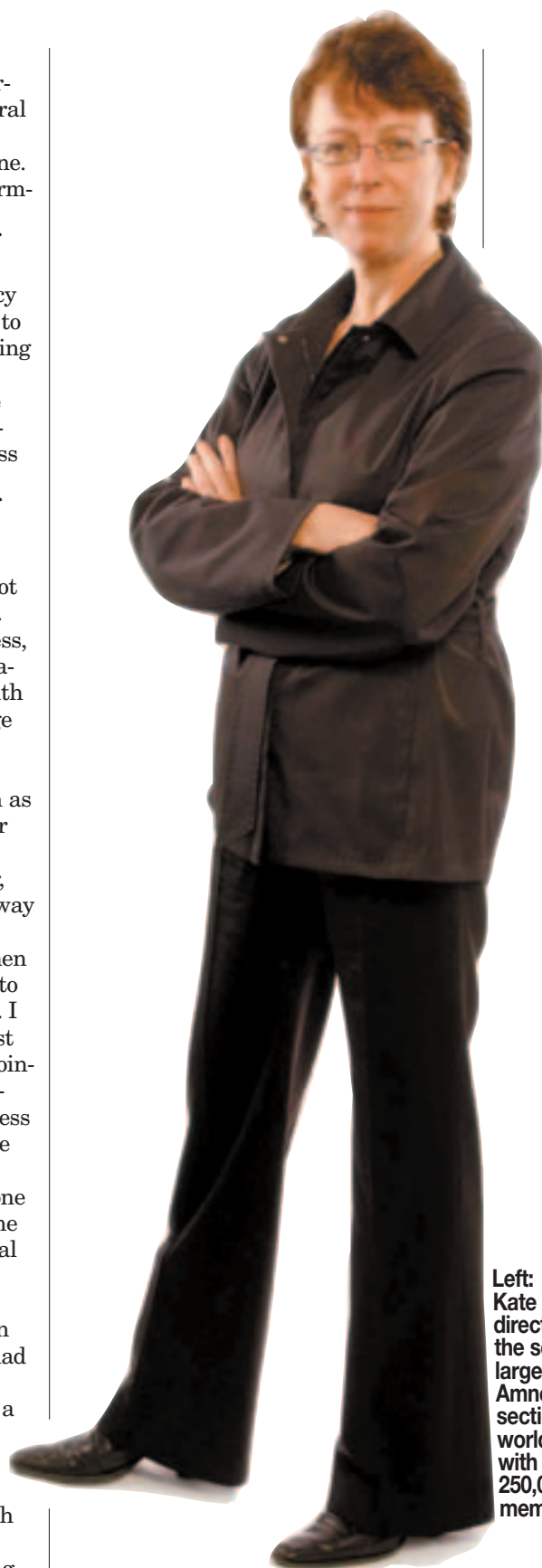
front page splash announcing the launch of the campaign against internet repression and documented several cases of bloggers around the world, jailed for expressing their views online.

Last year Yahoo turned police informant, when it provided the Chinese authorities with the email records of journalist Shi Tao, who got 10 years hard labour for accessing a democracy website in the US. It's a bland claim to say that the internet is a democratising force. It is not going to happen automatically according to Allen. "We are doing two things. First, lobbying governments to support freedom of access to internet and to raise this issue at international level. The other part of our campaign is aimed at companies like Yahoo, Microsoft and Google. We want to tell them that they should not be complicit in human rights abuses.

"They all espouse values of openness, transparency and freedom of information. They cannot attempt do that with us sat here comfortably in Cambridge and in the UK, and not do that with people who are struggling to assert their human rights in countries such as China. We want to avoid this two-tier approach to the internet. And we all have a role as consumers, and power, that we can use. Our campaign is a way for individual people to take action."

One of the hardest things to do when organising an Amnesty campaign is to find people willing to give their time. I ask Allen how students can help most effectively. "At a fundamental level, joining us is important. Significant numbers of members give us political access and our clout. You can also contribute money by paying your subs, and you can also take action. It can be from one email a month through to being in the cage on King's college lawn for several hours at a time. And everything in-between."

By the time we reach dessert, Allen starts to look a little tired. She has had a very long day. But, she admits, she couldn't work 9 to 5. She suppresses a yawn and takes a cautious glance at her watch. I decide I have time to throw in one final question: "Do you not become depressed by dealing with harrowing stories every day?" Here Allen's face lights up again, launching



Left: Kate Allen is director of the second largest Amnesty section worldwide with over 250,000 members

into her answer with renewed zeal. The words seem well-prepared, but she still speaks with a reassuring sense of conviction; "I am an optimist and you have to be an optimist. I meet extraordinary people with extraordinary stories of courage."

Her optimism is all the more poignant in light of recent events; two weeks ago the Russian journalist and fellow Amnesty colleague, Anna Politanskaya, was murdered in Moscow. "Tragedies where you know the people personally do affect you. Anna had campaigned with Amnesty against human rights abuses in the ongoing quagmire in Chechnya."

Very soon after, Allen has to go. Launching the "irrepressible.info" campaign seems to require an exceptional amount of stamina, and as she heads off to the train station I'm left thinking that she is an extraordinary person herself.

IMPRISONED

David Hicks

An Australian citizen, Hicks has been detained in Guantanamo Bay since January 2002. He was imprisoned by the Northern Alliance in Afghanistan. Amnesty claim he is being held and tortured under military commissions established by Bush which do not comply with international fair trial standards.

Kianoosh Sanjari

Student internet blogger from Iran. He has been held incommunicado in an unknown location since October 7th. He was arrested whilst reporting on a clash between security forces and supporters of a Shi'a cleric.

Brahim Sabbar

Moroccan human rights defender sentenced to a minimum of two years imprisonment. He denies the charge of assaulting and disobeying a police officer which he claims has been falsified. Sabbar collects information about breaches of human rights in the Western Sahara region.

Shami Chakrabarti

Tess Riley meets the director of Liberty to talk about politics, human rights and changing the nature of campaigning in the twenty-first century

About an hour before I was due to meet Shami Chakrabarti, I became rather nervous. Her public profile is impressive and impressive often means intimidating. The director of Liberty, a leading UK civil rights organisation, Chakrabarti writes for *The Independent* and regularly speaks on BBC Radio 4. Having heard her speak, I'm all too aware that she doesn't take any crap.

When we meet, I'm relieved. Chakrabarti is the same height as me and, since I'm barely 5ft 3", this is reassuring. Unfortunately, I proceed to greet her with, "It's great to finally meet you. You're so much shorter than I expected." She laughs, remaining unfazed. Since her job involves campaigning against "terrifying violations of human rights", including the anti-terrorist measures established after 9/11, I imagine very little daunts her.

Shami is in Cambridge to lead a human rights discussion. "I'll speak for just ten minutes, then let everyone have a good old dig in." She much prefers dialogue over lecturing, wanting to know what really matters to her audiences. When I mention the climate change march about to take place in London, she starts tapping the sofa in time with her speech:

"Environmental campaigners were ahead of the game, way before mainstream party politics. Throughout my life, green campaigners have tried to wake up the body politic to their very serious concerns for the environment. Civic freedoms in Britain are comparable. We've been very profligate and complacent with our constitutional heritage just as we have been with the planet. The next generation will have to pay for their predecessors' mistakes."

It's easy to see why Chakrabarti came ahead of Tony Blair, David Cameron, George Galloway and Bob Geldof in Channel 4's 2006 "Most Inspiring Political Figure Award", coming second only to Jamie Oliver. What does this say about Britain's political situation?

"Recent generations lived through the Holocaust, the Blitz and the immediate post-war period. The latter was a unique moment in history: people of every faith, no faith, of every political persuasion, came together and agreed on the human rights consensus, a non-negotiable bundle of rights which is no longer respected. That's what our political climate has done."

But, how do we get people "rather more quickly thinking about the constitutional climate in the way that they're waking up to the climate change crisis"? Chakrabarti offers an impressive range of possibilities.



Shami Chakrabarti will be talking at Clare Politics on Tuesday 28th November. See www.clarepolitics.co.uk for more information.

Protest marches "make a difference", as does voter power. Individually, marches might not be force enough but politicians are "very sensitive to the photographs, the media, to the general political atmosphere." Likewise, the internet is a "very sophisticated twenty-first century campaigning tool" and the courts are invaluable.

» The old left-right, tax and spend agenda is not up to speed with the issues we're addressing. For instance, is it left or right to be "for" the planet?

able for the sort of campaign work that Liberty does. "This may very well be the century of the non-party political campaigner".

I ask Chakrabarti why the non-party political campaigner will succeed where traditional forms of leadership have failed. "The old left-right, tax and spend agenda is not up to speed with the issues we're addressing. For instance, is it left or right to be 'for' the planet? to be 'for' fundamental freedoms?"

When I suggest that it is hard to know what "right" and "left" mean anymore, she bangs the sofa again. "Exactly! When I was young, party politics was thought to be too ideological – you wouldn't say that today. What does Labour stand for? What does Conservative stand for? It's hard to know."

We discuss unjust laws and I'm interested to know what Chakrabarti thinks about non-violent direct action campaigning. Although she would "never" say that the time has come for the public to act *en masse* against the law, she is highly opposed to the relatively recently established anti-protest measures "which actually prevent people from asserting their democratic right."

For Chakrabarti, people should never follow laws just because they were passed by parliament. "People must think for themselves. What if those laws sanctioned torture, for example? There must be a space for the individual to say 'no'." Liberty campaigns under EU law – Chakrabarti was a barrister at the Home Office until 2001 – and Chakrabarti is keen to emphasise that we should never consider violating legal regulations lightly. "But, I would never rule out disobeying an unjust law in order to stand up for rights and freedoms."



Reality Hardcore

Olly Riley-Smith investigates the changing nature of cinematic sex

Cinematic screwing – how was it for you? Chances are the last screen shag you enjoyed wasn’t a cheeky, euphemistic, *Carry On* poke-fest or an artistically lit, intricately choreographed piece of sensual body bending – it was probably real. Sex scenes, the almost staple ingredient of any film that aims to appeal to an adult audience nowadays, have been getting increasingly pornographic, serving up a generous dose of popcorn and penetration.

The problem with portraying sex in mainstream cinema is that filmmakers are obliged to make something awfully silly look artistic, alluring, and inoffensive. The result has been sex of the most unrealistic nature. When was the last time you enjoyed some *Ghost*-style phantasmal foreplay before a bout of squishy, clay-based tomfoolery? Faced with the problem of getting it right, many directors have simply gone with the stale,

frantic kissing, writhing backs, post-coital pillow and ciggy routine, but recently all things sexy have been changing fast.

Much to the chagrin of certification boards, filmmakers have long been trying to push the boundaries of what sexual content is acceptable to be shown in a

cinema. The “outrage” in the seventies, sparked by films such as *Last Tango in Paris* (1972), which featured Marlon Brando using butter as a lube, or *Don’t Look Now* (1973), in which the leads were suspected of actually having sex during one scene, has only spurred on



Left: One of the less explicit scenes from notorious brit flick *9 songs*

Above: A scene from the 1970s porn blockbuster *Deep Throat*

filmmakers to push harder. The term “porn chic” was spawned with *Deep Throat* (1972) and *Emmanuelle* (1974), pornographic movies went mainstream, allowing snobby critic and ordinary Joe alike the chance to catch a skin flick in their local movie theatre. The Japanese arthouse film *In the Realm of the Senses* (1976) was one of the first to portray explicit lovemaking in a sensitive and beautiful manner, demonstrating how cinematic sex could be legitimately artistic rather than porny trash. Madonna called it the most erotic film she’d ever seen.

The issue that people, including critic Mark Kermode, have had with the increase of unsimulated sex scenes is that the “encroachment of hard-core imagery into mainstream cinema” represents both a “laudable relaxation of censorship standards” and a destruction of “the fictional world of the film”. The recent intrusion of the real into the fictional has not only been due to an increased drive towards realism in sex scenes, but also because the rise of reality TV shows – potentially offering real people having real sex – has forced filmmakers to up the ante. Far from being shock-

SEX ON SCREEN

- Requiem For A Dream**
Showing the pros and cons of heroin-induced sex, scenes range from a romantic split screen and a majestic shot spinning above a bed, to a sickening double-dildo sex show.
- Wild Things**
A must-see for any horny teenage boy: a sizzling champagne-drenched threesome between Denise Richards, Matt Dillon and Neve Campbell.
- Kids**
For pure, powerful wrongness, the final teenage rape scene that takes place as the other 5-16 year olds sleep on, oblivious, is horrible.
- Monster’s Ball**
The explicit, genuine, emotional, erotic, real passion in the sex scenes between Halle Berry and Billy Bob Thornton is electric. Don’t watch with the parents.

ing, recent films with “real sex” in them, such as *The Brown Bunny* (2003) and *9 Songs* (2004), have turned out to be intimate and intriguing, but ultimately boring.

Time and time again, it is not porno-realism but stylised suggestiveness that people find more alluring. In Channel 4’s recent *100 Sexiest Moments*, the top trouser-stirrer was the moment when Ursula Andress swaggers out of the ocean in *Dr No*, followed by the lesbian kiss in *Cruel Intentions*. There were only three actual sex scenes in the top ten, proving that we are far more titillated by teasing eroticism than actual sex – the less we’re shown, the more we want.

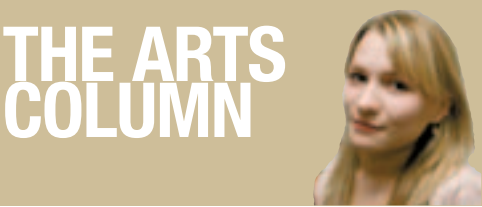
More often than not, it is the farcical nature of sex that is accentuated by filmmakers, as the absurdity of it all has

» The voyeuristic element is enjoyable, but it is when we are forced to watch something that we do not want to see that sex in cinema is used most powerfully

turned out to be a powerful comic weapon. The unforgettable scene in *Hot Shots*, when Charlie Sheen seduces the girl by using various foodstuffs, eventually sizzling a juicy steak on her hot tummy, deflates all the sexiness that was invested in its serious counterpart, *Top Gun*. When Ewan Macgregor yells euphorically that his cracking bonk reminds him of a famous footy goal in *Trainspotting*, or when the occupants of an apartment building start simultaneously tapping out the rhythm of a noisy shagging couple in *Delicatessen*, Hollywood’s dreamy sexual bubble is burst – “if only these things happened in real life” we laugh.

While the voyeuristic element of watching private lovemaking on film may be enjoyable, it is when we are forced to watch something that we do not want to see that sex in cinema is used most powerfully. The disturbing and horrifically painful rape scene in *Irreversible* is made all the more so by the fact that the camera remains fixed, watching unflinchingly, for the duration of the crime, while *Baise-moi* (meaning “Fuck” or “Rape me”) uncompromisingly presents the darker side of sexuality. It is in these forms, the overtly comic or tragic, that sexual cinema is most potent.

So, what is the future for cinematic copulation? The latest Brit flick, *Scenes of a Sexual Nature*, looks watered down to the point of saturation, and will probably include some foppish sex scene with as much sizzling eroticism as Hugh Grant’s floppy mop of a haircut, that paradigm of British sexiness. Contrastingly, *Distriected*, a collection of short films by directors including Larry Clark (*Kids*) and Gaspar Noe (*Irreversible*), claims to explore the boundaries between sex and art, cinema and pornography, but includes scenes with a man fucking his truck and a guy jerking off in Death Valley. Sexy? Maybe not, but there doesn’t seem to be any danger of Hollywood climaxing any time soon.



Emily Stokes
On *The Archers*

Contrary to popular belief, Radio 4 is rarely educational. As fond of it as I am, hearing it continuously in the background can feel like living with tinnitus (I imagine). A day working (drinking tea) to Radio 4 leaves me pedantic and prone to saying “humbug”. The worst side of my addiction is that I particularly enjoy complaining about Radio 4: Desert Island Discs’ descent into inane conversation; flower arranging on Women’s Hour (and other activities less suited to its audio medium); Melvin Bragg.

I would normally add The Archers to this list of irritants because – save the cow and sheep sound effects, which are intriguing – it is boring. Time tends to pass rather slowly in Ambridge, apparently a bit slower than it does in real life. But I have recently had to revise my stance. To fill you in (although I have a slightly paranoid suspicion that people

» In the last three weeks heavy breathing has been filling the airwaves. This has finally reached an audibly indecent climax

are often lying when they tell me that they aren’t listeners),

Ruth and David have been married for eighteen years and run a farm. They used to sit on the sofa (signified by a satisfying sigh into the microphone) and talk about the new calves (for the farming listeners). Until, that is, Ruth and Sam started kissing in the cowshed. In the last three weeks heavy breathing has been filling the airwaves. This has finally reached an audibly indecent climax. I am hideously compelled to fill in what they’re really doing in there (in the radio, I mean).

Recently, I managed to switch on (mentally) to You and Yours, and was delighted to hear fellow listeners a little older than myself feuding about dramatic characterisation: “Ruth would never do this to David”, they hissed. What made me choke on my digestive in delight was that those complaining were all men, while women were breathlessly excited by Ruth’s behaviour. I imagined farmer’s wives leaving farmers all around the country, and wanted to call Mark Lawson to discuss it. My advice to any Cambridge student who thinks The Archers isn’t their cup of tea would be to think of it as a cultural phenomenon, anthropological foreplay at the touch of a button. Indulge in some heavy breathing at seven o’clock and then have a snooze to Front Row just after.

THE FILM CLUB



Olly Riley-Smith On *The Player*

Long before Charlie Kaufman wrote his self-conscious movie about movie-making, *Adaptation*, Robert Altman had made this masterful satire on Hollywood. Rather than screenwriting, executive producing is the target. The slimy Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins) is a man who spends his days lunching, schmoozing, and occasionally rejecting the odd stupid movie pitch he hears. With his career threatened by a young upstart exec. (a venomous, pre-O.C. Peter Gallagher), a bitter rejected screenwriter begins to send him suspicious notes, leading to blackmail, ending with murder, and forcing Mill to

» A dollop of sex, lashings of laughter, some thinly sliced layers of suspense, and a happy ending slapped on the end. *The Player* follows these rules to the tee

fight for both career and life.

What makes this darkly cynical gem such a keeper is the fact that the entire film, a supposed exposé of “real Hollywood”, is itself a joke, since Altman and co. are self-absorbed Hollywoodites themselves. One character lists everything a successful movie needs – a dollop of sex, lashings of laughter, some thinly sliced layers of suspense, and a happy ending slapped on the end. It is no coincidence that *The Player* follows these rules to the tee, and like all great satires, satirizes itself.

The ensemble cast are fantastic, with numerous hilarious cameos including Richard E. Grant’s absurdly dramatic British screenwriter, and dozens of celebrities playing themselves – Bruce Willis rescues Julia Roberts and Jeff Goldblum, John Cusack and Jack Lemmon mill around giving ludicrous “chat”. We become like Griffin himself, squinting hopefully at the famous – is that Burt Reynolds at that table with Cher? The film turns us into the charmless spotters it mocks.

That’s not to mention Altman’s unique style of filming – get a load of fantastic actors, rehearse for ages, put them on location with mics on and a loose script, and film them, eavesdropping in and out of their improvised conversations like a gossipy socialite. It’s a

His ‘n’ Hers

Tom Kingsley and Nell Pearce-Higgins consider the new wave of lifestyle guides for boys and girls

Time’s out of joint. No one’s happy with what they’ve got. Adults read children’s books, and children read adult magazines. A niche has opened up, and it’s already been plugged – by two innocent-looking new books.

Tom’s a boy, so he’s been coolly flicking through *The Dangerous Book for Boys*. Nell’s a girl, so she’s been neurotically poring over *How to Walk in High Heels – The Girl’s Guide to Everything*. What are these books, and what are they doing? Well they’re meant to look old and nostalgic, but they’re actually cynical marketing exercises horribly ripping off and ripping up what’s left of our childhoods. With a light dusting of irony. And the world doesn’t need any more irony.

The pink holographic cover and ‘elegant’ font with an image of a woman changing a light-bulb in her underwear and high heels speaks eons about *The Girls Guide* and its target audience of liberated and empowered women. *Glamour* magazine deems it “just what every modern girl needs”, while the *Guardian* calls it “the essential reference book” for “any self-respecting aspiring socialite”. Quite. It’s horrible, and it makes the women-wanting-to-be-girls-wanting-to-be-women look horrible too.

But the boys do alright. The red and gold hardcover of *The Dangerous Book* harks back to the *Boys’ Own* manual, and the days when William Brown was the archetypal boy and everyone kept a peashooter in his pencil case. Happily unlike its female version, it pretends that the modern world doesn’t and couldn’t exist as it presents information “Every Boy Should Know”. Which is, obviously, “Building a Treehouse”, “The Golden Age of Piracy” (on the seas, not PCs), “Wrapping a Parcel in Brown Paper and String”, “Latin Phrases”, and so on, perpetuating an ideal of boyhood which is jingoistic, nostalgic, and seen through the hazy sunshine of an afternoon spent fishing.

Where *The Girl’s Guide* purports to be a manual for the contemporary female, *The Dangerous Book* is unashamedly nostalgic in tone. In fact, it’s such a good pastiche of those halcyon inter-war days that you wonder why it needs to exist at all. If you want a book that looks dated, you might as well buy an actually dated book instead of the literary equivalent of a paedophile in school uniform.

But when Waterstone’s makes only 20% of its profits from books written before the 80s, it’s clear that the publishers have no choice; modern punters are only sated by something bright and shiny and recently reviewed on TV.

The *Girls Guide* tacks a racy Sex and the City veneer onto its Mrs Beeton

source material, showing forward thinking females how to... “Bleed a Radiator”, “Understand the Home-Buying Process at a Glance” and “Wear the Appropriate

» If you want a book that looks dated, you might as well buy a genuinely old book instead of the literary equivalent of a paedophile in school uniform

Underwear”. But many of the sensible sounding headings lead to useless tips – “How to unblock drains”, for example, informs the reader that “unblocking drains is really yuk” and should be done by someone else. A man.

Others are patronising, bizarre, and occasionally ridiculous, including “light all your

Diptyque candles” in a power cut, wear sunglasses and drink coffee if you have a hangover (revolutionary advice), and a reminder not to discuss “bikini-waxing horror stories” or “lurid one-night stands” with potential in-laws. Sure, sure.

Our favourite tip, and one that should strike fear into the heart of any romantic male under 6ft tall, is to dump any man shorter than you in your highest heels – “you shouldn’t compromise style for love”. Also insisting that every woman should possess at least one pair of shoes with 10” heels means that, even for the vertically challenged such as Nell, no man under 5ft 11” gets a look in.

The two books send out a very confused message about the world we live in, and it’s even more disturbing because they’ve been very successful. Men are desperate to relive their childhoods with repackaged tips on how to play with their conkers, while women, it seems, would

like nothing better than to have it confirmed in print that they’re too

dippy to ever

unblock a drain.

They offer us

nothing new in

terms of gender

insights, but simply

repackage the past,

and demonstrate the

inadequacies of the

present.

Below:
A teatime
image from
*How to Walk
in High
Heels*. Image
used with
kind permis-
sion of
Harper-
Collins



Reviews

The Crucible

The Round Church

★★★★★

This is, through and through, an excellently conceived production. James Norton's version of *The Crucible* captures the attention and pins it firmly to the action onstage, to the extent that, on resurfacing for the interval, I found myself leaning forward so much I was nestled snugly against the people sitting in front. Its not often you get a theatre experience so brilliantly intimate.

The staging in the Round Church works admirably, not merely as a compliment to Miller's portrayal of a God-fearing Puritan community imploding under accusations of witchcraft, but because of the isolated, capsule atmosphere it achieves. This, combined with the cast's effective observance of the accent (whatever it may be, exactly), positions the performance a world away, one bound within a tight circle of paranoia and fear. The audience is close enough to see the actor's eyeballs glitter; between the arches above the actors you can espy church decorations of carved faces, peering down on every move below. Senator McCarthy would have approved.

More importantly, the intense proximity granted by the space is the perfect foil for a set of consummate performances. Amidst a strong cast, Beatrice Walker commands as Abigail from the outset, mov-



JAMES NORTON

ing swiftly through a demanding series of emotional changes, but always conveying the character's underlying intelligence for manipulation and cruelty. Edward Rowett as John Proctor and Stephanie Bain as his wife Elizabeth both give sensitive performances, achieving an especial power in their final scene together; whilst Alex Guelff is particularly engaging as Mary, a weak-willed and increasingly desperate girl, whose gradual breakdown under the pressure of intense questioning is excellently observed. Even though she takes the easy way out, you can't help but feel for the shaking and screaming figure

hunched on the floor.

The production is excellent for the degree of sympathy elicited for even the most bloody-minded and foolish of characters, such as Tom Attenborough's Hale and Ed Rice's Parris, who watch in dismay as proceedings spiral out of their priestly control. Even Angus Wight's hard and unforgiving Judge Danforth inspires a certain pity. Miller's writing occasionally verges on caricature, yet handled carefully, as here, this to emphasises the ridiculous nature of any climate of fear. The engrossing quality of the performance is a testament to their hard work and to Norton's direction; it is

impressive to see a large cast who are able to modulate effectively between extremes of emotion, and yet retain arresting points of detail. Fran Stevenson's Rebecca Nurse is a case in point – her stage time may be small but her performance is spot on, inspiring power and dignity into a character which could easily become lost in the wrong hands.

The Crucible is one of those rare pieces of theatre which happily combines originality and talent, without pretension. There's even free tea and coffee at the interval. Amazing.

Catherine Spence

VIEW FROM THE GODS



Tim Smith-Laing

On Small Spaces

...Or not such a view from the gods. This week's production of *The Crucible* had no gods, only fittingly puritan wooden benches, or the floor. Pleas to find new performance spaces in Cambridge have gone up before, but James Norton's production shows just how effective branching out can be, and in ways which surprised me. Arthur Miller is not a subtle playwright; he does not deal particularly with any but the most extreme emotions, nor is he interested vastly in extended character development. I generalise, and his fans will disagree with me, but I don't necessarily mean that as a criticism: few writ-

» A small space has the risk of scuppering a show by holding it up to a magnifying glass and pointing out the holes

ers play as well as Miller, or as often. Given the chance he'll leave an audience stunned, precisely because of the sheer size of the emotions he hits on, and the frankness of the characters they affect.

One would think though, that in such a small space, the largesse of plays as big and frank as Miller's would suffer. Not only that but, we are (sob) dealing with student drama here: cheap costumes, tiny rehearsal periods, mixed casts, mixed directing ... the list goes on. In a small space – and Cambridge has its fair share of small spaces – every creak and every crack can show; from the safety pins in a renaissance costume to the blink of a line fluffed. A small space has the risk of scuppering a show by holding it up to a magnifying glass and pointing out the holes.

But every show has holes. I don't think of "student drama" or Cambridge as being exceptional in that. Five weeks after seeing Nicholas Hytner's production of *The Alchemist* at The National Theatre, I'm still picking holes in it. And that was a very big space indeed, an all-star professional cast, a well known director. The challenge is to raise a show not only to the point where there are as few holes as possible, but to the point where no-one wants to find them. Small-space theatre can do exactly that; being that close to a show and its cast, when it works, leaves little room for an audience to avoid being affected. When you can't turn away from even a simply capably-acted show, when it's that close, it can have a cumulative affect that I've never experienced in bigger theatres. After a while, when it works, you can get close enough for the cracks to disappear.

Peter Pan in Scarlet

Geradline McCaughrean

★★★★★

In 2004, the centenary of the first performance of J.M. Barrie's play *Peter Pan*, or *The Boy Who Would Not Grow Up*, Great Ormond Street Hospital held a competition to find an author willing to step into Barrie's boots and continue Peter's adventures. Which is precisely what Geraldine McCaughrean did with *Peter Pan in Scarlet*, the first official sequel to Barrie's tales of crocodiles, fairies and pirates. "Everyone knows that when you put on dressing up clothes, you become someone else" we are told. And Barrie's boots must be more restrictive than most – how do you continue the adventure of the boy who would not grow up?

The triumph of this book is McCaughrean's imagination – pulling the reader along from chapter to chapter. The few moments that seem derivative

are better described as knowing winks. Peter may not have grown up (though he has mellowed a little) but Neverland has changed. As the book begins, the fabric separating reality and imagination is unravelling. In 1926, the Lost Boys of London are once again dreaming of Neverland, and their dreams are becoming terrifyingly real. Wendy decides that the only thing to do is to think the impossible and return to Neverland.

The Neverland we discover is autumnal with a pervading sense of regret. The shadow of the recent "Big War" hangs over London and its unsettling influence is felt even in Neverland. McCaughrean's writing is at its finest here – never heavy-handed or sentimental, she suggests in the fewest of words the pain of returning to Neverland and

remembering those never able to return. New life is breathed into the words "They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old".

The sinister Ravello tells Peter, "Every consequence has further consequences my boy! Everything you do comes back to haunt you". To the irresponsible hero these words – dragging a children's game into the arena of adult responsibility – are anathema. While McCaughrean's book restores the status quo of Neverland, it does so with an increasing sense of this responsibility. *Peter Pan in Scarlet* will inevitably face comparison with the original, but its real achievement is facing up to Barrie's fears: we must all grow up some day.

Simon Jackson

Online this week

» "Luke Roberts' writing doesn't just take your breath away, it winds you" – read Moya Sarnier's review of 1, 2, 3, 4, (5) on at the ADC for two more nights

Reviews

Online this week

» Get on to varsity.co.uk to read Zara Tempest-Walters' review of Anthony Minghella's latest, *Breaking and Entering*

Little Children

Dir: Todd Field

★★★

The darkness hiding under the glossy surface of contemporary American suburbia is fast in danger of becoming the most overdone subject in modern storytelling. To glibly describe *Little Children* as superficially little more than a grittier version of *Desperate Housewives* might be selling the film short, but is certainly not inaccurate. Hence it's a real testament to fêted *In The Bedroom* director Todd Field's sophomore effort that it remains thoroughly gripping throughout.

Far more complex than the tale of boredom-induced infidelity that the trailer emphasises, *Little Children* instead minutely dissects how a handful of very different character archetypes react to the wall-free prison that they have come to inhabit, voluntarily or otherwise. Some fantasise about escape, some continually try to reinforce its illusionary perfection, while others cross all kinds of lines to "protect" their community. Skilful characterisation

means that no leading character emerges as somehow less flawed than any other and viewers will empathise with both the good in one person and the bad in another. Appropriately enough, the only really innocent characters in the whole film are the little children who serve, sometimes tangentially, to bring everyone else together.

Making flawed characters sympathetic is one of the most diffi-

cult things that can be asked of an actor, and thankfully all involved here prove themselves more than up to the challenge. Leading couple Kate Winslet and Patrick Wilson are no strangers to morally murky characters, but that does nothing to diminish the power of their performances here. Perhaps the only disappointment is that Oscar-winner Jennifer Connelly is underused as Wilson's

controlling wife. That Connelly's character feels short-changed is a symptom of the only significant quibble with an otherwise brilliant piece of filmmaking. While the widening of the focus beyond Winslet and Wilson's adultery makes for a more engrossing story, the need to balance and link their affair to the parallel plotline, about a convicted sex offender moving into the neighbourhood, means that strands cannot help but feel underdeveloped.

Addressing the press, Field and Winslet very articulately explained why the emphasis shifts the way it does, but the film itself does not quite manage to do so in an entirely satisfactory way. As it stands, *Little Children* is an engaging, challenging and witty character drama, but one that, frustratingly, proves marginally less rounded in execution than it most likely was in conception.

Stuart Smith



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Arrive at 6.00pm for a 6.30pm start

Places are limited! You must book to confirm your place. Please contact Melissa Course at careers.uk@adlittle.com



Thomas Truax and Flipron
The Loft

★★

The first time I saw Thomas Truax, I really didn't know what to expect. All I had to go on was an over-excited friend of mine named Lila gibbering something about a "hornicator" and drum machines made out of bicycle wheels. Obviously I was intrigued, but very dubious at the

» While Jools Holland quietly creamed himself, Flipron twiddled through a series of songs that cried out "we're trying a bit too hard to be fun"

same time. Was this really something I wanted to fill my ears with? Oh yes it was. On that particular occasion (Truck Festival 2006) I was left a changed man. Mr Truax had well and truly blown me away. His songs about escaping orphanages and caring for giant injured butterflies were simply wonderful. It was clear that Thomas really did not live on quite the same planet as the rest of us, but somehow his world was a place that I really wanted to experience for a little while.

Sadly though, tonight he lacked something of the sparkle and mystery that



had captivated me before. Sure the wonderful songs were still there, and the homemade instruments sent through looping pedals sounded just as cool as they ever had. His brilliance still shone through, just a little muffled this time.

Unfortunately the "co-headliners", Flipron, were really dreadful. I had been informed by the man on the door that "they were really great and I would love them". It would appear that he lied. The warning signs were there even while they were setting up. The dubious facial hair, silly shoes, unnecessary number of on-stage guitars and white-man-afro of the lead singer/guitarist/chief poser rapidly put me off.

I would have been quite happy to let him off for these offences, however, if his band's music had entertained me. Sadly this was not to be. While Jools Holland quietly creamed himself somewhere in the audience, they twiddled through a series of songs that cried out "we're trying a bit too hard to be fun" and "we're a bit retro with our irritating keyboards and jazzy accordion". I was entertained, however, when one member of the audience turned up the fan connected to the smoke machine, successfully filling the front area of the venue with lovely little clouds of fake smoke. Then we went to get cheeseburgers, which I enjoyed much more than Flipron.

James Tallant

Jarvis
Jarvis Cocker

★★★★



Gainsbourgian sex symbol and the arse-wiggling nemesis

of Michael Jackson: Jarvis Cocker, whether pouting in Pulp or grunting in Relaxed Muscle, has never been coy. But now that he's settled and solo, has domesticity dulled his wit? Well, lyrically he still finds the profound in the mundane: relationships are there but so is popular culture's sanitisation of atrocities, the repetitive nature of suburban social lives and international politics. One has the impression, however, that the personal always has been the political for Jarvis and these topics are hardly new for him.

Similarly, he is still as direct as ever, if not more so. "I say: shit floats". However, the overall effect differs; gone is the intoxicated razzmatazz of *Different Class* and the claustrophobic gloom of *This is Hardcore*, and replaced by the wry detachment of a mature man giving his state of the nation address. Not to say this album is a weary trudge, rather it's emotive and excitingly diverse, with musical styles embracing chanson, brassy, SFA sunshine-pop, Strokes-y punk, Andrew Loog Oldham-style melodious chiming and mock U2 epics with the same proficiency and verve. Sex and politics haven't been such great bedfellows since John and Edwina.

Rhiannon Easterbrook

Skream!
Skream

★★★★



The debut album by Skream, a.k.a Croydon dubstep

prodigy Ollie Jones, lies in a post-Jungle slum of despair; its sparse highs merely emphasising the bass-crawling lows. The mesmerising "Stagger" is full of the dead-end breaks and loose samples, intertwined with sub-woofer killing grinds that define Skream! The album is remarkably fresh, whilst borrowing from multiple genres. The dubby grooves of "Blue Eyez" sit closely with a techno structure. As for "Midnight Request Live", minimalist wizard Ricardo Villalobos went crazy for the track when he heard it,

whilst Roll Deep have been using it as a beat to rap over at their live shows. However, Skream's eagerness to demonstrate his compatibility at times detracts from the album. Mixes of his work are more captivating, and fading out songs is a cop-out in any genre. The vocal collaborations you can give or take; for me the live vocalist takes away the spellbinding nature of the music. These tracks almost need an album of their own, so that the odd bursts of languid spacey vocal or sound effects can reign supreme. Don't let this put you off, though. These are perfectionist worries, which shouldn't detract from a great collection of songs.

Sam Blatherwick



MIXTAPE

Title: The Mid-Term Blues Date: 10/11/06		
No.	Track Title	Notes
1.	Bob Dylan - "Blind Willie McTell" (from "The Bootleg Series")	No one can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell - except Bob Dylan, that is. Mournful, rambling, much like a fifth-week essay.
2.	Smog - "Bathysphar" (from "Wild Love")	Hard to choose between this version and the cover by Cat Power. If you're really wallowing, listen to both.
3.	Lori Mitchell - "River" (from "Blue")	Take yourself for a long mournful walk by the Cam. Who cares if it's not as inspiring as the one in the song.
4.	Bright Eyes - "If Winter Ends" (from "Letting Off The Happiness")	In case you angst turns teenage.
5.	The Smiths - "There is a light that never goes out" (from "The Queen Is Dead")	Even indie kid's favourite piece of melancholia. Chrysanthemums and cardigans at the ready.
6.	Silver Mt. Zion - "Babylon Was Built On Fire" (from "This Is Our Punk Rock")	A desolate soundscape if ever there was one, added to by Efrim Menuck's absolutely chilling voice.
7.	P.J. Harvey - "Long Snake Moan"	For when you need something suitably noisy to drown out your moaning. Pally wails louder!
8.	Ellis Smith - "2:45AM" (from "Either/Or")	"Did I listen to pop music because I was depressed, or was I depressed because I listened to pop music?" asks Rob in "High Fidelity". With the track it's apt to be the latter. Thanks a lot Ellis.
9.	Neil Young - "Don't Let Me Bring You Down" (from "After the Goldrush")	"Don't let it bring you down/it's only candles burning/Just find someone who's tuning/And you will come around." Wise words.

Online » Words and pictures: Jonny Yarker critiques the Fitzwilliam's "Literary Circles" exhibition

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How to apply

Forward your CV and cover letter to Vimi Emraz at emraz_vimi@bah.com

17th November 2006

Closing date

1st December 2006

Those selected for interviews will be invited to attend a session at a location near the **Booz Allen** offices on case study interviews

13th-15th December 2006

1st round interviews in London

at Booz Allen Hamilton



Summer Intern programme

We run an eight week summer intern programme for penultimate year students between July and August. Please apply via the same method and use the same application deadline date. Interviews for this programme will be held in London on 18th and 19th January 2007.

Booz | Allen | Hamilton

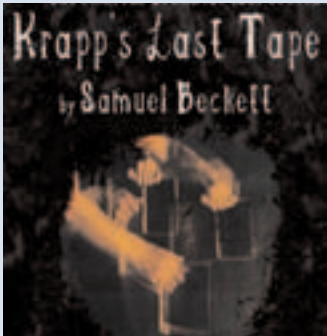
Listings

PICK OF THE WEEK

FILM

The Return (12A)
Arts Picturehouse
Thu 16 Nov, 17.00
Andrei Zvyagintsev's first feature is a slow-burning, stunningly-shot drama that immediately brings to mind Tarkovsky. Two brothers in a decayed provincial town in Russia deal with their father's reappearance after an absence of twelve years and his attempts to re-establish his paternal authority with brutal insensitivity. On a fishing trip, the tragically transitory and ambiguous nature of the reunion becomes unclear. A terse and beautiful parable.
All films showing at Arts Picturehouse unless stated otherwise

THEATRE



Krapp's Last Tape ADC, Tue 14 Nov, 23.00.
One of Beckett's greatest. The ancient Krapp looks back on his life on tape with humour and, well... massive misery. Yeah!

MUSIC

Forward Russia
The Junction
Mon 13 Nov, 19.00, £9
Art school rock making like At the Drive-In after a James Brown seminar, Forward Russia map an admirably deft route through the pitfalls of hackneyed new-wave, facile white-funk, and inaccessible hardcore. Mixing Sonic Youth's abrasive grind with a striking pop sensibility, they somehow manage to be glam without wearing trousers tight enough to commit spermicide, and experimental enough to make you wince. In a good way. Stupid upside-down exclamation marks in their name though.

EXHIBITIONS

African Film Festival
Sat 11 Nov - 26 Nov, Arts Picturehouse Cinema
The Cambridge African Film Festival returns to the Arts Picturehouse with four weekends of African film over the next couple of months. An opportunity to see something slightly different. It will be showing old classics, UK premieres, documentaries and shorts. This season puts the focus on East and West Africa, Sudan and South Africa. For details see their helpful website at www.cambridgeafricanfilmfestival.co.uk and watch out for new additions to the programme, visiting directors and new films.

GOING OUT



Shut Up and Dance! with Herbaliser DJs
Fri Nov 10, Union, 21.00-01.00, £3.
Tonight's S.U.A.D. features a set by legendary DJ/Producer Jake Wherry, one half of the Herbaliser outfit. Cheap drinks as usual, and you'd have pay £15 to see him in Fabric and it'd be full of tossers with glowsticks.

FRI 10

The Passenger 17.30
The Page Turner 19.10
Romanzo Criminale 20.00
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45
The History Boys 21.10
House of Flying Daggers 23.00

Stoppard Shorts Corpus Playroom, 19.00
The Crucible The Round Church, 19.00
Frozen Queen's College, 19.30
A Doll's House Mumford Theatre, 19.30
See What I Wanna See ADC, 19.45
The Hotel in Amsterdam Queen's College, 23.00
1,2,3,4,(5)ADC, 23.00

Karine Polwart
The Junction Shed, 19.00, £11.
Edgy stereotyped Scot
The Lost Levels + The Kneehigh
The Loft, 21.00, £4

Route 181 - CU Palestine
Chetwynd Room, King's College, 20.00, free
Recommended - a road movie filmed along the partition line drawn by UN Resolution 181

Shut up and Dance! Union, 21.00-01.00, £3. Happy Hour 9-10. With DJ Herbaliser - get in early to beat the Londoners
DJ Blakey Clare Cellars, 21.00-00.45, £4. Beats and stuff

SAT 11

The Passenger 17.30
The Page Turner 19.10
Romanzo Criminale 20.00
The History Boys 21.10
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45
House of Flying Daggers 23.00

Stoppard Shorts Corpus Playroom, 19.00
The Crucible The Round Church, 19.00
Frozen Queen's College, 19.30
A Doll's House Mumford Theatre, 19.30
See What I Wanna See ADC, 19.45
The Hotel in Amsterdam Queen's College, 23.00
1,2,3,4,(5)ADC, 23.00

Amplifier
The Portland, 20.00, £5
St. Elmo's Fire, the Horn
The Loft, 20.00, £4
Rock Night with Krbgrinder ARU, 20.00, £3

Jazz Jam Session
Emma Bar, 20.00-00.00, £2
Come watch people schmooze. It won't be like musical masturbation, honest. Well maybe a bit

DJ Jono at King's Cellars
King's, 22.00-00.45, £2
Indie/electro/new wave DJ
Hed Kandi
Fez, 21.00-02.30, £8
Bourge house music

SUN 12

The Page Turner 19.10
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45
The Wind That Shakes the Barley (Christ's) 20.00, 22.30
Requiem For A Dream (John's) 19.00, 22.00

You can take a break from schmoozing at the ADC bar and read a book, watch a film, be alright, you know. Then you can tell everyone in the ADC bar about it.

Status Quo The Corn Exchange, 19.30, SOLD OUT - people are obviously taking one for the team
After 4 + World on Fire
The Loft, 20.00, £4

Figures on Fabric
Fitzwilliam Museum
An exhibition of beautifully done English 17th Century needlework
Take that real world

Super Sunday
Soultree, 22.00-02.30, £4
Bring a loaded gun
Bam-boo-tv
Fez, 21.30, £4
Save the pandas with death

MON 13

Red Road 12.00
The Page Turner 19.00
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45

Forward Russia
The Junction, 19.00, £9
Acoustic Cafe
The Bun Shop, 21.00, free but potentially rubbish

Ray of Light Exhibition
The Ark, Abington
Displaying a mixture of glass, photography and mixed media. You should probably get drunk instead

Fat Poppadaddys
Fez, 21.00 - 02.00, £4
Pleasingly generic, like a wank in Ikea

TUE 14

Hidden (Cache) 13.30
Romanzo Criminale 20.45
In A Lonely Place 21.15
The Page Turner 19.00
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45

Abigail's Party Corpus Playroom, 19.00
The Permanent Way ADC, 19.45
Krapp's Last Tape ADC, 23.00

Bluetones
The Junction, 19.00, £14
MV & EE, The Doozer
CB2, 20.00, £5
Britten Sinfonia at Lunch
13.00, £3, West Road Hall

Stella Dina's Compendio: A tribute to Federico Garcia Lorca
Free, 4 Nov - 3 Dec. Solo exhibition at New Hall. Politics and Art. Does it get any better?

Precious* LBGT Night
Club 22, 22.00-02.00, £3
Pigeonhole your sexuality!

WED 15

The Pervert's Guide to Cinema 17.30
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45
The Page Turner 19.00
Annie Hall (Christ's) 22.00

Abigail's Party Corpus, 19.00
The Permanent Way ADC, 19.45
Iphigenia at Aulius Friends of Peterhouse Theatre, 20.00
Dogg's Hamlet ADC, 23.00

Michael Chapman
The Junction Shed, 20.00, £10
Whisky fuelled Yorkshire blues. here's hoping he bottles someone. Now *that's* rock

Literary Circles: Artist, author, word and image in Britain 1800-1920
Fitzwilliam Museum. Make yourself feel better about vomiting on an attendant in Fez

Melamondo
Fez, 21.00-02.00, £4
Int'l Night. Ave Maria!
Rumboogie
Ballare, 21.00-02.00, £3
Pretty much indefensible

THU 16

THE RETURN 17.00
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45
Romanzo Criminale 20.45
The History Boys 21.00
The Wind That Shakes the Barley (John's) 21.00

Abigail's Party Corpus, 19.00
The Permanent Way ADC, 19.45
Iphigenia at Aulius Friends of Peterhouse Theatre, 20.00
Dogg's Hamlet ADC, 23.00

Ezio
The Junction, 19.00, £12
Motorhead
The Corn Exchange, 19.30, £22
White Label Music Night
Portland Arms, 22.00, £6

Rodin: All About Eve
Kettle's Yard. Read about the pieces on display, wax lyrical about the beauty and psychological intensity of Auguste Rodin's sculptures. Get laid

Urbanite
is killing Cambridge. Still
Soultree, 21.00-02.30, £3

BOOK NOW



Cambridge Comedy Festival
Sun 12 Nov, 19.45
£7.50
At Cambridge Arts Theatre this Sunday, students from Durham, Oxford and Cambridge will all be under one roof. Not, disappointingly, for a violent but somehow attractive brawl based on arbitrary institutional allegiances, but instead united under the egalitarian yet rigorously elitist banner of comedy. The Arts Theatre will host the Durham and Oxford revues, as well as its long-beloved Footlights, for a

one-night-only Comedy Festival. It's the first time this millennium that the Footlights will have stepped on the Arts Theatre stage. Which is an inoffensive fact. Luckily the festival will feature jokes that are far, far more offensive. It's nearly sold out, because loads of people like jokes, but if you go to www.cambridgeartstheatre.com as soon as you read this, you can grab some of the last 100 tickets set aside for students, like the grasping little shit you are.

BOOK NOW
The Futureheads
The Junction
Mon 4 December
19.00, £9

Buttock-clenchingly tight call-and-response indie from Sunderland perfectly timed for the end of term. Though you might die on the way to the Junction...



Cambridge Crisis: answers to your problems

» “At the end of every supervision I feel mentally and emotionally battered”

Dear Varsity,

I would really appreciate some advice on what to do about my supervision partner. We have supervisions in pre-arranged groups of two, and my partner is arrogant, rude and confrontational. He shouts down my points with such aggression that I feel I cannot argue back

and at the end of every supervision I feel mentally and emotionally battered. My quality of work is suffering, my pleasure in my subject is decreasing rapidly and I am beginning to dread attending supervisions. I have told my DoS about the problem, asking to switch supervision partner, but he is of the opinion that

it is providing a challenging environment and has merely told me to fight back; I have attempted this but have been shouted down. I feel that I can't speak to the offending student about the issue and just don't know what to do. His overwhelming confidence is making me feel belittled and reluctant to speak in my supervisions, as it is far easier to just sit there and

allow his self-important tirades to continue. It has reached the point that I am considering not attending supervisions. I am entitled to an education, and am therefore loathe to give in, but the situation, as it stands, is unbearable. What should I do?

Sarah

Dear Sarah,

It may reassure you to know that you're certainly not alone with this sort of problem, whether in an academic, social, work or extra-curricular context.

It's interesting how these self-important and arrogant types exist in all walks of life. Many high profile people in our society are actually fairly talentless; they've got where they are because they've been forceful, uncompromising and sometimes quite nasty. Their efforts may occasionally bring them success, but the heavy price can be a lack of true friends and happiness.

Remember that just because your supervision partner can shout louder and talk for longer, his arguments aren't better than yours. If you're going to 'fight back', as your DoS suggests, make sure you stay focussed on the question in hand and don't adopt your supervision partner's tactics.

Life's too short to spend time arguing with people like your supervision partner. Know your audience: the person you need to persuade with your strong academic arguments is your DoS. Make sure you direct your points towards him, and if he's any good, he'll listen and give you constructive feedback.

If you continue to find supervisions unbearable, I suggest that you approach your DoS again or speak to your tutor. Your DoS needs to have words with your supervision partner,

or find you a new one.

Good luck, and don't forget to have confidence in your own abilities!

Luke Pearce
Cambridge Union President

Dear Sarah,

You were right to go to your DoS initially, because they are supposed to be responsible for academic matters. However, as their solution isn't working it might be worth trying to take it into your own hands. You could try to arrange to switch supervision partners with one of your friends, although if your partner has such a reputation as you make out then they might not be so willing to swap.

The other person to try would be your tutor, who although not technically responsible for academic matters, is responsible for your health and well-being. If this guy is driving you to such lengths as not attending supervisions then this really should be taken up by your tutor. They will be able to arrange something, be it a different supervision group or perhaps even a different supervisor. Another route would be to ask your supervisor if they could offer you another supervision slot, either on your own or with someone else (perhaps even from another college), or if they could recommend anyone else who would be prepared to supervise you. As a last resort, perhaps ask your DoS if they could find another supervisor for you.

They're going to be paying for your supervisions anyway, so it's better for you if it's going to be with someone you like and you're going to gain something from it, rather than not showing. But whatever happens, don't give up on supervisions. They're one of the main reasons for choosing Cambridge over anywhere else, and they're far more important than lectures or even practicals – I missed more in two supervisions that I slept through in my first year than I did in a whole year of missed 9am lectures!

Nick Plummer and Philip Bielby
Michaelmas Assassins' Game Umpires

Dear Sarah,

Well, I can see how this can be troublesome, but it seems to me that this is first and foremost a problem your supervisor(s) should address. It is the supervisor who should take care that each student gets a chance to speak and can argue his or her case freely and without being interrupted. Then, after people have had a chance to make their point, discussion can commence. It is the supervisor's responsibility to ensure that all students attending benefit from the supervision, not just some of them. As for aggression, rudeness and shouting down fellow students, surely the supervisor should intervene and put an end to such

behaviour, for which there is no place in academic discussion.

So, my advice would be to have a word with your supervisor(s), tell them about the difficulties you are experiencing in getting your points across, and ask them to moderate the discussion a bit more carefully. Note, this does not mean that you yourself should not do your very best to argue your case, even when faced with the sort of opposition you describe, but I think you'd certainly benefit, and, equally important, start to enjoy your supervisions again, if the discussion was more carefully moderated by the supervisor.

Arjan Zuiderhoek
Junior Research Fellow and DoS in Classics, Homerton College

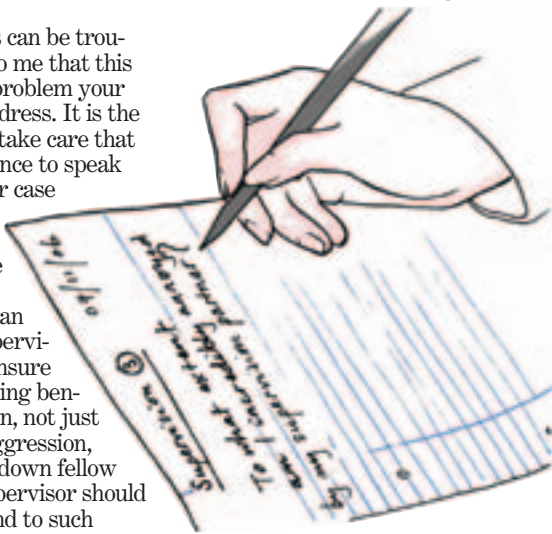


ILLUSTRATION: JULES HUNT

Corrections and clarifications

» The Cambridge Union Treasurer, Ali Al-Ansari, has raised over £20,000 for Michaelmas term, not for a full year as was stated in last week's "Money Matters" feature. This is the highest amount of sponsorship funds the Cambridge Union has received in one term. The previous record holder was the 1992 Treasurer, who raised £13,000 (inflation adjusted) for Michaelmas term.

It is Varsity's policy to amend all significant errors as soon as possible in the digital edition on varsity.co.uk and in the archives. Please email any errors to corrections@varsity.co.uk noting the issue and page number(s). Or telephone the business manager on 01223 337575 between 9:30am and 5pm Monday to Friday.

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» Andrea Levy talks to Lucy McSherry about her ideal dinner party guests

» Paxman has landed: the former Varsity hack returns to the Cambridge Union

» Win Borat stash in our podcast competition

Games

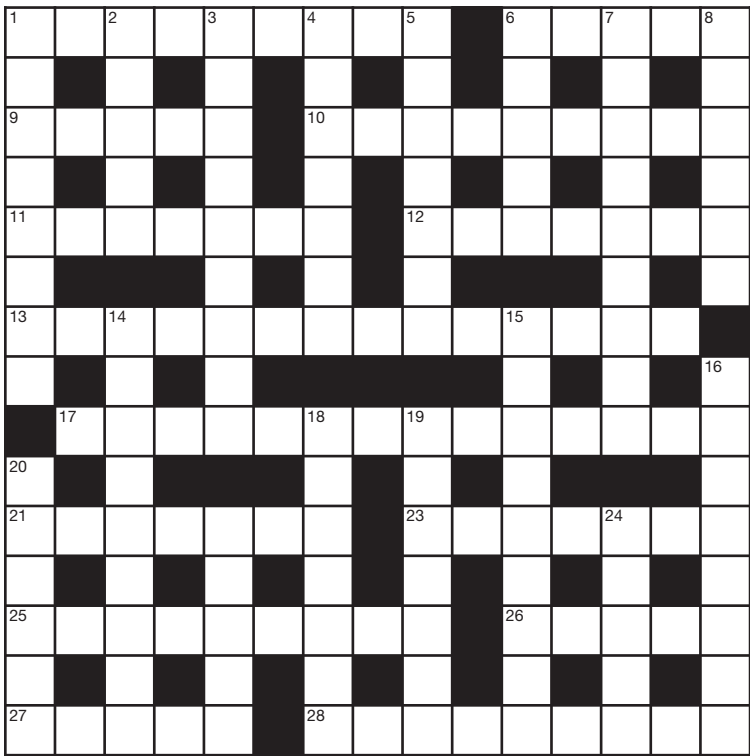
Cryptic Crossword

Set by NENWES

- ACROSS**
- Twelve dozen in Eden oddly fascinated (9)
 - Craving David first aspired (5)
 - Lord to return — wait for him in the theatre? (5)
 - Blatant about fifty-one not noticing (9)
 - 11+13+27+5. Everyone joins in and the production is cancelled — it's turning Nicholson grey (3,4,3,2,4,5,4,1,4,3)
 - Celebrate in verse some transcriber Hymenaeus (7)
 - Nearby gunshots flustered a writer — and is his fruit ticking? (7,7)
 - I'm super, changing referees (7)
 - Maybe tore and stared at something returning swiftly seaward (7)
 - Country notes watersheds (9)
 - Article spinning net is concerning (5)
 - Wayward yet loving, being elderly (9)
- DOWN**
- For this meal you need these, and

- a boy? (3,5)
- Ego deludes content mathematician (5)
- Member of tribe got shot or destroyed (9)
- Breathing equipment made from leek tips — snore sorted out (7)
- See 11 across
- Fly somewhere west of Brighton, right? (5)
- Repel pony, scattering flammable gas (9)
- Cleaner is something particular, perhaps, to the queen? (6)
- Condemn in sudden movement following academic — worry not (4,5)
- High flier has no project within changing area (9)
- Bizarre story about three cardinals forming Shropshire town (8)
- Make slit nor hole in nose (7)
- Philosopher composer Alban's up next (7)
- Just let flow, timeless, in the Punjab? (6)
- Drink, to a degree, equals dance (5)
- A tribe — nice one, strangely (5)

Varsity crossword no. 457



Varsity asks: Poll Results

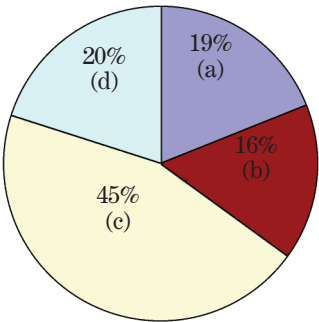
We asked: So how much of a Cambridge clubber are you anyway?

a) If there's a sweaty dancefloor that needs filling, I'm there.

b) It'd be awfully rude not to boogie on down if the Hawks are out.

c) Cambridge clubs are so passé but once a term to Fez is ok.

d) I can't imagine leaving my maths for an entire evening.



Go to varsity.co.uk for games solution and to vote in our poll

The Varsity Date

» With the weather getting colder, it's time to find someone to snuggle up with over the long Winter months. Concerned for the romantic happiness of our writers, *Varsity* sent two of them on a blind date to Glaze To Amaze on Burleigh Street

His Story

Pete is a 21-year-old, Biological Anthropology student from Downing. He likes Cheryl Tweedy. He dislikes Ashley Cole. His favourite colour is red.

Being asked to go on a blind date is a bit like being asked to have sex with the queen; it's a great honour, flattering even, but nobody really wants to do it. Never was this truer than with me on the Varsity Blind Date last week. My work load was just starting to peak and the idea of spending an afternoon with a complete (albeit, hopefully beautiful) stranger did not fill me with excitement. On meeting Rachael, however, I was instantly put at ease. Whilst she was not the kind of girl that I had expected to be spending the afternoon with, by the end of it I was glad that I had.

Rachael, initially at least, seemed rather intimidated by my presence – or rather, more humoured by it. Indeed my expectations for the afternoon dipped somewhat when asked the question “So do you attend the university?” Striking most people I meet as more of an “ARU type person” and having spent many an occasion trying to convince people otherwise, I was not completely shocked by such a comment. I was, however, less than confident that I had managed to convince her that Downing was an actual college, and that it was located near the Downing Site and Parker's Piece (both of which she had never heard of). My pride had been somewhat bruised.

» My expectations for the afternoon dipped somewhat when asked the question “So, do you attend the university?”

The date itself was very enjoyable. Deciding to paint Rachael on my mug was, I thought, a brilliant idea – just the kind of thing that could have won “ahh-hhh you're so sweet!” brownie points. I just hope that she didn't take the lack of a neck and ears as a personal attack. Once settled I found Rachael to be a pleasure to be around. She was interesting to talk to, willing to listen to things I had to say and she has obviously lived a very interesting life. I enjoyed my time with Rachael and, whilst initially dreading the occasion, it turned out to be a relaxing break in the pleasure of good company.

The Verdict:

I'd only want to be friends.



Her Story

Rachael is a 19-year-old English student at Trinity Hall. She likes sailing, Weetabix, David Attenborough and table football. She dislikes aggressive bicycle riders. Her favourite colour is green.

I glanced over rather tentatively at my date for the afternoon, and wondered whether he would ever forgive me for painting his portrait on a cup with a hue named “butternut” for his skin tone. It had looked perfectly peachy in the bottle, but alas, too late I noticed the colour code on the wall of the Pottery Cafe indicating what shade to expect from each deceptively pastel liquid once it had been fired. When Pete comes out of the kiln on Friday I fear he'll find he's been through a tanning process worthy of David Dickinson. Having sheepishly confessed the crime, my well dressed

» A comprehensive knowledge of 90s Saturday night television eased the initial greeting

partner took control of the situation admirably and corrected my faux-pas with chivalrous grace by adding unflatteringly ruddy cheeks to his artistic depiction of me, and forgetting to give me any ears.

I have never been to the Grafton Centre, a Pottery Cafe or for that matter on a blind date before. Coupled with the fact that my bicycle has begun to mimic Herbie, and had dragged me through two puddles, the cloud of a bus' exhaust and underneath a tree showering dirty rain, I arrived at the meeting point looking flustered and less than elegant. Thankfully, a comprehensive knowledge of 90s Saturday night television eased the initial greeting: in the words of Cilla Black, “What's yer name chuck? And where d'ya come from?”. As we were led off to the secret location I was relieved to keep going past the butchers, bicycle shops and hardware stores – I couldn't see much romance blossoming over a mincing machine or puncture repair kit. Actually, I am glad we weren't dispatched to a beach resort in the Maldives to bicker over the bread rolls at breakfast either; I think we discovered genuine artistic therapy humming to Ronan Keating, mutilating our muses and filling up blank porcelain with a shrubbery. I could quite easily have spent all week there drinking instant coffee and making a mug of someone else for a change.

The Verdict:

Wouldn't mind bumping into him again.



Food and Drink

Food and Drink editor: Katie Craig
Email: food@varsity.co.uk

Best Burger in Cambridge

» For those who need to refuel before the post-club wander home in dark, Russ Glenn goes in search of the Holy Grail of takeaway

Gardies

The Gardenia, located on Rose Crescent across from Caius, is a Cambridge institution. This publication even helped save Gardies from extinction back in 2003, spawning *Gardies: The Opera*, and a new generation of rabid fans. As for the food, it's hit or miss. Their burgers aren't as great as the vans', but the chicken or lamb souvlaki is delicious, and my vegetarian friends swear by the chickpea and aubergine pitta.

The Chips: Soggy from too long in the microwave, and the melted cheese congealed almost immediately in the Cambridge evening cold.

The Bottom Line: Great for veggies, or if you really want the fleeting fame of having your photo on the wall.

Uncle Frank's

It's an issue for debate how this one got its alternative moniker, the "Van of Death". Although horror stories of takeaway terror supposedly inspired it, I think it's more likely just because it's kind of the underdog competitor to the Van of Life. Located on the other side of Market Square, this charming little nightspot whips up a mean Turkish kebab. Fresh off the big rotating spit, the "Meat 'n' Chips" meal offers just that – lots of meat draped over the best chips in Cambridge.

The Chips: French fry heaven. Crispy chips, with lots of cheese sprinkled on top. No microwaved goo!

The Bottom Line: If you're a meat and potatoes kind of person, this one's for you.

Van of Life

On the Gardies side of Market Square sits that pagoda of late-night scrumptiousness, the Van of Life. It's a big name to live up to, but it does a pretty good job. The burgers are delicious – I particularly recommend the Cheese and Bacon Burger (or the "CB+", for regulars). Also good is the quesadilla, though the guacamole always seems to be missing.

The Chips: Better than Gardies', but the microwaved cheese was the same gloppy mess before I was done.

The Bottom Line: Best bet for burgers.

Manna Mexico

I had previously thought that great Mexican food in the UK was impossible (after checking out all three supposedly "awesome" places on Kings Road in London), but Manna Mexico has thankfully proved me wrong! Run by Drew Grewal, an Eddie's '05 grad, the Burrito Van is parked outside of St. Edmunds College on Thursday and Saturday nights. It's a bit of a hike, but oh-so-worth it. My favorite is the Big Ass Burrito with Chicken, though it's always a tough choice between that and the quesadillas.

The Chips: What, tortilla chips?

The Bottom Line: Best Mexican I've found this side of the pond.



AMICA DALL

MODERN MANNERS MAKETH THE MAN

So, you've mastered your subject (or at least enough to keep you going until the next essay deadline) and you've schmoozed, bribed and backstabbed your way to the top of the social ladder; but, wait, that's not all that Cambridge is about. No, things happen in this mini-metropolis which just don't occur in the real world. We're talking tradition and if you really want to get on here, you'll need to know the social rules that go with it.

Formal Hall

Formal Hall can be an overwhelming experience for those with little prior knowledge of fine dining etiquette. Reduce potential embarrassment by practising basic gourmet dining eating skills in your gown at Nando's the night before.

Make yourself stand out at Formal Hall by ticking every option there is on the meal request form (including the ones that cancel each other out).

When all that the caterers can find

to suit your multiple needs is a plate of fruit, toss your head back, roll your eyes and exclaim indignantly, "Fruit!?! For God's sake, how difficult is it to provide a non-dairy, vegan, low-fat, kosher, wheat-free meal?!" Your fellow diners will be supremely impressed by your fashionable allergies.

Leaving your seat when supping at a formal is seriously frowned upon. If a fellow diner starts choking on a bread roll, help the poor chap out by raising the volume of your conversation. You may have to start shouting in order to drown out his rapidly accelerating gasps. Don't worry: experience demonstrates that the noise he's making should die down after a minute or two.

Pennying is incredibly common and cheap. The true gentleman or lady knows to use a crisp fifty pound note in all drinking games.

Refuse to dine with anyone who does not follow these rules. If your fellow diners, ask you to "fifty" them back, tell them that you only care about their safety and think they've had enough.

Day to Day Life

Punting is an extremely refined activity that you should do as much as possible. To get the true Cambridge punting experience, act like the people who use punts the most and therefore surely know them best: tourists. Put on 300 pounds, wear massive Bermuda shorts and a baseball cap and perfect falling into the Cam, while trying to take a picture of King's Chapel as your over-made-up wife, Trish, wearing a fanny pack, looks on.

Making conversation with your bedder can be an awkward encounter for many students. The best way to get around this is to pretend to be foreign or mute.

Simply point at your bin when he/she enters and then turn back to playing Spider Solitaire on your laptop.

Graduation

Graduation is that very special time when you say goodbye to all your fellow students and move on to the real world. It also gives you the perfect opportunity to reveal what you really thought of everyone. "I hated my degree and I hated all of you" is an interesting way to start any graduation dinner. N.B. If you're planning on taking a PhD at Cambridge, this might not be the best tactic.

Remember: just because you've graduated don't forget all the Cambridge traditions you've experienced. Nauseate your family for the next twenty years by making them eat three times a week in the hall of your house, solely by candlelight. Ignore all pleas to act like a normal family and don't forget to penny your five-year-old.

Frederick Way

THE RESTAURANT COLUMN



Jossie Clayton
Thanh Binh

★★★★

With week five come essay crises, colds and buttery blow-out. I can suggest a cure: Thanh Binh. A Vietnamese restaurant on Magdalene Street, Thanh Binh is more known for its handbags in the window than the food. Don't let this put you off: the subtlety of flavours that include lotus seeds, jackfruit and fresh chillies outdoes any embroidery.

Thanh Binh is one of the few restaurants in Cambridge that does not serve alcohol. Drinking societies and dates need not to worry, however, as corkage is £1.20/head. The healthy option is not such a desperate choice as intricate pots of Chrysanthemum, Jasmine and Green tea filled square cup after cup and joined options such as iced lemon tea on the menu for £1.50.

» A knife was needed in lieu of embarrassing chopstick technique

Starters (£4.50 - £5.50) include light spring rolls filled with oriental mushrooms and tapioca noodles, crispy coconut pancakes and a chicken and jackfruit salad that comes with crumbly prawn crackers. Portions are generous and mains cover a range as broad as the imagination; a speciality of the restaurant is its range of Hot Pots (Lau) with chicken, pork ribs or steamed vegetables. The black bean sauce was surprisingly delicate and the meat tender not stewed; "crispy" duck can be cut with the edge of a fork and steamed lemongrass lightens a coconut sauce. Giant fried king prawns in a chilli sauce with crispy noodles were presented imaginatively and a sweet vermicelli soup left me thinking my eyes had been bigger than my belly. The £7.50 - £12 range for main courses is fairly priced and all of the puddings cost less than £4. Different from many other oriental menus in Cambridge, these desserts are specific to the culture of the venue. Caramelised ginger is an unusual but effective accompaniment to vanilla ice cream and I will be going back just to say that I have eaten red bean sponge.

Eating at Thanh Binh is more like unwrapping a present than mundanely deciding what next to eat. The waitresses even noticed when a knife was needed in lieu of embarrassing chopstick technique and the atmosphere is intimate yet informal.

I potted back to college surrounded by a happy cloud of herbal tea feeling like I'd just had a beauty treatment rather than a big meal.

Casino Royale



» Maximise your Bond Girl potential with a vintage ball-gown or a high street party dress to celebrate 007's return. You only live twice after all, so dress to thrill



Left: Red satin dress £80, Oasis. Above left: Khaki silk dress, designed by Saskia Payne, made by Yaly Couture. Above: Black floor length dress £150, Fur cape £10, both Dixie's stall, Market Square. Accessories stylists' own. Max, Guy, Sam and Varun wear their own tuxedos. Many thanks to Churchill Casino at www.churchillcasino.co.uk. Photography by Andy Sims at www.andysimsphotography.com. Styled by Saskia Payne and Carol Peacock



Right: Black and gold party dress £40, Bracelet £8, both Miss Selfridge. To avoid being a Pussy Galore, showcase only your best feature, be it décolletage, cleavage, back or leg. Look for simple yet well-cut dresses in bold, block colours and glitz up with costume jewellery and highly sculpted hair. Don't hold back with dramatic make-up but remember the golden rule: either hot lips or for your eyes only.



Benj Ohad-Seidler
On Recycling

During a midmorning lecture this week, a chain of white Helvetica words glowed back at me from the power-point projection. The gist of them was “obligation to... leads to freedom for... leads to freedom from...” Although the lecture dwelled on Baroque architecture, Aristotle and Sienna, one could apply the idea to fashion. Every leopard print leotard, Miss Selfridge prom dress and Ralph Lauren polo shirt is a reflection of our past style aspirations, which, once achieved, represented our sartorial and political convictions and, in turn, eventually became our past style shackles; the aesthetics that we chose to break away from as we grew out of them. So, many teeny-bopper girls of our generation emulated the feather pens, pink cardigans and mini kilts worn by Alicia Silverstone in *Clueless*, thinking “who wouldn’t want to be a Beverly Hills shopping queen with a super cute style?” This warped logic led to the whole Clare’s Accessories phenomenon and the “fashion-y” girly girl cliques at school. Fast forward a few years, and those same young women are now shedding that saccharine polyester skin for which they once yearned. High fashion works in the same way, where a designer like Prada will herald and defend the lady-like look, for example, just to reject it (both politically and aesthetically) a few seasons later.

In a similar way, particular groups with certain sociological convictions seem to feel the need to adapt their style. How much more paper needs to be wasted for writing about ethical fashion labels not being about “hippies and hemp” anymore? Environmental ethics are de rigueur now and going green now does not mean it cannot be done in one of Ralph Lauren’s covetable forest green knits. This was my thought when I stumbled across a small-scale peaceful protest outside Sainsbury’s a few days ago. Expecting to be greeted with a rant and that ubiquitous barefoot bearded guy, I was pleasantly surprised to see how chic these new generation “tree huggers” were, sauntering about in balloon skirts, tunic dresses, chunky knits and skinny jeans. Their queen bee was wearing a voluminous mini over black tights (one of the shapes and lengths of the season). Although certain elements of the scene had been seen before (the DIY new wave paper aeroplane costumes, for instance), it seemed appropriate that this new play on proportions should be adopted by the environmentally-minded bunch. After all, the silhouette has no real sociological precedent and is up for grabs. As environmental issues become a greater concern to the privileged classes, high fashion will pander to them with a new uniform to suit their activities. The cosmetics industry has already fallen for this trend (the organic Dr. Hauschka’s rose cream is much more effective than many of its chemically-fuelled beauty world competitors). In environmentally friendly terms, the fashion consumer should realise that buying from cheap and cheerful outfitters like Primark is an enormous strain on the environment (importing the clothes from the Far East and all the harmful chemicals used in production aren’t really worth the savings). There are copious amounts of clothes out there and charity-shop style is the one Mother Earth favours. However, there are true visionaries in the fashion world that deserve a chance to express their talent in exchange for patronage. One must buy less and spend more to make sure that the real design industry remains an incubator for new ideas and creativity continues to blossom alongside those charity shop bargains.

A man with dark hair and glasses, wearing a dark suit and a patterned tie, is shown from the chest up. He is looking slightly to the right and has his mouth open as if speaking. His right hand is raised, with fingers spread, in a gesturing motion. The background is a blurred office setting with light-colored walls and windows.

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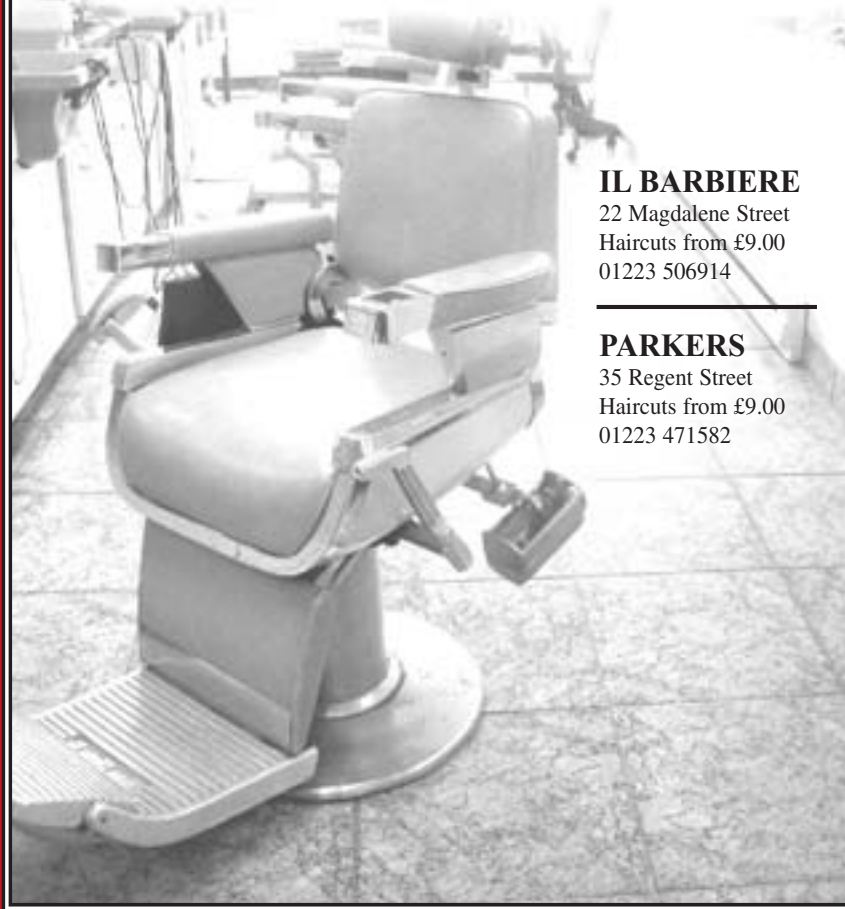
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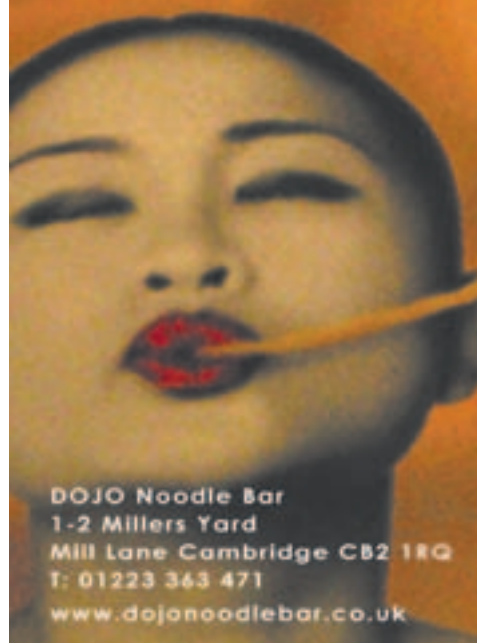
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Brilliant Blues overcome Harlequins

TOM MARRIOTT

Cambridge	19
Harlequins 'A'	13

With top Premiership opposition such as Wasps, Leicester and Northampton now a regular feature in the Blues' pre-Christmas fixtures, it is almost assumed that these matches will very rarely result in a win. Consequently, Cambridge's 19-13 victory over Harlequins 'A' is certainly something to get excited about. There were some superb individual efforts, but more importantly this was a strong and mature team performance that bodes extremely well for the Varsity Match.

A heavy, freezing fog hung over Grange Road as Harlequins kicked to the Blues to start the game. For the first fifteen minutes the teams nervously played around each other, warming up to the cold conditions. This Harlequins' XV, whilst clearly a step down in quality from last week's Wasps side, was still strong and talented, but it was Cambridge who drew first blood. Having won a penalty in the 18th minute, just inside Quins' half, Cambridge chose to kick for goal. The gamble paid off and Ufton kicked a fine penalty to take the Blues three points ahead.

Harlequins rallied well and through some strong scrummaging pushed hard into the Cambridge half. They spread the ball out wide, creating a two-on-one overlap in the far corner, which they exploited well in sending Quins' Luke Sherrieff over for the try. An abysmal conversion sailed far wide, leaving Cambridge chasing by only two points.

It took only three minutes for Cambridge to fight back. The Blues gained a penalty on the right-hand touch line. Kicking impressively, Ufton put the ball between the uprights, taking the score to 6-5. Quins again came back strongly, hitting the centres with crash balls, but the Blues' backs met the assault well. Joe Ansbro had an exceptional game, particularly in defence, appearing out of nowhere to make cover tackles that seemed long missed.



The Blues outplayed Harlequins with this season's first victory over Premiership opposition boding well for Varsity

SOPHIE PICKFORD

In the 35th minute Cambridge were awarded another kickable penalty that Ufton duly slotted over. In the final phase before the half time break, the Quins' ten sent a long miss out wide which put the outside centre away up the wing for what should have been a simple two on one. However, the Quins' winger mistimed his run and was bundled into touch by David Tibbot.

The second half started with Harlequins launching a good attack which led to ten minutes of sustained pressure. The Blues bore this pressure well, the back row disrupting play around the fringes to slow down the Quins' half backs and force errors. A strong attack following a

good turnover ball saw the Blues push back into Quins' half. Failure to release the ball on the ground cost the Quins another kickable penalty just inside the ten metre line, and Ufton kicked well once more.

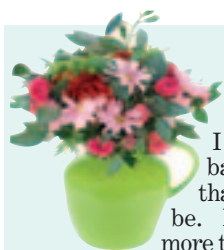
Almost immediately after the restart, Harlequins won a penalty inside the Blues' twenty two which they put over to bring them back to within a try of the lead. The Blues seemed galvanised by this and a neat series of moves led to an attacking scrum on the opposition five metres. A solid drive from the front row provided a strong platform for Ross Blake to spread the ball out wide to Thomas Steffan, who punched a hole through the defence and, with the

help of the forwards, battled his way to the line, just to the left of the posts. Ufton converted.

With a lead of more than a converted try the Blues seemed happy to sit back and defend their lines. Harlequins attacked ferociously and enjoyed about twenty minutes sustained pressure in the Blues' twenty two. But handling errors, mistimed passes at crucial moments and a strong Cambridge defence kept them out for the majority of the half. It was only in the thirtieth minute, following a well-worked lineup, that Harlequins eventually converted this pressure into points, scoring a try in the corner. Failure to convert ensured they remained six points

adrift and, despite continually knocking on the door for the rest of the half, the Blues succeeded in keeping them out.

This was a strong, rounded performance, and a deserved win. The forwards played well, with Blaikie leading from the front. But it was disconcerting to see the effect that the substitution of Schwikkard made to the front row's strength in the last quarter of the match. The backs were strong, if perhaps failing to create many real chances out wide. But these are minor faults and this result should be regarded as a real success for Cambridge. It also provides a significant fillip in the all-important run up to Varsity on December 12th.



The Varsity Vase

I am not the footballing superstar that I wanted to be. I'm too short, more than a little overweight, and I have so little stamina that an asthmatic penguin would regularly beat me in the bleep test. Needless to say, I never played at the highest level for my college. But I was a Jesus Thirds player through and through.

Consequently you can imagine my horror when I discovered that the Vase, the cup competition for the college third teams, might not be able to run this year as there was no secretary to oversee it. I had to intervene. No Vase? Surely not!

So I put my hat into the ring for the job, promising lower league coverage in Varsity as a sweetener, and here I am telling you that the draw has now been made for the new "Varsity Vase".

The competition won't kick off until the last weekend of term, but the

draw has thrown up some exciting ties. I'll be watching the teams play in their respective leagues and give you the inside info on the favourites over the next few weeks.

In the top half of the draw and already through to the last eight by virtue of the only bye of the round, Girton III would traditionally have been considered a potential winner in years gone by. However they lost 13-3 to the Trinity Bruces, which is so embarrassing that I was personally surprised that the team didn't spontaneously disband.

Homerton III should beat Trinity in round 1 though and will (hopefully) be joined in the last eight by my beloved Jesus, who play Downing. Both teams are in Division 6, but Jesus have already beaten them once this season and I have faith they'll do it again. Churchill also look handy in the bottom half of the draw as they face up against a rubbish Queen's side, who are finding points hard to

come by this season. Caius III could also be in contention, if only because the team can't be that bad if they have a Caius IV side.

Back in the top half of the draw, the favourites must be ARU III who beat Fitz III in the final last year. They are in Division 5 and although Fitz are in Division 4, they forgot to enter this year along with John's III, making life easier for the rest of the teams. Catz III are still in the running though and they've had a perfect start to Division 5. Fortunately for the rest though, Catz must play ARU in the semis, giving all other teams a glimmer of hope that they may yet get to play in a cup final with a real, trained referee.

And so the scene is set. Next week I shall talk you through Divisions 5 and 6, giving you the inside scoop on the favourites for the Varsity Vase. And remember to send any insider gossip to me!

Email: vase@varsity.co.uk

BUSA victory for Fives

JAMES RANGER

Cambridge's first pair of Aly Patel and Alick Varma triumphed in the British Universities' Eton Fives Championships, held at Highgate School last Saturday, to cap a wholly successful tournament for Cambridge.

The Light Blues entered six pairs in the event; the highest number from any university. Varma and Patel swept all before them in the qualifying rounds, winning all three matches, and were joined in the semi-finals by Cambridge's second pair Nick Gill and James O' Callaghan, who were also undefeated in the group stages.

A promising result in light of this year's Varsity match, where three pairs from Oxford and Cambridge compete in a best-of-three rubbers format, was the victory in the group stages by Cambridge third pair Bobby Friedman and club captain Paul Jefferys over Oxford's second pair.

With such strength in the top three pairs it seems that Cambridge are odds-on favourites to beat Oxford for the second year running when the sides face-off in Varsity.

Varma and Patel made quick work of their semi-final, beating Warwick in straight sets, to set up a final clash with Oxford I, who had beaten Gill and O' Callaghan in the other semi-final.

But Oxford were no match for the Light Blue pair, and Varma and Patel won a tight final 12-9 12-9 to claim the trophy for Cambridge. Their victory was the first time in four seasons of competition that Oxford's formidable club captain, and national champion, Peter Dunbar had lost in a fixture between the two clubs.

With such good performances from all six Cambridge pairs, and particularly from Varma and Patel, the outlook looks very bright for the Fives Club this season and the Varsity match on February 25th next year.

Rowers compete in University IVs

»Emmanuel dominates the 2nd IVs but loses to Kings and Trinity in the 1st IV finals

ANDY WELLUM-KENT

This year's University IVs competition proved to be a tightly-fought contest, with crews from most colleges taking part. The races consisted of an 1100m side-by-side knockout regatta for ladies, a 2200m tail-chase for coxed men and a 2700m tail-chase for men's coxless IVs. After five days of racing, King's men and Trinity women won the first boat races; Emmanuel won both second IV categories; and Jesus and Downing shared the spoils in the coxless IVs.

The crews were forced to row in wet and windy conditions, and the coxless IVs in particular suffered from a series of blustery days, making steering almost impossible and the bank an inviting proposition, especially around Grassy Corner.

Over the week, a number of close contests took place, and as the crews were whittled down to the finalists in the 5 divisions, Jesus had two entrants, Downing, King's First and Third and Christ's had one apiece, and Emmanuel had four - one in every division they had entered.

The first final was the women's first



Emmanuel 1st men power past Jesus in their quarter-final. All four Emmanuel teams made it into their category finals

PETE TWITCHETT

IVs, and First and Third, the older and more experienced crew, were able to pull ahead and finish a tight race only half a length up. Emmanuel won the women's second IV, overwhelming Jesus in a fast race that highlighted the two clubs' strength in depth. The closest race of the after-

noon was the coxless IVs, where a dead-heat was declared between Jesus and Downing. The offer of a re-race was made, but a combination of sheer exhaustion and the prospect of probable frostbite put both crews off, and so the winners' medals were shared between the two teams.

Emmanuel then locked horns with Christ's in the men's Second IVs final. Despite Christ's taking an early lead, Emmanuel's steady rhythm and power took them to the finish line 11 seconds earlier. The final race of the day pitted Emmanuel's 1st IV against a very good King's 1st IV. Progression

to the final had looked assured for both boats and in a close, hard-fought race, King's pipped Emma to the post.

A number of clubs have already set down a strong marker. When Caius race for the first time this term at the Fairbairn Cup, the competition in college rowing will hot up even more.



Joe Powell & Oscar Brodwin

Gamblers Unanimous

At 4pm last Saturday it felt like the world was coming to an end, with Desert Quest finishing second and Man Utd running away with it at Old Trafford. But Mayweather came to the rescue with a points win over Baldomir, so we finish our first week £4.50 down, the trusty 'Bank Job' doing the business when the chips were down.

"The urge to gamble is so universal and its practice is so pleasurable, that I assume it must be evil." We don't need the advice of the famous journalist Heywood Broun to understand the pitfalls of gambling. With most pleasures come pain and it is our responsibility to instruct you in the dangers inherent in "speculating to accumulate". There are certain guidelines you must follow on that glorious path to riches:

Never gamble more than you can afford to lose. Remember that while winnings are infinite, losses are finite. The bookies make their money through misguided punters trying to rectify a situation by gambling even more heavily, known as "chasing your losses". For every gambler who now owns a condo in St Lucia bought off the back of a massive winning streak, there are dozens more in the gutter.

A winner's a winner. We need to obtain value in our bets, but losing punts do not pay the bills. You can't eat value. Simple as!

However, *Value increases profitability.* When Man Utd travelled to Southend in the Carling Cup, the

1.4 (2/5) price for an away win was poor value. Premiership teams, no matter how successful, have a tendency to slip up away from home in cup competitions against lower teams. Conversely, several days ago the Democrats looked a very generous 3/1 to take the Senate. With the spectre of the botched Iraq war, several sex scandals, and record-low approval ratings for George Bush, their price should have been much lower, hence representing what we call "value".

Gambling is meant to be fun. Bookmakers offer a wide range of services, which we can use to increase the enjoyment of events. We can do this in many ways, ranging from

accumulators, where tiny stakes may yield huge rewards, to betting on our favourite team so that we double the pleasure when victorious.

Be a student of the game. As "scholars" you will know that to achieve great results, a certain input of work is needed. Gambling is no different. The internet is a vital source for those wishing to make a profit, giving us up-to-date information from across the globe. *The Racing Post* is also a very useful tool for all kinds of betting, not just for the gee-gees.

The "Bank Job" came in last week and this time we head to Twickenham for the international between England and Argentina. Andy Robinson is under extreme pressure and needs a big performance to convince the bigwigs in the

RFU that he should keep his job. Despite England's poor form and Argentina's growing stature in the game, we think the world champions will still be far too strong, and take them to be winning at half time and full time on Saturday. We advise a £15 bet at around 1.6 (c.8/13).

Our "Long Shot" is Pakistan vs West Indies cricket on Saturday. The draw is massively overpriced and Brian Lara's team should be full of confidence following their Champions' Trophy performance. The omission of Akhtar and Asif will also help and the "Windies" could spring a surprise. Have £2 at 6.4 (11/2) for a nice little earner.

For the "Porters' Tip", we've heard you should gamble on Vodka Bleu for the Paddy Power Gold Cup at Cheltenham on Saturday. Martin Pipe has dominated this race in recent years and his son, David, who took over the licence recently, is determined to follow in his father's illustrious footsteps. £3 should pay £15 at odds of around 5/1.

Running total: -£4.50

The Bank Job
England vs Argentina.
England win at half and full time.
Stake: £15

The Long Shot
Pakistan vs West Indies.
West Indies to win.
Stake: £2

The Porters' Tip
Vodka Bleu in the Gold Cup.
Stake: £3

 betfair.com

Strictly come dancing: Football Cuppers



SOPHIE PICKFORD

Churchill beat Jesus 6-5 on penalties in football cuppers.

CAPTAIN'S
CORNER

Skiing



LOMAX WARD

How long have you been racing?

I only took up racing when I arrived here in Cambridge. I had previously skied a lot but had never done anything competitive. The system here is good for those who want to take up racing.

How often do you train?

We go dry slope training once a week. The bulk of our snow training takes place during the first week of the Varsity Ski Trip, building up to the Varsity Championships during the main week.

How good is the team?

We should be quite strong. Notable performers are Nick Bond, who has skied for the Great Britain youth squad and Evan Scouros, a Greek international racer. We also have a solid dry slope team and will be in Edinburgh this weekend for the Uni Dry Slope Championships.

What's the greatest moment in your skiing career?

Winning Varsity in my first year, by a record margin. Being out on the Trip with so many Cambridge students also meant that celebrating was extra special. A Super G has been added to the races this year for some extra excitement.

How do you try out for the team?

The Time Trials for the team selection take place during the main week of the Varsity Ski Trip and they are open to anyone. We have a number of teams so we are open to lots of people. Check out the details of this year's ski trip at www.varsitytrip.co.uk.

John's unbeaten record broken

»Jesus tops the hockey league after humbling last year's champions

ALEX TINDALE

St. John's	1
Jesus	4

St John's two and a half year unbeaten run in the league was brought to an end on Wednesday, when Jesus humbled them 4-1 at the St Catz hockey pitch, continuing their fine start to the season. Three goals inside the first 25 minutes gave Jesus an unassailable lead, despite a spirited fight back from last season's league and cuppers champions.

St John's had a formidable league record – 24 games won in succession, harking back to 2003, but Jesus had been in fine recent form, demolishing Clare 13-0 last week, and boasting the enviable goal ratio of 47 scored to just 1 conceded. While John's have come close to losing in the league before, with Catz and Emma pushing them close last season, it was the manner of defeat that was particularly telling. Gone are the days when John's could expect to easily claim the title. And with Emma and Catz also weaker this season, Jesus's resurgence this year has seen them surge ahead as the new force in college hockey.

Even so, John's could claim the better start to the match, holding almost all the possession for 10 minutes. But, in a pattern that was to permeate the match, the Johnians failed to penetrate the Jesus defence and create any real opportunities on goal.

After the opening minutes, the game, and the unbeaten record, began to slip away from St. John's. Following some solid build-up play, Jesus' Dave Madden slipped his trademark feinted pass into the D, where league top-scorer Nick Wong deflected past Andrew Wheatly-Hubbard to make the score 1-0. Worse was to come for John's, as within minutes Ian Cawrse fired in a low shot from the edge of the area to double the lead.



John's lack of firepower up front cost them both the match and their unbeaten record

MATT DOUGHTY

Jesus moved 3-0 up after 25 minutes with their first penalty corner. Ed Bush, who tormented his marker all afternoon, found space behind the St John's defence and played the ball onto a foot in the D, winning the short. A Dave Madden drag-flick later, and Jesus were 3 goals to the good.

Stung by going behind so easily, St John's increased their tempo, and for the last 10 minutes of the half were by far the better side. They were rewarded for their persistence with several short corners, and, in the last play of the half, captain Fergus Morrison put away a drag-flick, to leave the match poised 3-1 at the half-time whistle.

Buoyed by this goal, John's started the second half again in control, winning more short corners and forcing several good saves from Jesus goal-keeper Eliot Furminger, with the lively Jack Yelland coming particularly close. But, as in the first period, the St John's players were made to suffer from their profligacy in front of goal. With 10 minutes remaining, another attack from Jesus' Ed Bush down the right flank won a short corner. This resulted in a goal-line melee, from which Nick Wong gleefully swept the ball into the net, for his second and Jesus's fourth.

One reason for John's weakness is

that they, more than most other teams, are affected by the rule barring Blues players from league matches. By contrast, Jesus controversially fielded James Waters, who plays for another club in the same league as the Cambridge Blues, but is allowed to compete at College level. One former Blue, who plays for John's, commented that, "we [John's] would have won if Jesus didn't have Waters."

But this controversy did not overshadow a superb win for Jesus. After three seasons of Johnian league domination, the era has ended and Jesus seems certain to become the new powerhouse in the college hockey league.

The
Week In
Weather

FRI



SAT



SUN



MON



TUE



WED



THUR

Hitori

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

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Sudoku

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

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

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Kakuro

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).

10	23	6			20	3	4		
7				11					
24				21					
						19		10	
3	10								
19						10			
10					3				

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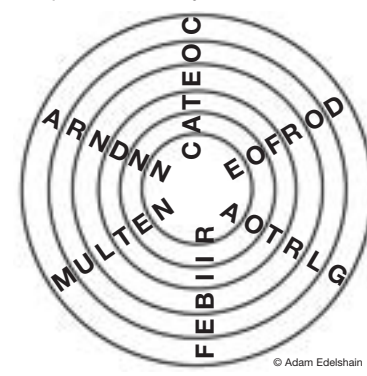


COMPETITION

Win a pair of tickets to the Arts Picturehouse. Tickets available to use Monday to Thursday at any point in the Michaelmas term.



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



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