

Musicp23



Blues cricketers
lose out
for ninth
straight
year

Sportp32



Swallows and Amazons down
by the seashore

Fashionp16

Issue No 659

Friday September 28 2007

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VARSITY

The Independent Student Newspaper since 1947

The Great Graduate Union Election Farce

- » Winning candidate disqualified
- » Reinstated against GU wishes
- » £5k payoff for Acting President
- » Junior Proctor condemns “experimental” constitution

KATHERINE FAULKNER
News Editor

The University authorities were forced to intervene after the failure of the Graduate Union to determine the results of its own presidential election, and had to shell out thousands of pounds in a payout to one of the two alleged “winners” in order to avoid a potentially disastrous legal dispute. The GU is now promising to overhaul its electoral procedures and rewrite its constitution.

The elections got off to an uninspiring start after nominations closed without producing a single candidate. Nominations were reopened and this time three candidates came forward: Leo Shidai Liu, Claire Norman and Guem Young Min. Liu gained the most votes but was disqualified for violation of campaign rules by an ad-hoc committee assembled by the returning officer while votes were still being counted.

Runner-up Claire Norman was publicly declared president, a full-time salaried position, despite the fact that an official complaint made by her opponent was still being investigated. Liu alleged procedural violations and discrimination on the part of the returning officer. As the GU had no mechanism for dealing with the complaint, he appealed to the University authorities.

Kichael Kuczynski, the Junior Proctor, upheld the appeal, ruling that the original disqualification was “unsafe” and recommending that Liu be reinstated. “The constitution does not provide for the ad hoc creation of Committees,” he said, calling the GU’s procedures for the creation and enforcement of campaign rules “experimental, re-

active and apt to engage too closely the sympathies of those who are in charge of its enforcement.”

By this point Norman’s presidency had already been ratified by a unanimous vote of the elected council. She had turned down other job offers, had been working unpaid for ten days, and was therefore entitled under employment law to sue the GU for her entire annual salary should she be made to step down. “Claire was very angry and said ‘If I can’t settle with £5,000 I’m going to take it to a higher authority,’” says Liu.

The council, however, authorised just £3,600 to be paid to Ms Norman, the equivalent of only two months’ salary and £1,400 short of the minimum sum she would accept. Liu claims he consequently had few options but to pay his electoral opponent out of his own pocket in order for the agreement – which stipulated that she surrender the position – to hold.

“Leo paid it himself because he wanted to meet the timetable,” claims the GU Senior Bursar, Dick Taplin. “Nobody acted in bad faith. He was inexperienced and was trying to resolve it honestly as he saw it. Had we not settled rapidly the damage to the Graduate Union may have been irreparable.”

Mr Taplin later arranged that £2,500 should come from the Graduate Union and £2,500 from the University itself. “The University recognised that part of the situation had been brought about by their involvement,” he says.

Alex Broadbent, a former GU president who sat on the electoral committee that voted unanimously to disqualify Liu over campaign emails which he had sent to a college

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2



Vitória! Portuguese to stay

KATY LEE

Plans to suspend the Portuguese from the Medieval and Modern Languages Tripos have been shelved. The Spanish and Portuguese department announced that they were no longer intending to reduce the subject to a single paper from October 2008.

The dispute escalated into a full-scale diplomatic row when it emerged that Instituto Camões, which funds one of the two University Lectureships in Portuguese on behalf of the Portuguese government, had not been informed of the decision to suspend the Tripos. Michael Minden, head of the MML faculty board, would not comment on why the Instituto Camões had not been consulted, but told Varsity that the faculty’s past relationship with the organisation had been “cripplingly difficult”.

The reversal follows widespread protest against the plan. An online petition organised by Cambridge University Portuguese Speakers Society attracted almost 10,000 signatures from across the university. “The attempt to axe Portuguese as a Tripos subject was initiated when Portuguese was flourishing,” said Dr Maria Manuela Lisboa, lecturer in Portuguese. “The department was proposing the axing of a subject on the grounds that it is too successful.”

Nunn too keen Exclusive interview

p20



Comment	8
Idler	9
Letters	10
Reviews	24
The Anorak	29

In Brief

Cole chooses Hermès over webmail

Supermodel Lily Cole is deferring entry to Cambridge University for a second year running in order to concentrate on her ever-strengthening modelling career.

Cole, who has featured in advertising campaigns for Chanel, Hermès and Accessorize among others, had been planning to study SPS at King's this year. She has said in the past that the short Cambridge terms would be ideal for simultaneously pursuing her education and modelling career.

But offers of increasingly lucrative contracts appear to have outweighed her resolution to "fit everything else in around my studying" for the present.

Cole maintains that she is not turning down her place at King's, just deferring entry until October 2008.



Katherine Sirrell

Cambridge top in Sunday Times table for a decade

The Sunday Times have chosen Cambridge as the UK's best university for the tenth year running, scoring a total of 995 points out of a possible 1000. Oxford followed in second place with 983 points, and LSE came third.

The league table ranks universities according to measures in several different performance areas, including student satisfaction, staff-student ratios and graduate prospects.

The university beat Oxford in five of the eight categories, including teaching excellence and research quality. **Camilla Temple**

...and beats Oxford on Monopoly board

Cambridge has taken the place of Oxford Street in a new version of the monopoly board released for sale on September 25.

The new game's layout is the result of a competition by games giant Parker. More than one million people voted to earn their favourite city a place on the board.

The city is worth £3 million in the new Monopoly Here and Now UK Edition, beating Oxford's selling price of £2.6 million. Cambridge appears in the prosperous green section alongside Nottingham and Sheffield, while Oxford takes the place of Coventry Street in the less affluent yellow section.

Simon Allen



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Mathmo maps Jessica's Alba-rhythm

» Mathematics professor betrayed by salacious press release on hip wiggle research



DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

Bum deal: the ratio of the ideal bottom is now entirely quantifiable

KATY LEE

The international press has been going wild over stories that Cambridge mathematicians have discovered the secret of the ultimate sexy strut. Newspapers from the Daily Telegraph to the Hindustan Times reported in August that, according to academics from the university, Jessica Alba is the celebrity with the body shape most conducive to provocative wiggling.

According to the press release, by PR company Clarion Communications, the ratio between hip and waist circumference is key to calculating "sexiness of walk". In particular, Clarion argued that women with a 0.7 ratio have a torso strength that delivers an excellent swing to the hips. Alba's perfect 0.7 score allegedly allows her to "show

off her best assets when she walks – her shapely curves and smooth, glossy legs."

Mathmos have hit back with accusations of media distortion. Professor Richard Weber, the Queens' don who headed Clarion's team of mathematicians, told Varsity that he was upset to have read the "nonsense" written about this research, and that he had "learnt a lesson about dealing with PR companies."

Weber, a statistics specialist whose work usually covers more sober topics such as stochastic networks and the ergodicity of Markov processes, stated that the Clarion press release was "factually incorrect and misleading".

He says that no "team of Cambridge mathematicians" has been involved in producing the

results that have been reported.

Clarion asked Weber to analyse survey data from 800 men asked to rank ten celebrities for sexiness of walk. Weber told Clarion that there was little one could conclude from the data but, of the variables he looked at, that waist-to-hip ratio had the greatest correlation with the survey's ranking and that European men generally prefer women with a WHR close to 0.7.

Clarion chose to present these findings as new research, a decision that has annoyed Weber. He rejects claims that this episode will damage his reputation, and maintains that he agreed to help in an effort to promote mathematics in the media, and that the £500 fee paid to him by the company had nothing to do with the decision. Nor, we presume, did the subject matter.

Presumptuous Nonsense

Grad Union election mix-up

»Liu: I have the support of Council

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

mailing list, says that "the Junior Proctor's formal approach maximised the kaffuffle. He communicated entirely through public channels so that people have to adopt postures. He has a lot to answer for in that respect."

In order to receive her wages and obtain compensation Claire Norman was first made to sign a confidentiality agreement, and is therefore legally prohibited from discussing her side of the story in detail with Varsity, but she expressed her disappointment at the way events have unfolded.

Norman told us, "I was in an impossible position and was left with no choice but to stand down. In so doing I lost my college accommodation and have had to come back to London to look for work. I am very disappointed at not being able to continue serving as GU President,

but wish the Union well."

The Senior Treasurer insists that the confidentiality agreement is "standard practice." However, the Junior Proctor, who oversaw these events, claims he knew nothing of

"It's been a waste of the Union's time. I regret doing it."

a confidentiality agreement. "I'm highly surprised," he says. "I would have more than raised an eyebrow, put it that way."

Alex Broadbent said that while he knew that there was a settlement, he was "pretty confident that Claire would have preferred

Activists win high court cruelty case

EMMA INKESTER

The High Court has upheld complaints by anti-vivisection campaigners that the government is failing to regulate animal suffering in a Cambridge testing facility.

The long-running case began last year when the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection used video evidence from a three month long undercover investigation of a Cambridge neuroscience primate lab to bring its claim against the government.

July's final judicial review discussed four issues relating to the Home Office's administration of the Animals (Scientific Procedures) Act of 1986. Mr Justice Mitting rejected three of these, concerning inadequate staffing and monitoring arrangements at university labs, but ruled that the experiments at Cambridge University were wrongly licensed as the suffering of animals in the Cambridge lab should have been classified as "substantial" rather than "moderate". He said that the Home Office was thus acting unlawfully in licensing invasive brain experiments on marmosets.

The judge agreed that footage, showing procedures such as the removal of the top of marmosets' heads to induce strokes, inflicted too much pain on the animals for the experimentation to remain classified as "moderate". The Home Office was therefore deemed to have understated the suffering caused to animals.

Michelle Thew, chief executive of BUAV, argues that until now the truth about vivisection has been hidden. "These findings undermine entirely the credibility of the Government's defence of animal research in the UK – namely that it is strictly regulated and that animals don't really suffer."

The University has defended its procedures for experimentation on animals and insists that adequate welfare safeguards are in place. "The University of Cambridge has always adhered strictly to animal welfare regulations and will continue to work to the highest standards of animal care," a Cambridge spokesperson told Varsity.

Editorial p10

SUTTON REPORT

» Comment p9

Welcome to the old boys' club

» Report finds Oxbridge still dominated by a handful of independent schools

CAMILLA TEMPLE
News Editor

The University is facing renewed pressure to improve access initiatives following a report by a leading education thinktank which highlights the continued dominance of Oxbridge entrance by a handful of independent schools.

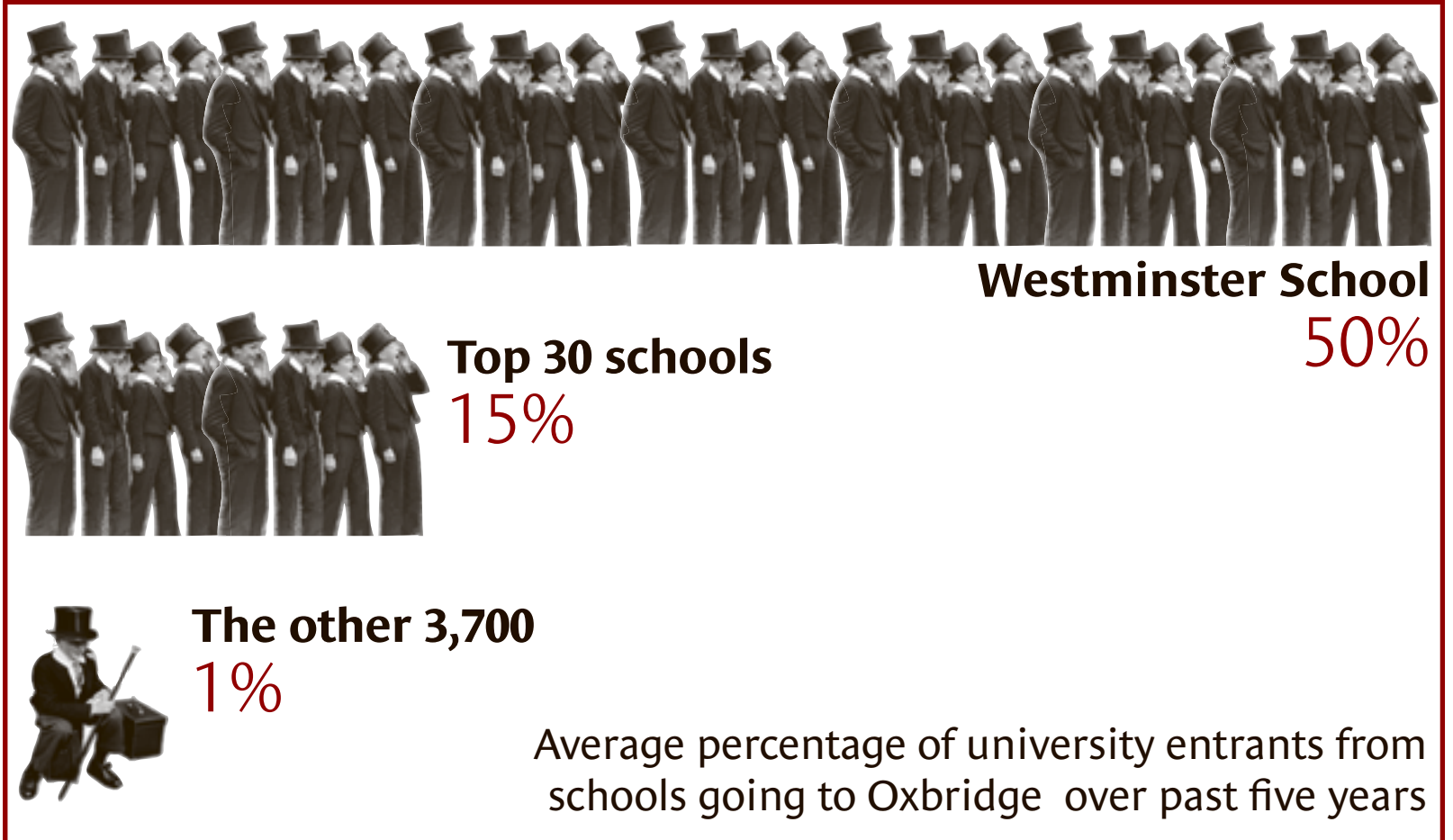
According to the report, published by the Sutton Trust last week, less than three per cent of the 3,700 secondary schools in the country account for 30 per cent of Oxbridge entrants. 80 of these 100 elite "feeder" schools are private. The 30 top schools, which account for one sixth of Oxbridge, include only one grammar school and one comprehensive. Westminster School, which came top of the list, has sent 410 pupils to Oxford and Cambridge over the past five years, while the school that sends the most pupils to Cambridge is St Paul's Girls', where on average one in five students head to the Fens every year.

The Sutton Trust report also shows that a student who attended one of the top thirty independent schools is twice as likely to go on to Oxbridge than one who attended one of the top thirty grammar schools, even if they have the same A-level results.

The findings coincide with fresh criticism from the government, which claims that top universities show a bias towards middle class applicants. John Denham, the minister for Universities, Innovation and Skills, has accused top universities of rejecting pupils from poorer backgrounds and has

410

Westminster pupils
sent to Oxbridge over
five years



condemned what he sees as the resulting waste of talent.

Speaking at an event for Cambridge alumni, the University Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard responded to criticism by highlighting recent initiatives to widen access. The publication of the report coincides with announcements that the income threshold for Cambridge University bursaries is to be increased from £18,000 to £25,000. This means that by 2012 the university will be spending seven million pounds on bursaries.

Professor Richard insisted that "we work very hard at this, though there is still work to be done," and described this week's national media coverage as "a real misrepresentation" of the Sutton Trust's research.

Dr Lee Elliot Major, Research Director of the Sutton Trust, criticised the media for misinterpreting the report's findings by claiming that university admissions were "in some way biased against pupils

from state schools. The report did not provide any evidence for this."

Speaking in an interview with Varsity Dr Major explained that the research did show that "for very high performing schools there were differences in the proportions of pupils admitted to Oxbridge despite similar average A-level grades for the schools" but suggested that this was most likely due to different application rates in the first place rather than any conscious favorable bias towards privately educated applicants in the admissions system.

The biggest challenge for universities according to Dr Major is to encourage more bright students from comprehensives to apply. The report by the Sutton Trust suggested that the Oxbridge admissions process – which includes an early deadline as well as often multiple interviews – was a major factor in putting off applications from state school pupils, but he insists that the problem runs deeper.

"The education system as a whole is unfair for those unable to access the best schools and represents a huge waste of talent. Universities

"The education system as a whole is unfair to those unable to access the best schools. It represents a huge waste of talent"

are doing a lot to widen access, but more needs to be done."

In a bid to tackle this problem Bill Rammell, the minister for Higher Education, has announced proposals to introduce a Post-qualification Application System

(PQA) designed to address the inequalities in the existing UCAS system. The proposals have met with a mixed reaction in the higher education sector due to concern that there will be insufficient time to consider applications before the new academic year.

Many private schools have welcomed the report as proof of the advantages of selective education. The High Master of St Paul's School, Martin Stephen, told Varsity that he was unsurprised by the findings of the Sutton Trust. He pointed to extensive research in the USA which suggests that bright children are most likely to excel when educated with other bright pupils, evidence of what Stephen called a "force of nature" whereby intellectually gifted children both stimulate one another and also attract intelligent teachers. "Rather than fighting against this the government should be buying into it."

Bursaries set to increase

» Spending to reach £7 million by 2012

EMMA INKESTER

The University has announced that it has significantly raised the income thresholds within which students can obtain bursaries, in a move that will benefit students from both low and middle income families.

The upper limit at which a full Cambridge bursary is provided will shift from a household income of £18,000 to £25,000. The bursary amount has been set at £3,150 per year for those starting in 2008, and £5,250 for mature students. Above this threshold, grants will be offered on a tapered basis up to an

income of £60,000. The previous upper limit was £38,500. The new limits are in line with revised thresholds for government maintenance and tuition-fee grants.

Dr John Rallison, Director of the Isaac Newton Trust, spoke positively about the development. "We would like to see an increasing number of applications from talented students from less advantaged backgrounds. We intend to offer extra financial help to those students who narrowly miss out on a full bursary at present. More students overall will benefit under the new arrangements."

Students who have benefited

from the system previously have expressed delight that the availability of bursaries has been widened. "I wouldn't have been able to come to Cambridge without a bursary," said one second year History of Art student. "It isn't just money in your pocket to be spent frivolously. It pays the college bill directly and anything left over can be used for books and so on."

By 2012, bursary spending at the university will reach £7 million, an increase of £1 million from current estimates. It is estimated that one third of those matriculating in 2008 will be entitled to a bursary.

Oxbridge set still running the show

NORMAN BRADLEY

The dispute about admissions has unsurprisingly drawn fresh attention to the predominance of Oxbridge and private school graduates in British public life.

The Sutton Trust, whose work aims "to challenge educational inequality", has also done research into the educational background of the country's 500 leading politicians, journalists and professionals. The findings highlight what the trust calls "an educational apartheid which blights our system and one in which the profile of our rep-

resentatives in Parliament does not represent society at large."

Amongst politicians, thirty four per cent of MPs holding office in the three main parties were educated at Oxbridge and "of particular note, eight of the 13 Conservative MPs from Eton hold positions within the party." 54 per cent of leading journalists attended independent schools, which account for only seven per cent of all schools. The legal profession had the most Oxbridge graduates. 82 per cent of the UK's leading barristers attended Oxford or Cambridge, as did 81 per cent of judges.

Emmanuel top of the class yet again

» Emma leads Tripos rankings for fourth year in a row as Hughes Hall finish in last place
» Peterhouse to allocate rooms in line with exam scores after poor results

EMMA INKESTER

Emmanuel has come out top again in this year's Tompkins Table, which ranks Cambridge's colleges according to their exam results.

The unofficial ranking, published since 1981, allocates five points for a first class degree, 3 points for a 2.i, two points for 2.ii, one for a third and no points for someone only granted an allowance towards an Ordinary Degree.

Emmanuel separated itself from the field with 29.5 per cent of students gaining firsts, consolidating the lead the college has held since it knocked Christ's from the top spot four years ago. Hughes Hall brought up the rear alongside the other graduate colleges with only 8.9 per cent receiving firsts.

The highest leap was achieved by Downing, which shot up from 11th to third place, and Trinity Hall was one of a number of non-movers, remaining in 16th position. Gonville and Caius experienced the biggest dip, plummeting from second to tenth place. Perhaps the most worrying slide was Peterhouse.

Cambridge's oldest and smallest college has gradually descended from 14th place in 2000 to 25th in the table this year.

Ben Fisher, JCR president at Peterhouse, admitted that this year's performance had "disappointing" but argued that the results of many Peterhouse students fell only a few marks short of the boundary for the next class up. "With just a little more effort, Peterhouse can expect to return to its rightful place as an academically successful college next year."

Documents obtained by Varsity suggest that the college is seriously troubled by its students' poor performance. This year – in a move to counter the "indifferent attitude amongst undergraduates towards academic work", and the resultant threat to "both future applications and fundraising" – the governing body of Peterhouse has offered large financial incentives to the JCR to alter their constitution so as to allocate accommodation based on academic results, rather than by random ballot, for the first time.

TOMPKINS TABLE 2007					
	Firsts (%)	Pos. last year		Firsts (%)	Pos. last year
1 EMMANUEL	29.5	1	16 TRINITY HALL	20.4	16
2 CHRIST'S	28.7	6	17 CLARE	19.4	12
3 DOWNING	25.1	11	18 KING'S	20.9	17
4 SELWYN	23.1	7	19 ST. JOHN'S	18.3	15
5 ST. CATHARINE'S	25.1	3	20 ROBINSON	18.5	18
6 TRINITY	27.6	5	21 GIRTON	15.9	22
7 PEMBROKE	26.6	4	22 NEWNHAM	14.7	23
8 CORPUS CHRISTI	25.9	8	23 NEW HALL	14.4	24
9 JESUS	24.9	10	24 LUCY CAVENDISH	14.8	26
10 CAIUS	24.5	2	25 PETERHOUSE	12.7	21
11 QUEENS'	24.4	14	26 HOMERTON	10.5	25
12 SIDNEY SUSSEX	21.8	9	27 WOLFSON	11.1	27
13 MAGDALENE	20.1	20	28 ST. EDMUND'S	7.4	28
14 FITZWILLIAM	23.6	19	29 HUGHES HALL	8.9	29
15 CHURCHILL	24.9	13			

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In the wake of the giant squid

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CUSU promises to replace axed rape crisis centre

» Victims still phoning unmanned line after pay cuts force closure
» CUSU Women's Officer to set up support service with student help

LISA HAGAN

Cambridge students are preparing to launch a new counselling service for rape victims following the closure of the Cambridge Rape Crisis Centre at the end of August.

The charity, run by a collective of women on a voluntary basis, provided support, advice and information to women and girls who had been raped or sexually abused. The Crisis Centre's services included providing victims with information about STD clinics, doctors, pregnancy tests and medical procedures, explaining legal procedures and accompanying them to the police station. It was forced to end 25 years of service due to cuts in funding and a shortage of vol-



CUSU Women's Officer Elly Shepherd has spearheaded the campaign

LIZZIE ROBINSON

unteers. The Centre's main source of funding was the RAG appeal, which this year did not provide as much funding as hoped for.

A spokesperson for Cambridge police said, "these services are invaluable to victims of sexual assaults. We have worked closely with the centre and the service they offer can be a lifeline to the those who ask for their help."

A spokesperson for Rape Crisis told Varsity that funding problems may claim up to half of their centres in England and Wales within a year. "It's a vital service. Women do need somewhere to turn to where they can talk about it. Police play their part if you report [sexual assault], but they are not a counselling service. The long term

ramifications can take a very long time to get over."

Elly Shepherd, the CUSU Women's Officer, called the centre's closure a "frightening" prospect. "I don't think it's acceptable for Cambridge to be without a rape crisis centre," she said. "Rape and sexual assault happens within the 'Cambridge bubble' and we need this service to support survivors. What particularly concerns me is that the people affected by this can't shout about it and protest. There are still people calling up and getting no one."

Elly is now working with local and student volunteers to launch a new helpline. "There has been a really big movement to do something about this. Initially the

movement was to raise money to support the old service, but we realised that was unsustainable. We hope to start a more comprehensive rape advice service, whose structures fit in better with local authority funding."

City Councillor Lucy Walker has praised the efforts of Cambridge students. "I applaud the student efforts and commitment to keep the CRCC going. However, I would say that this shouldn't be their responsibility, and urge those in the community, especially the council, to rally round."

CUSU's new helpline will be officially launched at a special event on November 19, which will feature readings from Ali Smith and other writers.

84

Rape crisis centres in
England and Wales in
1977

32

Rape crisis centres in
England and Wales
today

Heat is off as kitchen row bubbles over

JAMES SHEPHERD

A rush by colleges to get facilities into line with health and safety requirements ahead of council inspections has left many students forbidden the use of their own kitchens.

King's college removed hobs and ovens from all gyp rooms over the summer and replaced them with combination microwaves. The Council says that it is acting under the Housing Act 2004, which classifies all colleges as "houses in multiple occupation". Under the terms of the Act, Colleges must obey certain rules designed to safeguard the occupants of the household. This includes limits on what equipment can be present in gyp rooms. The

news comes at an especially tense time in College-undergraduate relations, just as King's is attempting to change the way in which students pay for their food.

Trinity and Caius have also recently removed hobs from many of their gyp rooms. One third year Caius student said: "It's completely unacceptable. We're already overcharged for rent and meal tickets. Meat and vegetables cooked in those combi ovens are completely disgusting and devoid of nutrients. Yesterday I even had to use a kettle to steam my broccoli!"

Queens' College have fitted gyp rooms hobs with timer switches. The Junior Bursar says, "we saw the problem coming and found a different way to mitigate the fire risk."



Ready meals are the order of the day after kitchen clear-out

LIZZIE ROBINSON



Caius

Dr Scavage

Spies hear that an eager PhD archaeologist has been roaming the highways of Cambridge at witching hour, collecting the remains of hapless road kill. Unbeknown to his bedder, the lanky carcass enthusiast returns in the early hours to his grim college lodgings, where he takes a perverse pleasure in the skinning of our furry friends. Allegedly he intends to cruise up the Cam in a boat crafted from the furs of these creatures. Readers should be wary of Hart-Davies lookalikes with bloody-thirsty tendencies...

USA

Land of the free

One of Cambridge's more licentious progeny has spent the summer on a sexual rampage spanning the length and breadth of the United States. One of the many ill-advised sexual encounters which punctuated this dissolute roadshow took place outside a Washington DC gay bar. "I was accidentally penetrating someone from El Salvador, and the next thing I knew I was being arrested for indecent exposure," he bleated. Although he was arrested, he was, to his disappointment, not held. On another distasteful occasion this wanton individual was viewed by over 6,000 people as he copulated on a balcony. Our spies are told that he recieved a warm reception in New Orleans, where this latter incident occurred.

TCS

Unauthorised entry

Security guards were alerted to the presence of a burly and sexually deprived intruder in the TCS offices over the holidays. TCS having splashed out on a new office, ur thick-set friend was apparently unable to contain his excitement and was determined to baptise them. Rushing to the scene, a security guard (let us call him Clement) reported moral outrage upon finding the troubled individual freely indulging himself amidst a plethora of internet downloads, the nature of which cannot be revealed in a polite publication. the intruder went on to admit that such behaviour was hardly surprising in such a setting. Clement finished his tale by relating how the self-pleasuring marauder ran off so fast he had no chance of detaining him in order to press charges.

Caius

Cox out in the cold

Caius left a promising fresher cox high and dry in favour of putting up conference guests, it was alleged to a spy this week. The fresh-faced diminutive supposedly begged his college to provide him with a bed but Caius, one of the richest cambridge colleges, mercilessly refused. Apparently, the youngster has been sandwiched between migrant workers in cramped rooms ever since.

SPS graduate stands for Labour in local seat

THOMAS MCGEE

Peter Roberts, a postgraduate student at the faculty of Social and Political Sciences, has been selected as Labour's new candidate for the North East Cambridgeshire seat. The twenty-four year old Girton resident is preparing to stand in the next general elections and cites 'representing young people' as one of his main aims.

If he wins, Peter Roberts will become one of only two MPs under 30. He thinks that he can bring "new ideas and energy" and accuses the current MP, Malcolm Moss, of 'resting on his laurels'.

When it comes to education, Mr Roberts tows the party line. He calls top-up fees a "necessary evil", arguing that "if we want to get fifty per cent of the population through

"Top-up fees are a necessary evil. If we want to get fifty per cent of the population through university, we have to fund it, and the tax payer doesn't want to."

university, we have to fund it, and the tax payer doesn't want to." Wisbech Grammar School is located in North East Cambridgeshire and when questioned about selective state schools he says that they "should be neither expanded or abolished."

In response to Cambridgeshire's Chief Constable, Julie Spence, who recently called for more police officers in order to deal with an influx of migrants to the area, Roberts is keen to give a balanced view: "People want to see the negative in immigration but you have to see the positive. Immigrants often work in a multitude of jobs which English people don't want to do."

Mr Roberts acknowledges that his studies have been helpful for a political career but stresses that "it is important to remember that standing for a Parliament is not an academic exercise." He emphasizes the necessity of hard work and dedication to those who live in the area and cites his experiences within Tower Hamlets' Borough Council and his work for MPs as more important qualifications for the position. "Campaigning on issues of importance to the local community gave him the opportunity to help with solving people's problems, often in some of the most deprived areas in Britain."

Historically a mainly Conservative seat, North East Cambridgeshire has been a secure hold for Tory Malcolm Moss ever since he became the constituency's MP in 1987. At the 2005 election Moss secured a majority of nearly 9,000 and a swing from Labour of 2.1 per cent. UKIP and the Liberal Democrats also made gains at the government's expense.

But Mr Roberts refuses to be downbeat about Labour's potential in the next elections: 'my chances are the same as every other candidate as no votes have been cast yet! The electorate soon becomes disillusioned if politicians take their votes for granted. I'm committed to working as hard as possible for local people, and it is up to them to decide whether they want me as their local representative.'



COURTESY OF ITV LOCAL NEWS

Scenes of terror as aliens invade Churchill

An innovation fair held on the 5th September at Churchill College features a hover craft that, once fully developed, will be used to take pictures of road traffic accidents

Goldie cracks old code

ALEX CLYMO

An encrypted 3,300 page eye-witness account of life in Restoration England has been cracked by a team of academics. The diary, written by 17th Century Cambridge alumnus Roger Morrice, was published for the first time this August.

Spanning the years from 1677 to 1691, the diary covers the reigns of Charles II and James II, and the events of the "Glorious Revolution" which heralded the start of English parliamentary government. The diary, titled "Entring", is now being considered as a rival to writings of Samuel Pepys as an account of life during Restoration Period.

But despite the text's obvious importance it has lain nearly forgotten in London's Dr Williams library for almost 300 years. All previous attempts to use Morrice's work have been thwarted by the fact that he coded 40,000 of his words in an attempt to protect himself. Morrice was a strongly anti-Catholic Puritan and anti-Tory who may have been passing information to senior figures opposed to Stewart rule. The transcription has taken seven years, and the team, led by Cambridge historian Mark Goldie, had to recruit an expert on 17th century shorthand to help decipher the text.

It is hoped that the diary will enhance our understanding of the

period, as Morrice's account of 17th century life contrasts starkly with Pepys'. Pepys was optimistic after the restoration of the English monarchy while Morrice felt that life under Charles II lacked the morals of the previous Cromwellian regime and feared a Catholic counter-reformation.

But Dr Goldie claims the book's appeal lies in more than its potential to illuminate 17th century political history. "It also covers publishing, plays, business, military and religious matters. We hear about foreign affairs, public opinion, London life, gossip and rumour, plays and coffee houses, books and censorship."

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»**Arts** Singing the praises of evensong

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OBITUARIES

Professor John Crook

» Outstanding classical scholar whose spell as a POW interrupted his Cambridge degree

PETER LINEHAN
Dean of St John's College

With the ever-open door of his college rooms providing a warm welcome to generations of current and non-resident members of St John's, for more than fifty years John Crook was as integral a part of that institution as the Bridge of Sighs. The open door was a tutorial habit, part of the Cambridge culture that preceded the age of stolen laptops. (Not that the Crookery would have proved profitable in that respect. It was with a fountain-pen, itself a reluctant concession to modernity, that he wrote his annual Christmas letters to scores of former pupils.)

Old pupils (as well as the old pupils of others) and old friends from all over the world who scaled the precipitous staircase to those rooms were just two of his constituencies; from his election as a fellow in 1951 until just last year the College Classical Society regularly met there. Abstemious by nature, he was generosity personified, with seemingly endless time to spare for junior colleagues and graduate students for whom he had no formal responsibility, reading and criticising successive drafts of their dissertations. Beneath a sometimes curmudgeonly exterior, he was expert at doing good by stealth. The college staff had a particular place in his affections, and he in theirs, as was testified by the number of them who visited him in hospital during his final days and attended his packed funeral in the College chapel.

Crook's early career as a South London boy and the only child of parents of limited means affords a wonderful case-study of the social mobility then provided by a schol-

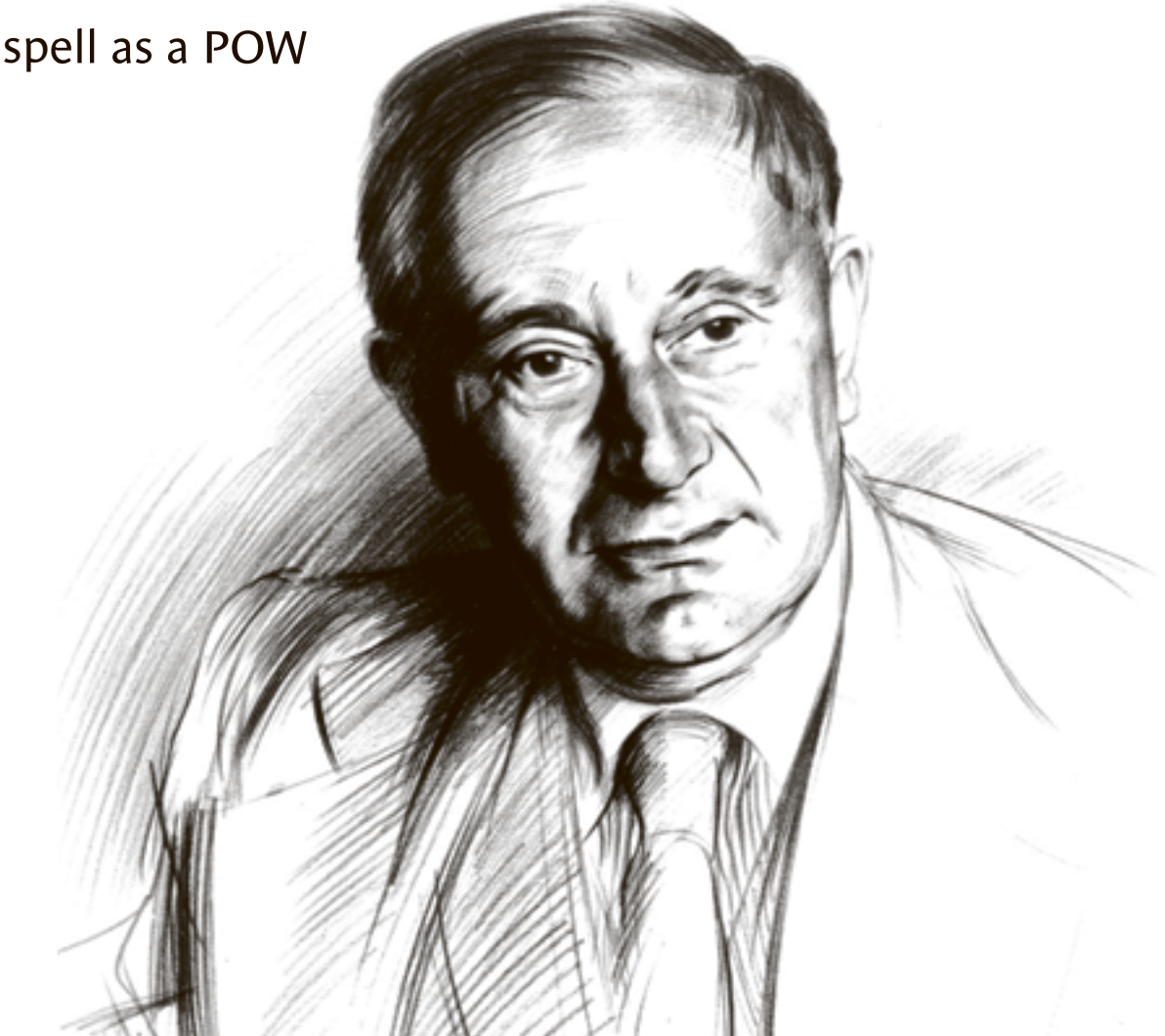
arship system since sacrificed by the old universities and successive governments on the altar of social something-else. Coming up to St John's in October 1939, he took a first in Part I of the Classical Tripos before being drafted as a private into the 9th Royal Fusiliers and serving in the Middle East and North Africa before he was captured on landing in Italy.

His rueful account of that incident, and of the surrender of his platoon after the providential concussion of his gung-ho colonel sold on death or glory, revealed Crook the anecdotalist at his best, as did that of his time as a prisoner-of-war in Silesia. Here he acquired fluent German, taught languages to other prisoners, and perfected his remarkable skill on the clarinet (the instrument his father, a military bandsman, played). His description of Stalag VIIIB as a prison out of which it was possible to climb and, after spending the night with local girls, knock for readmission with the milk, made the place sound more like a Cambridge college of the 1950s than Colditz. The end of that stage of his life was less of a joke, however. Liberation by the Russian army and the forced march westward to Berlin resulted in the death of many of his comrades.

After completion of the Tripos with a starred first and all the highest academic awards and honours, a year in Oxford and a spell at Reading, in 1951 he returned to Cambridge as a research Fellow of St John's where the influence of Martin Charlesworth was largely responsible for shifting the focus of his classical interests from philosophy to history.

In the college he was successively Tutor, Praelector and President, and in the Faculty ascended from an assistant lectureship to the Chair of Ancient History, which he occupied from 1979 to 1984. He was elected Fellow of the British Academy in 1970, resigning in 1980 in protest at the failure of that body to expel the spy and traitor Anthony Blunt.

This is not the place to attempt to describe the special merits of Crook's published work, and above all of his Law and Life of Rome (1967), which ought to be familiar enough to those entitled to enter-



Professor John Crook

JOHN EDWARDS. COURTESY OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE

tain an opinion of it. Law was no guide to Life, he insisted, taking as a contemporary example the widespread disregard by Cambridge cyclists of the rules laid down by the authorities. He vigorously championed the status and the calling of advocates (and rhetoric) as opposed to jurists (and jurisprudence).

To an unusual degree, the authentic voice, colloquial yet elegant, was audible in the printed word. I suspect that, like FW Maitland, before committing anything to paper he *listened* to it. This would be consistent with the number of tributes the college has received since his death from students of the 1960s and seventies to his excellence as lecturer. As became the expert on rhetoric, especially forensic rhetoric, who was heard to describe academic life as part of the entertainment industry, use of gesture, movement and facial contortion as well as voice,

gown and an impeccable sense of timing, enabled him to capture and hold an audience where, in the big lecture room at Mill Lane (Room 3), he would invariably have a full house at 9 am.

He was neither old-fashioned nor fashionable. He had visited Australia and South Africa, and in both countries was lionised, but sometimes wondered whether it was a cause for regret that he had never crossed the Atlantic. For him, the greatest change in Cambridge during his lifetime had been, not the admission of women (which he strongly championed) but the lowering of the age of majority.

It was reported of another ancient historian of the same vintage and Oxford pedigree, Peter Brunt, sometime Senior Bursar of Caius, that, "mildly teased on one occasion for his instinctive counter-suggestibility, he firmly rejected this idea too."

Likewise John Crook, who could only be persuaded to agree to a proposition by the promotion of its opposite. Thus, if you wanted him to come to a party with undergraduates (at which he would be wonderful), you had to say: "John, you don't want to be bothered with a lot of undergraduates, do you?" "Of course, I'll come" he would respond, bridling. Piece of cake.

It is not as widely known amongst classical undergraduates as it should be that the question expecting the answer "No" was actually invented by John Crook.

As was said of the man at the end of the Hardy novel, John "was a good man who done good things." His death, which occurred at Addenbrookes Hospital on 7 September, leaves a huge void in the college he loved and in the affections of all those, there and much further afield, who loved him. He was 85.

"He made Stalag VIIIB sound more like a Cambridge college of the 1950s than Colditz"

Alistair Peach

VICKI MANN

Sidney Sussex begins the new academic year in mourning following the tragic death of a much-loved student. Alistair Peach, who was due to start his third year of the Engineering Tripos, was killed in a car accident near his home in Barningham, County Durham, less than a fortnight shy of his 22nd birthday.

The many tributes left on a Facebook group set up in Alistair's memory remember a warm, fun-loving person who always had a smile for everyone.

Affectionately known simply as "Peach" by his peers, he played an active part in college life. He was, amongst other things, an enthusiastic member of the May Ball commit-

tee and had recently been elected Secretary of the Boat Club.

Peach's antics made him the darling of the college gossip column, and his absence will be particularly evident at college bops and boat club dinners.

The statement issued by Professor Dame Sandra Dawson, the Master of Sidney Sussex, echoes the sentiments of the college community: "Alistair was a well-known and greatly respected student within the Sidney community. He will be greatly missed. Our thoughts and prayers are with his parents, sister and extended family."

A memorial service to celebrate Alistair's life will be held on the evening of Tuesday October 9, at 7pm in Sidney Chapel.



Alistair Peach

PHOTO WITH PERMISSION FROM HARRIET ELDRED



Natalie Woolman

Thrown in at the deep end

Pooled students are no less successful than anyone else

Students in the UK are approaching one of the most crucial political crises in their recent history. The current Higher Education funding regime is coming up for review, and in all likelihood the current cap on top-up fees will be lifted. Vice Chancellors, New Labour ideologues and representatives of big business like Digby Jones (now an unelected member of Brown's government) are clamouring for a profit-driven model for HE: for universities to be funded almost exclusively by student fees, and for the doors to be thrown open to private sector involvement. The events of this coming year will be vital in deciding whether or not we can become strong enough to stop the massive changes the government wants to bring about in HE: gutting 'unprofitable' courses, eroding internal democracy and job security for teachers, and driving students into bad housing and worse jobs.

But look at the recent NUS conference and you would hardly realise any of this was happening at all. Once again, the NUS leadership voted against a national demonstration against fees, against a call for free education, and against any programme of joined-up political action on the national level. Bureaucrats like VP Wes Streeting, rather than calling for mass action, seemed to believe that the best way to win these battles was for them to meet ministers behind closed doors in semi-secrecy and talk them around, using what NUS National Secretary Stephen Brown described as "sophisticated lobbying techniques". So, power-point slideshows.

What the pathologically timid careerists of the NUS elite fail to realise is that we aren't engaged in a debate with the government. They have made their mind up. They made their minds up ten years ago, when fees first came in. They have an army of civil servants researching the ramifications of this policy. Bill Rammell or Gordon Brown haven't blundered innocently like clumsy toddlers into introducing a disastrous funding regime, bless them. They have their agenda, just as we have ours. They want to wreck HE, and make it more friendly for PFI-style initiatives, more geared towards business interests. The only thing which will stop them is massive pressure from below, from teachers, students and university workers. Not vain, limp attempts at "debate", not "slick lobbying techniques", but strikes, demonstrations and occupations. We have nothing to say to the government: we need to force their hand.

If we want to save HE from privatisation by stealth; if we want to defend the principle of university education as a right, not a privilege to be bought; if we don't want ourselves, our courses and our teachers to be subordinated to the discipline of the market, then we have to prepare, campus by campus, for mass action. We need to rebuild NUS as a force which will fight for students' interests. We need to learn lessons from the CPE movement in France; we need to link up with the unions; we need to take matters into our own hands, we need to be activists.

Ed Maltby is a member of Education Not For Sale

It seems I have a dirty little secret. It goes everywhere with me at university. Occasionally it announces itself loudly at a formal and others blush. I have had enough of it so I am, once and for all, going to let it out. I didn't apply to my college. I was pooled there.

I understand that I may have lost readers after my introductory paragraph. After all, this statement could be viewed as an admission of my inferior intellect, college, and, hell, probably my inferior personality as well. But at this moment, the beginning of my final year at Cambridge, it is time to address the snobbery surrounding the pool and us poor "pooles" who clambered in by some Christmas miracle on King's Parade. From the downward glances, the vapid comments about the benefits of a "good walk" and the outright scoffs I have received over the last two years, most visions of the pool seem to include my kindred and I being washed up from the murky depths of the Cam, smothered in the green slime of our substandard essays.

The procedure for Cambridge admissions is clear: in whichever college or faculty one's interest may lie, the sole criterion for entrance is a candidate's perceived academic potential. Frustrating for those with three county hockey caps tucked inside their UCAS forms, but a blessing for those statistical analysts among us who are trying to make sense of matriculation stats using only GCSE maths and a red pencil. And since it's the academic stuff they're interested in, there can only be one true measure of the success

of once-pooled students: their Tripos results. So here come the figures.

May the following paragraph confound disbelievers and be pinned to the banks of the Cam for future wash-ups to cling to. Dr Hilarie Bateman, New Hall Admissions Tutor, has discovered that "average Baxter scores for Part II exam results (for 2000-06) show no significant difference between those admitted to their first choice and those admitted via the January pool." This pattern is true across both arts and science subjects. Additionally (and these fifty words are for all you chirping cynics), University Director of Undergraduate Admissions Dr Geoff Parks, having conducted a statistical study of engineering examination results based on five years' worth of data gathered during his tenure as Engineering subject convener, has found that the difference between pooled and direct-entry candidates is "negligible". A clear bill of academic health, then.

Yet I doubt this conclusion will entirely tackle the brand of snobbery most commonly associated with the pool, that of inter-collegiate rivalry.

My statistics on individual pooles is all very well, but few would contest the idea that on occasion "very good" colleges get very good students through the pool. Sometimes, that is: the "odd one", where there are "special circumstances", a candidate who was running a temperature of 104 at the initial interview. Colleges

that are made up of twenty, thirty, even fifty per cent pooled students are just plain suspect, right? It was time for my graphics calculator/red pencil combo once more.

By ranking the colleges in ascending order based on the percentage of offers that were made through the winter pool, and comparing the resulting list with the Tompkins Table valid for that intake, I explored the hypothesis

that colleges with a greater number of pooled candidates would flounder with Tompkins, the presumption being that these colleges have a lower standard of applicant, hence their fishing around in the pool, and that they therefore take the chaff with the wheat. But no such relationship was evident from the two charts. I present the most startling individual case I could find that proves the pool to be an insignificant factor in college

examination success. In the 2005-2006 admissions cycle Clare was the only college not to offer any places through the pool, meaning that that year group were all first-choice applicants. The first year that these students sat Tripos exams on behalf of their college was 2007. In the 2007 Tompkins Table (insert drum roll here), Clare College took seventeenth place. This was below both Fitzwilliam and Churchill, in thirteenth and fourteenth places respectively, who made thirty-two and twenty-four per cent of their offers through the 2005 pool. I admit that there may be other confounding circumstances but the pattern, or non-pattern as the case apparently is, remains clear: the percentage of pooled candidates does not affect college ranking. Indeed, if you care to look, the Tompkins Table dispenses with a number of inflated college myths.

At a formal last year I told the person sitting next to me which college I was at, to which he immediately offered the query, "Oh, and where did you *actually* apply?" Since then, I have wondered whether he was casting aspersions on my college, my loyalty to it, or simply my academic competence. I only wish I had had my college scarf and this barrage of statistics with me. I could have taken my lead from the "top". CUSU President Mark Fletcher once regaled open-day applicants with the virtues of Jesus College, where he was JCR President, before revealing he hadn't applied there. Oh God, now his secret has slipped out too.



Robert Stagg

Bored of McEmpathy

The welcome death of mawkish sentimentality

After weeks and months of speculation, perhaps we might be granted a momentary pause in the aerial bombardment of "Madeleine" stories shelled out by the British newspaper business and ingested whole by a credulous readership. Equally, we might not. For it's only when a story has had itself juiced until the pips squeak that we can receive the maudlin analyses offered to us by "social commentators". What does this all *mean*, we are ordered to ask, as though it isn't all elementary and obvious. Is this a *sign* of some trend we've all missed (of course, some of us weren't looking)? Idle talk has centred on whether this may even be (whisper it) a *new dawn*.

The gargantuan pulping of what used to be known derisively as "human interest stories" seems to have reached its summit in an unusually readable article by India Knight in The Sunday Times a couple of weeks ago. Donning her best tone of concern and imbuing her prose with a frown or two, she gave a vigorous finger-wagging to all those who dared to indulge in lazy speculation about the McCann's innocence or guilt on internet sites. Oh, and all the feverish citing of "close friends" and "trustworthy sources" in

newspapers is quite alright.

But Ms Knight, after having fretted herself silly for a good 1500 words on all those abhorrent individuals libelling in their lunch breaks, then decided that this all *means something*. She even took to shortening her sentences in an effort to be the medium for this great epoch in man's history. For she had decided that the McCann case marked "the death of empathy". Leaving aside questions over whether an abstract noun can really expire all that fast and all that suddenly, Ms Knight really can't make such a large claim for herself. Sure, the article was bris-

"Empathy is the name for the saps who took a day off work to trudge dutifully after a princess' coffin."

ting with "maybes" and "ifs" and enough qualifications to set up an exam board, but the whole piece had an air of certainty about it.

The esteemed columnist didn't take a minute out of her breathless huff at unkindness to consider whether this "death of empathy" is anything but a minor apocalypse. But "empathy" has become a more pleasant synonym for "vicarious experience", the concept that we can *actually feel* the thoughts and feelings of other human beings before we roll over and head back to sleep again. Empathy is the name for the poor saps who took a day off work to trudge dutifully after a princess' coffin.

Empathy applies itself selectively, too. The "Great British Public" (as it's taken to calling itself) has no patience with those courageous individuals who, every day and of their own decency, suppress their attraction to young children. It does, however, make a lot of time for pretty dead girls. The endemic fetishisation of children must be neutered by a pathological hatred of that necessary villain: the paedophile.

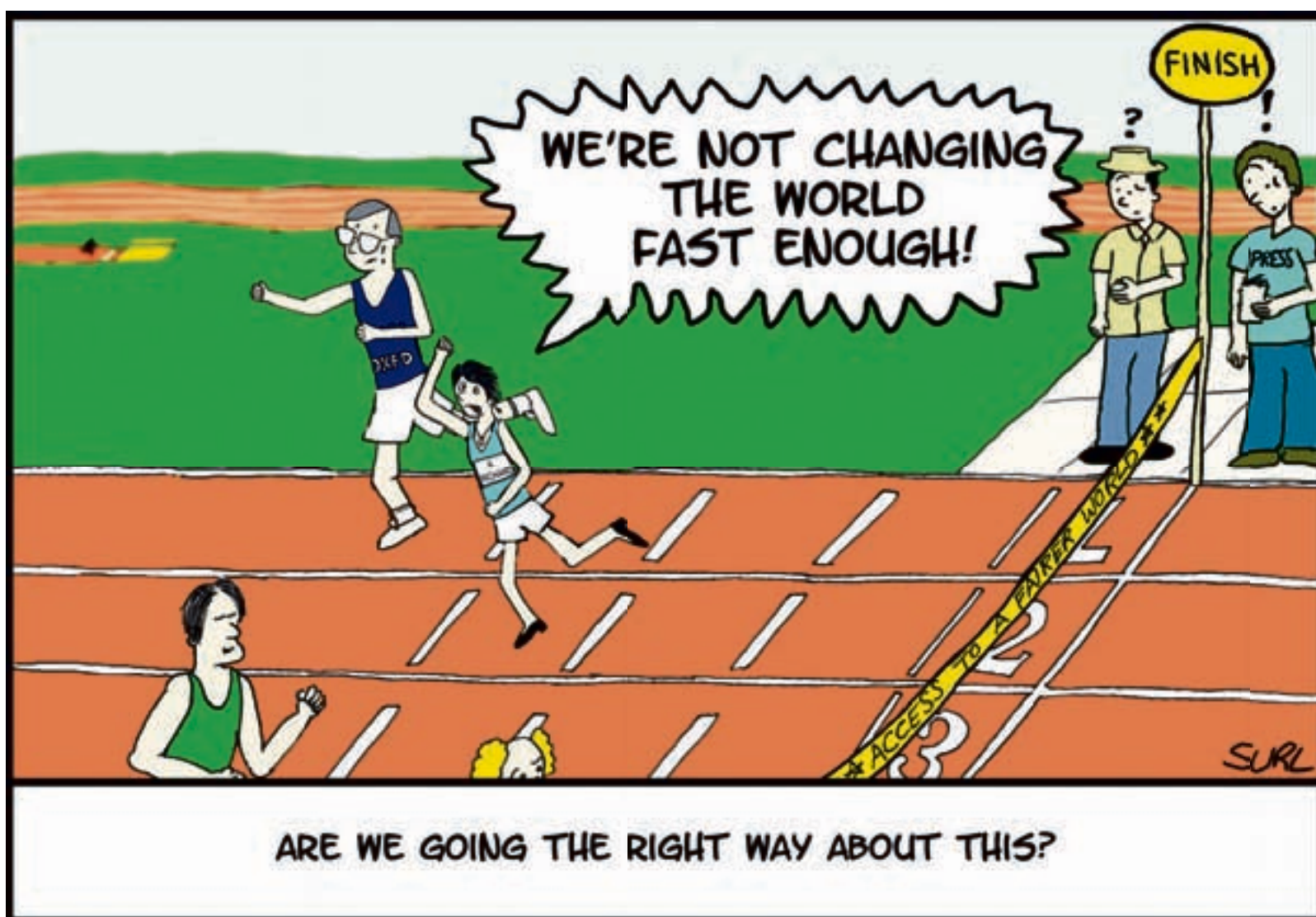
Empathy does not cut both ways. A lingering distrust for those who earn less than oneself must be offset by a fawning sympathy for the likes of Diana Spencer, a woman who operated under the sinister and oxymoronic title of "The People's Princess". This would seem to rebut, if not

refute, Matthew Parris' typically overblown prophesy that empathy is a tool of the working class – and one which the ruling class has sought to blunt with its scorn and its bile.

Well, I take no issue with scorn and bile as suitable implements to hack away at an idiotic and hurtful concept, and "empathy" is just that. The creepiness was ratcheted up yet further by Gerry McCann in his star appearance at the Edinburgh Television Festival, when he bleated about a feral and brutalising media which was failing to gulp down his and his wife's story as it was being dictated to them by "Team McCann". Perhaps his ex-government spokesman and Pinochet-defending lawyer can help instil a touch more "empathy" in their response.

The spirit, if not the letter, of "empathy" was tellingly defined by Mother Teresa in this gush of literary confusion: "Smile at each other...and that will help you to grow up in greater love for each other." It's that kind of directionless, damaging nonsense which we can all wave goodbye to.

Empathy: RIP.



As the implausibly fresh-faced, nervously laughing cliques of leavers-'07-hoodie-sporting first years converge upon Cambridge this week, I have for them an alarmingly paternal word of advice. Every year they are unleashed upon their various freshers' fairs like over-eager contestants of *Dale Winton's Supermarket Sweep*, dashing determinedly clockwise, stuffing greedy pockets indiscriminately with flyers and freebies, all the while absent-mindedly nursing cramping wrists from earnest e-mail address scribbling, in a vague yet frantic bid not to be 'left out'. It is, however, very often the case – even more so if you are able to conjure up a sharp mental image of David Attenborough – that the hunter becomes the hunted. For my part, my fresher naivety in striding past a group of wide-eyed and marauding females to scrawl my particulars ostentatiously in a vacant corner of the boat club mailing list under the manfully approving stare of its gigantic American graduate attendant – I'll be the first to admit – was considerable. Not as considerable, however, as my suffering, when I found myself only the next week obliged to raise myself from the depths of my bed, at hours and temperatures the existence of which I had not previously been aware, in order inexpertly and repeatedly to yank an increasingly weighty oar in the general direction of my increasingly conspicuous nipples. Similarly,



Ed Cumming

An unsurprising elite

In a meritocracy the best schools get the most places

I don't know why anybody is surprised that the best-qualified students are offered places at the best universities.

With the hand-wringing surrounding the Sutton Report's statistical demonstration that students from elite schools filling the elite universities, you might think that people had forgotten that our higher education is, at its pressure points, supposed to be meritocratic. Oxford and Cambridge take the best people they can get according to their own criteria for selection, which, using A-levels as the baseline, take into account grades, tests and the interview. The success of the system is borne out by the continued desirability of Oxbridge graduates as employees.

It is a set-up both more comprehensive than the standard UCAS procedure and more weighted towards students at the best schools. To look only at A-levels and personal statements would be to favour those at the lower end of the scale. The interview, on the other hand, rewards students raised in the classic public school tradition, of noisy debate, callous put-downs and a casual disregard for the supposed limits of the syllabus. They favour the bold, the articulate and the conversationally adept, as well as those whose knowledge of a subject goes far beyond that which is required for an A-grade. Funnily enough, these are all characteristics which help people get ahead in the wider world, particularly the high-end professions – banking, law, the media – many of whose employees are supplied by Oxbridge.

And where the top schools foster talent and ambition, our lesser institutions are prone to stifle it. With every facility in place to encourage those from all walks of life to apply, from access schemes to top-up fee exemptions, applications are still frustratingly low. But almost all interpretations of the facts assume that good state-school candidates are being swatted away in favour of some sort of undefined conspiracy involving old school ties and class-based snobbery. This might be because

state-school teachers perceive Oxbridge as an undesirable destination, presumably the result of unfamiliarity with what is, in reality, an inclusive atmosphere. Or perhaps they have just started to buy into their own myths and truly believe that there is no hope for their candidates.

Meanwhile, those from the elite schools admirably strive to rise above the politics of envy and prove their worth. At Westminster

“Where the top schools foster talent and ambition, our lesser institutions are prone to stifle it.”

School the academic norm is increasingly 5 A-levels, almost invariably at Grade A. At Winchester they scarcely bother with the GCSE exams at all anymore, with students taking only the bare minimum required to meet university regulations.

It is true that the best schools find a way around every measure that either Oxbridge or the government dream up to confound their excellence. Good on them. They are, after all, businesses, in a competitive market, offering a first-class education to those either able to foot the fees or bright enough to secure a scholarship.

Yet the Government's approach is directly damaging to children fortunate enough to attend these schools. If applications were done blind, with no heed paid to schooling, then it is likely that 70% or 80% from some of these places would go to Oxbridge, which is far higher than the 40-50% of admission success achieved currently by Westminster School.

The argument goes that Oxbridge takes into account factors which might have held

people back from their true potential, which is all well and good were there any way of measuring which factors hold people back the most. The drive for “equal opportunities” (has there been a more redundant phrase?) access means that Oxbridge are under increasing pressure to reject those who, say, come from good schools but broken homes, over those from comprehensive schools but happy, intelligent, educationally-minded families.

Neither can be absolutely right, but in the continual quest to find the brightest people, Oxford and Cambridge must fight the urge to take people because their background corresponds convincingly with their grades, regardless of how many of their access criteria it might fulfil. The mere presence of private schools is an extension of the free market economy we believe in so strongly. It's not fair, but then neither is the fact that the rich have bigger houses, faster cars, and safari holidays. Given that most parents who pay for school do so with the intention that their children end up at the best universities, it sends out entirely the wrong message if there's any suggestion of punishing them for doing so at the crucial moment.

It is difficult to reconcile this with our hazier concept of an educational meritocracy, but the only sensible solution is to err on the side of excellence, measured by the systems, like A-levels and interviews, that do exist. If this means that Oxbridge ends up taking the entire year from Westminster School, and none from Westminster City, so much the better. The message would at least be a clear one: Oxbridge respects ability, nothing more, nothing less, and regardless of which school you went to.

The problem is that it seems hard to imagine any near-future world where the skills bestowed by our elite schools would fall anywhere near the average or even the higher-end of the average strength of our state schools. The disparity must not be rectified at the expense of our production of talent.

“the manfully approving stare of a gigantic American graduate attendant”

if somewhat less dramatically, the ease with which the smiling proprietor of the “Mexican Soc.” stand managed to secure my signature on the basis that I was unable to locate the Scottish one and this was ‘thee theeng most eclose’ irritates me as much as the constant and aggressive presence of his semi-incomprehensible messages in my inbox. It's not that I doubt that the Society of Historically Inaccurate Tapestry (S.H.I.T.) has “regular socials” and is ‘what you make of it’, nor even that it produces mildly amusing polo shirts; it's just that in a university the name of which can reportedly be found in the entries of many a thesaurus for ‘keen’, it is prudent to dedicate some degree of thought as to where best to divert one's energies. Yet my counsel is not one of determined fun avoidance of the brash eradication of entire Amazonian Rainforest species through a commendable dedication to pencil filing. The realisation of that most coercing of clichés, ‘the best years of your life’, is unlikely to be found in the self-satisfied smirk of a man who has caught a glimpse of his neighbour sheepishly scuttling off to a late-afternoon gathering of the Revelation Rock Gospel Choir through the gap on the window sill between his complicatedly colour-coded collection of antique pencil sharpeners and Artemis, his imaginary friend. My word of advice, then, is disappointingly duosyllabic: balance.

Varsity

Established in 1947
Issue No 659

Old Examination Hall, Free School Lane, Cambridge, CB2 3RF

Presumptuous nonsense

The old stories are bubbling up once more. New year, new Sutton Trust figures, old news. A small number of schools have grabbed a large number of Oxbridge places. Sixth-form students from schools in Wigan and Huddersfield are several times less likely to make it up the greasy Cambridge punt pole, despite having pupils who regularly outperform their Etonian counterparts at A-level.

But we know this. We already knew that some schools, a considerable proportion of them from the private sector, devote a remarkable amount of energy to conditioning a crack team of Oxbridge applicants. And we knew that if you come from a particular educational background you are less likely to end up at an “elite” university. Some schools still measure their success by Oxbridge admissions and for some sixth-formers there is no higher goal. But by focussing so much attention on the pupils of a small number of Oxbridge-obsessed schools it’s easy to forget one crucial fact. Not everyone wants to come here.

Every year, as our admissions figures dominate national headlines once again, we are told that those with an Oxbridge degree will be better placed to secure jobs in the city, the courts, the media... And it is, of course, this same public school dominated media that throws the Oxbridge figures at us again and again, accompanied by a grave confirmation of their importance. But whose obsession is this? The Sutton Trust’s recent figures are for admissions, not applications. Not every student does want to come here, and when someone chooses to apply to a different university it is pretty insulting to assume that the only reason they aren’t aiming at Cambridge is because they don’t think they’ll be able to get in.

The conclusions widely drawn from the Trust’s figures ignore the incompatibility between the list of degrees on offer at Oxbridge and the range of subjects that sixth-formers increasingly choose to study at A-level. Some students might be willing to discover a sudden passion for ASNaC in order to study it at Cambridge, but you certainly wouldn’t come here to get a degree in media studies, sports science or pretty much anything artistic.

We assume that those who don’t come here are being sidelined into a second-class university system, one which will educate them badly and spew them out at the end as less productive members of society. The fact that a university has discarded nail scissors as a valid tool for cutting grass does not mean that it cannot provide a world-class education, and rejecting an elite ethos does not mean a rejection of incisive teaching and serious academia.

Rather than assuming that everyone aspires to a Cambridge place there is a need for some support and respect for those who may have made conscious decisions to look outside, and in many cases beyond, our own self-satisfied system.

Varsity has been Cambridge’s independent student newspaper since 1947, and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge college and to ARU each week.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

letters@varsity.co.uk

Buying back your bike

The Rangers pick up abandoned bikes from around Cambridge. Many of these belonged to students who left Cambridge and abandoned their bikes. These bikes all go to the depot on Mill Road. Where do they go from there? Well, it seems that The Bike Man in Market Square is allowed to pick them up and take them to his warehouse, where he refurbishes and sells them. This is why he always has second-hand bikes for sale. When my bike was removed, I went to try and retrieve it. I had great difficulty doing this, and eventually tracked it down in his warehouse, where he did actually give it back to me. However, during my enquiries at the depot, I discovered that I was not officially allowed to collect my bike from there. Nor are any of the other bike merchants in Cambridge. Seems a little odd, don’t you think? Why should he have exclusive access to this near-unlimited supply of second-hand bikes, allowing him to push the price up? Why can’t individuals and the other merchants collect bikes from there? If other people were allowed access to these bikes, it would be a great boon for all students arriving in Cambridge to be able to get a cheap (or even free) second hand bike.

Name and college supplied

Kept in the dark

I am a second-year undergraduate at Corpus Christi who would like to report the dismay that I and many other ‘Corpuseles’ felt regarding the sudden departure of both Professor Paul Schofield and Sir Alan Wilson, the College’s Senior Tutor and Master, at the end of last year.

Their resignations were reported to students in two short emails, neither of which made much reference to the reasons behind their departure or the process by which they were to be replaced. While many of us expected our JCR representatives

to have been consulted or at least informed, it soon came to light that these decisions took place behind closed doors and that no information was to be provided to undergradu-

ates. For all the complaints that have been voiced, the College revealed only that Professor Schofield left for ‘academic reasons’, while Wilson’s resignation was wholly unexplained.

In this age of top-up fees, of an education that is meant to provide a professional service to paying students, surely this secrecy regarding the figures that control the running of our College institutions is inappropriate. Sir Alan began his term as Master promising Corpus freshers that he would be a guide and companion for them through the years ahead.

Yet, for the majority of us, this was the last that we heard of him before the four-line resignation email that we received in May. Having paid £3,000 a year, the least that students deserve is an accountable administration which provides detailed information and accepts the views of their own representatives with regard to positions that greatly impact upon our University life.

Without conceding too much to the anti-Oxbridge declarations of the tabloid press, this secrecy also suggests the old-fashioned nature of the College administrative system in Cambridge, which in many respects compares poorly to the more open infrastructure of the younger British Universities or the American Ivy League. Reform is desirable and would be in the interest of all who work in this University, not least academics and administrators themselves.

Let us hope that the Corpus debacle may result in such a positive change.

Mike Kielty

A Criminal Closure

According to the Home Office Research and Development Statistics, in 2001/2002 there were 105 recorded sexual offences in Cambridge, a little above the national average for the population size. In 2006/2007 the number is still over the national average. With rape conviction rates at an all time low, it is easy to see why these are often a tiny minority of the real number: victims do not find the emotional stress of going to the police worthwhile.

But that does not mean victims want to stay silent. The Rape Crisis Centre in Leicestershire received 250 calls in one month, while only 10 people went to the police. The importance of helplines, advice centres and shelters cannot be overstated, yet take a look at the rape crisis.org.uk list of centres and there is red box after red box: Hounslow (closed); Milton Keynes (closed); York (closed).

Cambridge Rape Crisis Centre offered comfort and advice, but also information on medical and legal procedures. Like so many other centres, it closed this summer due to a lack of funding and volunteers. Our MP David Howarth, the council and the original centre are working with CUSU to set up a student and community counselling service, but even if the funding issue is resolved, they will still need an ongoing stream of volunteers. Rape is a crime that cuts across every social bracket, every class, age and race, in and outside the Cambridge bubble. If anyone reading this is interested in volunteering then the CUSU women’s officer Elly Shepherd is collecting names. Jennifer Blair, King’s College

Letter of the week will receive a bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants

CONFESS TO

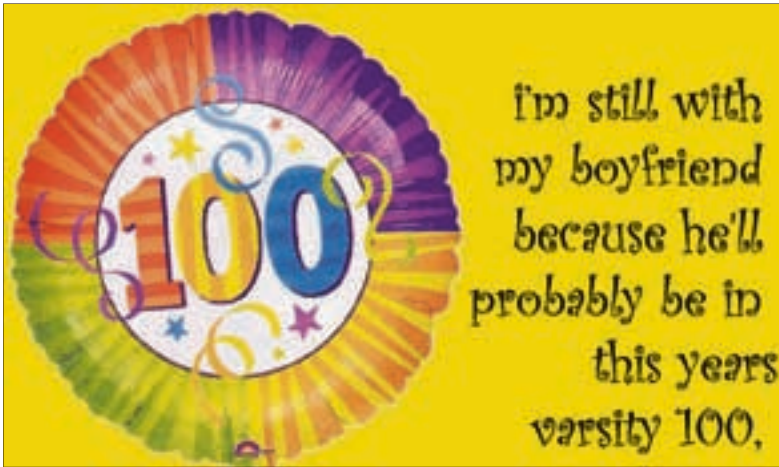
the Bishop of Ely



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A lesson in self interest for the intellectual animal

An espousal of negative liberty is not a mandate to freewheel off into anarchy and disorder. **Arif Ahmed** points out the problems of defining a theory of liberty and issues a warning: Make up your own mind on how you want your freedom to look, but get your facts straight first. Or should that be theories?

The idea seems to have got around that there is something seriously and obviously wrong with negative liberty. Negative liberty means freedom to act without hindrance; those who love it demand a state whose citizens are able to pursue their various ends without government interference or direction.

I have heard it asserted that it promotes selfishness; that it tends towards anarchy; even that it was invented during the cold war by thinkers who denied that humans ever have altruistic or idealistic ends. And many politicians reject a minimalist conception of state activity. Government ministers describe "happiness" as a legitimate political end; even Conservatives say that the state should care less about measurable prosperity and more about "wellbeing". But the philosophical roots of negative liberty are deeper and older than its modern critics think.

There are two opposing philosophical theories of freedom. One view—Kant's—is that when you act freely you are not like an animal: you step back from your own desires or inclinations and are motivated instead by "reason". The idea has some psychological resonance: on occasions when you overcome intermittent impulses to smoke, we naturally say that your "better" or rational part—and not just another desire—is what moves you. On other occasions we say you are "overcome" by desire. It is tempting to think that that isn't just a metaphor.

On this "positive" conception freedom is not doing what you want: it is following the counsel of reason. And if, as Kant thought, reason speaks the same to all men, it follows that all free men will agree on what to do when faced with a given choice. It is therefore compatible with this "positive" liberty that men are forced to act against their own inclinations in favour of social aims, for instance forced not to smoke. Such coercion actually liberates them from the passions that would otherwise enslave them. As Berlin says, this idea animated Jacobins and Communists alike; to see what love of positive liberty can actually justify we therefore need look no further than Soviet Russia or Revolutionary France.

But there is another (I think better) view of freedom. It says that we are really just intelligent animals. Reason alone is impotent; all actions are driven by desires, ultimately irrational biological drives. It is not

that abstention from smoking is free because it especially involves exercise of rationality. Abstention and indulgence are both free: in one case the drive for the drug wins out and in the other case the desire (as it might be) for physical health. This picture owes something to Hume; also to certain philosophers of the French Enlightenment.

But is this really freedom? If drives or appetites produce behaviour, and if these in turn are determined by chemical processes beyond your control, how is behaviour ever more free than when it is instinctive? It is irrelevant that modern quantum theory denies the strict determinacy of physical processes (if it does): if externally determined desires could not generate free actions then neither could they do this if they were random.

Empiricist philosophers—Russell, Ayer, Hume, Locke, and above all Hobbes—have said more than enough to answer this objection, which confuses freedom of the will with freedom of action. It may be true—if it means anything—to say that the will is unfree; it hardly follows that actions are. To act freely is to do what you want because you want to do it. And a free man, as Hobbes says, "is he that is not hindered to do what he hath the will to do." Hence freedom is the freedom to act on your drives, whatever they may be. Since every man has different drives it is therefore inevitable that men in a free society will not normally act on any single common

"We are really just intelligent animals. Reason alone is impotent."

purpose. That is the truth in Mrs Thatcher's remark that there is no such thing as society, only individuals and families.

Now liberty in this sense cannot be untrammelled without so to speak frustrating itself. If I am stronger than you, and if my interests demand the use of your unwilling labour, then complete freedom to pursue my aims will deprive you of yours. The state is there to prevent this: it has a coercive power whose use or threat prevents citizens from compromising one another's liberty.

Thus the universality of freedom places an upper limit on its individual exercise that the state and its agents have the power to enforce. Far from tending towards anarchy, negative liberty demands the existence of strict rules and of a state with power to enforce them.

But it also demands that those powers be limited. For the state has the power to override our ends for its, for instance to direct industrial output in pursuit of a social or economic plan. As well as the guarantor of liberty, the state is the greatest threat to it. The solution is the Rule of Law. It is in Dicey's words the absolute supremacy of regular law as opposed to the existence of arbitrary power; it excludes the existence of arbitrariness, or prerogative, or even of wide discretionary authority on the part of the government.

In effect this means that laws are, or ought to be, a formal and impersonal framework by which government can regulate means but never dictate ends. As Hayek says: "While every law restricts individual freedom to some extent by altering the means which people may use in the pursuit of their aims, under the Rule of Law the government is prevented from stultifying individual efforts by *ad hoc* action." As a safeguard of liberty the principle predates and supersedes democracy; and like those of democracy, Hayek sees its roots in Athens, to whose citizens Solon gave "not so much control of public policy as the certainty of being governed legally in accordance with known rules".

So much for what negative liberty is; why is it a good thing? A society of atomic individuals pursuing various ends might seem like an army without a general. You would have thought that directed and cooperative effort towards a single end is more likely to advance social welfare than free and competitive efforts towards many. Certainly the rationalist philosophers did, e.g. Descartes, who said (in the *Discourse on Method*): "There is seldom so much perfection in works composed of many separate parts, upon which different hands have been employed, as in those completed by a single master... The pre-eminence of Sparta was due... to the circumstance that, originated by a single individual, [its laws] all tended to a single end."

But that is wrong. The great discovery that Mandeville presented with such force (in the *Fable of the Bees*), and then Adam Smith

with such detail and clarity (in *The Wealth of Nations*), was that society's needs are in fact best served by individuals pursuing their own interests in a context of economic liberty and not the perceived needs of society at the state's behest. This is certainly surprising. But what philosophical thesis has history confirmed so well? Western economic growth in the last four hundred years, and the associated rise in living standards—greater by far than what had hitherto occurred in the entirety of history—is owed not to any single social plan or guiding political mind but to economic atoms freely pursuing their interests. It is facile to object that economic growth does not seem to make people any happier. Economic growth makes the difference between being unhappy because famine has wiped out your family and being unhappy because you can't afford a new television.

It is a common misconception that a free society so conceived must be selfish. If each person pursues his own aims and not—except by accident—those of "society", is he not selfish? It is true that eighteenth century writers used phrases like "self-love" or "selfish interests" as catch-all terms for the drives that on the present picture motivate all actions. But that is irrelevant: as far as his negative liberty is concerned it does not matter whether a man's "self-interest" includes, as it normally will, desires for the welfare of others eg his family. What matters is that he can act on these desires to the best of his knowledge and ability. To treat negative liberty as an excuse for egotism is to confuse the truism that your desires always belong to you with the absurdity that they only ever concern you.

Negative liberty expresses a metaphysical theory of freedom. What commends it is the theory that society's ends are best met, not consciously through state planning and intervention, but spontaneously through self-directed individual efforts. Whether these theories are true is an interesting question; certainly I think them closer to the truth than their rationalist competitors. But the current reaction against negative liberty and an atomistic society seems to recognize none of this. It owes more to misunderstanding and emotion than to either reason or experience.

Dr Arif Ahmed is a lecturer in the department of philosophy.



JAMES SHEEDON



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- OCT 17TH** **PERELLA WEINBERG PARTNERS - COMPANY PRESENTATION**
- OCT 23RD** **NOMURA - HOW TO PREPARE FOR INTERVIEWS**
- OCT 25TH** **SEO LONDON - INVESTMENT BANKING INTERNSHIP OPPORTUNITIES**
BATEMAN AUDITORIUM - GONVILLE & CAIUS COLLEGE. 7.15 - 8.30 PM
- NOV 1ST** **OLIVER WYMAN - INTERACTIVE CASE STUDY - "BUILDING A BANK"**
- NOV 1ST** **SCHRODERS** NETWORKING WITH OUR SENIOR MANAGERS AND RECENT GRADUATES
6 PM, THE ROYAL CAMBRIDGE HOTEL
- NOV 6TH** **BARCLAYS WEALTH - DEMYSTIFYING PRIVATE WEALTH MANAGEMENT**
- NOV 8TH** **ALLEN & OVERY - LAW FOR NON-LAWYERS**
- NOV 8TH** **BAIN & COMPANY - WHAT IS STRATEGY CONSULTING?**
RAMSDEN ROOM - ST CATHERINE'S COLLEGE. 12.30 - 2.30 PM
- NOV 13TH** **CITIGROUP - CITI CV ADVICE CLINIC**
- NOV 15TH** **CAMBRIDGE FUTURES NETWORKING SOCIAL @ TABOUCHE**
- NOV 20TH** **BRIGHT FUTURES - HOW TO GET THE PERFECT JOB**
BATEMAN AUDITORIUM - GONVILLE & CAIUS COLLEGE. 7.15 - 8.30 PM
- NOV 24TH** **CAMBRIDGE FUTURES ELECTIONS**
GREEN ROOM - GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE. 1-4PM

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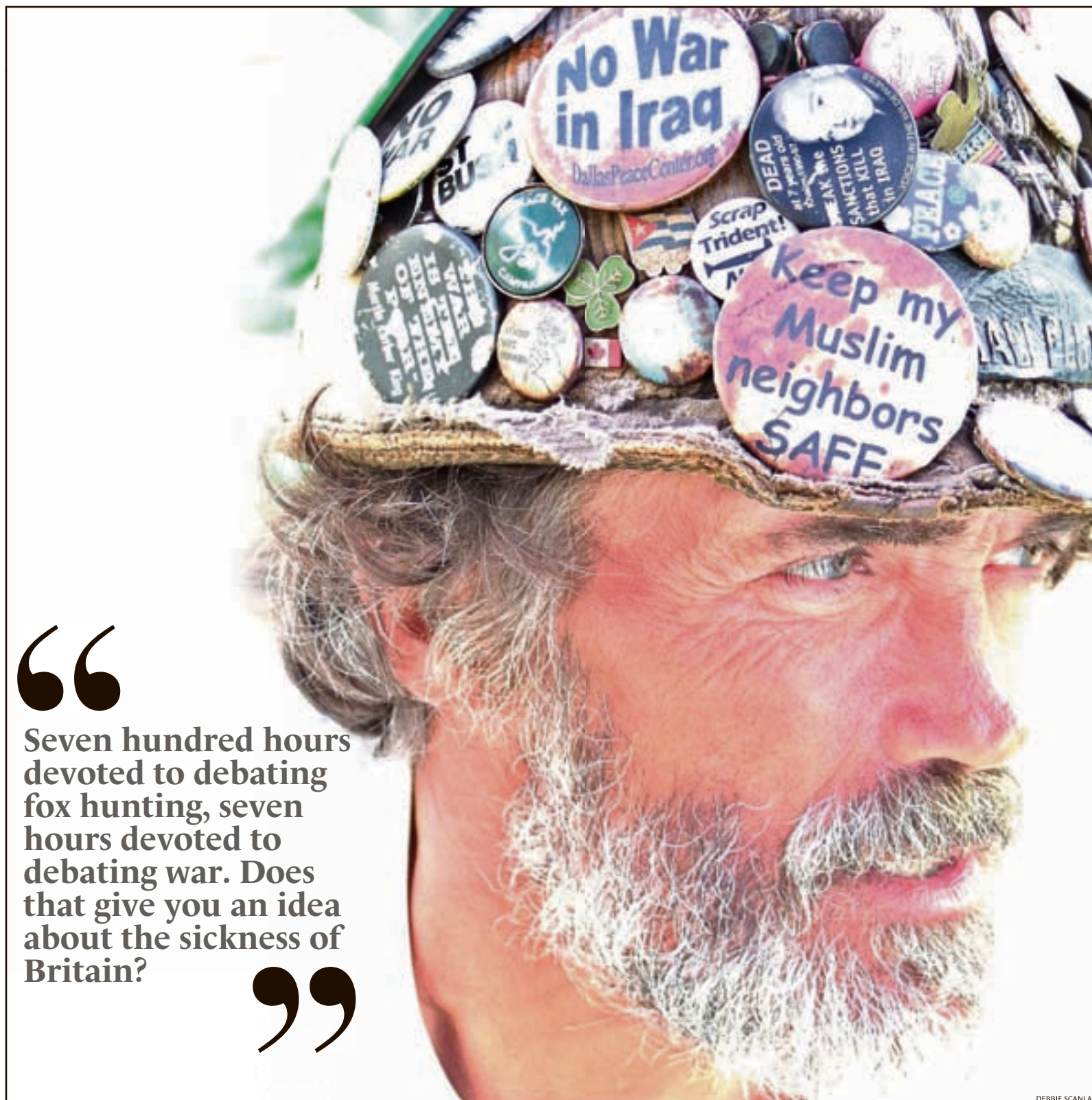
VIEW



EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Shenanigans in the north p24-5

FEATURES ARTS THEATRE FOOD MUSIC VISUAL ARTS FASHION LIFESTYLE LISTINGS



“Seven hundred hours devoted to debating fox hunting, seven hours devoted to debating war. Does that give you an idea about the sickness of Britain?”

The Life of Brian

Brian Haw has been staging a protest against the Iraq war for six years and counting. **Katy Lee** sounds him out at the Haw outpost in Parliament Square.

Brian Haw is the most exhausting man I have ever met. If after reading this you decide to call on him at Parliament Square – his home and workplace – I suggest you set aside a couple of hours for the purpose of your visit. And do not walk into his camp under the naïve impression that you and he are going to have anything that resembles a conversation.

“I love all flowers, don’t you?” he says dreamily. “And wouldn’t it be bad if every flower was a yellow tulip or a red rose? Wouldn’t it be a boring world? Isn’t it beautiful to see all the different flowers?” I have just asked him why more students aren’t out protesting about Britain’s foreign policy in the Middle East. Varsity’s photographer looks on with unabashed

schadenfreude.

Talking to Mr Haw is like talking to a loquacious brick wall; this may well be one of the reasons so many people see him as the voice of the anti-war movement. He may not show much concern for the input of others, but he can certainly talk. Six years of constant struggle for peace have left him angrily eloquent. Squatting

outside his makeshift shelter – which offers a glorious view over the more glamorous turrets of Westminster Palace – I listen to a two-hour tirade in which he berates everything from the ban on soldiers’ blogs to child prostitution in Thailand. His fury, interspersed with sprinklings of Christian

Continues on next page

One Question



Why can’t I ride the Jesus Horse?

KATE MORLAND
Champion Jockey

I don’t like horses. They’re bigger than us, they smell and they have sinister faces which are too long. However, when as a keen young fresher always willing to please I was told that the Jesus bronze horse was strictly forbidden, nothing seemed quite as appealing to me during freshers’ week than jumping on its back and riding that bad boy.

And so the mounting took place after the standard old school bop, with me dressed proudly in my uniform. I was fairly inebriated, and on stepping into first court, there it was, glinting in the moonlight, as if to say “do it fresher”. Riding it felt like I was suddenly free; the wind was blowing in my hair, my navy and yellow striped tie was flying off my neck and the early October night air froze my alcohol-flushed cheeks.

My fun was cut short when I was caught. To be fair, there were porters standing right opposite the horse, and to be fairer, they were waiting for some wayward fresher to ride it. So it wasn’t the most spectacularly cunning plan.

I had been naughty and I was duly punished. Now I know what you’re wondering. Just why can’t you ride the famous Jesus horse? What’s the big deal? Isn’t it just some stubby, green, statue-meets-gnome thing? Well, one year on from that fateful night, I feel I am a so very much wiser, more obedient student.

I have learnt respect during my first year. Respect for my lecturers, respect for my supervisors, respect for my elders, but most of all, respect for that cheeky little Jesus horse. And you should too. The sculpture is worth millions and is quite a work of art (I actually noticed this upon examining its finely carved nostrils). He (I think “it” does not give due reverence) stands upon, debatably, the most manicured lawn in Cambridge. And for the Jesus ball, a glass box is gracefully placed over him for all to see but NEVER to touch.

So I implore you youngsters to have respect for the friendly college horse. Get your kicks elsewhere. Do it on top of John’s chapel.

The Life of Brian. Continued from p13

to child prostitution in Thailand. His fury, interspersed with sprinklings of Christian rhetoric, gives him the demeanor of one of those terrifying preachers you try to avoid on the High Street.

"Seven hundred hours devoted to debating fox hunting, seven hours devoted to debating war," he rages. "Does that give you an idea about the sickness of Britain?" He waves a hand at the Houses of Parliament, a cigarette wedged between two gnarled fingers. "They speak forever and ever in there, but they never speak about the issues that matter."

Haw set up camp at Parliament Square in July 2001. His original focus was UN sanctions against Iraq, but the protest soon expanded to include British and American action in Iraq and Afghanistan. His commitment to the campaign is remarkable – ask anyone who claims to stand against the war in Iraq and the most they'll probably have done is to sign a few petitions or march around London on a Saturday afternoon. Few would think about giving up their job, family and the comforts of indoor life to protest against events thousands of miles away.

Yet it is Haw's fight to keep protesting rather than the protest itself for which he has grown famous. He first attracted media attention in October 2002 when an attempt to remove him by Westminster City Council sparked debate about free speech in Britain. Then his megaphone began to grate on the politicians. "The lives of members of staff are made intolerable by those people baying away, without a crowd to address, merely repeating themselves ad nauseam," complained Patrick Cormack MP. The gripes of tetchy parliamentarians – combined with claims that

permanent protests like Haw's could be exploited by terrorists – resulted in certain provisions being added to the Serious Organized Crime and Police Act 2005. The new law banned all unlicensed protests within a 1km radius of Parliament Square. It was now an offence to protest or even to wear

"They've turned this country into a fascist police state – as long as you keep your mouth shut, you're fine"

an anti-Blair t-shirt without permission in an area that included Downing Street and the House of Commons.

The backlash to this was predictably huge. Commentators from all over the political spectrum condemned the Act as an infringement on people's right to spontaneous protest.

"They've turned this country into a fascist police state," Haw declares. "Provided you mind your own business and keep your mouth shut, you're fine. That lady over there" he nods at a fat woman wielding a pink placard – "is attacked by the police for being in a public place. The only thing that sets her apart from everyone else is that she has a banner. Should that be a reason to attack her violently?"

He is scornful when I half-heartedly suggest there might be some substance to the concerns over security. "Frightened of someone putting a bomb here?" he snorts. "It's all bollocks."

Haw was granted permission to remain at Parliament Square, on the condition that he reduced his sprawling display of battered placards. When he refused to comply, the police launched an elaborate night-time operation to remove the display. A court has now ruled that the conditions imposed on Haw were unlawful, but the display – including a valuable placard by legendary graffiti artist Banksy – remains in police possession. "I'm taking them to court on that one," says Haw. "Police shouldn't steal, should they?"

The current barricade is a shadow of its former tattered glory, but a replica of the original survives in the form of artist Mark Wallinger's installation, State Britain. Harrowing photographs of children horribly disfigured by depleted uranium, placards bearing zealous captions ("Christ Is Risen Indeed!") and lines of grim-looking, paint-splattered children's t-shirts have all been meticulously recreated by Wallinger. The exhibition was viewed by thousands at the Tate Britain and Wallinger has been nominated for this year's Turner Prize for the piece.

If he needed further confirmation of public recognition, it arrived in the form of the 2007 Channel Four Political Awards, where he beat Tony Blair and David Cameron to be named Britain's Most Inspiring Political Figure. While clearly pleased by all the publicity, Haw claims that celebrity status sometimes detracts attention from the real matter at hand.

"Everybody wants to know where I sleep, what I do when it rains, where I go to the toilet," he fumes. (I hurriedly cover my list of questions about where he sleeps, what he does when it rains and where he goes to the toilet.) "Meanwhile the kids don't have clean water. They don't have food. And they're dying like flies."

I have still not decided whether Haw is a saint or a nutcase. He is incoherent, exasperating, quite possibly unhinged – but his courage is unquestionable. The protest has cost him his marriage and regular contact with his seven children. He has been washing in a bucket, sleeping under a tarpaulin and surviving on food donated by supporters for over seven years. And support for his work has by no means been universal – Haw has been assaulted numerous times by ill-wishers, and had his nose broken twice. "Some people will say it goes with the turf," he shrugs. "If you want to be a real Christian, be prepared to be crucified."

I ask, in a very roundabout way, whether he ever thinks the impact of his work might outweigh the sacrifices he has made. He is quick to justify his decisions. "Would I give up seven beautiful, wonderful children?" he snaps. "Would I give up the best lady in the world? I'm here because of my child. I'm here because of my neighbour's child." He lights another cigarette. The sun glints on his badge-covered hat.

"I'm here because I'm a Christian, and a father, and a human being. And somebody who voted for Mr Blair," he adds, "which makes me especially responsible, doesn't it?"

Statistic of the week
The Great Chelsea Dairy Swindle**Mourinho****Milk**

The two biggest stories last week were, of course, the dairy price-fixing scandal that rocked the refrigerated aisle to its humming foundations, and Jose Mourinho's abrupt departure from a bench off the King's Road. But did you know that the money Mourinho received to not manage a West London football club could have bought all Cambridge undergraduates 4200 litres of milk?

Sounds like crazy talk, but it's completely true, and you heard it here first. Cambridge University, according to my researcher on Wikipedia, has 16,295 undergraduates. The dapper Portuguese pikerster was given a reputed £12.5m not to come into work anymore. There is literally no job in the world which you could not pay me £12.5m not to do.

The price of milk at the farm-gate in 2007 is apparently 18p a litre. But those skulduggers and flea-market specialists at Sainsbury's, Tesco's et al have been charging us 56.3p per litre. It really cheeses me off.

So whilst Jose's payoff could have bought each of us 1360 litres of wholesome, energy and puppy-fat providing milk from Sainsbury's (allowing £2 for a Big Issue), if he got off his unemployed bum and went down to the farm, he would be able to furnish every current undergraduate with 4200 litres of delicious cow juice. Just think of the cereal and warm beverages you might complement with all that creamy whiteness.

Just makes you think, doesn't it? And he could do other stuff. For instance, if he got frustrated at the facility of pedestrian travel from Trinity Hall to the Cambridge University Press bookshop, he could entirely fill Senate House Passage with cola-bottle sweets to a height of 2.5m, not allowing for a bulk-buy discount (which he could probably get, all things considered). This is assuming that cola-bottles are 1cm cubed and cost a penny each, and that Senate House Passage is 6m wide and 80m long. Just makes you think.

Adrian Dangerhands

Our survey says...
5 questions we ask everyone

Lydia Rose

4th Year Linguist, Clare College



If I could do anything for you right now, what would it be?

You could install an AGA in my gyp room.

Who are your three heroes?

John Ruskin, Spot the Dog, Anita Roddick.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?

Being awarded 'Badger Of The Year' twice.

(What's a 'Badger'?)

Oh. It's like the St. John's Ambulance version of a Brownie.

Right.

What's your idea of perfect happiness?

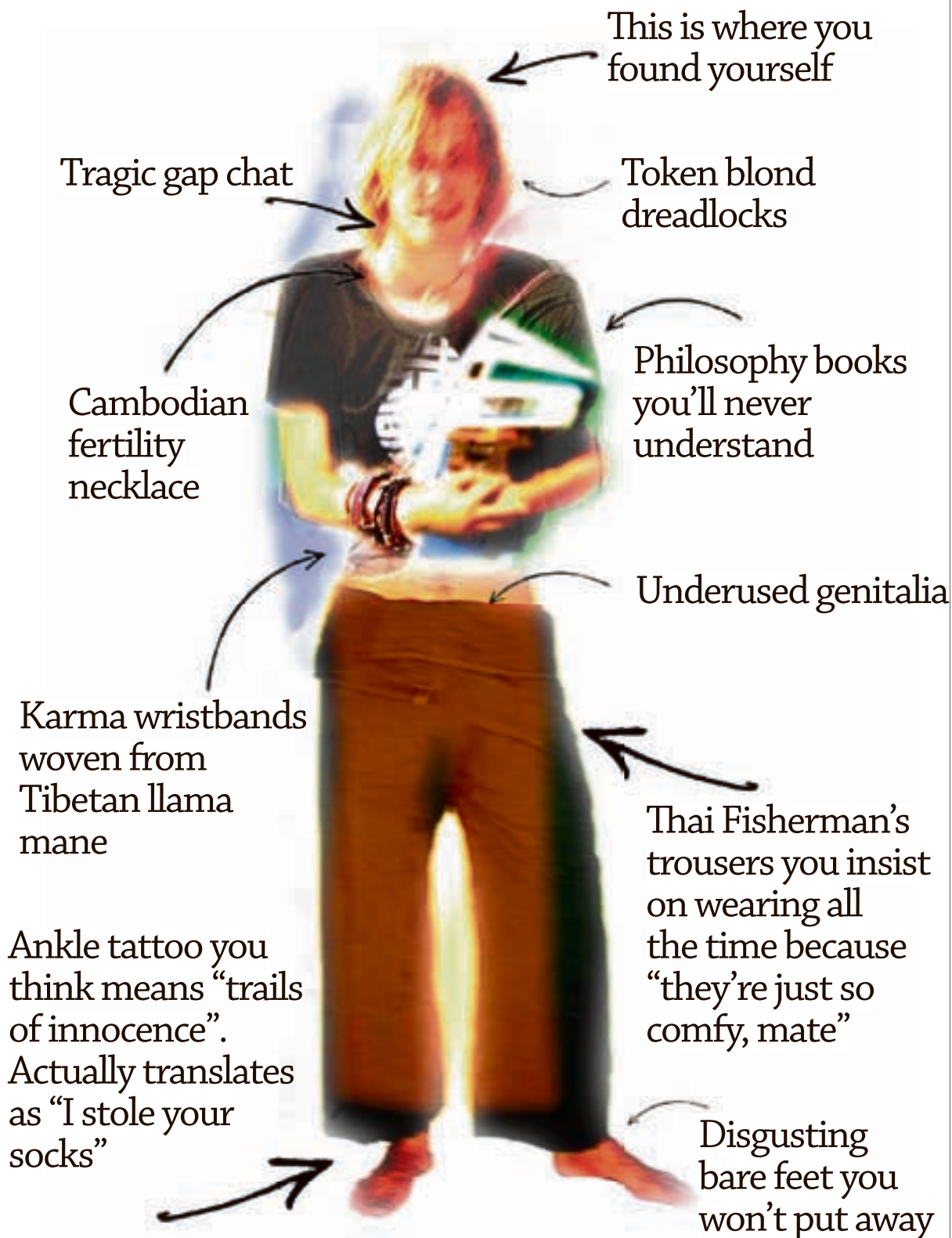
A loaf of Soreen, the Hanson Christmas CD and some babaco juice.

When do you lie?

When my overactive imagination inadvertently spills into my everyday speech. Oh wait that sounds a bit pretentious – that's why I should never be famous and have all those 60 second interviews.



This is You Gap Year Fresher

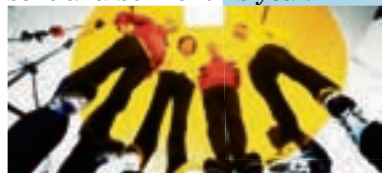


TOM WRIGHT

Going Up Going Down

Puzzle Pop

The Future Of Music. Thank you, Battles. The only essential album of this year.



The Smoking Ban

It's nice not to smoke as much. It's nice that fewer people will drown in their own lung fluid. It's not so nice that nightclubs smell, but that's a bit like complaining that the loo smells of bleach now that the poo's gone.

Good Schools

Despite the government's best efforts, the best people are still going to the best universities, and coming out and fuelling the economy driving New Labour's calcified grip on the Commons. God bless politics.

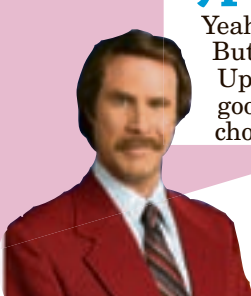
British Summer Humidity

If I wanted to sweat all day, I'd have gone to Turkey, and at least there I'd have been able to enjoy A/C when I went inside, a decent tea and some rugs. I went to Devon instead, and had to wear two t-shirts all week. Thanks, climate change.

Facebook Applications

Facebook, like the young Posh Spice, was beautiful just the way she was. So why on earth did she have to go and get all these crass additions? No, I do not want to play 'Zombies'. No, I do not want to play 'Superpoke'. Jog on, Zuckerberg.

Judd Apatow Hype



Yeah yeah yeah. But is 'Knocked Up' really as good as 'Anchorman'? No.

"Milk was a bad choice"

UndergraduaTelly

We watch TV, so you don't have to.

Welcome to the first in what will hopefully be a happy tradition of guides to that omnipresent minefield of student life-what to watch on the television.

The trick is not how much but *what* you watch. Unless you are a first year studying English or some other frippery, your possible hours for TV are slightly limited. It is also why the student TV columns at other, lesser, universities are granted a much broader critical brush, being able to spend any hours when they're not high on bad drugs or having sex in a wheelie bin plonked in front of the box.

This is why you at Cambridge must get your priorities in order. Top of the televisual tree is obviously *Neighbours*, a programme seemingly designed entirely for those of limited or drink-sodden intellect and a tendency towards low-rent addiction. Lacking the classiness of *Hollyoaks* or the character depth of *Home and Away*, watching the quaint, gently unfolding mischief on *Ramsay Street* is a bit like a four hour bath; quiet, soothing and almost certainly bad for you. This seems particularly true if, like some of those odd, Gollumesque souls inhabiting various day-rooms, you insist on watching it twice in a day. That's right, it is the same episode. They do know what's going to happen.

If on a luxury day you find yourself with a bit longer to spare, why not consider watching the *Look East* news, which segues neatly into *Doctors* or *Diagnosis Murder* with equal panache. *Doctors* is probably better, or worse (the lines are so blurred by now that it doesn't make much difference), but *Diagnosis Murder* has Dick Van Dyke in it, and the Burt the Chimneysweep humour takes a long time to wear thin.

It needs a lot of resilience to see it through to the evening session, but if you manage it then a wealth of rewarding possibilities opens up, chief among which is surely the mighty *Deal Or No Deal*, which is the only occasion on which it is acceptable to watch Channel 4 (otherwise disqualified for having too high an average standard of content).

Deal Or No Deal, aside from anything else, is the only television programme yet which manages to stretch the (arguably simplistic) concept of choosing a random box into an hour-long slot, replete with personal joy and tragedy, four ad breaks and, in each episode, a new twist on the complex relationship between Noel Edmonds and The Banker. The only programmes coming even vaguely close to DOND are the BBC's jaw-droppingly imaginative variations on the National Lottery Draw, currently presented by Dale Winton in a role which could be as effectively, and less irritatingly, performed by Edd the Talking Horse. Or, indeed, Edd the Duck. But they benefit from a wildly more complicated format (six



Noel: Holy Beard

balls! And a bonus! And all the other stuff!) around which to riff the content of the programme.

It is the task of this column to keep you posted on proceedings. Even if you have that vital supervision, or essential lunch, you will not miss a single drop of that delicious BBC manna. It can however be a bit of a minefield, so it is probably wise to suggest a couple of viewing tricks for the uninitiated: 1) As above, DOND is the only permitted Channel 4 programme. The others must all be the BBC. 2) Watching the snooker only counts if you sit through at least 5 straight hours, otherwise you must consider yourself to have merely flicked past it. Snooker is something of a godsend, filling those valuable days between freshers' and fourth weeks quite easily, depending on scheduling. 3) A maximum of one viewing 'buddy' each. Any more and you have a gang, rather than a set of social pariahs, and that's cheating.

John Reicher



Diagnosis Murder: No Cockneys



Rip what you sew

BENJ OHAD SEIDLER



As I write this, Cambridge students have unpacked their gowns and reading glasses and are starting to arrive for another Michaelmas term in the eternally uniformed city. 'Uniformed?' I hear your cries of disbelief at the application of such an adjective to what should be the home of original thought. But indeed, it is mostly Oxford lace-ups, chinos and Thomas Pink shirts for the boys, and ballet pumps, pashminas, opaque tights and denim minis for the girls. Sombre-coloured tracky-B's, of course, will do for chillaxing in the library or the JCR. The exceptions? The indie Kambiar crew, who, although cliquy, at least try something different – usually successfully, too. And people so horrifically dull that we mentally block them out (although they will constitute 90% of the people you meet during Fresher's week). But when it's come to the point where, starved of individual vision, people come to Cambridge to live out Evelyn Waugh novels, how does one form a signature style both academically and stylistically?

In cities that are not Cambridge (lest you forget about them for the next eight weeks – after all, so many do), the models from New York and London Spring/Summer 2008 Fashion Weeks have now strutted off to Milan. For a lot of these Eastern European beauties this simply means smiling and nodding to a different language they do not yet understand, but this is in fact the real eye in the chiffon-ruffling storm. At the moment, one has only the predominantly commercially-led New York newly-old masters and London's more experimental up-and-comers to sketch an idea of what's to come. Similarly, we have only the Oxbridge stereotype and our past experience to define what this upcoming year will look like for us. Below I outline three Spring 2008 shows, three fabric essays on how to develop a new signature style, which can apply to both coursework and wardrobe matters.

Marc Jacobs The most sought after ticket in New York guaranteed you two hours of sitting around doing nothing. Due for a 9pm start, the show that divided critics started at ten past eleven. After a slick ladylike offering last season that was the height of uptown New York chic, Jacobs tried something new. The collection served as a lesson that if one ventures into novel territory, neat presentation and punctuality are crucial. A 'new version' of someone else's idea will just not cut it. It is, in a way, understandable for Jacobs to have taken surrealist ideas from the likes of Schiaparelli and Dior and have made them his own. But when he borrows from contemporaries like John Galiano (the bird's nest hair-styles and Havisam-esque evening dresses), Comme des Garçons (the incongruous layering of unfinished garments) and Miuccia Prada (underwear as outerwear), his authenticity becomes questionable.

If, perhaps, Jacobs had taken a New York approach, giving a wearable New York polish to difficult trends, it might have made for a break-through collection. But

the critical furore stemmed from the fact that the execution of the 'upside down' show (which began, a trick recently employed by both Moschino and Viktor and Rolf, with the designer taking his bow, and worked its way backwards), as well as the clothes themselves, were substandard and insufficiently finished by Jacobs' usual standards. The partially dressed look (think half a ball-gown revealing slips and bras galore) was an interesting riff on sexuality from a designer whose clothes are often anti-sexy, but, as Suzy Menkes, the International Herald Tribune Fashion Editor (and one-time Varsity editor-in-chief) pointed out, the show looked pallid when compared to its European inspirations, whose ideas were maybe still too fresh to recycle. The Cambridge link? If one tries to do something out-of-character and in any way derivative, make sure it is presented perfectly, humbly and has the utmost personal panache.

Giles Deacon With Luella and Matthew Williamson moving back to the capital, it looks like the rhinestone-studded-heart-shaped fashion-pendulum has swung back in London's direction. This in no small way can be attributed to Giles Deacon and his revival of what it means to be English and ladylike in the 21st century. The Central St Martins alumnus does not really adhere to a 'theme,' although he did cite the album covers of 80s band The Cocteau Twins as inspiration. Bleeding Bambi prints and naïf appliquéd autumnal leaves garnished candy-coloured debutante-style evening dresses with an haute couture quality. Inky patterns swayed on loose chiffon confections, a recipe for a deliciously varied collection. Even a dark denim dress, decorated only with a cross-stitch design, abstractly shorthanding the contours of the female form beneath, seemed modern and timeless. Candyfloss rolls of tulle under full skirts in heavy satin seemed like an organic extension to the proposed wardrobe rather than a non sequitur. Everything-but-the-kitchen-sink collections are hard to pull off without seeming long winded, but the masterful execution of Giles' clothes proves that, if you can hack it, a bevy of well-thought out arguments (or looks) makes for a strong working method.

Marios Schwab 24-year-old Christopher Kane is the name on everybody's lips, but the strongest collection from a young designer this season was that of Schwab. Bringing body-con dressing below the skin, Schwab presented his audience with a lesson in anatomy as black dresses peeled away in sculptural curls to reveal abstract biology-class-inspired prints. It was a succinct collection and precisely explained. Thoroughly dissected, one statement, whether visual or cerebral, is as powerful as one million.

London has outshined New York in terms of execution and ideas, and, once again, it's that classic British eccentricity that separates us from the Abercrombie clad Ivy-leaguers when it comes to both style and supervision essays.

12 Essential Cambridge Experiences

It's a crazy, sometimes overwhelming town we live in - so much to do, so much to see. But what's worth it? **Ed Cumming** has the definitive guide.

1 Win a Nobel Prize

Right, seeing as we're being ambitious, you should probably begin from here. It's been done before, sure, but has it ever been done as well as you could do it? Just think of all those unwritten books, all those unpostulated theorems. Trinity alone has more winners than France and Germany put together, according to my friend Adrian. Bertrand Russell, Ernest Rutherford, Francis Crick, you? Nope, probably not, because if you're reading this you're not working hard enough. Back to the lab. It'll let the rest of us go on being rude about your BO and the thickness of your glasses.

2 Be a Spy

An absolutely smashing place to be a spy, Cambridge, particularly since Russia has become so horribly, terribly, morbidly, dully bourgeois. Lie back, think of Philby, Burgess and Maclean and start wandering around King's Parade looking clandestine. You could leave your iPod in a bin and wait for someone to pick it up. Or sit in Wetherspoon's reading the Telegraph. Or go to a charity bookshop and actually *buy* a book. Actually thinking about it it's hard to tell what you'd spy on these days. Probably other spies. Or maybe that's the secret... The most fun thing to do would be to establish a ring of spies, not doing much, but which could nonetheless be dramatically "smashed" by some other spies. Has anyone ever tried to smash a ring? Harder than it looks- lots of rounded edges.

3 Nail a Third

Admittedly I've never done it, so this is a bit smug as I'm unaware of the trauma that presumably goes with occupying this perilous academic marshland. But on paper it has that unmistakable (and these days endangered) whiff of rebellion about it. Yeah you're at the world's most

prestigious academic institution, yeah you're here at the expense of several other equally qualified and more driven others (my unreserved apologies to Magdalene College, Cambridge, whose admissions policy remains endearingly both egalitarian and unmeritocratic), but do you care? No. Seriously, probably worth a look-in, because even though the only three career options remaining to you will be the clergy, the army and estate agency, you'll still be able to look back with invented nostalgia on your days as a young, rebellious student, when boys were boys, men liked boys and a pint of port after supper was the norm.

4 Be Awarded A First

You know you want to. Or even if you don't think you do, it would still be jolly satisfactory, and there's no quicker way to Granny's inheritance, I'm reliably informed (by my Granny). It's also one of the most useful things to have at dinner, particularly if you turn into a rich, boring man, and consequently one of the most useful things to have if you're a woman who finds herself having to listen to rich, boring men. Particularly effective to do this after you've done 3), and before you do 1) and 2).

5 Join A Club That Gives You An Entirely False But Humiliatingly Perceived Sense Of Self-Importance

A bit of a long-winded title, certainly, but one of the basics. This rule applies to an entire pantheon of activities, most of which will be succumbed to at or immediately after the beginning of term. They include, (though this is far from an exhaustive list):

Anything with the Union, CUSU, CICCUCU (hysterically awful), J-SOC, writing for TCS, May Ball Committees, JCRs (the absolute pits - the endless meetings, constitutional debate, wrangling over fivers, pointless questioning, ugh) Science Squads, University Challenge Teams, Creative Writing Forums, Chess Clubs, Skiing Committees, the Pitt club, Footlights, The ADC, Rowers, anything with "Ramblers" in its title, et al. Cambridge would not be Cambridge without this fundamental, essential building block of communal pseudo self-esteem. Like a colonic irrigation, or fishing that last, ketchup-stained fag out of the bin, it's disgusting but essential.



6 Play For A Sports Team. Literally Any Sports Team

It honestly doesn't really matter which one. But you get the camaraderie, and the little sleeveless fleecie tops with your name, or some tawdry and hastily-concocted 'banter' nickname on them, and you *do* feel a little bit special. The early morning training, the social outings, the long away days, the endless posturing. Boys get to feel like men, women get to feel like girls, and at the end of the day everybody feels a little bit more attractive than those who aren't in the team. And if that's not a worthwhile reason to wear a gumshield, then I don't know what is.

7 Have A Romantic/Sordid Affair With Someone A Bit Inappropriate

The classic option here is to go for the supervisor. The younger one, who knows some of the same bands as you ("Ah yes, The Beatles, I heard that once"), and who responds to the odd wink not with a cardiac arrest. For girls the older and more tweed-clad the victim of this affair, the better. You know how it goes. It will start off with a heated academic discussion, and then a coffee to follow it up, and then a stroll, then a punt, and before you know it you'll be feeding each other strawberries in Grantchester and imagining the world without its cruel judgements and prejudices. Then your mother will ring and you'll go and find someone more "reliable", as my uncle might say. Still, you'll be able to go misty-eyed about it from time to time, and tell your own children when they're almost, but not *quite*, old enough to hear about it.

8 Fall Asleep Somewhere Peculiar And Be Startled When You Awake

This one is perhaps more likely to be in your conventional tourist guide, but it must be worth a go nonetheless. The opportunities are endless: a college garden (Clare, Emma, Trinity would all be nice), A Chapel (has to be King's, really), the queue for Cindies, Market Square, a bin, the steps up to Jack Wills (see also Sainsbury's),

the bedroom of a random (see item 7), the Bridge Of Sighs, Parker's Piece, the UL, the roof of the Law Faculty, the roof of Senate House (see item 8), inside the Van Of Life, a punt, a punt in Oxford, a punt in Iceland (pikey supermarket or country, both would be pretty funky) and, of course, Magdalene College Cambridge.

Or maybe not. Maybe he's just a bit weird. But you can guarantee that at least some of those initial weirdos *will* turn out to be your chums. What do you think got you in anyway? After 3 years you have a whole new gang (see item 5), and the world seems a better place for it.

hospital with a game leg? Or a gypsy tummy? Or gout? Or lumbago, the clap, diptheria, ebola (loads of points) or legionnaire's disease? If you look online there's a comprehensive guide to acquiring all of these vintage ailments. You'll make their day, and they just might make yours.

9 Keep A Pet That Only A Moron Would Keep

Animals are usually funny. This is never more the case than when they are inappropriately domesticated. The dog started as the wolf, the cat as a tiger (er...), and the mind boggles at what kind of successful wild animal could possibly have led to the guinea-pig. But since the borderline fasci- highly sensible rules at most colleges, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, prohibit the keeping of beasts, the only sensible course of action is to get one. One of the King's cows would be ideal, and presumably musical, but a horse would also be pretty entertaining, as would a reindeer, python, unicorn, porter, hippo, giant hedgehog, orangutan, giraffe, blue whale, nurse shark (entirely harmless), golden eagle and komodo dragon. Achieve any of these, you've got it cracked.

10 Lash, Cindies, Lunge, Loo, Van, Home, Alone

It's not cool to say this. That's because it's not a cool thing to do. The Wednesday night 'institution' must be one of the sorriest excuses for a night out in Europe. The music sounds like your little sister, drunk, with an iPod. The drink is a heady mixture of alcopops, sweat from the ceiling and your own sense of self-worth, melting from your forehead into your smartest shirt, or some hideous costume you've been forced into for the earlier swap. You stand next to the person you fancy and genuinely believe that singing "Chelsea Dagger" at the top of your voice into the side of her neck will be successful. The only tragedy is that sometimes it is. But if not, hey, you can always wash it down with a yummy kebab. Or chips, with cheese microwaved on top. But it's all of these things which make it quite uniquely perfect for Cambridge, and essential.

11 Make Friends With Curious People Who You Would Never, Ever Think You Would Be Friends With

We all wander vaguely out of school, and then come up bewildered. We're either bedraggled and burdened in gap-year tragedy, or bushy-eyed and hopeful, flushed with green freedom. You expect to find your new best friend living beside you, vomiting through your window and introducing you to their beautiful friends. And then you arrive and meet your neighbour, a recalcitrant mathmo with a penchant for muesli, a curious "old avocado" smell and a passion for violent video games. And then he turns out to be your best friend.

12 Voyage to Addenbrooke's

Far be it from the role of this organ to encourage injury, but it would seem churlish to go through an entire article like this without mentioning that no stay in Cambridge would be entirely complete without a visit to our beloved apothecary and purveyor of finest chemical remedy. There are all sorts of good reasons to go, some more plausible than others. Gunshot wounds, pregnancy, cardiac arrest, "cycling" injuries, gravel plummets and breakdancing strains all seem lairy enough to warrant a trip over. Overdosing, however, is not cool - you would scarcely even remember the reason for your pilgrimage. But seeing as you're in a town so saturated in history, you might as well try and get in for one of the more outré diseases. When was the last time anyone went to

On the road to Grantchester



Laura Kilbride

Life at Cambridge is hard. Not only do we have to pass exams to get our degree, but eight weeks must also be spent within a three mile radius of St. Mary's church. The legend of the plastic tubes which descend from the sky, beaming you back within the boundary, is well documented: how else to explain the number of people who find themselves outside Gardi's at some obscene hour in the morning, without knowing what happened or how they got there? Yet there is one road out, one portal known only to the brave, which still remains open. It is this secret which I must impart to you today.

At the crossroads between Silver Street and Sidgwick Avenue turn left and head down Newnham road. It is long and there are dangerous cars. The sense of pilgrimage grows stronger at each step. Eventually you will hit on a terraced street which bears the name of our destination. Resist the urge to take off your shoes and walk weethoed: as I said, the road is long. Head right at the end of the street and see the green, heightening, heightening until you reach... a gate. Here lieth the portal.

Teeter nervously a moment on the edge of a tarmac path which stretches out over fields. So far the walk has been short and the as yet unborn essay still pleads within you. Twenty minutes past this portal places you firmly "In Grantchester". The name itself is a charm, hastening you on.

Take the path or follow the river. Sometimes there are bonfires to light your way. And there are fauns. Or Rupert Brooke said so. I once saw a Viking re-enactment. So you'll go? Then onwards gentle soldier, the reward is yet to come!

Grantchester's attractions are many. The scones at The Orchard are huge, but don't let your explorer's spirit be lulled asleep: find out and mock the tawdry statue of Brooke in Jeffery Archer's garden. Visit the church. Now you know the way, I must leave you, hence to return to the civitacula refreshed. Upon return you will find that the tower of the UL no longer glowers above the trees but softly smiles, welcoming you back into the fold.

Resist the urge to take off your shoes and walk weethoed

Back on familiar

In what promises to be a landmark production for the Marlowe Society, **Sir Trevor Nunn** is directing a student cast in *Cymbeline*. In an exclusive interview, we asked him about today's rising stars, *Cymbeline* the panto, and why he's doing it again after nearly half a century.

I first speak to Trevor Nunn during what he calls "an oddly scheduled lunch-break". Odd, apparently, in that it is three o'clock in afternoon. After a short speech masquerading as my first question, he laughs loudly and then hangs up. It takes me twenty minutes trying to get through to him again only to realise that his phone has run out of battery. When we finally get to speak, it turns out that he had spent ten minutes answering the question before realising that the line had long since died. According to one cast member, this isn't the first time that Nunn has been totally unaware of what is going on around him while he's speaking. At a Shakespeare workshop at the Lyric Theatre in July, Nunn's first meeting with the cast, he gave a speech, as is his custom, setting out his plans for the play. A pigeon

"It is important that someone safeguard Shakespeare for the next generation."

flew into the rehearsal room. Strutting around behind one of British theatre's great luminaries, completely oblivious to the wisdom being aired in the room, the bird found a suitable spot, stopped, and proceeded to deposit a large souvenir on the floor before exiting quietly. Nunn continued unperturbed.

Two days later we are sitting on the stairs outside the rehearsal space in London, and he is speaking slowly, softly, with his eyes closed. "*Cymbeline* is capable of providing intense pleasure," he tells me. Perhaps this is why he has chosen to have another crack at it, in the same venue where he played a minor part 47 years ago. He remembers the 1960 show rather



Sir Trevor Nunn makes notes during a *Cymbeline* rehearsal last week

OLLIE JORDAN

fondly, perhaps unsurprising since in it he acted alongside fellow undergraduates Derek Jacobi and Ian McKellen and was directed by George "Dadie" Rylands (then a don). However, he is quite clear that despite the stellar company "there was no certainty of success". So does he anticipate similar stardom for the 2007 cast? "Many of them are harbouring those kinds of ideas and ambitions". He pauses for effect, smiling. "And some of them I intend to encourage."

Cymbeline has often rather confounded scholars. Alfred, Lord Tennyson was famously buried with a copy but the play has tended to be under-performed. Nunn offers an unusual angle on its genre. "*Cymbeline* has elements of pantomime", he claims, perhaps grimly reminded of Varsity's savage review of the 1960 production (right). "Much of it is deliberately anachronistic and mythical, Shakespeare walking a tightrope between naturalism and fairy-tale."

Nunn seems to be treading a similarly fine line between his instincts for crowd-pleasing and entertaining, and his academic zeal for Shakespeare.

At a recent event to mark the Marlowe Society's centenary, Sir Peter Hall identified "a spirit of the text which impregnated everything and everyone" as the hallmark of the group. Nunn seems to have caught the bug. "It is excellent that in the theatre there are such well-educated people who do have the

analytic abilities. Acting skills lie in passion, spontaneity and the instincts to lose oneself in a text – and you face the textual barrier of a difficult play." A cast member compared one rehearsal technique to a practical criticism session. But how do today's undergraduates match up to previous generations? Nunn's endorsement is resounding, saying he has found the cast "very academically knowledgeable".

One actor told me that although some disagreed with

boards

Nunn's directorial style, all had found the experience "invaluable". The worth of the Marlowe Society's activities has come under scrutiny, particularly with Cymbeline, despite a budget three times that of normal Marlowe productions, currently being outsold by the Greek Play, Medea, which follows after it at the Arts Theatre.

Nunn, who has kept close links with the Marlowe Society, feels that it must continue to put on high quality Shakespeare, and that it must involve experienced professionals in helping the students to achieve this. "In an era where educationalists are encouraging the Government to diminish the importance of Shakespeare in the national curriculum it is important that someone safeguard Shakespeare for the next generation. And this is precisely the intention with which the Marlowe Society was set up in 1907, by a group of students, to encourage the performance of Renaissance verse drama and provide students with the experience to work with professionals."

For this production, Nunn has recruited a team of professionals to give him a hand. Rather wide-eyed, one told me in private that "he does not do things in half measures". Nunn has publicly claimed that "it's going to be very simple" and that he "isn't exactly basking in an enormous budget", yet the design is said to be "bombastic and flamboyant".

The Cambridge production will attempt to recreate the style of Blackfriars, an indoor

theatre in which Shakespeare's company used to perform during the winter months, and will put emphasis on the storytelling aspects of the play.

Nunn has described the major Marlowe show as invaluable for offering student actors "a brush with professionalism". Next week's cast are certainly in for that. Students have been passed over for the roles of first assistant director, costume designer and production designer. And while the production has presented an opportunity to Cambridge's thespian community which can only be called remarkable, a lingering issue is that Cymbeline boasts only three female parts. Shakespeare often presents this kind of problem to Cambridge's casting directors, acutely felt in a university where female thespian talent is often considered superior to male.

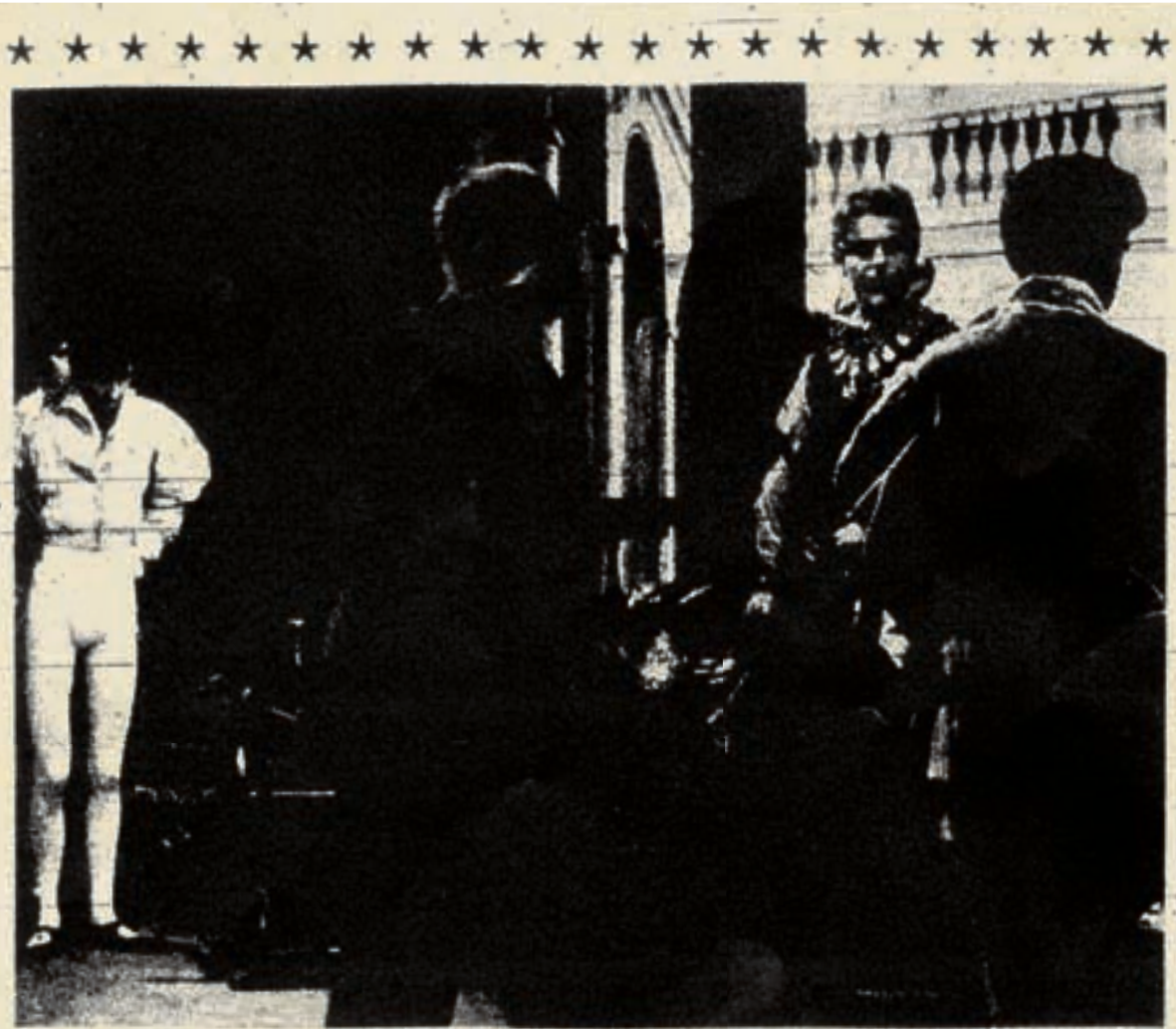
Aspirants were required to submit an application prior to auditions. Only six actresses were recalled for an audition and five were cast. Unfortunately, the actress cast to play the Queen had to pull out for academic reasons, but casting director and Marlowe committee member Vivienne Storey was well placed to slip into the lead role at the last minute.

At root, it seems, Nunn's vision for the play remains simplistic. "It is a good play for young people" he muses, appearing genuinely to have considered the best way to bring out the substantial talent of this company.

Archive

Varsity, April 23 1960

In case you missed it first time round, here's what our reviewer John Kendal thought of Trevor Nunn's last attempt at Cymbeline, which featured Derek Jacobi, Corin Redgrave and Margaret Drabble. Ian McKellen's Posthumus is compared rather unfavourably with "dried milk". McKellen went on to become perhaps the finest stage actor of his generation. We're not too sure where Kendal ended up.



CHRISTOPHER ANGELOGLU

A MARLOWE PANTO

ONE of my best friends is in the Marlowe Society; still he ought to be told that last term's production of 'Cymbeline' was a major disappointment. It came across as a pantomime, in which neither the actors, nor the audience, could possibly believe, raising a number of interesting questions as to the play's merit and the point of its being produced at all, especially uncut.

It is generally agreed that "Cymbeline" represents a serious attempt by Shakespeare to work out his new intuitions on reconciliation and forgiveness through as wide a range of experience as possible. It falls as drama, in that there is too much material for the dramatist to control. A comparison with the "Winter's Tale," a play concerned with very similar

issues, makes this clear. On the other hand, it contains not a few fine scenes and the verse impresses by its fluidity and range. It was embarrassing to be forced to giggle at the extravagant coincidences and impossibilities because of the shame-faced woodenness of much of the acting.

In one's overall impression, the power of the wagerscene, of Posthumus' morbidity, of the bed-chamber scene and of Imogen's burial was rendered void by the devastating lack of conviction that characterised the production as a whole. Notably bad were the spastic battle and the last scene, which was handed over to the derision of the audience by a cabaret soothsayer.

In its own way, this was not bad entertainment, but hardly the kind that we have come to expect from the Marlowe - this to emphasise that this review is written more in sorrow than in anger. Rarely have we been presented with a production upon which "undergraduate"

by
John Kendal

has been so clearly stamped: - a mouse-like Imogen, much prettier as a boy, an impossibly adolescent Posthumus, a King with as much vitality, stage presence, personality, call it what you will, as a tin of dried milk, tactfully deciding to nothing at all with a by no means easy part, a Queen, who going to the other extreme, appeared as the reincarnation of every wicked step-mother of fiction, rolled into one, with dashes of Lady Macbeth AND the three witches thrown in. Cloten made a commendable effort to portray a more or less rational human being, but this effort was severely compromised by his pithecanthropoid appearance.

The fact that the verse was consistently well spoken, perversely enough, only added to my irritation, since there seemed to be no general realisation that it is meaningful as well as mellifluous.

Profile: Sir Trevor Nunn

Born on January 14 1940 in Ipswich, Trevor Nunn began his dramatic career at Downing College, where he was also a member of Footlights. He played a small role in The Marlowe Society's production of Cymbeline in 1960 (see archive review). Just eight years later he was appointed Director of the Royal Shakespeare Company, a role he filled until 1986. Between 1997 and 2003 he served as Director of the National Theatre. As a director, he has brought several musicals to the worldwide stages including Cats, Les Miserables, Starlight Express and Sunset Boulevard. He has directed nearly all Shakespeare's major plays, including a 2004 production of Hamlet at the Old Vic, and has worked with successful contemporary playwrights such as Robert Bolt and Tom Stoppard, whose Rock 'n' Roll he directed in the West End. His RSC productions of King Lear and The Seagull have played at Stratford this year and will be opening at the New London Theatre in November.



Five minutes with... **Paul Merton**

From what looked a small room came an impossibly long line of grinning audience members. It was ten minutes before the main draw appeared, flanked by his "Impro Chums" and looking thirsty. Earlier he had made it clear that he didn't want to talk to me and things didn't seem to have changed much. My plan to offer him a friendly cup-cake was foiled at the last minute by a girl who wondered if it was vegan, and then ate it all the same. Could I buy him a pint? No, his friend was holding him an icy Guinness two steps away. Could we sit down? No, there were no spare seats, except the one beckoning to him beneath his waiting pint.

Merton is a bigger man than one imagines and I found him wearing a crumpled jacket over a crumby burgundy golf jumper. Worryingly, thick little flecks of creamy saliva had attached themselves to the stubble at the corners of his mouth. I decided to get on with it and fired off a few predictable queries, hoping to ease him into his majestic stride. Hearing that he had been coming to the Fringe since 1985 I suggested the usual riff on the glories of Edinburgh in August. Most comics approach interviews with an arsenal of wacky tales to show just how grubby they are. Peering at his midriff I note that he is physically grubby. So what's the best thing about the festival, Paul? Apparently it's being able to "enjoy the success of it all [fame]", which means that he sells out all his shows without ever fingering a flyer. His aversion to this (highly tiresome) side of the Fringe may well be down to the assault a young Merton was subjected to while poster in the late 80's. Somewhat piqued, I tried again. "Doesn't your lifestyle change at all during the Fringe?" "No, I stay in a nice hotel. It's nice not to have to stay in those dingy flats any more." Downcast, I asked what shows he would pick out as this year's highlights. After two weeks at the centre of the world's biggest arts festival, Merton had seen one show. His own.

By this stage we were both bored. He kept staring at his imminent pint and I no longer had the desire to persevere with what suddenly seemed unutterably dull.

Elliot Ross

Jack out-the-box

Discovered in a tent in Edinburgh's Cannongate, **Jack Whitehall** is the stand out stand-up of the year. In his first ever interview, he told **Orlando Reade** about getting rejected by Peterhouse, the perils of autistic hecklers and his advice to Cambridge's drinking societies.



One of British comedy's brightest new talents is interviewed for the first time

Jack Whitehall's main artistic aim? "I want to nail Peaches Geldof." He pauses. "Satirically - she's an ignorant whore".

This wasn't the first such declaration I'd heard from the nineteen-year-old comedian. I'd seen him performing a week earlier. He stood up and informed the audience that he was middle class before launching into a vitriolic tirade, eyes bulging ferociously and brow furrowed. What was astounding, other than the fact that the audience laughed more at this straight-faced gap-year student than his more experienced colleagues, was that the anger seemed authentic and the comedy serious.

Last week Whitehall attended Freshers' week in Manchester, having spent the last year touring his talents on a tour round the country.

He has already picked up several serious accolades this year, winning the Amused Moose Comedy Award and becoming the youngest ever runner-up in the Laughing Horse New Act

2007 and finalist in the So You Think You're Funny? Competition. So when seasoned scandal-monkeys Neil and Christine Hamilton took time out from promoting their own tawdry offering to proffer their dubious endorsement, was he tempted by the clemencies of minor-celebrity status? "I don't want to be a fucking kids TV presenter," he

'Any t-shirt with a drinking-based witticism on it should be burned, with its owner still inside it.'

says, (despite the inscription on his t-shirt - 'Local Celebrity'). The seriousness of his material is matched by his attitude to the comedy business. "It may sound tossy, but comedy is an art form." He has weaned himself off the trivial and silly which he claims characterised his early career. Having said that, Cambridge undergraduate Freddy Syborn (who writes with Whitehall) once challenged him to use the phrase "frottaging Cossack" in his routine, (meaning, of course, the non-consensual rubbing against another person to achieve sexual arousal of a member of a Russian ethnic minority famed for its horsemanship). This he did without difficulty.

Even in this, his first ever interview, it is often difficult to know where conversation borders on preparation or where soundbites have been sculpted for consumption, especially when it comes to the subject of his Cambridge interview.

Applying to Peterhouse in 2006, he was shown a series of postcards at interview and

asked to identify and analyse the paintings. Stuck at some point for something clever to say, he pointed at a figure in the painting. "He looks shifty because... he has dyed hair." The interviewer challenged this point, pointing out that dyed hair in the eighteenth century was a cultural norm. He persisted, outlining what he perceived to be a clear correlation between hair-dye and deceit. Too late he realised that the bleached professor was unlikely to have been impressed by this thesis.

His wit is frequent and often unintentional. He is eloquent, softly spoken and cutting. The middle-class aspect of his comedy aids a technique which he describes as a "verbose set-up and a crude payoff". This he exemplifies with an anecdote he tells about his response to a particularly bad female heckler. "What's your star sign?" he asked. "Pisces" was the answer screamed back. "Ah," he says, "Ah, I did wonder whether we would be incompatible, you see, I'm a Sagittarius and you're a fucking whore." He is, however, quite at home with hecklers. Some of his lowest career moments have been performing to venues empty except for his mentor, Robin Banks, and his autistic son who he describes as 'the king of the nonsensical heckle'. Indeed, Whitehall has found his set interrupted, on occasions by an entire minute of Banks's son shouting 'Only fools and horses!'

Following freshers' week, generally a celebration of all things alcoholic, I asked what he might think of Cambridge, a university about which someone once said "if you are not in a drinking society you are nobody". Perhaps unsurprising his reply was to call for drinking societies to "substitute your beers for bleach... go kill yourselves," before softly adding "and don't tell me that you had forty beers last night because you're lying and you're a dickhead". He reserves special fury for what he calls "laddie humour". "Any t-shirt with a drinking-based witticism on it should be burned, with its owner still inside it." On further questioning he confesses himself an occasional reader of Nuts magazine, but one who takes care to soothe his intellect soon after with a squint at the New Statesman.

One might wonder, in the face of such negativity, if there anything which he does actually like? Immediately: 'Arsenal'. Pause. 'Apple juice?'

And why does he want to succeed in comedy? To air his political and cultural views? To ridicule the rich and witless? "No," he says smugly and simply, "the only reason I want to succeed at comedy is to get a season ticket."



The post-punk pop poets Maximo Park are about to hit the road (taking in Cambridge on the way), so **Josh Farrington** spoke to drummer **Tom English** to find out what we can expect.

It's the biggest tour we've done," says Tom in his warm Geordie accent, "so we're obviously pretty excited by it." Not sounding quite as excited as he claims, he continues: "we really want to put on a big show, so we're actually going to rehearse for once." Well, it's always nice when bands put a bit of effort in. He stumbles on, sounding slightly as if he's towing a party-line: "Usually we just go at it cold, but I think we owe it to the fans to give them something memorable. It's not just a showcase anymore, trying to win over a new crowd – the people there will be more knowledgeable about us, and it's them that we're playing for on this tour. A lot of the aspects of touring are pretty tedious, but playing gigs makes it all worthwhile. Playing live is my favourite part of the entire band process." But of course. Bands always say that.

Last time the Mercury-nominated band were seen enjoying themselves in Cambridge, they were headlining an NME tour that featured an up-and-coming Arctic Monkeys. Although Maximo Park, with a not unimpressive light

display and a spritely jumping-up-and-down routine, managed to out-perform the somewhat apathetic simian upstarts (in the eyes of this watcher at least), most of the audience didn't really agree. So what are the band going to do to stay ahead of the younger (and cooler) competition?

"Well, there's going to be a few surprises. We have an amazing light man that will let us do things beyond the usual spotlight stuff. We're really interested in using all the space to its full, anything so long as it doesn't detract from the performance itself. I don't really want to become a ridiculous stadium band in the style of U2 – and I don't think we really could. We're still grateful for being able to play in the size of arenas we're playing in now."

Considering that first album *A Certain Trigger* was Mercury nominated, and second album *Our Earthly Pleasures* was more cautiously received (a case of difficult second album syndrome perhaps?), I ask Tom whether a hectic tour schedule impedes the band's creative drive.

"We're always thinking about the next album," he tells me. "I'd recommend that any band keeps writing songs, no matter what else you're doing. We're always coming up with ideas, songs that might just start as a few notes at a sound check, but that nag at you and develop until you're able to get it down on record. When we eventually come off tour, we're confident that the momentum will carry straight on into the studio."

"Our label, Warp [famous for its left-field signings] is very supportive of us and our creative decisions – I think the reason they signed a more conventional guitar band like us is because there's a quality to the music, something that will last. We get a lot more radio play than most of their artists, but we're comfortable with that. We always wanted to be a pop band, in the sense that we thought our music could speak to everyone. We write songs about our hometown, about things we know and feel, and I think that our fans will always associate with that, and if that's the case, the kind of music we make won't go out of fashion."

Indeed, Tom seems more irritated by rapidly changing trends than worried by them. "This whole 'new rave' idea doesn't seem very creditable really. I'm not sure there's any real movement behind it. As far as I can tell it's just an invention of NME." For the first time in the interview, Tom sounds genuinely moved by his topic. "I'm convinced that it'll be exposed as a media construct."

I'd always thought that the conspiracy of media constructs was just a media construct, but I'm quite intrigued by his high-on-ferment denunciation of what is, clearly, quite a popular genre. "At all the festivals you saw CSS and Klaxons on the same bill as LCD Soundsystem, but LCD have been making music more influenced by dance music than either of those bands for years now. It's been happening since the seventies and eighties. I'm not worried that people are suddenly going to become bored of guitar music overnight."

And there you have it. Expect lights, expect surprises, expect a real, proper show – just don't expect a rave. Then again, were you ever going to?

Kid Harpoon The Wombats The Holloways The Junction

Live Music
★★★★★

Life is a series of decisions. For instance, this evening we could have attended the recording of a programme for Channel 4, featuring the Stereophonics, Lethal Bizzle, Gallows, and, last but by no means least, Enrique Inglesias. However, after the 'phonics had pulled out (allegedly due to an incident in the ladies toilets of a London night-club), Gallows and Bizzle had been dismissed as "a racket", and Enrique had just been, well, dismissed, we decided to switch our attention to the Junction instead.

First up, Kid Harpoon's angsty folk-cum-indie didn't especially impress, sounding (and looking) like a cross between the lead singer of the Kooks and the dirty old man from Steptoe and Son. His set veered from the ridiculous to the sublime, the sublime being his inspired cover of Leonard Cohen's 'First We Take Manhattan', the ridiculous being the rest of it.

The hotly-tipped Wombats were up next, and it was clear from the youthful audience's

response that it was them that they were here for. With their fairy-tale voice-over opening, and their pleasant, if not exactly devastating, anthems such as *Kill the Director* and *Let's Dance to Joy Division*, they managed to secure themselves a place alongside bands like The Macabees and The Cribbs as keepers of the quite-good-tunes-really flame. They're back again on September 29 – it might well be worth going, especially if cheeky Scouse banter floats your particular pop punt.

After The Wombats' noisy ascendancy, The Holloways could only be anticlimactic. A lengthy wait did nothing to improve our mood (like, who are you? Axel Rose? Bob Dylan? *Jesus?*), and even



The Wombats

Knight Rider theme tune (a surprising, if entertaining

the interlude) couldn't hide the fact that this would be a band writing cheques that their tunes couldn't cash. Despite the live setting beefing up their rather lightweight album, the songs failed to come across as anything other than derivative Libertines/Monkeys turning, and the fickle audience knew it. Whether their response inspired lead singer Alfie Jackson's phoned-in performance, or the other way around, the gig failed to properly take off, the crowd seemingly just waiting for big hit *Generator* before they could leave. They played it. We left. Faced with yet another decision, we decided that The Wombats had severely upstaged the Holloways, and then decided to leave it at that.

JF

view
from the gods

In any reflection on a number of student productions, there is the danger it will stylistically resemble my old school's annual brochure (The Brightonian), packed full of lurid photographs of happy pupils, at one point in which the head of drama asks 'what is drama?' and seems to come to the conclusion that it is the spectacle of ugly adolescents drowning badly-fitting costumes singing badly. A splendid time was had by all at this year's Edinburgh Fringe festival. Despite the predictably grumpy and unfriendly demeanour of everyone involved, the many evenings spent counter-balancing ungenerous reviews by comparing oneself favourably with the other Cambridge shows cannot have failed to ensure the experience was an enjoyable one rather than simply another failed attempt to attract a West End transfer. Another touching and worthy attempt to realise our creative potential and show the world, before retreating into our shells, assuming a superior expression, twitching our nostrils at the other pompous crustaceans who inhabit the Royal Mile during the month of August. The first week of this term promises several home-runs, no doubt eagerly anticipated by those who couldn't be bothered to travel to see their friends' plays elsewhere. Reprisals of shows already put on at Cambridge saw Rob Icke's revitalised production of Coat, the careful relocation of the Gently Progressive Behemoth into its natural habitat, and the sustained explosiveness of the Wham Bam! tour, a difficult achievement for a two month-long stint. Cleverly reprised shows included The Enchanted Castle, which celebrated the centenary of E. Nesbit's children's story and boasted a poster created by Quentin Blake. Also, a privately funded production of Sarah Kane's Crave cannot quite be labelled a celebration of the play which premiered at the Fringe ten years previously. A more unfortunate choice was that of The Bacchae, which coincided with Alan Cumming's ultra-camp production of the same name, to the occasional chagrin of a misled tourist, and the amusement of a satirist from The Stage, who saw fit to suggest the financial ramifications of such a 'coincidence'. Sweeney Todd and Dracula brought Gothic to the Edinburgh stage, the former enjoying impressive reviews and a nomination for a Fringe First. But what is theatre? The intoxicating buzz of the Edinburgh fringe, healthy competition and friendly rivalry, drama at the cutting edge, a Bacchic frenzy of desperate flyerers, how many cobbled miles a day, aggressive postering, break the fourth wall, break even, the scream of a thousand souls ascending through the smog of stand-up tragedy, sit down, applaud - a sense of true complicity - to Dionysus.

The Gently Progressive Behemoth Gilded Balloon

Dir: Nadia Kamil, Luke Roberts

Theatre
★★★★★

The ADC's production of The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe incorporated music, dance, and a sizeable live band into C.S. Lewis' familiar story, creating an impressive spectacle, which was notable as much for the sheer magnitude of the undertaking as for the enthusiasm and skill with which it was performed. The makeshift nature of Edinburgh Fringe venues means that they can be tricky places to transform into convincing fictional worlds, but Charlie Arrowsmith's production did exactly that, creating a Narnia at once vibrant and mesmerizing, ensuring that the children in the audience sat through the ninety minute-long show open-mouthed and completely entranced.

It was extremely well-pitched as a children's show, and the obvious enthusiasm of the audience was infectious, making it easier to forgive the slightly hurried feel of the plot, as well as some of the more forgettable musical numbers (unfortunately, there were a few). Occasionally the music does sit uneasily alongside the action, with the inclusion of songs often seeming somewhat sporadic. Indeed, one could have been forgiven for initially forgetting that it was a musical adaptation, as the first song seemed rather long in coming, until it was finally the impressive Dave Walton as the faun

The duo have been hailed as "the future of British comedy", and at last year's Edinburgh Fringe Festival were widely acclaimed for a persistently insightful and intimate exploration of their own finished relationship. A world away from Staggered Spaces, the Gently Progressive Behemoth is another eccentric comedy written and performed by Luke Roberts and Nadia Kamil.

The Gently Progressive Behemoth is a series of unconnected skits patched together under the guise of a sketch show with a spattering of stand up, with continual absurdity, rather than an overriding theme, tying the show together.

The sketches, performed in the cosy 'wee room' of the Gilded Balloon, started with Kamil's promise

to help the audience understand infinity. "If there was one word to describe the show it would be overly-ambitious. If there were two it would be over ambitious. Just a little adverb joke to start you off there."

The flailing topics then jumped from impossible mnemonics for remembering mnemonics to ethics, where an audience member was asked to contemplate questions: "What's worse, hate crimes or 8 crimes?" "Hate crimes," answered the audience member. "No, sorry, it turns out that 6 of those 8 crimes were murder," replied Roberts. Most of the show would not be out of place in stand-up, especially considering the actors' flair for improvisation. While a volunteer searched for her glasses so she could read out why the sixth sense is better than the other five, Kamil struck up with a funny musical inter-



Mr. Tumnus, welcoming Susan to Narnia, who broke into song. While the quality of the singing was mixed, the acting was of a good standard, and, crucially, everyone on stage looked like they were enjoying themselves immensely. Edward Rowett, Hannah Lee, Rob Frimston and Emily Hardy convincingly pulled off the difficult task of acting as children, while Uri Adiv and Natalie



Kesterton brought a wonderful warmth to proceedings as Mr and Mrs Beaver. The star turn, however, came from Megan Prosser as the White Witch, who, striding imperiously around the stage with her

henchman, Grumpskin (Lowri Amies), at her side, had something of the femme fatale about her.

Shaun Davey's music is composed in a variety of styles, with even a hint of an Afro-Caribbean influence in one ensemble number preceding the march of Aslan's army against the White Witch. Hannah Lee's energetic choreography lent real dynamism to the piece, while Rob Mills' lighting design was truly of the highest quality. Indeed, all the production values at work were impressive, showcasing the ADC's considerable talents off stage as well as on it.

It may not be the most challenging or innovative of pieces, but it was very well suited to the Fringe, and if the cast can bring the same enthusiasm to the ADC Theatre for their home run, the hesitations of students at watching a children's show will, like the snow in Narnia, no doubt eventually melt away, as their hearts are warmed by Aslan and Co. **Ed Rice**

lude, quickly picked up on by Roberts, to pass the few seconds.

Not all of the skits quite came off, and because of the lack of an overriding theme, a bad skit was a gaping hole rather than a little down-turn. The last skit with Kamil dressed up as David Bowie was disappointing and when Roberts chivvied the audience to sing Space Odyssey to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, few joined in.

While there were flaws, the energy and intelligence made this wildly funny at times. After all, as the flyer boasted, Simon Amstell said it was so good they could quote him as saying whatever they liked. It consequently had him saying "never mind the buzzcocks - go see these guys!"

A Behemoth, for those who don't know, is a Biblical monster. As the Behemoth "lieth under the shady trees", so was the Gently Progressive Behemoth overshadowed by previous achievements, but nevertheless served to remind us of the pair's considerable talent. **Michael Stothard**

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe
C Venue

Dir: Charles Arrowsmith

Theatre
★★★★★

No Country for Old Men

Dir: Joel Coen, Ethan Coen

Film
★★★★★

\$2 million dollars, a huge stash of heroin, a slow-talking sharp-thinking modern day cowboy and a psychopathic killer armed with hydraulic gun and complimentary canister, accompanied with beautifully crafted, dark, witty dialogue and fantastically shot 'wild west' scenery.

It's time to welcome back the exceptional film-making that was so lacking in the Coen brothers' last two outings (Intolerable Cruelty, The Ladykillers). The film itself is named after the W.B. Yeats poem 'Sailing to Byzantium', and the title is fitting. Indeed it isn't until the Mariachi band play a short-lived tune to a badly injured Llewelyn Moss (Josh Brolin) around 90

minutes into the film that one realises that this is the first occasion, excepting the odd ambient climax, where music has come into the film. Hard hitting, gruesome scenes are filled with brooding tension, leaving a wonderful film noir taste on the palette. The quirky moments are similar to Blood Simple, indeed much of the film is reminiscent of the directors' earlier work, but their experience, and budget, has increased with age, and No Country for Old Men is a truly wonderful edge-of-your-seat thriller, with sinister undercurrents and thought-provoking moments all woven into the rich tapestry of writing that Joel and Ethan are so good at when at the height

of their game. Tommy Lee Jones is superb as the upright but troubled sheriff, Javier Bardem makes a perfect soft-spoken homicidal maniac, and the cool Josh Brolin's performance as Llewelyn Moss is sharp and effortless with his delivery of some of the best lines in the film.

It is astonishing that No Country for Old Men received no honour at Cannes, but judging by its tremendous reception at Toronto it seems almost inevitable that this will be a hit at the box office, and will no doubt worm its way into the DVD collections of many in years to come. And rightly so - it's one of the best films of this year. **Ravi Amaratunga**

Apocryphal Tales Told in the Dark C³

Dir: Claire Wells,
Orlando Reade

Theatre
★★★★★

Apocryphal Tales Told in the Dark is a careful and persuasive depiction of the intertwining lives of fourteen inhabitants of modern day London, each trapped in debilitating illusions, most without realizing that they are so. The narratives revisit themes of parenthood, delusion, and quest in an intriguingly non-linear fashion, each taking the relay baton a little further than its predecessors.

Claire Wells plays what is the key role in the play - Lou, a young homeless woman whose monologues thematically bind the thirteen other scenes. In her search for her father she articulates the dilemma at the heart of the other characters' situations: When is loss a curious form of comfort? When can recovery be more painful than the loss which it replaces? The play opens with her regret over losing her dog, an essential prop for any urban beggar, but it emerges that this loss is merely the latest of many for her, the most significant being that of her father. Armed with a bible, she trawls through Old Testament narratives in an attempt to find relevant answers to her own questions: one of the many paradoxes of this character is that she is the keenest reader among the figures we meet. Her choric role in echoing the needs of others (and, in the case of the charity worker Sam, even intervening to solve them) was highly effective. Wells brought sensitivity and accomplishment to her performance and was impressively well judged, avoiding cliché in her interpretation.

Noah, the predatory Christian whose faith is revealed for the sham it is in his exchanges with the acerbic recovering alcoholic Ian (Charles Marshall), undergoes another epiphany. Trapped by his own evangelical jargon, he finds himself unable to reconcile the existence of brutality in the world with the notion of

a benevolent God. His pitiful suicide suggests that his apparently rewarding relationship with God has been no more than an expression of his need to be listened to. The loneliness of his situation is bleakly symbolized as he records his testimony into a dictaphone: there is the unnerving sense that his prayers similarly fell on deaf ears.

Kate O'Connor shone with frail naivety as Sam, the eager and idealistic charity worker whose do-gooding masks her feelings of rejection at being dumped by her boyfriend and who paradoxically needs more help than those she sets out to assist. The most demonstrative role of the show is that of Margery, a bag lady with middle class aspirations: her manic fantasies of affluence (ordering a wine list on a park bench as she splutters her way through a round of broken camembert) at first seem a grotesque caricature. However, in Kate Laycock's hands, she became a figure of pathos, her unmarried state emerging as the cause of her anguish. Margery's loneliness is sharpened cruelly by her finding an abandoned infant (another rescued 'Isaac'): as she calmly later explains to a social worker, she found what she really needed all along.

Orlando Reade is fascinated by the dilemmas confronted by women. He is evidently much more at home with the female psyche in his writing than with the male, and his female characters are fuller and more nuanced than their male counterparts. Perhaps for this reason the female members of the company make a stronger impact. The only significant disappointment of the play comes in the three drug dealer episodes: awkwardly accented performances and forced social stereotyping failed to live up to the polish and subtlety of the rest of the show.
Nigel Mortimer

Schumann Concerto for Cello and Or- chestra, Op. 129

Classical
★★★★★

In this wonderful recent recording, Natalie Gutman brings the influence of her former teacher Rostropovich to bear on a piece which demands technical excellence at the same time as deep musical feeling. The progress towards the final movement is marked by a considered tempo and sustained bowing, suggesting in the quieter moments a sense of bridled power. The recording methods used, with a microphone placed by the bridge of the 'cello, disappointingly muffles the clarity in some of the more conversational moments of the *langsam* movement, and thus Gutman's rapid vibrato, synonymous with earlier Rostropovich records, never reaches its potential tonal colouring. Nevertheless, the movement as a whole is played remarkably movingly, Gutman's style of bowing adding a natural lilt to the music which is complemented by the orchestra's use of bold colour. Schumann's typical abstention from breaking before the last section, to prevent audience applause between movements, is rightly used as a springboard into a lively interpretation of the last moments, Gutman adding an affectionate tone to her evident industriousness.
Toby Chadd

albums every right-minded person should own



In The Aeroplane Over the Sea Neutral Milk Hotel

When I first heard this album, I naively commented that it sounded "a bit like the Pogues". It doesn't though. In fact, it doesn't really sound like anything that came before it, and not much like anything that's come along since. It's a freak, an oddity, an outcast, a fuzzed-up, messed-up, horn-laden abortion of sea-shanty soundscapes, painful laments, and acoustic strumming that adds up to one of the most moving pieces of music - no - *works of art*, that you'll ever encounter. It is also possibly the only album to be based around the life and death of Anne Frank.

If this concept puts you off, move on. You probably won't appreciate its other quirks either. You won't understand why the sound of Jeff Mangum's voice cracking as he reaches for a crowning note is the most heart-breaking noise you'll ever hear. You won't shiver as you listen to lyrics both intimate and disturbing - *in the dark, we will take off our clothes, and you'll be placing fingers through the notches in my spine* - or thrill at the imagery of darkened stadiums, two-headed boys, and the impressions that sleeping bodies leave in still-warm sheets.

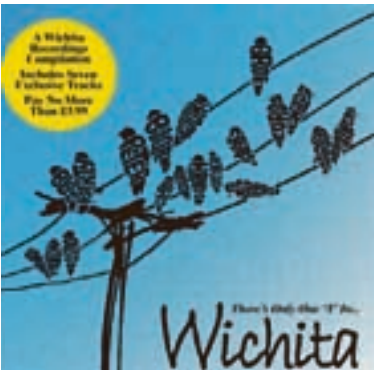
ITAOTS thrives on its self-made outsider image. The pounding folk-tinged stomps that form the backdrop to most of the songs are as at odds with contemporary music as the words that come tumbling out over the top of them, words that record the condition of a fervent imagination in breakdown, as Mangum grapples with childhood demons alongside the horrors of a war he has only known in the diary of a young girl. As the lucid nightmare of 'The King of Carrot Flowers Pt.1' gives way to the mournful brass of its sequel, the listener is introduced to a world where they are challenged by both fervent howls (*I love you Jesus Christ!*) and harrowing whispers (*semen stains the mountain tops...*). The only reason we survive is because we know that somewhere, deep within the unearthly voice and timeless melodies, there is a raw beauty, that resonates with hope.

This record was Mangum's last libation unto the world, before his retreat into silence. Perhaps the birthing of these songs was too traumatic too repeat. If you can bear witness to this glorious tragedy, you won't regret it. I promise you; it doesn't sound anything like the fucking Pogues.

JF

Various Artists There's Only One 'T' in Wichita

Album
★★★★★



Q: When is an album not an album? A: When it's a compilation. Compilations are a notoriously dodgy bunch. For every boutique showcase of uber-cool no-wave band b-sides, there're a thousand soul-destroying Best of Bland 69 disasters, designed to soundtrack a night of wine and quiet suicide in a suburb somewhere near you.

This particular compilation has been designed to celebrate the seventh birthday of indie label favourite, Wichita, and

as its heritage suggests, it steers clear of any dinner party nightmares by a city mile. Bands you've heard of (Bloc Party, The Cribs) snuggle up alongside bands you will be hearing about (Los Campesinos!, XOXO Panda) in a not-quite eclectic fashion, but in a way that will leave you quietly pleased about the state of modern 'indie' music. It spans along at a charming pace (Easpers' offering aside), with Los Campesinos!' claiming the prize for best song.

One point though. In a dramatic twist, Wichita have rung a death knell over the conventional album, arranging the songs in alphabetical order of artist, with the express command that you sequence it yourself, claiming that no one bothers to listens to albums all the way through anymore.

So, the album is dead then. Long live the compilation.
JF

Akala Freedom Lasso

Album
★★★★★



The 2006 MOBO award winner's opening track on Freedom Lasso, his second album, addresses everything from wags and their dubious 'careers' to Baghdad. And that's just within one verse. After this opening, you might think you have him worked out - a stereotypical hip hop rapper, probably popular amongst London's underground scene, which, to an extent, he is.

However, the influences that can be heard on this album are immensely more complex and widespread than mere hip hop;

Love in my Eyes contains a refrain sampled from Siouxsie and the Banshees, whereas Comedy Tragedy History is, perhaps unsurprisingly, peppered with Shakespeare quotations and in parts features a string quartet. And it doesn't stop there, as Akala moves on to the melodious and mellow You Put A Spell On Me, probably the best track on the album.

Neither electro nor indie are overlooked here, to the extent that at the beginning of some tracks, you fully expect Hot Chip or Richard Ashcroft to jump in and take the reins. This is an ingenious album; no track weaker than the others to make you want to skip ahead, interesting enough for solitary listening, yet energetic enough to get you moving. That said, if you really dislike hip hop, this album isn't for you. It is, at its roots a hip hop album, but the major difference to many other albums of that genre, is that this one isn't crap.
Verity Simpson

	film	theatre	music	other	going out
pick of the week	And When Did You Last See Your Father? Arts Picturehouse, 11.00 Anyone who thinks this will be another one of those films shrouded in fiction, based around a painting and an artist about whom the modern world knows very little (a la Girl with a Pearl Earring) is wrong. Yes, it might have the same name as the Yeames masterpiece, but it's actually a memoir of writer Blake Morrison's fraught relationship with his father. And it stars Colin Firth, what more could you want?	Cymbeline Mon 1 Oct - Sun 6 Oct Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45, (Thurs & Sat matinee 14.30), £10/£15/£20 Cambridge alumnus Trevor Nunn teams up with The Marlowe Society to produce one of Shakespeare's later romances. Starring some of the university's best talent, it promises to be absolutely excellent.	iLiKETRAiNS Monday 1 Oct The Soul Tree, 20.00, £7 Supported by 'frail' (apparently this is a good thing) indie-group Sennen, the Leeds post-rockers iLiKETRAiNS bring their slide-show projections and haunting group chanting to Cambridge. Specialising in a historical-based brand of epic songwriting, the group focuses its attentions on the state of Britain's rail network circa the middle of the Nineteenth century, and other such weighty matters. Don't let this put you off though, as their Sigur Ros/Godspeed You! Black Emperor styled tunes and intelligent lyrical preoccupations bring a fresh perspective to the boring and staid traditional clichés that limit so much 'rock and roll'.	The Gentle Art: Friends and Strangers in Whistler's Prints  Fitzwilliam Museum, 10.00 - 17.00, Admission Free The first half of the Fitzwilliam's survey of the great American artist James McNeill Whistler's prints focuses on the people within them (the second half will focus on urban landscapes).	Liquid People Saturday 29 Sept Fez, 22.00-03.00, £8 If you're too cool to attend Freshers Welcome Drinks (or just not desperate enough), saunter down to Fez for some 'New York-style house.' Surely this should be in a disused warehouse in down town Manhattan? It's worth a trip to witness the attempted Moroccan opium den transform into the above. And if you're bored enough to get there before 11, you can save yourself £2, which might go an eighth of the way towards some extortionately priced, themed cocktail. Let's see Cambridge try to do East Coast elan.
	Atonement Vue, 14.10, 17.10, 19.55, 22.40 Death Proof Vue, 23.30 The Singer Arts Picturehouse, 12.00, 18.30, 20.45	Terms of Endearment Cambridge Arts Theatre 19.45 Four Knights in Knaresborough Corpus Playroom, 19.45	Kano Junction, 19.00, £12.50 Rising grime star with "amazing eyes", apparently.	Through the Whole Island: Excursions in Great Britain University Library, 09.00 - 18.00 The Gentle Art: Friends and Stangers in Whistler's Prints Fitz' Museum, 10.00 - 17.00	The Get Down The Soul Tree £4 before 11 Generator Kambar, 22.00-03.30, £3 Indie/Electro/Alt/Retro. The usual then.
	Atonement Vue, 14.10, 17.10, 19.55, 22.40 Death Proof Vue, 23.30 The Singer Arts Picturehouse, 12.00, 18.30, 20.45	Terms of Endearment Cambridge Arts Theatre 19.45 Four Knights in Knaresborough Corpus Playroom, 19.45	Foals The Soul Tree, 19.00, £6.60 Puzzle-pop par excellence. Also used on the soundtrack to Skins. Must be cool then.	Through the Whole Island: Excursions in Great Britain University Library, 09.00 - 18.00 The Gentle Art: Friends and Stangers in Whistler's Prints Fitz' Museum, 10.00 - 17.00	Instinct The Soul Tree, £6 before 11 Liquid People Fez, 22.00 - 03.00 £8 The Indie Thing Kambar, 20.00 - 03.30 £5
	And When did you Last See Your Father? Arts Picturehouse, 11.00 Two Days In Paris Arts Picturehouse, 14.10, 16.30	Carmen Corn Exchange 19.30	Turin Brakes The Junction, 19.00, £16 Acoustic lameness costs you <i>how much?</i>	Flow Motion Soundscape Exhibition Institute of Astronomy, 09.00 - 17.00 Nope. Not a clue.	Freshen Up Fez, 21.00 - 03.00, £5 Freshers welcome. Run, children, run!
	Manhattan Arts Picturehouse, 18.30 Run, Fat Boy, Run Vue, 16.00, 21.00 As You Like It Arts Picturehouse, 13.00, 18.00	Cymbeline Cambridge Arts Theatre 19.45	iLiKETRAiNS The Soul Tree, 19.00, £7.70 They wear uniforms. This is a good thing.	Golgotha Baptist Church Chamber Choir Emmanuel Chapel, 13.00 Donations invited towards Friends of Chernobyl's Children, South Cambridge Group.	Renacimiento The Soul Tree, 22.00 - 03.00 £4 International student night. Does anyone go? Fat Poppadaddy's Fez, 22.00 - 03.30, £4 Same old, same old.
	Run, Fat Boy, Run Vue, 16.00, 18.30, 21.00 Michael Clayton Vue, 14.40, 17.30, 20.20 A Mighty Heart Arts Picturehouse, 15.30, 21.00	Cymbeline Cambridge Arts Theatre 19.45 The Winter's Tale ADC Theatre, 19.45 Wham Bam - Footlights National Tour ADC Theatre, 23.00	Alabama 3 The Junction, 19.00, £14	Through the Whole Island: Excursions in Great Britain University Library, 09.00 - 18.00 The Gentle Art: Friends and Stangers in Whistler's Prints Fitz' Museum, 10.00 - 17.00	Ebonics Fez, 22.00 - 03.00, £4 Wake Up Screaming Kambar, 21.00 - 02.00, £3.50 Why not fall asleep screaming too? Just visit the toilets to work out why.
	Run, Fat Boy, Run Vue, 16.00, 18.30, 21.00 Michael Clayton Vue, 14.40, 17.30, 20.20 When A Woman Ascends The Stairs Arts Picturehouse, 16.30	Cymbeline Cambridge Arts Theatre 19.45 The Winter's Tale ADC Theatre, 19.45 Wham Bam - Footlights National Tour ADC Theatre, 23.00	The Decemberists The Junction, 19.00, £12 A band who prove songs don't always have to about, you know, sex and stuff.	Through the Whole Island: Excursions in Great Britain University Library, 09.00 - 18.00 The Gentle Art: Friends and Stangers in Whistler's Prints Fitz' Museum, 10.00 - 17.00	Melamondo Fez, 22.00 - 03.00, Students free before 11 S.U.A.D. Presents Passions live Kambar, 22.00 - 03.00, £4 NY electro sleaze. Ace.
	Run, Fat Boy, Run Vue, 16.00, 18.30, 21.00 Michael Clayton Vue, 14.40, 17.30, 20.20 As You Like It Arts Picturehouse, 13.00, 18.00	Cymbeline Cambridge Arts Theatre 19.45 The Winter's Tale ADC Theatre, 19.45 Wham Bam - Footlights National Tour ADC Theatre, 23.00	Just Jack Corn Exchange, 19.30, £12.50	Through the Whole Island: Excursions in Great Britain University Library, 09.00 - 18.00 The Gentle Art: Friends and Stangers in Whistler's Prints Fitz' Museum, 10.00 - 17.00	Secret Discotheque The Soul Tree Freak Off La Raza, 21.00 - 03.00 £2 before 10, £3 before 11 Funk and Hip-Hop from the S.U.A.D. stable.

More Music...

The Decemberists
Wednesday 3rd October,
The Junction, 19.00. £7

The Decemberists will probably never be the biggest band in the world, but they may always be one of its most special. Hailing from the indie-capital of the USA (nay, the world), Portland, Oregon, the five-piece band eschew the angst and introspection of lad-rockers everywhere in favour of baroque narrative pop songs about the obscurest of topics. Who can fail to love a band with a song that begins "We are

two mariners, / Our ships' sole survivors, / trapped in this belly of a whale. / Its ribs are ceiling beams, / its guts are carpeting; / I guess we have some time to kill..."? They'll probably be playing some stuff from their new album, but don't let this deter you; it just means more wonderfully eccentric lyrics to take home and muse over. Anyway, they've a reputation as scintillating melodians in the flesh, and if



recent reviews are anything to go by, they're currently at the peak of their live powers. And at any rate, if it's good enough for the American comedian Stephen Colbert, who's really funny and thus of good judgement, then it's good enough for us. Plus at £7 you're not going to see a band of this calibre for less, so if nothing else it should appeal to your stingy side.

S.U.A.D. presents Passions live
Wed Oct 3rd
The Kambar 22:00 - 3:00
£4 on the door

S.U.A.D. has relaunched this year, adding, to the existing Friday night event at the Union, a brand new Thursday (Freak Off at La Raza) and a series of monster Tuesdays and Wednesdays with names like Freeform Five, Fingathing, Krafty Kuts and DJ Mehdi. Another jewel in the crown is this electro one off at the Kambar featuring a live set from up-and-coming NY electro prodigy Passions. Passions is part of the

electro elite to be featured on the hyper cool French Kitsune Maison compilations. Dazed & Confused summed up his live show with the phrase 'Makes ravers lose control'. Expect filthy brilliance.
www.myspace.com/limitlesspassion



In Brief

Living Wage Campaign

THE UNIVERSITY Labour Club has slammed colleges who fail to pay their staff a £6.50 living wage and launched a petition to protect these workers.

With average Cambridge house prices of £272,477, low wages are not sufficient and produce hardship. For more details visit www.srcf.ucam.org/livingwage or www.danielzeichner.co.uk

LIVING WAGE PETITION

I call upon all Cambridge Colleges to pay their employees a living wage.

Name
College
Email

☐ I would like to help Daniel's campaign.

☐ I would like to join the Labour Party.

☐ I am a Labour member in my home constituency. Please transfer my membership to Cambridge.

Please hand in at the Labour stall at Freshers Fair or post to: Alex Wood Hall, Norfolk St, Cambridge, CB1 2LD

The Labour Party may use the information you provide to contact you again. If you would prefer not to be contacted please write to the address above.

Beware. Light Up, Lock Up

Warning all freshers! As you become Cambridge students and buy bikes please remember: lock up - keep your bike safe from thieves and light up - to keep you safe as the nights get darker.



My first week at Kings

DANIEL ZEICHNER

"D R A M A T I C , so bewildering, exciting, and at times lonely - starting university is one of those key moments in your life.

"Maybe I should remember the academic stuff - and I do have hazy memories of being bored by Geoffrey Elton and excited by Roy Porter.

"But the important things are really the relationships you form and the friends you make.

"As my surname begins with "Z" I was relegated to the back line of the Matriculation photo. Teetering up high I got chatting with the student next to me. She is now my partner of over 30 years.



THEN AND NOW: 1976: New student Daniel Zeichner at his matriculation.

2007: Parliamentary Spokesperson Daniel Zeichner joins a debate with a panel of MPs.



"At the time people said that musical incompatibilities meant we wouldn't last the term. I guess that shows that you trust your own judgements. Perhaps that is what you really learn at Cambridge!

Daniel Zeichner is standing as the Labour Parliamentary Candidate in Cambridge at the next General Election.

◆ Get involved and join Daniel's winning campaign.

Email danz@cambridge-labour.org.uk. Call 01223 311315. Write to Cambridge Labour Party, Alex Wood Hall, Norfolk Street, Cambridge CB1 2LD. Text "danz" to 60222 along with your name and college.

New direction for Brown Government

GORDON BROWN has radically overhauled the Government with new Ministers, new departments, new policies and a new direction.

New Departments and New Faces

One of the new Prime Minister's first acts was to set up the Department for Innovation, Universities and Skills.

Daniel Zeichner comments: "This Department will really benefit Cambridge. Gordon has listened to calls from Universities, academics and businesses and has delivered with a new Department that will have skills at its heart."

"Jacqui Smith is Britain's first female home secretary and David Miliband the youngest foreign secretary since 1977. Looking beyond narrow



BROWN: Cambridge Parliamentary Daniel Zeichner meets PM Gordon Brown.

Party lines new faces include former UN deputy secretary general Sir Mark Malloch Brown and industry bosses."

New direction

Important new announcements have been made on housing. This shows that the issue of affordable housing, vital in Cambridge, is high on the Brown Government's agenda. In the wake of the

Airport bomb attacks, the handling of anti-terror proposals has been marked by the search for consensus. After Brown's first US trip the Washington Post remarked that Mr Brown was "more bulldog than poodle."

Zeichner comments: "I welcome Brown's new style of politics —more consensus, more in depth Cabinet meetings and policy announcements in the Commons not the press."

Campaign Debate Socialise

Join Cambridge University Labour Club. See us at Freshers Fair or email Clare.ceh63@cam.ac.uk



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Friday 28 Sep – Thursday 4 Oct

HALLOWEEN (18) (2h10) (NFT) Daily 12.40 (Sat/Sun Only) 15.20 18.00 20.50 Fri/Sat Late 23.20 MICHAEL CLAYTON (15) (2h20) Daily 11.50 (Sat/Sun Only) 14.40 17.30 20.20 Fri/Sat Late 23.00 THE BRAVE ONE (18) (2h25) (NFT) Daily 12.30 (Sat/Sun Only) 15.30 18.20 21.10 ACROSS THE UNIVERSE (12a) (2h35) (NFT) Daily 14.30 17.40 20.40 I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU, CHUCK AND LARRY (12a) (2h15) (NFT) Daily 14.20 (Not Wed) 17.20 (Not Wed) 20.10 (Not Wed) SUPERBAD (15) (2h15) (NFT) Daily 15.00 (Not Tues) 17.50 20.30 Fri/Sat Late 23.15	ATONEMENT (15) (2h25) Daily 14.10* (Not Sun) 17.10* 19.55* (Not Tues) Fri/ Sat Late 22.40* RUN FAT BOY RUN (12a) (2h) Sat/ Sun Only 13.30 Daily 16.00 18.30 (Not Mon) 21.00 DEATHPROOF (18) (2h15) (NFT) Fri/ Sat Late 23.30 THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM (12a) (2h15) Fri/Sat Late 22.50 THE SIMPSONS MOVIE (PG) (1h50) Sat/Sun Only 11.10 HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX (12a) (2h50) Sat/ Sun Only 11.20 BRATZ (PG) (2h) Sat/Sun Only 12.20 SURFS UP (PG) (1h45) Sat/Sun 12.00 SUBTITLED PERFORMANCE: ATONEMENT (15) (2h25) Sun 14.10* Tues 19.55*
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THE ANORAK

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Results

Cricket:
30/07-3/08 Varsity Four Day Match: Drawn after rain stopped play
7/7 Varsity One Day Match: Cambridge 135 all out, Oxford 137-4. Oxford win by 6 wickets

Tennis:
28-29 June Men's Tennis Varsity, Cambridge win 12-9

Hockey:
16/9 University Men's Blues lost 5-2 home to Sevenoaks
22/9 University Men's Blues lost 3-2 away to Ipswich I
23/9 University Men's Blues lost away to Indian Gymkana I

Rugby:
3/9 University Men's Blues beat Cambridge City 34-0
9/9 Uni Blues lost to All Kanto Gakuin 46-8.
16/9 Uni Blues lost to Waseda University 47-17

Fixtures for October

Note: All matches are on Wednesdays unless otherwise indicated

Football:
17/10 University Men's Football I v Loughborough Men's III, Home
24/10 University Men's Football I v Nottingham Trent I, Away
31/10 University Men's Football I v Coventry I, Home

17/10 University Men's Football II v De Montford, Home
24/10 University Men's Football II v Leicester IV, Away
17/10 University Women's Football v ARU, Away
24/10 University Women's Football I v Nottingham II, Home
31/10 University Women's Football I v Oxford Brookes I, Away

Rugby:
17/10 University Women's Rugby Union v Harper Adams Women I, Home
24/10 University Women's Rugby Union v Warwick Women's I, Away

Hockey:
30/09 University Men's Hockey I v Ipswich, 2:30. Home - Wilberforce Road

17/10 University Women's Hockey I v Nottingham I, 16:00, Away - University Boulevard
24/10 University Women's Hockey I v Birmingham II, 14:00. Home - Wilberforce Road
31/10 University Women's Hockey I v Birmingham III, 14:00, Home - Wilberforce Road

17/10 University Women's Hockey II v Loughborough IV, 14:00, Home - Wilberforce Road
24/10 University Women's Hockey II v Warwick I, Away
31/10 University Women's Hockey II v East Anglia I, 12:30, Home - Wilberforce Road

Lacrosse:
17/10 University Women's Lacrosse I v Bristol I, 13:00, Home - Queens College Sports Ground
24/10 University Women's Lacrosse I v London I, Away
31/10 University Women's Lacrosse I v Exeter I, 13:00, Home - Queens College Sports Ground

17/10 University Women's Lacrosse II v Nottingham II, 14:30, Home - Queens College Sports Ground
24/10 University Women's Lacrosse II v Birmingham II, 14:00, Away - Munrow Sports Centre
31/10 University Women's Lacrosse II v Warwick I, 14:30, Home - Queens College Sports Ground

Netball:
17/10 University Netball I v Birmingham III, 16:00, Away - Bordesley Green Girls School
24/10 University Netball I v Loughborough II, 13:00, Home - Cherry Hinton Village Centre
31/10 University Netball I v Birmingham II, 16:00, Home - Haverhill Leisure Centre

17/10 University Netball II v East Anglia, 12:30, Home - Royston Leisure Centre
24/10 University Netball II v Staffordshire I, Away
31/10 University Netball II v Loughborough III, Away

Rugby League:
17/10 University Men's Rugby League v Oxford I, Home

24/10 University Men's Rugby League v Staffordshire I, Away
31/10 University Men's Rugby League v Nottingham, Home

Tennis:
17/10 University Men's Tennis v Loughborough III, Away
24/10 University Men's Tennis v Nottingham II, Home
31/10 University Men's Tennis v Loughborough II, Away

31/10 University Women's Tennis v Exeter Women's I

Water Polo:
17/10 University Men's Waterpolo I v Cambridge II, Home
17/10 University Men's Waterpolo I v East Anglia Men's, Home
17/10 University Men's Waterpolo I v Essex I, Away
17/10 University Women's Waterpolo I v London I, Away
17/10 University Women's Waterpolo v Birmingham I, Home
17/10 University Women's Waterpolo v Loughborough I, Away

Basketball:
17/10 University Men's Basketball v Oxford Brookes, 12:00, Home - Kelsey Kerridge
24/10 University Men's Basketball v Nottingham, 12:00, Home - Kelsey Kerridge
31/10 University Men's Basketball v Warwick, Home - Kelsey Kerridge

Volleyball:
17/10 University Men's Volleyball v Warwick I, Home

24/10 University Men's Volleyball v Nottingham, 13:00, Away - Jubilee Sports Centre
31/10 University Men's Volleyball v Oxford, 19:00, Away - Iffley Road
17/10 University Women's Volleyball v Birmingham I, Home
24/10 University Women's Volleyball v Warwick I, Away
31/10 University Women's Volleyball v Oxford, 17:00, Away - Iffley Road

Fencing:
17/10 University Men's Fencing I v Bristol, UCL, Bath, Oxford (Weekend tournament)
17/10 University Women's Fencing I v Bristol, Imperial, Bath, Oxford (Weekend tournament)
17/10 University Men's Fencing II v Nottingham Men's II, Home
24/10 University Men's Fencing II v Warwick I, Away
31/10 University Men's Fencing II v Staffordshire I, Home

Badminton:
17/10 University Men's Badminton v Portsmouth, Home
31/10 University Men's Badminton v Bristol, Home

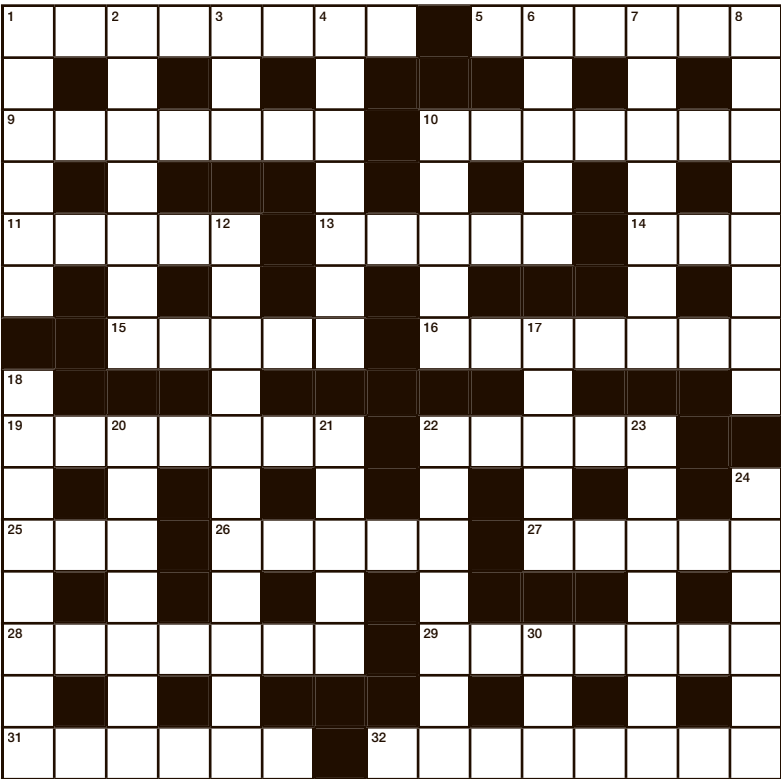
Table Tennis:
24/10 University Table Tennis v Middlesex Men's I, Home
31/10 University Table Tennis v Brighton Men's I, Away

Modern Pentathlon:
Friday 26- Saturday 27 October
Modern Pentathlon Novice Varsity Match, Home

Games & puzzles



Varsity crossword no. 469



Across
1 Investor trades in old money for new: he has designs (8)
5 Lee saw misbehaving creature (6)
9 Bring down spoken media (7)
10 Secretive degree of noise (7)
11 Golly! A pound for a penny, that's not bad! (5)
13 Artificially enhanced without convenience: dark! (5)
14 God of everything (3)
15 Sailor chatty around tee-off, we hear (5)
16 Pansy stem slightly trimmed for arrangements (7)
19 Talk back, support retribution (7)
22 Tough strait (5)
25 Money can make you see things differently (1,1,1)
26,24 Down Burly Bonnie is a

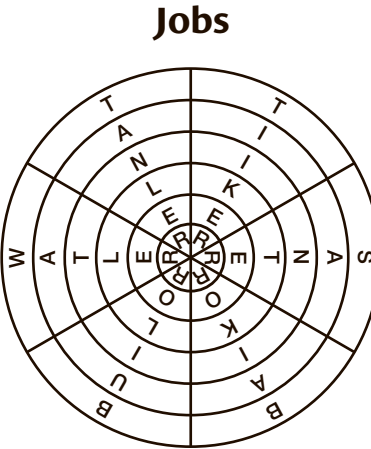
mixed up girl (5,6)
27 Quiet thespian overly underrepresented (5)
28 Gaily cast article aside, sucking in lip in mucky fashion (7)
29 Weaponry makes soldiers retreat by backstreets (7)
31 Hi-tech oestrogen cut down repercussions (6)
32 Old money love-in: Queen will teach you (8)

Down
1 Shady doing I set about? (6)
2 VIP lady trips like an airhead (7)
3 Originally sounding hoarse? (3)
4 Hit song remixed after shooting (2,5)
6 Say, assault course (5)
7 Thinker, unknown, sleeps in quarters (7)
8 On without church in not so much of a beastly location (4,4)
10 Ties up wife about nothing (5)
12 Plant confused even pieces of accuracy (around a hundred) (5)
17 Drop ghetto money (5)
18 Record? I record, initially unwillingly, every last word (8)
20 Tongue plate after self-service set-up (7)
21 Twisted deviant (5)
22 Draw back (after girl) to the moon, for example (7)
23 Sweeper confused danger with commencing tremors (7)
24 See 26 Across
26 Cheese, new in: a drop in the ocean (5)
30 So it is written (Samuel 1:100) (3)



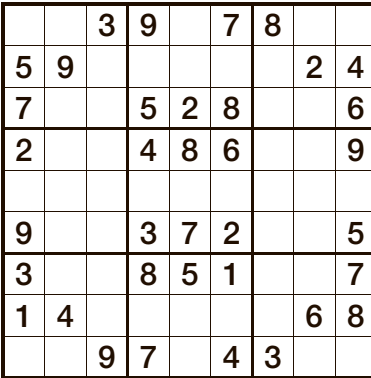
COMPETITION

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



Sudoku

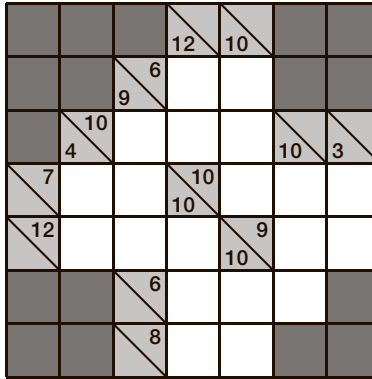
The object is to insert the numbers in the boxes to satisfy only one condition: each row, column and 3x3 box must contain the digits 1 through 9 exactly once.



French filming
Teutonic goodlooker seeks buxom Brunette from Tit Hall for long brooding evenings over whiskey and foreign films.
Email personals@varsity.co.uk quoting "Laphroaig"

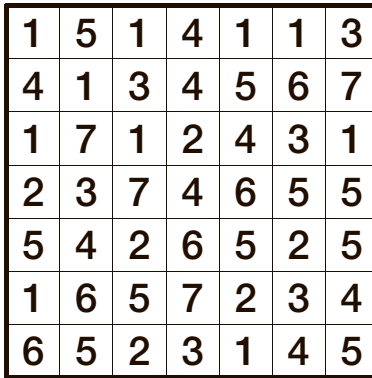
Kakuro

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.



Gamblers Unanimous

ED PEACE &
NIALl RAFFERTY

Much to the relief of local bookmakers, Joe and Oscar have moved on to enjoy the proceeds generated by last year's hugely successful tipping column. We'll be taking over the reins this year and aiming to keep Varsity readers in the black and the local bookmaking fraternity running for cover.

Our first selection takes us to Fratton Park. Last weekend Portsmouth managed their first away win since December 2006, and the Fratton Park faithful will have high hopes for their team this Saturday against a struggling Reading side, currently discovering the meaning of so-called 'second season syndrome.' However, it appears that Harry Redknapp is unaware that the African Cup of Nations is taking place next year, and come January he'll have about two eligible players, so we'll try to make some money from Portsmouth's upturn in form while it lasts. A fiver on Pompey to take all three points should ensure we get our weekend off to a profitable start.

The Japanese Grand Prix takes place this weekend, and with the Driver's Championship so open, betting on Formula 1 has never been so enticing. With only a handful of races to go, and a mere two points between the "rookie" Lewis Hamilton and two-time World Champion Fernando Alonso, tensions have soared. With the conclusion of the 'spygate' drama, McLaren boss Ron Dennis revealed that he and Fernando Alonso aren't even on speaking terms. However, the awkward silences on the team radio may work in the cool Spaniard's favour, increasing his determination, and causing less of a distraction. Rumours are circulating that Alonso has intimate knowledge of the Ferrari set-ups, and after all, knowledge is power, so we'll tip the fiery Spaniard to take the spoils this weekend.

On the track, Saturday's Queen Elizabeth II Stakes from Ascot doesn't look a particularly gripping contest for anyone who has recently surrendered their financial independence to the Student Loan Company. But on closer inspection, it's difficult to ignore the 5-1 being offered on Frankie Dettori's mount, Ramonti. The colt has not finished outside of the top two in any of his four starts this year and looks likely to improve on last month's second at Langchamp. The principal danger comes from the Irish raider and pre-race favourite, George Washington. Though a class horse on his day, performances this year suggest his eyes are already set on the mares awaiting him at stud. Just to be safe, we'll be backing our selection, Ramonti, each-way to avoid the pinch of any unexpected revival.

THE BANKER 5/6
PORTSMOUTH TO BEAT READING £5

PREDICTION 11-5
ALONSO TO WIN JAPANESE GRAND PRIX £2

THE LONG SHOT 5-1
RAMONTI TO WIN THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II £2 e.w.

Pre-season hockey woes

»String of losses conceal promising talent within team

CAMBRIDGE 2
ELLIS 9, 53

SEVENOAKS 5

STUART PENMAN
Hockey Correspondent

Bright sunshine and warm weather welcomed the Blues to Wilberforce Road for their first game back in National League South. Having bounced back at the first time of asking by being crowned champions of the East League last season it was now a chance to raise the bar as they entered the third highest league in the country.

A high paced start saw fellow National League newcomers Sevenoaks snatch an early goal to put the Blues under pressure. However the Blues kept their confidence and composure as they continued to take the game to Sevenoaks. Their pressure was rewarded when midfielder Nick McLaren appeared on the right wing to put in an excellent cross which forward Chris Ellis scrambled home to equalise.

Renewed enthusiasm and a high work rate from the forward line saw Sevenoaks repeatedly at a loss as to how to play the ball out of defence. They became increasingly rattled, complaining about the ball, the pitch and even the weather. Buoyed by their command of the game, the Blues made the pressure count a few minutes later when Ellis again picked up the ball in the circle and calmly dispatched his second goal of the game. Retaining the advantage as half time arrived the Blues were in a strong position but knew their work was far from finished.



Despite an unflattering scoreline Cambridge's pre-season performance bodes well for the future

STEVE SMITH

The second half began evenly as Sevenoaks started to cope better with the Blues' attacking press but were unable to penetrate the Blues' defence. The pressure began to mount as a Sevenoaks penalty corner was only kept out by the crossbar. Later in the second half, Sevenoaks' drag flicker found his range to dispatch a penalty corner and take the score to 2-2. The Blues responded with more attacking urgency, with Ellis looking hungry for a hat-trick. Against the run of play it

was Sevenoaks who were to take the lead, capitalising on the gaps opening up as both teams felt the effects of the pace of the game.

Despite going behind, the Blues maintained their high work-rate and raised the intensity and urgency of the game as it entered the final minutes. But another open play goal from Sevenoaks increased the deficit in the final minutes. Another drag flick from a penalty corner gave Sevenoaks their final goal and ensured that the final score

would flatter the visitors.

Although a very disappointing result, the first half performance showed that the Blues possess the attitude and ability to beat teams in the National League. There were also promising National League debuts for a number of players, not least goal-scorer Ellis and man of the match Dave Saunders.

The year has not started well and the team are going to have to raise their game if they are to survive what promises to be a difficult season.

Varsity Cricket

CONTINUED FROM BACK PAGE

to the four-day match, both sides took positives from the limited play that took place. Cambridge's all-round performance with both bat and ball boded well for the decider but after Oxford's second innings onslaught, the one-day match at Lords was far from a foregone conclusion.

The one day game started with Oxford winning the toss and deciding to bowl. They lost no time in unleashing their dynamic bowling attack, which made quick work of some shoddy Cambridge batting. No one bowler stole the limelight for Oxford, rather it was an all-round performance from their bowlers as Macadam, Dingle, Woods and Hobbiss took two wickets apiece, with Morse and Sadler claiming the remaining two scalps. The Blues batsmen had little to be proud of after being bowled out for 135, with Glen Ward topping an unimpressive set of figures with a steady 32.

The Oxford openers must have been licking their chops as they stepped out of the famous Lords Pavilion and made their way out to the wicket. With a total reminiscent of an average college game to chase, the odds were stacked heavily in Oxford's favour. If Cambridge had any aspiration to Varsity glory in 2007 then they need-

ed some tight fielding and canny bowling right from the off. At first Cambridge stuck to the game plan. Some good bowling from Robin Kemp and Ben Jacklin left Oxford 20-2 and had the Blues fans' hopes up. But the next Oxford pair continued the fine touch they had displayed in the second innings of the four-day match. Some impressive batting from Ball and Crawley, scoring 40 apiece undefeated, brought Oxford at cracking six wickets win. Cambridge must have felt like futile observers as the two Oxford players treated them to a batting masterclass including several memorable slashing cover drives from Ball and Crawley's distinctive cuts, which entertained the crowd and heaped woes on the fielding side.

Despite a washed out draw and a six wicket thumping, 2007 has been the closest Cambridge have come to stealing a victory from Oxford in years. The one-day game was a little one-sided, but the four-day game, while it lasted, saw Cambridge surge into one of the strongest positions that they've been in on the Varsity cricket pitch in years. With much to work on over the coming months, hopes must remain high for cricketing success next year, so long as the weather holds out.

CUBC race in Russia



MIKE FRANKLIN

This summer CUBC's first boat took on their oldest rivals once again but this time in slightly more exotic surroundings.

Shown here cruising past the Cathedral of Christ Our Saviour, the Blue boat travelled to Moscow to take part in the so-called Race of Champions, where they would be competing against the hosts Moscow State University of Physical Education, the University of

Washington and none other than Oxford university. The race over 3500m was won by the American crew but Cambridge secured a respectable 2nd place replicating their victory over the Dark Blues last spring.

For more news of the race and the tour to Moscow, see Dr Mike Franklin's article on www.varsity.co.uk/sport



The tour party take a break from a gruelling schedule to pose in their finery

HAMISH MURRAY

Tour proves tough

» Baptism of fire for rugby Blues in Japan

BLUES VS CAMBRIDGE CITY 34-0

KANTO GAKUIN UNIVERSITY VS BLUES 46-8

WASEDA UNIVERSITY VS BLUES 47-17

GEORGE TOWERS
Chief Sports Editor

With just under ten weeks to go until the annual Varsity Match, and the burden of a two year winning streak to defend, let alone the pride of the university, the pressure is on for Ross Blake, this year's captain, to perform. In the wake of an eye-opening tour to Japan, and knowing that the massively experienced ex-Australian international Joe Roff is leading the opposition camp, the task ahead must seem incredibly daunting.

Despite a convincing 34-0 win against Cambridge City prior to departing for their tour of Japan, the two results on tour suggest a team far from ready to replicate last year's varsity success. The Blues lost 46-8 to Kanto Gakuin University and 47-17 to Waseda University. Blake admits, "Following a positive start against Cambridge City, where some of the new guys came in and performed really well, we got completely shot down in Japan." The cynic might argue that this year's Blues are in disarray, based solely on the evidence of these two results. However, considering the heat and humidity of Japan and the fact that the Blues faced two sides who had been playing and training together for months rather than days, the results are a little more understandable.

In the manner of a true professional Blake is making no excuses for his side's heavy defeats. "We got beaten fair and square by a better team who deserved to win. In fact they deserved to win by quite a lot because they were significantly better than we were." Facing Oxford at Twickenham, in the cold, wind and rain of the British winter, will be a completely different challenge to tackling the Japanese on their home turf.

Last year's Varsity Match, although not particularly memorable, ended in a 15-6 victory largely

thanks to a strong performance from the pack. Once again the season may be based on forward power. This is reflected in the six blues returning to the pack, including John Blaikie and Jon Dawson, who are likely to replicate last year's devastating performance. However Blake is keen to stress that nobody's position in the side is guaranteed and is anxious that trying to replicate the forward dominated play of last year may prove an unwise move as Roff is far too experienced not to learn from past mistakes.

"With six of the pack returning we've got a solid platform, but I'd like to introduce more variety to our game this year." For the 2007

the crowds come December 6.

Continuity seems to be the watchword in the Blues camp this year. One of the aspects they focussed on in Japan was retaining the ball for at least three phases every time. On the two occasions where this was achieved they came away with a try and a penalty. A more flowing style of play will be greatly welcomed by the many rugby spectators who flock to Twickenham in December and head to Grange Road for the evening matches throughout the term. All too often, University games are accused of being too disjointed and scrappy. Is Blake concerned? "Regularly Varsity games boil down to a war of attrition, and if we have to play the same way to win the game then I'd be happy to do that." Blake's focus on Varsity victory is absolute and the seriousness with which he is approaching the task cannot be doubted.

This year's side boasts a wealth of returning Blues, all with at least some professional or semi-professional experience. However there is also a crop of undergraduate players pushing for places. Chris Lewis, who won a Blue last year, is the pick of the home grown talent, but the likes of Pat Crossley (last year's u21 captain), Charlie Rees and Andy Wheble all continue to prove that the gap between university rugby and the college game is not as vast as many believe. It is a common misconception that the Blues team is purely made of postgraduates hardened in the professional game. Blake insists that if undergraduates come along with the right attitude and commitment then anything is possible. "If you're good enough and want it then there are opportunities to step to a higher level."

With a string of tough matches ahead against the likes of Northampton Saints, Saracens and Leicester Tigers, let alone the annual match against the Steele-Bodger XV (this year rumoured to host 15 internationals) the Blues have a long way to go before the Varsity Match on December 6. The task may seem daunting, but with Blake's relaxed pragmatism and professional approach you get the sense that the University's pride come match day is in good hands.

One to Watch

» Chris Lewis



History:
Undergraduate reading History at St Catharines.

Position:
Wing or Centre

Experience:
2005: u21 Varsity, 2006: came off the bench to win his first Blue.

Why watch him?
Strong and powerful, Lewis is a raw young talent with bags of flair. The rough edges in his game will surely be ironed out as he grows in experience and confidence.

Ross Blake reckons:
"He's just getting better and better and better"

season the Blues are having to make do without two of their key players from last year. Seasoned Blue, Johnny Upton, will be missed at ten and the dynamism of Joe Ansbro, who lit up last year's Varsity Match and kept Roff continually tied down, won't be there to wow

News from the River



The aim of this column is to uncover some of the mysteries and grey areas surrounding Cambridge University Boat Club and its Blues crews. For the first time, the highs and lows of our gruelling training and race fixtures will be shared with the wider rowing community across the university. Pre-race crew selection however, will as always remain a shrouded secret.

The 2007 Boat Race Campaign defined a new standard for success. The Blue Boat won. Goldie – our reserves crew – won. The spare pair won. Needless to say, high hopes and anticipations for another successful year define the mood of our pre-term camp.

Yet while our official season has just begun, a handful of this year's squad has been here for over a month. At the end of August, eight of us traded in our boats for bikes and tackled the French Alps as part of an altitude training camp. A quick turnaround at Heathrow allowed a similar group to travel to Russia just hours after returning from France. Russia played host to the "Race of Champions", a sprint through Moscow in which Oxford yet again suffered defeat, albeit this time in front of the Kremlin rather than Putney.

The final race of the summer was the Bremen Achter Cup, which we traveled to Germany to compete in just last week. The Cambridge crew won again, easily beating the German national champions, the U19 world champions, and various other invited teams from surrounding countries. It capped an impres-

sive – but completely irrelevant – start to the season, for when we line up against the familiar foe on March 29, 2008, it will be the next six months – not the six prior – that decide whether or not we have what it takes.

This necessitates the pre-term camp we find ourselves in the midst of right now. September 18 marked the official start of the season, ushered in with a speech from this year's president, Dan O'Shaughnessy. Over fifty prospective trialists, with qualifications ranging from bumps headships to world championship medals, were introduced to the 178 year history of the CUBC. Come the following morning, all past accomplishments were thrown aside, and the 179th year began with a physiology assessment notorious for "separating the men from the boys".

The days ahead contain much of the same: long training rows on the river Ouse in Ely, morning weight sessions at Goldie Boathouse in Cambridge, and many runs, swims and cycles in preparation for the annual triathlon that marks the culmination of pre-term training. There will be moments that I wouldn't wish upon anyone, but the mind does a good job of masking lows with highs, such as mornings on the river watching the sun rise over the cathedral in Ely.

And I hope to capture the best of it here, if for nothing else than to persuade you to never touch an oar, and play rugby instead. They're more fun.

Spencer Hunsberger

Captain's Corner

» Ross Blake



History
Bristol University, now at Hughes Hall studying for a BA in Economics.

Position
Scrum half

Previous experience
Bristol University, Bristol RFC, Bath RFC, England u18, Scotland u21, Cambridge City, Blue in 2006

Why rugby?
I was lucky enough to be offered a

contract back in 1998 when I left school, quite early on in rugby's professionalism, and never really looked back.

Rugby highlight
Winning last year's Varsity Match on my first Blue was definitely up there.

Typical week
Our match day is on Monday evening at Grange Road, then we need to rest up on Tuesdays. We train every evening, focusing on match skills, set piece play and fitness and on top of that we hit the weights on Wednesdays and Fridays. A pretty full week really. Oh, and my degree of course.

Inside track on Oxford
I know, through some old club friends now at Oxford, that Joe Roff (Oxford Captain) has got some tricks up his sleeve. He's brought in new coaches and a new structure, so I think Oxford will be equally well organised, if not better, than last year.

Aim for the season
Win the Varsity Match. That's it.

Next match
Our next match is on September 30 vs the Old Blues.

SPORT



HOCKEY

Reasons to be cheerful despite disastrous early defeat Page 30

Blues thrashed at Lords

»Rain ruins hopes of breaking 9 year losing streak in four day match

4 DAY MATCH
DRAWN

1 DAY MATCH
CAMBRIDGE 135 ALL OUT
OXFORD WIN BY 6 WICKETS

GEORGE TOWERS
 Chief Sports Editor

The past few years have seen dismal Cambridge performances at both the one day and the four day Varsity matches. The last time the Blues triumphed in the one-day game came in 2005 and for victory in the four day test you have to go all the way back to 1998. Hoping to overturn their dreadful run of form this year, they faced both a strong Oxford side and the unpredictability of the weather.

Having opted to field, Cambridge started the four day match well at Fenner's, Robin Kemp taking a superb 3 for 23 in a strong bowling attack that restricted Oxford to only 189. In reply Cambridge's top order batsmen put in a solid performance guiding the side to a total of

258 and a lead of 69 going into the second innings. In a game marred by the weather, Ian Massey, Cambridge's captain, put in a stand-out performance for the spectators, bashing 65 off 157 balls including 7 boundaries.

Massey shone throughout the match, guiding Cambridge into a commanding position. But just as they began to take control of the match, the weather kicked in and only 42 overs of Oxford's second innings were completed before the match was declared a draw. With hindsight this may have been in Cambridge's favour as despite their lead going into the second half of the match, Oxford's opening batsmen had made an electric start to their second innings and had reached 116-1 by the close of play.

With the four day match at Fenner's having ended in a draw, both sides were keen to secure victory in the one-day match at Lords and thus claim Varsity honours for 2007.

Despite a frustrating culmination

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



After a successful first innings in the field, Cambridge faced tougher resistance in the second LYNDEN SPENCER-ALLEN

Cambridge Innings			
F. OWEN	Ct. A. Ball	Bwld. E. Morse	11
B.D. SMITH	Bowled	J.C. Macadam	1
M.L. AUSTIN	Bowled	J.C. Macadam	3
I.R. MASSEY	Bowled	N.J. Woods	16
W.J.F. O'DRISCOLL	Ct. T. Froggett	Bwld. L. Dingle	7
G.B. WARD	Ct. T. Froggett	Bwld. M. Hobiss	32
F.B. BAKER	Ct. N. Woods	Bwld. N. Woods	11
J.J.N. HEYWOOD	Ct. M. Hobiss	Bwld. L. Dingle	0
T. HEMINGWAY	LBW	Bwld. Hobiss	27
B.D. JACKLIN	Run out		15
R.A. KEMP	Not out		1
EXTRAS			11
TOTAL			135

Oxford Innings			
FO. SADLER	Ct. T. Hemingway	Bwld. R. Kemp	7
T.H. HOWELL	Stumped	J. Heywood	5
A. H. BALL	Not Out		40
N. J. WOODS	Ct. T. Hemingway	Bwld. T. Hemingway	25
C.M.M. HILL	Ct. J. Heywood	Bwld. T. Hemingway	1
S.H. CRAWLEY	Not out		40
M. HOBISS			
L.A. DINGLE			
T.J. FROGETT			
E.J. MORSE			
J.C. MACADAM			
EXTRAS			19
TOTAL			137

Gudzowski stands firm

CAMBRIDGE 12
OXFORD 9

»Men's tennis team hang on for the win

SIMON ALLEN
 Chief Sports Editor

Back on June 28, the Queens Lawn Tennis Club hosted the annual Men's Tennis Varsity match. Both teams had come off the back of a strong BUSA season and with the talents of Cambridge's top seed Jonathan Tassell, and Oxford's Marc Baghdadi, it was forecast to be not only a fiercely competitive match, but also promised some dazzling displays of skill and ability. The match did not disappoint.

The Cambridge team started off confidently, immediately in touch and

made the most of facing an Oxford side that didn't seem to be playing to the most of their talents. Whilst Oxford seemed incapable of finding their form as Cambridge went on to dominate both the first day's singles and doubles play; 5 of the 6 matches were won by Cambridge, with Oxford's number 1 pair beaten in straight sets by the Light Blues 2nd pairing of John Western and the team captain Tim Murray. It was beginning to look as though the keenly anticipated close struggle had in fact turned into a walkover, with Cambridge leading by 9 matches to 3 and only needing a further 3 wins to secure victory.

This did not turn out to be the case, as so often with Varsity matches: if the Cambridge team expected to

coast through on the second day to an easy win, they were very much mistaken, Oxford simply were not the same team. They won the first 4 singles matches consecutively against a Cambridge side who were by no means below their game. Oxford were striking the ball with more confidence and importantly precision at key points in the matches. Suddenly, with the score now at 9-7, it looked as if the advantage was swinging in Oxford's favour, but the gritty play of Cambridge's Milosz Gudzowski who won both his singles and doubles matches was enough for Cambridge to clinch victory by 12 games to 9: a truly plucky effort to suppress a spirited and dangerous resurgence from the Dark Blue team.

S.U.A.D.
 PRESENTS

Freeform five (Live)

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TUESDAY
 5TH OCTOBER
 SOUL TREE
 10-3

ADVANCE TICKETS FROM TABOUCHE: £5
 ON THE DOOR: £6. AFTER 11: £7

