



VARSITY

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May Week 2007



In Brief

Phone breaks in burglar's backside

A prisoner from a Suffolk jail was this rushed into Addenbrooke's this week in order to retrieve a mobile phone that he had concealed inside his rectum. A Prison Service spokesperson told the *Sun* newspaper that such behaviour was a "well established" method used by convicts to avoid security checks. But the problems started when the phone began to break apart inside the convicted burglar's backside, causing severe internal injuries.

Leys expulsion for online remarks

A Year 9 pupil has been asked to leave The Leys School, one of Cambridge's leading independent secondaries, after making remarks about headmaster Mark Slater on social networking site Bebo. Whilst the head described the comments as "unacceptable", some fellow students disagreed. They created a group on the Facebook site entitled "Mr Mark Slater Fears Freedom of Speech". The group has since been removed from the site.

Daniel Bolger plaque unveiled

A plaque in memory of deceased student Daniel Bolger was unveiled at a special service in Christ's College chapel on June 16. The mathematician, who was involved in the college choir and the University Gilbert & Sullivan society, died last November when he fell into the Cam by Magdalene College.

Anti-arms trade petition handover

Members of the campaign group Cambridge Students Against the Arms Trade (CSAAT), working with CUSU, have passed a petition containing the signatures of over 1,500 students to university authorities.

The petition calls for Cambridge colleges to cease investment in arms firms, and urges them to adopt ethical investment policies. It follows a march and demonstration outside the Senate House that took place this February, attended by more than 200 students.

The handover comes as arms manufacturer BAE is embroiled in controversy over so-called "facilitation payments" to Saudi Arabia. In response, the firm has announced that it intends to set up an "ethics committee".

The editors would like to thank Jules Hunt for his winning cover design, along with everyone who submitted designs for the competition



PM defends 'moderate' Islam

»But Cambridge speech sparks claims of underestimation of religion

MIRIAM BOYLES

Tony Blair marked an Interfaith Conference organised by Cambridge University with a call for "continued dialogue" between Muslim and non-Muslim communities and representatives. The Prime Minister's speech was an effort to discredit what he argued were crude media portrayals of Muslims as dangerous extremists.

Blair argued that the "authentic voice" of Islam was one of "moderation and modernity", as expressed by scholars and religious leaders within "various schools" of Islamic thought. According to its Director, David Ford, such claims reflect the integrity of the Cambridge Interfaith Programme (CIP).

However, Blair was the subject of criticism, not only for the content of his speech but also for the distribution of individuals present at the conference. Labour peer Lord Ahmed accused Blair of using Cambridge as a "front", enabling Downing Street to exclude Muslims who disagree with government policy.

In response, Ford defended the CIP's choice of delegates, pointing out that the conference venue limited numbers to 150, all of whom were selected on the basis of their holding "serious positions of authority" and being from "different walks of life".

Blair's speech also came under attack for its emphasis on so-called "moderate" Islam. Michael Ipgrave, the Archdeacon of Southwark and former national interfaith advisor to the Church of England, warned that such a term implies that religion is simply a



Blair argued that the "authentic voice" of Islam was one of "moderation and modernity"

10 DOWNING STREET

lifestyle preference rather than an incredibly powerful force.

He added that Muslims and other religious adherents are caught in a bind of "double loyalty", both to their faith and to their government, with "moderation" simply meaning according precedence to the latter.

Shaukat Aziz, the Pakistani Prime Minister, agreed with Blair, arguing in favour of moderation and tolerance in the face of the "multiple forces of tension" in "today's interconnected world".

Holding moderation as the ideal

outward behaviour to be aspired to by a 'true' Muslim, both Aziz and Blair stressed the importance of the production of "responsible citizens", following, in Blair's terms, a "calm" Islam.

Conference rapporteur and Professor of History and Religious Studies at Pennsylvania State University, Philip Jenkins, stressed to delegates that countering extremism need not require treating religious issues with rational detachment but that it could be effectuated by means of a religious-

ly motivated sense of morality.

Aref Nayed, former Visiting Fellow at Cambridge's Faculty of Divinity echoed Jenkins's claim, highlighting the stress placed within Islamic belief on God's indiscriminate compassion.

The conference was intended as a step towards more fluid dialogue between political and religious leaders on important contemporary issues and is a necessary response to the changes and tensions that arise in a society which Ford called "complexly religious and secular".

Cagebirds: Amnesty in the breeze



DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

Cloth cut-outs attract petition signatures on King's Parade for CU Amnesty International's Easter Term prisoners of conscience, Filep Karma and Yusak Pakage. They have been held by the Indonesian government since 2004 for taking part in a peaceful protest.

Double resignation hits Corpus Christi

TOM PARRY-JONES

Corpus Christi was shaken last month by the departure of the college's Master and the Senior Tutor.

In a statement from Professor Christopher Andrew, the college announced, with "regrets", the resignation of Sir Alan Wilson "with effect from 30 April 2007".

The statement thanked him for his "contribution during his Mastership". Wilson, a distinguished mathematician and former student of the college, had only taken up the position seven months earlier, in October of last year.

This was followed two weeks later by the resignation of Senior Tutor Dr Paul Schofield, "with effect from 14 May".

In an accompanying statement, the college emphasised their desire to "wish [Schofield] well in his future career".

Professor Paul Mellars has been appointed Acting Master, while the position of Senior Tutor is being temporarily filled by Keith Seffen.

The college declined to comment on the departures, but a University spokesperson was eager to stress that, contrary to speculation in the national press,

there was "no connection" between the two resignations.

Regarding Dr Schofield, he said that the Senior Tutor had left to "spend more time on science-related projects", which had required his departure at short notice, a statement confirmed by Schofield to *Varsity*. The spokesperson added that he had been only "months away" from seeing out his planned tenure anyway.

On the topic of Sir Alan Wilson, however, the spokesperson was more reticent. He said the Master was "moving on", but admitted that a promised announcement about the departed Master's future had so far failed to materialise.

Corpus JCR President Sam Hinde was broadly supportive of the college's procedures following the resignations. He told *Varsity* that students had been promptly informed of developments and that the immediate announcement of acting replacements had served to "ensure continuity and minimise the problems for the students".

But JCR representatives were excluded from Governing Body meetings that discussed the resignations on claims that "utmost confidentiality" was required in matters "relating to named personnel".

'Spambrose' wins Apprentice

»Cambridge graduate hired by Sir Alan, but debate erupts over Wyvern status

EMMA INKESTER

Cambridge University alumnus Simon Ambrose was chosen last week as the winner of BBC's hit TV show *The Apprentice*. Ambrose, who graduated from Magdalene College in 2000 with a double first in Economics, triumphed over fellow finalist Kristina Grimes in a head to head battle watched by 6.8 million viewers.

For their last challenge, the two contestants were asked to design an eye-catching landmark on London's South Bank. Ambrose's presentation of his wave-shaped building led Sugar to declare that the contestant had the audience "eating out of his hands". The result came as a shock, Grimes having been the bookies' favourite before the final was broadcast. The episode marked the culmination of twelve weeks of diverse challenges, in which candidates for Sir Alan Sugar's apprenticeship worked in teams to impress the hard-headed entrepreneur.

A former pupil of Westminster School, Ambrose spent his time in Cambridge developing many talents. A frequent contributor to Cambridge Footlights, the 27 year-old was also involved in yachting, karate and kite boarding, as well as purportedly being able to speak six languages. Porters at Magdalene fondly remembered "Spambrose", but were unwilling to divulge any details of his college life, other than his apparent involvement in a mysterious, "ill-advised" punting party involving a barbecue.

Ambrose claims to have been a fan of Sir Alan from a young age, first programming one of the businessman's Amstrad computers at the age of six. After graduating, a short spell as an investment banker gave way to internet-based entrepreneurial ventures. Now, he will leave behind his current online lighting and lettings agency to begin



Simon Ambrose wearing the tie of The Wyverns. The society, whose infamous antics include inviting female garden party guests to jelly wrestle, have played down suggestions that he was never a member

working for Sir Alan on a salary in the region of £100,000 per year.

During the programme, Ambrose was seen wearing the signature tie of Magdalene's drinking society The Wyverns, with its distinctive golden dragons on a blue background. An infamously gruelling initiation ritual of foul food and copious amounts of alcohol is a prerequisite for those who wish to become a society member. But questions have

been raised over whether the Apprentice winner ever actually undertook this challenge to attain fully fledged status. An article in the *Daily Mail* suggested that fellow graduates had expressed consternation at the sight of Ambrose sporting the tie regardless.

But speaking to *Varsity*, current Wyverns President James Gibbon was more circumspect. "There has been a lot of speculation about

whether Simon Ambrose was ever initiated into The Wyverns. Whether he actually was or not, however, is irrelevant - he is a natural born winner and probably chose to wear the tie he felt best suited that aspect of his character".

His popularity among younger viewers was increased by the part he played in the more farcical moments on the show. Most notably, his attempt to sell a trampoline live on a

shopping channel led to an unfortunate spectacle where he appeared to be, in the words of the *Sunday Mirror*, "screwing a six-inch trampoline leg into his crotch".

The phallic faux pas was described by BBC presenter Adrian Chiles as "the greatest piece of TV... ever". Ambrose further admits to once posing as a Manchester United football agent to secure a table for ten at a celebrity-packed restaurant.

Nevertheless, his former tutors have been thrilled by Simon's success. Dr Nigel Knight, Director of Studies in Economics at Magdalene College said "I am very happy for Simon, it is a remarkable achievement. I remember him well as an undergraduate at Magdalene and his confident style made him a good candidate - no doubt he will work well with Sir Alan Sugar."

The Apprentice

The first series of *The Apprentice* was aired in 2005. The popularity of its recent third series has led to the BBC commissioning two more.

Despite the frequent shots of the city skyline shown in the opening sequence to the *Apprentice*, the company is actually located in Brentwood, Essex.

Both former Apprentices from the previous series have already left their employment at Amstrad, Timothy Campbell to pursue other interests and Michelle Newbury after a string of personal problems.

In March 2007 a special celebrity version of the *Apprentice* was put together for Red Nose Day, featuring Piers Morgan.

Facebook song climbs iTunes chart



A scene from the video to 'On the Facebook' set on King's Parade. Inset: how *Varsity* reported the song's initial success in February 2006

DATSHIANE NAVANAYAGAM

An attempt by two former Cambridge students to take their spoof song to the top of the charts this week is proving something of a success. "On the Facebook" recently entered the iTunes album chart and has so far peaked at no. 30, overtaking artists such as George Michael, Arctic Monkeys and Justin Timberlake.

The track, composed by Tommy Hewitt Jones and Pete Foggitt, was intended as a satirical take on the popular social networking site. But as Hewitt Jones told *Varsity*, "it has ironically become the song about Facebook". "We were very amused when we realised it was becoming a cult hit", he added.

Inspired by the success of Peter Kay's 2005 Comic Relief cover of Tony Christie's 1971 hit "Amarillo", the song has racked up an estimated one million downloads and attracted media coverage from various quarters. Earlier this month, ITV Anglia

covered the students' endeavour to reach number one.

The video accompanying the track is set in Cambridge, and features well known sights, with dancing atop King's College. It parodies the influence of Facebook on the lives of students which are increasingly defined by the cyber confines of the website's wall-messaging and poking features.

Talking to *Varsity*, Hewitt Jones claimed that although the song and video were produced as a "protest against Facebook" both were always "intended as a joke between friends, and never something to be taken seriously".

Since its launch in February 2004, Facebook - originally designed for university students - has allowed users to share photos and keep in contact. But the immense popularity of the site has led to its expansion, and in September 2006 it was opened to anyone with a valid email, with an increasing number of members in "networks" based around employers and locations.

In recent months, the site has undergone criticism, with complaints

about the level of privacy and security provided and accusations that it allows for unwarranted "stalking". Concerns that the nature of the site endangers professional relationships have also been expressed.

Last September, *Varsity* featured the senior tutors at Emmanuel and New Hall admitting that they use Facebook to assess the suitability of potential employees. Yet the site still remains for the most part a phenomenon confined to young people.

In *Varsity*'s interview, Hewitt Jones asserted that not only did he believe that Facebook's "impact on student lives and relationships" mean that it is "clearly now an integral part of being at university", but that "personally, deep down I think Facebook is a really bad thing and it stops people properly getting to know each other".

Yet despite these reservations, *Varsity* can reveal that the song's lyrics may be more revealing than satirical. Hewitt Jones cheerfully confessed that he himself has "stalked" people on Facebook, because "that's what it's for".

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Anger over Israel boycott

»Proposal to cut ties with universities met by wide condemnation

THOMAS MCGEE

The ongoing debate over the relationship between British and Israeli educational institutions re-appeared with a new intensity this month.

At its annual conference on May 30, the University and College Union (UCU) debated a motion proposing the consideration of “moral implications” of British links with Israeli academia and asked members to question the “appropriateness of a boycott”. The motion passed with 61 per cent of those present in support, but is of mostly symbolic value as any boycott’s validity must be discussed in local branches before implementation.

The congress condemned what it saw as Israel’s “apartheid policies” and discriminatory education system. The motion described the “denial of educational rights” to Palestinians, said to spring from a lack of access to universities in the West Bank for residents of the Gaza Strip, where freedom of movement is curtailed by curfews, checkpoints and arrests.

Faced with such a situation, the UCU resolved by passing the motion, “passivity or neutrality is unacceptable”. Its proposed boycott could involve lecturers refusing to collaborate on research contracts with Israeli academics and refusing to work with journals published by Israeli companies.

But many high profile members of the union have spoken out against a boycott, arguing it would not be an appropriate form of industrial action. Sally Hunt, the union’s general secretary, said she believed it was important to maintain academic communication with Israel and stressed that the union as a whole had not rubber-stamped a boycott. She said that a referendum of the membership would be necessary, adding: “I do not believe a boycott is supported by the majority of UCU members”.

Speaking to *Varsity*, Cambridge sociologist Dr David Lehmann, a signatory to an anti-boycott petition



UCU General Secretary Sally Hunt has condemned the motion proposing a boycott

ANDREW WIARD

signed by more than 250 British academics, argued against the UCU’s decision. He said: “It is wrong because it aims to punish universities and academics who are neither responsible for nor complicit in Israeli foreign policy”.

Lehmann said that it is unfortunate that the motion has “received such publicity”, since it is not in his opinion representative of the views of most British academics. He said he deplored the fact that opposition to the boycott may obscure differences between academics who are critical of Israel’s occupation of Palestinian territories and those who unconditionally support Israeli policies.

In an interview with the *Guardian*, Tom Hickey, a Brighton University academic who led the call for stronger moves towards a boycott, said “There will be adverse effects on individuals, but this is not targeting individuals or trying to

break contacts with them.”

He said the vote in favour of a boycott reflected “the deep concern” people have about the issue.

A spokesperson for the Cambridge University Jewish Society (CUJS) rejected the suggestion that the boycott was a “solution”, arguing that “punishing Israeli academia, the most progressive sector of Israeli society, is counterproductive”. They insisted that such a move would not help Palestinians.

CUJS attacked the “hypocrisy” of UCU “targeting only the Jewish State”, and suggested that their decision was informed by the unnecessarily polarized view of relations in the Middle East presented by mainstream media. The Cambridge University Palestine Society did not wish to comment specifically on the boycott.

Whilst Cambridge has no publicly stated position on this or any other political matter, the Russell Group of

elite universities strongly opposes any proposed boycott.

Its chairman, Professor Malcolm Grant said “We reject outright the call for an academic boycott. It is a contradiction in terms and in direct conflict with the mission of a university. It betrays a misunderstanding of the academic mission which is founded squarely on freedom of inquiry and freedom of speech.”

In recent months the National Union of Journalists and Aosdána (Irish Public Arts Council) have supported boycotts of Israel. And earlier this month, UN Human Rights Commissioner Louise Arbour sparked controversy when she said she “welcomed debate” over the issue.

In a statement, the UCU emphasized that the boycott issue is complex but that potential damage to Israeli academics’ freedom must be balanced against the destructive effects of the current situation on academia itself.



Sidney Street

Going Straight

A famous Cambridge drinking society may have hit the headlines this week, but a former member was witnessed recently proving that a lairy past should not be an obstacle to a respectable career. Trussed up in his Police uniform and hi-vis jacket, the gentleman was spied valiantly stopping a malevolent driver outside Sainsbury’s. Their crime? Nothing less than using a mobile while driving.

King’s Backs

Lovers on the Lawn

It’s not just the cows that are at it - two students were spotted filling the post-examination lull by getting frisky on the grass behind King’s. The clearly well-prepared couple had brought a duvet to salvage their dignity, and to protect the innocence of passers-by. But, things soon went from profane to preposterous, as the couple were accosted by a man in a chicken suit who attempted to put them off their stroke. The heckles of the poultry interloper soon hit home, killing their passion dead, and restoring the sanctity of the college lawn.

All across town

Broken balls

Clare has done itself proud this week and upheld its tradition for being the most crashed ball in Cambridge. *Varsity* has been made aware of no less than five successful breaking and entering attempts. Seven lovely ladies, sans make-up and with dresses thrown on in seconds, managed to make an entrance *en masse* through a gate conveniently staffed by one of their friends before keenly searching for their prince charmings once inside. Another had gone to the trouble of bringing up his chums from Eton to aid his Clare-entering attempt, but on making a successful bid himself, his friends were left to move their attempts to Jesus, where their evident lack of local knowledge saw them making a full frontal assault and being rugby-tackled to the ground by the burly security staff. The wall game was never so violent. Elsewhere two famous returning ball-breakers managed to gain entry to both Pembroke and Magdalene on the same night, affecting the necessary cheeky change of costume en route.

The Mitre

Padding down

Former Liberal Democrat leader Lord Ashdown was spotted taking time off from frustrating Gordon Brown’s plans for an all-star cabinet by relaxing in the Mitre earlier in the week.

Supping a swift pint in the corner, the former paratrooper’s reasons for visiting were unclear despite our slouth’s best efforts.

New Director for the Fitzwilliam Museum

TOM PARRY-JONES

The Fitzwilliam Museum has announced that Dr Timothy Potts will be their new director, succeeding Duncan Robinson when he leaves at the beginning of next year.

Potts, who completed a D.Phil in the art and archaeology of the ancient near east at Oxford and taught at the university for five years, comes to his new post with a distinguished record in running museums. He leaves Texas’ prestigious Kimbell Art Museum, where he has been director for the last nine years, to take up his place at the Fitz, and was previously in charge at the National Gallery of Victoria (NGV) in Australia.

Current director Duncan Robinson told *Varsity* he was “rather flattered” to be succeeded by Potts, and added that “it says something about the Fitzwilliam

that it is possible to recruit someone of his stature”. His comments reflect a string of high-profile jobs that Potts has been connected with by the press.

In 2001, the *Independent on Sunday* reported that Potts had been approached for the directorship of the Victoria & Albert Museum in London, whilst in 2005 the New York Times suggested he was a prime candidate for the same post at Los Angeles’ Getty Museum. As recently as last November, US website Artsjournal argued, with effusive praise, that he should be given the directorship at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, suggesting Potts “has the mind of a lawyer, the sensibility of a scholar, and it is the right moment in his career to make the big leap”.

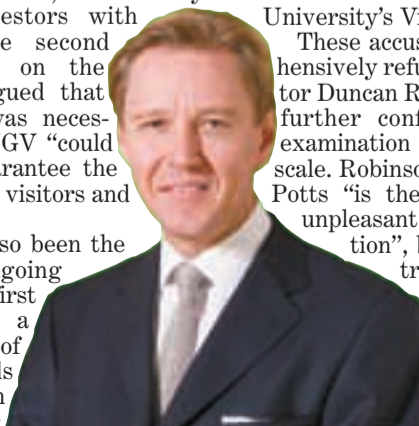
While Potts’ profile in the media is generally kept quite low, his career has not been completely without controversy. During his tenure at

the National Gallery of Victoria, he came under fire from the Australian press for abandoning principles of free expression, after pulling an exhibition by American artist Andres Serrano. Potts’ decision came after Serrano’s photograph *Piss Christ*, which depicts a crucifix immersed in urine, was destroyed by two protestors with hammers, the second attack made on the work. He argued that the closure was necessary, as the NGV “could no longer guarantee the security of the visitors and staff”.

Potts has also been the target of ongoing grudges. The first result for a Google search of his name leads to a site, run by a former

Kimbell employee, that collates bad press about the director. Earlier this week, *Varsity* was contacted by a concerned Cambridge academic, who expressed dismay at the recruitment of Potts, enclosing material from the website, and suggesting that Potts’ pay at the Fitzwilliam will exceed that of the University’s Vice Chancellor.

These accusations were comprehensively refuted by current director Duncan Robinson, and this was further confirmed by *Varsity*’s examination of the university pay scale. Robinson acknowledged that Potts “is the victim of a rather unpleasant campaign of derogation”, but argued that, contrary to any specious allegations, there was every reason to be “optimistic” about the museum’s future.



Media MPhil

»Launch event for new course

TOM BARKER

Cambridge University formally inaugurated its first course in media studies last month. The launch included the showing of a new film by Isaac Newton and Colin McCabe about the director Derek Jarman, who died in 1994. The event at the Law Faculty was attended by Cambridge alumna Tilda Swinton, who starred in many of Jarman's films, as well as in major Hollywood pictures such as *The Beach* and *Vanilla Sky*.

The MPhil in Screen Media and Cultures took its first students in Michaelmas of this year. Although based in the Faculty of Modern and Medieval Languages, the course is an interdisciplinary venture encompassing departments and faculties as diverse as English, Music, Art, Architecture, Oriental Studies, Education, Social Anthropology, SPS and the Judge Business School. Speaking to *Varsity*, course director Professor David Trotter said that he hoped this broad departmental base would help students "explore screen media from a range of different perspectives", going beyond the "arguably narrow terms" thus far established by film and media studies.

The course offers students the opportunity to develop an understanding of the historical and theoretical relations between a moving image and

the cultures which gave rise to it, with research projects running the gamut from sitcoms to news reportage.

In recent years, courses in film and media studies have come under fire in the press, often portrayed as lacking academic and intellectual rigour. Responding to potential concerns about the reputation of the field among British universities, Trotter stressed that the course did in no way aim to "improve the standing of media studies (or, for that matter, film studies)", but rather hoped to promote the benefits of approaching screen media of all kinds, including film and television, from a number of disciplinary angles.

Dr Eric Griffiths, a fellow of English at Trinity College, suggested that the media themselves were often to blame for the negative portrayal of the subject, unhelpfully employing blanket labels, such as 'media studies', "which are useful only for the purposes of fabricating 'story' and not for informed discussion". The new course welcomes students from a broad range of undergraduate backgrounds, including those who have a first degree in film or media studies.

When asked whether or not he thought the MPhil course might prove to be a springboard to the development of an undergraduate course in the subject at Cambridge, Trotter seemed uncertain. "We'd better learn to walk before we try to run".



Emma Watson in a scene from *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*

WARNER BROS

From Hogwarts to Hegel

ORLANDO READE

Philosophy dons may react with a stoic smile to the news splashed amongst the national press that Harry Potter actress Emma Watson intends to study the subject at Cambridge. She announced her intentions to further her education at the University in an interview with *Tatler*, which simultaneously offered revelations about her love-life.

The magazine sought to emphasise the similarities between Watson, and her character, Hermione Granger, describing the latter as "definitely a feminist and very intelligent". This seems an ideal fit, as she is considering a subject which the faculty website

describes as "the study of fundamental problems about the nature of knowledge and reality".

But Watson's declaration is perhaps a little premature, as she is currently studying for her AS-Levels, and has yet to begin the process of university application. Whilst her GCSE results may stand her in good stead for a Cambridge place, with 8 A*'s and 2 A grades, her AS-Level choices may have inadvertently destroyed her aspirations, if one is to believe a recent article in *Teen Vogue* magazine.

According to the glossy, she is studying Art, English Literature, and Dance. However, Dance is on Cambridge's list of "Unsuitable A-Levels" which do not count towards a three-grade offer, alongside subjects

such as ICT, and Travel & Tourism. Unless Watson takes on another A-Level for her final year, it seems that a Cambridge place may elude her.

Watson, who has appeared in all three of the Harry Potter films, also expounded to *Tatler* editor Georgie Grieg on her choice of men. "I am not really into any particular type, but I do like guys who are into sports and love it when they speak two or three different languages", she told the magazine's July issue, adding: "Yeah, that really does it for me". In the past she has blamed her fame for her lack of luck in finding a boyfriend, explaining "I suppose guys are either kind of intimidated by me and have their defenses up, or they like to take the piss out of me".



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World's first transgender mayor

»Election of new Cambridge leader brings worldwide media attention

ELLIOT ROSS

Cambridge's new Mayor has attracted global media coverage after announcing that both she and her partner are transgender.

Councillor Jenny Bailey, who has served as Deputy Mayor since May 2006, was appointed Mayor at Cambridge City Council's annual meeting last month.

Bailey, a Liberal Democrat, has sat on the Council since 2002, before which she worked as a telecommunications engineer and as school governor for Chesterton Community College.

Bailey said "I entered local politics because I believe in public service and because I wanted to make a contribution to the wonderful city we live in. I am honoured that my fellow councillors have now chosen me to be Mayor.

"I want my mayoral year to be about celebrating the unsung heroes of our city. There are many of them. They are individuals and organisations that quietly work away making a real difference to people's lives without expecting any reward or publicity in return. They deserve recognition and thanks for their work and I see it as a major part of my job as Mayor to make sure they know how grateful we are.

"There are many also many specific causes I want to highlight in the next twelve months. These include raising the profile of disability issues, supporting events for and on behalf of migraine sufferers and attending meetings of minority religious groups."

Bailey has a strong interest in environmental issues and has a history of encouraging cycling, waste management and recycling. She entered politics in an attempt to promote the domestic use of solar power. Her appointment coincides with the appointment of Cambridge City

Council's first Climate Change Officer, Simon Chubb.

The international media became interested when the new Mayor made public that both she and her partner, former councillor Jennifer Liddle, are transgender. It was already well known in Council circles. Ms Liddle will serve for a year as Mayoress by her partner's side.

The couple met while undergoing hormone replacement therapy and now live together, bringing up Bailey's two sons from a previous marriage. Bailey's ex-wife remains a friend and told local media that she was "incredibly proud" of her former husband, anticipating that she will do an "excellent" job.

Ms Bailey is the first transgender person to hold the 800-year-old Cambridge office, and it is believed that the couple will be the world's first transgender Mayor and Mayoress.

"I want my mayoral year to be about celebrating the unsung heroes of our city"

American broadcaster Fox News reported the couple's appointments, claiming that "this university city is taking them in its stride".

Councillor Ian Nimmo-Smith, Leader of Cambridge City Council, said, "Jenny has fulfilled the role of Deputy Mayor in the past year with great distinction and we already know that she will make a really great Mayor."

Mayor Bailey replaces previous incumbent Robert Dryden.



Mayor Bailey in her ceremonial robes

CAMBRIDGE COUNCIL

**Jonny Ensall:
Six balls
in three
nights**



If I haven't really made the most of my Cambridge degree I have, at least, invested enough of my valuable revision time to come up with a marketable act for May Week. For the past year I've been running the Shut Up and Dance! club nights, the effort of which paid off when I was invited to "perform" at six May Balls this week. When I say "perform" I mean stand behind my best mate while he hovers skillfully over the turntables, and I attempt to look busy by putting records back in their sleeves. But my lack of any important role left me with enough time to wander around each ball to my heart's content while pouring Smirnoff Ice into my open gob.

Monday we were due early at Trinity Ball. Personally I prefer events where the bounty of fun, food and fornication is plentiful to the point of excess (e.g. John's), where the sublime touches the ridiculous and the downright disgusting. Yet Trinity Ball is not geared towards satisfying my lust for inappropriate touching of this nature. Opulence is key, and although you may have to wait five minutes for food, you will at least get oysters or tapas when you reach the front, and not processed meat in a bap. Following on from Trinity we made a dash to Emmanuel Ball, where I did my very best to complain loudly about the long food queues for processed meat in a bap, even to the point where I threw my bottle of Smirnoff Ice on the floor in protest.

Tuesday we arrived at John's Ball in time to hear the opening strains of a performance by Just Jack. While the crowd were slowly lulled into a waking coma (during which time "Jack" implanted the subliminal messages that in time will lead to his domination of the charts and then the world) we took a stroll around the site and were mightily impressed by the range of food and drink on offer. John's would be my preference but, objectively, Trinity swung it this year, just.

At the next ball, Queens', the Ents Officer had pulled out The Klaxons to complement their Kaiser Chiefs coup two years ago. The ball looked nice, although by then I had to admit I was too tired and drunk to really care. I just wanted a pastry and a coffee, and maybe a Borders where I could drink Innocent smoothies, browse through the world cinema section and read the *Guardian* like my parents.

Wednesday we arrived at King's Affair feeling overdressed and underdrunk. King's had played the clever trick of making "Aftermath" the Affair's theme, so the more crap left lying around and more trashed socialists hurling on the main lawn the more fully embodied the concept became. Pembroke May Ball finished us off. Two hours in an empty room that wasn't labeled on the map left us drunk, tired and annoyed. The ball was nice, but even by two o'clock it had begun to resemble "Aftermath". Where were the scurrying workers with bin bags ready to pick up the trail of detritus I left in my wake? I think I had begun to expect too much.

May Week: Pirate ship armada hits the Cam



REBECCA LESTER

A team of celebrating students take to the Cam to mark the end of their exams. A "totally tropical" vibe descended on the river as seven Girtonites in inflatable pirate ships meandered downstream, brandishing cutlasses and swashbuckling shocked tourists as they went. Some of the budding buccaneers had even personalised their vessels by scrawling on the stern.

Second year geographer Ewan Livingston was the brains behind the plan, taking his inspiration from a man seen last year floating down the Cam in a paddling pool full of rubber ducks. The boats themselves were a snip at £19.99 from Argos, half the price of an overnight hire from Scudamores.

Reflecting on the afternoon from the rather drier confines of his college, Livingston declared to *Varsity* that "punting is so last year".



Pick up a copy of the *Independent* today and you'll be shocked to discover that Joe Corre is refusing his MBE. Yes, that's right Joe Corre... who? Joe Corre son of Vivienne Westwood and Malcom MacDowell and co-founder of Agent Provocateur. Oh, and why is he refusing his MBE? Well, according to the *Independent* it's because of "two words: Tony Blair".

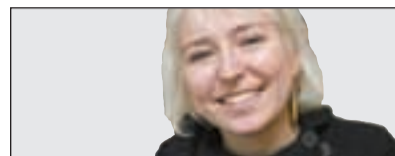
Now, to my mind, that isn't such big news. A lot of people have strong views about Blair and Iraq, many of whom treat the matter without any leniency towards the importance of Anglo-American relations, the prevalence of spin in middle ground politics, and the moral ambiguity between Imperialism and Interventionism. There's nothing new here. But for the *Independent*, with its particular brand of liberal sensationalism, this is a hot ticket to big sales as readers hold their hands up in support for this tepid act of dissent. The legacy of New Labour aside, the story displays how broadsheets subtly employ many of the same attention-grabbing tactics as their lower brow counterparts. The *Independent* might be up in arms over GM foods. The *Daily Mail* will be up in arms over asylum seekers or crime levels. "Can you believe what they've gone and done now?" is the familiar subtext. The *Guardian Weekend* will run a fetishizing feature on organic food and soft furnishings while *Nuts* magazine will cover tits and wounds. Both have a fascination with the same recurring themes - Omega 3, a man losing a testicle, property abroad, nipples - all catering to our glib lifestyle choices.

Open up a copy of a trendy youth publication like *Vice* or *Pimp* magazine and it's all different, of course. Look, here's an article on porn not written in total seriousness, and here's a feature about prostitution that's not written in total seriousness either. A photoshoot with naked girls that treads a fine line between seriousness and ironically not being serious. God, I'm so ambiguously offended and aroused, or am I? Whether highbrow or lowbrow, or ironically nobrow, the media will happily serve you up lukewarm bollocks on a colourful plate every day of the week as long as you'll keep coming back for more.

When Charlie Brooker and Chris Morris' satire of media culture, *Nathan Barley*, was first aired around three years ago, the show brilliantly predicted the "rise of the idiots" pre-empting the world domination of *Vice*, the emergence of New Rave and the fashion of Cassette Playa. In fact, it was all a little bit too accurate, and some of its ideas were picked up by the idiots it was satirising. You may have seen, for example, groups of people playing a variation of Paper, Stone, Scissors called Cock, Muff, Bumhole. If you do, spit at them until they stop. The satire has become part of the culture. The media that serves the lifestyle has become so much a part of the lifestyle that every bit of muck (whether it be in a Lad's mag or on a organic new potato) that is farted out is fed back into the culture again and again until, like an Innocent smoothie, you have distilled lifestyle in its purest form. Two words "Bull Shit".

Screw up your degrees

»Don't let your time here dominate the rest of your life



MARY BOWERS

The dust has blown off the Corn Exchange, city-wide sales of ProPlus have plummeted and students look less like a Ken Loach movie and more as if they have personalities.

Yes, Cambridge is, for a whole bunch of finalists, finally, final. We manage to deal with that Kilimanjaro of dirty washing in the corner; we make up for a term's loss of alcohol tolerance, and remind ourselves that we have to phone our parents even when we have nothing to whine about. The hard work is over - we think.

In actual fact, it has only just begun. Success in Cambridge, academic or social, produces sparse rewards, considering the time and effort so many lavish upon it. You will never be the next Hawking unless you achieve as many stars on the boards of Senate House as you discover later in life. But it is easy to forget - and Directors of Studies frequently fail to remind us - that there is no classmark on a degree certificate.

The sad thing is, when up to this point, we've only really lived a quarter of our lives. The majority of us secretly feel that we've lived 90 per cent - and that the other 10 per cent is left solely for the (inevitable) promotions and the babies we may or may not have.

Adding 'Cantab' to your name does not guarantee a one-way ticket to the



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLOTTE TYSON

"Adding 'Cantab' to your name doesn't guarantee a one-way ticket to the top"

top. University life really does stop here. Real life begins.

Yet university photography companies make a fortune out of the fact

that thousands of undergraduates want mementos of their soon-to-be-famous peers, which, supposedly, they will be able to sell to some celebrity memorabilia site in California or Kettering in a decade's time.

In fact, I wonder how many sepia-tinted, boat club dinner shots from the past now feature completely unfamiliar, merchant banker faces.

Biographers search frantically through university days to find some glimpse of the burgeoning talents of Cambridge celebrity alumni. But (excepting perhaps Jeremy Paxman) the traits such stars would later trade on rarely came out between

breakfast at Nadia's and formal hall. I can hardly see Richard Whitely walking down Green Street shouting "Give me a vowel please, Carol" to her room in Sidney Sussex, or Konnie Huq playing with toilet rolls and sticky back plastic between Economics supervisions. In case anyone cares, Margaret Thatcher studied Chemistry at Oxford, and didn't go to a Conservative Party conference until her final year.

Indeed it seems that some nascent celebrities kept such a low profile during their Oxbridge days that, in fact, they weren't even there - take, for example Lord Archer's time at Oxford [Brookes].

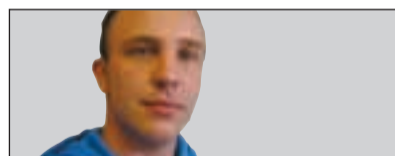
Let's review the evidence, shall we? Nick Hornby's first novel came out of therapy sessions in his early 30s, presumably to help with the disappointment of his 2.ii in English. "Studying English was useless, completely useless. Every time I tried to write, it sounded like a bad university essay." Similarly, take Carol Vorderman's Third, or Nick Drake's second year drop out from Fitzwilliam. 17th-century troublemaker Titus Oates' Tripos performance did not stop him from being tied to a post and whipped from Aldgate to Newgate.

But aside from the few upon whom fate's bigoted smile shines, the hard work, should you choose to accept it, starts now. You will not become successful from trading on your Cambridge persona - I can name a few acquaintances who, having left this place, pretend on Facebook (and on party invites) that they are still here, or, worse, are prolonging minor fame by staying for an ill-advised MPhil.

No, there is no Cantab gulf stream towards inevitable fame and fortune. In fact, life starts here.

Chastising the class of 2007

»The inequalities of wealth should still haunt us Cantabs



DAVE SMITH

Let's try and construct the cheapest May Week possible. A non-drinking, non-smoking, non-doping girl, off to just one ball and maybe 3 nights out between now and graduation, and she already has a dress. Three hundred pounds, easily. But what of those here who, hand on heart, simply cannot afford to go to a single May Ball this week - there aren't too many bursaries for those, as you may have guessed. The simple truth of the matter is that those who can afford May Week tend to forget about those who can't.

When I arrived in Cambridge the biggest 'political' issue I was willing to sound off about to all who were unfortunate enough to

listen was my disgust at the idea of public (read: private) schools.

The summer before applying, my school had kindly arranged for me to go on a week-long course at Eton College. I still remember walking around on the first day. I genuinely didn't come from a bad school. But the idea of a 'school' that had its own chapel, squash courts, and swimming pool blew my mind.

And things being more black and white for me back then, I hated them. Really hated them.

I was a bright kid, and as interested and willing as any other. Why did public school boys get to enjoy such expansive opportunities while the likes of me didn't? I was determined not to forget that when I came to Cambridge.

Three years on, I still believe the same things about class and social inequality as I did when I first arrived in Cambridge - not even an education at one of the privileged, and, it must be said, one of the best institutions in the world has ironed that out of me. What has changed, however, is my understanding of the role of the

individual in perpetuating or altering these boundaries.

In short, I have come to the long overdue realization that all those floppy-haired, Jack Wills-wearing Blues, from whom I would recoil in horror when I first arrived, had no more say in their upbringing, or the school they went to, than I

"The stifling boundaries of wealth and class are woven into university life"

did. Perhaps then, if we actually want to erode the unfair distinctions of class and wealth, it would be better to think not so much in terms of a categorization between 'haves' and 'have nots', but rather about how people conduct themselves once they have been dealt their hand.

In other words, we should accept

that different people have had different upbringings and concentrate on taking a long hard look at how willing we are as individuals to change things in the future. We need to think how we can personally avoid perpetuating the undue privileges that many of us have benefited from and consider how we can begin to oppose them, making sure that fewer members of the next generation suffer from being disadvantaged.

I do not mean to play bleeding hearts and make you feel guilty for the 300 pounds lavished on festivities that could have potentially provided a developing country in Africa with water for fifty, text books for twenty-four, ten buckets, five radios, four fully planted allotments, two teachers, and a goat - all courtesy of Oxfam.

My point is simply this: enjoy your May Week - but let's make sure we seize the opportunity to ensure that the gross boundaries and inequalities that still remain, both within this university, and beyond, are less vivid in thirty years time. If they do remain, we will only have ourselves to blame.



ILLUSTRATION BY TOM KINGSLEY

Complicit in a dubious affair

»Collusion between government and the arms trade must stop



CHRISTINE BERRY

BAE Systems has hit the headlines again – unsurprisingly, not for winning a Nobel Prize for Fluffiness, but due to allegations that bribes were paid to Prince Bandar bin Sultan to secure the 1985 al-Yamamah arms deal with Saudi Arabia. Perhaps unsurprisingly, BAE denies the claims.

Or do they? If you read the small print, you'll see they have not denied making any payments (which would be risky, considering it seems clear they did) but are instead refusing to comment on the details of the case. They have simply denied 'improper conduct' – where, technically, they're on much safer ground, since bribery in connection with arms deals, bizarrely, only became illegal in 2001.

Dubious behaviour on the part of a major corporation is hardly novel. But this episode is particularly disturbing for the links it reveals between the arms industry and the government. Investigators allege the Bandar bribes were made with the full knowledge of then cabinet ministers – a plausible claim given the level of government support received

by the arms industry. It even has its own governmental body, the Defence Export Services Organisation – so we can all sleep more soundly knowing our tax money is being used to push arms sales.

Add to this the concern of the political establishment that any investigation into the bribery claims be stopped. Last December, Blair halted a Serious Fraud Office investigation into the allegations, citing national security, in an interesting definition of the term, which appears to hinge on appeasing the sensibilities of the Saudi monarchy.

It seems fair to suppose that Blair would have felt no need to do this if the investigation was poised to exonerate all parties, making his high-handed intervention all the more suggestive.

He also warned that the investigation could have led to the loss of "thousands of British jobs". Politicians love to raise this spectre of job losses when siding with big business – which is probably why Blair neglected to mention that the government subsidises each export-related job in the defence industry by an estimated £13,000 a year, and that the Ministry of Defence itself concluded in a 2001 report that "the economic costs of reducing defence exports are relatively small and largely one-off." Money spent artificially bloating the arms industry could be better spent creating jobs in under-resourced sectors such as health and education.

But the problems with 'defence' exports go deeper than bribery, or even government complicity in bribery. There's a fantastic cartoon, from *New Internationalist*, entitled 'If Ordinary People Behaved Like...

BAE'. A man looks on as another man threatens his wife and child. The first man runs up to the aggressor and says: "Hey! ... These alloy blades are an affordable high-tech means of delivering lacerations to a selected target." When the man uses the weapon to kill his wife, the vendor shrugs and says, "Well if I didn't sell them, someone else would."

For me, this sums up the fundamental problem with both the international arms industry and the

"The problems with 'defence' exports go deeper than bribery, or even government complicity in bribery"

ridiculous arguments used in its defence. Arms companies are in the business of aiding murder. War, insecurity and human rights abuses are in the industry's interests, and that industry is essential for allowing the large-scale destruction of human lives to take place. However much you pontificate about the importance of secrets of state, there is no getting round this brutal fact.

How to stop all this is a less clear-cut matter. Some argue the arms trade is irredeemable and international weapon sales should be abol-

ished. Others settle for better regulation and the severing of ties between government and industry. The only position that makes no sense is maintaining the status quo – unless, of course, you think massacres, genocides and protracted civil wars are part of the 'natural' condition.

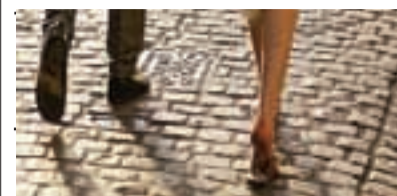
If an individual knowingly supplies another with weapons, that's accessory to murder. If a company knowingly supplies a state with arms to wipe out half a nation's population – as BAE did for Indonesia's massacre of East Timorese – that's market forces for you, and acceptable.

The immoral individuals are not just those directly carrying out wrongdoing. This bracket also encompasses those willing to supply them with the tools to do it. If targeting suppliers really is pointless or unfair, the crime of 'accessory to murder' would not exist in British law.

This notion of complicity is powerful, and extends right the way down to us students. Just as massacres could not happen without weapons, companies could not sell those weapons without the tacit support of shareholders. Perhaps this is why the campaign for disinvestment from the arms trade has struck a chord with so many Cambridge students, flying in the face of the tired claim that student activism is dead.

But after nearly two years of student campaigning, many colleges still hold shares in arms companies, and only four have policies explicitly excluding arms. One of the biggest challenges to any student campaign is to demonstrate longevity, and it's imperative that we keep the pressure up. Because – at the risk of making a really bad pun – the status quo is indefensible.

GRUELLING GARDEN PARTIES



The Cambridge garden party is as common a feature of May Week's social landscape as the Monsoon dress. And like the dress, it is often colourful and good value for money, following a simple, well-rehearsed format. But under the crushed velvet exterior lurks a darker element of strict conversational etiquette and a ritualistic reverence for 'the initiation.' Well, it's not that bad. But it does make for some pretty cheap entertainment. Unlikely last ditch third-year romances spark up over steaming crates of vodka tonic and incumbent presidents try desperately to outdo their predecessors as the hot pants become shorter and the chanting more fervent. Timing is everything – nothing screams 'amateur' more than misplaced nudity.

The main players on the 'GP' circuit come to the fore on the crassly titled 'Suicide Sunday.' Here you can find every nuance of drinking-society culture, including all the movers and shakers of the Cindie's/Life trail. Armed with neckties and VK Apples, ageing Blues and their hangers-on seek out clean plastic cups and a shady spot away from the vomit. But they won't stay seated for long. The merry-go-round nature of these events means that it's soon time to move on to the next gaggle

"last-ditch romances spark up over steaming crates of vodka tonic"

of eager victims. The garden party is a paradigmatic example of the construction of old-fashioned gender-roles. The ladies must swallow their sartorial pride with the Stoic fortitude worthy of Zeno. The gentlemen, on the other hand, are required to engage in a pattern of drinking and play-fighting that will eventually culminate in a fiesta of homoeroticism.

But let's be honest, monogamy will not satisfy the lusty consumption required of this all-important day. For the hardened socialite, promiscuity is the order of the day. From cock crow of dawn through to the crucial 2-6pm slot, there's always another burger to bolt, another paddling pool to investigate that little bit too closely. The circuit has a craving for two things: 'bread and circuses'. Even when the sun finally sets over the fluid-soaked lawns, the day is far from over.

The intoxicated party-goers make tracks; the brood are beckoned home to their natural habitat. While the garden party is as fleeting as the brief bursts of sunshine this past May Week, the night-club is the heart and soul of the Suicide Sunday set.

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

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Finally, the Bishop shakes his head at the abuse of power that one woman's officer of Cambridge exercised at Jesus College Ball. As they had all said beforehand, "He has an unclean spirit." (Mark 3:30). May revellers repent.

Features & Arts

**SUMMER
EDITION**



» Travelling the globe in comfort. *Varsity* tempts you to go Couchsurfing

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» Did you miss out, or find a hidden gem? Find out in our May Ball reviews

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» Best of the fest: a guided tour around the pitfalls of the Edinburgh Fringe Festival

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» *Varsity* reviews The Footlight's *Wham Bam!* and the Ivo Stourton's *The Night Climbers*

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The long and



In preparation for the inter-rail exodus, *Varsity* casts its beady eye over the sweaty world of student travel

What does travel mean to us these days? Escape? Liberation? The lure of the open road? Times were, you could look up at the sky at migrating geese squawking overhead and feel something stir in your soul. You could escape from those repressive middle-class social norms that were keeping you down, and find yourself. In Zen Buddhism. Not meaning to come down too hard on the kids, but it seems to me that there are now more people off the beaten track than on it.

Travel, they say, broadens the mind. Or so many enlightened Europeans said. During the Enlightenment, three hundred years ago. They also said things like; these people are a bit backward and rubbish, they probably don't really like all this gold and spice. And so, broadened minds and broadened coffers. Everyone's a winner.

In the Fifties and Sixties travel was a form of rebellion. The traveller was a loner, escaping from the world. Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* is the literary touchstone of this tendency. Yet so often readers highlight Kerouac's humanity, his love of the world and everything in it. It seems that back when travel was a relatively rare pursuit, the province of the rich or the adventurous, the traveller could develop his love for his fellow man by defining himself in a specific role apart from him.

But what are we to do now? With the rise and rise of the gap year, package holidays and the advent of cheap flights, more and more of the population are annually decamping. My porter has just cycled across the States. I do not mean to belittle his achievement. Good on

him. But fifty-year old men in sweat-soaked lycra is not my image of rebellion.

These days the further you get from home the more likely it seems you are to meet a fat Englishman waiting for you. Probably already drunk.

And so holidays are getting weirder and weirder; further and further away from the

"My porter has just cycled across the States...fifty-year old men in sweat-soaked lycra is not my image of rebellion."

norm in an attempt to rediscover the concept of individuality at the heart of our ideas about travel. Take a trip around the Axis of Evil, why not? Into space, anyone?

Until recently the affordable equivalent of extreme travel involved a tour of the former Communist bloc, with its heady air of potential danger. Now, however, you can fly with Ryanair to Bratislava or Balaton for £35. Really though, as socially conscious and self-righteous students and graduands, you should be shying away from pumping the atmosphere full of carbon and InterRailing instead. A "global" pass will set under-25s back £292 for a month's travel across thirty countries.

Alternatively, you could opt for the Eurail Hungary-Croatia-Slovenia Pass. For £85, it allows five days-worth of travel within two months. Take advantage of these offers. It may not be too long before many of these culturally-rich countries are trampled beneath the feet of sandal-clad lads checking out the cheap booze and birds. Remember, Hungary's legal age of consent is fourteen.

I do not want to sound like a snob. Travel does belong to the masses. But mass holidays cannot co-exist with notions of rebellious escape. Already certain Spanish coastlines are becoming more English than Castilian. I visited Paris last summer and found myself repeatedly sighing as my Montmartre dreams were slowly drowned under waves of American voices.

Spending long periods of time in a limited number of locations feels oppressive. Who has not benefited from the refreshing effect of working in the Divinity Faculty instead of the UL? It is important to get away, especially from this tiny town. But as we spend May Week sunning ourselves and looking forward to our summer trips to Italy or wherever, let's not be so soulful about it. Travel is no longer a romantic escape. But it is still a wonderful experience and one that should be enjoyed for what it is.

James Everest and Guy Kiddey

www.interrail.net
www.eurail.com
www.couchsurfing.com



Features

winding road



ILLUSTRATION BY RACHEL HARDING

Is CouchSurfing the future of student travel? Or just a passing fad? **Laura Kilbride** aims to find out

“So how exactly does it all work?” I ask. “Well, you register online and then, when you find someone with a free couch near where you’re travelling, you get in contact and you sleep with them.”

It takes a while to dawn, but eventually my boyfriend heeds my shocked expression and begins back-peddalling in an attempt to explain himself: “No, not like that.”

Despite the name, he reassures me, CouchSurfing is not an online swingers’ database; nor is it the “new extreme ironing”. It is, in fact, one of the easiest newfangled ways to find accommodation when travelling.

Clicking about, I discover that CouchSurfing is not just another casual Internet hosting service, where you bung in your debit card details before leaving for the station. Not only is the project non-profit based and entirely free, but it has an ethos and genuine sense of purpose.

With participants holding profiles in 216 countries “CouchSurfing is not about the furniture, not just about finding free accommodation around the world; it’s about making connections worldwide”.

The project’s creators hope that by putting travellers in contact with hosts who are in touch with the local scene, CouchSurfing will change the way we

“CouchSurfing is not just another internet hospitality service, where you bung your debit card details in before leaving for the station.”

think about as well as the way we go about travelling. Something smacks of colonialism in this, especially considering that in many registered countries, like India, playing host to a guest is seen as a great honour. You’re forever waiting for the small print.

Yet perhaps, in this global business we call “travelling”, our natural reaction is too cynical. That there exist people who are not out to rob you or rip you off, and who instead want to put you up for the night simply in an attempt to “create a better world” may seem a dream too good to be true.

Nevertheless, this is what the project earnestly aims to achieve.

Mind your language: an avowedly un-definitive list of travel dos and don’ts

1 DON’T smile politely at Spanish police officers with sniffer dogs.

2 DON’T think the Spanish waitress that can’t speak English really wants your number. She doesn’t. She really wants you to leave.

3 DON’T enter Ukraine without a map. Just don’t.

4 DO more. Though less is more nowadays you’ll find the old-fashioned more is ultimately more fun.

5 DON’T smell your seat.

6 DO make conversation. Even if it involves informing the local shopkeeper that “last weekend I played volleyball,” it will be appreciated and, you never know, you may make a friend.

7 DON’T throw away your dwindling budget in a funky Munich vintage shop buying dresses, only to arrive in Amsterdam the following morning with twelve Euros in your pockets and have to restrict yourself to a diet of Dutch muesli for the final forty-eight hours of your trip.

8 DO take photos of people taking photos of the Eiffel Tower: this is the only acceptable way of capturing this landmark whilst retaining some sense of pride.

9 DON’T strut down to the beach in Barcelona at 11am with an attitude along the lines of “suncream? What is this suncream? I am immune to Apollo’s rays and laugh in the face of danger.”

10 DO sample local cuisine. Even if it’s disgusting, accidentally eating a brain makes for a good story.

* *Varsity* takes no responsibility for the efficacy of any of these travel tips. Unless they work out well.

Trinity

One of the defining characteristics of a May Ball is that you come away empty handed – it is the spectacle that is all-important. And as spectacles go, the First and Third Trinity Boat Club May Ball is nothing if not an awakening for anaesthetised exam term minds.

From the golden fans and metallic swirls of its famous firework display to the giant orbs of gerbera and chrysanthemums, it rapidly becomes easy to see why Trinity is rated the third greatest party in the world by *Vanity Fair*.

All the old favourites were on offer – punts of champagne, oysters, chocolate fountains, a fairground with swingboats and arcade games, along with floating vats of fruity Pimm's. But it is the extras – the important things – that put Trinity in a league above other May Balls, and give the impression that you are at a party in Monaco rather than an event by the Cam.

It is the proliferation of floristry rather than balloons, the abundance of seats and tables, if swinging to jazz has challenged your stillettoed feet, the fact that there are enough plush, heated mar-

quees to keep the chilliest of ball-goers content all night, and that the dance floors are lit well enough to please any John Travolta, that set Trinity apart.

There is much that could be said about the long queues, the stinginess of cookie wardens, or the cold wait for even a moment on the dodgems; but these were surely not enough to dampen the spirits of smiling revellers who all had one thing in common – that they could not quite believe their luck.

But what is overpowering is that simply being a Trinity ball-goer seems to give you some kind of kudos – as you stare at the sea of punters in their civvies gathered, champagne and oyster-less, to watch the firework display, or watch the sun rise over Cambridge's spires, Bloody Mary in hand.

The headliners were the only disappointment. Rumble Strips made a valiant effort for a rather sparse audience, and The Go Team!, though energetic, could barely hide the habitual playing-for-money demeanour of most big bands at May Week gigs. Asking



JET PHOTOGRAPHIC

for a show of hands "who here's heard of us before?" is more telling of the expectation of both performers and audience than it perhaps should have been.

Some comedy barely raised a titter from crowds more interested in beers and enchiladas. But even

this was compensated for by the likes of the smaller favourites. Black Sabbath kept tired dancers going on a 4am dance floor in the Great Hall, while the Herbaliser packed out a sweaty dance tent.

There is no real complaint to be made about Trinity May Ball.

Headaches, blisters, and dinner jacket stains at which the dry cleaners will only laugh dissolve in the kind of memories you will repeat to your grandchildren. And probably other people's, too.

**Alice Whitwham
and Mary Bowers**

Queens' Fairytales

If a fairy godmother had waved her magic wand over any college on Tuesday evening then it would undoubtedly have been Queens'. Rapunzel's hair flowed down from the towers of the gatehouse, cloisters were brightly illuminated lest Cinderellas should trip on their flights to freedom; Peter Pan was probably hidden somewhere at the back of the shisha tent. Aesthetically, Queens' May Ball was in a league of its own - to have spent the entire night wandering around gazing at the stunning decorations wouldn't have been a waste.

The food was exceptional - three little pigs, as well as a number of their friends, had met their ends to provide for the sumptuous barbeque

and sizzling hog roast. Few could have hoped for a better spread, with more hot, cold, sweet and savoury food laid on than any banquet prepared for a beauty or a beast.

The food and decorations were set off by the musical delights of the Klaxons and the Mersey Beatles on the Erasmus stage. The entire ball – sweating profusely – tried to force its way into the marquee in an effort to catch a glimpse of the Midlands four-piece as they roused the audience with their frenzied electro-pop, their last gig before Glastonbury, an act that Queens' had apparently managed to snatch from the monied grasp of the (similarly themed) ball at John's. It was a shame that the Klaxons had been moved to an earlier slot at the last minute; there seemed to be a lull after they had finished. The party floundered slightly,

and only picked up again with the retro twang of "Liverpool's number one tribute band" who hoped that you'd enjoy the show.

'the Klaxons roused the audience with their frenzied electro-pop'

We thoroughly enjoyed Queens', but at times the evening seemed quieter than expected. Maybe the early rain dampened spirits, but we were suspicious that it was more to do with a lack of music, free-flowing booze and general fun. That's not to say that there wasn't music or booze, but rather that it was necessary to seek out the amusement rather than stumbling across it at every turn. The shisha tent was decidedly quiet and the Mad Hatter's Tea party (which does deserve top marks for quality of desserts) had a jukebox that, despite our best efforts, refused to play anything that wasn't sung by Phil Collins. The klezmer beats of Black Sabbath and Shut Up and Dance! did raise the tempo slightly

later on, but were in a tent so small that more people were sitting outside on chairs than were making shapes on the dance-floor. The ball seemed to be in need of a fairground, a bucking bronco or something else brash and loud; the bungee run and the bouncy castle tried to fill the gap but didn't quite succeed.

Although Peter Pan might have felt a little underage at the ball, and no amount of searching could find us a pumpkin to transform into a carriage for the walk home, Cinderella certainly wouldn't have been disappointed to find herself swept away by a Prince Charming for an evening at Queens'.

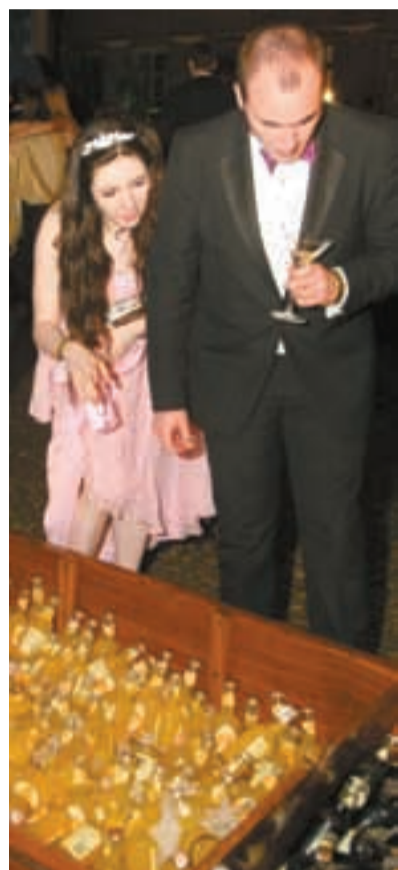
**Jamie Munk
and Joe Gosden**



DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

LS·2007

St John's



JET PHOTOGRAPHIC

ing already played at Emma and Robinson this week. The crowd responded with equal enthusiasm and after jumping around for half an hour, many may have felt the need to take a break.

Fortunately, the multiplicity of chill-out zones, live jazz and comedy gave everyone a chance to recuperate. The latter deserves particular mention with the highly acclaimed Steven K Amos and Frankie Boyle delighting the crowd. However, with so much entertainment on offer, there wasn't enough time to take in all the comedy, certainly not with Just Jack hitting the stage.

It was worth the queuing to get into River Court. Jack Allsopp and his band put so much into their performance that they continued to jump up and down long after leaving the stage.

The first of his big singles, 'Glory Days', had the crowd singing along and 'Starz in their Eyes', which went to number 2 in the charts, was possibly the highlight of the evening.

The performance provided great entertainment, with some amusing interludes including the Knight Rider theme and an impromptu version of 'I Love Your Smile' by Shanice, keeping the crowd fully engaged throughout.

At this point those lucky enough to have a ticket wandered off to the Champagne breakfast, a glorious sit-down affair with luxurious

The St John's May Ball doesn't compare with any others. In fact, the only worry for the May Ball committee is whether they can better the previous year's spectacle. Memories of Hot Chip and the glorious fireworks display had not quite faded as the ball got underway, but the magnificent lighting that turned St John's into a fairytale castle for the night helped to concentrate guests' attention on the evening itself.

Various tepees and the presence of a gingerbread house attempted to continue the fairytale theme, but most revellers took little notice, so engrossed by the plethora of food and drink on offer. While not fancy, the sheer variety of food kept even the most picky guests munching away.

Pizza competed with fish and chips in the front courts, while fajitas battled with hog roast on the Backs. For those looking for a healthier alternative, the fruit mountain was impressive while the doughnuts, popcorn and ice cream kept those with a sweet tooth smiling.

Having gluttoned ourselves on the food, there was barely any time to taste the champagne and colourful cocktails before the fireworks began. Famed for having the best display in Cambridge, they didn't disappoint and, despite the light drizzle, ball-goers turned out in force to ooh and aah the show.

Good Shoes, one of the ball's main draws, put on an energetic performance of spiky indie-pop, despite hav-

'Pizza competed with fish and chips in the front courts, while fajitas battled with hog roast on the Backs'

German meats and cheese, served alongside smoked salmon, fresh fruit and crumpets. Unique to St John's, this delightful interlude gave the guests a chance to sit back and relax before joining everyone else to dance the night away.

The final hours saw guests either dancing to cheese or taking punt trips on the river. Then, as the sun started to remind revellers that the ball was almost at an end, The Gents attracted almost everyone who had stayed the course, performing a cappella renditions of classic pop songs. The night had ended but the party was certainly far from complete, and dancing continued long after the survivors photo.

Adam Edelshain
and Michael Derringer

Emmanuel Vaudeville

No ball, no matter how prestigious, can ever afford to mess up food, and a ball that's attempting to boost its status from June Event to fully fledged May Ball, with a price tag to match its more eminent counterparts, should really have done better than Emma did.

You don't expect to be confronted by long queues for such gastronomic delights as burgers or jacket potatoes which had run out by the time we had reached the front.

'Surely picks up the accolade of best DJ lineup'

On grilling one unfortunate committee member about this, his only response was "yeah, it's pretty crap", a phrase which gradually came to become our general assessment of the evening. Uninspiring attractions sprawled across a large back field and decorations which, in parts, were simply bits of paper stuck to the walls were some of its weaknesses.

But there were some definite highlights. The drinks were var-

ied and abundant. Certain parts of the ball were interesting, including the cabaret in the impressive big top and the perfumerie (although the necessity of girls in fishnet stockings and french knickers standing outside was a devisive matter between the men and women in my party), while the music programme was more progressive than most balls would attempt.

Nevertheless, the main stage music was dominated by such bands as Good Shoes (a group as ubiquitous and easily forgettable as those other May Ball legends The Automatic and The Mystery Jets before them) headlining, and the surprisingly dull dance-punk of The Whip.

Experience showed through, however, in other venues, and especially in the bar, Emma surely must pick up the accolade of best DJ lineup, delivering sets from Mr Thing and The Stanton Warriors.

We didn't have a bad time at this ball, but it was too much to pay for what was on offer.

Our overall impression was that it should have knocked £40 off its price tag and stuck to being what could have been a fantastic June Event.

Jonny Ensall
and Was Yaqoob



CHARLIE LAMBIE

Downing Danu

The most impressive evidence of the Celtic theme of Downing Ball was the great gruff bouncers, who looked more used to patrolling the nightspots of Dundee than the breezy courts of Cambridge. There were some nice misty orbs around the entrance, but the papier-mâché menhirs were

more Asterix and Obelix than Danu, mother god of the Earth. There were more kilts on show than usual, perhaps in an effort to get into the spirit of the thing. One gentleman announced himself as descended from Clan Ogilvie, and accused us of stealing his sheep.

The fireworks were very green



DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

and purple, but still impressive, as they splashed above our heads. They suffered from the lack of a backdrop or backing music, and the Celtic thrust was further confused as the first half was juxtaposed with the salsa emanating from a neighbouring tent. Culinary highlights included tasty fruit skewers, an extensive cheeseboard and Fitzbillies cakes. The most popular ent, aside from a greasy hypnotist who convinced three men that they had 24 foot long penises, was the "authentic rock band" Stingray. They covered Ash and the Kaiser Chiefs loudly and flatly for an hour or so.

The cinema was a surprising success, screening classic films to melancholy couples sat on green leather chairs surrounded by champagne in ice buckets. Alas, the vodka luge was a less edifying experience, blasting ice cold vodka into our nostrils, eyes and hair.

Elliot Ross and
Dylan Spencer-Davidson

King's Affair

Aftermath

Entering King's Affair from a shady Trinity Lane was like walking onto the set of *28 Days Later*: empty and desolate, not to mention joyously queue-free. Haunting music, boiler suits and the veiled threat of anthrax greeted us as we stumbled past King's Chapel desperately looking for booze. This mission was initially obstructed by a court full of inflatables. Aftermath indeed.

Apart from the cheeky thrill of being able to walk on the usually sacrosanct lawn, it was difficult to get excited about a blow-up slide and human foosball, especially as the dramatic surroundings were significantly underlit (an apocalyptic lack of electricity, perhaps?). Rule-breaking aside, the décor in the building itself was far more atmospheric: defaced portraits of Audrey and Marilyn, old crates, spray paint, writing on the walls. Like taking crack in a cheap public toilet.

In keeping with smacked-out chic and suppressed appetites (thank you nicotine), the Affair kept you skinny by not replenishing the snacks,

although the soup in King's Café was better than a night out with Hunter S. Thompson. The committee did better in their choice of chill-out elements, as the event never quite reached the promised heights of a banging rave, with several of the promised DJs, who would have had any Hoxton hipster wetting their skinny jeans, failing to show. Shitdisco put on a sweaty dancefest next to the predictable and mind-numbingly generic drum and bass room - get your waving hands out of my face you piled-up loons.

Booze was plentiful and pleasingly non-pretentious in comparison to proper balls, where you can't get a stiff drink without an umbrella in it and some kind of half-digested coulis; and the bar staff themselves were lovely folk. Shisha pipes and plastic crates in the inner court kept us gravelly-voiced and chipper, although the smurf-esque Morris dancers did their very best to kill our buzz. Downstairs in the cellars, lasers and a great atmosphere almost made up for the fact that the music being spun was disappointing

(with the exception of the student DJs keeping the night going). Upstairs the Nice Up DJs performed their usual magic with an endearing smile to a crowd mainly composed of their friends. However, by about 3am the only people having a good time were chemically lifted and waving glo-sticks.

It's always refreshing in May Week to have an event defiantly in opposition to the traditional froth of your average ball. King's made a noble effort with impressive décor and a relaxed atmosphere, but the bare fact remains that Cambridge is not and never will be cool. As with a lot of these events, it relied on certain kinds of people turning up and endorsing this kind of night. Saying that, the crowd seemed happy, the alcohol was in vast supply, and it all had the air of a glorified Emma Bar or Mingle: familiar beats, familiar faces, familiar outcomes. Happily stocked with doughnuts and chocolate fingers doled out to us as we left, we swayed home as the sun rose over the college.

Lowri Jenkins
and Lauren Smith



FRANCESCA PERRY

Pembroke

The Champagne Ball

Gilt-edged and stylishly embossed, the tickets for Pembroke's first ball within recent memory promised a sophisticated event, and "The Champagne Ball" did not disappoint. Bubbly set the tone for a ball that was elegant and sparkling, yet retained the fun and frolics of Pembroke's popular events.

Excellently organised, the ball demonstrated a real attention to detail. A sensibly designed programme allowed guests to manage the array of entertainments on offer, including live music, Cambridge DJs and Footlights comedians.

Headline act, The Noisettes, played an energetic and eccentric set to an enthusiastic, yet surprisingly small, audience. Viva Voce, described as "one of Germany's biggest pop sensations", pulled in the crowds with their cappella covers of music ranging from Queen to Madonna.

Jazz and blues pervaded the ball, establishing the evening's laid-back atmosphere with a range of acts including Fitz Swing, The Jazzuans and Hugh Greenish. Kyla Bowen-la-Grange brought her bluesy voice

to the ball, performing an excellent set despite technical problems. Fat Poppadaddys and Sam Holloway provided the obligatory indie and cheese with only the survivors' photo dragging guests off the dancefloor. Away from the frenetic dancing, guests could have a nice cup of tea and a sit down in the civilised surroundings of the Graduate Parlour.

Good planning made excellent use of Pembroke's striking rooms and understated, stylish decorations enhanced the college's elegant architecture. A never-ending stream of bubbles from machines in Old Court was a fun touch; but a super-sized bottle of Moët & Chandon, weighing 60kg, suggested that the fizzy stuff was foremost in guests' minds.

If the bubbles got too much, an exotic range of alternatives were on offer, including Mango Margaritas, Sake and Absinthe. Booze flowed freely, but glasses became a precious commodity as the evening wore on. At times, it was difficult to find food to soak up the bubbly. Fajitas and pizza were snapped up and the hog roast vanished with remarkable speed; but a barbecue, breakfast and



CHRIS WRIGHT

assorted sweet things ensured that guests did not go hungry. Fitzbillies cakes were a decadent option.

Creating such a stylish yet relaxed ball, which provided the chance to party as well as kick back, demonstrates that Pembroke have taken the progression from event to ball in their stride. It was this combination of the elegance of a ball combined with the riot of an event that epitomised the Champagne Ball.

Rachel Cooper
and Chris Wright

Homerton

Xian

Homerton May Ball announced "an unforgettable evening filled with change and exotic promise"; a promise initially fulfilled, with plentiful champagne and programmes whilst queuing, waiter service in the main marquee and Chinese lanterns illuminating the oft-unexplored beauty of Homerton's grounds.

But so swept up in the Eastern vision were the committee that they had forgotten the British weather: heaters and hot drinks were absent. The "minimalist Chinese effect" translated into seating shortages, a drought of Pimm's by midnight and a definite insufficiency of toilets.

On the whole, however, the great British art of queuing failed to make as arduous an appearance as is often the case at May Balls.

The food was varied, although the Far East made only a single culinary appearance in the form of generous portions of stir-fry.

Entertainments ranged from

sophisticated swing to eclectic rock, throwing comedy, magic shows and tango into the mix. Churchill Casino and the dodgems proved popular, and DJ sets in the Great Hall meant there was always somewhere to dance.

The headliners, Ghosts, almost lived up to their name, being both out of sight behind a mass of ball gowns and out of sound for 40 minutes due to technical problems, but were enthusiastically greeted when they returned to life.

As we had expected, Xian was almost exclusively Homertonian, and consequently felt somewhat like an overgrown school prom.

But this proved not to be a huge problem: for us outsiders the ball offered a friendly and unpretentious atmosphere, without omitting some elegant touches and admirable attention to detail, despite the occasional sacrifices of practicality for promise.

Catherine Hall
and Jo Trigg

Jesus

Through the Looking Glass

Firstly, we should apologise to Jesus College. It is our high-heeled fault that any member now casting a looking glass over this morning's debris would find a stiletto-punctured paddock in place of their formerly glorious lawns. It was a ball designed for promenade, and wander the warren we did.

Boxed and bow-tied, the Jesus horse looked on at the thousand-fold revellers wandering his grounds from beneath the safety of

'We tumbled through court after court, with a design ethos mimicking the prismatic structure of a looking glass'

his top hat. His costume was indicative of an attention to detail that astonished well into the early hours. Arches were transformed into keyholes, magic toadstools sprouted just where you felt like resting your glass and we were so charmed by the red rose that was handed to each of us upon entry that the long wait for steak was, at the very least, a fragrant one.

Despite the range of food available, from sushi to brie, jam tarts to truffles (not scrimping on the ubiquitous chocolate fountain), some hatters went hungry as queues stretched far across the courts. Free-flowing drinks were everywhere, however, even if one

cocktail had to be finished with more perseverance than the two of us normally apply to our beverages.

We tumbled through court after court, with the design ethos mimicking the prismatic structure of a looking glass, and which had been carefully constructed around the vital triad of food, drink and ents.

The mention of this last must force a second confession - we don't know who the Pigeon Detectives are. Apparently they are pretty up-and-coming, and if the crowd was anything to judge by, we were witnesses to quite a show. Indeed 'I'm not Sorry', hitherto absent from our iPods, may not remain so for long.

Our ignorant ears were also treated to a number of other musical delights. Classical music in the Orchard provided an apt backdrop to port-tasting with olives, as well as ballroom dancing sessions. A Ceilidh in the early hours gave a sense of structure to a night where the time flew and variety was the name of the game.

The design concept gave a great sense of continuity both through its layout and its meticulous decorations, making sense of the variety on offer, proof of the efficacy of a strong theme.

Jesus put on a ball that could have claimed the title 'Wonderland' as much as it did 'Through the looking Glass'. The topsy-turvy dodgems and the dizzying heights we reached on the bouncy castle ensured that we felt like Alices for the night - although at least she had the decency to wear flat shoes.

Natalie Woolman
and Jossie Clayton



JET PHOTOGRAPHIC

Trinity Hall Event

London Calling

All geared up for the excitement of an evening where you can actually concentrate on having fun rather than preserving dresses and dignity, the Tit Hall crowds had arrived in the mood for making the night their own rather than relying on a prescribed program of entertainment. And there's no draw like good company.

The theme 'London Calling' was never going to be the main draw of the event. Although the design team had made a spectacular effort, with one court dominated by Big Ben as a centrepiece, the theme was a little diluted and the labelling of areas as Chinatown and Mayfair gave the event a rather random, schizophrenic feel. Or perhaps that was the result of the copious amounts of alcohol flowing freely all night.

There was no shortage of things to see or do. Giving the obligatory casino a miss, we nevertheless managed to spend our time quite successfully on fairground swings and in more bars than we could count. The musical entertainment was phenomenal; the Voom Blooms and Bonde De



LIZZIE MITCHELL

Role drove the crowds wild on the main stage whilst down in a smoky underground Jazz dive we sipped Cosmopolitans on a bank of cushions. The all-night Cabaret Stage proved so popular that we were barely able to get into the room, and in the Master's garden the Urban Stage was pumping into the small hours.

After about half an hour of frenzied gorging we had eaten so much we thought we were going to be sick. In this case we were disappointed. The vomit may not have been forthcoming, but bangers and mash, pizza, noodles, ice-cream and candyfloss (by no means an exhaustive list) most certainly were.

After this glut we decided to check out the drink (also potentially vomit-inducing). The college bar had enough ready-poured beers to confuse any potential date-rapist, and we found not a single queue for cocktails all night.

This event most definitely delivered on all fronts. Down and dirty, raving and exciting, there were few frills but many thrills. We did it, we loved it, and we'll be back for more next year. And that's how the Tit Hall event should be.

James Trafford
and Lizzie Mitchell

Robinson

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Robinson Ball is the cheapest in Cambridge, and hosted by one of the ugliest colleges: possibly not the best recipe for a night of indulgent luxury. Nonetheless, the committee made an excellent job of transforming the gardens and buildings into a beautiful, thoughtfully-lit version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. There was plenty to do, with the traditional casino, dodgems and chocolate fountain, while the inflatable laserquest was an inventive addition. Top of the bill were Pendulum - quite a coup, and extremely well-received - and the surreal comedy of Milton Jones, who seemed a little bemused by the, by then, wasted crowd.

The food was varied and tasty, if a little canteen-y, and there was plenty of it, with an



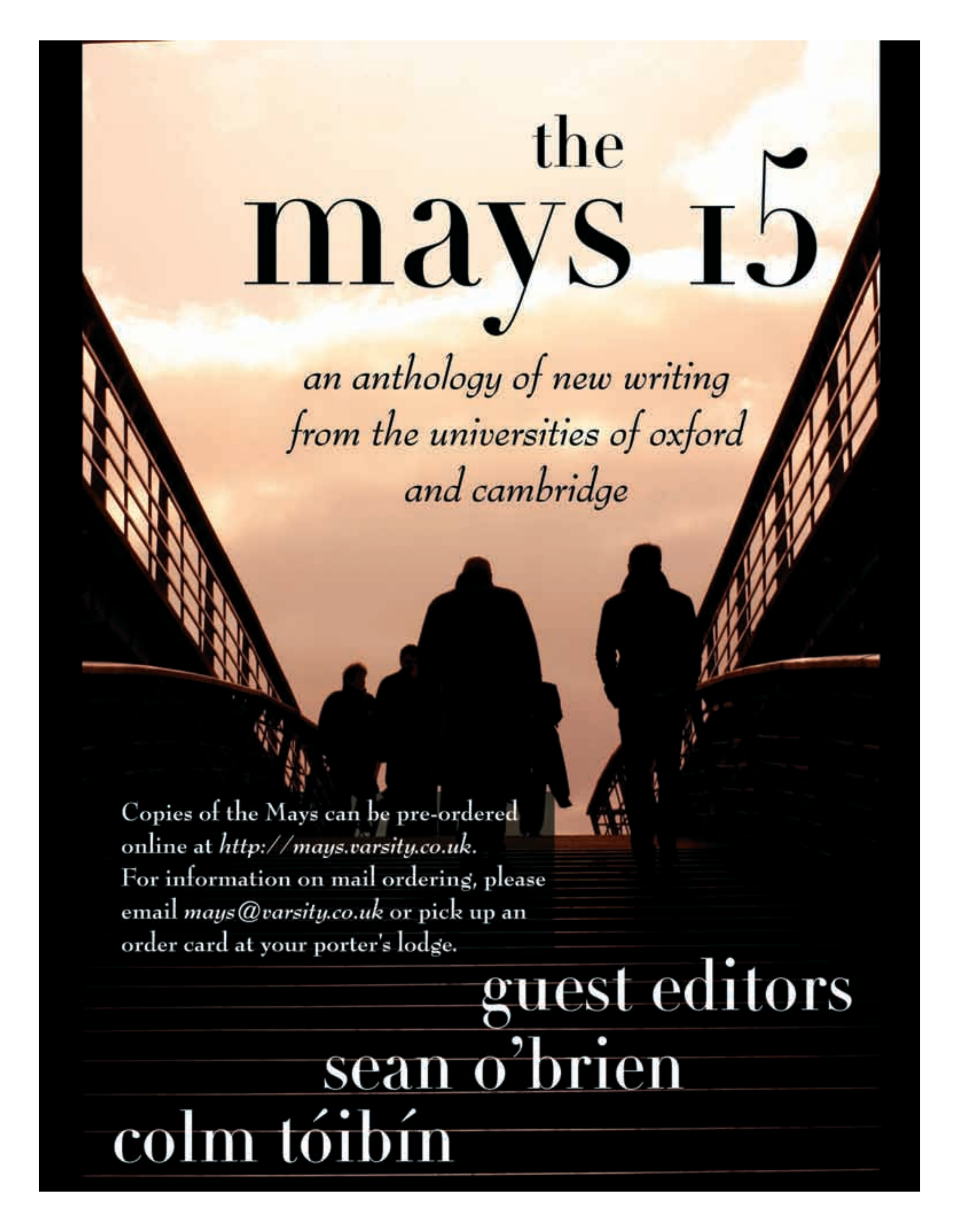
JET PHOTOGRAPHIC

absence of queues. The champagne that greeted guests was nice, although in plastic flutes - but what do you expect for 65 quid? Other drinks lasted all night, and the smoothie bar made us very happy. And the fireworks, although ten minutes early and hampered by the less-than-panoramic viewpoint,

were an excellent feature of the night.

You can't compare Robinson to Trinity, but you can compare it to other small balls: it's a lot cheaper and easily as enjoyable. More Prince Harry than Prince William - but who has the more fun?

Bobby Friedman
and Rob Haworth



the mays 15

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The Mays 15 The Mays Anthologies

In being comprised exclusively of writing by Oxbridge students, the Mays can't avoid the implication that Oxford and Cambridge rule supreme in terms of the country's young literary talent. It's a contentious assumption but one that this year's collection modestly corroborates. Also to the publication's credit is the way in which its contributors work independently and are selected solely on merit – the writers and artists here are not self-aggrandising Cambridge “celebrities” and the variety of work attests to a breadth of talents and tastes. There is something quite exhilarating about the work of first year students sitting next to that of published poets midway through their PhD.

Both the pleasure and the detraction

the talent to be spotted comes in various forms and the most interesting pieces are often those which don't quite “work”

of the Mays rest on it being a collection of fragments: any editorial attempt to impose a unifying theme on the book

would be misguided. As Colm Tóibín's brilliant introduction to the prose section reads, “there is no formula for fiction, which is itself a sort of formula” and the experience of reading is therefore at once gratifying and frustrating. Gratifying for the suggestiveness and potency of so many pieces and for the same reason frustrating when they leave you wanting much more – Benjamin Morris's very polished “The Rhythm of Black Lines” is one such piece. Whilst seeking continuities between pieces is a fairly fruitless exercise, it is nonetheless striking that the public swimming pool occurs as the setting for two prose pieces – apparently an incredibly popular motif for dozens of this year's prose submissions. The tone of the two pieces couldn't be more different however, one describes the unspoken agreements between an old man and his grandson, impressively avoiding sentimentality, whilst the second darkly details a schoolboy's semi-accidental revenge.

With the sparkling litany of careers launched in the Mays, most famously that of King's alumnus Zadie Smith, it's hard to avoid wondering which writers' names we will see again. Pleasingly though, the talent to be spotted comes in various forms and the most interesting pieces are often those which don't quite “work”. So, for example, it is the style of Ryan Roark's “The Centre of the Universe” that engages rather than its



structure. Similarly, the form of “Mostar Bridge” (whose author, Heather McRobie, will have her first novel published in early 2008) is indeed an experiment, interesting for its innovation. Thankfully, it seems that innovations of style do not necessarily mean that the place of emotion is devalued: I was moved by Francesca Whitlum-Cooper's simple story “Last Words” and was very willingly swept up in Benjamin Morris's poem “Sonata in Orange”. I also found myself rereading again and again “Kid”

by Adam Crothers, a hotly tipped young poet and winner of the Quiller-Crouch prize in 2005. The witty, sustained rhymes of the poem bear the hallmarks of someone writing a PhD thesis on rhyme. When Sean O'Brien in his poetry foreword states that inclusions are honoured for their “richness of promise” rather than “the completeness of their achievement”, he seems to encapsulate the spirit of the Mays.

Hermione Buckland-Hoby

WEAR YOUR
POWER
SUIT

May Week can be just a little intimidating. Garden party invites jostle for space in inboxes and along mantelpieces with those for various May Balls, Events and Affairs. The novelty of post-exam celebrations and Pimm's stains is exhausted before the week has even begun. Perhaps such giddy diversity is a fitting conclusion to the year. Cambridge is unrelenting in its distractions, whether they be in the form of the half-dozen weekly email subscriptions which provide a lasting reminder of the scattered intentions of a Freshers' Fair, or the endless flyers that, up to the very last days, crowd the mail room.

Life never fails to offer a barrage of sweaty prospects. The adverts which sprawl over the walls of Indigo Café point to the unexplored avenues of Cambridge jaunts and aspiring, unknown talent. In a few stolen minutes of caffeinated release we attempt to manage the increasing demands which life forces upon the semi-adult: how to maximise the possible future of a past acquaintance or how to restore the morale of friends in the shared experience of being alive. In consumer centres identical from city to city it is possible to identify the same routine: the communal space of the University falls away and here at last we may speak and think (and at the same time experience a moment of common humanity with 'One Regular Frappuccino, No Whipped Cream' sitting at the next table.)

The snippets of coffee house confidences which float our way can be depressing, with their constant re-affirmation of frustrated lives: conversation reflecting a society which desires everything on the menu without being able to remember what it ate for breakfast.

Whilst it may seem discouraging that once-treasured ambitions can, and no doubt eventually will, fall by the wayside, it is comforting to remember that it is our interests and talents

'The snippets of coffee house confidences can be depressing, with their constant re-affirmation of frustrated lives'

that justify where we find ourselves.

Such knowledge fuels self-belief, but also informs an awareness of the endless variability of existence. The convention of summer holidays offer an opportunity at age to escape into fiction, dream a different reality and review a past year. Seated thousands of miles above the preoccupations of the world we can look out of the plane at the ephemeral clouds beside us, or the anonymous landscape below, and remember that our destination is still unknown.

The wash of champagne and strawberries which marks the end of term masks an uneasy sense of the future: exam and job results, the fate of once fated relationships and dry-cleaning bills. Yet even as summer appears to remove the careful certainties of a year's schedule, it is long overdue. Walking off the beaten track is frightening, yes, but it is impossible to predict what new paths we might create in the process. With the torrents of May Week at a close it is time to move on to newer experiences and to see something of life: it's time to get that cappuccino 'to go'.

Guy Stagg and Fleur Brading



RIP WHAT
YOU SEW

Flicking through the pages of any mainstream media publication, from *Vogue* to the *Sun*, it becomes clear that success is usually measured in financial terms. My disdain for high-street clothing and preference for independent labels reflects a desire for individuality and quality that the high-street cannot provide. We cannot escape the fact that what we are wearing will be interpreted by those around us. We need look no further than Trinny and Susannah's *What Your Clothes Say About You* to see that the fashion industry has been built on manipulation. But it is easy to forget that a Ball will not be a disaster without a designer dress; nor ruined if someone else is wearing the same frock. It feels better to look better, but there is a flip side that turns dress, into a source of feelings of inadequacy. It is this that I have recently come to doubt.

Meeting an old friend standing in the doorway of a shop a few weeks ago, I saw with fresh eyes the Rolex, heavy on his wrist, and the enormous signet ring flash-

'The passion of acquisition drives the capitalist economy. We are defining ourselves in airbrushed form'

ing on his hand, complementing his brightly coloured polo shirt. None of these things were new or unusual, either on him, or on the many Cambridge males of his background - the division of Britain's socio-economic groups expressed through the medium of style. Despite adages about books and covers, it is always difficult not to be influenced by these visual signifiers. Like a travel writer in a foreign country, we find what we probably expected.

Since the eighteenth century, political philosophers have noted that the passion for acquisition drives the capitalist economy, and yet traps all those working in it with its worship of wealth and luxury. Frequent clothes splurges are products of narcissism, not necessity: we are only defining ourselves in airbrushed form. And fashion is making a fool of us if it makes us live beyond our means.

The artisan values of Couture are paid for by the very opposite sort of mentality in the wearer; the art represents a financial rather than an artistic investment. Some choose a career that offers these luxuries, but sacrifice the ability to appreciate them. The alternative, the rejection of monetary comfort for a career outside the financial sector, in nursing, in the arts, in education, seems to make culture and beauty less accessible. I have a friend who has been training for six years to be an opera singer, yet she can barely afford to see her artistic idols, while the 'culture cards' of corporate workers languish unused with their owners working late into the night.

There is a scene in *Sex and City*, where the lawyer Miranda points out to the writer Carrie that the value of her shoe collection would have enabled her to buy her own apartment and avoid uncertainty in her thirties. Fashion is only one element of the consumption that ties us to work we don't love, people we don't love, a life that is not truly fulfilling. It may seem to be an obvious conclusion, but living life to the full is about having valid relationships and connections with people, not being seen with the right ones in the right designer labels.

While in Rome at Easter with a friend, we were stopped by an angry homeless woman, who launched into a tirade about class society. My friend stood there in the blistering sunshine and listened seriously, occasionally interjecting gently, or nodding his head. Not being able to speak Italian, when she had left, I asked what had been said. He replied, 'she said there is a difference, between I am, and I have'. Or indeed, between 'I am' and 'I wear'.

Lyla Palmer

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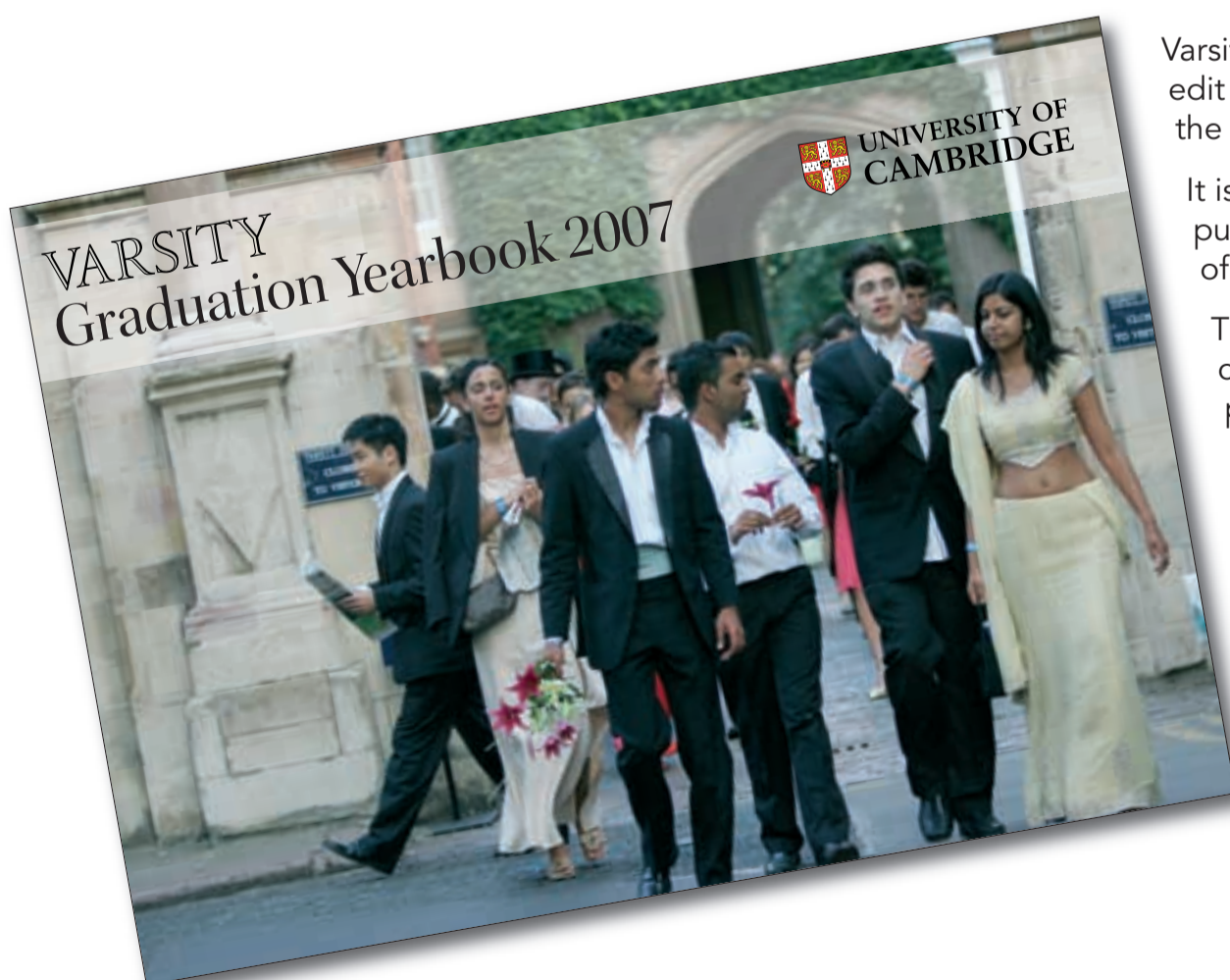
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To apply to edit the yearbook, or for further information, please contact Adam Edelshain, the Varsity Business Manager, on 01223 337575 or by email at: business@varsity.co.uk

All the fun of the Forum



The last week has seen the Forum on Jesus Lane, be transformed by students into a venue for music, magic and mash-ups. **Hermione Buckland-Hoby** investigates

As far as architecture students are concerned, there is an irony to the scale and grandeur of this town's buildings. Despite its many cavernous halls and fair share of spires, space in Cambridge is a rarity. And so the "discovery" of the Forum, a disused shopping arcade on Jesus Lane, was cause for excitement for first year architecture student Paloma Gormley who, along with a group of other students, has worked since the end of exams to transform the building. As I sit on a makeshift bench staring at a wall of old TV screens two days

When she runs through the week's programme of events I feel a little like Moley listening to Ratty's picnic litany and certainly just as greedy

before events begin, the building emanates an appeal more curious and far more powerful than the spires or columns of King's or the Fitz. Whilst the architecture department suffers the embarrassment of being rather a cramped space for its subject, here there is plenty of room to play, providing a venue for a giddy May Week programme of music, theatre, fashion, film, and seemingly everything in between. Paloma remarks that to watch the transformations taking shape has been "a lot more real than what we've been doing for the rest of the year". I can understand the architecture student's thrill of prac-

tising what is usually just theoretical but the creative possibilities of this project are by no means confined to design. As we talk people drift in and out, among them members of the Cambridge Café project, a student group who set up temporary eateries and who stagger past weighed down by boxes of cake.

Slightly bashfully, I ask if there is any particular ethos to the project. She doesn't hear. "Ethos" is repeated, a little painfully. Paloma however, seems to sit up, sleep deprivation forgotten.

"Exchange" is this project's keyword, one that, as she observes, fits in nicely not just with the eclecticism of events, but also the name of the building itself. No staid togas in this forum though: the spirit of this project is playful, inclusive and, I'd even venture, inspiring. When she begins running through the week's programme of events I feel a little like Moley listening to Ratty's picnic litany and certainly just as greedy. And, on the theme of children's literature, the first day of events began with an Alice in Wonderland themed tea party, whose modest entrance fee itself seemed charmingly nostalgic. The financial sense of the word is perhaps the only irrelevant aspect of "exchange"; Paloma looks around her and confirms that everything has been "scavenged, sourced, found", concluding that "I can't see anything paid for". Among the objects that fall under her gaze is an organ bought off eBay for 1p that later comes into its own in providing music to play bingo by.

It's not just the programme of events that is dizzying – the ideas surrounding this endeavour are a little like the flocks of paper aeroplanes set to race down the length of the building. (Paper

aeroplane building/racing has been one of many workshops although the distinctions between workshop, performance and pleasure are pleasingly blurred.) The idea of reclaiming space is one of the project's most compelling features, proving that urban ecology need not be confined to London's East End. The swap-shop concept, orchestrated under the Three Seas group's banner, is the greenest embodiment of "exchange" but equally attractive is the idea of forming a forum for more esoteric talents - I'm thinking, for example, of those woefully overlooked skills of hula-jazz dancing and fortune reading.

The fun of this project is so much more compelling than your



average May Week piss-up and I'm willingly carried along by its many flights of whimsy. There is however seriousness in all the silliness: there seems to be here an implicit invitation to swap the ethos of attainment and end result (which is callowly so often deemed a problem peculiar to Cambridge) for one of process and experience. Having visited the project yesterday, the Master of Jesus College has allowed it to be kept indefinitely as a community space. It's hugely exciting to think that this last week has seen the institution of something so worthwhile which looks set to be one of Cambridge's most charming spaces and certainly one of its most interesting projects.

The best of the fests

You missed the online Glastonbury bun fight and you're sick of the rest of the logo-heavy behemoths. What next? **Was Yaqoob** surveys the scene while our reporters pick out your summer alternatives

With more than 2,000 music festivals about to take place across Europe in the coming months, it seems that the youth of 2007 are set to embark on a new Summer of Love, bringing a tidal wave of sweaty hedonism to rival the apogee of free rave and acid house. A combination of high temperatures, cut-price train and air-fares, and the frustration generated by months of constant winter downloading and intermittent gig-going, has sent ticket sales for outdoor musical events soaring.

The festival scene is now a booming industry, and its expansion across the continent is warming the heart of many a cold-blooded profit forecaster. Yet even slick affairs like Virgin's V Festival, where you half expect the grass to be made of plastic and the bands to be puppets, tap into the perennially attractive fable of the festival experience. Nourished in the pungent cauldron of sixties counter-culture, the potent hybrid of mythology and reality that surrounds milestones like Woodstock still inform current attitudes. They also, however, inform the marketing departments of Sony Ericsson, O2 and Virgin, who use them to exhaustively plot, graph and target consumer demographics.

Corporate sponsorship is virtually ubiquitous for the larger musical events, to the point of insidiously taking centre stage without the glazed-eyed consumer noticing. See for example, the integrated-consumerism-as-emancipation line implicitly taken by O2's Wireless and Apple's Download festivals. The idea of harnessing the choice-filled but individualistic culture of music downloading to the communality of the festival is an attractive one. So why complain like a foamy mouthed G8 protestor at the links between the long-commercialised music business and wider corporate interests?

Because the festival, so the venerated Woodstock '69 ideal goes, not only involves spontaneity - a break from the grinding mundanity of daily life, participation - even if only in through critical engagement with the artists, but also a vague hostility to the links between creativity and business. Can such woolly ideals continue to exist while at the same time being co-opted by corporations? Possibly, but not if their future lies with the V Festivals and the T's in the Park. The utopian daydreams of hippies have been rehabilitated for a generation unconvinced of the worth of idealism, and consumed like so many dubious Reading festival cheeseburgers.

But we can still support those festivals that aren't subordinated to the grubbier demands of the music business. Let's not be smug - bands can't all be Godspeed You! Black Emperor collectives carefully detailing the links between record companies, Mr. Men, ice-cream makers and the military industrial complex - and neither can all of us.



But we can at least recognise when we are being force-fed crap.

The recent gamut of micro festivals may not necessarily be all good news, spanning from the darker side of Shoreditch to the designer-Wellington extravaganzas of boutique events, to the distasteful spectacle of triumphantly unreconstructed hippies messing with the system by wearing hemp trousers and playing croquet with baguettes.

But festivals such as the Secret Garden Party, All Tomorrow's Parties and Supersonic offer choice and participation divorced from consumerism. The expansion of the festival business in recent years need not necessarily lead inexorably toward commercialisation. It also offers the possibility of avoiding complicity with the creeping marketisation that obscures the idealism and escapism behind the old notion of the festival.



SUMMER SUNDAE

Three days for £85 – already things are looking up. Especially when you consider what you're getting at Summer Sundae Weekender in terms of line up, atmosphere and accessibility.

Firstly, on the practical side, the location is ideal, in the centre of town (though you wouldn't believe it, so green are the gardens of De Montfort).

Then, the atmosphere: to add to the festival spirit, they dole out free tots of Jim Beam every day. And the line-up contains a veritable feast of alternative, up-and-coming and established bands.

Headliners include Spiritualized and The Divine Comedy, but my vote goes to the lesser known Simple Kid, Kate Nash and Candie Payne (if you haven't heard of them yet, check out their MySpace profiles). Vetiver is also playing this year, as his sometime collaborators Devendra Banhart and Vashti Bunyan have done in the past; looks like he's jumping on the Summer Sundae bandwagon, and so should you. Tickets £85 from summersundae.com

Verity Simpson

EASTERN HAZE

JUL 20-22,
SUFFOLK

The West: Arthurian legends and legendary cider; sun, stone circles and summer festivals. The East: cowshit and concrete; Lowestoft high street and Lil' Chris. Hardly a fair comparison.

But with a string of new festivals popping up in East Anglia over the last couple of years, it seems that times are changing. Eastern Haze, which kicked off last year, is the sister festival of Somerset's Sunrise Celebration. With three days of music from the likes of The Blockheads with Phil Jupitus, the Ozric Tentacles and The Levellers, across stages catering

for tastes ranging from acoustic to psytrance and drum n' bass, Eastern Haze looks set to be a high point in the Suffolk summer.

But stray a little from the beaten track to take in the Hazy Green area's crazy cabaret, complete with Native American sweat lodge, and you might find what seems to be the true spirit of Eastern Haze – one infusing many festivals that have sprung up over the last few years and which harks back to a pre-modern Golden Age. Tickets: £65 from easternhaze.com

Salman Shaheen

AUG 10-12,
LEICESTER

GLADE

Originally an off-shoot from Glastonbury, Electronica fest Glade has attracted acts like Aphex Twin, Squarepusher and 808 State. This year Squarepusher returns to the main stage alongside a range of lesser known acts such as Babyhead and Lunaseeds.

Other tents range from soul, breakbeat, house or minimalist electronica to the frankly dodgy 'Pussy Parlour' with 'glamorous bar staff and gritty cleaning ladies' backed by Gypsy music, Balkan beats and Flamenco. Whilst it may sound full of nerds, Glade never strays from providing a good time and a more interesting alternative to the festivals filled with 'scene' electro bands chasing the Klaxons. Why pay to watch identical bands with token synthesisers, when authentic, sophisticated electronica can be found here? Tickets £110 from gladefestival.com.

Tom Hamilton

20-22 JUL, BERKSHIRE

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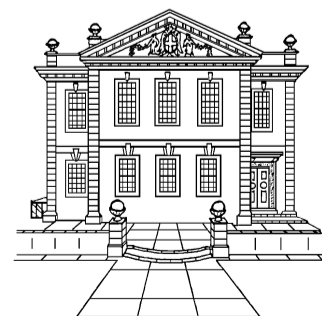
Wednesday 27 June 2.00 – 5.00pm

University Centre, Granta Place, Mill Lane, Cambridge

Meet these top 35 employers who still have vacancies for their Autumn 2007 intake, and enjoy a glass of Pimms and an ice cream. In addition there will be Quick Query sessions with careers advisors just round the corner at Stuart House.

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Baker Tilly ♥ BDO Stoy Hayward LLP ♥ Bloomberg
BlueCrest Capital Management
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Codian Ltd ♥ Data Connection Ltd ♥ Deloitte
Diametric Ltd ♥ Dorset Software Services Ltd
Ernst & Young ♥ IBM United Kingdom Ltd ♥ KPMG
McKinsey & Company ♥ Mott MacDonald
Oliver Wyman ♥ Operis Group plc ♥ Optiver Holding BV
PricewaterhouseCoopers LLP ♥ Procter & Gamble
Red Gate Software Ltd ♥ Saunderson House Ltd
Schlumberger ♥ Scott & York Intellectual Property
Sg2 ♥ Spectrum Strategy Consultants
Tessella Support Services plc ♥ Unilever
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Fringe. views



From the street and from the stage: **Nat Woolman** and **Osh Jones** offer two different perspectives of the Edinburgh International Festival

The Worker

I live in Edinburgh. Yup, I live in Edinburgh. That may not seem a particularly amazing statement now, but come August it will garner such shock and incredulity that I am recording it here. By that point, you crowds of festival-goers will have forgotten such a rare breed ever existed, Edinburgh will have reclaimed its annual status as a playground of the arts and everyone except us sorry sods who moan about the people tramping up and down the Royal Mile will have forgotten the city

‘working shoulder to shoulder with the transient enemy; pooling the labour of our limbs’

was anything other than a 28-day long party.

I apologise if that sounded like a whinge. It is one. Indeed, that is the rant I used to repeat year on year to whichever poor bastard was close enough to listen to me. That is until last summer when I took a job at the Fringe, working shoulder to shoulder with the transient enemy; pooling the labour of our limbs and the sweat off our backs. The pay was little better than slave wages, but that

was offset by the fact that I got to see all the shows at my venue for free (and with some comedians charging £18 a ticket, that is no small perk).

My fellow employees were an enthused mix of students and a crew that had done the world-wide festival circuit since the eighties, a fact which seemed to serve as a defence for mullet, bad breath and indecipherable accent alike.

Bonding over looking for fuck-ups, as well as seeing how quickly you can get 400 people out of a venue, the venue cleaned, and 400 new people back in (and trust me, Easyjet could learn a few things), I saw a side of the festival I had never previously experienced. Indeed this traditional festival cynic found that she was almost (shock, horror!) enjoying herself.

When I settle down once more this August to grit and bear the month-long carousal of drunken audiences and impenetrable foreign queries, even I may be forced to admit that Fringe Edinburgh is not so bad after all. But ask me again in August; until then there's no way this Edinburgher will be giving up the grumble. **NW**



The Director

Taking a show to the Fringe is a daunting prospect for a young director. With around two thousand productions, the competition for audiences is ruthless, with every man and his kangaroo deciding that Edinburgh's festival of performing arts is just the thing for them. Getting an audience involves intimidation, begging and prostitution. The experience is draining in every way and on everyone, from tourist voyeur to fame-hungry trouper.

Last year I co-directed *The Cabaret of Menace*, a devised collection of shorts performed as a post-modern burlesque. It was always going to be a risky choice and although we received some great reviews in the press, the audience reaction was often more varied. With a start-time of midnight, pulling in a crowd of Eliot and Pinter fans was a tough calling. The show on before us wouldn't come down from the boards until twelve, leaving us with a ludicrously speedy five-minute change around. As their set left through one door, ours was carried in through another.

Another tough feature of Edinburgh is the readiness with which audiences are prepared to tell you exactly what they think

of your theatrical offering; whether it is that they waited in the rain for your late-starting show, sat on a disagreeable seat, or simply found that what you gave “was not what I expected.” Expectation is the killer. One rather elderly gentleman (expecting some scantily clad show-girls crooning), when confronted with our absurdist offering bellowed: “this is the worst thing I have ever seen in my entire life!”

Perhaps more soul-destroying was the day our producer found the online reviews written by

‘Audiences in Edinburgh are prepared to tell you exactly what they think of your theatrical offering’

members of the public. Whereas most shows had a couple of quiet comments, we seemed to have provoked a searing torrent of slander, with people debating the very point of our existence. The daily online grilling from ‘EdinburghFAN666’ can be painful when you’ve a banging hangover and 1000 fliers to staple with reviews, but you soon get used to the abuse. I think we eventually even began to quite enjoy it. **OJ**



Moya Sarnar is: The Edinburgh Fringe

I'm deceptively cold, swarming with students and I secrete hit-and-miss amateur theatre. Who am I? Cambridge? Och noo, I'm the Edinburgh Fringe Festival!

Allow me to seduce you with drams, drama, and debauchery. You will be enticed up my Royal Mile to Arthur's delectable Seat. Mount my hills for spectacular views and descend into my crypts to view some spectacles. Theatre, comedy, music, dance, art; I've got it all. And some of it might be quite good. What's more, over 300 of my 2050 shows are free - plan your visit in advance and I could be a cheap date. Don't expect romantic seclusion however; there'll be no solitary walks through my countryside. With so many shows from Cambridge, it won't be long before you're flyered by a familiar face. Here are what looks to be the most enchanting, entertaining, and enthralling of the home-grown talent. In haikus. That traditional Scottish verse form. How terribly Fringe of me.

The Lion, The Witch, And The Wardrobe

August 1 - 27 (not 13), 3.10 pm
Venue: C + 3

A guilt free trip to Narnia. Wardrobe-travel: No carbon footprint.

Coat

August 2 - 26 (not 13), 12.45pm
Venue: White Belly @ Underbelly
Coat: much more than just A garment. Mullarkey and Gogol keep you warm.

The Gently Progressive Behemoth

August 1 - 27, 1.45pm
Venue: The Guilded Balloon
It's very very Very very very, yes, Very amusing.

Apocryphal Tales Told In The Dark

August 2 - 27, 8.45pm
Venue: C Cubed
Curiosity: Killed the cat, but will it get You? See where Reade leads...

The Enchanted Castle

August 3 - 27 (Not 15), 11.25am
Venue: Pleasance Dome
Lost your sense of self? Let's nestle up to Nesbit And find it again.

Not The Crystal Maze - Improvised Comedy Ents

August 18 - 24, 8.30pm
Venue: 27 at Holyrood
Improvisation; Unpredictability; And hilarity?

All-star Shakespeare



Amy Gwilliam
previews
Cymbeline

"You do not meet a man but frowns" said actor-student Trevor Nunn on the Arts Stage back in March 1960. The line opens Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, and to mark the Centenary Anniversary of the Marlowe Dramatic Society, Nunn will return this autumn to his alma mater to direct a student cast in the very same play. It's a powerful memory for Nunn, who performed as 'First Gentleman' in the Marlowe's production of the play nearly fifty years ago. Directed by the legendary George "Dadie" Rylands, the cast was no less than gob-smacking, with Ian McKellen as Posthumus, Margaret Drabble as Imogen, Derek Jacobi as Iachimo and Corin Redgarve as Caius Lucius. It was the first production in which Nunn and McKellen worked together.

Nunn's return is a humbling experience for the Marlowe. But not only does it bridge the society's past and present, *Cymbeline* is one of the few Shakespeare plays which Nunn has never directed (alongside *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Two Gentleman of Verona* and *Pericles*).

He insists that in staging *Cymbeline* "all must come from the language", recalling McKellen's comment that Rylands "directed the verse rather than the play." Written towards the end of Shakespeare's career, Nunn adds that it "asks actors to break rules, but this requires actors to know what those rules are." With his expertise, student actors should explore those rules and break them.

The daring plot (or plots) of the play may be, thinks Nunn, the upshot of a heavy night's drinking. His mischievous speculation is that Shakespeare was challenged by drunken chums to compress all his previous plots into one play. With its wicked Queen, pair of lovers, cunning Italian, Roman invasion, mysterious prophecy and not one but two lost sons, *Cymbeline* mastered the hangover with assurance.

This is one of Shakespeare's least performed plays, and is faithful to the founding principle of the Marlowe – to perform 'rare' plays. But attracting a director of the calibre of Nunn is a step away from the norm for any Cambridge drama society.

On the same stage where the audience of 1960 (doubtless with unwieldy sideburns and yards of psychedelic material) saw Nunn and friends embark on their extraordinary careers, come and see the cast of tomorrow. You are, whatever your apparel, the audience of 2007.

The Marlowe Dramatic Society's Cymbeline, Mon 1 to Sat 6 of October at Cambridge Arts Theatre. General booking opens on Monday 25th June www.cambridgeartstheatre.com or 01223 503333

Wham Bam Footlights

★★★★



This year's annual Footlights show opened with a pretty large bang at the beginning of a two-week run at the ADC, before leaving for a nationwide tour - the annual opportunity for Cambridge comedy to peddle its not inconsiderable wares. The Footlights team invariably have to contend with comparisons to past members and high expectations, but "Wham Bam" looks sure to be as successful as any previous show.

The five-strong cast – decked out in apparel resembling that of Gap models –

perform a series of sketches whose only uniting factor is the brand of easy-going, happy-go-lucky, unpretentious comedy which the Footlights have made their own over the past year. Combining versatility and ingenuity, skits range from a homo-erotic inter-stellar voyage to the rigours of circus keyhole surgery. One particularly successful sketch featured a parodic sitcom with an overactive laughter-track, provoking an unusual moment of self-consciousness for the audience as their own amusement was drowned out by the

laughter blaring out of the loudspeakers.

Although the style of Footlights comedy lends itself variously to absurdly negligent narrative structures, corpsing, unrecognisable celebrity impressions and bad scene changes, few of these elements manage to dampen the evident raw talent on display. Highlights range from Henry Elliot's compelling pigeon impression to Tom Sharpe's complete lack of conviction as Grammy-winning Irish pop sensation Enya and the obvious relish Tom Williams takes from the role of Mr Kipling. Several clever twists paradoxically highlight the only real weakness of the show, a weakness which to many minds would be a strength: that the plots of sketches sometimes rely on 'randomness' and so often lack conclusive endings.

As the tour progresses it will be necessary for the actors to develop their natural vitality in order to maximise a spontaneity which was not seen as often as it could have been during "Wham Bam". The show deserves a look even if only to appreciate the unlikely humorous potential of the sight of millions of dead babies.

But as this might suggest, this year's Footlights tour show is not exactly the perfect tonic for a week-long hang-over. Hopefully as the cast grows in confidence and starts to play in front of an audience not full of May Ball rejects, the show will truly explode.

Orlando Reade

Comedy of Errors Queens' Cloister Court

★★★★



DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

When it comes to May week theatre, especially that of the Shakespearean variety, it helps to have an edge over the competition – competition coming not only from the multiple shows which spawn across gardens and greens, but from the haze that hangovers, heat and drinking-before-lunchtime can cast over the mind of even the keenest audience member. Lucky, then, that Rob Icke's "Comedy of Errors" is a tangible cut above the rest. The show is quite simply very well performed and very enjoyable – the type of thing that'll slip down nicely with a glass, or jug, of the ubiquitous May Week Pimm's.

It's knockabout stuff, a big bounding

Labrador of a production that can't fail to please with its energy and soppy brown eyes: there's plenty of running about, rolling around, slickly timed slapstick and just a touch of occasional pathos – all about identity and knowing yourself, you know the kind of thing – which stop things slipping into the purely facile. The reuniting of the long-suffering Dromio twins played by Footlight stalwarts Anna O'Grady and Helen Cripps, who expertly mirror each other's gurns, grimaces and saucer-eyed stares throughout, elicited a well-deserved "ahhh" from the audience, whilst the multiple recognitions that threaten to overwhelm the end of the play were pitched to deliver enjoyment and

excruciation in equal measure.

Zara Tempest-Walters as Adriana, Antipholus's shrewish wife, shrieks and hurls her way about the Queens' cloister court with aplomb, and strong performances in the leading roles of the Antipholus twins are bulked out by a cast that clearly relish playing their characters, notably Jon Lau as the merchant Egeon and Emma Hiddleston as the prim Luciana, who succumbs to seduction – and a quick tumble on the floor – with enjoyable alacrity. Attention is unashamedly stolen, however, by Henry Eliot's Dr Pinch, who transforms the exorcism speech delivered to the bound Antipholus of Ephesus (Alasdair Roberts) into an Evangelical hymn, complete with a hand-clapping chorus, tambourines and the odd water pistol.

A slight awkwardness was apparent in the staging of the denouement scene, where the placement of Solius (Owen Holland) centre stage distractingly obscures some of the action. Otherwise, this is a relaxed and ebullient production, which also retains coherence. That a play involving two sets of identical twins and multiple recognition plots remained comprehensible is testament enough to this excellent cast.

Catherine Spencer



Good Shoes

DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

Rhys Jones, frontman of May Week favourites Good Shoes talks to Rhiannon Easterbrook about music, art, and his inability to offend

The scene was set for Robinson Ball, with the sun low in the sky and delicate lanterns dotted about the gardens when Rhys Jones, frontman and one of Good Shoes' chief songwriters, ambled into view. Despite having just completed a fraught nine-hour journey, he was not so jaded as to let the spectacle pass unnoticed: "It's amazing, like nothing I've ever seen before!" In actual fact, the band performed their first ever gig at Cambridge, at Fitzwilliam. "At the beginning, there were about 170 people, by the end five, including the sound guy", he reminisced. But he was still excited to be playing at three Cambridge balls: "John's is one of the top ten parties in the world and they're letting us play it!"

Such endearing enthusiasm seems appropriate for a band whose output is dominated by sprightly indie-pop, complemented by equally colourful artwork and videos. This visual expressiveness is important for Jones, who was studying illustration in Brighton when the band took off. Besides controlling their art-

work, Jones explains how one of his aims for Good Shoes is to create "something more interesting than just live shows by adding stage projections".

In general though, Jones' ambitions are refreshingly modest. He only wants to do three albums because "after the third, most bands become shit". Good Shoes are steadily approaching this particular benchmark. With their charming debut, *Think Before you Speak*, released in March, work on the second album has already begun. This time, songwriting duties will belong not just to Jones and his brother but to all four members, and although the style will continue "in the same vein" as before, they intend to lean towards the jerkier sensibilities of album closer 'Wait'.

Expect similar lyrics, too. "We're just writing about what we know, really". And frequently Jones seems little pleased with what he knows, as 'Morden', the disillusioned ode to the band's hometown suggests. The front man, who would like to "live on an island" but would settle for somewhere in Europe, believes that

"England's not a very nice place to grow up in". For all their music's jingle-jangle and brightness, a certain gloominess pervades many of the tracks. "I only write about things in a really pessimistic way, like when I break up with girls." Have there been any repercussions to his lyrics? "I'm friends with most of the girls I've been out with". But when the subject of 'Never Meant to Hurt You' heard the lyrics "she wore too much Topshop", she did complain. Such a minor reproach suggests an individual with a chronic inability to offend - Jones was unwilling to reveal the name of the only famous musician he'd met who was "an idiot".

Then there's the scandalous tour behaviour: "At Wireless our goal is to swap the toilet sign with the Rakes' dressing room sign but only because they did that to us first."

Jones' restraint co-exists with an ambition to infuse Good Shoes with sharp sensibilities drawn from visual arts. But whether this is enough to set them apart from their peers remains to be seen.

www.goodshoes.co.uk



Varsity looks back at some of the musical highlights of the past term

Cambridge University Music Club Concert, West Road Concert Hall, Friday May 18

Violinists Charlie Siem and Catherine Myerscough, both among the cream of the Cambridge music scene, came together for a sparkling concert. Cleverly juxtaposing unaccompanied Bach and Ysaye's virtuosic Sonata No.2, Siem's tone was sumptuous, despite technical hiccups. Myerscough, accompanied by Alison Rhind, played a delicate if slightly restrained Debussy sonata.

Eszter Teknos

Strawberry Fair 2007, Cambridge, Saturday June 2

Strawberry Fair enjoyed glorious weather and, at the end of exam term, was exactly what the town needed. One tent was filled with dub reggae and clouds of smoke, with a man in sunglasses and a turban leading the hypnotic beats preacher-style. Avant-garde films and a stage exhibiting everything from funk to country acts were other highlights among the countless chip vans, whilst the main stage saw some more commercial reggae acts. A great day out.

Tom Hamilton

Kidnap the Captain, ADC Theatre, Tuesday May 8,

Boasting an assortment of Cambridge students past and present, this "Concert in the Theatre" featured some original songs referencing various genres, including gospel, blues, jazz, rock and folk. Despite a few stilted moments, there was plenty of vocal and instrumental talent that flourished in the relaxed atmosphere. A particular highlight was Freddie Smith's stunning fiddle solo.

Rhiannon Easterbrook

The Manic Street Preachers, Corn Exchange, Tuesday May 8

Given the Manics' history, releasing a new album now is both reckless and ambitious, but this gig showed that the gamble paid off. In 'Motorcycle Emptiness' and 'Faster' the Manics vigorously showcased their career-spanning excellence. New tracks 'Your Love Alone Is Not Enough' and 'Autumn Song' reinforced the band's lyrical talent, whilst 'Design for Life' remains one of the finest songs ever written: an astonishing gig and a tremendous return to form.

George Grist

The Night Climbers Ivo Stourton

I'm not quite sure how to take *The Night Climbers*, the debut novel of 'strikingly gifted new writer' Ivo Stourton. I wouldn't want to make a fool of myself by attempting seriously to review what might turn out to be simply an elaborate joke - perpetrated by Stourton and his publishers upon an unsuspecting public, to who knows what ends, other than their own amusement at the concept of real people paying a recommended retail price of ten pounds for a book like this. Frankly, I felt I'd got quite bad value for money, and my copy was free. I just don't know; *The Night Climbers* might be an entirely serious first novel, attempting to live up to some of the pretensions it so frequently displays. This might be the real deal here: the first novel of a publisher's Bright Young Hope, in the Zadie Smith mould. Did I mention that Ivo Stourton is an alumnus of these very hallowed halls, and only three years older than current graduands? He is. So such a thing is possible.

Uncertain, as I say, just how to take

The Night Climbers, I scoured the text for hints of irony. I didn't find any. Not one. James, a fresher at Tudor College,



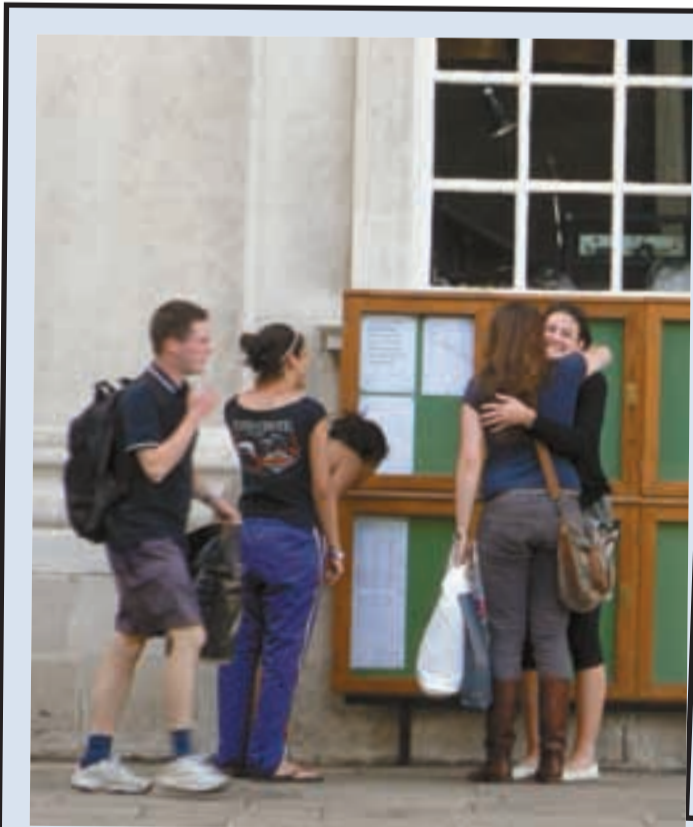
Lisa, the common one. They do things like gambling away Francis' hefty allowance, jumping the 'Senate House Leap', and indulging in multi-million pound art fraud with the Picasso sketch that Tudor College is nice enough to lend Francis for his room. We find this out from James himself, now a wealthy city lawyer living in Hoxton. It's simply ripping, and a little bit dark too: there are drugs, a Polish

Cambridge, becomes involved with a group of terribly dangerous and exciting young people - Francis, the illegitimate son of a Zimbabwean model and a Lord of the Realm, Jessica, the enigmatic beauty, and

prostitute, and an interracial threesome, not to mention the casual thrill of associating with Lisa who occasionally says things like "ain't" and gets her grammar all muddled. Oh, I could go on all night! Even Browns and the Copper Kettle get a mention, as well as the Pitt Club (where it turns out they hold illegal bare-knuckle boxing matches). I suppose, in a roundabout way, I'm trying to say that this is trash. Slightly offensive trash at that, simply because of Stourton's bizarrely romanticised snapshot of a Cambridge entirely inhabited by those who can afford to go hunting or gambling in Monaco over the Long Vac. As for the writing, apart from the dogging of every sentence with clichéd similes galore, it's not too bad. Pretentious, but readable. So readable in fact that I managed to get through the whole book in around five hours, which leads me to recommend that if you want to read *The Night Climbers*, perhaps you could do so in Borders, for free.

Tim Smith-Laing

Photo Diary »The week in pictures



Things to do before you graduate

»One last pep talk before it's all over: *Varsity* makes some final arrangements before you start packing and head on home

Self-involved and tasteless it may be, but I can't help mentally rewriting the phrase "before I graduate" as "before I die". Why does the Senate House have to look so very much like a mausoleum? And why must the march towards it be so very funereal as, sensibly shod and clad in black we form a sober crocodile to carry us into the

"You just can't leave without baptismally risking Viles disease"

jaws of fate? Would you call me histrionic if I noted that all those hoods proclaim "grim reaper"? The severity of the graduation dress strictures make me feel cowed and abject as does the emotionless finality of so many forms and notices. I can't help but feel a little like these are my last days in Eden before I'm cast out into joblessness

and premature nostalgia. Consequently, in the last few weeks, the most banal occasions have been imbued with moment and perhaps inappropriate degrees of emotion by application of the epithet "Last". I sighed a little at the Last supervision, I cried a little at the Last lecture. Maybe I'll die a little at the Last ball. With so much anticipated aimlessness what's needed is a bit of a kick up the arse. So, with mere days until the class of 2007 are cast out with the world all before us, here follow, at last, the last things to do before we go. Wake up, pay attention and no messing around:

1) You need to **PULL YOUR SOCKS UP** like a Japanese tourist. Add bum bag and (rose - tinted) visor and get on board the sight-seeing bus. Take far too many photos, point a lot, exclaim and get a little hysterical. After three years of scorn and smugness over actually *living* here it's time to lose the froideur and enthuse. The mathematical bridge has never looked so beautiful.

2) For god's sake **GET A GRIP** and then lose it and drop your punt

pole in the river. Go on, just drop it and then fall in shrieking trying to retrieve it. What will you do now? You're in the cam with a poleless punt! But you just can't leave Cambridge without baptismally risking Viles disease, can you?

3) You really need to **BUCK UP YOUR IDEAS**, yes, all the way up to the UL's formidable "Porn Tower". A whole corpus of myth surrounds the heady heights and dirty lows of this town's most phallic landmark. You'll need a note from you mum, sorry supervisor, to get in so start planning your "What is (a) Sexual Perversion" thesis now. Hands out of pockets at all times please. Speaking of which...

4) It's time to **PULL YOUR FINGER OUT** and swear at your bedder. No don't, that's a very unpleasant thing to do. Despite all the rude awakenings, the thinly veiled moral opprobrium and the mid-essay interruptions to update you on her cat's faecal movements, you'll miss someone to empty your bin when you're *living* in a bin in Stoke Newington. And on the subject of bins (and whether you see yours as half empty or half full) it's time to:

5) **GET A JOB**-lot of just-past-sell-by-date custard creams from the Sainsbury's bins. A (previously) well kept secret, the bins behind Sainsbury's offer a whole cornucopia of chucked out produce.

Top marks if you can get yourself a massive bar of Dairy Milk. Free food tastes sweeter, and God knows we'll need all the free stuff we can get when our feeble brandishing of arts degrees availeth nought.

6) **GET SOME FUCKING BALLS** and get ball-breaking(in). For some reason - maybe the sight of hundreds and hundreds of champagne bottles - this dubious activity has been placed outside the moral realm.

If you try, you'll be joining the illustrious ranks of parachuters, snorkelers, absailers, blaggers and tunnelers so even if it involves donning a balaclava and crawling face down through the mud to get to the oyster bar, it's worth it.

If you're a girl, perhaps try screaming "I've just had an abortion and the father's over there!". It's worked before.

Hermione Buckland-Hoby

Corrections and clarifications

»We would like to apologise to Jenni Scott of Pembroke College, who, due to faulty external research, was misquoted in the *Varsity* 100 (Issue 649) as saying she had "given enough to Cambridge life now." We accept that Ms Scott did not say this, and that she was unfairly represented.

It is Varsity's policy to amend all significant errors as soon as possible in the articles 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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Your starter for ten

Have you been bored and aimless since exams? *Varsity's* May Week Quiz will restart the brain

1. Literature



1. Which author's recent knighthood inspired protests in Pakistan (pictured)?

- a) Vikram Seth
- b) Salman Rushdie
- c) V. S. Naipul
- d) Zadie Smith

2. American man of letters Don Delillo has just published his 15th novel, but what highly sensitive event does it deal with?

- a) Watergate
- b) The Kennedy Assassination
- c) 9/11
- d) Paris Hilton's prison sentence

3. The seminal work by which author, winner of the 2007 Man Booker Prize is said to have "inaugurated the modern African novel"?

- a) *Things Fall Apart* by Chinua

- Achebe
- b) *The Famished Road* by Ben Okri
- c) *Children of the Revolution* by Dinaw Mengestn
- d) *In the Skin of a Lion* by Michael Ondaatje

4. Which cartoon was recently condemned for being "too French"?

- a) Sebastian the Crab from *The Little Mermaid*
- b) *Tintin and Snowy*
- c) *Asterix and Obelix*
- d) The entirety of *Beauty and the Beast*

5. Which ubiquitous fantasy trilogy is now a west end musical?

- a) *His Dark Materials*
- b) *The Chronicles of Narnia*
- c) *Gormenghast*
- d) *The Lord of the Rings*



2. Music



6. The White Stripes' new single 'Icky Thump' was inspired by...

- a) Jack's infamous brawl with Von Bondies frontman Jason Stollsteimer
- b) A Yorkshire colloquialism
- c) A hangover
- d) The nickname Meg's mother gave to her when she was kicking in the womb

7. In the midst of all the furore about Paris Hilton getting sent down, can anyone actually remember what her 2006 debut single was called?

- a) One Night In Paris
- b) How Much Is That Doggy In The Window?
- c) Stars are Blind
- d) The Simple Life

8. Charlotte Gainsbourg is, unsurprisingly, the daughter of Serge Gainsbourg. But who is her famous mother?

- a) Edith Piaf
- b) Ségolène Royal (pictured)
- c) Jane Birkin
- d) Marianne Faithful



9. Klaxons' debut record, *Myths of the Near Future*, is named after a novel by which author?

- a) J G Ballard
- b) Jeffrey Archer
- c) Philip K. Dick
- d) Kurt Vonnegut

10. The Kaiser Chiefs released their second album in February 2007. What was it called?

- a) *Who Ate All The Pies?*
- b) *This Is Getting Embarrassing Now*
- c) *Yours Truly, Angry Mob*
- d) *Yours Truly, Dead Horse*

11. Just Jack hit the big time in 2007 after being championed by who?

- a) Prince Charles
- b) George Michael
- c) Elton John
- d) Mike Skinner

3. Theatre



12. Who is the ex-Footlight now penning Kevin Spacey's Old Vic Panto?

- a) Bill Oddie
- b) Emma Thompson
- c) Clive James
- d) Stephen Fry (pictured)

13. Bloody long it may be, but it has just swept the board at the Grammy's with a record seven awards – what, and by which stalwart British writer?



- a) *Coast of Utopia* by Tom Stoppard
- b) *Complete Balls* by Alan Ayckbourne
- c) *Copenhagen* by Michael Frayn
- d) *Celebration* by Harold Pinter

14. It is the first play to tackle the London Bombings of 7/7, but what country is Simon Stephen's "Pornography" debuting in?

- a) France
- b) Russia
- c) Germany
- d) America

15. Which pillar of the British theatrical establishment has been forbidden from exposing himself when his most recent RSC production transfers to Singapore?

- a) Alan Rickman
- b) Martin Sheen
- c) Antony Hopkins
- d) Ian McKellen

16. Strange but true: which theatre director is responsible for the writing of the latest Mr Bean movie?

- a) Simon McBurney
- b) Peter Brook
- c) Peter Hall
- d) Kevin Spacey

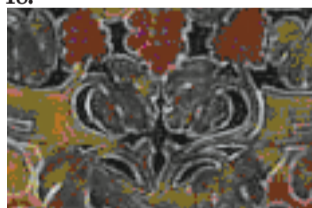
4. Visual Arts

Name the paintings

17.



18.



19.



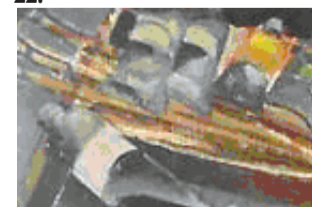
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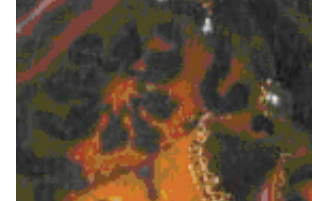
21.



22.



23.



5. Trivia

24. Which item of Cambridge stash does the character Tom wear throughout the film *Enigma*?

- a) Rowing lycra
- b) College scarf
- c) College tie
- d) A society hoodie

25. How many bikes on average are stolen every year in Cambridge?

- a) 625
- b) 14,000
- c) 2,100
- d) 3,100

26. What is the number of real ales available at 2007's Cambridge Beer Festival?

- a) 170
- b) 200
- c) 1,000
- d) 50

27. According to Facebook, what is the favourite film of Cambridge Students?

- a) *Breakfast at Tiffany's*
- b) *Fight Club*
- c) *Amelie*
- d) *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*

28. In what year was the first BBC broadcast made from King's College Chapel?

- a) 1951
- b) 1910
- c) 1942
- d) 1927

29. How many times have Cambridge won the Oxbridge Boat Race?

- a) 90
- b) 85
- c) 79
- d) 69





6. Film

Name these films, released this year

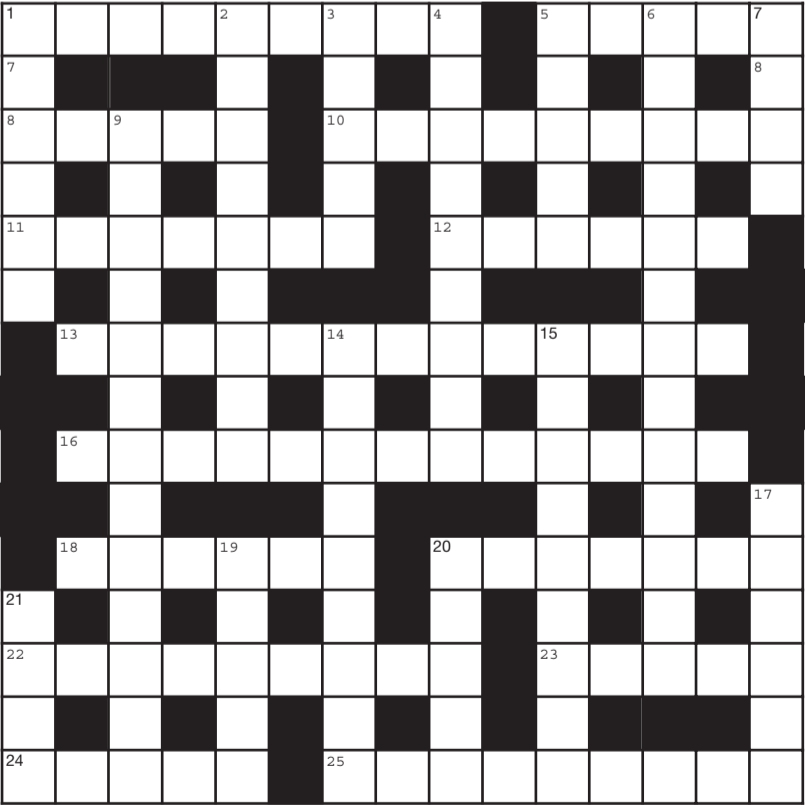
For quiz answers see page 30



Games and puzzles



Varsity crossword no. 468



could this be angry sauce? (5,8)
18) Repeat doing word for effect (6)
20) Overlooked, or deign confused (7)
22) Mix sitar glue used for binding (9)
23) Slacker is doing less (5)
24) Sounds like they're his and his? (5)
25) Sings about waterhole enlargements (9)

DOWN

1) Unfair, but sounds almost funny (6)
2) Dean calms, rearranging Presentation of Christ (9)
3) Come about our concealed cricket club (5)
4) Sight glass? (8)
5) It's up German predator (5)
6) Humor channel could be lent democracy (6,7)
7) A sound interval (4)
9) Association for presidents and prime ministers? (7,6)
14) Jemima and Rebecca spotted bugs (9)
15) Vital directions - sentinel omits north (9)
17) Had, or escaped, concealed loves (6)
19) Come in and provide endless amusement (5)
20) Give out most of paper hankie (5)
21) An excessive amount left in stomach (4)

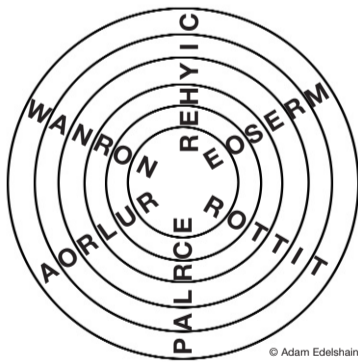
ACROSS

1) O! CUSU in no turmoil - harmless (9)
5) It's understood reservists lead charge in tanks (5)
8) Eastern country in ninja panic! (5)
10) Re: my clang about vicar (9)
11) Astral length in star (7)
12) Rant made by one in business (6)
13) Carlyle's economics disrupted medicine class (6,7)
16) He's wearing women's clothes -



COMPETITION

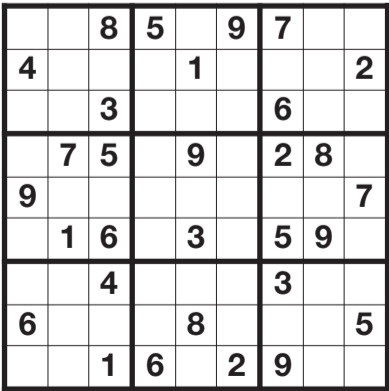
Win a pair of tickets to the Arts Picturehouse
Re-arrange the letters by rotating the discs to create six separate six-letter words leading in to the centre. Email your answer to: competitions@varsity.co.uk



© Adam Edelhain

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.

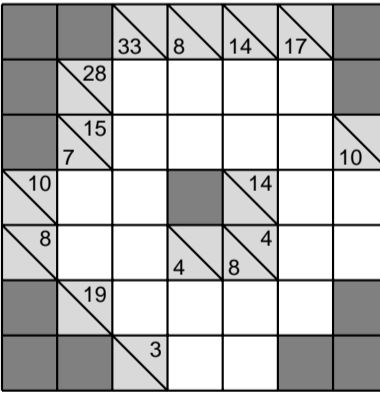


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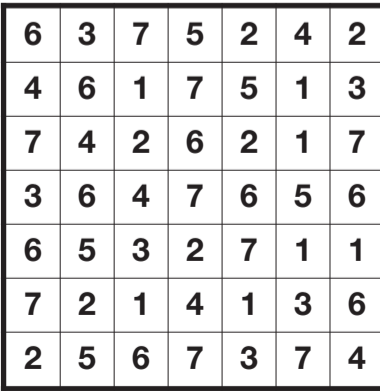
Kakuro

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).



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 area.



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Blues lose to Lashings World XI

»Strong field performance keeps Lashings from running away with victory

PETE HUNTINGFORD

Lashings	201-9
Cambridge	137-5

The highlight of any Cambridge sportsman's career undoubtedly comes from the opportunity to face Oxford in an annual Varsity encounter. Whilst a high profile event, few names in this year's Varsity cricket match will compare to those of Chris Cairns, Jimmy Adams and Henry Olunga. Yet these were but three of 'The World's Greatest Cricket Club' that faced the Blues side for the fifth year running last Wednesday at Fenner's.

Having won the toss and elected to bat first, Lashings made a relatively conservative total of 201-9 in their allotted 35 overs. Speaking after the innings, ex-West Indies captain Jimmy Adams said, "such games are difficult to approach, but are much more enjoyable with a decent score on the board". The failure to reach such a score was undoubtedly due to an assured fielding performance by Cambridge. Skipper Ian Massey was elated, boasting: "We were outstanding in the field. Lashings normally score around 340 in these games so we did well to contain them." Whilst half centuries from Atapattu and Harris saw Lashings finish in a more comfortable position than they might have, Cambridge would have been the happier side going into tea.

The second innings saw Cambridge start confidently with a run rate that, had it been maintained, would certainly have seen them to victory. Making his third appearance against the Lashings side, Massey looked comfortable at



Chris Cairns plays a wild shot to be bowled by Cambridge's impressive bowling attack that kept the Lashings largely at bay.

JAMIE GUNDRY

the crease and made Drakes and Defreitas work hard for their money, before being caught by Lashings 'star for a day' John Boyle – an Addenbrooke's surgeon whose family had bought him the opportunity to play for Lashings as a 40th birthday present. The departure of Massey saw the Blues' run rate slip as the pace of Drakes and unpredictability of

Harris' bowling proved too much to take; they finished on 137-5 at the end of 35 overs.

Speaking after the game, Massey was upbeat about the Cambridge performance: "Playing against the Lashings side is always fun as they are such a great bunch of guys. I think we played outstandingly today – especially in the field. Jacklin's bowling was top

drawer". Indeed, Blues' bowler Ben Jacklin has now added Atapattu and Defreitas to the list of world-class batsmen who have fallen victim to his bowling, a list which also features last year's Lashings' superstar Sachin Tendulkar.

Whilst not achieving victory, Cambridge can be proud to have produced a respectable result

against such world-class opposition. With the exception of two fine individual batting performances, only Adams and Lashings debutant Amla managing to make double figures. Cambridge more than held their own in what was their best Lashings match performance in recent years, which certainly bodes well for the upcoming Varsity Match.

Wakeboarders make a big splash

»Cambridge Blues wakeboarding team leave Warwick sinking in their wake



Cambridge's Ash Colvin gets some air

CAMBRIDGE WAKEBOARDING CLUB

JOHN ROWELL

Cambridge	156
Warwick	89

The Cambridge University Wakeboarding Team returned triumphant a few weeks ago from the first competition of the year against Warwick. The fixture was the first inter-university event of a season which culminates in the Student Nationals later this month.

Despite the far from ideal conditions, there were admirable performances across the board. An unlimited number of falls were permitted, encouraging the 8 riders from each team to attempt more ambitious tricks. Cambridge rider Ash Colvin dazzled the judges with an advanced repertoire of moves featuring indie back-rolls and Tantrums, a kind of laid out backflip. Ultimately, however, Colvin was beaten into a close second in the men's category thanks to a strong

performance from fellow team mate, John Rowell. In the ladies' category, Jenifer Clark stormed ahead to take gold for Cambridge and the Light Blues' Honesty Fern came away with bronze.

All riders competed not only for their respective teams but also fought for their own individual ranking and the opportunity to win one of the many prizes.

With wakeboarding making incursions into more and more universities, the number of competitions is forever increasing. It is a very exciting time to be connected with the sport and the Cambridge team are always looking for new volunteers – absolute beginners are more than welcome to join this outgoing and very social sport. Anyone interested should check out the club's website for more details. Watch this space for upcoming coverage of contests, including the much anticipated nationals. With the Cambridge team in current form, and with such obvious talent, we can certainly expect a highly successful season.

Wakeboarding Facts

The origins of wakeboarding are obscure, but it is widely accepted that the sport evolved from waterskiing via 'skurving' – the latter being the invention of surfers who would modify their surfboards and ride them behind boats like their waterskiing counterparts.

The sport took on a name of its own when it erupted into the public limelight. The first Pro Wakeboard competitions were held in 1992, and the internationally renowned 'X-Games' began to feature Wakeboarding as a regular event in 1996.

The boards used in Wakeboarding are slightly shorter and wider than a snowboard. The riders are strapped in with foot bindings and are towed behind a boat, travelling at speeds averaging 22 mph.

**Boatie
Madness?**

Simon Allen



We've just finished May Bumps: the chaos and excitement of the actual event, the fallout from the various post-race Boat Club dinners, but most importantly the gruelling build-up and training are now over. Boaties can be seen relaxing and lazing about, but at the same time looking as if they don't quite know what to do with themselves.

A self-confessed non-boatie, the intensity of this devotion to the river, coinciding as it does with the stresses of Tripos, has slightly bemused me this term. The timing at first glance seems simply mad. As many Cambridge students are cutting back on their extra-curricular commitments to bury their nose in a book, rowers throughout the university hit the river and the ergs even harder. Not only that, but the natural progression of students into more competitive boats as they get more experienced during their time here seems to mean that as the intensity of finals hit, so too do the

**“the timing of
May Bumps
seems mad”**

stress and level of commitment demanded for May Bumps. Why is it, then, that year in, year out, the rowing population of Cambridge are content to be drawn again and again back to the river for the fun of mucking about in boats?

After further examination of boat club culture and the merits of the sport, it struck me that perhaps time on the river is the perfect remedy for the strains of long hours of revision. We've all felt the pinch of long, dull hours that inch by in the library; we gaze longingly out of the window as we doodle, and, ultimately, actually achieve a lot less than if we'd had shorter, more motivated sessions. Perhaps outings on the river are exactly what we need to get our brains in gear and remind us why we are studying the subject we do. Early morning sessions don't necessarily clash with many people's work schedules, and it should be remembered that rowing is so much more than just a sport - boat club culture is a support network for thousands of students here.

For someone unaccustomed to the river, hours spent heaving on oars might seem a chore on top of a hard day's work, but to a majority of rowers, it's a great way of relaxing and spending their free time. Boat clubs forge strong friendships and are undoubtedly a great way to focus the mind in a shared environment. It is this diversion that seems to be the key to, and the primary merit of, the boat club culture in the lead-up to May Bumps, in the same way as Theatricals and May Ball Committee members divert a lot of their free time.

We all need a break from academics, and the old adage 'healthy body, healthy mind', cheesy as it sounds, seems to have some truth to it. I've got finals next year; I think I may have to start working on my erg time.

Athletes stand triumphant

FRANK HUTTON-WILLIAMS

Men Blues won 130-82
Women Blues lost 95-93
Men Alverstones won 111.5-99.5
Women Alligators won 118-84)

Cambridge University Athletic Club avoided the embarrassment of having the men's Blues lose for ten successive years to an almost impregnable Oxford team. The huge amounts of team-building and motivation that have gone into CUAC over recent years ensured that this year Oxford were outclassed.

This communal vibe underscored some spectacular individual efforts. Phyllis Agbo equalled her Varsity record, set last year, of seven individual wins for the ladies' Blues, and, in the process, set three match and two ground records. Ben Carne, having topped the UK rankings over the 400m hurdles a week earlier at BUSA, was deprived a match record by strong winds that saw him cross the line three tenths outside his target, in 52.47s.

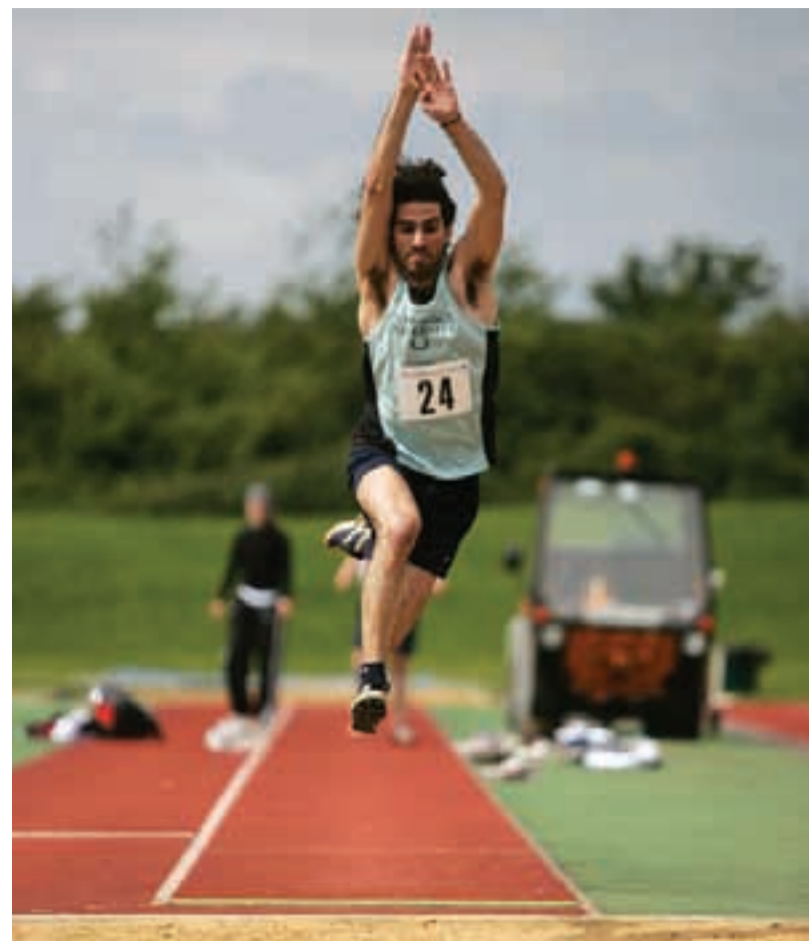
The wind allowed for some fast times in the sprints, however; an event in which Cambridge dominated. Ben Richardson won three events, two under the Blues' time (100m 10.88s, 110m hurdles 15.00s).

With Oxford's world class shot put-ter Garrett Johnson, who could have put 5 metres onto the Varsity Match record, away on international duty for

the USA, Cambridge's Jet Theriac took victory in the shot put and hammer throw. Matt Haslett won the high jump for a second successive year, clearing 1.95m. Other notable performances were Ed Gunn's javelin throw of 53.98m for the Alverstones, a distance which would have placed him second in the Blues' match.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, the men's Blues only had to win the 200m to guarantee their first victory over Oxford in almost a decade. As the stagger unwound it was clear that the Cambridge runners were far in front, and they crossed the line together in a one-two, with the winning time an impressive 22.32s. The match was won, and it was now only a question of defeating Oxford by as great a margin as possible. The Alligators (women's second team) were also dominating in the overall points tally. Ellie Naison and Helen Maduka recorded match records in the pole vault and the hammer. The Alverstones (men's second team) were winning but by a far closer margin; Oxford were kept in the match by Sean Gourley, a New Zealand decathlete who was no longer eligible to compete in the first team match.

The women's Blues were in front, but only just, with it all coming down to the 4x400m relay. Lucy Spray, who had run a Blues' time over the hurdles earlier that day, ran a superb leg but Oxford deservedly fought back, with Natalie McManus running the leg of her life to keep ahead of Phyllis Agbo, bringing victory in the women's Blues match to Oxford, by the slimmest margin (2 points) in its history.



Cambridge make great leaps during their varsity win

MICHAEL DERRINGER

The relays could hardly have provided a greater climax to the afternoon. In the men's 4x100m, Ayo Adeyemi powered out of the blocks, getting the Alverstones squad off to a flying start. Men's Blues captain Mike Collins, who had led by example all day (running a Blues' time in his victory in the 200m hurdles and over the 110m hurdles) continued to maintain the Alverstones position down the back straight handing to George Kenyon; and so it came as a welcome surprise to see Cambridge's second team up with the Blues teams on the final change-over. Whilst our men's Blues pulled away to a comfortable victory, Dan Ekpe came on like a train on the final leg and the Alverstones were only denied what would have been the ever-so-sweet scalp of Oxford's Blues by a tenth of a

second.

If the men's Blues could win the 4x400m relay, the final event of the day, they would defeat Oxford by the heaviest margin for 40 years. On the final leg, Oxford's Jonan Boto took the baton 10m in front, which seemed too much for even Ben Carne to recover, but he carved up the ground in pursuit. Unbelievably, with sixty metres to go, he had managed to draw level, although even he seemed to be hurting. They were neck and neck right up to the line - Boto dipped forward and stumbled whilst Carne trusted in keeping his form. Crossing the line Boto fell and Carne looked up to the skies in victory. The men's Blues had won, but only by the second biggest margin in 133 years of the Varsity Match.

Cambridge waltz to victory



Nicola Gray and Shiraz Badurdeen waltzing on the floor

GRAHAM STRATTON

NICOLA GRAY

Cambridge University Dancesport Team have had a spectacular season. Both A and B teams were unbeaten all year and, to finish the season on a high, Cambridge confidently won both the Varsity Match and the second team match on the weekend of May 5.

Cambridge went into the Varsity Match as clear favourites, having won the national student dancesport championships in Blackpool in March; but Oxford had been only a few points behind.

Before the Blues' match was played, the second team match took place. Despite never having won the event since its introduction in 1999, increased training over the vacation meant that there was a defiant mood within the Light Blue squad. As with the Varsity Match, the event requires all couples to dance the waltz, quickstep, cha and jive. The event started with the ballroom competition, in which Cambridge scraped a win. The team were confident and this showed in the latin

events, which Cambridge won convincingly. Oxford were afforded a small celebration, winning the best overall couple in the B team, but it was Cambridge who scored the more points to win the match.

As the Blues' match approached there was a heightened atmosphere in the Burgess Hall, with over 150 spectators crowding around the dancefloor. Again the ballroom section was first and again it was a close competition, with Oxford winning by just a few points. However, the cheering from the Oxford side was to be short-lived; the Light Blues had much stronger latin dancers and gained a very convincing win in the cha and jive. This meant that the Cambridge team was crowned Varsity champions.

Nicola Gray, the team captain, commented: "We are delighted with the result of the Blues' team and the second team matches. Both teams danced fantastically and richly deserved the victory." After an unbeaten run all year and achieving the titles of national dancesport and Varsity champions, let's hope that the Cambridge teams' success will continue into next season.

Blues ridden down by Oxford

»A close match ends with the Dark Blues too strong for Cambridge

NOEL COCHRANE

Cambridge	5
Oxford	9

The Guards' Polo Club, Windsor, played host to Varsity Polo, one of the oldest continuing fixtures in the Western world, dating back to 1879. History has favoured Cambridge, who have won a majority of the matches, and after their tremendous victory last year, the team came to the match with high confidence. Nevertheless, Oxford successfully defended their title at the Atlantic Cup, a competition between Cambridge, Oxford and Yale, in the indoor season earlier this year, which would have given their morale a boost.

The Cambridge team, headed by captain Ollie Clarke, who held a handicap of one, the best on the field, was joined by Harriet Pepper and Alex Appelbe, and Maximilian Kirchoff. Oxford began with an overall handicap of minus three, suggesting a weaker, less experienced team. However, as the Varsity Match is played under a no handicap system, Oxford were not awarded any compensation for their disadvantage on paper.

The opening chukka started with the ponies looking fit and prepared, amidst a sea of spectators in summery pinks and blues. An early goal for Cambridge from Clarke was disallowed due to a foul, but a quick partnership from Pepper and Clarke saw Cambridge go 1-0 up. Some lax defending from the Light Blue side, however, allowed Gleeson a clear run through to level the score 1-1. Some long, high hits from Oxford, combined with faster ponies, meant that Oxford soon doubled their score. The Dark Blue momentum continued as Dunbass attacked down the left wing with powerful, lengthy shots, covering the ground quickly to capi-

talise on a sleepy Cambridge side, leaving the score at 3-1 after the first chukka.

A change of ponies for the second chukka and some time to rethink tactics saw the introduction of a different style of play, and a beautifully executed back-hand defence from Clarke pushed Oxford back, allowing him room to narrow the margin to 3-2. If anything, however, Oxford responded to this slip with a strengthening of their defence. After Gleeson hit the ball out of play, Clarke was chosen to take the penalty hit at an undefended goal. Approaching at a walk, he maintained confidence and form to strike it straight through the centre and bring the game back to level pegging at 3-3. Cambridge then won another penalty shot, and yet again Clarke stepped up, this time from a longer distance, and smashed the ball high and long in the sky to land another goal. The score now lay at 4-3 with Cambridge having successfully turned the tables; nevertheless the underdogs Oxford squeezed in another goal in the dying seconds, defying some strong defence.

A cracking match was unfolding and, after the traditional divot-stomping, Oxford entered early and began warming their ponies up. This resulted in an attack within seconds from Gleeson which earned Oxford an open goal penalty, but the same player was unsuccessful in converting the chance. It did not take long for him to make up for this small lapse in concentration, however, and some great ball control and shot length saw him take Oxford 5-4 up. Straight away, out of nowhere, Gleeson scored again, widening the gap between the teams to 6-4 and boosting Oxford's confidence. Clarke battled back strongly from a sixty yard penalty with fourteen seconds to go but landed short and the end of the third chukka left Cambridge with some work to do.

Soon after the opening of the fourth and final chukka Cambridge had another



Oxford run away from the Light Blues in the final chuka to claim Varsity victory

RICHARD WEST

er penalty. Clarke once more demonstrated why he is captain and has a handicap of plus one, bringing the score to 5-6; at this stage all five Cambridge goals and four of the Oxford ones were the work of the two captains. Gleeson pounded back at Cambridge with a cheeky unexpected goal, accomplished

with superb control. After some strong Oxford defence, Cambridge began to show signs of fatigue and, with under four minutes to go, Gleeson continued to turn Cambridge's attacks round, catching them on the back foot and undefended. Another penalty was awarded to Oxford; this time it was

Vannberg who rode up but his hit was finished off by Gleeson to bring the score to 8-5. With under thirty seconds to go Oxford broke away from the Cambridge team to finish the game 9-5, a scoreline which overturns last year's result, bringing a well-fought victory to the Dark Blues.

Upcoming Varsity Matches

Cricket and Tennis



Noel Cochrane

Despite the academic term coming to a close, several of our summer sporting heroes continue to dig deep for Cambridge as their Varsity matches approach. Varsity interviewed Tim Murray and Ian Massey to get an insight into the upcoming Tennis and Cricket Varsity's respectively.

While the majority of us merely drink our evenings away then sleep through the morning and afternoons of May Week, the Tennis club are

training twice daily in the very possible hope of repeating last year's victory. Mornings see hitting practice, while real game situations against other club members in the afternoon sharpen their skills. History leans in Cambridge's favour, as since the first match in 1880, Cambridge stand ten games ahead. This year's Varsity, to be held at the Queen's Club, Kensington, home of the Stella Artois championships, is to take place on June 28 and 29 and is a free event. Cambridge has only lost one member of last years experienced team, and have gained two fresh faces to a team which will be announced on the day but promises to be as competent as ever.

Varsty Cricket, the week after Tennis on the July 7 at the prestigious Lords Cricket Grounds, St. John's Wood, London offers fifty overs of intense play.



Bloodied and bruised

Varsity Reporter

Cambridge	2.5
Oxford	3.5

On Friday, 11th May, the Union hosted the first ever Varsity Kickboxing match. Seven fighters from Cambridge took on Oxford's best, and the result was an evening of blood and spirit. Due to an injury to the Cambridge heavyweight James Waddel, all the Light Blue fighters had to shift up one weight category.

After two demonstration fights, Soren Demin fought for Cambridge against Zac from Oxford. The fight began to tremendous applause, but unfortunately did not provide the start we hoped for, with Soren losing to the experienced 31 year old.

Next up was club president Holly Scott-Mason. She didn't disappoint, winning by referee's decision, her energy level setting the benchmark for the rest of the evening.

Leo Schwartz came on afterwards as a featherweight. After a closely contested first round, the Cambridge coach had to make a tough call and threw in the towel in



Cambridge's Chris Webb lets fly with a roundhouse kick

RICHARD WEST

the second round due to an injury. In the next fight, Geoff Cunningham scored a draw in the lightweight category.

Further highlights were Andy Troup, a fellow at Wolfson, taking a great deal of punishment from the Oxford side. He lost after a close match with huge amounts of blood shed on both sides.

Chris Webb was the last fighter of the evening, and although by this

stage Cambridge had already lost the match, he put on a great show for the crowd. Showing incredible stamina and lightning fast technique, Webb became the second Cambridge fighter to win their bout, producing a relentless barrage of blows. Although Cambridge narrowly lost the match, the level of performance was a strong reminder of the team's ability, boding well for future matches.

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World XI a tough match
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»First and Third fail to topple Caius in tough contest



Jesus Women's first boat remain composed and dominant as they take First Post Corner on the last day of Bumps when they held off Pembroke to take the Headship

JET PHOTOGRAPHIC

Jesus take Women's Headship

TOM MARRIOTT
Rowing Correspondent

After First and Third's astonishingly successful Lent campaign, securing the double headship and unseating Caius' men for the first time in many years, the stage was set for a fascinating few days of Mays racing.

FaT's first men's boat, fresh from their Lent victory, started the week within striking distance of the Headship. However, a resurgent Caius crew and a number of other strong challengers between them and the headship proved too great a challenge to overcome all in one week.

Never realistically troubled by either LMBC or FaT later in the week, Caius proved worthy of the headship they have now held for over five consecutive years. The women's headship was taken from Pembroke on the first day of racing by a strong Jesus crew that comfortably held their gain for the rest of the week.

The women's headship has been much more contested than the men's in recent years; since 2002 the women's headship has changed hands five times with Jesus holding the headship as recently as 2005 before being displaced by Pembroke last year.

This year's races suffered from unseasonably wet and windy weather. Torrential downpours on Wednesday and Thursday led to the river rising by almost a foot and bursting its banks on Friday morning. Fortunately, the conditions were well dealt with by both the crews and the race organisers, and therefore had little detrimental effect on the overall outcome.

Jesus having taken the headship on day one and resisted Pembroke's challenges on Thursday and Friday, the spectators watching the women's division on Saturday could be forgiven for viewing the final race for the headship as more a victory lap than a competition. Jesus comfortably rowed over once more, using the clear water to their full advantage, keeping Pembroke well outside station.

In contrast, the men's racing culminated in the thrilling climax that had

been anticipated from the start of the week. Starting at fifth, FaT had cut a swathe through the first division, despatching Queens' on the first day, followed in turn by St Catherine's and then LMBC on Friday. Caius faced no serious challenge all week. LMBC rowed aggressively behind them on Thursday, but never really pushed

Varsity Polo

Tense meeting at
Guards Polo Club
ends in frustration

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closer than station. Consequently, come Saturday there was no mistaking the importance of the showdown.

In bumps racing, a crew needs to be a length and half faster at least. In addition, the clear water advantage the headship gives a crew meant that FaT would need to be at least two

lengths faster to catch Caius. Despite a good race from FaT, Caius struck well to all of FaT's pushes and were able to pull away on the Long Reach, finishing an impressive three lengths ahead by top finish.

There was relatively little movement in the top half of the women's first division. Emmanuel maintained their position at third by rowing over each day. Newnham had a very successful campaign, bumping Trinity Hall, Girton and Caius to move from seventh to fourth. FaT's first women's crew maintained their impressive Lent term form, moving up five places, overbumping Clare on day three, to go from twelfth to seventh.

Downing and LMBC sparred with one another, bumping back and forth across the first three days. LMBC came out on top to move up one place whilst Downing dropped further, bumped by a resurgent Clare trying to move back up after being overbumped themselves.

Queens' had a strong campaign, starting with an overbump on day one to set them on their way to move from sixteenth to twelfth.

There was a great deal of movement at the top of the men's division. Both Queens' and St Catherine's received spoons after dropping four places, from fourth to eighth and second to sixth respectively. Jesus and Trinity Hall made solid gains, moving up three places a piece. The largest gains were predictably made in the carnage of the lower divisions, Clare Hall's first men's crew and Pembroke, both moving up seven places a piece.

After their failure to hold the Lent headship this year, the May headship was Caius' to lose. A number of crews thought they smelt blood, but Caius confounded expectations and proved the strength and depth within the club.

One of the most entertaining aspects of the Women's division is the standard of competition at the top level. Hopefully this edge and variation is now starting to emerge in the men's division as well.

Caius may have proved their strength by holding the headship for the sixth year running; but one has to wonder how much longer they can possibly hold on to it.

Interested in writing Sport next Michaelmas? Contact the Sports team at sport@varsity.co.uk