

Fashionp21



Fashion
disaster?
Jonny and
Luciana
will make
you look
fabulous



An interview
with Palestinian
terrorist leader
Munir
Al-Maqdah

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Issue No 660
Friday October 5 2007
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VARSITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

Students for Sale

“Clients liked the fact that I was a Cambridge student, and so did the agency. They liked having a classier girl there. It was good for business.”

CAMBRIDGE STUDENT, 21,
FORMER PROSTITUTE



LIZZIE ROBINSON

KATHERINE FAULKNER
News Editor

A Varsity investigation into Cambridge student jobs has uncovered undergraduates working as prostitutes and strippers during term time, as well as a plethora of students selling essays and dates for cash. One Cambridge student has admitted to spending her first undergraduate year working as a call girl, charging £50 per hour. Unbeknown to her friends, the finalist slept with between 40 and 50 men for money over two months, and once with seven men in a single night.

“I did have a day job at the same time, but it just wasn’t paying enough,” she told Varsity. “I met other students who did it too. Once you’ve done it, it is tempting. If you need quick, easy money, it’s there.”

The student, who has since given up the practice, said that she would get calls out to students “maybe once or twice a fortnight.”

Another cash-strapped undergraduate travelled to a northern city on weekends to strip for clients in return for up to £100 per dance.

“It can be so degrading,” she admits, “but, when I’m home, I’m not going to stack shelves at Morrison’s for £5.50 an hour when I could do this.”

“There are the moments I really don’t want to do it, but it is certainly character building. My worst fear is dancing up there in front of someone I know, but everyone has to do it.”

Takemetodinner.com claim that 450 Cambridge students and alumni are members of their escorting site, which was formerly known as Oxbridge Escorts. Of these, 342 ad-

vertise escorting services, charging anywhere up to £300 for a single date. The company pride themselves on their selection of “elite dates”, a status reserved for Oxbridge and ‘Ivy League’ educated escorts.

But they claim that despite the high prices and suggestive profiles the website “has always been and always will be strictly a dinner date service”, and that “inappropriate behaviour will not be tolerated”.

Even more widespread was the completion of work for the Oxbridge Essays service, a practice which the university has condemned as “cheating, or complicit with cheating.” John Foster, head of sales at Oxbridge Essays, estimates that the company has “at least 500” Cambridge students and alumni on their books.

One student claimed to have made £2,000 by selling essays to the com-

pany, but said he could make up to £200 per week. “If someone’s stupid enough to buy essays on the internet, then I don’t really care about their economic future,” he said.

Some Cambridge graduate students are even on “scholarships” of up to £10,000 per year, which they pay back to the company by writing briefs.

The university’s board of graduate studies is looking to modify its existing plagiarism clause in order to prohibit this, calling the scheme “an attempt to deliberately degrade the academic integrity of the university.”

“That’s a fairly ludicrous and ill-considered statement,” said Foster. “The fact is that most people just can’t get that money elsewhere. They face a stark choice between getting some funding and not doing postgraduate study at all.”

Lindsey Kennedy
Work:
curse of
the
student
classes

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In Brief

Flasher strikes again

Cambridge police have recieved two reports of a flasher in the last week. The first incident occurred in the grounds of Robinson College, whilst on Monday the man exposed himself again on Madingley Road.

The flasher is said to be a White male of a medium build in his mid-twenties. When seen he was wearing casual clothes and black or dark grey baseball cap. Police believe this may be the same flasher who was active in May to June. They have asked that any students who encounter this male report him immediately to the police.

Katherine Faulkner

Police chief blames immigrants for crime increase

The amount of immigration into Cambridge has placed some strain on the limited police force in the city. Chief Constable Julie Spence has requested a further £2 million pounds from the Home Office.

Local politicians readily agreed with the demands, and Jim Paice MP commended Spence's "courage for raising the issue". Others have called the statement inflammatory and xenophobic. A response from the home secretary is expected shortly. **Alex Glasner**

Queens' to sober up

Queens' has become the latest college to restrict the availability of wine at formal halls. Under new rules, guests will no longer be allowed to bring wine to formal, while Queens' students will be limited to one bottle each. No student deemed inebriated will be permitted entry to hall. The motion introducing the new rules was passed unanimously by the college's governing body. One student commented, "I feel it's a shame as it is quite a patronising rule, but it is understandable on the part of the college given some students' alcohol-induced misbehaviour at formals." **Brad Norman**

Emma tree gets own book

An oriental plane whose seeds are thought to have been brought from Thermopylae to Emmanuel by a group of Cambridge scholars has finally received due recognition. Beneath one such "canopy where a shadow of Eden still exists" (Luis Cernuda), Hippocrates once taught early medics on Kos; Emmanuel's own plane has now been celebrated in a work by Dr Ronald Gray, one of the college's most eminent scholars..

Alex Glasner



DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

Foaming fresh

Wednesday October 3. Freshers' Week 2007. The cleanest crowd Ballare has ever seen enjoy their bubbles well into the morning.

'Doomsday is not nigh' » Environment sceptic visits Union



RICHARD GARDNER

Lomborg addresses the Cambridge Union

KATY LEE

Speaking at the Cambridge Union on Wednesday night, controversial academic and self-styled "sceptical environmentalist" Bjørn Lomborg condemned the Kyoto Protocol as an ineffective mechanism for dealing with climate change, and called for governments to focus resources on more immediate concerns such as Malaria and HIV/AIDS.

Lomborg, who received numerous challenges from members of the Union audience, reiterated claims that some of the best publicised arguments regarding global warming are "alarmist". "Global warming is real and man made. It's one of the most complex problems in the world," he told the chamber. "But we need a sense of proportion. Doomsday is not nigh."

He maintained that environmentalists ought to recognise "the positives as well as negatives" of global warming. He claimed that by 2050, 20,000 fewer people will be dying from cold in the UK than the current annual figure. The extra deaths from very high temperatures will total approximately 2000.

Lomborg explained that addressing global problems such as the spread of disease would give us better value for money than an attempt to tackle global warming with the Kyoto Protocol, which would have "a dramatically small effect."

"Kyoto will cost \$186 billion simply to postpone global warming by five years. The task at hand is to make sure our kids and grandkids have much better technology to deal with these problems."

Next week: full Bjørn Lomborg interview.

Top schools embrace new 'Pre-U' Exam

EMMA INKESTER
Senior Reporter

A handful of leading public schools have this week confirmed their decision to road test a new alternative to A levels that has been developed in Cambridge, beginning in the next academic year.

Winchester, Eton and Rugby join a number of colleges in piloting the Cambridge Pre-U examinations from September 2008. The move reflects growing concern over the potential of A levels to challenge and distinguish the most able students. The Cambridge Pre-U examination is an attempt by Cambridge International Examinations to respond to the complaints of leading schools that modular examinations and unlimited resits have led to a focus on exam success rather than rounded education.

Dr Kevin Stannard, CIE Director of International Curriculum Development, said that by offering the Pre-U schools "will be making a strong statement about the value of learning over testing. Cambridge Pre-U has been designed as a coherent two-year programme. Candidates who take the exams after two years of study will have additional levels of maturity and understanding, and will have a real sense of how it all hangs together. Instead of a 'learn it, forget it' culture, Cambridge Pre-U offers educational value, rather than training for exams."

The Cambridge Pre-U diploma is a linear, two year course, with exams taking place after the first year only as a "progress check". The diploma includes a Global Perspectives project, which covers the challenges confronting young people in a modern world environment. The exams will be graded using a detailed scale, and it is ex-

pected that the top band will allow for an extra grade which measures achievement higher than the new A* mark at A level.

The development follows outcry last week over a new report by the Sutton Trust which revealed that a student who attended one of the top thirty independent schools is twice as likely to go to Oxbridge than one who attended one of the top thirty grammar schools, even if they have the same A level results. However, Cambridge University admissions have issued positive comments on the proposed syllabi, stating that the "emphasis on open-ended, challenging, synoptic assessment" is welcomed, but the Pre-U examination will not receive funding in the maintained sector until approved by the Qualifications and Curriculum Authority, leading to concerns that the new system will serve to increase the divide in university admissions.

This week CIE attended the Headmasters' and Headmistresses' Conference in Bournemouth to persuade principles of the benefits of the Pre-U. The response to the scheme from schools has so far been mixed.

Keith Pusey, Director of Studies at Winchester, told Varsity that his school was "very happy" to be taking part in the trial examinations. "Many of our heads of department are interested in the specifications and in some cases they have been chairmen of panels drawing up these specifications so we're very much in the vanguard of this exam which we regard as educationally beneficial".

Martin Stephen, headmaster at St Pauls School, sees this divide as a cause for possible failure of the Pre-U. "Many initiatives where the Independent sector tries to go it alone have been attempted, but they have all failed."

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OR

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With any cake or pastry in the restaurant

on presentation of this voucher
and proof of student status

Peterhouse urged to clamp down on squat

» Locals angry at college's failure to secure site known to be frequented by drug users

KATY LEE
News Editor

Police and councillors are calling on Peterhouse to secure a derelict building owned by the college.

The site, which is on the corner of Radegund Road and Perne Road, has become a hotspot for antisocial behaviour and has been attracting drug users and rough sleepers since the last occupants left in August 2006.

The police arranged a meeting at Parkside Police Station on 20 September to discuss what should be done with the property, which has fallen into disrepair after decades under Peterhouse's ownership, but representatives of Peterhouse and Carter Jonas, who manage the building, failed to turn up.

Carter Jonas claim they did not receive an invitation to the meeting, but Tariq Sadiq, the Cambridge City Councillor who spearheaded the campaign to get the site cleared up, insists that the company was asked to attend. "Peterhouse had received several invitations as well," he told Varsity. The bursar of Peterhouse refused to comment on why they had not been present at the meeting.

Varsity reporters found the

property strewn with empty bottles, abandoned trolleys and litter when they investigated the site this week. Peterhouse had complied with Cambridge City Council's request that they board up the building's windows following the meeting at Parkside Police Station, but the boards from the upper windows have been torn off and the glass smashed.

Local community officers found a bag of needles in one of the garages on the site. The police also have evidence that people have been sleeping in the main building. The council have asked Peterhouse to secure the perimeter of the land, which they have so far failed to do.

"What they need to be doing is securing the site so that drug-dealers and rough sleepers can't get access to it," said Mr Sadiq. He has called for Peterhouse to demolish the garages and sheds at the back of the property, a proposal which has been supported by the police.

"I've been in email contact with the bursar at Peterhouse and recommended these actions. The other thing is obviously to put in a planning application and redevelop it as soon as possible."

Three shops continue to operate on the site, but their owners have complained that antisocial behaviour in the area is damaging their business. Andrew Weatherly, who runs one of the shops in the complex, has reported four incidents of antisocial behaviour to the police since August 2006. "They smashed all the front windows above this shop. There was glass everywhere. Like all businesses we try to operate as best we can, but doesn't help that we have to deal with this."

Mr Weatherly also described how the shops on the site have experienced problems with water supply because people have been breaking into the building to steal pipes. Other local shopkeepers have made similar complaints



CHRIS THWAITE

The council has repeatedly asked Peterhouse to seal off the derelict site

to the police, but they expressed anxiety that reporting such crimes could drive up their insurance premiums.

"The problems really occurred last winter, when local kids discovered that the building was empty," said Mr Weatherly. He claims that the location has become a notorious meeting place for local youths. "It tends to be in the evenings and at the weekends, and after school. They'll smash bottles, break stuff. And I've been told by locals that they fire BB guns."

A pupil from Coleridge Commu-

nity College, the secondary school on Radegund Road, also told us that the site is frequently used by students who smoke and drink during their lunch break. A statement from Carter Jonas last week revealed that Peterhouse is planning to redevelop the property soon.

"The owner has been working on redevelopment proposals for the site for the past eight months and expects to submit a planning application in October," said Guy Pewter, a spokesperson from Carter Jonas. The redevelopment will include one and two bedroom flats,

as well as some new shops.

But the college's reluctance to spend money on addressing the site's problems with antisocial behaviour in the short run has angered local residents. "Peterhouse have indicated that they want to redevelop the site, so they clearly don't want to spend any money on it at present," said Mr Sadiq.

The councillor has attacked Peterhouse for not taking their responsibility to the community seriously. "They can't simply wash their hands of it and leave it to the police," he told Varsity.



Locals say they feel threatened

"Evil" anarchist bomber jailed

» Judge: anyone who uses violence to change the public will is a terrorist

JESSICA KING

A Cambridge man has been convicted of a nationwide letter bombing campaign. Miles Cooper, a caretaker who worked at Cherry Hinton Junior School, targeted several organisations he considered to be "government affiliated" with glass and nail bombs, in what he claims was a protest against a surveillance obsessed society. He now faces an indeterminate prison sentence.

Cooper was found guilty of eight counts of causing bodily injury by means of an explosive substance, two counts of using an explosive substance with intent to disable, and a charge of making an explosive substance at Oxford Crown

Court on September 27.

Among the targeted organisations were Capita, which runs London's congestion charging system, LCG Forensics, in Oxfordshire, and the DVLA offices in Swansea, where three people were hurt by a glass bomb on February 7. His terror campaign has cost the organisations involved around £80,000.

Cooper selected these targets because he considered them to have links to an "over intrusive" and "authoritarian" government. He has expressed hope that his actions will not undermine the efforts of civil liberties groups such as Liberty and NO2ID.

There is considerable evidence that Cooper was planning further

attacks, and he remains a key suspect in the investigation into a letter bomb sent to the headquarters of Cambridge's Labour Party in August 2006. Police found an extensive arsenal of deadly weapons at his home in Cherry Hinton, including a machete, rifles and lethal chemicals. Toxic chemicals known to be used by terrorists in fire-bombs were also discovered. These included the chemicals HMTD and TATP, both of which have been used in a large number of suicide attacks across the world.

Judge Julian Hall, sentencing, told Cooper: "You are a terrorist. Anyone who tries through violence to change the public will is a terrorist, and that is precisely what you

did. If what you did was rational it is evil. If it was irrational, then that is all the more frightening."

Cooper's defence team, led by Michael Wolkind, said little throughout the four day trial since Cooper admitted both to making and sending the devices. "He is crucially aware that harming innocent individuals is unjustified under any circumstance," said Mr Wolkind on September 28. "We don't consider him a significant risk. No-one is entitled to change his views; that is the freedom we enjoy in this society, but this defendant is intelligent and young enough to change his response to laws he doesn't approve of."

The investigation, which was de-

scribed by Thames Valley Police as "very fast-moving and complex", involved forces Scotland Yard's counter-terrorism command.

Cooper's arrest on February 19 came just one month after the first incident, but police have not revealed how they caught Cooper, who left no trace of DNA in any of the bombs he sent having used gloves, masks and tweezers while constructing them.

Detective Superintendent George Turner of Thames Valley Police said, "I consider Miles Cooper to be an extremely dangerous individual. If he hadn't been caught when he was, his campaign would have continued. We still don't know what his end game was."

News Investigation

The things we do

Officially, Cambridge students do not work during termtime. A few hours a week at the college bar is all that is allowed. It's an open secret that many of us fit evening and weekend jobs around our studies. Undergraduate life is expensive these days, especially for those who enjoy the odd luxury. But why are 350 Cantabridgians working as escorts? Why are 500 – nearly one in twenty – writing bespoke essays for anonymous clients? Katherine Faulkner and Lucy McKeon meet a few of the students selling their brains and bodies for cash.

“the call-girl”

I slept with clients on 40-50 occasions over a period of two months. It started in my first year. There are several agencies in Cambridge. I chose my one because they didn't have a website, and they have branches all over the UK under different names. Curiosity made me do it. Clients were charged £120 per hour; you got £50, the agency got £50 and your driver got £20. Drivers take you to the client's houses and wait outside, sort of like a bodyguard. You could drive yourself and make a bit more money but not many girls did that – it's a bit too dangerous.

I would sleep with between one and seven clients a night, the most being at Christmas when it was really busy. If it was a quiet night and someone wanted a deal I would offer it for cheaper than 50 pounds, or if someone only wanted half an hour. I probably earned between £5-6k in the time I was at the agency, about £1000 per week cash in hand. I would sometimes get tips, the most being £150. Once you've done this, it is tempting. If you need quick, easy money, it's there. The money went on going out, partying, clothes... it went on absolutely nothing. It was just a day-to-day lifestyle thing, but very extravagant for a student.

The clients were really varied. The youngest I saw was 18, the eldest 80 (although we couldn't really do a great deal). Some houses would be really amazing, others weren't that well-off. Some had wives who were away, some had just got divorced, and there were stag dos. Quite a few men were regulars who would spend more than £400 a week, every week. I did turn down clients when they were disgusting and I never went to someone I knew from Cambridge. We would get calls from students once or twice a fortnight. It does happen that you see someone you know and that was a concern of mine, especially when I would go near student areas like Mill Road. They would be in student accommodation, but not in college. We did get a call out to Trinity while I was there. I didn't go, but the girl thought the client was a fellow or a professor as he was an older man in nice accommodation in the college. It happens.

Clients did like the fact that I was a Cambridge student, and so did the agency. They liked having a classier girl there – it was good for business. I got more extensions on the one hour call-out than the other girls. Some asked to see me privately, away from the agency, and I would go even though we weren't supposed to – it was £300 straight in your pocket.



I thought in a way it was quite glamorous, especially getting dressed up in nice clothes and getting told you were beautiful all the time. We were encouraged to wear dresses or skirts, stockings, suspenders and nice lingerie. If we didn't look nice enough or if we didn't do what the agency wanted they would threaten to chuck you out. There was no room for bullshit; in a business like that you have to be that way. A couple of times I did get a bit scared. I got locked in a house once along with some other girls by a client, but we got him to let us out after a while. It was alright in the end, but still frightening. One driver made a deal with his mate and they drugged one of the girls at the agency and took turns with her. He was beaten the shit out of. Knowing what I know now, you can't trust anyone.

It definitely got in the way of my academic work. I would usually go out about three nights a week and wouldn't get home before three, even on a quiet night. Usually I wouldn't

get home until 6am, so of course I couldn't keep up with my work. I did have a day job for a while at the same time, but it just wasn't paying enough. In the end, I left of my own accord. I just didn't fancy doing it anymore. It did affect my studies but it was good while it lasted. I probably wouldn't recommend it to others as it really does take nerves of steel – you have to be sure that it is what you want to do. Most girls wouldn't be able to do it – it's silly, reckless and there are so many more important things to be doing as a student. But, at times it was very Belle du Jour – and I liked that.

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» Comment p13

for money...

the stripper



“

I started just after I split up with my boyfriend. I wanted to do something that would piss him off, and the only thing I could think of was to be a pole dancer - so I marched straight in. The first time I was numb all over. I was still so emotional that it didn't sink in. My first night I earned 150 quid. If it had been a really bad night I might not have carried it on, but there was no looking back. In my first year I would go to the club from Cambridge every other weekend, or go a few weekends in a row and then take the next few off.

On an average night I would be working from 10.30pm. First you have to wear a long dress that doesn't show too much flesh, then at midnight you change into something skimpier, usually a short dress, although some girls wear the most horrible things possible - nipple tassels and so on. We don't actually take our clothes off at the pole. We talk to the men for a while, have a drink with them, and then go to a private booth if they want a dance. There are cameras everywhere. It's £20 for a private lap dance, and we do on average about 20 a night. On a good night I could go home with £300. If I had a huge phone bill to pay I would make myself stay and dance until I had earned it. We can't leave before 4am, and at busy times like Christmas we could stay until 6am. We actually pay £50 house fee every night. In this sense we are just renting the floor space and access to clients; we are self-employed, making our own money.

I've met so many different people doing this job: some as young as 17, and we've had a 92 year old in with his family on a stag do. I've met people like footballers, who are polite and always buy you a drink, but there are others who want you to take your clothes off for a fiver. That's what makes me question this job. It can be so degrading. If you turn your back on some men for a second they will try to put their hands where they shouldn't. Those are the moments I really don't want to do it, and I do get angry and upset, but it is character building. A lot of men ask for extras or for you to go home with them for money. I don't do that, but lots of the others do.

I won't be dancing very much anymore. I really thought I could go for the weekends and come back and work, but I think the reason I didn't do as well in my second year as I wanted to was that I danced so much. I feel that being at Cambridge really cancels out being a stripper. I have my head screwed on. Some men think you are some single mother, the usual clichés. I love to see their faces when I tell them where I'm at university. Now that I've done it for so long it has desensitised me to it. It's like having a double life. It doesn't really mean anything to me now, although that doesn't mean that I would ever be an escort. I see it as acting; I even have a different name. The money helps to pay for things like rent, and my lifestyle has been pretty luxurious, but then I don't think that many Cambridge students really live the poor student life. I ran out of money in my first year and that was when I did it the most. The only reason I dance now is for the money. It is such easy cash in hand. I have a boyfriend who would like me to stop, but I'm not going to stack shelves in Morrison's for £5.50 an hour when I could do this.

”

what you get paid. Oxbridge Essays don't tell you that, but I checked the fees for a couple of essays I have done and it was twice what I got paid. But because the money is so good you don't question it. You don't care. I'm really cold towards people who pay for essays. Although I'm benefiting from it, I have no respect for the people doing it. I think you really shouldn't get someone else to do your work. There are people who send request after request to Oxbridge Essays; you can tell from the briefs. Obviously it's their whole course that they are paying for. That pisses me off.

I know it's unethical, but it is so expensive in Cambridge, and the money you earn in the holidays does not cover term time too. I think that if they let us work during term time, there would be fewer people doing it. If I could get a proper part time job like a bar job, I would. I don't feel like a victim, forced to do it, but I think Cambridge's policy does make some students do Oxbridge Essays when they don't have to. I don't think I'm cheating. I'm making good money to improve my writing. I know now that I can write a 2.1 standard masters essay, as a second year undergrad. If someone wants to pay someone else to write their essay that's their problem. I care more about it when I see briefs from medicine students - that makes me worry that they would, and should, have failed their course when they have passed through Oxbridge Essays.

the essayist

Do they, or don't they?

TAKE ME TO DINNER

- » The service, originally called Oxbridge Escorts, was launched by Oxford classics student Nick Dekker in 2005 to intense media interest. Since then a number of journalists have attempted (unsuccessfully) to expose the website as an upmarket prostitution service.
- » The company has always maintained that, unlike many other escort services, they provide dinner dates only and no additional services. Escorts must agree to abide by the policy against "inappropriate behaviour."
- » All the escorts we have spoken to claim to abide by the policy, though they say clients occasionally appear disappointed.

Is it legal?

OXBRIDGE ESSAYS

- » To buy or sell essays students must sign a legally binding undertaking that forbids plagiarism. Essays are provided as a "model or inspiration only".
- » Matthew Harris, a leading Intellectual property lawyer, said: "any Company which, in reality, is encouraging unlawful behaviour is not going to be able to hide behind a piece of paper in court. Any judge would look at the facts of how this service is being used, and assess whether or not it is the case that they are inducing the breaking of a contract."
- » A spokesperson for Oxbridge Essays says: "This is all pure speculation based on no evidence. The writer you spoke to has never had any contact with the recipients of his essays. The only basis for his accusation of plagiarism is that we submit briefs with very specific titles. This is because our clients pay a high price for a very specific model...I have spoken to many students, in particular international students, who receive very little advice from tutors on how to write an essay. Perhaps this kind of advice should ideally be coming universities, but we are pragmatists. It is very little different to hiring a private tutor. Nobody has any moral objections to that."

“

The most amount of work I've done for an essay was a day, and that was for the dissertation. That was six in the morning until four in the afternoon. I definitely felt like I earned my money for that. The disclaimers say things like we can't give in any old work we've done before - it has to be original for the brief we have been given. We can't plagiarize, which is ironic, because it is obvious you are writing essays for other people to use as their own.

The disclaimers don't say anything about what the essays will be used for. But you know. Every single essay I've done, I've known it is no way just a 'study guide'. I've even done one that I know was for a Cambridge student, from the lecture notes that were sent to me. Once, I was sent a case study of a school placement in a brief. It had to be inserted in the essay, in their writing, and then I would carry on with my own writing, so it wasn't at all integrated. They do have this legal loophole when everyone knows what really happens to the essays we write. And that's why they keep their clients anonymous; to cover themselves. But as long as I get paid I don't mind.

I get the impression that it's not just students but supervisors at the university who write Oxbridge Essays. The person who buys the essays is pretty much paying double

Bedder the devil you know

» Scruby gets suspended sentence after webcam sting

TOM PARRY-JONES

A light-fingered bedder at Sidney Sussex College was caught by students when a webcam recorded her stealing money from a student room.

Cleaner Margaret Scruby, 58, was sentenced on Monday to four months in prison, suspended for 18 months, after she pleaded guilty to five charges of theft from student's rooms, including on some occasions, small amounts of change.

The worst hit student had £140 stolen, but in total Scruby was reported to have taken £146.90, which she has now been ordered to repay to the students involved.

Money was taken from purses and desks in the college's Sussex House accommodation. The presiding magistrate, Rosie Spencer, described Scruby's actions as "a serious breach of trust".

The case has brought to light Scruby's long history of theft and fraud. In 1991, she was convicted of stealing from her employer, and in 2000 she was jailed for three years after defrauding Sir John and Lady Walley of nearly £90,000.

She began working as a cleaner for the nonagenarian couple in 1994

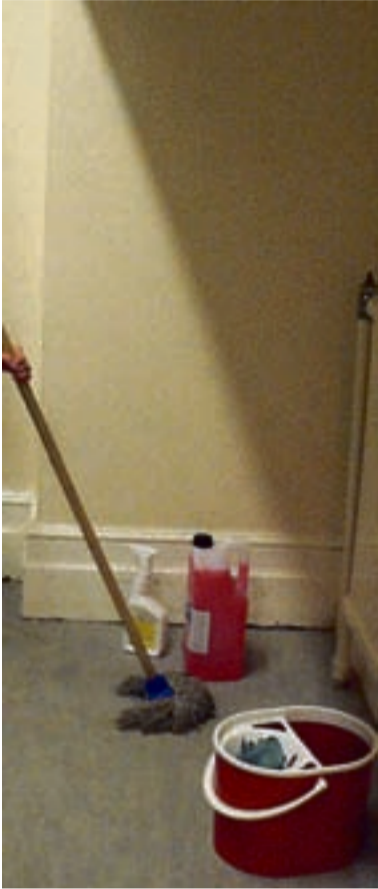
and forged cheques in their names for two years before she was turned in by a suspicious cashier. Scruby pleaded guilty to 25 charges of forgery and obtaining money by deception.

In the Sidney Sussex case, the bedder had initially denied involvement with the thefts, which occurred in February of this year, but reportedly confessed when faced with the overwhelming evidence of the webcam footage.

Scruby's lawyer Jeremy Kendall, mitigating, said that while Scruby couldn't explain why she stole the money, the crimes had come shortly after she was widowed. Her husband, Eric, was killed by a drink-driver.

The university has a long history of putting webcams to use, though perhaps for more trivial reasons.

The first webcam ever was created by students at the Cambridge-Computer Laboratory in 1991. Installed in the Trojan Room, it was pointed at the coffee pot and updated every second, so that students could check if there was refreshment available without leaving their seats. The webcam was eventually taken out of service in 2001, and the coffee machine was sold at auction to German newspaper Der Spiegel for £3,350.



Varsityprofile

» Vasilios Anastasiou

» born

DELPHI, GREECE 1961

» 22 years

SINCE VASILIOS ARRIVED IN CAMBRIDGE AND GOT HIS FIRST JOB AT GARDIE'S

» over 7,000

PHOTOS OF PATRONS ON HIS WALL

» 3 weeks

GARDIE'S THE OPERA'S ORIGINAL RUN AT QUEENS'. EXTRA SHOWS SCHEDULED AT THE UNION DUE TO UNANTICIPATED SUCCESS



Originally from Greece, 46 year old Vas, as he is more commonly known, has owned and worked in The Gardenia for over twenty years. He studied engineering at university in Athens and worked for the Greek agricultural minister. He came to England 22 years ago to work on genetic research in Cambridge and first came to Gardie's in order to be able to speak with staff in his own language.

Before Vas took over, The Gardenia was mainly a restaurant for fellows. Some people claim it was founded in 1902, others say it was founded in 1918. Vas claims that it was originally much more expensive and only frequented by affluent students.

Over the twenty years he has worked there Vas has noticed a change in the type of students who are at Cambridge. Before 2000 they were mostly privately educated but now he thinks they seem to come from a much wider range of backgrounds.

The photographs that paper the wall of Gardie's originated when a student was desperate for a kebab but didn't have any money. The penniless student offered to leave his camera as a guarantee that he would pay the next day, but in the end decided to leave the camera as a present. The camera sat on the counter a while until one day Vas

began the long standing tradition of photographing his liveliest customers. He keeps all of the photos and has collected almost 7000.

Vas says that the Daily Mail offered him "a lot of money" to buy the photographs but he refused. He wants to create a mammoth exhibition of all the pictures and invite old students to come back and buy them so the money can be donated to local charities.

Some years ago Varsity ran a successful campaign to save The Gardenia from being shut down and ever since then Varsity has been his favourite newspaper.

On the subject of inebriated students, he says: "They are not drunk, they are young. Students have an obligation to have a good time." Vas' own son has just started at Kent University studying Archaeology.

Vas says that it is part of his philosophy to pass on a love of life, along with his kebabs. He enjoys having philosophical chats with students upstairs in the Gardenia restaurant. His favourite subjects are the students he has met and the books he has read. He collects rare books, especially ones about philosophy, religion and alchemy. His favourite book is an untitled collection of scripts by Francis Bacon. He loves writing and plans to publish his memoirs when he has retired.

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Larger than life

EMMA INKESTER

A Geography professor last week became the first Cambridge University academic to give a lecture in a virtual world. Philip Gibbard, a geologist, spoke for half an hour to an anonymous cyber-audience from around the world via Second Life.

Gibbard's talk on "How Britain became an Island", delivered straight into a computer from the comfort of Nature's offices in London, was the third in a series organised by the scientific journal Nature. His voice was broadcast into the cyber-auditorium together with a series of Powerpoint

slides to illustrate the discussion. The professor followed the lecture by answering questions put to him by those present.

One retired schoolteacher who attended said, "I was really impressed by the fact that you had a Cambridge professor speaking on Second Life. I have always been looking for something to exercise my mind here. Last night made me think it had been worthwhile!" The professor himself is optimistic about the potential benefits of virtual communication. "The educational potential is enormous. The audience includes anyone who chooses to come along, not just members of the academic community."



Professor Gibbard in the flesh



...and as his online self in virtual universe Second Life



St John's In his pocket

Our spy was perplexed to witness a gangly Johnian fleeing from the sweaty milieu of Club 22 with a conspicuously spreading wet patch about the middle trouser zone. The damp attack resulted not from any reckless urination on the part of our Johnian, (who was in fact the victim in this incident) but the doings of a most notorious and corpulent member of the rugby team, who had seen fit to thrust himself enthusiastically upon the vulnerable lad and piss in his pocket. The rotund reprobate is said to be unapologetic.

Jesus Condomonium

An upstanding bedder was the victim of a cruel and unusual shock when she came upon a kitchen table lavishly scattered with withered contraceptives. Believing herself to be at the crime scene of a most disgusting and profligate orgy, our bedder confronted (not without timidity, now wary of the evident bacchanalian tendencies of the owners of said kitchen. But it emerged that the offender was not actually a depraved sex maniac, but a reputable member of the Jesuan JCR, who had been diligently rehearsing a demonstration on sexual responsibility aimed at this year's intake of innocent freshers.

Trinity Buck pushes luck

A fit young buck of a fresher discovered a new way to get his kicks when he invited a blonde conquest back home for an evening of seduction. This particular buck, unlike his predecessors, is more often found scaling buildings than exposing himself. He had discovered a secret passage from his room. Inching along the narrow parapet, the pair dropped through an open window, to find themselves in suspiciously plush settings. Too delighted with their luck to think whose rooms these might be, they began to indulge themselves amongst the velvet cushions, before the solid oak door swung open to reveal a glowering gowned figure. Our buck and his blonde had time to scramble onto the parapet, half-naked, before the poor Don worked out what was going on.



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THEATRE

» Editorial p10

A fabulous abridgement

Cymbeline
★★★★★

DR SUBHA MUKHERJI

This was always going to be a landmark production, with Sir Trevor Nunn returning to the Marlowe Society to direct a student production - his first attempt at Cymbeline. On a sparse and subtly versatile stage designed by Ruari Murchison, the talented cast more than rise to this strange and challenging play. In its economy and integrity, this gripping performance can rival any production by a professional company. The pace is unerringly sustained, the lines spoken with clarity and the acting almost uniformly convincing.

The production is faithful to Cymbeline's hilarious longeur, an orgy of artifice presented tongue-in-cheek through the King's words as "this fierce abridgement". Yet from these shambles, it captures the sense at the heart of Shakespeare's play - that all of this is somehow made to resonate inwardly - "like the action of one's life", like Posthumus' dream which he awakes to find true, like Imogen's nightmare, "without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt". It gathers up the meaning of subjective emotional lives, which refuse to be alienated in spite of the excesses of art. To keep this sense alive, the actors must believe in and retain their sense of selfhood. Lizzie Crarer as Imogen does this brilliantly. The balance between artifice and mimesis, absurdity and poignancy, so hard to pull off in the theatre - is the greatest achievement of the production. And Crarer's almost troublingly performative and aesthetically indulgent yet full-blooded and heart-rending heroine contributes not a little to this.

The pastoral interludes deserve special mention: Rob Carter and Dan Martin bring an endearing comedy and pathos to those scenes, and, unusually, but faithfully to the text, speak rather than sing the dirge over their "dead bird". Even minor character, such as Ed Rowett's Philario, contribute to the mood and the tension. There are minor frustrations. James Norton's Posthumus is a sympathetic complement to Crarer, but his eruption into violence, vulgarity and misogyny could have been emphasised more to bring out the pathos of his premature forgiveness of his errant (as he thinks) wife, and his self-punishment thereafter. He is



James Norton and Lizzie Crarer as Posthumus and Imogen

OSH JONES

a mixed character, whose Cloten-like elements have to be expunged in order for him to be reinstated. (Iachimo would not be caught in a hundred years imagining a full-acorn'd boar mounting his wife, crying "O!") Rory Mallarky, clearly an excellent comic actor, does not quite get across the hint of menace (his "perilous tail") that combines with buffoonery in Cloten's character. The war-scenes are a mish-mash worthy of a lesser production. Though the caricature-Queen is played by Vivienne Storry with assured saccharine falsity, Cymbeline (Patrick Warner) himself is directed to be a doped and spaced-out King all the way through, and nothing changes even when the Queen dies: the kingdom remains a headless trunk, and the relationship between father and daughter

never feels real.

But if there is an extra character in this production, it is indeed the trunk. This is a play where words constantly turn into things, metaphors literalise themselves (think heads and maidenheads and rings and trunks). Bits of stage-business, such as Cloten's head and the dead rabbit dangling like equivalent objects in the pastoral haven of Milford, ending in the rabbit being given to 'Fidele' as a loving token, are sensitive to this textural quality. Thus, it is apposite that the trunk from which the Italian fiend Iachimo (consummately acted by Max Bennett) pops out into the English princess' bedroom should become the operative visual symbol on stage. It is the chest from which the props come out - crowns and robes, wigs and podia, satin

drapes and wine glasses - cleverly aligning both Iachimo and Italy with theatricality (but doing little with the larger political resonances of Cloten's headless trunk). But by the time Jupiter ascends (rather than descending on an eagle) from the trunk, to solemn music rather than thunder, the cleverness begins to feel like an end in itself and the trunk seems to be made to work a touch too hard, losing its symbolic clarity.

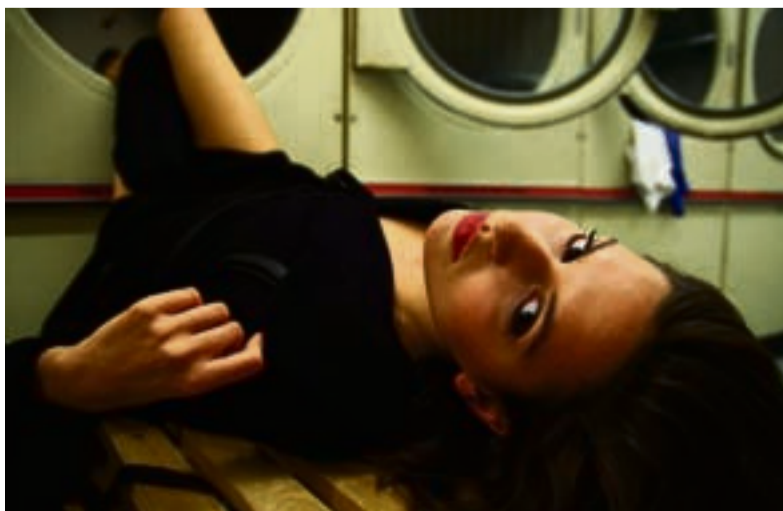
But the playing of the bedroom scene, where the trunk is a central prop, is at once brilliant and half-baked in its conception. Bennett, with his note-book, slips easily into the role of the artificer, infusing this proto-rape scene with a sinisteress of a different kind, as he peruses the sleeping Imogen by items which he stores

"t'enrich his inventory", lovingly collecting priceless miniatures: her lips, "rubies unparagon'd", and the mole on her breast, "like the crimson drops in... a cowslip", are translated into the same order of preciousness as the bracelet he takes off her arm. His pleasure derives not from what drove "our Tarquin", but from narrative jouissance. Why, then, does Nunn cut out that other central prop in the scene, which complements the trunk? For Iachimo is also, surely, emerging from Imogen's half-read book of Ovid, turned at the page where "Philomel gave up" (Shakespeare's wicked joke about the pure Imogen's bed-time reading - Ovid's tales of sex?). Ovid stood for the aestheticising impulse in the English Renaissance imagination, and embodied at least one strand of the meanings of Rome in this play. This is consistent with other cuts of sexually suggestive sections - such as Posthumus' implication that Imogen often "restrained him" from his "lawful pleasure" - which would have added piquancy not only to this scene but also to the bizarrerie of the Cloten-Imogen mingling in Milford Haven.

Italy and Britain remain opposed as aesthetic impulses, though reconciled politically. And this opposition is focused on the character of Iachimo, embodying all the fascination of rivalry that Renaissance England felt for Italy. The "subtle Italian brain" clearly belongs to the crook, but it is ten times more inventive and sophisticated than the "duller British": this Shakespeare knew, and made the stuff of his art in Cymbeline. The production does offer glimpses into the inventive sickness of the plot, embodied in Iachimo, but it does not sustain it consistently. Also, Nunn could have made a little more of the Italianateness of the Italians. But the way in which the soberly clad Posthumus never drinks with the richly clad Italians sipping delicate red wine with style and measure till he loses his mind, and then drinks the whole bottle straight from the bottle, is a nice touch.

Despite minor evasions, and an effort to make things, or people (e.g. Iachimo), fit in too much, this is one of the most moving and cogent productions of Cymbeline that I have seen. It makes absolute sense on its own terms, and sustains the mingled yarn of a strange and challenging play.

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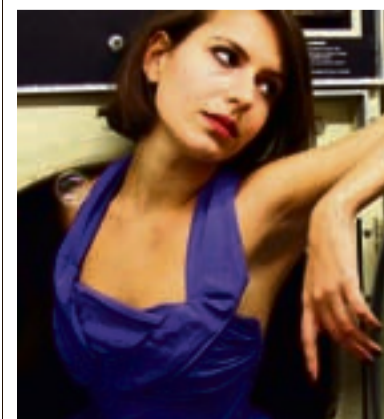
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» **Theatre** Full length Cymbeline review



Yield, rustic mountaineer

The Marlowe Society has marked its centenary in some style. Sir Trevor Nunn’s remarkable rendering of Cymbeline at the Cambridge Arts Theatre has proved that the Marlowe remains as innovative and significant as it was in 1922, when a production of Troilus and Cressida, until then largely unperformed, led to the play’s dramatic and academic revival. Last year Troilus replaced Hamlet as the Shakespearean staple in the diet of every English Part I candidate. Mission accomplished. Don’t be surprised if the undergraduates of 2093 find themselves spending rather a lot of their Easter terms with Cymbeline.

The Marlowe was formed by a zealous bunch who sought to revitalise the performance of Shakespeare in Cambridge. A century on, and despite the Society’s emphasis on originality and reform, the initial raison d’être remains largely the same. And the success the formula has produced over a hundred years is extraordinary. At a recent event to mark the centenary, the stage was held by three totemic Marlovians – Sir Trevor Nunn, Sir Peter Hall and John Barton. The latter pair founded the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1960. In the same year Sir Trevor Nunn played a minor role in the Marlowe’s Cymbeline. Just eight years later, having followed Hall and Barton to Stratford, Nunn became Director of the RSC. The initial enthusiasm of those first Marlovians had paid off tremendously.

Sitting in the front row at the same event was Tim Supple, another Marlowe prodigy. His 2006 production of A Midsummer Night’s Dream (in seven languages) was hailed by John Barton as “near the top of the top three productions of Shakespeare I have ever seen”. He has seen a lot of them. Clearly the aim of safeguarding Shakespeare in pioneering ways is one with enduring appeal, so enduring because it allows superbly talented people to experiment without feeling limited by what could easily have become a rather fusty and typically self-congratulatory Cambridge institution.

This week freshers have been signing up to all sorts of societies. Many of these come complete with the dubious retrospective endorsement of celebrated former members in a kind of name-dropping extravaganza which can bamboozle and inspire in equal measure. Cambridge presents a wealth of opportunities to bask in the accomplishments of its alumni. The Marlowe Society consistently produces actors and directors of the highest calibre, enjoying a level of success which has led both to the definition of the Society in terms of its alumni, and to the definition of its alumni in terms of the society. It takes productions like Cymbeline to demonstrate that the Marlowe has not become complacent about its own achievements. The next generation of talent will not stagnate in a marsh of inherited glory, something which the play itself warns against so forcefully, confounding expectations of identity, class and gender. The characters in Cymbeline might not always be too sure who’s alive and who’s dead, but the Marlowe is definitely still bouncing.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

letters@varsity.co.uk

Positive Empathy

Robert Stagg’s article in issue 659 may have assisted India Knight’s in attempting to bury the concept of empathy alive, but I beg to differ. To my mind, the author has only managed to demonstrate the death of his own empathy. As a scientific concept, there is sufficient support for a neurobiological account of empathy such that we can define mental disorders such as psychopathy partly in terms of a disordered or nonexistent sense of empathy. Clearly the author’s scepticism over “the concept that we can actually feel the thoughts and feelings of other human beings” is not shared by everyone, if indeed the author allows that such sharing is possible!



The author is entitled to call for less “mawkish sentimentality” and more cold hard facts in news reporting. But this is not the same as sounding the death knell for empathy in the media, much needed in a globalised world. One could argue that the loss of empathy where it is most needed, in the response to international crises such as Darfur and now Burma, is what is most “idiotic and hurtful”. To quote the poet John Donne: “any man’s death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee”.

Thomas Ling
Emmanuel College

A Welcome Revival

I am writing to comment on the University’s recent decision

not to accept the proposal made by my then-H.o.D. to reduce Portuguese from a full Tripos language to a single paper. I was unsurprised at the University’s decision. Portuguese is the fifth world language, spoken on four continents, one of the growing modern languages in universities in the UK, its graduates have an excellent employment track record, and in Cambridge the subject’s performance in teaching and research has had repeated praise heaped on it by the University’s assessment reviews. It would have been curiously inconsistent on the part of an institution that trades on its intelligence to have approved such a proposal. With kind regards,
Manucha Lisboa
Reader in Portuguese
Department of Spanish and Portuguese and St. John’s College

Widening Access

The Sutton Trust report on admissions to Higher Education highlighted that a lack of resources in state schools, uneven aspirations and misperceptions about Oxbridge are the root causes of the gap between maintained and independent school admissions. Despite these difficulties, the majority of admissions to Oxbridge are from state schools. Nonetheless, Cambridge University Students’ Union (CUSU), the colleges and the University realise that there is work still to be done. We continue to dedicate significant time and resources into reaching out to students from all backgrounds by visiting schools, producing guides and organising residential visits, such as the very successful February Shadowing Scheme. This is to address the common, yet patently false, idea that Oxbridge is only accessible to the privileged. I hope that all read-

ers who have been concerned by the media’s coverage of the recent report will get involved with the many Access schemes, and urge them to contact their college Access Officer, and to sign up to the new monthly CUSU Access bulletin.

Yours,
Charlotte Richer
CUSU Access Officer

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

Correction

The Graduate Union is rewriting its electoral procedures, not, as we reported, its constitution (The Great Graduate Union Election Farce, 28th Sept 2007). Similarly, it was these procedures and not the constitution which the Junior Proctor condemned as “experimental”.

POEM OF THE WEEK

BY ANON.

L₃ O₁ V₈ E₁

You put the rabble into my Rabelais
Antic Scrabbler!

The pad pad of your furry slippers
Across the slimy lino floor
Rouses rebellious juices
In this word-based game of war.

Man the board-game barricades
Sordid Gerontophile!

A nice young man, he visits me,
And many times my hand he’s held,
Although he deigns to let me win
His lexicon’s unparalleled’d.

I’ll storm your Bastille, he cries
to her
Revolutionary heart.

Although we play at different
games
This means their meaning’s more
As I gently put down ‘love’ again
On the double-letter-score.

CONFESS TO

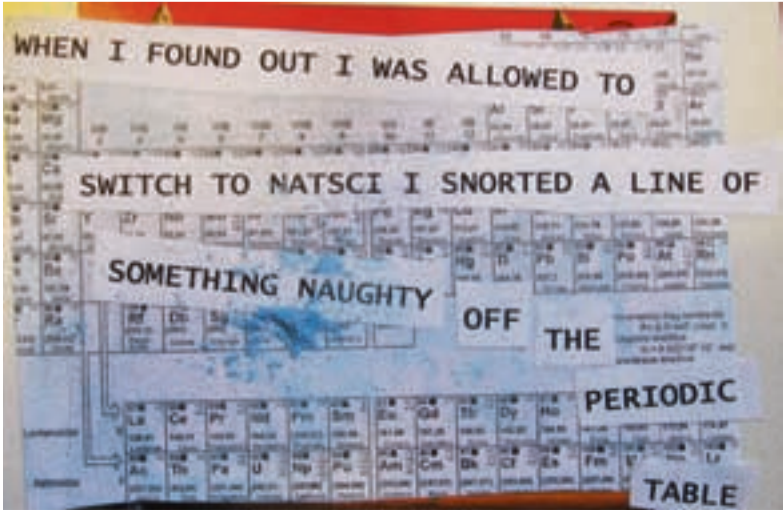
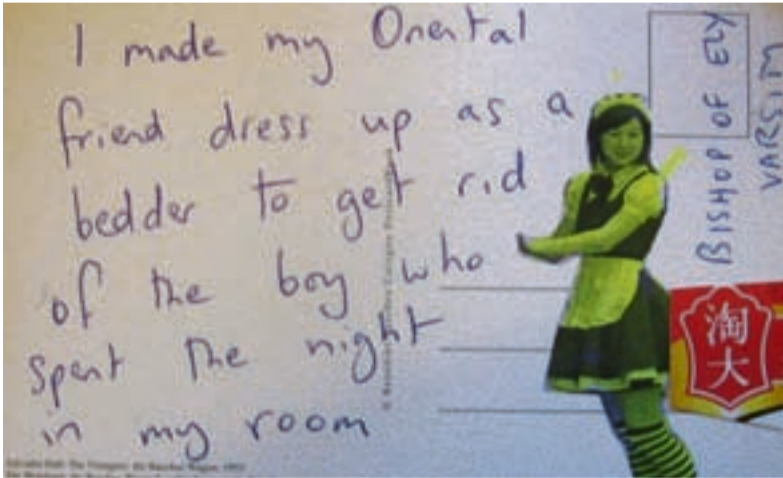
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How a poem is like likeness, Or, looking the other way

Andrew Zurcher explains why we must all read poetry.

I spend a lot of my time reading and also teaching people to read poems. Occasionally someone suggests to me that the reading of a poem either cannot or should not be taught. The argument for the impossibility of teaching someone how to read a poem might begin from a definition of poetry that attributes to it some fundamentally human or idiosyncratic nature, that either appeals to everyone by virtue of their common humanity, or can only appeal to anyone by virtue of her individuality. The argument against the propriety of teaching poetry probably stems from epistemological or ethical assumptions: either one contaminates the reader's 'innocent' interpretation by schooling him in artificial word-play ('rhetoric') or sophisticated interpretative techniques (really just a form of the earlier objection), or one spends one's own and another's time and energy in a way that might more ethically be spent on something of common or social benefit. I worry about these arguments every time a student walks through my door; not because I am unsatisfied with my own response to them, but because I fear that the student may not know why she is doing what she is doing – and if she did, would want to stop doing it immediately. I also worry about these problems when I read Varsity, mainly because it seems to me that poetry has become in our time a part of intellectual and communal life that is preserved marginally, among the specialists, and does not inform the thoughts, and the structures of thoughts, that occur to people in the everyday negotiation of their ethical, political, psychological, metaphysical (and other) problems. So I thought I might use this space to suggest some reasons why poetry can and should be taught, not to one person or a few people, but to everyone. Perhaps you might want to teach yourself.

The first thing we need to do is to agree on what a poem is. These days, almost anything made of words (and sometimes things that aren't made of words) can be called poetry, by someone. Certainly the words of poetry no longer need to rhyme or to fit a fixed metre, as once it was agreed, among English poets, that they did; though, again, metre and rhyme – or phonic effects, generally – are tools available to poets in the construction of poems. If you found this passage in a newspaper, would you consider it a poem? "In Buckinghamshire hedgerow the birds nesting in the merged green density, weave little bits of string and moths and feathers and thistledown, in parabolic concentric curves." Probably not. But Marianne Moore quotes it, in full, in the first four lines of one of my favourite poems in English ("The Icosasphere"). If the same verbal material can be both non-poetic and also successfully integrated into a poem, then perhaps it is not the material of the words, at all, that makes the poem; perhaps it

is the poet's intention behind the disposition of the words, or the reader's assumptions about the ways in which the words ought to be attended to, or construed. It was once argued by the English aristocrat, soldier, and poet Philip Sidney (in his *Apology for Poetry*, c. 1582) that what made a poem a poem was the combination of the poet's moral and didactic intention, on the one hand, with her skill in the creation of "notable images". Sidney is so far my exceller in all things that I won't presume to contradict him, but many practising poets today would probably laugh at the idea that they were discharging a morally didactic function. And maybe Sidney was joking, anyway.

It might be better, possibly, to take a more contemporary witness. Elizabeth Bishop writes in her poem, 'Poem', about a little painting of Nova Scotia conserved as a family heirloom, but rarely regarded. It shows some houses, a meadow, cows, an iris and geese, all in a suggestive but not delineative style; as the narrator comments, storm clouds are 'the artist's specialty'. The speaker of the poem lets an eye wander over the discrete elements of the painting until suddenly, at the head of the third stanza, a clap of surprise throws up the poem's matter: 'Heavens, I recognize the place, I know it!' This short poem is what poets and critics call an ekphrasis, or a description of a visual within a verbal work of art, and like most ekphrases it implicitly compares the supposed visual with the verbal perspective, likening them but also distinguishing them.

"Should you bury your talent? If not, for whose sake should you trade it?"

The poem also brings its speaker and the painter of the picture into a coordinated relation, and one that seems to say something about what a reader might take from a poem (and thus what a poem, with respect to its reader, might be). It ends, speaking of the painter:

I never knew him. We both knew this place, apparently, this literal small backwater, looked at it long enough to memorize it, our years apart. How strange. And it's still loved, or its memory is (it must have changed a lot). Our visions coincided – "visions" is too serious a word – our looks, two looks: art "copying from life" and life itself, life and the memory of it so compressed they've turned into each other. Which

is which?

Life and the memory of it cramped, dim, on a piece of Bristol board, dim, but how live, how touching in detail

– the little that we get for free, the little of our earthly trust. Not much.

About the size of our abidance along with theirs: the munching cows, the iris, crisp and shivering, the water still standing from spring freshets, the yet-to-be-dismantled elms, the geese.

It is typical of Bishop to seem careless while being precise: "visions" is grammatically unsound, for example, until you recall the citation marks, and remember that the word, like the painting, is a sign for something – here, itself. And those two looks – not, it turns out, the look of the painter and that of the poet, but the two looks, natural and artificial, 'life and the memory of it cramped'. Bishop suggests in this poem that a poem is a two-looks thing, a cramped thing, the interactive system of perception and memory. The reader of the poem, who will likely be neither the painter nor the poet, nonetheless still participates in the two-looks dynamic, because although both the painter and the poet have their 'specialty', this is a universal experience, one we have all had – the recognition of a coinciding, a coincidence. "Heavens, I recognize the place, I know it!" (Don't be too careless; reality is precise!)

The echo that Bishop leaves dangling – very nearly a rhyme – between "coincided" and that strange, strange (dim, dim) word, "abidance", is one of the precise-casual paths into (incide, inside) the poem. What remains or 'abides' of us, when we like the elms have been dismantled, is our similarity, and not our distinction; that old paradox of the Shakespeare sonnet, that only that universal part of the particular can survive, here exhales melancholically from Bishop's lost but lingering geese. Does a poem, then, thrust our consciousness up against similarity or likeness itself, as a way of forcing us to confront, in all of its painfulness, the alien survival of that most universal, and least particular, part of ourselves? ("Along with theirs.") Is the recognition that we achieve in the reading and study of poetry an analogue for our metaphysical condition? The consequences of Bishop's poesis of humility are many, and this short article cannot even aspire to read this one poem's meaning fully. But I would like to suggest, at least, that the model of cognition and recognition that she presents as the work of 'Poem' is an exemplary one. (Obviously, by this definition, many kinds of texts – not just versified ones – would, and should, be considered as poems.)

If this is what poetry is – a model of likeness, like to itself – can it be taught? Should it be taught? The



skill of reading poetry is effectively that of writing poetry. The skill of writing poetry, like that of painting, or of making a good sandwich (ut panini poesis), may contain some furious elements only achievable by direct infusion from the muses, but there are technical aspects that can, and must, be learned if the writer of poetry (who reads her works into existence, after all) is to imitate the constructedness of nature, of social or political life, of cognition, of what-you-will. Surely only the perverse would argue that having more tools for understanding the world around you impoverishes your experience of it; similarly, having more tools for the reading and plumbing of poetry can only enrich the experience of its significance. An understanding of Bishop's 'Poem', for example, will be substantially enriched by reading it alongside Matthew 25:14-30, the parable of the talents; it becomes obvious, when conferring these two texts, why the painting of 'Poem' is likened to "an old-style dollar bill", why its creator went over sea "back to England", and why the narrator of the poem worries about the "collateral" and unprofitable nature of the painting's, and the poem's, social circulation – all of which connections throw even further weight onto that culminating word, "abidance". Understanding poems requires learning, in the same way that humanity requires it.

But the really interesting question – the 'should' question – is whether you, the reader, should be taking time away from your lab-bench, your social life, your sleep, your computer, your generous and charitable acts of human kindness, to worry about poetry. Like no other art that we have, the art of words can immerse you in an aesthetic experience at the same time that it forces you to witness yourself experiencing. The poetic mode is for this reason the pre-eminent mode for the experience and understanding (the cognition and the recognition) of value. To learn about the two-looksness of skill and inspiration, of memory and perception, of you and me, is to learn how to do and be in the world. Should you bury your talent? If not, for whose sake should you trade it? Moral philosophy demands, how should I live? A poem, like the master returning from a far country, demands that the reader both do, and reckon with that doing as it is done. The special recursiveness of poetic cognition makes us all into artworks (ut persona poesis) as well as readers, impelling us with one look toward a universality that might be moral, and with another look toward the vanishing experience that we might call a self – cast into outer darkness with weeping and gnashing of teeth. Perhaps Sidney wasn't too far off.

JAMES SHEEDON

Dr Andrew Zurcher is a lecturer in the department of English



How quickly the tides of activism do turn. Early last week the world was looking to Burma with a spirit of trepidation, yes, but also with one of hope and excitement. Almost 20 years after the brutally suppressed student-led uprising of 1988, and revolution was in the Rangoon air again. But as the weekend approached, hope turned to fear and despair as the junta's military action against the monks and their supporters whirled into effect.

The monks' protest against the despotic regime of the generals was a simple yet supremely powerful one: Buddhist mantras about the virtues of love and peace

"Moral support is all well and good, but it isn't going to prevent a repeat of the massacre"

were chanted in bold defiance of their converse vices, fear and violence, the weapons of the junta's rule. It seemed for a short while last week that the courage of this message had served to paralyse any military reaction: over 100,000 people had taken to the streets, willing such a message to triumph and believing that it could and would overcome oppression.

It was the speed with which such hope faded over the past week, and the descriptions of the "return to normality" on the streets of Rangoon that were so crushingly disheartening. Despite calls for restraint from politicians around the world, and shows of support such as the 3,000 strong solidarity march that snaked its way through London on Sunday, it felt like the world was only watching, and could only look on helplessly, expressing sympathy and moral support as thousands of monks and other protesters were beaten and arrested in night-time raids; an unmeasured number were murdered for daring to claim their rights as human beings.

Yet I don't quite buy this impotence. We are far from helpless bystanders looking at some distant crisis, where more lives are being ruined and hopes destroyed in some far-flung corner of who-knows-where. It is only with real pressure from the rest of the world, and particularly from the UN Security Council, that the Burmese government can be forced to change, and held to account for its actions. But instead, a united and thorough condemnation of the aggressive response to these peaceful protests has been thwarted by vested interests: while China's appalling record on human rights makes it reluctant to condemn its neighbour, countries such as 'progressive' Germany and France also have economic interests in maintaining the status quo.

Moral support is all well and good, but it isn't going to prevent a repeat of the massacre of 3,000 protesters by the Burmese government in 1988. Political leaders need to draw on the show of courage by the Burmese monks over the last few weeks; they need to force the junta to listen to the Burmese people rather than scaring them into inhumane submission.

Alexander Rankin



An elephant in the room

Why we cannot overlook overpopulation in Africa

The next attempt to solve the ills of the developing world through the tried and tested medium of glamorous international summit will be taking place at Lisbon in December. If the event is not completely derailed by the controversy surrounding the probable attendance of Robert Mugabe, then the leaders of the European and African Union nations will apparently occupy themselves in an attempt to create a new "strategic partnership". When all the aspirant rhetoric and self-congratulation is said and done, this may well just amount to another of these exercises in specious gesture-politics to which we are becoming so well used.

Then again, it may not. There is cause for hope that we are in the process of undergoing a quantum shift in the way that we in the West relate – collectively and individually – to global issues, specifically poverty and climate change. And interestingly, this change is popularly driven. The Live 8 concerts attracted amazingly impressive line ups and world-wide audiences. This summer, top artists positively scrambled to get involved in Live Earth, the success of which was clearly presaged by the success at the box office of Al Gore's Oscar Winning documentary *An Inconvenient Truth*. When David Cameron attempted to re-brand his party as progressive and modern, it was no accident that high profile visits to the Arctic and Rwanda were central to his efforts.

It would be nonsense to suggest that these are new issues about

which no-one bothered before. Equally, though, association with these causes has never quite been *de rigueur* as now. Take as evidence of this the July issue of *Vanity Fair*. Guest edited by Bono, every single page was dedicated to Africa. The significance and symbolism of this can't really be understated. We are talking here about a publication which has a reputation somewhat less for tireless activism than as unapologetic evangelists for an ethic of self-indulgent consumerism. It has even taken as its title the place in *A Pilgrim's Progress* which Bunyan used as the symbol of a society wholly in thrall to avarice and moral dissolution. I belabour the point, but the lack of irony with which *Vanity Fair: The Africa Edition* was produced speaks eloquently to how contemporary and altruistic values can apparently, in this setting at least, not just co-exist but even be synonymous. Somehow and suddenly, it is becoming fashionable to spend time and treasure on making the world a better place.

There is a danger, though, and it is one that is inherent in any popularly driven cause or movement. It is that the very popularity of single issues like AIDS and famine

may deflect us from the broader perspective that everyone knows is needed to help effect real change. Take the issue of overpopulation. No-one seems to want to touch it. It isn't high on the agenda at Lisbon, or anywhere else for that matter. Certainly no televised super-concerts, celebrity appeals or ranges of clothing in GAP. Little mention in the media and little wonder, frankly, when you consider what a dismal and unexciting thing it is to contemplate.

It deserves our attention, though, because if UN population researchers are right then Africa is undergoing a population explosion that will lead to its doubling to 1.7 billion by 2050. The effects that this will have on a continent already racked with pandemic, desertification, war and famine are frightening. When the contemporary narrative

has Africa as the site of a catastrophe of total proportions and amazing lethality, it is easy to see how the simplest approach is to measure success by the number of lives you can save, or put another way, the number of deaths you can prevent. This focus neglects, however, to explore the vicious irony of the fact that the more people are wiped out by pestilence and plague, the more

the population appears to grow. Shouldn't it immediately occur to us that this is so outrageously perverse that the only conclusion is that the two facts must be related? Whisper it softly, but could it be that part of the reason so many people are dying is that too many are being born in the first place?

The problem is that engagement with the population problem requires straying into complex and murky moral waters which relatively straightforward issues like malaria do not. The reasons why people in Africa are reproducing so prolifically are complicated and thus more susceptible to patient and thoughtful solutions than grand gesture. So efforts to raise awareness about it might well fail in spite of the likely causal connection with the less controversial causes that enjoy greatly heightened public awareness and engagement.

We have to hope that the cachet which the cause of Africa seems to be acquiring will lead to its being perceived by our politicians as a more rewarding arena to become involved in. If greater muscle can be flexed at the Lisbon meeting and others like it then everybody will celebrate. But as popular campaigns heighten awareness, we have to be on our guard to avoid the rapidity that can accompany fashionable, celebrity-involved causes. Ignoring an issue as complex and risky as overpopulation would be an unfortunate example of this. If a simple message is only successful in galvanising a simplistic search for solutions then its success will have been all in vain.



Tom Bird

A confederacy of dunces

On the sorry state of student politics

Few stand for the top jobs in Cambridge student politics. Candidates must shelve a reflex apathy towards issues like restructuring proposals, local speed-limits, and NUS student surveys. The roles, in their mundanity and thanklessness, demand as much altruism as ambition. And while excited talk of payoffs and disqualifications in a controversial Graduate Union election flew about, it was overlooked that the first set of nominations closed without producing a single candidate. The second round yielded three contenders and the eventual victor, Leo Shidai Liu, has assumed presidency with few recommendations, a string of detractors, and all the charm of a Slough-based paper-merchant.

Nor did last term's CUSU elections inspire much confidence. A last-minute candidate lacking in self-esteem, a left-wing slate whose leader eschewed leadership, and the fact that this pair of uninspiring characters comprised the total competition allowed one Mark to succeed another. Mark Fletcher won the election for President on a middle-ground ticket and a turnout of 16.4%. On the night of the results, he was unable to identify a single measure by which he could

make CUSU more relevant to students. Elsewhere, several posts on the CUSU Executive went uncontested. Here is a coalition of the willing, where entry to the university's corridors of power appears to be based not on skill but misplaced zeal.

The responsibilities are unglamorous, time-consuming, and straight-jacketed by political correctness. An extraordinary amount of effort goes into ensuring that nobody is left behind, though little progress is made on any other front. Moreover, most graduates have goals in the real world. GU President Liu is right when he admits, "A mature community are less likely to be keen on student politics if it does not fit into their career path." But when CUSU and the GU command budgets of

lie partly in the transience of our time here as students. As life-long citizens of the world, it is climate change, regime change, and constitutional change that are more likely to occupy our higher thoughts and indeed these comment pages. And as normal human beings, such topics as the intricacies of higher-education funding are not going to occupy our baser contemplations.

A collegiate structure exacerbates the situation. JCRs and MCRs provide a first port of call. The role of the larger umbrella organisations is semi-redundant. Meanwhile, where JCR presidents have forged a college reputation and members vote for a candidate they know, to become acquainted with the public face of those standing for CUSU and the GU students must attend a hustings or tune in to CUR1350. The prospect of such an evening would no doubt fail to light the fire of even the most ardent acronym enthusiast.

Tackling this issue as an outsider, unfamiliar with the anatomy of these bureaucratic monsters, is a challenge. CUSU is complicatedly compartmentalized. For Duncan Crowe, Chair of the Cambridge Student Liberal Democrats, there is perception that a clumpy structure "makes it difficult to get anything of real worth done". Pro-

posals put forward by a longstanding committee fell through due to a large number of abstentions. Impotence is frustrated by apathy.

Yet the unions are keen to defend their relevance. As Mark Fletcher sees it, "CUSU is the only organisation that is in any sort of position to make sure the student view is represented". He accepts that "the majority of students may not know everything we do on a day-to-day basis". Liu agrees. But other student unions enjoy a generous grant; CUSU and the GU have to earn the lion's share of the budgets they spend each year. Add to this an over-worked team – "the six sabbatical officers do the work that most other unions have double the amount of people to do" – and the picture is one of an under-funded, unattractive, and unappreciated task.

Student politics will never be riveting. Fletcher concluded his comments with an apology for their length and an excuse: "I'm just unsure how much you understand about how the university works". I didn't understand; I still don't. The subject falls somewhere between stamp-collecting and egg-shell painting on a roll call of items unlikely to float the collective boat. No wonder student politics is a sinking ship.

"all the charm of a Slough-based paper-merchant"

£400,000 and £250,000 respectively, a palpable lack of interest presents a serious cause for concern.

The roots of this disinterest



EDUCATION NOT FOR SALE?

Lindsey
Kennedy



All work and no pay

The curse of the student classes

Despite the placating effect of being handed free bags of novelty pens at every turn, a complete circuit of the Freshers Fair is a panic attack-inducing endurance test which few complete. It seems you can do almost anything to distract yourself in Cambridge, be it rowing, acting or dressing up in period costume to read stories aloud in silly voices. Anything, that is, provided you are not being paid.

Whilst heavy commitments such as running student societies or volunteering through the

leaving students with ungenerous sponsors in a difficult predicament. Although Cambridge bursaries are liberal, in keeping with an admissions policy which declares that no student should be deterred from applying due to financial concerns, assistance is neither assured nor can even be applied for until late October, long after all students are required to sign a form stating that they are able to cover their costs, and are expected to have paid their fees and accommodation bill. As a result, loans are often exhausted early on, and if no other help becomes available, without a regular income the only option is to get deeper into debt.

Even in the holidays, temporary jobs are in high demand, and those who have had little or no work experience are unlikely to find many employment options. Internships, yes. Paid work, no. Our graduate CVs may be sparkling with verve and brilliance, but the chances of being hired as an investment banker for four weeks over the Christmas vac are slim, and when it comes down to it, your local would rather you just knew how to pull a pint.

Unsurprisingly, this has led many students, including myself, to embark on less conventional moneymaking methods. Volunteers for medical and clinical trials are often drawn from the student community; the Cambridge brain scan unit may offer only a modest £6, but larger trials pay hundreds or even thousands of pounds for a few hours of tests, or extended period of drug trialling. Whilst these are required to be pre-tested according to EU guidelines and deemed safe for human use, there is nonetheless always a risk. Last March, six volunteers were admitted to intensive care at Northwick Park Hospital, London, during a trial organised by the clinical research company Parexel. Among them was Ryan Flanagan, a student given £2000 to take part, who began to suffocate when his head and neck swelled to nearly three times the normal size.

Other schemes are targeted specifically at Oxford and Cambridge students. Oxbridge Essays recruits Oxbridge students on a freelance basis, pays between £100 and £800 for each essay, and then sells them on. The website

sternly proclaims (in small print under Part 5 of the terms & conditions) that the essays are to inspire and should not be submitted as a client's own work. But it charges £900 for a 1st Class, 2000-word undergraduate essay with deadline-friendly 8am next-day delivery.

Another possibility for those willing to prostitute their intellect is Oxbridge Escorts, which supplies well-educated, intelligent dinner dates to paying customers. Members post a photograph, basic information and their chosen fee, and requests for a "date" are sent through the website. Once confirmed, the website collects its cut (10%) and sends emails containing contact details, safety advice and reminder that the fee paid is for dinner, with no sexual element implied or expected. However, after having spent a gruelling hour and a half poking nauseously at my salad whilst a balding city lawyer stroked my hand and grinned suggestively, I fled with my £100, a strong need for a hot shower, and the niggling suspicion that this man was not, in fact, after my dazzling conversation.

These examples are extreme, but perhaps indicate the extent of students' pecuniary worries. Though the rules against term-time jobs, and the bursaries in place to prevent them becoming necessary, are apparently in place to liberate students from these less erudite concerns, being forcibly dependent on outside sources is stressful in itself, and the help offered not always sufficient. Worries that other obligations will impact negatively on academic work are understandable, but inconsistent. In addition to the plethora of sports and arts clubs, Cambridge allows Oxbridge Essays to advertise to students by leaving flyers in student pigeon holes, despite the website's own admission that an average essay will take between 12 and 24 hours – far more distracting and time consuming than a weekly waitressing shift. The university's concerns may be valid, but its interference is patronising and unwarranted. Outside of academic affairs, its role is to advise and to support. It is not to dictate to its students what they can and cannot do in their own time.

“without a regular income the only option is to get deeper into debt”

SCA are encouraged as enhancing your CV, restrictions placed on “real jobs” are stringent to the extent that they might as well be entirely prohibited. These rules are singular to Oxbridge, and the reasoning is unclear. Admittedly, the Cambridge workload requires more dedication than might be true of equivalent degrees elsewhere, but one would think that balancing studies with other pursuits, and moreover the nature of those pursuits, would be the prerogative of the student – particularly given that the attitude to even the most trivial pastimes is that you can more or less do what you like, so long as it doesn't interfere with your studies.

Students fearful for the state of their overdraft can find this apparent arbitrariness frustrating. The average graduate leaves university £15000 in the red, and a recent national study found that 50% of students who drop out do so due to financial concerns. Income-assessed maintenance loans and top-up fee calculations work on the assumption that, regardless of circumstances, all parents earning above a particular sum are willing and able to lavish money upon their children,



Several days ago I pondered, as I sought a non-palindromic pretext to extend my lie-in to 2.22 in the afternoon, how over-investment in the alcohol industry must be responsible for much student idleness. At no point, of course, is this investment more charitable and encouraged than in freshers' week. What better a pretence for this Idler to opt – rather as the German people did when they sportingly propelled David's Hasselhoff's single Looking for Freedom to number 1 in the German charts in 1989 – to see what all the fuss was about?

As I flopped out of my bed this morning, looking so Neanderthal that I momentarily entertained the idea of roasting my nearby room-mate for breakfast on a fire generate from rubbing together a couple of shoes cast on the floor nearby, I began to reflect on my experiment. As my bowels willingly gave expression to themselves in the latrine I recalled too late something about a toilet in the vicinity being blocked.

Was it this one? A tentative consultation of my rapidly shrinking memory cells gave results which could euphemistically be described as inconclusive. At least, I observed, my digestive system had been more fluid than my train of thought. The evidence was before me in the form of a straw-coloured puddle obligingly hydrating the best, (or rather, I had now to concede, the very worst,) part

“I momentarily entertained the idea of roasting my nearby room-mate”

of my mattress. On the bright side, its discovery prompted my relieved realization that I was not, in fact, “broken”, contrary to the loud protestations of a vast dribbling rugby player, whose drink I had stumbingly purloined the previous evening. I soon realized grimly that only as a harbinger of a hangover most potent could I have found such a simple play on words so unexpectedly witty and emitted such throaty guffaws upon it. There would be no sugar python sufficiently assuaging, no hopeful speculation of the night's unremembered happenings fantastic enough, and, most crucially, no unprescribable animal tranquiliser of adequate sway to negate my body's rapidly-approaching exorcism of Bacchus.

The much-trampled-upon paths of my brain seemed to be winding their way excruciatingly towards that much underrated conundrum of the morning sufferer: when the disadvantages so outweigh their suffix, why drink to such excess? Not until I discovered the portfolio of credit card receipts furnishing the otherwise minimalist interior of my wallet would I be at as much of a loss. The only thing recognisably Dutch that the evening's drink-induced courage appeared to have achieved was some distinctly wind-mill-esque dancing. I am normally a shy boy with a rather leering disposition. A friend's photograph was enough to confirm my worst fears about the fortitude of my inhibitions.



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VIEW



AMY HOGGART
Sorts out your problems with her magic wand p35

FEATURES ARTS THEATRE FOOD MUSIC VISUAL ARTS FASHION LIFESTYLE LISTINGS



An Idler life

Tom Hodgkinson, editor of *The Idler* and bestselling author of *How To Be Free* and *How To Be Idle*, tells **Alistair Unwin** how to get out of the rat race.

Tom Hodgkinson missed the start of this interview, for which he gives a slightly unexpected excuse: "Sorry, I was taking a long bath."

But then again, this should come as little surprise from a man who has made a career out of telling people to slow down, stop working so hard and remember how to enjoy life.

He's an engaging interviewee, a curious and passionate speaker with a strong sense of humour.

Disillusioned with the world in which he found himself on graduating from Jesus, in 1993 he and his chum Gavin Pretor-Pinney (whose book *The Cloudspotters' Guide* now adorns many a student bedside table) founded *The Idler*, a mag-

azine set up on "the conviction that laziness has been unjustly criticized by modern society, and that it deserves to have its good conscience returned to it".

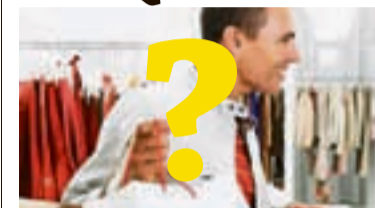
The bi-annual publication attracted a small but devoted army of fans, including a wealth of our prominent cultural figures - the likes of Will Self, Damian Hirst, Pete

Doherty, Michael Palin, Bruce Robinson, Alan Moore, Jeffrey Bernard and Douglas Coupland have all featured in one issue or another.

What began as a personal aversion to the 9 to 5 gradually became a philosophy, a reaction to the entire notion of the Protestant work ethic, which

Continues on next page

One Question



Why can't I buy clothes for men?

KIRAN MOODLEY
Professional Dandy

In a recent chat with my 'bitches,' I was angry at the fact that I can only ever read half of *Heat*, because the last bit is all about women's fashion and how mingling Joss Stone looks in everything she wears. If I want to read about men's fashion I have to fork out over £3 for *GQ*, which only deals with clothes which would blow my student loan in one go. It's indicative of the general problem with men's fashion and shopping in general, and Cambridge is just one of the prime examples where the problem can be found.

It's the process of buying clothes that is a problem. The first nuisance is display. You tell me the last time you entered a shop here and the first thing you were greeted with was the men's section. In the majority of cases the men's department is shunted either to the back, upstairs or down below, into a dark pit of fashion obscurity. All I'm asking is for the men's section to be put at the front of the shop; not only would it make a nice change, but it might entice the many fashionably challenged men around these parts. The staff are another problem; they all look like the creepy lead singer of Right Said Fred.

What is evident, after all this ranting, is that when a man goes clothes shopping, he has to battle with blatant sexism. The shopping world is basically geared to women. It places them at the front of their stores and casts men aside, assuming that men don't like to shop and know bugger all about how to dress correctly. And I'm not even going to start with the fact that there's no men's H&M here. The march of feminism has gone way too far (It's bad enough *Radio 4* gives the opposite sex a whole 60 minutes every week just for themselves with bloody *Women's Hour*). The problem is that there is not enough emphasis given to men's clothes, and if shops did try to attract men and make shopping generally a more enjoyable experience, then perhaps we would have a world where Trinny and Susannah were blissfully unemployed.

An Idler Life... Continued from p17

according to Hodgkinson began with the Industrial Revolution and has been getting worse since. The message is not “don’t work”, but rather to use your time better, and spend more time doing the things you *want* to do, rather than those you feel obliged to. And one of the



other tenets of the philosophy is that great works are often achieved after long periods of inactivity, or “thinking time”. Hodgkinson calls these moments “paroxysms of diligence”, but it’s a way of working familiar to many.

Eventually the magazine spawned the books “Crap Towns” and “Crap Jobs”, as well as Tom’s manifestos for better living, “How To Be Free” and “How To Be Idle”. The latter book advised, among other things; more conversation, drinking, smoking, slower eating, slower sex, gardening, lie-ins and, most importantly, forgetting the idea that you need to be rich to enjoy a rich and productive life.

But he began down a path that rings far too true for

many of us. On leaving school he read English at Jesus, where he divided his days “reading books, playing in bands, editing magazines and watching great lectures”.

So it came as a bit of a shock to leave Cambridge and find that the whole world suddenly revolved around the need to get a job, to earn money for things you don’t really need. It’s something he still feels particularly strongly about.

“Education isn’t an investment in the hope that it will get you a good (i.e. highly paid) job at the end. Jobs are crap. Students are assuming that because a consulting job starts on £25k, it is necessarily a *good thing*. You will be humiliated, and then promoted to a position where you can humiliate others. And that’s your life.”

Surely some money is important, I suggest, for paying for things? And if nothing else for the security to enjoy the pleasurable life he advocates so strongly. His response is quick and, after a while, obviously true:

“Just reduce your outgoings a bit. It’s simple. We grow our own vegetables, which is not only cheaper but nicer, too, and we stopped buying newspapers and magazines, because we realised that we were probably spending a thousand pounds a year on them.”

The magazine itself is actually in its third incarnation having been originally founded by Samuel Johnson, a man famous for his affection for the good life, and one of Hodgkinson’s “Idle Idols”, who said, in one of the pithy one-liners he seems to have spent his life specialising in, that “the happiest part of a man’s life is what he passes lying awake in bed in the morning.” Many an arts student will know what he means, and scientists will wish that they did.

After Johnson’s death the

magazine was abandoned until the late 19th century, when it was taken up by Jerome K. Jerome, author of one of the seminal works of Idler literature, *Three Men In a Boat*, and another confirmed man of leisure. Unfortunately it folded - it has never been a wildly profitable venture - until Hodgkinson picked up the baton again.

“What I find depressing is that some quite good people have been saying what I’m saying in books and essays for thousands of years and it just seems to have gotten worse. I don’t put much faith in the political system because it’s a question of how are you going to run capitalism, not how are we going to develop a different system to capitalism.”

He considers himself an anarchist - despite the laid-back nature of the Idler, there is a strong streak of protest in

“Where’s your free spirit? How are you going to make anything worthwhile? The whole point of University is to cause trouble”

much of his writing, although the enemies are not the sweatshop or the despotic regime, but our own “enlightened” Western, work-obsessed culture. He’s quick to interrogate me about the University, wondering if the fires of student protest are still burning. I tell him that protest and radicalism are now side-issues, taken up by those with too much time or too little soap. His response is indignant:

“Where is your free spirit? How are you going to create anything worthwhile? The point of University is to make trouble.” It is a point well, if often, made, but one of the more attractive things about Hodgkinson is that he has followed his own advice - he and his family moved out of London to an old farmhouse in Devon, where he is currently writing a book about Idle Parenting.

Not to let his *alma mater* down, he’s planning a trip to Cambridge in Lent term to give an “anti-careers fair”, where “interested (and interesting, he adds) students can come and learn more about the development of a freer life.”

“Listen to ‘Anarchy in the UK’, he urges, “Read ‘The Revolution of Everyday Life’ by Raoul Vaneigem, learn the ukulele, bake your own bread, reject the supermarkets, cut up your credit cards, go fishing, write more, read more. Take back your time”. Something for everybody there, you would think.



Tom Hodgkinson, inheritor of the idling tradition

Statistic of the week
Elephant Crime Prevention



Botswana has a big problem, and the problem is big elephants. Elephants are very big. So big, in fact, that they can eat up to 250kg of food a day, which is the equivalent of you or me eating 250 mixed kebabs from Gardi’s, assuming that they each weighed 1 kilogram, which they don’t.

But still, it gives you an idea. The real problem, however, is not so much that elephants eat a lot, but that there are too many of them. According to my good friend Festus Gontembanye Mogae, Botswana now has close to 75,000 of the pachyderm pests, and they are becoming a real nuisance. 75,000 elephants each eating 250kg of food means that they collectively chomp through 18,750,000 kg every day. The situation is bad enough that the Setswana government has offered to give 1000 ele-

phants to any nation for free, as long as they can provide transport. The obvious progression is to send them to Baghdad, where they would sort out sectarian violence in about ten minutes. “Well Ahmed, I would kill you for being a Sunni/American, but there’s this motherf***** elephant out on my lawn, so if you don’t mind, I’m going to deal with that first.”

The US would also have no trouble sending them over - an elephant’s not much bigger than a tank, and they’ve got loads of them over there. But once Baghdad is sorted, why not the world? They could be used to wander around potential nuclear research sites in Korea, or sent to disrupt the Spice Girls reunion gig.

Once again, you heard it here first.

Adrian Dangerhands

Profile of the Week
You’ve put it online, we’ve taken it off

Polly Aspinall

3rd Year Architect, New Hall College

Friend count:
565

Status:
Keen for Steve

Specialist skills:
Roller-blading, ice skating, spaghetti bolognese, blowjobs.

Favourite place:
Zoo

Wants babies with:
Owen Wilson

Most recent wall post:
What’s with all the new friends called Steve? : S (Stephen Begley)

Embarrassing photo:



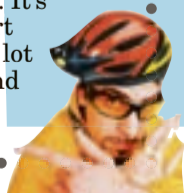
This is You Edgy Architect



Going Up Going Down

The University of Cambridge

Number 1. Again. It's just so easy. I sort of wish the other lot would buck up and give us a game.



G: Graduate

The death of your parents

Dave Cameron and George Osborne want to cut inheritance tax. Even less reason for that crippling expensive “retirement castle”. So, Dad, how about that fishing trip in a storm?

Phil Collins

Back in the charts thanks to the brilliance of that Cadbury's ad with the monkey drummer. But to most of us he never really went away, he was just polishing his unique brand of humble self-regard.

Bear Baiting

Once such a noble, proud sport, but irreparably damaged by recent association with the groundbreaking psychotherapist Jeremy Kyle (see right). Probably wasn't going to make a comeback anyway, but let bygones be bygones.

TV News

When was the last time you found out anything from this? A big waste of time, and somehow still increasingly irritating.



Freshers' Fair

One of the worst events in Europe - a meat market of fetishes, deviancy and humiliating hobbies, run in the world's grottiest gym by the earnest and try-hard for alleged benefit of the credulous and the naive. Avoid.

A popular TV news crew

UndergraduaTelly

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

I'm afraid the tragic events of the past week have forced me to deviate from last week's pledge not to include anything about non-BBC shows. It was not a decision which came to me easily, but I was moved by the trauma of the monumental news flooding our screens.

The tragedy in question is, of course, the raking over in the national media of our beloved Jeremy Kyle, a man so dear to our national hearts that he is almost like an uncle. Admittedly he is the drunken, lecherous, ex-convict gambling addict brother on the dole, but he's still family. Here is a man who has fought and fought, and finally earned his place in the pantheon of monumentally nasty television personalities- bastards of such breathtaking magnitude that they slightly make you want to sit up and applaud. It is a list in which we can include, but not exclusively: Genghis Khan (not strictly televised), OJ Simpson, Robert Maxwell, Alan Titchmarsh, Jodie Marsh, Richard Branson, Jim Davidson, Jeremy Beadle, Gary Lineker and Sir Trevor Macdonald. We're talking about a man who made a child cry on television, for fun.

His show was described as “bear-baiting” by a high court judge, a description which reassuringly proves that our legal system hasn't lost its natty way with an understatement. It's just so much more than that. It's the grossest, most offensive, most pointless programme in the history of broadcasting. It makes Jerry Springer, and indeed Kilroy (another for the list, incidentally) look like a beacon of televisual integrity, and Roman gladiatorial combat look like a day at the zoo (actually thinking about it, it must have felt a bit like that for some of the Christians too, only more intimate).

A whistleblower from the programme admitted that the producers deliberately favour those shows in which there is a chance of physical confrontation. Well, duh. It's well known that the only thing better than watching scumbags argue is watching scumbags argue at the outer limits of their powers of articulation, particularly if they have genuinely, tangibly miserable lives.

On paper Jeremy Kyle (or Jezza, as he's known to his friend and many, many enemies. Has anyone whose name ends “ezza” ever been anything other than a morally questionable yobbo? Gazza, Wazza...) has been almost disgracefully successful, but then when you think about it, it's honestly not so surprising. It's the only programme on TV (other than perhaps the darts, and that holds irregular hours) which has the ability to make one feel richer, better looking, more intelligent, better mannered, better behaved, more responsible and, quite frankly, more evolved all at the same time, whilst never letting you lose sight of the essentially voyeuristic nature of the viewing experience.



Trevor: Irrelevant

A typical “Jezza” Kyle exchange:

JK: “So, Sharanavee, you're a ropery pikey who fell out of the ugly tree, hit every branch on the way down and fell into a bin. How do you feel knowing that your daughter Maybelline's heroin and Ginsters' addiction was caused by a combination of your poverty, your stupidity and your loose vagina?”

S: “I'm sorry, Jeremy.”

JK: “No you're not, you slut. Let's bring out Maybelline.”

And then there's a brawl, some ads, a DNA test and a hysterically insincere reunion, and before you know it you've watched two episodes of Midsomer Murders and winter is creeping in.

Long live Jeremy, as long as he makes Britain all feel the same way, as in where do they find these extraordinary fellows to roll out every week? But if he ever stops doing that, Jeremy Kyle should die in a very slow, very painful manner, on television - perhaps even in his own slot.

John Reicher



Jeremy Kyle: Concerned



MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDERETTE

Dress from Ark Vintage, £42. Photographed by Francesca Perry. Modelled by Tash Lennard. Styled by Iona Carter and Emma Draper.



Johnny & Luciana

Issy McCann bravely steps forward as our first victim of the term. And stepping forward in sandals as bad as hers, I'm sure everyone is breathing a sigh of relief that she did. A quick look at the rest of Issy and we realised that absolutely everything she was wearing had to go the same way as the shoes... straight into the bin. Horizontal stripes are never

funky, perspex-heeled shoes from Karen Millen *are* a little pricey at £150 but a good pair of shoes will instantly sexualise any outfit and, if chosen carefully, will definitely get you your money's worth. Wear them to a party. Wear them to lectures. Wear them in the bath. Whilst you might be horrified at the thought of eating into your overdraft, you'll be pleased to read that the rest of Issy's outfit is actually very reasonable. We picked up the vest and skirt (a flattering bubble shape to cover any unsightly bulges) at Cult Clothing for a combined £40, and the cute pink belt and snappy grey jacket (tossed oh-so-casually over Issy's shoulder) were sourced at the Jemporium Retro Clothing Stall, open for business next to The Cow on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays (prices vary but you can get some great bargains).

Bear in mind that grooming is important – greasy, untamed locks and a neglected face will ruin even the nicest outfit. We straightened Issy's hair and highlighted her already pretty features with a bit of blusher and some smoky eye makeup. The overall look is chicer, more

before



slimming, so we traded Issy's manky T-shirt for a simple pink vest. Block colours streamline and flatter a curvier shape, while the deep V of the black cardigan (stylists' own) gives Issy a subtle yet stylish décolletage. We set the cardigan off nicely with a sparkly pink brooch (also stylists' own).

If you're lucky enough to be the owner of a pair of whopping mahussive melons like Issy, invest in a good bra (or, alternatively, use bulldog clips to lift them up, like we did) – nobody likes a pair of saggy tittays. Find your best features – Issy has a classic hour-glass figure with a slim waistline, but she was making sure no-one saw any of it in that baggy T-shirt. We accentuated her curves with a smart pink belt and elongated her shapely legs by popping her into a pair of high heels and choosing a skirt that stops at the most flattering point (just above the knee). These

after



mature and definitely fitting for a budding businesswoman. Guys, if Issy McCann can, so can you.

Need a makeover?
Email fashion@varsity.co.uk



KRISHNAN NAGENDAN

Colonel Munir Al-Maqdah is the founder of the Al-Aqsa Martyrs' Brigades and the Black September 13th Phalanxes. He was once the 10th most wanted man in Israel. In an extraordinary interview, **Krishnan Nagendran** met with the terrorist leader and heard about how he feels as a Palestinian, his involvement in the Lebanese and Iraqi conflicts and how he hopes to protect today's youth from religious extremism.

Colonel Munir Al-Maqdah was number ten on a deck of 38 cards made by the Israeli secret service during the Al-Aqsa Intifida in 2000. At the time of writing only six are still alive. He is the founder of the Al-Aqsa Martyrs' Brigades and the Black September 13th Phalanxes, which have carried out suicide bombing attacks against Israel.

In 2000 he was sentenced to death in absentia in Jordan in connection with the Millennium Bomb Plot. It has been widely alleged that he has provided training and support for Palestinian recruits for the resistance movement in Iraq. He has survived over a hundred recorded attempts on his life.

The Colonel's bodyguards constantly adjust and re-adjust their automatic rifles, swinging them from one shoulder to the other. Dressed in U.S. desert camouflages, one of the many recipients of over several billion dollars worth of US

equipment that have disappeared in Iraq, and early nineties Nike Air Maxes, they alternate between slouching on battered leather arm chairs or pacing across the room. In contrast Colonel Munir al-Maqdah in an olive green shirt and greying beard is a figure of total composure and control. Throughout the interviews he smoked ultra-slim cigarettes.

At the time of the interview, the first given in his new role, he had just rejoined the Fatah political mainstream, having chosen a semi-autonomous path since 1993 in protest at the Oslo Accords. Ten days earlier he had been made commander of the Ain-el Hilweh refugee camp. During the course of the interview his aides appointed him a general as "a symbol of the great love the people have for him as our commander".

The area of Ain el-Hilewh is prefixed in the Lebanese press with terms such as "radical", "lawless", and "restive" and

"When you see a Palestinian baby you can see the sadness in his face. We are deprived from anything that would make us human. It is a pitiful life... And we're alone."

has for the last forty years been outside the control of Lebanese central authority, while control of the camps is divided between various Palestinian factions.

At a time when the Fatah dominated Palestinian Liberation Organisation (PLO) is losing its control of the Palestinian scene, both in the Hamas-occupied Gaza Strip, and in the refugee camps to radical Islamist splinter groups, this new position is a sign that both the PLO and the Lebanese government now need a power-broker of al-Maqdah's status to prevent a descent into civil war both in Lebanon and amongst the Palestinian community in the camps. There are an estimated half million Palestinian refugees, predominantly Sunni Muslim and Greek Orthodox, in Lebanon, constituting around ten per cent of the country's total resident population.

Ain el-Hilweh is an overcrowded open-

air prison, housing 80,000 refugees-turned-inmates in area of just over a square kilometre. It is encircled by Lebanese army check-points controlling those who enter and exit the camps. Foreigners are only allowed entry with an army permit.

Just beyond the check point lies a no-man's land of about twenty metres, the site of clashes between the Islamist group Jund al Sham and the secular Fatah. The Fatah check-point sits below a banner of Saddam Hussein and Yasser Arafat shaking hands against the backdrop of Al-Aqasa (the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem). It is an evocative reminder both of the late Iraqi president's financial generosity towards the Palestinian cause and of his posthumous status as a symbol of anti-Americanism.

The camps are steeped in the human misery of a people who have been systematically de-humanised for the last sixty years, since the Nakba in 1948 (the massive Palestinian exodus). Yet they manage to survive in the enforced squalor of a place where even construction is illegal.

Unemployment stands at around seventy per cent, hardly surprising when the Lebanese authorities, desperate not to upset the country's delicate sectarian balance, have barred the Palestinian population from over 72 professions. In summer the temperatures soars above forty degrees, and the lack of electricity and poor sanitation makes working almost unbearable. During the autumn the rains turn the dirt roads into open sewers.

Al-Maqdah (47) was born in Ain el-Hilweh and has spent most of his life in Lebanon. I asked him what it meant to be Palestinian.

"To be a refugee, it is a special word. You feel that you are a stranger, you live outside your home, in exile, you have no home –this you can feel from your childhood. You are missing a part of yourself. When you see a Palestine baby you can see the sadness in his face. We are deprived from anything that would make us human. It is a pitiful life. The Israeli aircraft bomb these shelters; if you don't know that you are a Palestinian, you only need to hear the aircraft. The aircraft know that you are Palestinian." (The Israelis have almost continuously bombed the refugee camp over the last sixty years, most recently in last year's conflict, killing seven and destroying much of the camp's basic infrastructure). "And we are alone."

It is a sentiment repeated by many Palestinians in the camps. I asked a similar question to another militant.

"It was when I realised that if I was ill I would go to the UNRWA (United Nations Refugees in Western Asia Agency) medical office, not to the Lebanese hospital. It was when I could not leave the camp when I wished. It is these small things that made me realise from a very small child that I was not from here. It is from this beginning that made me wonder where I was from, where my home was, and why I could not go there."

Munir al-Maqdah has spent his entire life in the Palestinian resistance. He joined the al-Shabiba wing of al-Fatah at the age of eleven. He shot to fame as a young commander during the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982 and subsequently as a result of his role during the intifadas of 1987-1993 and 2000. Neither his age nor the reasons for joining the armed Palestinian struggle are exceptional.

"Our everyday life is permeated with an atmosphere of suffering and pain. The resistance restores our status as human beings, it is the vehicle to bring about our overwhelming desire to return to our homeland. Al-Fatah were the first group to fire the first bullet against the occupier [Israel], they transformed us from refugees to resistance fighters."

The goal of liberating Palestine has been put on hold, as the Fatah-dominant



Nahr al-Bared after heavy Lebanese mortar attacks

ed PLO is struggling to maintain control inside the occupied territories, and in the refugee camps in the neighbouring countries. Despite sporadic clashes between the Islamist group Jund al Sham and Fatah throughout the summer, al-Maqdah is confident that the PLO will remain in control of the camps and

"This American and Zionist project, starting in Palestine and now in Iraq, is a project to divide the Arab nation in pieces. Terror will beget terror, murder will beget murder, crime will beget crime."

these incidents were isolated, and that his Fatah group can maintain leadership of the Palestinian cause.

"Whatever happened in Gaza will not be allowed to happen here. There are enough problems from beneath the earth and above our heads. Whatever happens in Gaza, let it stay in Gaza. We have suffered enough for 60 years without internal problems. Here Hamas are represented in the General Palestinian Union. I am a patient person, I will have dialogue with any organisation, representing Palestinians, I can make them come here to work with me, work with me to stop any conflict, and to work for our common goal."

Al-Maqdah is a strict Palestinian nationalist, far from the freelance terror operator that several commentators have accused him of being. He appears willing to co-operate with all groups that support his goal of liberating Palestine and opposing Israel.

However, since the mid-1980s, armed Palestinian groups are no longer the main military opposition to Israel in Lebanon. That title goes to Hezbollah, the armed Shi'ia group formed in response to the Israeli occupation of southern Lebanon between 1982 and 2000. The relationship between the Palestinian groups and Hezbollah is often unclear, although both see themselves as opposing Israel their sectarian and political visions differ, with the Palestinians being predominantly Sunni and Christian and Hezbollah mostly Shi'ia.

"Hezbollah are a resistance movement, and any resistance movements are welcomed by us, always we are in contact with them. Abbas Zaki (The PLO ambassador in Lebanon) is in contact with them, we need to keep contact with all resistance groups."

I asked Al-Maqdah what his forces did during last year's conflict with Israel, a war that was reported as being strictly between Hezbollah and Israel.

"During the invasion whoever was inside the country fought against Israel. All that we had we put at the hands of the Lebanese Army, whatever we had in our hands to resist the invasion we did it. If the Lebanese army allowed us to share in the ground battle, we would have done it."

At this point I butted in. "Last year's war was between Hezbollah and Israel, the Lebanese army did not participate." After my point was translated, everyone in the room burst into peals of laughter, apart from his political advisor who looked nervous.

"Around 60 martyrs in the Lebanese army have been created from the war. They used their anti-aircraft weapons against the Israelis," Al-Maqdah said. It is an embarrassing admission for the Western-backed Lebanese government, who claimed strict non-interference in last year's war.

Al-Maqdah is very clear in differentiating between what he sees as legitimate resistance and terrorism. In particular he is critical of the radical Islamist groups that have emerged in the last few years in the camps, often numbering not more than a hundred members.



A Palestinian guards Fatah HQ

"My new job, will allow me to make sure that religious extremism will not affect the generation who are now between 15 to 18. We are now in the process, to protect this generation to avoid such religious extremism, we are starting to rebuild our culture, social and traditional establishments here. We cannot let this new generation speak the language of terror. The student establishments are very important, for school and university students – to protect them, for the young are very sensitive to these things."

"Unemployment is around 70%. These economic problems, create situations where someone like Sheik Abbasi with money can create problems." Sheik Abbasi is the leader of Fatah-al-Islam, the Islamist group which took over the northern refugee camp of Nahr al-Bared and for three months fought against the Lebanese army in what was Lebanon's worst internal violence since the civil war.

Although al-Maqdah was supportive of the Lebanese army's fight with Fatah al-Islam in the camp of Nahr al-Bared, he was critical of what he saw as the disproportionate response of the army, which has gone to great lengths to present the conflict as between Lebanon and Fatah al-Islam, and not against the Palestinian community.

"Around 35,000 refugees from Nahr al-Bared have been created. What little they had was destroyed, they have been refugees twice over. Now the winter is coming, and they will have no shelter."

I was in Nahr al-Bared on the final day of fighting between Fatah al-Islam and the army before the group's final stand after three months of almost continuous fighting. By that stage the Lebanese army were bombing rubble and mortaring the militants' bunkers, which were obscured by the mangled skeletons of destroyed buildings. Amazingly the militants, who by that stage numbered fewer than 50, managed to occasionally respond with volleys of gunfire.

It is hard to imagine that any form of human habitation would be possible there before the beginning of next year, but nevertheless the refugees from Nahr al Bared are demanding a right of return to the camp as soon as possible. They are currently in the neighbouring camp of Beddawi, and the ones I talked to said that their homes in Nahr al Bared are the closest surrogate to Palestine.

Al-Maqdah reserves his anger towards the Western governments for what he sees as their encouragement and perpetuating of oppression in the Middle East. "This American and Zionist project, starting in Palestine and now in Iraq, is a project to divide the Arab nation in pieces. Terror will beget terror, murder will beget murder, crime will beget crime."

But he claims he no longer provides the training or support for the resistance in Iraq, saying that it has a momentum of its own, and that the soldiers he sent at the beginning of the American occupation were simply a symbol of the solidarity between the Palestinian and Iraqi people as people both under foreign occupation.

At times you can detect a weariness in al-Maqdah. A military man who has spent his entire life fighting, he is now desperately struggling to maintain Palestinian unity. At times Al-Maqdah feels obliged to re-iterate the official PLO line that his immediate priorities are to improve the civil rights of Palestinians in Lebanon, while all the time the dream of returning to Palestine remains as elusive as ever. It is a direction that al-Maqdah, the poacher turned gamekeeper, is not totally comfortable with, as I leave for the final time, he shakes my hand and kisses me on both cheeks. He looks me in the eye and tells me: "The next time I see you, I will see you in Al-Quds Al-Arabiyya [Arab Jerusalem.]"

Burma before the cameras

The brutal suppression of peaceful protesters in Burma in the past weeks has shocked the world. But the actions of the military-led junta came as no surprise to **Gianna Vaughan**, who lived and worked in the country during 2005, and witnessed the government's growing heavy-handedness.

The Burmese government's bloody suppression of religious protestors has made international headlines this month.

But the shocking events on our television screens are only the tip of a vast iceberg of repression which has been steadily intensifying for years, as I saw when for two months in 2005 I was fortunate enough to work and travel in the country.

I mean fortunate quite literally, as a coup at the top of the junta the previous December had revoked almost all foreign teaching visas and increased restrictions on movement within the country.

Yet despite the regime under which they live, most of the people I encountered felt that their ability to speak English gave them some protection from military informants, and were surprisingly willing to discuss their political views. Two years ago the overwhelming feeling in the country was one of resigned passivity - whilst they did not support the military they felt there was little they could do to oppose them. This seems far removed from the scenes of protest flooding onto our screens at the moment.

Most adults lived through the violent crushing of the 1988 protests, when over 3,000 people were killed and thousands more imprisoned or forced to flee the country. Not a single family I encountered escaped entirely unscathed.

Since then the level of military control over the nation has only increased, and the shocking repression in our newspapers this week is not so much a last resort as a way of life. Throughout long night journeys, the military stop buses, get everyone out and make them wait, crouching by the roadside for hours in the dark, simply to intimidate. Soldiers who spoke no English would open my passport backwards and upside-down, compensating for an inability to understand what it said by fingering their rifles.

The gentle majority of these people are naturally passive. Theravada Buddhism, practised by over 80% of the population, is a non-violent religion, focusing on the individual meditative practice. Although in the last couple of days commentary on the 'Saffron Revolution' has emphasised the historical role of monks as political activists, after their participation in the 1988 uprisings, a new 'Sangha Union' was set up under the control of the Ministry for Religious and Home Affairs, requiring all monks to take an oath not to oppose the government or the military Tatmadaw.

Their current bravery is thus all the more astonishing, but we are mistaken if we view it



Buses are stopped for hours at a time for military checks

as simply an example of hopeful heroism. In many ways the present unrest is a sign of total desperation.

In the area where I worked, those who could speak English were able to increase their income by as much as 100% by finding employment in one

I was approached by several people wanting to know if it were true that US troops were poised on the borders for invasion. I couldn't bear to tell them that most people don't actually know where Burma is.

of three small hotels. Those who could not scraped a living attempting to sell sea shells strung on fishing wire to a barely existent tourist population. Local children would frequently skip school to scavenge for dead fish with which to feed their families.

In Britain, where we are conditioned to protests and people raising their voices in opposi-

tion, it is easy to underestimate just how incredible the events unfolding in Burma are. None of the protesters have the means to arm themselves in self-defence, and it is entirely unclear who is leading the marches or how they have been organised. Yet every day more and more people have volunteered, risking their lives even though they expect little to change. As one young woman said:

"I don't think we can defeat the government; I can't imagine what will happen."

Leading nations have threatened to impose new sanctions on the Burmese military if they use force to end the protesting. This is not going far enough. A Burmese Freedom and Democracy Act signed by President Bush on July 28, 2004 banned all Burmese imports, ended US investment there and froze all assets belonging to the Junta. It has had a very limited effect. Equally, if the international community truly believes that harsher sanctions will have an impact, why has it waited until now to impose them? In a controversial decision in 1997, the Association of South-East Asian Nations elected to admit Burma, arguing that membership would fuel positive change through "constructive engagement." This January, however, ten years later, during which time other Asian nations have continued to sell arms to the Burmese government, a UN draft resolution proposed by the United States and Britain which called for democratic reform in Burma was rejected by Russia and China. They argued that Burmese domestic unrest was an internal matter. The cynical truth is that the Burmese energy resources - oil and off-shore gas fields - make the stability of the status quo more valuable to its Asian neighbours. Even though

preceded by "Shock for visitors to fake beach" and "In pictures: an ice cream adventure".

Deprived of virtually all international information, it is remarkable how many Burmese are aware of the fictitious nature of the barrage of government propaganda, but it still difficult for them to know what to believe. I was approached by several people wanting to know if it were true that US troops were poised on the borders for invasion, as the state newspaper The New Light of Myanmar frequently claims. They should be so lucky, I couldn't bear to tell them that most people don't even know where Burma is and even fewer seem to care.

From the retired teacher who quizzed me for more English idioms he could learn, to the artist with his cherished copy of Orwell's Burmese Days, the teenage monk in Pyay who had taught himself to speak English by listening to the BBC and watching the movement of his lips in the mirror when they formed the right sounds, the hopes and dreams of the Burmese thrive on any exchange of outside information. It is a hideous paradox that the reports of imminent foreign intervention used by the military to frighten the people also foster a false sense of hope that the world actually gives a damn.

In Freedom From Fear, Aung San Suu Kyi states that, "The quest for democracy in Burma is the struggle of a people to live whole, meaningful lives as free and equal members of the world community." It is the quest for everything from the right to protest without being shot at, to the basic right to ride a bicycle past a police building without being forced to get off and walk.

Above all this it is a quest for the right not to be ignored by a world they are so desperate to be a part of.

the UN envoy, Ibrahim Gambari, has now arrived in Burma to hold talks with the Junta, his presence there in November 2006 resulted only in Aung San Suu Kyi being allowed to receive more medical visits.

The NLD do not encourage tourism to Burma on the basis that it gives money to the oppressive regime. This is true. If you enter the country your visa costs and your airport taxes will go to government organisations. Nevertheless, I disagree with the NLD stance, particularly given that the UN, hampered by China and Russia, has failed to be 'united' in condemnation of the Junta and international awareness is already wanting as the protests have been brought to a halt. Now it is all the more important to remain interested in Burma. Yet on the day when unarmed monks and civilians were mercilessly gunned down in the streets of Yangon, the story came bottom in a list of the BBC's most read stories,



Most adults have lived through the 1988 protests



Foaling Around

Rhiannon Easterbrook gets carried away by the Skins-soundtracking puzzle-pop upstarts.

It took forty-five seconds for the mosh pit to thump, one minute for the frontman Yannis to run through the welcoming crowd and two songs for girls to appear dancing on stage. Despite the fact that the mathematically-minded band has yet to release an album, this overwhelmingly joyful reaction to the set indicates the band's abilities. Foals' records have intricate and delicate-sounding arrangements and, for me, took a good few listens to get into. Live, the music's more brutal aspects come to the fore as their sound becomes expansive and shimmering but insistently danceable.

That there are different dimensions to Foals' output is important to Yannis, who en-

visages the band in a state of perpetual progress. "You can never be content with what you try to make, otherwise you've failed. There's never going to be a moment when we say that this is it. This is what we sound like."

Such perfectionism is appropriate for a performer displaying a mix of bravado and courtesy, drive and deep feeling. Yannis, 21, who dropped out of Oxford University because "I wanted to learn about literature; I didn't want to work in an investment bank", claims that he'd have no qualms if the band split up. "I wouldn't care, I'd start another band."

One suspects that while he really does need to make music, relationships with his colleagues are also impor-

tant. He rhapsodises about the "special" relationship with the producer of Foals' freshly-recorded, "Afrobeat-inspired" debut album, *TV on the Radio's* David Sitek. Shunning "careerist" professionals, he explains that instead, "we took ten grand off the record label and gave it to our friend who works in a kebab shop and has never made a video before. He is talented, though," he adds.

At the house party, every surface is covered by acolytes as Foals begin an instrumental set in this tiny room. Unable to breathe in the squash, fans still sing lyrics. Sonic precision is replaced by a rough elegance and, soon, in the crush and heat, instruments are flat and everything is glorious chaos. A light is

broken, fuses are blown and an alarm goes off but everyone is happy, even Jimmy, the guitarist, who's chipped his front tooth. "It was worth it," apparently.

Unfortunately for Yannis, "these house parties are getting increasingly rare. Soon they'll be impossible". Shame, as Yannis clearly enjoys this kind of audience-band interaction. He "loves dearly" his connection with fans. A connection, of course, which he is still working on. "I like music that is interesting for your heart and for your body and for your mind and if you can balance that out, then you're making the perfect pop music."

If they haven't solved this equation yet, they might soon.

Kano's Able

Tom Hamilton chats to Grime MC sensation **Kano** before his Junction show and gives the lowdown on the gig itself.

Beginning his set with the same explosive run of tracks that introduce his latest album, *London Town*, Kano ducked and weaved onto the stage, slapping hands with the adoring fans and flashing his smile all around the venue whenever the choruses came around. Kano's first album, *Home Sweet Home*, won him a legion of fans, crossover success, a MOBO and a Brit Nomination for best newcomer. This new record can only serve to bring the MC, who got his first break with the song *Boys and Girls* on pirate radio, even greater recognition. "When I was about seventeen or eighteen everyone else was spitting 16 bar rhymes," he explains to me before

the gig, "but I wrote whole songs that spoke about things everyone could relate to, keeping the edge that the MCs had."

The lively and tense *Buss It Up*, recorded with Jamaican dancehall legend Vybz Kartel, brought waves of hands into the air, but the track signifies more than that for Kano. "The whole musical culture of Jamaica really inspires me. Music is everywhere there, and that attracted me to perform, seeing the reactions music can give. That kind of thing is around in the UK too, and I get the best feeling when I hear my song blasting out of someone's car, or kids playing it on their phones in the street." There's a strong Jamaican influence - the

song *Fightin' the Nation* references the Junior Marvin track *Police and Thieves*, which was once covered by the Clash in their early days.

Feel Free, a track recorded with Damon Albarn, was another standout and is at the heart of the album. "It's definitely a special track for me," Kano added. The song's eerie soundscape mirrors much of Albarn's best work with Gorillaz. Kano describes his experience of performing with Albarn and a whole host of established African artists at Glastonbury as inspirational. "I got to hear music I would never otherwise get hold of. It made me think that there's so much more that could be added to my sound. To be a part of something with such respected artists was really important to me."

Perhaps the highlight of the gig for many, especially for the fourteen year-olds wearing Nike caps and white plastic rosaries around their necks in an unconscious traditionalist parody of bling (or maybe they were just cheap?), was the single, *This is the Girl*, featuring Craig David. Kano's backing band finally got into full

swing here, raising the chorus up on a precarious balance of feedback, ride cymbal trills, and screams and whoops from the audience.

After a long set which held the audience in rapture, the gig came to an end with an encore of *Me and My Microphone*, a song recorded with Kate Nash back when the chart-topper was just a MySpace footnote to Lily Allen's rising star. It's Kano's take on "old school hip-hop in its truest form", but with the exciting taint of harsher London accents. The song brought an excitable bounce to the gig's climax, encouraging the rapper to hang around shaking hands with as many people as could barge their way to the front.

This talented MC may not have found his niche yet, since too many of his tracks rest on an uneasy balance between American mainstream hip-pop and the smoother edges of grime. But he is an artist who thrives on fresh ideas, hard work performance. The strength of this album and Kano's genuine belief in his talents as an artist could take him very far indeed.



Five minutes with... **Sam Sword**

Sam Sword's had a long, hard summer, or at least he has if you can describe touring around the country and spending over a month at the Fringe Festival as hard work. The Cambridge Footlights tour show *Wham Bam* has been performing in all sorts of venues across the UK from pubs, schools and even the Royal Naval College. When I asked him about how he and his fellow cast members had been received in different locations, Sam replied, "It depended very much on expectations: at Edinburgh people came to shows expecting to see Stephen Fry look-alikes and got us, whilst in smaller venues audiences tended to be very much more open-minded and as a result liked what they saw a lot more."

On a critical level, the show and cast have certainly been a hit. The Edinburgh Festival magazine this year described *Wham Bam* as "by far the best Footlights show in years." Quite a compliment given the pedigree of past Footlights talent.

I asked him what it's like trying to fill the shoes of past presidents such as John Cleese, Hugh Laurie and David Mitchell. He admitted, "It was pretty scary at first, but I console myself with the knowledge that they must have all been like me and only really got big after leaving university. After all, the Footlights are all about experimentation."

Hearing this frustratingly modest response I tried to goad him into some display of his spontaneous wit that has made him a success. "So, if you're the President of the Footlights does this make you the funniest man in Cambridge? Go on, make me laugh." He rolls his eyes, having obviously heard this too many times before and quickly retorts "F**k off, I'm not your monkey." I feel shamed but that's one of things that make Sam Sword so genuinely funny.

Sam only started in the Footlights last year when like most aspiring comics, he gave it a go. "It's really worth trying out, Footlights is based on people who have the guts to give it a shot. I encourage anyone to audition for the Virgin Smoker later on this term."

As Sam saunters off, every inch the image of the average gap student, I wonder if this is the future of British comedy. Time can only tell, but I don't see why not. Most of the big names who came to Cambridge were involved somewhere along the line in the Footlights, and I'm sure even Stephen Fry took a Gap year.

Simon Allen



Life in the old swan

Ballet may be known in some circles as “The Dying Art”, but valiant attempts are being made to show the 21st century that plies and pirouettes can still be relevant.

Sarah Wilkinson examines a controversial dance revolution.

Ballet has garnered a rather prissy reputation in Britain over the years. Ask someone to picture a ballet dancer and your average bod will envision pink tutus and tiaras, unsightly bulges in tights, anorexia and grown women dressed as fairies. Not exactly universally appealing. Jamie Bell did wonders for ballet's street-cred when Billy Elliot came out in 2000 but since then the art has slowly slipped away from the public platform into its unfashionable satin slippers. The Royal Opera House's latest advertising campaign, however, is determined to change this. Picking the most stud-like of their principal male dancers, posters around London show a hero-jawed Edward Watson staring into the camera with a smoldering gaze. Alongside are the words “Superhuman. Meet Ed. Fact: When he's dancing, pound for pound, he's stronger than a rhino. Superheroes really do wear tights.” The ballet world has been divided over

this new approach and many have reacted strongly against it. But perhaps this rebranding is essential for the survival of ballet in Britain into the 21st century and beyond.

Dance in general is undeniably among the most popular of all the arts. But while ballroom and Latin American are out there on the television sparkling in sequins and smiles every Saturday night, it seems ballet remains that marginalized Cinderella sister,

“Physically, ballet dancers really are superheroes in training.”

left home alone to dance in the dust. Despite the phenomenal beauty of the ballet dancer's body, and quite often his or her face too, the art fails to attract the same media attention lavished on its Dancesport siblings –

Darcey Bussell (Britain's most famous and recently-retired ballerina) excepted. BBC One's Strictly Come Dancing regularly attracted more than 10 million viewers each week and fan bases continue to increase for programs such as DanceX and Britain's Got Talent. Unfortunately, a reality television show in the same model isn't really plausible for ballet. Amateur competitors in Strictly Come Dancing may be able to master the Foxtrot or Samba to performance level over a few weeks, but it takes years of gruelling practice to perform ballet's most impressive lifts and jumps – which is why the end result is so astonishing to watch. So in a physical sense at least, ballet dancers really are superheroes in training.

The classics (the most famous ballets even the blokes down the pub will have heard of) are required by the financial departments of ballet companies to guarantee bums on seats, yet these classics are paradoxically one reason why new, especially young adult, audiences are so hard to attract, and even more importantly, sustain. The clas-

sics have come to define what ballet means for many young people: girls flapping around

“ballet remains that marginalized Cinderella sister, left home alone to dance in the dust.”

in white frills and feathers (Swan Lake) or some bird twirling around on her toes to Christmas advert music (The Nutcracker). Most are unaware of how extraordinarily athletic ballet is, and how innovative and relevant it can be. This is largely because whenever they encounter ballet these classics are all that's on offer. Every year Russian and British touring companies dust down their productions of Swan Lake, The Sleeping Beauty and The Nutcracker and bring them back to provincial towns, while the odd

story ballet is slotted into the Christmas TV schedule as a token gesture towards the art. This means, sadly, that the average person's view of ballet is rarely challenged. They reject ballet altogether based on the pink and white of the classics, yet remain unaware of the Technicolor of new choreography. Funding admittedly makes it difficult to take risks with new works, but when there are financial opportunities to bring a new image of ballet to the masses they are sadly not always seized upon.

Darcey Bussell made a step in the right direction when she chose the piece that would end her glittering career on the Royal Opera House stage – shown live on BBC 2. Instead of bowing out with Aurora or Juliet, Bussell chose a piece which not only showcased her own beautiful technique, but one which also allowed viewers to flirt with the idea that not all ballets involve tutus and happy endings. Channel Four's recent series Ballethoo also did well to showcase the benefits of participating in ballet, by allowing underprivileged adolescents to train and perform with Birmingham



A ballet dancer leaps across salt flats

MIRIAN ORCUTT

yet?

Royal Ballet, whilst the rugged pair of Royal Ballet defects, known as Ballet Boyz, continue to bring ballet down to earth with their touring productions. Mathew Bourne's popularist versions of the classics, such as his all-male Swan Lake, have taken ballet to Broadway and, in a small way, done for ballet what Lesley Garrett and Russell Watson have done for opera in recent years. But there is still a long way to go. Great hope lies with Christopher Wheeldon, an ex-Royal Ballet dancer who has recently launched his own company, Morphoses, with the aim of "revitalizing contemporary, classical ballet by marrying dance, music, visual arts and design". His forward-thinking is demonstrated in one of his latest projects - a collaboration with the Icelandic singer Björk.

Unfortunately many other outreach attempts are failing the art form in their choices. The BBC is currently filming a new production of Noel Streatfield's Ballet Shoes, set in the 1930's, but although for an older generation this may be a



spire them to pick up a pair of pointe shoes. At the Princess Diana concert in July, looking incongruous amongst the line-up of pop acts, the English National Ballet performed excerpts from Swan Lake, and earlier this year, Swan Lake (yet again) was projected live onto a screen in the centre of Liverpool from the Royal Opera House. Reportedly about 150 people stopped to watch initially, but the rain narrowed this down swiftly to 50. What could have made them weather it out? What could have made ballet look as relevant to the Wembley audience as Kanye West and P. Diddy? Suppose instead of stumbling upon a screen filled with feathery white tutus, Liverpoolians had come across one taken over by sexy young dancers clad in simple black unitards performing one of Christopher Wheeldon's new pieces? What if instead of meeting their mental image of a ballerina, the Wembley audience had been confronted with something entirely new in the manner of the revolutionary Royal Opera House advertising campaign?

Yes, ballet dancers are artists before they are athletes, but it is the physical element of their art which is most likely to draw newcomers, and this is something the Royal Opera House should be praised for recognizing. Instead of shunning this rebranding of the art form, it seems the ballet world needs to embrace it if they want to gain the interest of the general public. Why perpetuate the old image and then wonder why people seem reluctant to alter their stereotypes of an art form? Ballet, in reality, is as malleable for the zeitgeist as music and often as universally comprehensible as a Tom and Jerry cartoon - just a little more graceful.

"Not all ballets involve tutus and happy endings"

welcome return to a children's classic, for the young it may be yet another reinforcement of the notion that ballet has long exceeded its expiry date. Harry Potter fans may be drawn in by the hope of seeing Emma Watson donning a leotard in her role as Pauline Fossil, but it is doubtful that the attaché cases and references to Noel Coward will do anything to in-

An American in Cambridge

The artist James Whistler tried to rid his work of pity and love. **Sam Rose** visits a new show of his prints and discovers a gentler side to a man with many enemies.



"Reading by Lamplight", James Whistler, 1858

As with many of the Impressionists, Whistler's work often comes across as something of a paradox. The prints and paintings show a refined delicacy, yet they stem from a background of great passion and controversy. This survey of prints of people in the Fitzwilliam collections highlights not only some of the close personal friendships he formed through his art, but how he tore many of these apart through his strong views and biting wit.

The son of an American railway engineer, Whistler always seemed keen to play the part of the foreign aristocrat. After being thrown out of West Point Military Academy, he worked as a military draughtsman, learning etching as a US Navy cartographer, before deciding to become an artist. He felt that America did not have enough respect for fine art, and his obsession with the artist's place in society led him to cross the Atlantic in search of success. In England and France he was to find fame and recognition, yet his fondness for ridiculing friends and critics alike was ultimately to lead him to ruin. Of the many enemies that

he made, the ten prints in the exhibition of fellow etcher Seymour Haden and his family stand out. These are tender and beautiful prints, recalling Rembrandt in their atmospheric use of light and shade as well as Japanese art in their decorative simplicity. This did not stop the friends falling out over Whistler's outrageous bohemian lifestyle; the hand list gleefully notes that five years after the last print was made Whistler was banned from seeing his sister (Haden's wife), and three years later Haden was pushed through a plate glass window after the two fought in a Paris cafe.

Interestingly, the lively personality does not come across at all in the prints. As he put it, "Art should be independent of all claptrap - should stand alone, and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear, without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like". As a result, despite the artist's stormy private life the prints offer an objective look at their subject; friends and strangers stand alike in decorative harmony.

It is also wonderful to see original copies of Whistler's

satirical pamphlets and lectures (including The Gentle Art of Making Enemies, from which the exhibition takes its title). The most notorious incident recorded by these is his attempt to sue the critic John Ruskin for libel after he called him a "coxcomb... flinging a pot of paint in the public's face". Ruskin was one of the highest authorities on art at the time, making this move rather unwise. Whistler argued brilliantly and won the case, but was awarded damages of only one farthing, ruining him financially.

Despite the ruin it brought, his willingness to stand up to - and brilliantly ridicule - many of his critics lives on as a testament to the faith he had in his art, with his defence helping prepare the way for many artists to come. When asked by Ruskin if "The labor of two days is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?" Whistler's response was a perfect justification for a "less finished" modern art: "No", he replied. "I ask it for the knowledge I have gained in the work of a lifetime."

"The Gentle Art - Friends and strangers in Whistler's Prints" is on at the Fitzwilliam Museum until 13 January 2008.

view from the gods



As the youngest, blondest Von Trapp girl child edged her way backwards up the stairs during *So Long, Farewell*, so the dramatic oligarchy reluctantly left the stage, with that steely glint of those-who-just-want-to-be-loved when they are the centre of attention. So they may have been seen later on, weeping at last orders in the ADC bar, facing a terrifying future as a professional actor. Many years have passed since all you had to do was hitchhike to Stratford clutching a Cambridge diploma and a handful of ADC programmes to be made director of the RSC, but the talent in Cambridge remains more or less the same. This week's four main shows are Pembroke Player's Japan tour with *Romeo and Juliet*, the American tour of *A Winter's Tale*, the Footlights' *Wham Bam!* and *Cymbeline*.

One always has the sense that people who act in Shakespeare do it because they shouldn't be acting at all. There's the pompous Polonius fan club which simply ruins a play whenever they thrust a puffed chest on-stage. It usually tends to be a male phenomenon. Then the tall, well-built public school men who are felt to look the part and no one minds because everyone can hear them speak. But there are the women too: the fey, pretty and pale who litter the stage with wan words, and do very well to confirm everyone's suspicions that Shakespeare just couldn't write women's parts.

Trevor Nunn was very lucky. It is rare that a director in Cambridge is able to amass such a large cast of talented actors. Consequently Shakespeare is often performed very badly and far too often. In my opinion, Shakespeare in performance is very boring unless it's done very well indeed. A twenty-foot-tall Jupiter with a disproportionately small head shocked the audience last night with a self-consciousness that seemed almost unacceptable in a Shakespeare production. And, once shocked out of complacent tedium, the audience could understand the ridiculousness of the of the last act, and the tedium turned to humour.

One of the main successes of Trevor Nunn's *Cymbeline* was that he saw no reason everyone shouldn't enjoy it as a simple fairy tale, and understand it too. Unfortunately, the theatre was, as usual, bereft of a real student audience. Apart from the small group smoking outside during the interval, the majority of the student body simply cannot be convinced to watch Shakespeare or indeed any play.

One hopes that, when our peers perform Shakespeare to such high standards, there will be a certain excitement to see the achievements of those who will succeed the luminaries of previous years.

Orlando Reade

Puppet Masters



Jossie Clayton chats to **David Friend** and **Simon Morley**, purveyors of a particularly curious style of origami, ahead of their Junction show

There are many different types of educational experience to be had in Cambridge; this being freshers' week, there are steep learning curves in all directions and involving all sorts of different topics. One for the less academically minded among us involves neither historical dates nor scientific jargon. It sells itself as something more akin to origami. The Puppetry of the Penis, God forgive us, has come to Cambridge.

Claiming continuity of an ancient Australian artform, the performers produce a species of puppetry which essentially and pretty self-explanatorily consists of the contortion of the penis into a repertoire of shapes and structures.

Surprisingly, the performance is completely non-sexual. *Viagra* is considered "a dirty word". The objective is to "de-mystify the penis" and the show's combination of "nudity and comedy in one go" has garnered fans across the globe. The typical British

audience might be female, but unsurprisingly, whole rugby teams have been known to attend and have a private "play" later on in the pub.

So what should we expect from this over-18s-only "ultimate knob gag"? The two "puppeteers," Martin ("the new penis") and Dan, will be teaching us handy tricks such as "how to make the perfect burger in 4 easy steps" at "Dick Trick University" and if your hands are warm enough, then you might just get the chance to help out on stage. "Malleability," I am reliably told, is key.

The phenomenal success of this show rests upon a simple understanding of what makes an audience gasp, stare and giggle: that "going along to laugh at a couple of guys playing with their willies and making shapes is a good night out." I couldn't agree more.

The Puppetry of the Penis, will be on at The Junction on Saturday 6 October

The Winter's Tale ADC Theatre

The Winter's Tale strides valiantly into the precarious yet all too irresistible terrain of "problem play". It balances neurotic court life and absurd Boston Legal levels of psychological intensity with the casual absurdity of Bohemia, where inhabitants often take leave of their responsibilities and even, while "pursued by a bear", the stage. Equally valiantly, the Cambridge University American Stage Tour packed their performance into a handful of suitcases and hopped across the Atlantic, to cover ten states and two thousand miles in the relative cultural void between the end of the Edinburgh Festival and the start of Freshers' Week.

The plot starts off in the familiar guise of familial tragedy, only to lurch at times into pastoral comedy. Paranoid King decides loving Queen is unfaithful and callously discards their baby on the shores of Bohemia. He then struggles with sixteen solid years of guilt and remorse, as the baby is raised by a geriatric father, loved by a bland Prince, and finally re-united with her family in a crescendo of increasingly happy coincidences.

The eight actors morphed through various different garments and puppet masks to convey both placid court members and peculiar bumpkins. The disconnected sequence of the play and doubling of roles allowed for several impressive performances, and yet stopped

the relationships between characters from building convincingly. Ed Martineau demonstrated an enormous range of acting ability with Leonides' undulating emotions and the slapstick Old Shepherd, partly paralleled by Molly Goyer Gorman as the modest Hermione and the over-exaggerated Clown. Finally Owen Holland shone as the show-stealing Autolycus, strumming his way through Bohemia and conning shepherds and audience-members alike with confident charm.

The drab Edwardian elegance of the design subtly evoked the youthful mania and tea-stained tone of Arthur Rackham's illustrations in the 1907 edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, giving a surprising unity. However, the clarity of the production, with minimal set and severe lighting to suggest space, placed great pressure on the play, forcing the quality of the language and the energy of the performances into sharp relief. This focus made a harmony between the earnest and the eccentric components almost impossible, while the direction was not always consistently equal to the curious demands of the text. This confident take on a lesser-performed piece had moments of both the sublime and the ridiculous, yet *The Winter's Tale* remains a problematic play for cast and audience.

Monty Stagg

Roming Dir: Jiri Verjdek

Film
★★★★★

Roming is simply one of those films which you'll laugh at and enjoy thoroughly, only to leave the cinema knowing you'll never see it again. OK direction is met with OK performances, with the exception of Bolek Polivka whose facial expressions force laughter. The audience will undoubtedly be restricted to Guardian-reading housewives keen to add to the dinner party repertoire along with the latest Zadie Smith novel. It's a classic road trip story about the Gypsy community of the Czech Republic where the educated son travels with his dumb-but-wise father and happy-go-lucky uncle to meet his arranged wife. Of course the son is against the idea but eventually comes round. What makes this even worse than the standard Disney plot is the 'surreal' sub-story that accompanies the bulk of the film, which is bearable (perhaps even humorous) at first, but becomes very tiresome very quickly indeed. *Roming* is slapstick-funny, yet arse-clenchingly lurid as well. It's a fun film, but it's also stuck in the middle of nowhere (no pun intended).

Ravi Amaratunga

Dir: Jeff James

Theatre
★★★★★

Baby Shambles Shotter's Nation



Babyshambles' second album effort was never going to be perfect. After the scatterbrained highs and lows of *Down in Albion*, the appointment of Stephen Street as producer was probably a wise choice, but it is his excessively clean and shiny approach that often stops the songs reaching the dizzying heights of the Libertines' previous efforts.

Earlier this year, fans were rewarded with the fantastic

Stookie & Jim Bumfest demos posted on the web, and many of the same songs feature on this album. Regrettably, songs such as *There She Goes*, with Drew McConnell's unnecessarily jazzed-up walking bassline, suffer from their studio re-modelling, and *UnBiloTitled*, a Libertines-era demo, feels far too radio-friendly in its latest reincarnation. Nevertheless, it's a stand-out track, and a refreshing change of tempo.

French Dog Blues, co-penned by no less than Kate Moss and Ian Brown, shines with star quality and is sure to be a live favourite.

Doherty has lost none of the lyrical flair which is so often overlooked by the press in favour of his more sensational private life. It is ably displayed in *Baddies' Boogie*, essentially a tragic song about romantic despair (*it's a lousy life for the washed up wife of a permanently plastered pissed up bastard*). One thing lacking is the noodling guitar work of Patrick Walden (which characterised much of the material on the first album), now replaced by Michael Whitnall's more schoolbook stylings. *UnStookie Titled* is another sterling effort, which arguably references Carl Barat's Doherty-less Libertines residency (*since you vowed to back it and you're too proud to sack it you have to carry on on your own*).

Some weaker tracks such as *Side of the Road* and *Crumb Begging Baghead* highlight the deficiencies of yet another almost-but-not-quite-brilliant album. Listening to *Shotter's Nation*, it's easy to appreciate Doherty's considerable talent as both a musician and lyricist but it's hard to resist longing for the Libertines to reform.

George Grist

Album
★★★★★

Richmond Fontaine \$87 and a guilty conscience that gets worse the longer I go

Album
★★★★★



It would be easy to dismiss this mini album/ep as a mere cash-in afterthought, containing as it does six unreleased tracks from the sessions that produced their last album, *Thirteen Cities*, and a couple of tagged-on extras. Easy, that is, if it weren't completely brilliant.

Though they fall in line with the Americana/alt country mood that that had produced so many solid bands and artists over the last couple of years (Ryan Adams, Wilco, Willy Mason, Bright Eyes to name but a few), Richmond Fontaine manage to stand out by sheer brute quality. Though sometimes the whisky soaked croak of lyricist Willy Vlautin tends to wheeze out countrified clichés (occasionally it's

as though he's simply listing lonely-sounding American towns), there's an intangible presence to his voice that makes you do more than listen, it makes you really believe. It only takes a couple of lines to evoke a whole sprawling patchwork landscape of drifters, drunks, and endless highways stretched out under smoky skies, whilst at the same time pulling you in to a sudden narrative so sharp it cuts to the core (*My roommate was sleeping. I took his keys, and a hundred bucks. Headed out till his car broke down, outside of Tousanne*). This is a songwriter who hasn't just been compared to legends like Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen, he's been compared to the great American novelists, Raymond Carver, John Steinbeck, and Charles Bukowski. Now that's heavyweight class.

If you were ever duped into the ridiculous hype surrounding Cold War Kids, make amends by switching to this. Richmond Fontaine are the overlooked but infinitely superior underdogs, singing out their poignant songs from the bottom of a broken bottle and the dark heart of a broken continent.

Josh Farrington

Jack Peñate The Junction

Live Review
★★★★★

This was, Jack told us, mopping sweat from his brow, "by far the maddest gig of the whole tour". With infectious energy, an arresting stage presence, and a pair of crazed eyes that screamed serial killer, Peñate delivered a performance that swept a hitherto restrained crowd into a rapturous frenzy. The night, however, had not begun so well.

Two hours earlier, the lights had dimmed, the audience fallen silent, and a squat fat man appeared from stage left. He played with some wires and then waddled back off. Five minutes later, Wild Beasts emerged to a tangibly tame reception, despite their name promising a leonine roar of a voice and dance moves that would turn heads in the jungle. The reality was a hyena-laughable disappointment.

Juxtaposed against this, Jack stormed the stage with such an overwhelming, energy-infused spectacle that nobody had time to pause and consider that he perhaps didn't

have the songs to back it up. While fast-paced and lively, his lyrics are sometimes worryingly emo. His heartstrings are even plucked at the prospect of catching a train (*My eyes, eyes, eyes, are not dry, dry, dry*).

he tells us in *Torn at the Platform*). Elsewhere, he laments *she never wanted me* (*Second, Minute, or Hour*), and the concert concluded on a similarly sombre note, with the song *When We Die*. Yet

despite the subject-matter, Jack Peñate's style is not going to leave you sobbing into the speakers. One member of the audience threw his fizzing can of Red Stripe onto the stage in a fit of ecstasy; and another member cast aloft his shoe, the jubilation wiped off his face only when someone stamped on his foot.

Few will be provoked to throw missiles at their hifis, but add in the writhing lunatic behind the guitar, and it proved a very special night indeed.

Tom Bird & Julia Tilley



albums every right-minded person should own



Graceland

Paul Simon

1986, the year before my birth, and Paul Simon releases *Graceland*. Since then, it's followed me everywhere; "are we nearly there yet" car journeys, family holidays, Christmas days. So, it's a genuine and often disheartening surprise to find that many have a rather nonchalant attitude towards this masterpiece. *Graceland* too often seems to pass under the radar, which I find inexplicable.

You might know of Paul Simon as one half of the duo Simon and Garfunkel, but don't judge him yet. For this solo album he shunned Garfunkel, and rightly so. Instead of continuing the folky twangs heard in songs such as *Scarborough Fair* (what were they thinking?) he chose to record this album in South Africa and immerse himself in the influences surrounding him. In fact, *Ladysmith Black Mambazo* shot to worldwide fame as a result of collaborating with Simon on many of the tracks on *Graceland*. So, not only was it groundbreaking in terms of its musical direction, but also in its pioneering of the talents of black South African musicians in the midst of apartheid rule.

But don't feel that you should love this album on account of any political do-gooding. The elements that make it a work of art are the intensely moving yet uplifting melodies, and the steady contemplation of his own (at times) depressing life embedded in some of the best lyrics I've ever heard. *Well you don't feel you could love me, but I feel you could* - it's simple, it doesn't rhyme and yet it's able to reflect an everyday thought accurately without losing its train of thought amidst poetic crap. For those of you who think Garfunkel was the creative genius of the two, you're wrong. It only takes a cursory look at *Graceland* to see who that title really belongs to. The title track, *Graceland*, which recounts a pilgrimage to Elvis' home, is probably the best on the album; it's truly captivating. He talks of his "travelling companion", nine years old and the child of his first marriage, which launches him into a verse about his ex-wife (*and she said losing love, is like a window in your heart, everybody sees you're blown apart*).

There's so much more to be said about the brilliance of this album, further tracks to be delved into, yet more wonderful lyrics to be explored, but to write it all down would be a work approaching an epic. Anyway, it would spoil it for those of you haven't yet discovered why *Graceland* is a must have.

Verity Simpson

<p>Making the most of Cambridge?</p> <p>Looking for direction?</p> <p>Want to boost your confidence?</p> <p>Fulfilling your potential?</p>	 <p>TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR LIFE</p> <p>...with the Springboard Undergraduate Women's Development Programme</p> <p>Sponsored by Citi Foundation</p>	<p>What is Springboard?</p> <p>Springboard is an award-winning Personal Development Programme for women that enables each woman to set her own agenda for both her career and her personal life.</p> <p>What does Springboard involve?</p> <p>The Springboard Programme consists of four one-day workshops. A second, key component of the programme is the Springboard Workbook—you will be given a free copy of this specially-written book to work through in your own time.</p> <p>What will I gain from Springboard?</p> <p>You will learn how to:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Value what you've got going for you and build on your strengths - Develop the self Confidence to make things happen - Be assertive and communicate effectively - Set and achieve your own goals - Plan for your future career 	<p>Workshop 1</p> <p>We will look at what you want to achieve, as well as your skills and experience. This workshop will help you to identify your individual learning style and how to make the most of this. Essential time management skills will also be introduced.</p> <p>Workshop 2</p> <p>Takes a positive look at your strengths and weaknesses. You will also be asked: what are your values? How will these affect your priorities and goals? What are your ambitions and how will you achieve them?</p> <p>Workshop 3</p> <p>Offers practical help with the goal setting and action planning needed to achieve your ambitions. You will also practice assertive behaviour, positive communication and active listening.</p> <p>Workshop 4</p> <p>Focuses on networking and the presentation skills needed to promote a positive image. We then review the entire programme and discuss how to continue beyond the workshops, into your future.</p>	<p>Springboard Schedule 2007—2008</p> <p>You have a choice of two timetables for the programme:</p> <p>Timetable A: Saturday 01 December 2007 Saturday 12 January 2008 Saturday 15 March 2008 Saturday 19 April 2008</p> <p>Timetable B: Thursday 10 January 2008 Friday 11 January 2008 Saturday 12 January 2008 Thursday 13 March 2008</p> <p>You will be expected to attend all four workshops, and to stick with whichever timetable you choose.</p> <p>How do I apply?</p> <p>To join this year's Programme, just complete the application form on:</p> <p>www.admin.cam.ac.uk/offices/personnel/equality/springboard</p> <p>Application deadline Friday 9 November 2007</p>
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The Springboard Programme is *free* to you as an undergraduate
For more information, see www.admin.cam.ac.uk/offices/personnel/equality/springboard

<p>What is Navigator?</p> <p>Navigator is a Personal Development Programme that has been specifically designed for men undergraduates at the University of Cambridge. Navigator enables each man to analyse his goals and then set the agenda for both his career and personal life.</p> <p>What does Navigator involve?</p> <p>The Navigator Programme consists of four one-day workshops. A second, key component of the Programme is the Personal Journal, which will help you take stock of your life and support you practically in making things happen.</p> <p>What will I gain from Navigator?</p> <p>Navigator will give you the tools you need to:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - understand and build on your learning style - put your skills into action - influence and negotiate; give and receive feedback - be confident and gain recognition - plan for your future career 	<p>Workshop 1</p> <p>Introduces you to the Navigator programme—its aims, objectives and methods. The workshop also introduces the concepts of personal learning styles, types of intelligence, communication and feedback skills.</p> <p>Workshop 2</p> <p>This workshop asks you: what are your values? What does it mean to be male in modern culture? What are the qualities of good leadership?</p> <p>Workshop 3</p> <p>This workshop considers models of politics, power and authority; how to gain recognition; emotional Intelligence; assertive behaviour and positive communication.</p> <p>Workshop 4</p> <p>The final workshop covers ways to look to the future, action planning and goal setting, as well as effective networking. The Programme closes with an evaluation of the progress you have made so far.</p> <p>Navigator Schedule 2007—2008</p> <p>There will be one Navigator Programme running this academic year.</p> <p>The workshops will be held on the following four dates:</p> <p>Monday 03 December 2007 Thursday 10 January 2008 Friday 11 January 2008 Friday 14 March 2008</p> <p>You will be expected to attend all four workshops.</p> <p>How do I apply?</p> <p>To join this year's Programme, just complete the application form on:</p> <p>www.admin.cam.ac.uk/offices/personnel/equality/navigator</p> <p>Application deadline Friday 9 November 2007</p>	 <p>TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR LIFE</p> <p>...with the Navigator Undergraduate Men's Development Programme</p> <p>Sponsored by Citi Foundation</p>
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The Navigator Programme is *free* to you as an undergraduate
For more information, see www.admin.cam.ac.uk/offices/personnel/equality/navigator

Careers Service event



UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE



Consultancy Event 2007

Consultancy is an important career destination for Cambridge graduates.
40 consultancy firms will be on hand to discuss career opportunities.
This year you will find a wide range of consulting firms including

Business and Professional Services
Engineering and Manufacturing
Technology (including IT)
Economic and Actuarial
Health Care, Transport
Media, Retail
as well as Strategy Consulting

Tuesday 9th October, 13.00 to 18.00
University Centre, Granta Place, Mill Lane, Cambridge

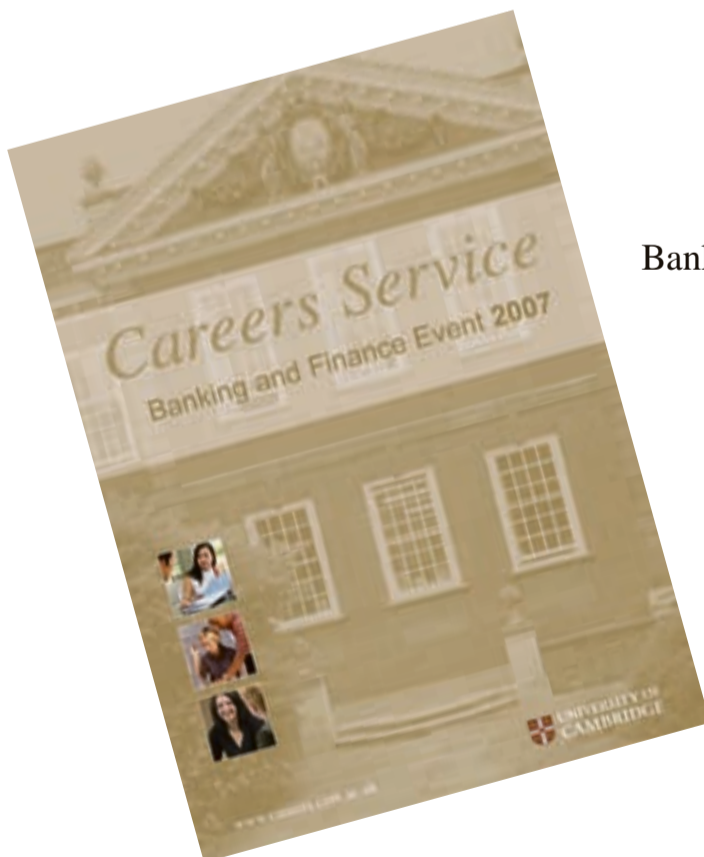
For full details of participating organisations click on the Consultancy Event in the termly diary via www.careers.cam.ac.uk

Entry is restricted to current University of Cambridge students (and recent alumni) – bring your University id card with you to this event
A cumulative, depersonalised attendance level from different years and courses allows us to improve our events in the future.
Personal data will not be passed to anyone outside the University

Careers Service event



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CAMBRIDGE



Banking and Finance Event 2007

Banking and Finance is an important career destination for Cambridge graduates.
Over 65 financial organisations will be on hand to discuss the
wide range of career opportunities available.

Accountancy (including Forensic Accountancy), Actuarial,
Asset Management & Investment Management,
Commodity & Derivatives Trading, Corporate Banking,
Equity Research, Financial news & data,
Finance & Technology Development,
Further Study & Professional Bodies, Hedge Funds,
Independent Financial Advisers, Insurance & Re-insurance,
Investment Banking, Regulatory & Public Sector Bodies.

Wednesday 10th October, 13.00 to 18.00
University Centre, Granta Place, Mill Lane, Cambridge

For full details of participating organisations click on the Banking and Finance Event in the termly diary via www.careers.cam.ac.uk

Entry is restricted to current University of Cambridge students (and recent alumni) – bring your University id card with you to this event
A cumulative, depersonalised attendance level from different years and courses allows us to improve our events in the future.
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drop-in session

Students are welcome to attend an information session on strategy consulting hosted by Monitor Group consultants with drinks and a buffet

**West Lodge and Maitland Rooms
Downing College, Cambridge
Wednesday 10th October 2007
Between 7-10pm**

Please register your attendance by email.
Applications are by CV and covering letter emailed to Helena Doherty.
Recruitment_London@monitor.com

Deadline for applications:
Wednesday 14th November 2007

www.themonitorgroup.co.uk

Applications are now open for the position of editor of the Mays 16.

Interested candidates should email business@varsity.co.uk for more information



VARSlTY

Varsity are currently looking for editors and designers for the University of Cambridge Graduation Yearbook 2008. If you want to get involved, please email business@varsity.co.uk



	film	theatre	music	other	going out
<div><div>pick of the week</div><div>friday</div><div>5</div><div>saturday</div><div>6</div><div>sunday</div><div>7</div><div>monday</div><div>8</div><div>tuesday</div><div>9</div><div>wednesday</div><div>10</div><div>thursday</div><div>11</div></div>	24 Hour Party People Fri 5 Oct - Sat 6 Oct Arts Picturehouse, 22.10 Providing some context for the new Anton Corbijn biopic of Joy Division frontman Ian Curtis, <i>Control</i> (see below), this hilarious 2004 film from Michael Winterbottom shows us the life and times of the recently late, great music impresario, TV presenter and founder of Factory Records, Tony Wilson. Played with great aplomb by Steve Coogan, and featuring cameos from the people who actually lived it up in "Madchester", it transports you back to the time when Joy Division, the Happy Mondays and the Smiths ruled the music world. And lets face it, those were proper good days.	Medea Wed 10 Oct - Sat 13 Oct Cambridge Arts Theatre, 14.30, 19.45, £10-20 If it hasn't already sold out, Euripides' <i>Medea</i> will be the highlight of this week's, and possibly this year's theatre performances. It promises raw emotion; after all, the main protagonist does kill her children. In previous years, the Greek play has been known to induce an unsuspecting audience member to vomit at the sight of Oedipus' self mutilation. Maybe you should read the Penguin edition, just to prepare yourself. It's in ancient Greek, which will be fascinating for those taking Classics, but fear not, there will be subtitles too. This only comes around once every three years, so don't miss out.	Maps Fri 5 Oct The Soul Tree, 20.00, £7 Some people call might be calling it "nu-gaze", but then again, some people are idiots. What this is, is epic swooning electronica made with a pop-rock sensibility, and it'll be ruddy fantastic.	Henrik Håkansson: Three Days of the Condor Sat 29 Sept - Sun 18 Nov, Kettle's Yard Henrik Håkansson's first major UK exhibition presents new and recent works about birds whose survival is endangered, drawing on their isolation, vulnerability and beauty. In film, sound works and sculptural installations, he combines scientific systems of observation and communication with a visual language that frequently makes reference to popular film and music culture.	Adam Ficek Sunday 7 Oct Fez, 21.00-02.00
	24 Hour Party People Arts Picturehouse, 22.10 Control Arts Picturehouse, 13.00, 15.30, 18.00, 20.30, 23.00 Two Days in Paris Arts Picturehouse, 16.00	The Winter's Tale ADC Theatre, 19.45 Wham Bam - Footlights National Tour ADC Theatre, 23.00 Cymbeline Cambridge Arts Theatre 19.45	Maps Soul Tree, 19.00, £7 Mercury-nominated bedroom shoegaze. Wicked.	Henrik Hakansson: Three Days of the Condor Kettle's Yard, 11.30 - 17.00 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 Shut Up And Dance! The Union Society, 21.00-01.00 Free for one night only, happy hour all night. Nice.
	24 Hour Party People Arts Picturehouse, 22.10 Control Arts Picturehouse, 13.00, 15.30, 18.00, 20.30, 23.00 Two Days in Paris Arts Picturehouse, 16.00	The Winter's Tale ADC Theatre, 14.30, 19.45 Wham Bam - Footlights National Tour ADC Theatre, 23.00 Cymbeline Cambridge Arts Theatre 19.45	Laura Marling Barfly 19.30, £5 "Wow shes so pretty and has such a neat voice", says the Youtube idiot. He might be right though.	Organ Recital King's College Chapel, 18.30 The Gentle Art: Friends and Stangers in Whistler's Prints Fitz' Museum, 10.00 - 17.00	Instinct The Soul Tree, £6 before 11 Use yours, and steer clear. The Indie Thing Kambar, 20.00 - 03.30 £5 Isn't indie dead yet?
	And When did you Last See Your Father? Arts Picturehouse, 12.15, 14.30, 19.00, 21.10 Inland Empire Arts Picturehouse, 12.00	Romeo and Juliet Pembroke College New Cellars, 14.30, 19.30 The Pembroke Players bring their Japanese tour on home with dueling and drag. Yikes.	Maximo Park Corn Exchange, 19.30, £16.50 Hadouken! The Junction, 19.30, £10 Neon-rave-grime-blah-blah-blah.	Ethiopian Encounters Fitz' Museum, 10.00 - 17.00 The watercolours of Sir William Cornwallis Harris. How cool a name is that?	Adam Ficek Fez, 21.00 - 02.00 Go for the craic, stay for the crack.
	Control Arts Picturehouse, 13.00, 15.30, 18.00, 20.30 The Singer Arts Picturehouse, 19.00 Atonement Arts Picturehouse, 13.15, 16.30	Romeo and Juliet Pembroke College New Cellars, 19.30	The Mexicolas Barfly, 19.30, £5.50 I know nothing about this band. Lucky dip, then.	Kendo Open Day and Intro Course Homerton College, 19.00 - 21.00 Japanese Swordmanship. Literally amazing.	Renacimiento The Soul Tree, 22.00 - 03.00 £4 International student night. The clubbing UN. Sort of. ArcSoc Launch Party Kambar, 22.00 - 03.30, £3
	Control Arts Picturehouse, 13.00, 15.30, 18.00, 20.30 The Singer Arts Picturehouse, 16.15 Primary Colours Arts Picturehouse, 13.30	The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe ADC Theatre, 19.45 Footlights Smoker ADC Theatre, 23.00	Kula Shaker The Junction, 19.00, £15 The lead singer's mum was in Whistle Down the Wind. Fact. Palladium Portland Arms, 20.00, £5	From Carrying an Umbrella to Changing the Weather Keyne's Lecture Theatre, King's, 17.00, Booking required. I'm going for the Rihanna jokes.	Ebonics Fez, 22.00 - 03.00, £4 The Calling Kambar, 21.00 - 02.00, £4 Gothic/Industrial/EBM/80's Do you wear guy-liner? You'll like this then.
	Control Arts Picturehouse, 13.00, 15.30, 18.00, 21.00 Atonement Arts Picturehouse, 16.30 The Singer Arts Picturehouse, 11.00, 20.45	The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe ADC Theatre, 19.45 Alcock Improv ADC Theatre, 23.00 Medea Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45	Seth Lakeman The Junction, 19.00, £12 Insert your own "folk off" joke here.	Public Talks and Observing Institute of Astromony, 19.15 - 21.00 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 Tayo@FunkDaBar Emma Bar, 20.30-00.15, £5 on the door, £4 in advance
	Beau Travail Arts Picturehouse, 17.00 Atonement Arts Picturehouse, 18.15 The Singer Arts Picturehouse, 20.45	The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe ADC Theatre, 19.45 Alcock Improv ADC Theatre, 23.00 Medea Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45	Editors Corn Exchange, 19.30, £16.50 Most likely sold-out anthemic moaning.	From Delight to Disaster: How Big Business Plays Fast and with Disaster Fitzwilliam College Auditorium, 18.00	Scratch Perverts Fez, 22.00 - 03.00, £7 Freak Off La Raza, 21.00 - 03.00 £2 before 10, £3 before 11 Funk and Hip-Hop from the S.U.AD. stable.

More Film...

Control
Arts Picturehouse, Various times

Have you been and seen 24 Hour Party People yet? If so, now's the time to go see this and get the real story. Haven't seen it? Well, there are other ways to research the film. Buying Joy Division's (recently re-released) *Unknown Pleasures* and *Closer* would be a good start, especially since the songs on these albums are as resonant with this dark issues behind singer Ian Curtis' life as this biopic ever can be.

Currently recieving rave reviews from many critics (focusing on the performance of newcomer Sam Riley in the role of the troubled icon), it's a powerful evocation of a man, a band, and a whole period of history, shot in a beautiful monochrome by photographer turned director Anton Corbijn.



Freeform Five live

Tuesday 9th October
Soul Tree 21:00 - 03:00
£5 Advance tickets (available from Ta Bouche on Market Passage)

You know that song, the one you're always hearing in clubs, but you don't know the name of it? It has this awesome distorted synth bass sound that gets people really fired up. Well it's called 'No More Conversations' by Freeform Five, a fiercely addictive track born of a collaboration between the band and fellow Elec-



tro pioneer Mylo. With the Electro boom propelling Freeform Five into the charts and ensuring their worldwide popularity it's quite a coup to have them drop by Cambridge (between U.S. and European tours no less) and for only £5 with an advance ticket it's also a frikkin' steal. Part of the fantastic line up of S.U.A.D. events dominating Cambridge nightlife this term including Fingathing live, C2C and Krafty Kuts in November. DJ support comes from Sam I Am of the legendary Priory nights.



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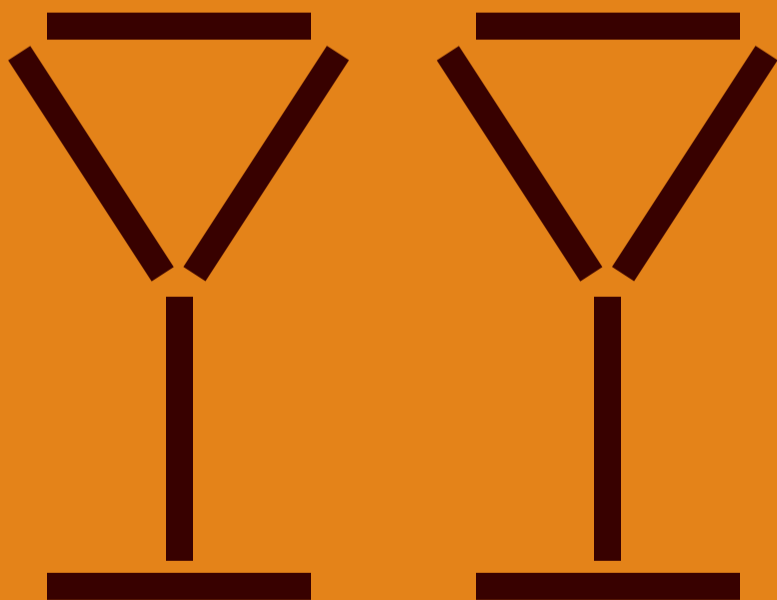
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AUNTIE AMY

Solves your problems

Dear Amy,
Some advice would be appreciated on two things: firstly how to curb my vicious temper and then how to make some friends. I have trouble tolerating other people's habits, conversation and general presence. I tend to become quickly frustrated and am usually tempted to hit out verbally (or at least physically). Consequently I have few companions, only three Facebook friends (family members included) and too much time to devote to my studies. Please help.
Jennifer

Jennifer dear,

What a pickle! I am sorry. Not to worry though, we won't straighten this out completely, but we will try. It sounds like you connect your struggles to make friends with that raging irritability of yours. Although this may not be a complete explanation, it's at least a good starting point. You'd probably benefit from a quick round of this wonderful game I've invented myself called 'Piecing Apart The Process Of Your Reactions As This May Help You Decipher What Goes Wrong Every Time You Hit A Spot Of Temper Trouble' (for 1 player). Begin by thinking back on one or two occasions when someone made you angry in the way you described. Think firstly about the typical triggers, next how they made you feel, how exactly you reacted and then finally why you think all this happened. By tracing these patterns and picking everything apart, you'll not only better understand yourself, but you'll also win the entire game with great ease.

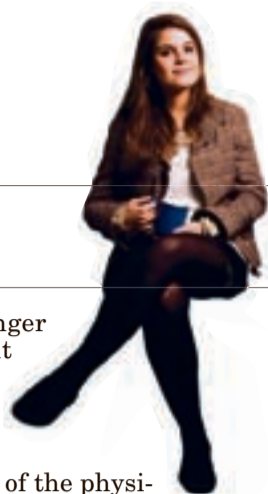
Do bear in mind though that it is perfectly normal to feel annoyed by others' behaviour. Traffic jams, cats, and discovering your milk or quinoa's missing from the communal kitchen are daily irritations that most of us react to in some way. It's the different types of behavioural responses to these occurrences that determine whether your anger is dysfunctional. If you think that your reactions are easily triggered or too prolonged, think-

ing about anger management may be a good step.

Simple things like being aware of the physical conditions which may prompt anger is important. Over-tiredness, hunger, sexual frustration, hormonal changes and cravings for addictive substances (such as alcohol, nicotine and caffeine) won't help your situation one jot. But (and not to be rude dear) although considering these factors may help, it sounds to me like your anger will need more psychological attention.

Getting hold of self-help books is usually wise. There's a series of absolutely golden guides which use cognitive behavioural techniques. Another possibility is visiting the lovely team at the University's counselling service. Give them a tinkle on 01223 33285 or try their website (www.counselling.cam.ac.uk).

Now, it's important not to let your thoughts get you too bogged down and gloomy. I shan't tell you to pull your socks up, but I will add that it's another worthy exercise to spend time concentrating on your positive character traits. You must have some. And you mentioned that you do have a few friends, so try thinking about the reasons why they like you. What do you bring to these relationships? What are your strengths and the things about yourself which you're proud of? If you've found that your friends are mostly family members, have you considered whether you're more suited to company from different age groups? Your peers aren't your only options. And many of them are so annoying, aren't they? Consider joining clubs or visiting new places where you're more likely to meet and get to know a variety of nice people. And do remember that not everyone has a vast number of friends; many are better suited to less companionship as they prefer to spend time alone doing whatever they feel like, all that choice! Hope you're feeling better already, With warmest wishes,
Auntie Amy



ALEX ENGLANDER TALKS TO

MADAME LE CLAIRE

Dear Madame Le Claire,
A rather sensitive issue. The winter months are fast approaching and the cold tends to have a pretty downsizing effect on my manhood which barely makes an impression on my trousers. I know it shouldn't bother me, but I do like to cut a robust figure in public as well as in private. Have you any recommendations?
GF, Fitz

The obvious solution would be woolly briefs. But if you're seeking a more direct approach, beware the malodorous. Where I come from, the gentlemen who adopted the usual ploys of shoving down a cucumber wrapped in tin foil, a sock filled with haricots verts, a half bottle of Chateau Petrus 1945 etc. were all-too-unaware of the high likelihood of rapid decomposition and fermentation. Your best bet would be tighter trousers with a loose aioli to ease the chaffing.

Dear Madame Le Claire,
A couple of months into our relationship my boyfriend joined a church and 'found himself.' It's pretty obvious that his increasing religiosity is matched by an increasing physical reticence, and I can't help thinking that he might see me as some demonic distraction. What should I do?
CT, Jesus College

Few people are aware of the fact, but back when we were courting in Provence, Monsieur Le Claire was a lapsing Catholic priest who needed a little help along the way. I would leave a sample of humanist literature on his pillow every week and, before long, he came to defrock me regularly. A word of warning though: keep the humanism light and fluffy (Richard Dawkins will do). A friend of mine to whom I offered the same advice left her partner a copy of Thus Spake Zarathustra. He woke up in the middle of the night screaming 'God is dead!' and ran out the house. She hasn't heard from him since.

Dear Madame Le Claire,
My partner and I were recently in a restaurant where everyone's dining experience was ruined by a screaming baby. The parents were blithely unconcerned as were the staff, and our fellow diners merely grimaced. Given that this was the kind of establishment where one is paying for a somewhat more refined evening, what would have been the correct etiquette for such a situation?
GHJ, Pembroke

You've probably noticed that the circumference of the standard bread roll is an exact match for that of the standard infant mouth at full stretch. It's just small enough to fit and just wide enough for the baby to be able to remove it only with extreme and painful difficulty. Other customers will applaud your pacifying insertion, and if the parents protest, use the exact same technique on them, and reach for the nearest bottle of Mattheus Rose, standard size.

Dear Madame Le Claire, Don't get me wrong, I'm immensely fond of my boyfriend. It's just that he's way too touchy feely. Sometimes I just want to throw him off me or pierce his liver with a cutlass bayonet. How can I let him know how I feel without hurting his feelings?
RY, King's

If you're sure that you want to keep him (though Madame Le Claire would by now have skipped the bayonet and gone straight for the AK47) then desperate measures seem in order. Smother yourself in something that's bound to repel him and simply take a shower when you're ready to get closer. May I recommend a beautiful soupe à l'ail, a classic recipe for which is to be found in Escoffier's Ma Cuisine? Incidentally, don't try this in France since it will have the opposite effect; especially in upper Bordeaux where Monsieur Le Claire's cousin, Emile, runs a brothel that thrives on the identical technique.

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THE HEARTBREAK KID (15) (2h20) (NFT)
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 17.20 20.10 Fri/Sat Late 23.00

CONTROL (15) (2h25) (NFT)
 Sat/Sun Only 12.00 Daily 14.50
 17.40 20.40 Fri/Sat Late 23.30

MICHAEL CLAYTON (15) (2h20) (NFT) Sat/Sun Only 12.55 Daily 15.35 (Not Tues) 18.20 21.20

ATONEMENT (15) (2h25) Daily 14.10* 17.10* 19.55*

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU, CHUCK AND LARRY (12a) (2h15) (NFT) Sat Only 11.30 Daily 14.30 17.30 20.20

Friday 5 Oct – Thursday 11 Oct

SUPERBAD (15) (2h15) (NFT) Sat/Sun Only 12.45 Daily 15.25 18.10 20.50 Fri/Sat Late 23.50

RUN FAT BOY RUN (12a) (2h) Sat/Sun Only 13.30 Daily 16.00 18.30 21.10

THE SIMPSONS MOVIE (PG) (1h50) Sat/Sun Only 10.10

HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX (12a) (2h50) Sat/Sun Only 10.20

SURFS UP (PG) (1h45) Sat/Sun Only 10.40

HALLOWEEN (18) (2h10) (NFT) Fri/Sat Late 23.40

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Unanimous



ED PEACE &
NIALL RAFFERTY

We've finally peeled ourselves off the ceiling following the success of last week's banker and long shot. Despite David James's best efforts in the Portsmouth goal to gift Reading their first away win of the season, Pompey ran out comfortable winners and got our weekend off to a flying start. It was then all over to Frankie Detori as his gallant efforts aboard Ramonti sent us to the college bar with our wallets bulging.

The first of two racing selections this week takes us across the channel to Longchamp, where we'll be hoping Authorized can land the spoils in the prestigious Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. The race traditionally pits European nations' best performers against each other in a showdown worth over 1 million euros for the eventual winner. Though the contest has been dominated by the French in recent years, our British raider looks set to run a big race and, provided the pace is strong, he should be capable of conquering the native challengers. Authorized has only been beaten in one of his last five starts and we'll be steaming into the 6-4 being offered by those ever-generous bookmakers.

For the long shot we go up the road to Newmarket, where Pipedreamer is looking to record his fourth win of the season in the Cambridgeshire Handicap. We will be placing faith in the old racing saying, 'the bigger the field, the bigger the certainty,' as over thirty horses are likely to line up for the contest. That said, the colt is held in high regard by his trainer and he should be able to swallow up the field with his trademark late run. There is a chance he will find traffic during the race as a result of the field size, so it's worth chucking on a few quid each way just to be safe.

Our football betting turns to Craven Cottage, where Fulham and Portsmouth will do battle on Sunday afternoon. Although Harry Redknapp's side managed to put seven goals past Reading at the weekend, the Portsmouth defence was far from watertight. Fulham, under Lawrie Sanchez, are a hard team to beat at home, as Tottenham, Bolton, and Man City have all discovered this season. As each transfer window closes, the Fulham teamsheet might look more and more like that of Northern Ireland, but we should not forget that it was only 12 months ago that this team beat Spain 3-2, and 24 months since the 1-0 victory over Sven's England. Fulham impressively gained a point at Stamford Bridge last weekend, and it is difficult to see them letting Portsmouth leave with a more than a point, so wise money is on the draw at 12/5.

THE BANKER	6-4
AUTHORIZED TO WIN PRIX DE L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE	£4
PREDICTION	11-2
PIPEDREAMER TO WIN CAMBS HANDICAP	£2 e.w.
THE LONG SHOT	12-5
FULHAM & PORTSMOUTH TO DRAW	£2

Back in Blue and on the attack

»Blues footballers hope to complete a historic Varsity treble

SEAN BURT
Football Correspondent

The new term is now underway and our inboxes are full with messages from clubs, societies and sports teams alike. It is easy to forget that as well as the Rugby and Rowing commitments, our national game gets underway this week, with the return to action of the Men's football Blues in the BUSA league after their second straight victory in the Varsity match earlier this year.

Yet the indifference towards the University football team amongst many students here is clearly visible. As Wednesday saw their first

PlayerWatch

- »Jamie Young
- »Matt Baxter

Positions:
Left midfield/defence

Why watch them?
Both are very capable of opening up play down the left and are naturally suited to that side. They give the team more dynamism out wide with pace and trickery in spades.

Captain's Report:
"They both have a good left foot and they are improving all the time."

fixture of the season: a friendly against Nottingham at Cats' pitches. The only disappointing thing about the afternoon was the distinct lack of support for the boys in blue. After a mid table finish last season, Anthony Murphy is keen for his side to take their Varsity form into the league campaign.

The early signs are good. A fine display of passing football saw his side come away with a creditable 1-1 draw against a team from a higher division. With a few players playing out of position and only the captain remaining from last years defensive line, Cambridge took the game to the visitors in the first half and deserved their 1-0 lead at the break after exploit-

"We played football today in every position"

ing a weakness on the Nottingham left to good effect. In the second half, the fitness of a Nottingham side two weeks further into pre-



Explosive rookie Wayne Redmond has impressed in training and is vying for the right-back spot

STEVE SMITH

season preparations told and they were able to equalize twenty minutes from time. As Murphy stated afterwards "We played football today in every position...It was only a tactical change in the second half and our lack of fitness towards the end which made the difference."

One thing which is immediately noticeable about Murphy's side is that they try to get the ball down and play football at every opportunity. His only concern must be his current squad size. After los-

ing much of the Varsity line-up, a new crop of Freshers and college players need to make the step up in order to continue from where the 2007 team left off. Here lies the beauty of football. The Blues rugby team and the Blues Boat boast an impressive array of sporting accomplishments. 'The Beautiful Game' however, is just so for being exactly the opposite. As Anthony Murphy clearly states: "Our team is made up of some former county players, some with a his-

tory of club football and some who have just played for their schools". The truth is; if you have a bit of talent and you want it enough, anyone has what it takes to play football for the University side.

University Trials are this Saturday at Emma pitches from 10am until 12pm and home games are played at Fenners on Wednesdays at the same time. If the team is to match its potential and continue its hegemony over Oxford, then it will certainly require more support.

THE ANORAK		Cambridge's comprehensive fixtures, tables and results service with Noel Cochrane	
Results	lost 1-4.	Hockey.	Lacrosse
Rugby Union	Athletics	5/10 University Men's trials, Wilberforce Road, 2-4pm. Contact stp23.	6/10 Women's III v Bristol.
Blues v Old Boys, won 29-24.	41st 'Oxford & Cambridge vs Harvard & Yale Track and Field, Sir Roger Bannister Track, Oxford	5/10 University Women's trials 1 st round, 12-2pm, Wilberforce Road. Contact ncf24.	6/10 Women's II v Loughborough.
Blues v Trinity College Dublin lost 22-38.	Cambridge Ben Carne won 400m	6/10 University Men's Blues v Robinson, away.	Rugby Union
Kick Boxing	Cambridge Humphrey Waddington won triple jump.	6/10 University Women's Blues v Canterbury II, away.	15/10 Blues v Saracens, Grange Road. 7.15pm.
Blues v Keio University Japan, won 4-3.	Fixtures	7/10 Exeter University v Men's Blues, away.	Golf
Hockey	Swimming	13/10 Women's Blues v Wisbech Town, away.	6/10 Cambridge v Little Aston.
Men's Blues v Ipswich, won 3-2.	6/10 University team trials, Park-side Pools, 6-8pm.		7/10 Cambridge v The Wigorns GS.
Women's Blues v Bury St Edmunds, 2-2.			Modern Pentathlon
Women's Blues v Old Loughtonians,			6/10 University Squash, Pembroke N6, 10.30-12.30

Hockey girls deserved better

»Spirited Blues denied by Bury's stolid defence



Cambridge's Emma Goater cuts inside to beat her marker. Goater provided a constant stream of quality service to the team's forwards

RICHARD WEST

CAMBRIDGE
STANLEY 23, RICKMAN 57

2

BURY ST. EDMUNDS
BRANS-ZACHARY 28, POTTER 53

2

SIMON ALLEN
Chief Sports Editor

A new year and a new team have really changed the women's Hockey Blues team's character and style of play, not least because of the introduction of new coach James Waters. According to Tash Fowlie, this year's

captain, "James has really changed the style of our play, bringing in a much more tactical approach to the game." It certainly showed in the match played last Saturday against Bury St. Edmunds, where Cambridge displayed a much more ambitious and wide-ranging type of hockey, deserving better than a 2-2 draw.

After initially being caught off guard by Bury, Cambridge recovered from their early sluggishness and began to win more of the possession. Some good link up play in the midfield saw the Blues starting to

regularly threaten, despite the skill of Bury's Left Back, Faye Barrow, who effectively shut off any attack from the right. Possession and pressure on the opponent's defence paid off eventually and chances did start to appear. Having wasted an earlier opportunity, just before the end of the first half, a well worked short corner created chaos in the Bury goal mouth and Anna Stanley was able to get the last touch as the ball skittered across the line.

As happened several times during the match, periods of impressive play were followed by passages of simple errors and a reluctance to close down the opposition in defence. Completely against the run of play, Bury St. Edmunds were allowed to forge right up to the Blues' D and win a short corner, which they dispatched to level the scores just before half time.

make one too many passes in sight of goal, meant that the scores remained level. Bury kept up their defensive composure and were quick to counter-attack and seize on errors that started to creep into the Blues' game. Cambridge were let off several times when they gave the ball away and it took the combined individual abilities of Cambridge's goalkeeper Lucy Stapleton and the timely interventions of Rosie Evans at the back, to keep their team out of trouble. Their efforts were not enough however to keep Bury St. Edmunds' Naomi Potter from putting the away side ahead midway through the half. Suddenly Cambridge found themselves behind, despite having dominated possession and having played the more ambitious and technically skilled hockey.

This seemed to snap them out of their day dreaming. Within minutes, the skipper Fowlie, leading by example, was bringing more width from the back and linking up well with Emma Goater on the wing, who kept up a steady supply of deliveries to the team's forwards. Such pressure finally lead to a clever short corner that allowed Hannah Rickman to score at the back post.

With their heads up, the Cambridge girls displayed more hunger for goals but unfortunately this brief spell of penetrating play was somewhat doused by the dubious disallowance of a winning goal just a few minutes from the death. Quizzed after the match Tash Fowlie declared herself a little disappointed but happy with the way her team had played as a whole. "I think the general level of ability across the whole team has risen and steadied since last year." She did admit "there are still wrinkles that need ironing out, but at the moment we're still experimenting with different styles of play and I'm confident that we'll sort these out before our first BUSA match on October 17."

Women's Hockey I v Bury St. Edmunds September 29, Wilberforce Road Cambridge: 2

Lucy Stapleton, Rosie Evans, Tash Close, Alex Workman, Tash Fowlie (c), Emma Goater, Hannah Rickman, Lisa Noble, Merel Alstein, Tash Barnes, Anna Stanley, Nicola Gardner, Jenny Stevens.

Goals: Stanley 23, Rickman 57

Bury St. Edmunds: 2

Faye Barrow, Hannah Bevan, Di Ferrar, Jo Rees, Lucy Brans-Zachary, Bella Tew, Karen O'Neil, Naomi Potter, Sharon Holton, Ceryl Claydon, Jenny Tilling

Goals: Brans-Zachary 28, Potter 53.

James Waters, the Cambridge coach certainly had a lot to say during the break, as he tried to instil much more width into his team's game, conspicuously lacking so far.

The second half was very mixed from Cambridge: they continued to dominate possession and spent the majority of the time in their opponents' half, but a mixture of over-ambition and a tendency to try and

luckily our defence remains intact, so we've got a solid platform to work off.

What's changing this year?

We've lost the Varsity match twice in a row now, and Oxford have a strong returning side, so changes have had to be made. We're training more as a squad, rather than 2 separate teams to encourage fighting for places. We've also got a new coach: former England player Jo Moxham, who'll come once a week and importantly watch all our matches as well, so we'll have some feedback. That didn't happen last year.

Typical week

Our training is centred around our matches on Wednesdays. We train 4 times a week in different locations. But without a university sports centre it sometimes drives me mad, as we're constantly trying to find new venues to train at.

Inside track on Oxford

Oxford hurt us last year with their goal shooter: she's incredibly tall and her conversion rate is impressive, we're going to have to work out a way to edge her out of the game. Our whole team is fiercely competitive, and losing twice consecutively has hurt. We've got the skill to match Oxford, we just need to sort out our tactics and attitude. We won't lose this year.

Trials are Sunday 7 October at Trinity Old Fields at 10am.

Captain's Corner

»Sarah Warren



History

3rd year undergraduate studying Geography and Education at Homerton. Also the President of the Women's Blues committee.

Previous experience

I started netball when I was 8 and played county for 5 years. I trained in the England development squad and spent my year out in Australia teaching netball in the Nike sports camp there.

How's the team looking?

We lost a lot of players at the end of last season and we're hoping to end up with a squad of 24. So obviously we're focussed heavily on recruitment. But

News from the River



I have made a lot of sacrifices for free beer in my time. As a student in the United States it usually required little more than accepting the smell and seediness that accompanied fraternity parties. England, however, seems to demand something more in return: such as racing a group of massive Cornish fishermen, fresh from their respective world championships, in a six man gig down the Cam.

Which, I am somewhat puzzled to say, is the position we found ourselves in on Sunday afternoon, when most students in their right mind were sleeping off the effects of their first night back in Cambridge.

What is a gig? I still am not exactly sure. In the simplest terms possible, it is a ten-meter long craft, more suitable for re-enacting childhood pirate fantasies than moving quickly down a river. Needless to say, as soon as we gave up any hope of actually beating our opponent, it became immediately apparent that rowing a gig is far more fun than rowing a traditional racing shell. If I put a cannon in the Blue Boat, it would sink. If I put a cannon in our gig, it would look at home. There's likely one in there already.

But the icing on the cake, as previously mentioned, was that we were racing for beer! And it didn't matter if we won or not; our sponsor brewery allotted the same amount regardless of outcome. Which begs the question: why continue on with 180 years of tradition when we could easily just spark up a new rivalry with the Cornish gig champions? A rivalry with a prize much more tangible and delicious than pride? Ed Cumming's so-called "definitive" guide to essential Cambridge experiences that graced the pages of last week's Varsity, might need to be amended to include this essential pastime.

On a more serious note, preceding Sunday afternoon's gig race, was our annual triathlon, held at 7 am that morning. The triathlon is useful as it helps display overall aerobic ability through a medium other than rowing. Additionally, running, swimming and cycling don't require a tremendous amount of hand-eye coordination, a skill seemingly diminished with every day on the water. If, for example, the coaches decided instead to analyze their new team with a friendly football match, they would all likely quit out of fear of losing the Boat Race by a record margin. For there is a reason we all ended up in a boat, and that reason is that we just aren't good at anything else. We were the kids who sat on the pitch picking grass rather than chasing a ball around.

And that's about it. I think I speak for everyone in saying we're all looking forward to the start of term, and the ensuing break in our current monotony of training.

Spencer Hunsberger

SPORT



HOCKEY
Women's Blues
held after
impressive
performance
 Page 39

Blues suffer heavy loss

»Cambridge leak five tries to dynamic Dubliners in first home match

CAMBRIDGE 22

TRINITY COLLEGE DUBLIN 38

GEORGE TOWERS
 Chief Sports Editor

The rugby Blues kicked off their season last Sunday with a warm up match against previous Blues at Richmond RFC in London. Keen to start their build up to the Varsity Match on the right footing, they put in a solid performance against a side that, although they may have aged a little from their Varsity days, had not lost any of their flair or physicality.

Men's Rugby I v Trinity College
Dublin October 2, Grange Road

Cambridge: 22

Schwickard, Crossley, Fitzpatrick, Boynton, Blaikie, Bartholomew, Malaney, Wheble, Blake (C), Broadfoot, Greenwood, Lewis, Welwood, Stevenson, Murray
Tries: Wheeler
Conversions: Broadfoot
Penalties: Broadfoot (5)

Trinity College Dublin: 38

Murphy, Cunningham, Gethings, Condren, Young, Cantrell, Young, Morrow, Burns (C), Watt, Hanratty, Donohoe, Rouse, Stafford, Gillespie
Tries: Rouse (2), Gillespie (2), Donohoe
Conversions: Watt (5)
Penalties: Watt

The Old Boys posed a considerable challenge to the Blues, but their discipline and pre-season training stood them well as they outplayed a side that everyone in the crowd thought they should beat comfortably.

The match against the Old Boys was an amicable affair, particularly off the pitch, and can hardly be classed as a true test of this year's Varsity squad. Tuesday night at Grange Road brought the first real test for the Blues as they faced a touring side from Trinity College Dublin. Unlike the harsh tropical climate of Japan, or the social atmosphere of

Richmond, the game against Trinity was the first of this season's floodlit matches held at Grange Road.

The game started well for Cambridge as Ross Broadfoot kicked an early penalty just a minute into the match, giving Cambridge a useful 3 point lead. Despite the home side's scoring start, the early impetus was entirely with Trinity College Dublin as their fly-half, Johnny Watt, pinned Cambridge back into their own twenty-two. This early pressure was absorbed well by the Cambridge forwards who denied Trinity from making the line. Unfortunately for Cambridge, an intercepted pass gave Trinity's outside-centre Volney Rouse his first try of the game.

In response to their early mistake the Blues fought back. Several hanging high balls put the Trinity full-back, Paul Gillespie, under pressure, although rather than convert pressure into points, the Blues allowed the Trinity back three to link up beautifully in a text-book counterattack, eventually putting Gillespie through to score under the posts. Again Cambridge responded with verve as they pushed forward, but their backs could not break into their opposition's twenty-two and you got the impression that the Trinity try-line wasn't ever going to be breached.

Midway through the second half the Blues produced a sloppy passage of play as the line-out broke down and the backs' defence allowed Trinity's power runners to push to within striking distance of the Cambridge line. The Blues were saved from yet more Trinity tries by some handling errors, which brought them some valuable possession and allowed them to clear their lines. Half an hour into the game a solitary period of Cambridge pressure, mainly thanks to some heavy hitting by stand-off Ross Broadfoot, brought the Blues a penalty. When the Cambridge forwards pulled down a Trinity line-out in their own twenty-two, just moments before the sanctuary of half-time, they gave away a needless penalty, which extended Trinity's lead to 11 points at the interval.

An early flurry of Blues attacks,



The Blues showed flashes of brilliance but periods of carelessness were punished by the Irish side

SOPHIE PICKFORD

mainly thanks to rampant blind-side flanker Rich Bartholomew, resulted in a successfully converted penalty, followed by a second moments later, bringing Cambridge to within a try. Just as the crowd dared to hope that the Blues might claw ahead, Trinity full-back Paul Gillespie scored an impressive individual try after chipping the ball over the Cambridge defence, collecting it and then screaming through to score in the corner.

In the most dramatic episode of the match, Ross Broadfoot put in a crunching tackle on Conor Donohoe, Trinity's inside-centre, sending them both rattling into the left hand post. Donohoe was awarded the try. Far from losing their composure, the Trinity backs continued to dazzle as they displayed immaculate discipline in putting Volney Rouse through for

his second try of the game, extending their lead to twenty-three points.

It was disappointing to see Cambridge allowing their opponents to run so freely with the ball

In a last-ditch attempt to salvage some respectability, the Blues forwards successfully drove over the line. In a brilliant piece of forward play Joe Wheeler emerged clinging to the ball and was awarded the try.

Thus far the Blues have faced several different teams and played in widely varying conditions. Of all their matches so far, Tuesday's game against Trinity College Dublin came closest to posing the challenge that they will face in several weeks' time at Twickenham. It was disappointing to see Cambridge allow their opponents to run so freely with the ball, particularly in their own twenty-two. There is still a long way to go for the team before they reach their peak. However, it is not all negatives for Cambridge. Ross Broadfoot excelled himself at fly-half and several new players got their chance to play for the Blues and experience the intensity of university rugby at its toughest. Next week's game away at Loughborough will prove similarly difficult.

S.U.A.D.
 PRESENTS

Freeform five (Live)

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 5TH OCTOBER
 SOUL TREE
 10-3

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