

Cambridge vs Addis Ababa  
Asad Kiyani talks hyenas  
and freshers

Features  
p16

Interview p22

Patti Smith:  
'rock 'n' roll  
came out and  
splattered its  
blood and  
beauty onto  
the people'

Arts p24

The eight most repulsive  
buildings in Cambridge

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# VARSLITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

## Leaping through loopholes

- » University's financial support system providing 'spending money' for affluent students
- » Cambridge especially vulnerable to abuse due to massive bursary endowments

CAMILLA TEMPLE  
News Editor

Cambridge students are taking advantage of loopholes in the government's means-testing system to apply for bursary funding which they do not necessarily need.

Varsity has discovered that there are multiple ways in which an affluent student can register a small household income and thereby become eligible for extensive income-assessed bursaries.

One Cambridge student, who receives over £2000 per year in bursaries, told Varsity that the money allows him "to spend time travelling in the summer. I travel with a credit card and then use my bursary to pay off the debt." He manages to class himself in a low income bracket because both of his parents run their own businesses and, on paper, are paying themselves minimal salaries. Virtually all living expenses are paid for through business accounts, leaving the student free to claim financial support from the University, while his parents pay for holidays and other

expenses which cannot be put on a company account out of their small salaries. He told Varsity "I am getting whatever I can out of the system while I am here".

Means-testing is carried out by Local Education Authorities and it is their assessment of eligibility that is used by the Cambridge bursary system. Much of the government's financial support for students is given out in loans, meaning that loopholes in the assessment procedure do not make a significant impact as any money provided must eventually be repaid. When well-off students take advantage of the system by applying for non-repayable grants, the government will inevitably lose out in the same way as the Cambridge Bursary System. But the extensive bursary funding on offer from the University makes the Cambridge System particularly liable to exploitation.

Most Cambridge bursaries are provided by the Isaac Newton Trust, the University's main bursary fund, which is financed by alumni, individual colleges and sponsorship from private companies. Bursaries do not have to be repaid and are given in addition to loans provided by the government.

Professor John Rallison, the director of the Isaac Newton Trust, said that "we recognise that there are always some individuals who choose to manipulate the Government's tax and benefit system to their own advantage, but we do not have the power or the resources to operate an investigatory means-testing system of our own. It is an Office for Fair Access requirement that in providing the minimum level of bursaries we use LEA assessments. Of course, no student is required to apply for a Cambridge Bursary, and we know of some cases of students who conscientiously decide not to do so." A university spokesperson commented that the LEA's income assessment continues to be the "best measure we've got" for the provision of bursaries.

But many students continue to manipulate the system. Varsity spoke to a Cambridge student who receives £1500 per year in bursaries



The bursary system is open to exploitation

from the university. The student referred to her bursary as "spending money", and admitted that she would have no difficulty paying her way without it. However, because her father runs his own company and is able to pay himself a nominal salary on paper, their household income is far lower in technical terms than it is in actuality. She is also supported by her mother's inheritance, which exists as capital in the bank and does not appear as part of their household income, except in the form of interest earned from it.

Another student told Varsity that she could "easily be at Cambridge without" her maximum bursary of £3100 per year. While she falls into a sufficiently low income bracket to receive this money but says that she invests her bursary in an ISA each year.

Yet another, who receives a bursary of almost £1000, lives in a

Grade 1 listed house which he estimates to be worth more than half a million pounds, and explains that his parents have capital invested in their house but have low incomes, leaving him eligible for a bursary.

Those whose parents are divorced have myriad opportunities for taking advantage of the system. One student told Varsity that she is eligible for a full bursary despite the fact that her father is able to support her without difficulty, because she officially lives with her mother, who has no ostensible income. However, her mother has a large amount of capital received in a lump sum divorce payment and is also able to support her financially. The student said that while she does not receive a bursary at present, she is planning to apply for one.

These loopholes also exist at Oxford University, where one student admitted to receiving £3000 per year from the bursary system while living in Mayfair, an expensive area of London. He has no household income because his father is running his own company and ploughing any profits back into it, while his family are living off money made from the sale of a million pound house in Notting Hill.

Giles Coren  
The Saturday  
Times restaurant  
critic has some  
choice  
words



p19

Letters	8
Comment	10
Idler	11
Reviews	28
The Anorak	37

» Investigation pages 4-5



In Brief

Cambridge Conkers France

A Cambridge man has won the World Conker Championship. Ady Hurrell, a train driver, defeated Frenchman John Ingram in just two shots during the competition last Sunday. His victory came less than 24 hours after England defeated France in the semi-finals of the Rugby World Cup, a remarkable double victory for the British over the French. The championship was sponsored by the Institution of Occupational Safety and Health, in a strange move by the organisation to convince people that its inspectors were not “killjoys”. It has also raised almost a third of a million pounds for charity.



Alex Clymo

Changes in degree classification system

From 2011 students will receive details of the marks they are awarded in their degree in an attempt to help employers distinguish between the large numbers of graduates with 2:1s and firsts. 60% of graduates now gain 2:1s and a three year inquiry has highlighted grade inflation as well as disparity between universities. The government hoped to phase out the two hundred year old classification system of firsts, 2:1s, 2:2s and thirds, which it views as “not fit for purpose”, but universities objected to this and so it will continue to exist alongside the new system.

Annabel Spearman

Corpus has new Master

Corpus Christi college has announced the appointment of a new Master. Professor Oliver Rackham took over from the acting Master, Professor Paul Mellars, on October 15. Professor Rackham is an acknowledged expert on the British countryside and has written Trees and Woodland in the British landscape: The Complete History of Britain's Trees, Woods & Hedgerows and The Illustrated History of the Countryside. He will hold the position of Master until 1<sup>st</sup> October 2008.

Emily Green

**Correction** In our last issue (661) the article “All in the Brain?” was incorrectly attributed to Emma Inkester. The article was in fact written by Sue Kirk.

Post strike delays Tesco

» Postal strike buys time for Mill Road protesters as deadline is extended

LUCY MCKEON

Campaigners against the proposed construction of a Tesco supermarket on Mill Road have received unexpected help from the postal strike this week. Cambridge City Council announced that the deadline for voicing objections against the build will be extended by one week to allow for sluggish rates of delivery.

Last Friday, a petition of over 2,250 signatures was delivered to the Council's Planning Department by members of the No Mill Road Tesco Campaign and their sister Facebook group, Let's Turn Mill Road into Chains Free Zone.

Many cash strapped students are welcoming proposals to open a branch of Tesco's in the city centre, but protestors claim that the new store would threaten the independent food stores for which the area is famous. “Mill Road is totally unique in Cambridge in the range of locally run food shops, and has most of the speciality shops in Cambridge such as those for Chinese, Korean, Indian and Arabian foods. Tesco invades all these markets with its own organic and specialty brands,” says Mike Riste, an Emma student who lives

near Mill Road. “It seems totally unnecessary to have another supermarket in the locality.”

Kevin Tarbit of Mill Road's Andrew Northrop Butchers told Varsity that “the community spirit will be lost if this goes ahead, and I think it will as Tesco are such a force to be reckoned with. Tesco are greedy, unfair competition and have too much of a monopoly.”

Some local shopkeepers still appear to be unconcerned by the plans. Philippa Dennis, who owns the Limoncello delicatessen directly opposite the proposed Tesco site, says, “I don't really see Tesco as a huge problem. We get a lot of business here so we're not worried.”

The future of the proposed Mill Road Tesco will be determined when the council's Planning Commission meets on November 1. Jim Jepps, a campaigner for the No Mill Road Tesco group, is optimistic about the protestors' chances of preventing the new store being built. “Our impression is that Tesco are getting worried,” he told Varsity. “They may well not go ahead as they are getting so much bad press out of it. The point is you can go to a Tesco anywhere, but there's only one Mill Road.”



RICHARD WEST

Locals say there is no need for a Tesco on Mill Road

80 million years without sex

SUE KIRK

Researchers at the Institute of Biotechnology might finally solved the mystery of the animal that has survived for 80 million years without having sex.

Most organisms which reproduce asexually – by cloning themselves – only survive for a few million years as they can't adapt easily to changes in their environment. But one creature has managed to last for 80 million years by reproducing in this way.

The creature in question is the pond dwelling microorganism ‘bdelloid rotifer’. The bdelloid has long been considered an evolutionary puzzle, having survived many changes in the environment. Despite being a pond dwelling creature which relies on water, the bdelloid can live through long periods of drought. A team led by Dr. Alan Tunncliffe has explained how it survives by demonstrating that abstinence can actually be an advantage.

In asexual reproduction, organisms split in half producing two identical clones and the only way the genome can vary is as a result of mutations. Diversification is much slower, so it is more difficult for these organisms to survive changes in the environment. As a result they die out more quickly and are not expected to survive more than a few million years. But bdelloid have found a way round this which turns asexual reproduction into an advantage for survival.

Scientists found that the ‘LEA’ gene has two forms that work together to help the creature survive in dry conditions. This is the first time gene doubling has been seen, and Tunncliffe suggests that these findings might not just be limited to this particular gene. “I would imagine we will see this right through the genome” he states, adding that they “are now looking for other genes that show this functional divergence”.

Just another week at the Union...

Monday 22nd Oct

7.30pm Colonel Gaddafi (via live video link)  
8pm Bar Quiz

Tuesday 23rd Oct

7pm Debating Workshop  
7.30pm James Watson (discoverer of DNA)

Wednesday 24th Oct

8pm Ben & Jerry's night

Thursday 25th Oct

7.30pm Government debate  
(featuring Iain Duncan Smith)

Friday 26th Oct

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and proof of student status



# Police ignore four 999 calls as student is attacked

» Medic to file official complaint against Cambridge police who 'just couldn't be bothered'

KATHERINE FAULKNER  
News Editor

A Cambridge student who was attacked on the street is filing an official complaint against the Cambridgeshire Constabulary after being forced to call the emergency services five times before receiving assistance.

Gary Tse was assaulted outside Halfords on Bridge Street at 9.12 pm on Sunday. Despite the fact that his attackers were still present at the scene, police did not arrive for at least another 30 minutes, allowing a further assault to take place in the intervening period.

"I called the police straight away," said Tse, a medical student from Trinity Hall. "They were still there and I didn't know if they were armed or not. I called the police three times. They just said: 'we're very busy at the moment'."

After waiting on the street for about 20 minutes, Tse's attackers returned. He entered the Sidney Sussex College, where a porter called the police on his behalf.

According to Tse, the police asked the porter where he was "from".

"It's difficult to comprehend why this question was asked in an urgent situation", he told Varsity. "It was irrelevant. The most important thing at the time was for the police to come and arrest the attackers, who were still hanging about." It took a further phone call from the porter for the police to send help. By this time, a second victim had been assaulted.

"A man came towards us saying he'd been attacked," said Tse. "His nose was bleeding and he had been punched in the face."

Tse claims that when the police finally arrived their conduct was "impolite and disrespectful".

"Initially they just talked to the other guy, even though I had made the phone call. They asked him whether he wanted the men arrested and he said no, he didn't want any fuss, so I told the policemen that I wanted them to be arrested. The policemen said to me, 'I wasn't asking you, I was asking him.' They just

**"At the time, we had to prioritise the incidents that were the most serious. I'm not aware what those other incidents were, but this didn't take priority."**

couldn't be bothered."

Tse then asked the police if he could make a statement, and told them that he could help them identify the attackers. But they told him there was only room for one more person in the police car, and suggested that he should walk across Parker's Piece to Parkside Police Station if he wished to make a statement. Tse claims that the second victim, who was then driven to the police station, did not want to make a statement. Referring to Parker's Piece, notorious as one of

Cambridge's few high crime areas, Tse said that "I would probably have been in greater danger had I followed the officers' advice".

"In Cambridge, the police are extremely fast in catching cyclists without lights, or going against the one-way system, but are nowhere to be found when urgent assistance is required when the general public is being attacked. They are incompetent. When police are like this, it encourages people to take things into their own hands."

A spokesperson for Cambridgeshire Constabulary has said: "Emergency calls must be prioritised in order that those in immediate danger and serious incidents are dealt with as soon as possible. We have to prioritise. At the time, we had to prioritise the incidents that were the most serious. I'm not aware what those other incidents were, but this didn't take priority."

"The officers did get to the scene that night. Officers did conduct an area search to look for the offenders but were unable to trace them."

"I'm not commenting on whether or not it's acceptable. The police officers involved may have a different version of events."

Tse has dismissed this response. "I can appreciate there could have been more urgent crimes to sort out," he says. "That's what I would do too if obviously somebody has been shot or something. But the main point here is their attitude and disrespect once they were here, and how they were unwilling to help."

Tse is yet to be contacted by the police for a statement, and says he intends to file a complaint with the Independent Police Complaints Commission.



Tse was assaulted near Sidney Sussex College last week

RICHARD GARDNER

## Joker Coker here to stay

BRADLEY NORMAN

The president of Trinity College Students' Union has announced that he will not be standing down, despite calls for his resignation due to charges of "inappropriate" drunken behaviour.

Tom Coker allegedly urinated in a bottle onstage during Trinity's fortnightly Magpie and Stump event on October 7. He received strong advice from the college Dean to hand in his resignation following this incident, but informed the Dean on Wednesday that he had decided against stepping down.

The suggestion that he should resign was made last Wednesday during a Liason Meeting between Trinity's Dean, Senior Treasurer, Chaplain and representatives of the student body – including Coker. "I felt rather uncomfortable when the Dean was talking about it," said Coker. He claims he does not remember exactly what happened that evening. "I was very tired, and I'd obviously had quite a lot to drink."

Coker acknowledged that participating in this sort of activity might be perceived as unfitting for someone in his position. But he told Varsity, "I don't see myself as in a position of authority as such. My job is to ensure that services get provided to students. I'm not someone

who provides any kind of authority, moral or otherwise. That's not what people were looking for when they voted for me."

Coker was elected in February after four unsuccessful attempts at winning the TCSU presidency. He says he never claimed to be a "serious" candidate. "But I did want to do a good job when I got elected, and I have done a good job," he said. He expressed hope that this matter would not affect the college authorities' relationship with TCSU.



Coker enjoying himself

## New Grad Union clashes

KATY LEE  
News Editor

Emails leaked to Varsity this week have revealed that the Graduate Union's social officer has openly criticized the GU president in messages sent to all college MCRs.

The emails address mix-ups over the planning of the party held last Sunday, MCRevolution, which was a joint event involving graduate associations from all colleges. Last weekend it emerged that 100 tickets had been released for sale, even though the chosen venue, the Vodka Revolution Bar on Downing Street, had a maximum capacity of 900 people.

Social and Events Officer Geum Young Min admitted that the 100 surplus tickets should have been destroyed, and said on Friday that she did not know why they had been distributed or how many had been sold. Fortunately, no one was refused entry on the night of the event.

Guem complained that the true extent of ticket sales had been known by GU president Leo Shidai Liu, but that Liu had failed to tell Jackie Solomon, office assistant at the GU Shop, how to keep a record of the distribution of tickets. "He refused to give any information

to her because 'it's too complex'," Geum told MCR reps. She added, "It might be shame to say this as a GU officer, but it seems that there was and is a communication gap."

Liu retorted, "When you have a responsibility, the decent thing to do is to tell the truth and take up the responsibility that you assumed. I will be questioning Jackie about me not telling her what to do about the MCRevolution tickets. One of you is not telling the truth."

Some colleges were forced to withhold ticket sales to prevent sales over the total 900 mark. Simona Giunta, social officer of the St John's Samuel Butler Room, was forced to withhold some of her tickets. "My grads were not impressed by this," she told Varsity. Jennie Dooland, president of the Downing MCR, agreed that the event's organisation "hasn't left me with a very positive impression of the GU's efficiency and communication".

Referring to the debacle surrounding Liu's election to the presidency in May, during which the University authorities were forced to intervene and reinstate Liu after he was removed by the council, Homerton MCR president Dan He wrote, "Maybe we need a real

revolution in the GU after this. If I were the junior proctor, I should have a second thought by now."

Alex-James Painter, GU external officer, quickly tried to quell the public rebukes. He warned, "This kind of open mudslinging, whilst keeping my office entertained for the afternoon, isn't helpful to the GU's image. Keep the accusations for your board meetings and at least pretend to have a united front."

Both Liu and Geum have expressed regret over the way in which these exchanges were made public. "Unfortunately the strain was seen in a number of messages between myself and the President but this was a consequence of us trying to put on a high quality event for our members," said Guem. "I think anyone who attended MCRevolution last night will attest to the fact that it was a great event and our work was well worth it."

Liu has rejected claims that this recent fiasco is a sign of a lack of confidence in his management. "I am quite confident that things are improving in the GU," he told Varsity. The event was a great success, selling out almost a week in advance, and a healthy profit of £1100 was made."



News Investigation

BURSARIES: HOW THEY SCAMMED THE SYSTEM

The bursary system is designed to provide financial support for students from low income homes. Between 20 and 25 per cent of Cambridge students receive bursaries from the Isaac Newton Trust, Cambridge's main bursary fund. University Vice Chancellor, Alison Richard, claimed that "attracting and supporting the ablest stu-

dents regardless of need" was one of her main priorities when she took up the position in 2003. Many students in receipt of this funding would not have been able to come to Cambridge without it. But the following methods have been used by students to make their household income appear nominal while they are often being funded by an alternative source that does not appear as part of the income on their Local Education Authority form. These methods are ways of manipulating the government's student finance assessment system. This has a knock on effect for Cambridge's bursary system, which relies on the same assessment, but provides entirely non-repayable student financial support. Household income is mainly based on the total of both parents' salaries. Some other types of investments such as stocks and shares must also be declared.



- METHOD 1
- ◆ The bursary applicant must have divorced or separated

- parents
- ◆ One parent may have given the other parent a lump sum payment which they can live off. This means that the parent they are officially living with does not have to work and can appear as having no household income
  - ◆ If one of the parents has received a payment, it is kept in a low interest account so that it provides as little visible income as possible
  - ◆ The student registers themselves as themselves as living with their unemployed parent and therefore has virtually no apparent household income
  - ◆ They qualify for a full bursary
  - ◆ Meanwhile the other parent can continue to support the student while they are receiving a bursary

- METHOD 2
- ◆ The applicant's family have all their assets invested in property
  - ◆ The parents of the applicants do not receive any salaried

- income which means that household income appears as minimal as possible
- ◆ If the family are receiving any income from rented property they must ensure that it does not exceed the income threshold which makes the student eligible for financial support

- METHOD 3
- ◆ The parents of the applicant must run their own business
  - ◆ As they are in control of the business, they arrange to pay themselves a minimal salary (ideally less than £12,500 each) in order to qualify for a full bursary
  - ◆ They charge almost all of their living expenses through the business, for

- example petrol costs
- ◆ Only those expenses that cannot be charged to the business (for tax reasons), such as holidays, should come out of their salary
  - ◆ Their household income will appear nominal and the student will be eligible for financial assistance



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# Cambridge bursaries: the University's best kept secret?

» The University has extensive bursary provision, but great difficulties in publicising it

CAMILLA TEMPLE  
News Editor

The recent Sutton Trust report has suggested that one of the main reasons why people do not apply to Oxbridge is because they perceive it to be more expensive than other universities. Figures for bursary provision at Cambridge would suggest that the university is in fact

£3,100  
Maximum Cambridge bursary available from 2008

£60,000  
upper limit of income threshold making a student eligible for a Cambridge bursary

one of the most generous in the UK in terms of bursary support. With recent increase in bursary provision to be implemented from 2008, the Cambridge University bursary system has emerged as virtually unrivalled in its extensive provision for its students. The Isaac Newton Trust guarantees that every student who qualifies for some level of government maintenance grant will also qualify for a Cambridge bursary. In the lower income brackets, the Cambridge bursaries offer significantly more than government guidelines require. As of 2008, a student with a household income of £25,000 can expect to receive £2,765 from the government and £3,150 from the University. Cambridge also guarantees that from 2008 every student with a household income of up to £60,000 will be provided with some funding. We differ in this respect from most other universities, where bursaries are only offered to those with household incomes of up to £25,000, in line with government thresholds. The Cambridge bursaries not only have a higher threshold than most universities, but they also offer more money to each eligible

student. A student with a household income of £18,000 would receive a £3,100 bursary from Cambridge, while the same student at Leeds University would receive just £1,330. When questioned about the publicity that exists for these figures, Education and Government Communications Officer, Clare Sanders, highlighted the wide-ranging work done by the University to widen access in general, saying that "we invest over £3 million per annum" in access initiatives which include road shows run by departments as well as events and lectures for gifted and talented students. While some publicity for bursaries is incorporated into these initiatives, most of the University's access publicity is more general in its reach. Sanders explains that "Cambridge seeks to publicise its bursary scheme at every opportunity in both the local and national press." She uses as an example the recent press coverage of the decision to increase the upper limit at which students from low income homes are entitled to a full Cambridge Bursary, an initiative announced by the Vice-Chancellor in September. She adds that "CUSU also does extensive work to publicise the bursary scheme." Professor John Rallison, Director of the Isaac Newton Trust, Cambridge's main bursary fund, added that the publicity for bursaries is made up of "information included in the Admissions Prospectus and provided on the Web." Publicity may be reaching current students, but its reach over those who have not yet applied to Cambridge may be more limited. Of a group of sixth form pupils at a Birmingham state school interviewed by Varsity, none were aware of the differences between the bursaries offered by different universities or of the level of financial support offered by Cambridge. CUSU Access Officer Charlotte Richer, who began her degree at Cambridge in 2004 and has benefited from a Cambridge Bursary, commented that "many students do not realise just how generous the Cambridge Bursaries are". The University has recently been criticised following a report which predicts that it will fail to meet targets for admitting a higher proportion of state school pupils by 2011. The targets were set by the Government's Office for Fair Access in an attempt to increase the proportion of state school students admitted to Cambridge from 54 per cent to between 60 and 63 per cent over a five year period. The university has defended itself by pointing out that "it cannot admit students who do not apply" and that the report in question was "disappointing and lop-sided". Sanders asserted that the University "seeks to give as much coverage as possible" to bursary provision but they admits that they can "never do enough".



University bursaries available to a student with £25,000 household income under the current system

Bursaries available from Cambridge from 2008			
Household income	Maintenance grant	Cambridge bursary	Total
Up to £25,000	£2,825	£3,150	£5,975
£40,000	£1,010	£500	£1,510
£50,000	£560	£300	£860
£60,000	£100	£50	£150



# Varsityprofile

## »Terry Foreman

EMMA HOGAN

Terry Foreman is a University Constable, a job which most Cambridge students know little or nothing about. Assisting the Proctors, the Constabulary duties range from looking after college property to sitting outside the examination rooms, ensuring that students do not cheat.

The Cambridge Constabulary is older than the Metropolitan police force and has jurisdiction over Cambridge students within a five-mile radius of Great St Mary's in the centre of the city.

The Constabulary has 27 members, four of whom are women. The head of this body is University Marshal Carl Hodson, who is also the head porter at King's College.

When it was first suggested that he become a porter, Terry felt that he "could never see himself in a bowler hat". But having started off as a porter at Trinity 21 years ago, he has never left the college. He later moved to Trinity's catering department, where he looked after the Fellows' wine, before joining the Constabulary. As we stood talking inside Trinity gate, Terry seemed to know everyone who passed.

"I've met some lovely people

working here," he said, "from all walks of life." Terry's career has been rich and varied. Among his most memorable moments of the last two decades have been the discovery of a homeless man sleeping in the Trinity baths, and coming across a deranged graduate from another prestigious college who was attempting to steal the Chapel candlesticks. He has met many celebrities, including Prince Philip, Alec Guinness and Archbishop Desmond Tutu. He was also given a small part in the film Maurice when it was filmed in Cambridge in 1986.

Terry says that one of the high points of his career was directing former US President Ronald Reagan to the 'john', and subsequently having swarms of CIA agents descending upon him.

Along with other Constables, he has also had to deal with student protests. He was present when Le Pen's windscreen-wipers were pulled off his car during protests over his visit to the Cambridge Union in 2003 and when students staged a sit-in against a visit by Enoch Powell.

Terry has been married for 50 years and one of his nephews is now the head porter at Clare College.

» 1931

BORN IN CAMBRIDGE

» 20 years

SINCE FOREMAN BECAME A UNIVERSITY CONSTABLE

» 27 officers

IN THE UNIVERSITY CONSTABULARY

» 5 miles

RADIUS AROUND CAMBRIDGE OVER WHICH THE CONSTABLES HAVE JURISDICTION OVER STUDENTS



IAN MAITLAND



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## Churchill hit by metal thefts

EMMA INKESTER  
Senior Reporter

Churchill College Chapel has become the latest target in a series of scrap metal thefts around Cambridge.

On Friday and Sunday evenings of last week, thieves climbed on to the roof of the chapel and wrenched off sheets of lead. They then left the premises, taking with them the metal in a wheel barrow. Police are investigating the thefts, and have been talking to witnesses and searching for forensic evidence. A Cambridgeshire Police spokesperson has appealed for "witnesses who may be able to help us".

Churchill's chapel is one of a number of church buildings that have experienced rooftop metal pilages. 700 similar thefts occurred across the country in the academic year 2005/2006; this figure almost doubled the following year. Last week, 20 such incidents occurred in Cambridge alone.

This latest incident came just days before the chapel's 40th anniversary on October 12, for which a string of celebrations had been planned. One Churchill student commented, "It's a horrible thing to happen at any time, but in view of the anniversary celebrations, it deals a double blow. The fact that it's a religious building at Churchill makes it all the more distasteful."

Reverend Dr John Rawlinson, chaplain of Churchill College, said that the celebrations, attended by over 100 alumni, were a great success despite the disruption caused by the thefts.

But the college's Bursar, Jennifer Rigby, told Varsity that she is "gutted" by the damage inflicted. "It is a beautiful building which is at the heart of the College's spiritual self," she said. "It is used by

College members as a place of contemplation whatever their religion, and the College gather there in times of sorrow." She added that it is as yet unknown how expensive repair efforts will be.

Such thefts are known to be costing the diocese in excess of £1 million per year, and the Bishop of Ely to issue a plea to police to halt the scourge. Ecclesiastical Insurance, which provides cover for churches, recorded that over the past year claims of this kind have reached a peak of 1000.

A crackdown, dubbed Operation Saruman, was launched by the Cambridgeshire force last month

**"The fact that it's a religious building at Churchill makes it all the more distasteful"**

in response to these thefts. Police have pledged to work with scrap metal dealers in order to help identify those stealing metals such as lead and copper.

Detective Inspector Martin Brunning, who is leading the operation, said: "Metal theft is not just a problem for Cambridgeshire, but also for the whole country. The dramatic increase in offences we have seen in the past year is being driven by demand, particularly in China."

DI Brunning added that criminals were taking serious risks in attempting these thefts, which have resulted in dangerous accidents. "It is important to stress that this is not a victimless crime and all incidents are treated very seriously," he said.



# Schoolchildren suffer 'intolerable pressure'

ANGELA FANSHAWE

Government tests are putting children under stress, a Cambridge University study into primary school education has revealed this week.

The interim report by The Primary Review, entitled Community Soundings, has found that national tests put "intolerable pressure" upon children and may lower their self-esteem.

"The evidence from this one strand of the Primary Review's evidence suggests that standards may have been too readily equated with quality, and that it is time to start exploring the differences between the two," said Professor Robin Alexander, who led the Review.

But the Department of Children, Schools and Families disagrees. "The government does not share the view that children are over-tested. Tests

The study has found that Key Stage 2 tests for 11 year-olds are the worst examinations in terms of amount of stress caused. The report claims that such tests constrain the curriculum and turn the last year of primary schooling into "a year of cramming and testing". They may also favour children whose parents can afford private coaching.

Ms Jaspaul Hill, head teacher at the local Milton Road Primary School, told Varsity that she would like to see primary school testing "abolished", adding that "there's lots of pressure on schools to perform well in SATs."

But the Department of Children, Schools and Families disagrees. "The government does not share the view that children are over-tested. Tests

**"Every generation has its nightmares and problems to contend with"**

help parents and teachers monitor the progress of children and ensure they get the help they need," a spokesman for the department said.

The review also voiced multiple concerns about the society in which today's children are growing up. Children were anxious about issues as diverse as climate change, poverty and knife-culture, while parents and teachers were particularly worried about the breakdown in family life and growing lack of respect between generations.

The findings come just months after a UNICEF assessment of child wellbeing ranked the UK bottom out of 21 industrialised nations. The DCSF has also rejected the findings of this report. "We reject the pessimism that now is a bad time to be a child. The vast majority of children go to better schools, enjoy better health, live in better housing and in more affluent households than they did ten years ago," according to a spokesperson for the Department.

Professor Alexander is also cautious about labelling today's children as over-stressed. "Every generation has its nightmares and problems to contend with," he said. Whilst he is "encouraged" by the discussion the report has provoked, he told Varsity that his team "shall not be making specific policy recommendations until all the evidence is assembled and analysed."



Selwyn

Lovesick

An evening's revelry ended in woe for a maiden from Selwyn. The enterprising second year ladies boldly invited the fresher boys for an evening's japes. One whippersnapper was particularly taken with our damsel, whose beauty is famed throughout the University. Entranced by her velvety brown eyes and full red lips, he was just moving in for the kill when he experienced an overwhelming desire to expel the noxious liquor and Curry House cuisine he had greedily consumed. Before she had time to bat her absurdly long eyelashes, our Aphrodite's pretty features had been spattered with regurgitated beer and biryani. Alas for her hapless admirer. We hear she is still rejecting his desperate advances.

Fitzwilliam

Alco-poop goes bang

A beefcake of a blues rugby player was enjoying his time in the privacy of his own water closet, relaxing after a hard day's training and letting it all hang out, when his usual routine backfired horribly. His housemates often objected to the almighty pong which emanated from the room, and so the not so scrummy scrum half had taken to igniting his magnificently fruity after-smell. The methane that filled the room would then burn up in an instant and refresh the surrounding airs. After a particularly heavy night of drinking our oversized protagonist, having relieved himself of a particularly pungent product, had just struck his match when there was a loud thunderclap and the house shook ominously. For a moment, the pooper was bewildered as to the source of the explosion, before realising that it was the potency of his own discharged gases that had caused such a dramatic blast.

Trinity Hall

An unlucky impaling

A scatty student, having dropped his room keys in the Cam, attempted to climb over the fence and through his window. But the unforgiving iron railings foiled his ambitious gymnastics. A cruel pinnacle punctured his tender manhood. Our spy hopes that the gentleman in question has been deprived of his procreative capacities.



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# Varsity

Established in 1947  
Issue No 662

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## A most profitable lesson

We are told on a regular basis that we are the leaders of tomorrow, and however self-assured the statement may seem it is extremely unlikely that the next power generation will be without its Cambridge cohort. The University does everything in its power to provide its students with the means to go out and lead their field. We have one of the most generous financial support systems in the world, along with the extensive welfare and academic structures designed to ensure that no student once accepted into the University should be allowed to fail through the neglect of the institution.

These are the systems in place. There are bursaries, tutors and supervisors, welfare officers and hardship funds. But there are other systems running through the veins of the institution, systems which run directly counter to anything propagated in the CUSU welfare booklets. There is a culture of financial fetishism. If it surprises people when they arrive at the University, it is something to which most of us quickly grow accustomed. Whatever we need, the University will provide. Rich colleges and faculties hand out travel and study grants on a level almost unparalleled in other institutions, the consequence of which is the unshakeable belief that some decent A-levels and a twenty minute interview means that we are entitled to whatever we can get our hands on.

It is impossible to ensure through government means-testing procedures that all bursary money ends up in the hands of those who need it, and the wealth of Cambridge and its colleges leaves bursary allocation methods particularly open to abuse. Applying for bursaries is a minefield of administration and paperwork, but when there are so few possible checks on those who are technically eligible for financial aid, the system comes to rely heavily on self-policing.

Those who claim bursaries which they don't need are, as a rule, proud of their achievements. The student who told Varsity that "I am getting whatever I can out of the system while I am here" was impressed by his own ability to wriggle through loopholes and, essentially, to defraud a charity. These are not the groundings of a generation of socially responsible leaders. They may be the words of tomorrow's politicians.

Rich living has turned us into a spoilt bunch. Many Cambridge students go through their university careers living out of their parents' pockets and treating college as a glorified form of boarding school. Coming into a richly-endowed institution shot through with welfare structures, our first thought is how to work the system to our own advantage. Three years here teach us to navigate our way round the Sidgwick Site, through the rigmarole of the examination game and around the warren of Cambridge bureaucracy. But the most profitable lesson you'll ever learn at Cambridge is how to work the system.

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

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

letters@varsity.co.uk

### Abolish This

I feel compelled to write to agree with Edward Maltby's argument (We Must Abolish Private Education, 12 October). His logic was impeccable. Private schools are "better" than state schools. Therefore we should definitely "abolish" them. Absolutely faultless reasoning there.



I feel we should apply the same logic to other things and so, I believe, we should abolish modern medicine (because it is better than bile chanting), mobile phones (because they're better than carrier pigeon) and the first Die Hard film (because it is better than all the others).

I will start making arrangements to petition the Prime Minister.

**Simon Pitt**  
Selwyn College

### A Most Unchristian Mockery

As a fresher at this University, imagine my disappointment to find that your publication regards the most grave of issues only as fodder to be mocked.

I refer you to 'A most unchristian boshing' in issue No 661 of October 12th. Here you seem not only to disregard any further blow you may have dealt to the 'protagonist' but your derisory tone displays an utter lack of respect for both casual sex and excessive alcohol consumption (not to mention religious values); two issues which, I feel sure, the CUSU health officers would find much less amusing.

**Yours,**  
**Alex Tinman**

### Lies, Damn Lies, and the Tompkins Table

Natalie Woolman's article in Varsity (Friday 28th September) made an impassioned rebuttal of a myth I had not previously encountered, that pooled students are less successful than direct entry students. This is a laudable sentiment, but perhaps unfortunately, I believe that the author's mathematical analysis does not support it.

Following the author's method, I ranked each of the 29 colleges in the Tompkins Table by order of the proportion of offers made to winter pool students out of the total number of winter admissions for a given year. I then compared this ranking with the Tompkins Table position for each college two years later, when the new admissions would have sat their first exams, and their results would be reflected in the Tompkins Table. I then applied a statistical test, the Spearman Rank Test, to obtain a test value representing the strength of the correlation between the two ranked lists of colleges.

So: considering the 29 colleges in the Tompkins Table, the test values for the winter admissions of 2005, 2004, and 2003 all indicated a statistically significant association between the proportion of pooled students admitted from the winter pool and the Tompkins rank two years later, at a 95% confidence level, and at 99% confidence for the 2003 winter admissions - a direct contradiction of the author's assertion above.

First let us remember that an association between two variables does not indicate a causal connection - there are other criteria to be met. Secondly, I have not considered possible confounding factors such as the wealth of a college; the institutions and practices at a college; and differences in the number of applications to each college. Thirdly, I would question

the reliability of the Tompkins Table as a measure of college success.

There are many university alumni who have become hugely successful despite a relatively 'poor' showing in exams. Finally, the many limitations of both my investigation and Ms. Woolman's outweigh our seemingly authoritative results.

**Thomas Ling**  
Emmanuel College

### Call Girls and College Furniture

In response to your article on students making money as call girls: If you have been in any number of Cambridge College rooms and then browse the "hot girls" in the Cambridge area for online XXX photos, it becomes quite apparent how many students are funding their education or entertainment through adult entertainment. Perhaps it would at least be worth letting the student population know that if you have college issue furniture in your standardly decorated room, viewers can make a reasonable guess of your whereabouts when you have this in the background.

**Name not supplied**

### International Damage

This refers to the article titled 'Students for sale' in issue 660. While I do not question the views and opinions published, doing it on the cover of the student newspaper has had tremendous impact on students and the general public in far off places. The print and the electronic media in India have quoted the Varsity's report in publishing the news articles.

Indians regard the University of Cambridge to be one of the best places of learning, and publishing such reports, even though true, might damage the reputation of the University.

**Dhyan Somanna**

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

## CONFESS TO

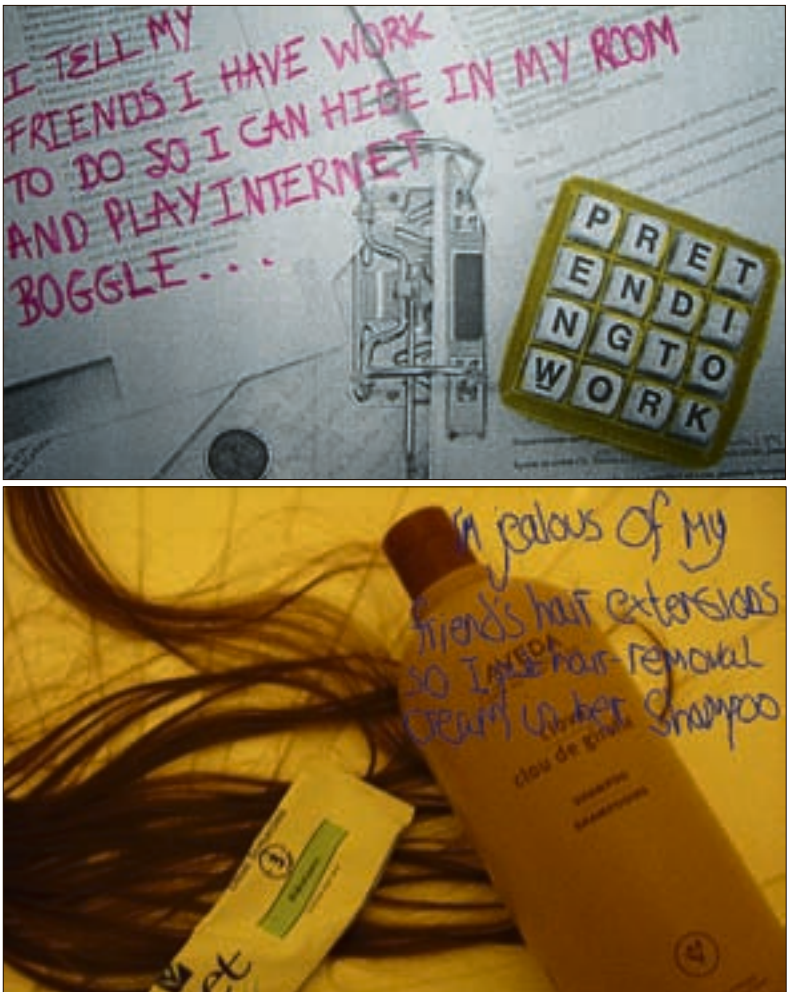
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# The need to take more account of nature, or the 'autonomy of culture' delusion

What value should we place on the intellectual independence of the individual artist? How do you take a global approach to art? **John Onians** questions the autonomy of culture over nature and opens out the field of world art.

Most people in the humanities and social sciences are committed to a viewpoint that excludes a consideration of nature. To me, though, it is clear that what I call the autonomy of culture position stands like a dam, holding back mental energies that could transform our understanding of all human activities, and especially culture. So I thought I should at least have a go at confronting that view, especially as it has such a serious negative effect on intellectual life.

So what do I mean by the "autonomy of culture" delusion? The culture I am referring to is the complex of behaviours that typify a society, and when I speak of its autonomy I refer to the idea that the members of a culture are ultimately free to change those behaviours, the only constraints - and this is the important part - being ones that are those they have either created themselves or had imposed on them by others, constraints, such as belief systems, patterns of social and economic relations, religious and political and religious institutions and language. According to the autonomy of culture position, these constraints, since they are man-made, can be resisted, flouted and breached by anyone who has the ability, energies and power position to do so.

And that, of course is one of the appeals of this position. It is profoundly empowering, as it makes people feel that their own and their community's destiny is in their hands. It is also an enormous force for good, as it has inspired many of the most positive developments of the last sixty or so years. It has allowed people all over the planet to set themselves free of constraints imposed on them by religious and political leaders, and those who are either wealthier or physically stronger than they are.

And one of its greatest strengths has been to liberate people from ideas imposed in the name of some imagined nature, the notion that one family, race, sex or class is naturally superior to another. Such ideas were disastrous for most people and we are well rid of them, but with them we have got rid of an idea that is in my view generally beneficial, the idea that we will make better use of all our resources for our own and society's good if we recognise the extent to which nature really is a constraint on our actions. In our horror at bad things done in the name of a mythical nature, we have abandoned reflection on real nature.

It is not that we are against a study of real nature completely. We know that we will [only] benefit if people study it as a means to make our lives better, as through improvements in health care or energy generation and saving. In those fields we are happy for people to understand the constraints

imposed by nature. It is only when it comes to the study of culture that we don't want to know. And not only do we not want to know ourselves, but we don't want anyone else to know, so we either try and stifle any discussion of the issues, or when such discussion takes place we close our ears.

But it is always possible for us to change our minds. Two of the most important scholars of art of the last half century did. Sir Ernst Gombrich earned his knighthood above all for his work on the art of the Renaissance and its successors and Sir John Boardman earned his for his work on the art of Classical Greece, and they both spent decades celebrating the freedom of individual artists and the freedoms of those societies on the whole. There were no more committed adherents to the 'autonomy of culture' position. But over the years, the deeper their knowledge became the more they were troubled by this view, and they both clearly felt that something was missing both from their questions and their answers. And so in their last major books, *The Sense of Order* (1979) and *The World of Ancient Art* (2006) published when they were in their seventies, they presented a

**"In other fields we are happy for people to understand the constraints imposed by nature. It is only when it comes to the study of culture that we don't want to know."**

quite different view, giving nature not an incidental but central role in the shaping of culture and especially artistic culture. And both men make very clear statements. Gombrich concludes that man is ruled by his inner biology, Boardman by the nature of his environment.

Gombrich and Boardman were trying to make up for all the fluffing that they, like the rest of us, go through when we don't allow ourselves to consider nature, and they were trying to redeem themselves and save others with the clearest possible statements of nature's importance. With them, towards the end of their lives, the data indicating the importance of nature mounted so high that the position they had held for decades ruptured. They were effectively trying, in their well-behaved, knightly way, to burst the dam of convention, so that the

intellectual energies of others could be liberated to penetrate the mysteries of human biology and compute the infinite ways in which nature determines culture. If that was their hope it will not quickly be realised. Imagine how you would respond to someone who explained art in terms of our "biological inheritance" (Gombrich) or as a consequence of the way that "climate and the environment completely dictated the development of culture" (Boardman). These are views espoused by two of the most experienced scholars of the 20th century, but there are very few people who are prepared to speak in their support.

So what happens if we do have the courage to talk about nature? New techniques for scanning the human brain and more penetrative procedures with animals have shed much new light both the on common architecture of the brain, explaining why so many inclinations and preferences are found worldwide, and on the way the neural equipment of each of us is indeed liable to be changed by each new experience. The reason why people living in different environments see illusions differently is because exposure to those environments has permanently reconfigured connections in the brain.

One illustration will give us a glimpse of the tip of the iceberg. People like us who spend our time in square, modern buildings full of cuboid shapes have had our neural networks reconfigured so that we automatically shorten lines ending in acute angles and lengthen those ending in oblique. While we, with our supposedly more conscious minds, are unable to do so however hard we look, the San peoples of South Africa or the Australian aborigines see the lines correctly as being the same length. What this example shows is that there are neurological principles that ensure that everything we look at affects the way we see and so the way we make and respond to art. That knowledge helps us understand significant properties of all the art ever produced on the planet and so must be vital for anyone studying art, although only someone studying art worldwide would fully appreciate its importance.

I won't bore you with a vision of how this is true for all fields. The field I am concerned with at the moment is the study of art. All those who work with art tend to divide it up. Archaeologists, anthropologists and art historians divide it up among their disciplines, and within those disciplines they divide it up by tradition and tribe, period and place. They do so because focussing like that brings enormous rewards. We are less aware of the rewards of doing the opposite, taking in all of art, viewing it as a worldwide manifesta-



tion with a forty, or even a hundred thousand year history.

One way to estimate those rewards is to reflect on the benefits that have come from individuals taking a global approach in other fields. A good example is Charles Darwin. When he went round the world on the *Beagle* in 1831 he was able to study a wider variety of plants and animals in a wider range of habitats than anyone before him, and by doing so he was able to observe and formulate, in the *Origin of Species* in 1859, the principles governing the variation between them in a way that no-one could have done by studying any one in isolation. Later on he did the same for human behaviour, formulating in the biological principles governing facial and other expressions. Just by taking a global view of two phenomena which had previously only really been studied regionally, he was able to transform our view both of ourselves and the world, and he did so only because he was ready to engage with nature. Until then people had tended to see man and the world as artefacts of a creator God designed by him for his own purposes. Darwin saw all of nature as developing according to its own internal laws and man as simply the supreme example of that development.

Darwin was, of course, generally reviled for his challenge to established thought. His invocation of nature questions hallowed assumptions, especially those about man's pre-eminence and his almost divine freedom. And it is remarkable what a parallel there is with thinking about art. Established thought about art, whether conservative or trendy, tends to see it as an expression either of the individual's creativity as producer or patron to invent forms and surpass predecessors, or of the individual society's creativity in solving its particular internal problems relating to social and economic issues and relation to the transcendental. Reference to nature, either the nature of man or the nature of the environment, tends to be avoided, because it would suggest that man's creative freedom was in some essential sense constrained. And of course as long as people only study the art of a particular place or period those assumptions are not put in question. It is only when the art of different regions and cultures is compared and above all when all art is considered together, as Darwin considered all of life together, that nature jumps out as the missing element, helping us to explain not just the overall patterns which we are now surveying, but the individual artistic expressions which had always concerned us.

*John Onians is emeritus Professor of History of Art at the University of East Anglia*





A friend and comrade of mine from Leeds was recently admonished by a family member for being intolerant: "What do you mean?" she asked. "It's just," the reply came, "since you've got involved with Marxism, you... you always think you're right!" While I'm sure the family member in question was neither wearing a top hat nor a member of a private equity firm, it is true that what he was saying was a classic example of the most common line of attack used by liberals against socialists – or indeed against activists of any stripe. Holding firm beliefs of any sort today is not considered genteel. It's viewed as embarrassing, like having an unpleasant laugh or a tendency to get drunk at dinner parties. Instead of committing the cardinal sin of thinking oneself objectively correct on any matter, we are exhorted to "respect one another's opinions".

The line is, everyone has their own opinion, and there cannot be any objective measure by which one could be judged more correct than another. This is why the Marxist notion of false consciousness is so desperately unfashionable today: the thought that you might be right and other people wrong is the height of arrogance (and explaining someone's error as a result of their historical-social position is more insulting still); and the attempt to change people's opinions through reasoned argument is merely aggressive. This liberal horror of "dogmatism" is false and pernicious.

Why is it false? Because the only reason one holds an opinion is because you think it is correct. An 'opinion' is not an idle whim: it is an analysis, an appraisal of the world as you see it. To accept that your opinions have no greater claim to truth and accuracy than anyone else's is to denigrate all thoughts; it is to render them essentially contingent and meaningless. To argue with someone, and attempt to win them over to your way of seeing things is to demonstrate a faith in their ability to grasp the truth; and to demonstrate that you consider what they think to be sufficiently important that changing their mind is worth the effort of arguing with them. To remain indifferent to someone's opinion is to hold them in contempt. That is why socialists address themselves always to the great mass of exploited humanity; and never to their exploiters.

It is pernicious because it makes a virtue of passivity. In order to take decisive political action, one needs a certain degree of conviction in one's own beliefs. American revolutionaries died for truths they held to be self-evident. The American Constitution does not begin "This is what we think. You might disagree, and that's OK".

As Marx (correctly) observed, the dominant ideas of any period are those of the dominant class. Likewise, a fuzzy, tolerant indifference to ideas, which sees your opinions as no more valid than anyone else's, is a luxury reserved for those for whom nothing is at stake, for whom the next meal is assured. It valorises the satiated slumber of the rich; it stigmatises the impassioned cries of the poor.

Natalie Woolman



## A Woolf in sheep's clothing

Misogyny cannot be allowed to masquerade as science

In "A Room of One's Own", Virginia Woolf indulges herself in a reverie on the fateful plight of Shakespeare's sister. Blessed with the talents of her brother, but sadly not the necessary equipage to get her waved into the Globe, she finds herself penniless and pregnant and commits suicide in some godforsaken spot near Elephant and Castle, destroyed by her unnurtured talent. Pretty grim. This was a world unsung in the "Sheila's Wheels" lyrics, unversed in paid maternity leave and unfamiliar with gender quotas. Such a cautionary tale should hold nothing more for readers now than a literary pat on the back for all that lovely feminist progress we have made. But it has more resonance than that. Shakespeare's sister recently got an update and I introduce you, with regret, to Professor Baron Cohen's sister.

Professor Baron Cohen is the Cambridge autism expert who claimed at an ironically-titled "Women in Science" conference last week that the female mind was more poorly suited to scientific study than its male counterpart. I imagine that as a result of this advice, the conference will by next year be axed and the funds put towards a hot tub for the local men's club. For at that moment in Washington DC, the centuries of marginalisation and discrimination returned to bulldoze Sheila's wheels off the road, leaving her hopelessly man-less to fumble with the map she apparently can't read in the

all-too-empty passenger seat.

I am not stupid enough to argue with his research. I have no doubt that it was conducted in a fair and thorough manner and, let's face it, the guy knows more about brain patterns than I do. But whilst I acknowledge that research must present its findings in terms of majorities, I struggle with the dismissal of an entire sex by means of "majority rules". Are there really, honestly, no further determining factors to explain the scarcity of women

harmful to the women interested in science than bigwigs telling them to keep on moving, because they weren't made for this science stall in the first place.

Thus we introduce Baron Cohen's sister. Like Woolf's fictional "Judith", Ms Baron Cohen has the talents and aptitudes of her elder brother: she comes top in chemistry year upon year, buys her own set of microscopes and dreams of her first kiss over a petri dish. Yet she somehow doesn't enjoy

and, at the prospect of another decade of all-male lab banter, shuns post-graduate work in favour of a steady job. Part-time and married, she hears her brother's words at the conference. She thinks, "So, I couldn't have done it anyway". Ms Baron Cohen commits a kind of intellectual suicide.

To my mind, Professor Baron Cohen is fuelling a social prejudice that is already rife and already damaging. Last week, a leading female scientist spoke to Varsity about colleagues who were advised against physics at school by their teachers. As well as being distressingly unprofessional, such comments reveal a blinkered attitude to science as being the remit of our male "superiors". So the fact that a Cambridge professor has stood up and declared to a conference made up mainly of women *interested and educated* in science, and told them that essentially they were in a job which they were less likely to be successful in than Joe Bloggs next to them is nothing short of downright offensive. Indeed, I imagine the women Baron Cohen was speaking to were scientists themselves, whether at a professional or university level, providing a point that somewhat confounds his findings.

The purport of Baron Cohen's speech was to throw around the hallowed toms and practices of science a Yorkie bar wrapper that proclaims, "Not for Girls" in glaring letters. We can only wait until Ms Baron Cohen emerges from semi-retirement to throw it off.



LAUREN HILL

in science? Declaring myself here as a nurture-over-nature type of a girl, the idea that sociological arguments can be negated in favour of neatly-penned graphs is frustrating to say the least. Indeed, if you are to side with me on the nurture half of this anthropological pitch, you might agree that the graphs will be far less

the same support that her brother does: her friends exclaim over passages in Jane Austen and recoil at the sight of a lab coat, her teachers are less convinced than she is that she likes science and all her icons are male. She wonders if this is right after all. She wonders again after her undergraduate degree

Bob Thomas



## No laughing matter

The threat to democracy from draconian dons

Big TC, TCSU President, is the stalwart of college, be it in a boat or in spandex outfits. Watch him fight for your rights!"

Thus reads the internet bio of Tom Coker, the besieged President of the Trinity College Student Union (TCSU). He'll fight for our rights, spandex-clad, but for how much longer? Although calls have been made for Tom's resignation as President for more than a week, neither members of college nor members of the committee (the two groups of people to whom he was answerable as TCSU President) are responsible for pushing him to step down. Instead, an incident of social drunkenness at "Magpie and Stump", Trinity College's in-house stand-up comedy debating society, was deemed unsuitable for a man befitting his position by the Trinity senior staff. A series of closed meetings with the Dean of college were arranged, during which it was suggested that college would no longer co-operate with a student union with Coker at the helm. Both democracy and transparency have been bypassed.

Seeing Tom retreat behind a piano between the comic speakers' sets, only to return with a wine bottle full of his freshly leaked urine, presenting it to the chair-

man as a gift, was hilarious. He hardly seemed out of character with the event's often drunken, intentionally offensive nature. Witty rejoinder to formal-worn, wine-stained hecklers should be standard fare to seasoned stand-ups, and Tim Dey's remark that "until times like these, you forget how warm your urine is," before holding the bottle aloft, was met with riotous applause. Tom's antics were a sideshow at an event expected to offend, with speaker material including, "Recently there have been reports of foot and mouth on a farm in Scotland, with police saying that they hope to find the rest of Colin McCrae soon". "Big TC" and his "Big Night" were of periphery interest

**"Calm down dear, it's only a drinking game."**

to "Magpie and Stump", a glorious memory for those in attendance, otherwise an anecdote worthy of Varsity's "Cambridge Spies" and little else.

My sympathies rest equally with

the fun-loving undergraduates of Johns, who had their ent cancelled during freshers' week. Similarly overzealous punishment awaited an entire college, a few members of which had decided to eat and drink to the tinkle of dropping pennies. Had I been responsible for dropping the offensive penny (slipped into a dessert, rather than warmly spent into a wine bottle, mind), I would have longed to see Michael Winner spring from beneath my table at formal, clapping a hand-towel, clamoring to wipe the creased brows of the wronged, all the while charmingly cooing, "calm down dear, it's only a drinking game". Instead, I suspect I would have met the Dean, and there would have been no jelly/ice-cream/pass the parcel for me.

The hangover for TCSU members however, might take a little more than Alka-Seltzer and a lie-in to shift. Nothing was mentioned regarding Coker and his evening fun until last Wednesday. At a liaison meeting, the Dean included an account of the events in a list of "unacceptable", sometimes criminally serious events, for which he would not be prepared to stand. Coker was called to account before senior college staff, while supposedly acting in his capacity as TCSU President, for "simulating sexual acts"

and "restricting speakers' rights" regarding free speech. Since the ambush, he has been asked to step down "quietly" as TCSU President by both the Dean and the fellow responsible for TCSU's treasury, Jo Miles. Although neither member of staff *should* exercise real power over Coker's decision, the students' union is hamstrung without a President with whom the college is prepared to co-operate. The pressure has been extended to members of the TCSU committee. Meanwhile, members of the college's students' union have been told nothing.

This is not intended to be an attack on Trinity's Dean, who is putting undue pressure on an organisation, over which his influence should be limited, to find a new head. My concern could instead be paraphrased as two questions. Firstly, how is it that the leadership of my students' union can be turned over by college authorities, without its membership being allowed to understand the process, let alone participate? Secondly, have we so totally lost our sense of humour inside the suffocating Cambridge bubble that harmless drunken fun has come to warrant such utterly pointless severity? Somewhere between prudishness and a tyranny, college self-regulation has gone awry.





There are few things more infuriating than being forced to wait in a stagnant queue. Waiting outside in a stagnant queue at the unequivocal mercy of torrential rain and positively flatulent gusts of wind is one of them. One such soggy stagnant queue was my predicament several evenings ago as I sought to channel a bad day's anger into the infliction of some over-exuberant – and perhaps even geometrically unique – shapes upon one of Cambridge's grubbiest dance floors.

The only shape I was successful in making, however, was a masterfully white-knuckled adaptation of the angrily clenched fist, as a vast gentleman shouldered his way past me, ostensibly brandishing some kind of ornithological club card. As, charting his progress with narrowing eyes, I absent-mindedly wondered if his family name had been the etymological origin of 'strut', a particularly pluvial individual nearby identified him as the rugby Blues' newest tight-five import.

My imagination, having already set to work on his providential arrival in the establishment, was starting to nourish my wholly unnecessary notion of jealous injustice. I envisaged his perpetually outstretched hand receiving enough manly slaps to surpass the legal prosecution requirement in several Balkan states for domestic abuse. Picturing throngs of piquant females, I wondered greedily if it would be possible to purloin the CCTV footage of his arrival and sell it to Lynx as advertisement material.

Social prestige, I reflected, is a bizarre thing. Who was this man anyway? I somewhat cruelly imagined him to be the end-product of an adolescence of uncomplicated tastes, deriving amusement principally from watching dumbbells get bigger and smaller again as he heaved them laboriously towards his face, standing in front of the mirror vaguely wondering why his neck was of greater girth than his head, and occasionally gnawing on a younger cousin. That considered, I didn't doubt his attritional contribution to the pack, nor the sound basis for the decision of the University authorities to offer him a place to do a one year MPhil in Stash Management. My concern was rather the source of the status he so evidently enjoyed.

Why, for instance, was similar adulation not heaped upon the academically outstanding? Admittedly a 'first tack' sounds more like a hurriedly scribbled sub-heading in the jotter of a dyslexic young train spotter than a ruthlessly amorous suitor of cerebral muscularity. More importantly perhaps, it doesn't take a genius to identify 'inwardly beautiful' as an oxymoron. And of course, most crucially of all, wielding a pen more deftly than a tennis racket doesn't entitle you sport a silly-coloured blazer.

As the queue finally squelched into motion, I concluded that obscurity wasn't an entirely bad thing. Social status entails social responsibility: inhibited dancing and absolutely no dribbling. It would, I suppose, be like writing a column in a newspaper and signing your name at the bottom.

Ed  
Maltby

# We can't keep the cap

Higher education funding is unsustainable

The government's 2009 review on HE funding is fast approaching, and with it, the lifting of the £3,000 cap on fees. 2009 will be another turning point in the battle over fees, much as 1997 was. So it would be nice to think that the student movement had figured out a joined-up argument on fees. But then, it would be asking rather too much of the puffed-up, blinkered careerists who dominate student unions today to expect them to develop a meaningful strategy for defending Higher Education.

Feeling that a call for free education, a

**“There is only one thing more tyrannical than a government, and that is the anarchy of a free market”**

return to what we enjoyed until 1997, would be “too radical” and “unrealistic”, the coterie of Blairites who control the NUS are calling for the government to “Keep the Cap”. According to the campaign website Coalition2010.org, they intend to win this crucial battle by engaging in what they call “effective lobbying”. In order to understand quite why this term is as oxymoronic as it is, we also have to look at the reasons why “Keep the Cap” is fundamentally unworkable as a political demand.

Firstly, £3,000 pounds a year per student is not enough to fund universities. Vice Chancellors suggest that £6,000 fees would be the minimum amount required to pay salaries alone. Judging from what overseas students are charged and what the new private degree courses offered by BPP Holdings cost, current fees would have to more than triple to pick up the tab.

Secondly, the government has made it clear that they don't want to provide more money

to HE. They're dedicated to cutting tax on the rich and continuing to bankroll an incredibly costly series of wars, but without massive political pressure, they won't be prepared to fund universities properly. Conversely, the government is committed to massively increasing the numbers of people in HE to 50% of school-leavers. This is not in itself a bad target, but without adequate funding for HE, it becomes meaningless. 50% of the population going into “university” will hardly be a laudable achievement if it means gutting British university education. Either the government has to start funding HE properly, or the cap has to come off. The status quo just isn't stable.

In response to the financial pressure these two contradictory policies are creating, the government has instructed VCs time and again to become “more commercial”. A flurry of recent articles in the Times Higher have illustrated the general shift in HE towards a competitive model for universities as they struggle to make ends meet. In this climate of frantic competition and marketisation, a lifting of the cap is seen by VCs as the natural extension of the logic of fees. High-end universities like Oxbridge and the Russell Group think that they could convince richer students to foot massive fees in return for a more respected degree. At the other end of the spectrum, some newer universities are looking to cash in and attract more students by offering cut-price degrees (still probably around £6-9,000 per year, but considerably cheaper than what one might expect to have to pay for, say, a course at Warwick). Either way, if the cap isn't removed and the funding pressure remains, universities will economise in other ways – through rent hikes, for example, or cutting funding to libraries, cutting wages and contact time, and foisting more teaching on postgrads.

But even if the cap is lifted such corner-cutting exercises will probably become par for the course as universities become more and more subjected to the discipline of the market. In his somewhat baffling outburst on these pages last week, Hugo Gye suggested that Cambridge

would benefit from going completely private and refusing all government money because it would gain its “independence”. Aside from the fact that we managed OK on government funding until 1997 without Whitehall ever commanding us to stop teaching astronomy or erase all mention of Cromwell from the history books, Gye overlooks the fact that there is only one thing more tyrannical than a government, and that is the anarchy of the free market.

Marketisation forces universities to make cuts simply in order to stay afloat: resources will be pumped into a few big-bucks courses, minority subjects will be cut. Witness the closure of 70 science departments in England in seven years since the introduction of fees; the decision taken last year by Anglia Ruskin to axe 90 teaching jobs in the name of cost efficiency, and the recurrent attacks on minority subjects in Cambridge. “Specialisation” in different subjects actually means making teachers' and researchers' jobs more precarious and target-driven, as more teachers compete for fewer places and come under greater pressure to prove themselves to be cost effective. Class sizes will have to increase even faster. When you go private, the injunction to turn a fast buck and get bums on seats necessarily overrides all other considerations. And in such a climate, why bother admitting poorer students? For all Cambridge's professed commitments to access, a financial imperative is a financial imperative. Only adequate government funding will allow Cambridge to afford to open its doors to a representative sample of the UK population.

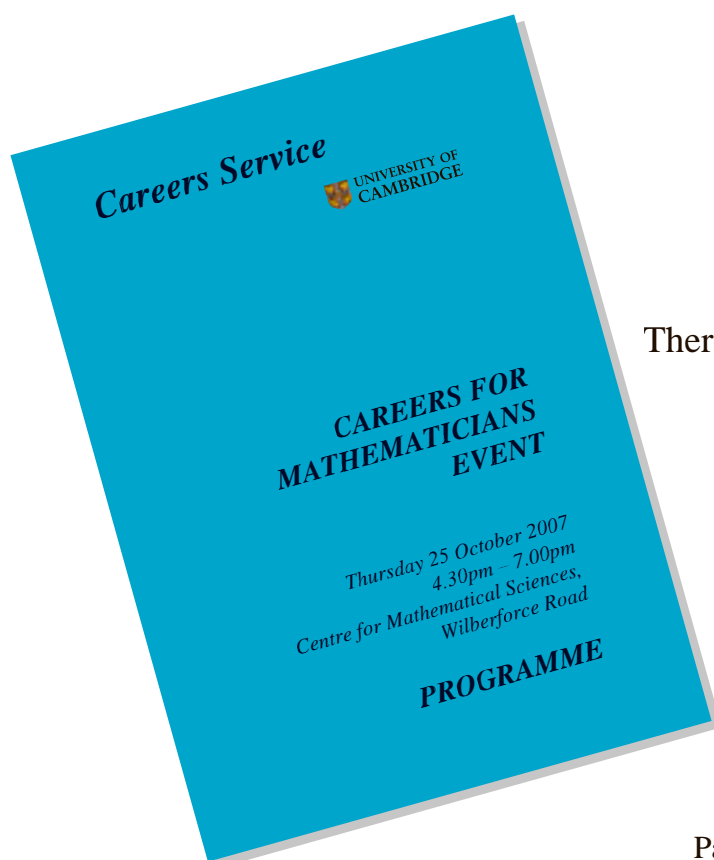
“Keep the Cap” is a useless slogan, because the current funding regime doesn't work. Either the government has to fund universities properly, or VCs have to charge higher fees. Higher fees and the creation of a market in HE would be disastrous for students and teachers. But unless we address the root of the funding problem, we might win the battle in 2009 only to be faced by a series of further attacks. There is only one solution to the HE funding crisis. We must demand free education.



# Careers Service event



UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE



## The Careers for Mathematicians Event 2007

There is a growing interest in numerate professions amongst Cambridge students. Firms with posts which have mathematical or statistical content sufficiently challenging to attract able mathematicians, and where recruitment would normally be mainly from Mathematics or Physics, will be on hand to discuss career opportunities.

Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> October, 16.30 to 19.00  
Centre for Mathematical Sciences  
Wilberforce Road, CB3 0AW

Participating organisations include:

Aon, Bank of England, Barclays Capital, Barnett Waddingham, Brevan Howard Asset Management, Capital One, Data Connection, Deloitte, Ernst & Young, Goldman Sachs, Government Actuary's Department, GCHQ, IBM, KPMG, Mars & Co, Mercer, Norwich Union, Operational Research Society, PricewaterhouseCoopers, Punter Southall, Tesco Stores, Towers Perrin, Watson Wyatt Worldwide.

For more information on these organisations look at Careers for Mathematicians on the Careers Service diary via [www.careers.cam.ac.uk](http://www.careers.cam.ac.uk)



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# VIEW



**GILES COREN**

The biting food critic  
pulls no punches  
p24-25

FEATURES ARTS THEATRE FOOD MUSIC VISUAL ARTS FASHION LIFESTYLE LISTINGS



## Ringling the Changes

Former foreign correspondent and MP **Martin Bell**, has written a damning new indictment of Tony Blair's New Labour government. **Josh Sutton** questioned him about Iraq, sleaze and the future of politics

**M**artin Bell is not one to mince his words. Almost as soon as we have sat down, he makes one thing quite clear. "Iraq is possibly the worst mistake made by any government I have known. For much of the war our army was acting as target practice over there."

Then again, you would expect some tough talking from a man who spent almost fifty years surviving in and reporting from the world's darkest, and most dangerous locations.

Bell's career as a BBC war correspondent saw him filing reports from just about everywhere you wouldn't want

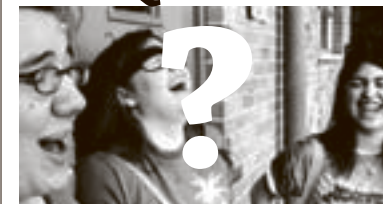
to go on your gap year, including Afghanistan, Ghana, Iraq and Northern Ireland. Then in 1997 he became the Independent MP for Tatton, Dorset and witnessed happenings in the world of politics that "wouldn't have been out of place in Congo and Afghanistan."

I caught up with the jour-

nalist, sometime anti-sleaze Independent MP (the previous incumbent of his Tatton seat was Neil Hamilton) and UNICEF ambassador as he was promoting his new book *Labour: The Truth That Sticks*. The book is a devastating

**Continues on next page**

### One Question



What is the secret of laughter?

**SAM SWORD**  
Footlights Guru

At 6am every morning in Mumbai India, a mixed group of locals and knowledgeable tourists gather to laugh together before beginning the day. Apparently this "laughter yoga" benefits the body in the same way as genuine laughter; it increases the oxygen supply to the blood and releases those wonderful little things they like to call endorphins; the same endorphins that make us feel happy and relaxed in the moments before death when drowning. Mumbai is a long way to travel, but I think laughter yoga is perhaps the most attractive method of recreating that wonderful euphoria of laughter. Have the Indians found the secret? Well no, they are just faking it. But is there a secret and can we find it? Certainly there seem to be a whole horde of different things which make us laugh – a dog with three legs and two tails, a magic trick and GARY. We laugh at misfortune, we laugh at those marvellous things we appreciate and we laugh at those jovial shared experiences, the exclusive.

But it is one of the most baffling mysteries. You can categorise laughs as much as you want, you will be missing out and no doubt cutting every laugh short when you inform the 'laugher' – "hey that's irony isn't it, you're making that 'ha ha' noise and snorting a little because she was being ironic", but there's always something new to laugh at – the Aussies being knocked out of the World Cup for instance, not to mention the French...

Laughter comes from the head, the heart, the soul, the belly, it makes us touch our knees, our toes and other peoples' elbows – it is a contagious disease and a social phenomenon. Laughter connects you with people - its hard to have a sense of hierarchy with someone when you are laughing with them, it's a force for democracy. It is at once primitive and sophisticated. Can we really scientifically analyse it? Can this mysterious art be mysterious no longer? Should it be taught, learnt and applied? No, no, no. The secret of laughter is as old as man. Long may it perplex us.



**Ringing the changes... Continued from p17**

attack on Blair's Labour government and his breach of public trust by someone who not only had a ringside seat in Parliament but was also a journalist covering the massive conflicts that defined the Blair era.

"Although New Labour pledged to clean up politics when they first arrived in office they lost the confidence of the people. Cash for Peerages, the Blunkett scandals, the politicization of the Foreign Office all contributed," Bell told me.

The reference to the Foreign Office, however, is a reference to his main bone of contention with the government, Iraq. He echoes the view of many policy makers and commentators by saying that aside from the dreadful loss of life and the humanitarian crisis, one of the worst affects of the war is that it makes it much more difficult for Britain to get involved in future necessary conflicts, particularly in the third world.

"We have spoiled our role as an arbiter in other conflicts. By invading Iraq outside of the Charter of the United Nations we have made a rod for our own backs. It is now much harder to call for the charter to be honoured in other countries like Sudan and Burma when the government in Khartoum can say all you're interested in is oil. And what was one of the first priorities after the invasion in 2003? Safeguarding the oil fields."

He is particularly contemptuous of those who send others to fight "having not had a day's experience of soldiering between them." He believes they are unable to understand what war is really like. "No Labour minister who voted for the war has ever worn the Queen's Uniform. They think war is a policy option."

During our interview the number of references to and the passionate way he talked about our soldiers made it clear that he genuinely believes we must do more for them. He wants an equivalent of the American GI Bill which gave American soldiers certain rights after the Second World War. "The gap between civil society and the military has grown so wide that it has to be narrowed", and he doesn't just mean more parades when the troops come home. Rather he wants proper respect for the armed forces. "We need to get people to understand just what our soldiers do over there for us." Bell can speak with some authority on the matter. He clearly understands the army, having not only been a war corre-

spondent for over thirty years but also after having gone through two years' national service after graduating from King's in the early 1960s.

If Iraq is one of Bell's major annoyances, his contempt for politicians is just as severe. He was shocked by much of what he witnessed in his four years as an independent MP and thinks that the party system is actually bad for politics as it stifles debate and means that individual MPs can rarely say what they actually believe.

He believes that the Whips' power has to be reduced as they strangle the conscience of MPs who might otherwise vote completely differently. And he explained how shocked he was at how politicians operated and the total contempt many had for "principles" which they were entirely happy to sacrifice for the benefit of their career.

Such complaints, however, are nothing new and the usual basis on which critics of the political system base their attacks on politics and politicians. Surely, I put it to him, working in politics is all about being a bit evasive and most MPs are willing to do that. It's all part of the system I add. After all, how many politicians really answer the question?

"But that's part of the problem. Politics is much better practiced if the politicians try to be honest. I'll give you an example. I promised to serve the people of Tatton for one term and despite pressure to stand again I didn't because I had promised them. Promises matter."

You can't really argue with that, and Bell clearly believes what he says.

With the greatest respect to the people of Tatton, whether their MP from



1997-2001 stood again or not in 2001 it probably wouldn't have had that much effect on British politics. It does, however, prove that it is possible to lead a life in politics and stand by your word, something many voters are sceptical about.

"That doesn't mean to say that people aren't interested in politics," he adds. "People and especially young people that I have listened to are very interested. They just feel that none of the major political parties reflects their views."

He believes the professionalisation of politics has only made things worse. "Young people go straight into politics without having a real job first so they have no real knowledge of the world. They become MPs and then do all they can for their own careers. They do what they are told."

The point is, he explains, that they don't question what they are asked to do and will do almost anything to advance their careers. That doesn't make for good politics. He claims the departure of characters like Betty Boothroyd from the house further undermines any sense of attraction that the public may have had to politics.

Bell clearly knows what he is talking about and has used the extensive mass of diplomatic, military and journalistic contacts he has built up over his career to help him shape the book. Although the publisher's blurb is typically bombastic, describing it as a book "that pulls no punches," it is fair to say that only a man with Bell's experience could have written so authoritative a work.

But it is not all as woeful as it might seem. Although the book makes pretty bad reading for Labour government ministers, he was keen to emphasise that not everything New Labour have done was really bad. The government's success in Northern Ireland, for instance, was "incredible." I got the impression though that that wasn't really enough to unblot the copy book.

"What we need to do is restore people's confidence in politics." Now there's a mission and a half.

*New Labour: The Truth That Sticks is published by Icon Books.*



**Bell has harsh words for many of Tony Blair's policies**

## Statistic of the week

### The Buttery Baby Labour Solution



Everybody loves babies. But if there's one thing everybody loves more than babies, it's cash. And shagging. And yet there's an opportunity to blissfully weave all three together, squatting under our very noses.

Assuming a typical Cambridge freshers' week ratio, approximately one in every three hundred people will have sex. Given 6000 new undergraduates, this means that 20 people will have sex. These people tend to be girls because they're much more inclined to take pity on boys (if less good at science and thinking).

So it's fair to assume that about 20 girls will indulge during their inaugural days. But thanks to disastrous CUSU pressure, relatively few of them will get up the duff. If we were to rectify this, within a year we could create a whole new class of human; the Buttery Baby. These lost children, born of VK Blue and a desperate, not to say suicidal, desire to make friends, will find themselves

alone, their humiliated parents lost in the mire of Part II, loan crises and low-level Nurofen addiction.

What to do with these children? The late Mrs. Dangerhands, a militant Muslim, believed that she only wanted boys, so sent our twin daughters to be used as experimental "Chicken" Zingers by KFC, but not everyone feels so strongly about childrearing.

The more obvious solution would be to raise, nurture and eventually enslave these children in College butteries. Not only would this be free, but you would have bred a race almost telepathically au fait with the menu rotations. If we had 21 a year, we would instantly save £500,000, enough for the biggest lubricant ice-rink ever, not to mention some elephants, a free cigar emporium and some autographed daguerrotypes of Bob Monkhouse and Torville & Dean to put on the walls.

You heard it here first.

**Adrian Dangerhands**

## Profile of the Week

### You've put it online, we've taken it off

**Ali Unwin**

2nd Year Historian,

Trinity College

"I like girls that are impressed by age."  
G.T. St. Amant

"I'm terribly sorry, mate. Absolutely lovely to meet you, but I must go off and pull that girl there. She looks fairly wasted. Back in a sec."  
Richie T

**Friend count:**  
700

**Religious Views:**  
French Knickers

**In an open relationship with:**  
Le Lash

**Sexy photo:**

**Interests:**

The lash. F 2 M. The lunge. Cloob. Turtles. Cobblers. Beef steak. Trin Politics Society.

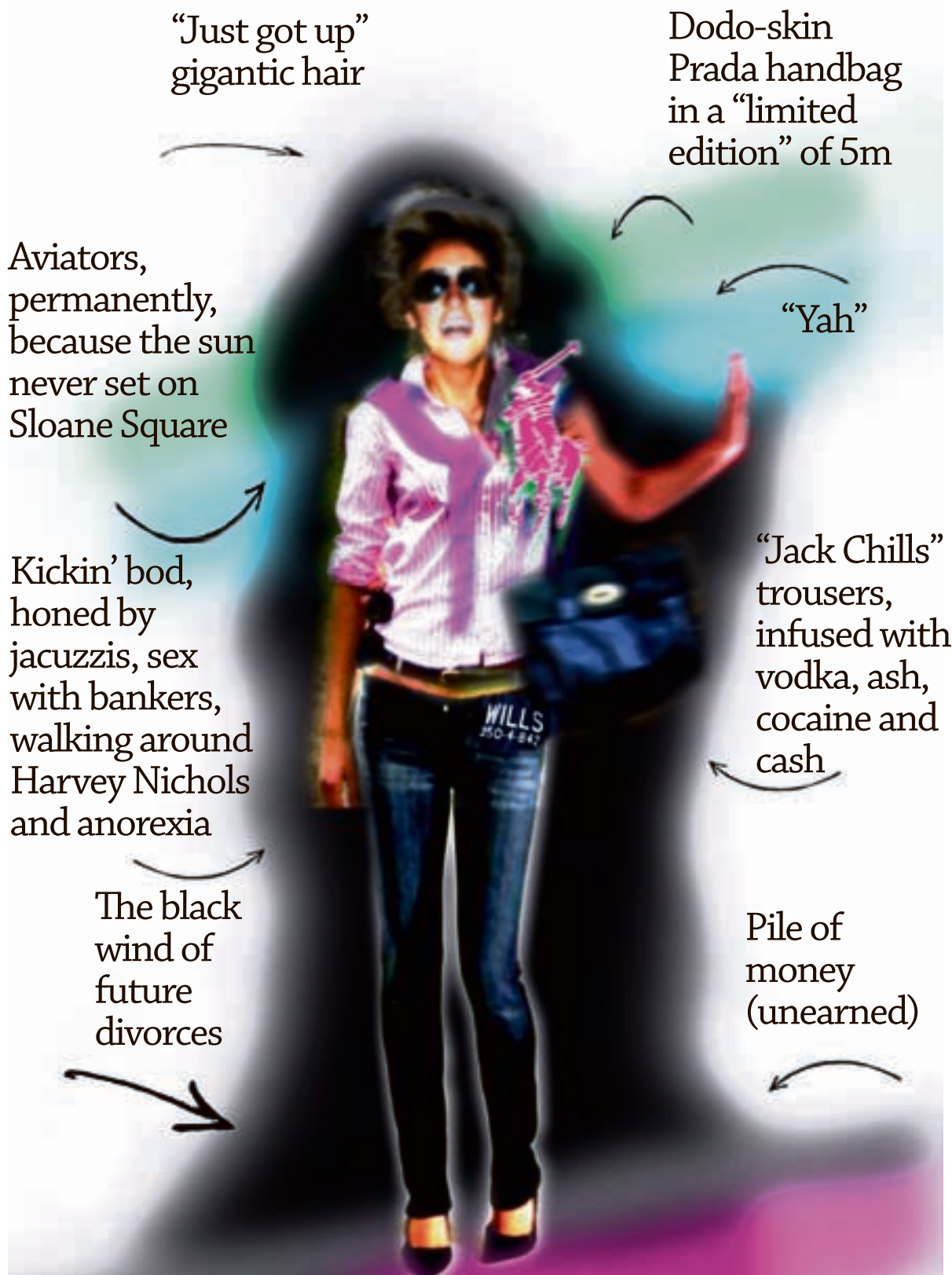
**Favourite Quotes:**

"I DO wash! You think I wash, don't you?"  
Felicity Brown





## This is You TurboSloane



"Just got up"  
gigantic hair

Dodo-skin  
Prada handbag  
in a "limited  
edition" of 5m

Aviators,  
permanently,  
because the sun  
never set on  
Sloane Square

"Yah"

Kickin' bod,  
honed by  
jacuzzis, sex  
with bankers,  
walking around  
Harvey Nichols  
and anorexia

"Jack Chills"  
trousers,  
infused with  
vodka, ash,  
cocaine and  
cash

The black  
wind of  
future  
divorces

Pile of  
money  
(unearned)

## Going Up Going Down

### Cambridge Distances

Ah, the Sidgwick Site is nearby. I shall pop there to return this book and in so doing avoid a fine. Reality: the Sidgwick is literally 20 minutes away. It is inconceivable that I return this book.

### Patriotism

Agincourt, we happy few, pride of lions, Johnny Wilkinson, Three Lions, jumpers for goalposts, Benny Hill, Tikka Masala, fighting in nightclubs, Mr Kipling. England. Our England. Rugby. Sniff.

### Pork Pies

Previously much-maligned as a comedy heart-attack prompter for fat men, the pork pie is apparently back.



Pie: Mmm

### 2-4-1 at the Cow

No amount of cheap pizza is worth the most stressful eating experience of your life. Even the chefs are buckling under the strain, one of them reportedly slicing his finger off in the frenzy.

### Maddy Banter

Somebody had to test the water, and Rory Bremner rather nobly stepped up to the plate. Shame it was a bit too soon.



Bremner: Not funny. Yet.

### "Fashionable" grey

Girls, do get a grip. It's not even a colour. It's an absence of colour. There must be ways to look trendy without turning yourselves into a parade of ex-Soviet prostitutes.

## UndergraduaTelly

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

It's very frustrating that recent events keep forcing me to deviate from my real interests – fried chicken, soap operas and pornography (Chicken Cottage is something of a godsend), but this week it is impossible to ignore the minefield of jaw-slackening metaphor, sub-banshee phrasing and low-rent fetishism that has been laid in our televisual path.

I'm referring, of course, to the surreal, unrewarding world of sports commentary, which has been thrust into the news this week by England's apparent 'success' at rugby. Now far be it from me to denounce all the practitioners of what must, once, have been rather a noble art, but the paralysing inarticulacy of these men (aside from Gabby 'Lezza' Logan, who is actually a man anyway) who are employed, (one might argue) to articulate does take a particularly large biscuit.

Whilst it's rubbish on the radio, it indisputably reaches its curious apogee on the television, where a frankly startling number of grown men are employed in the in relaying the visual, *through* the visual. It is simply amazing how many millions of men can watch somebody (say Darren "£16m" Bent) hoof the ball over the bar and then sit there, completely straight-faced, whilst John Motson exclaims "Oh no, he's kicked it over the bar!"

That said, aside from being the only public figure since Esau to get away with wearing a sheepskin (and you could argue that even *he* didn't quite pull it off), and having a voice like a demented Geography teacher with no tonsils on acid, he's one of the best of a dramatically poor bunch. And that should make everyone a bit worried -It's unlikely that anyone fortunate enough to watch it will ever forget Lee Dixon's immortal insight about Xavi Alonso earlier this season: "When he has the ball at his feet, time literally stands still." No doubt the plucky Spaniard has a natty first touch, but you can't help but suspect that Dixon's been watching a bit too much Heroes.

Or how about Jonathan Pearce, who *literally* cannot say a word to men raised in the nineties without sounding like he's about to yell "And it's Sir

Killalot!" (If you don't get that reference, your life is immeasurably richer than mine).

It's hard to think of any other profession in which you qualify by being good at something completely irrelevant to the task at hand. Just imagine the intellectual rigour of the interviews: "So, Mr Shearer, why would you make a good commentator?"

"Eughgefhefhegheighgheigh" Translation: "I'm good at kicking balls."

"Welcome aboard."

I mean I don't want to be snobbish about this, but I am, so that's how it sounds. But can you imagine if it was the same for novelists?

"What qualifies you to write novels?"

"I ate a book once"



Motson: ShriII

"Welcome aboard"

Actually thinking about it it's entirely likely that Wayne Rooney will eventually pass both of these exchanges with flying colours.

The glaze cherry, however, on an already impressive cake of incompetence, must be the earth-moving, geriatric ineptitude of self-styled former 'hard-man' Chris Kamara, the unparalleled master of the intensely, not to mention surprisingly, post-modern world of televised updates, in which the premise is that you watch a bloke watching some other blokes watching football on the TV. Kamara usually wears headphones, because if he heard the truth, that he is a permapermed, weirdly sexualised muppet, who invites nothing but the desire to throw a Scotch egg at his face. It wouldn't be the same without him. Life.

Bass Naylor



Shearer: Articulate



# Addis Ababanglia

After a year in the Ethiopian capital of Addis Ababa, **Asad Kiyani** found Cambridge a bit of a culture shock. But after a few simple comparisons he started to notice just how similar the two towns actually are...

**T**wo weeks into life at Cambridge, and the best way to describe it – at least socially – is a fiasco. The academics aren't quite such an unequivocal shit-show, but there's surely time yet, given the way that one guy can't stop giggling in Foundations of International Law, the brewing China-Taiwan/Greek-Turkish student disputes in Law of Armed Conflict, and the ridiculously loud

typists who hammer away at their laptops throughout lectures, in the library, and – given the excitement level of this particular undergrad sitting across from me at this particular moment – no doubt during random acts of oral sex as well.

In any event, the social aspect of living in Cambridge is something that nothing can prepare you for. During Freshers Week, some friends and I

went down to Club 22 to see 1Xtra's DJ Blakey. I'm addicted to hip-hop, and that night promised this junkie a fix. In spite of our best hopes and efforts, nothing good came from it. Nothing, that is, except for the one realization I had on the bike ride home – this place is exactly the same as Addis Ababa. Cambridge, one of the wealthiest places in the world, is just a smaller,

whiter version of one of Africa's largest and poorest cities. If you study the globally recognized key indicators of quality of life listed below, the two are plainly brothers from another mother. It's been a hell of an adjustment so far, but the more I look at this table, the clearer it becomes how evenly matched the two cities are, and the easier the transition becomes.

## 1 Mobile Top Up

One of the great things about Addis is that nothing ever closes, and this is one

of the few clear advantages it has over Cambridge. Businesses are always open, even when they're closed, because they're either being robbed or the shop-owner is sleeping in the back. In Cambridge, however, everything closes way too early, which usually isn't a problem, but what happens when you run out of credit? You can't just pop down to the newsagents and get a top up, because there are none. You have to wait until Sainsbury's opens the next bloody day. In Addis, however, you can top up anytime, anyplace. Instead of rushing to the store before it closes, you can just give a missed call to some guy you've never met. He'll call you back and give you a top-up code, and then the next day will show up magically with his hand out for payment.

Or, if you don't know this guy's number, you can walk out of your house in your boxers and flip-flops at 4 am, find a random small boy on the street, hand him a 100 birr note (six pounds, give or take), tell him to get you a mobile card, and he'll go wake up the guy who runs the stationery/cooking oil shop down the street, yell that a white person (no matter how black how you are, if you're not African, you're white) wants a card and be back at your door in ten minutes. All he wants in return is a handshake, a plastic football that costs fifty-pence, and for you to holler at him



These two are a couple of fine candidates to get your mobile topped up, as long as (a) they're not laughing at your car fire, and (b) your network isn't run by Carphone Warehouse

when he's with all his friends the next day so they think he's the next Emperor.

### Advantage:

Addis

*You might think having to find a small boy is difficult, but they are everywhere in Ethiopia. It rains toddlers. Just don't tell M.J.*

## 2 Bicycles

One of the great traditions of Cambridge, and indeed one of the few understand-

able ones, is the hordes of students traversing the town on their bicycles. Baskets are filled with books, grocery bags hang off the handlebars, and if you're lucky, you'll sometimes see two people sharing one bike. Every now and again, there's a close call with a car – usually because the cyclist is dodging a pedestrian – or there's a minor spill, at which point the rider usually gets up, dusts his or herself off and says, "Sorry, my fault – I'm drunk", and life goes on.

In Addis, riding bikes would be suicidal, given the rampaging traffic in the city, so the main form of transport is donkey. They're much harder to knock over, and much harder to fall off, and when you attach a cart to them, it's like you're riding

one of those big three-wheel bikes with the built-in basket between the two rear wheels. Just like students do with bikes here, you can take your donkey and stack up all your groceries/supplies for the grocery shop/every crop you've 'reaped' on your farm with no worries. The disadvantages to having a donkey? They're not the fastest little devils in the world, and you occasionally have to feed them. Bonuses? They come with a built-in horn (no dinky have-the-butler-bring-us-the-tea-in-the-parlour bell), and if someone tries to steal your donkey, it's perfectly acceptable to bypass the Porter's Lodge and just shoot the thief instead (see Dress Code in "Clubs").

### Advantage:

Cambridge

*As fun as donkeys are, they're just impractical for maintaining any degree of acceptable punctuality*



Even tribal Ethiopians know how to party. You should have heard this guy sing "Killing Me Softly".





An almost directly comparable experience. *Left* Feeding the hyenas in Addis Ababa, *Right* Freshers' no-hands dessert at John's

ASAD KIYANI

LOUISE HAINSWORTH

## Animals

**3** Addis Ababa has dogs, donkeys, goats and sheep everywhere. The dogs are fine and rarely attack people, and as long as you don't mind your canines having eleven nipples dragging across the ground, they don't particularly stand out, especially since they spend most of the day just

hanging out. Similarly, the donkeys are the equivalent of bicycles here. After a certain point, you don't even notice them anymore. The goats and sheep are different, in part because they roam the streets in massive, spastic herds, like a BNP Youth Committee that made a wrong turn in Bradford, and in part because they are absolutely indistinguishable from one another. So much so that I'm now going to refer to them in the same plural form. Goats and sheeps are everywhere in

Addis – getting spray-painted over there, sold in a market here, thrown into the six-lane street down there and slaughtered for dinner in a back alley near you – but you can't tell which is which until you eat the damn things.

As for Cambridge, I remember driving to my college and wondering how in the hell there were so many cows in the middle of a crowded city. Forget about the ones on Midsummer Common or the Fens – I swear I saw a group throwing a Frisbee on

Parker's Piece. What the hell? I was cycling to the college boathouse one day and nearly got flattened by a yak crossing the path. Putting aside the donkey question for now, and acknowledging that the dogs are really a non-issue, we've only got goats and sheeps left for comparisons. In terms of kilogram of animal per capita, the ratio of goats and sheeps in Addis to cows in Cambridge is nearly one to one. I haven't yet run into a cow on King's Parade, but once the tourist season calms down and a

bit of space opens up on the roads, I'll be fighting a Holstein for the last spot on the bike stand.

**Advantage: Draw**  
*Based on sheer variety, Addis is ahead, but based on lack of impediment to daily existence, Cambridge pulls even.*

## Walking & Driving

**4** From a driver's point of view, both Addis and Cambridge have pristine, well-paved ring-roads, with easily navigated roundabouts that direct you in or out of the city. While the roads in the centre of Addis are generally horrible, driving or riding on half the roads inside Cambridge is just as treacherous. At least there's asphalt in Africa. Here, the city roads and lanes are just paving bricks with broken marbles glued on top. For pedestrians, there's no doubt that the sidewalks are equally horrid in both cities. Here they are just too narrow, overrun with tourists, or exploding due to massive trees. In Addis, they're solid concrete mountains that require a lift just to get up on. In both cases,

they're invariably uneven and/or cracked, which means that whenever it rains, water pools and forms lakes that ensure you're soaked within ten steps of your door. And, of course, if you fail to look before you dodge a puddle or a tourist, you're guaranteed to get hit by a cyclist or goat-sheep.

**Advantage: Draw**  
*Driving is fundamentally pointless in both, although Addis almost won simply for it's lack of "rising bollards"/naming road equipment after a rejected magical species from The Hobbit.*

## Clubs

**5** If Addis has a clear advantage over Cambridge, it's definitely the nightlife. Clubs in both cities have a dress code – no Burberry in Cambridge, no guns in Addis – but that's where the similarities really end. Putting aside the smoking ban's unintended effect of allowing people in clubs here to actually smell the vomit and body odour trapped in the shag carpeting (why, Club 22, why do you have carpets inside your club?), there's no doubt that the vast majority of western music played in clubs in both Addis and Cambridge is complete tripe. The disadvantage of Cambridge is that *only* western music is played here. At least in Africa they also play African music, which people can actually dance to. Also, in Addis, people at clubs actually do dance and, in another breaking news story, actually can dance well. Some people say the sheer numbers of prostitutes in Addis clubs

make them a bit unsavoury, but as long as you can ignore the lecherous, drunken UN and NGO aid workers pawing all over them, the bar girls make it a lot more fun. They're drinking and dancing and making sure everyone has a good time, and in that respect at least they put Addis clubs miles ahead of Cambridge.

Now, before someone gets all hot and bothered and tells me that people dance in Cambridge as well, let's just clarify that dancing does not include miming your way out of an imaginary glass room while wearing a red tracksuit (Club 22), pretending to be a kitten fighting with ball of yarn (Revolution), or acting out your Carlton-from-the-Fresh-Prince-of-Bel-Air fantasies (Wolfson College Club Room). Otherwise, yeah, you dance in Cambridge. High five, Borat.

**Advantage: Addis**  
*Don't even start.*



They don't let you do this in Cindies

ASAD KIYANI

## Girls

**6** Now this could be a million words all by itself, but let's just take it one step at a time. First, girls here and in Addis can both rock the high heel very well, but in Addis you have to walk through dirt, rock, potholes, herds of animals and climb a hill just to get to the road, so that's a little more impressive. Second, neither group of girls is particularly "easy", in the strictly Essex

meaning of the term. There are, as was noted above, a large number of prostitutes in the clubs, but as we've seen in past weeks, that's nothing new to Cambridge students either. And I can't forget the time during Freshers Week that we were introduced to the informal sex trade when one young lady tried to get a friend of mine to sneak her into a club to avoid paying the five-pound cover. She didn't bat an eyelid when he responded in jest, "I want to rag you," and that apparently remained an option until shortly thereafter, when we left the club in sheer

disgust at the totality of the experience.

Having said that, if I had to pick being a girl in one city or the other, I'd have to say that it's probably a bit better to be a girl in Cambridge. Take, for example, the girl who tried to sneak into the Freshers Week party. If she had been a prostitute in Addis, she wouldn't have had that problem, because there's no cover for bar girls. They only have to pay if they want to *leave* the club. Fortunately, that cost is usually included in the price charged to the John they (hopefully?) pick up. Great. Of

course, if you were one of the many self-respecting Cambridge girls transplanted to Addis, you wouldn't be immune either. Over 30,000 women are raped there every year. As far as schoolgirls are concerned, 78% are repeatedly threatened with rape. A quarter are raped more than once. Awesome. Now this story's about as depressing as the weather in Cambridge. High five, Borat.

**Advantage: Cambridge**

*Er, yes...I think that Cambridge just about pulls ahead, although it would be a lot easier to say this if, oh, I don't know, there was a fully-funded Rape Crisis Centre somewhere? Anyway, good game everyone. Well played.*



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# Rudie Foodie

The acerbic restaurant critic, novelist and television star **Giles Coren** has little time for a lot of things. He spoke to **Alex Englander** about Birdseye, Gordon Ramsay, haute cuisine, Oxbridge and why you should never be a journalist

I had expected Giles Coren, restaurant critic for the Saturday Times, to begin speaking about food. I was wrong:

"You're Cambridge, aren't you?" Yup. "Well, all I know is that it's shit, isn't it? You see, I went to Oxford." Oh. "Actually, I hate Oxford and now they hate me. Their student magazine said they hated me because of some article I wrote about that comprehensive school girl, Laura Spence, whose case was taken up by Gordon Brown when she didn't get in. So when you called me to say you wanted to interview me I thought, 'really?', but then I realised that you're from Cambridge." So you took Brown's case against Oxford and not the other way round? "Sure. I mean it was such complete shit; they actually printed a dartboard with Laura Spence's face. How fucking ridiculous is that? To think of all those fucking public schoolboys prancing around throwing darts at Laura Spence's face with their scarves and their shitty ties." I hastily assured him that we certainly don't have any public schoolboys here, and moved on.

I'd read that Coren had written features before moving to restaurant reviewing, and asked him if he had any advice. "It's totally shit – don't do it. I got to interview all these people, interesting people like Tony Blair, Umberto Eco, Brian Clough. But when you sat down to write, it was impossible to say anything remotely interesting, so I just threw in two or three quotations from them and filled the rest with my own stuff." And I should do the same? "Absolutely."

Moving on to the subject of food was terrible; he crushed my entire theory of culinary capitalism. As for London containing the highest number of great places to eat in the world: "Utter self-serving bullshit... some pathetic survey done by Restaurant Magazine where they

expenses of eating abroad like I can, and had never really eaten outside of London. The people who do these things are an ugly, underpaid, shabby, species."

Though he agreed that London has great places to eat, he sees them pretty much as variations on similar themes. "You've got about three people doing interest-

admit that only a small percentage of the population will ever taste these things. "No, everyone on the minimum wage can eat at any of these restaurants. There's a 28 quid lunch at Gordon Ramsay. You can get a meal at Canteen for £7, or St. John. If you want to, you can go there."

These last two he gave as

on the fad of pan-Asian fusiony grub: "When I write about the proliferation of places that are aping Nobu and serving stuff like black cod and miso, I'm obviously writing for my audience. The people who read the Style sections are people who can afford to go to these places and so follow these kind

a fucking craft", he says with surprising passion. "It's heating up ingredients. Anyone can do that. Catering school is the resort of the kid who's failed his GCSEs 14 times, isn't it?" He hastily gives a few exceptions such as Rowley Leigh, but goes on to explain how few chefs have any personality;

"There are basically two kinds of cookery shows at the moment, those with and those without Gordon Ramsay. They've tried to find another chef who's interesting – there isn't one."

"I've done a series with Gordon Ramsay because he's interesting. There are basically two kinds of cookery shows at the moment, those with and those without Gordon. They've tried to find another chef who's interesting – there isn't one."

Coren was recently criticized in the Independent for advertising Birds Eye on telly. Not only on the grounds that it's selling out, but also because of his previous insistence that we should stop eating cod to preserve stocks. Controversy indeed. His responses come in two distinct varieties. One along the lines of "I was saying that frozen food's good because it retains nutrients", that Birdseye is the only company to be investing in using pollock as an alternative, and that "I've always said in my column that I eat a lot of fish fingers." The other explains that "Critics like Janet Street Porter are mostly jealous", and that "they said they'd pay me £250,000 for 10 days' work – fuck, I'll do it. I think that they should stop fishing cod, that we shouldn't eat cod, that it's terrible that we do, but nobody would pay me to say that."

Finally, I ask him about the issue closest to my own heart: does he indulge in the grease-girded joy of junk food? After all, I remind him, Marco Pierre White says that you can't beat a sausage McMuffin at 6am. "Well, I'd have a kebab. Though I wouldn't have shit from MacDonald's." KFC? "Hmm", he ponders, "Yes, the crispy coating is delicious – and if they did a free range or organic one I'd probably eat it."



"You're Cambridge, aren't you?"  
Yup.

"Well all I know is that it's shit, isn't it? You see, I went to Oxford"

found that something like 14 of the world's best restaurants are in London. The whole thing was a total farce and I refused to do it. They asked 300 people, 80% of whom were British, nearly all of whom could not afford the

ing things in food at the moment." He mentioned El Bulli (in Barcelona) and the Fat Duck (in Berkshire). "I mean, you've only got three great novelists writing at the moment, three decent people in pop music, three people in pretty much in everything."

As for my image of toffs everywhere gorging on delicacies unavailable to the average punter, turns out I'm wrong. I tell him I'd never heard of half the über-exotic ingredients that I read about. "Well you wouldn't have yet, you're a little person aren't you (impressive knowledge!). These aren't the ingredients that are available to a 20 year-old sitting in student digs in the Fens." But you've got to

examples of British food being trendy: "Fancy French stuff is on the decline." My worries about Monsieur Robuchon are put to rest, but why all the snobbery about Gary Rhodes from his colleague, A.A Gill, (on whom: "I mean just, just... I've got a hangover – fuck – I'm sorry – look at him; he spends more time tying that knot in his tie than I spend writing my column")? What's wrong with reinventing the bread and butter pudding? "He hasn't reinvented anything. He's a fucking sugar salesman."

His spiel, however, about haute cuisine being there for prince and pauper alike, seems contradicted by his thoughts

of trends. Moreover, they're women who can afford it. Men don't read all this shit, they read the sports pages. It's just for women and particularly effeminate men who like to keep up on these things." I read the sports pages as well though, I promise! "I'm sure you do."

If only a certain demographic bothers with the flashy restaurant scene then I guess it's nobody's fault. And does it matter? Coren hardly waxes lyrical about the unique pleasures of fine dining: "I can make at home pretty much anything that I can eat in a restaurant. I only eat in restaurants because I've got more money than sense." So cooking is a craft, not an art? "Absolutely it's





# FIX UP LOOK SHARP



Clockwise from top left: Jacket, £40, Republic; Shirt, £60, Gant; Jeans, £40, Cult; Boots, £90, Schuh; Hat, Model's Own; Shirt, Ede & Ravenscroft; Gloves, Anthony; Choob Hood, £10, The Discount Mountain Store; Jacket, £90, Next; Jeans and Boots as before.

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*Johnny & Luciana*

Nobody likes a nine o'clock lecture. Even fewer people like having to look at a frizzy-haired, be-tracksuited Cypriot in a dodgy Greece hoodie. Miss Luciana first laid eyes on Vaso Parisinou (Paris to her friends) across a crowded lecture hall on a rainy Monday morning and the feeling was instantaneous - nausea.

show off that plate-smashingly gorgeous body and whipped off her bulky sweatshirt and droopy trackie bums (much to the delight of the entire Varsity office) and swapped them for more a slinky ensemble.

We visited Boudoir Femme and picked up this soft camisole and cosy card combo (£89 and £109 respectively). The look is smart and sophisticated (a sparkly charcoal is so much nicer than her old whites-wash-gone-wrong grey), yet practical and playful - snuggle up on the way to lectures and then strip off in the lecture hall and give those sleepy boys something to really get up for (punnilingus intended).

"What about those pert buttocks?" we hear you shriek. Never fear. It's fitted jeans (£65 from Cult) for Vaso here. "But I like my trackies!" we hear you shriek yet again. Planning on lunging and crunching your way around the lecture hall? No? Save 'em for the gym. These jeans elongate Vaso's petite frame and slim her leg through clever use of shading (light on the front, dark on the sides). Cute little booties (£65 from Faith) finish off Vaso's

before



after



"Where did you get such a delightful hoodie?" inquired Luciana. "It's from Greece! Why, is it to your liking?" she beamed back. "No, it's rahVOLTING" came the reply. Time for a makeover. Right, I think we can all agree that Vaso has a beautiful face, but even us hotties need a little bit of help at times. Usually at nine o'clock. Luciana and Vaso both suffer from MSTs - Mediterranean Skin Tone Syndrome. Whilst golden and glowing during the summer months, they become hideously sickly and sal-low in the winter.

Pop a paper (not plastic) bag over her head? No no! We just used a smidgen of concealer in the most offending area (just under the eyes) and a smattering of blusher suddenly gave Vaso's face back the kind of glow you'd expect from a Grecian Goddess. You would not, however, expect a Grecian Goddess to engulf her abundant bosom in this vile, grey monstrosity (even if it does have the Greek flag on it). We decided it was time for Vaso to

new lecture look, giving her a few extra inches whilst remaining comfy and casual.

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# Rock 'n' Roll



**Patti Smith** is a rock 'n' roll icon. This month she is coming to Cambridge as part of a three-stop UK tour. **Orlando Reade** and **Ollie Southall** asked her about Rimbaud, Dylan and why even as a paragon of Punk she still wants to cover Tears for Fears.

**I**t's eight o'clock in the morning in New York and the voice which answers the phone is husky and heavy with sleep. Patti Smith has just woken up and is about to give her first interview of the day.

Smith is about to set out on an impromptu tour round the UK. This tour is special. She will be making only three stops: London, Oxford and

Cambridge. On October 19th she's playing at St. Luke's Church in London to celebrate the seventieth birthday of composer Phillip Glass, and to commemorate the death of mutual friend and poet Allen Ginsberg. "Phillip and I loved him and we often perform his works, so it just fell together. The following day, she's at Shepherd's Bush to celebrate the birthday of French poet

Arthur Rimbaud, someone for whom she has a very strong interest and devotion. The London concerts will be followed by one night each in Oxford and Cambridge.

Smith explains why she chose the three cities. "To get my education. We asked to come here, whether they'd let us in. I'm really excited because I have a deep affection for Cambridge. There's

so much history; so many people that I've studied have attended, taught there or lectured there. I'm really looking forward to going, not just to perform and to meet people, but to take photographs, see everything. I think it'll be the first of many visits. I'm hoping to try to make some connections there. And I'm hoping that people will invite me to come and show me things and

show me the architecture - 'and this is where Lord Byron slept and this is where Wittgenstein lectured' - and things such as that. I find that very interesting."

She has an enduring fascination with British cultural history. In 2003 Patti played at Charleston in Sussex, for many years the home of the Bloomsbury Group. "I loved working there. You get to



# Queen

see the places they lived and worked. The desk where someone wrote is exciting for me." The gallery held an exhibition of her photography, haunting images of the objects of dead writers; a picture of Virginia Woolf's bed or William Burrough's typewriter.

One wonders where she herself likes to write. "I like the train, the movement, it's like your mind, you get a mental stream. You can't just say that looks fantastic, and stop the car at the side of the road. It all passes by so quickly, it's like the mind moving and you have to catch as much of it as you can. But I just like the rhythm, it's like its own drug."

**"If I want to do a pop song I'll do it. If I want to do a twenty minute improvisation that is almost unlistenable I'll do that."**

I took a train from Vienna to Prague instead of the tour bus or a plane. I love old train stations, a cafe in a disused station in Berlin, old hotel rooms, monasteries, old homes: atmospheric places, places where the appointments are very beautiful. I love a good desk. I'm flexible but also specific."

Her latest album, *Twelve*, (released earlier this year), required no writing of her own. She covers songs ranging from Are you Experienced? by Jimi Hendrix to Smells like Teen Spirit by Nirvana. We ask whether she felt comfortable, as a poet, appropriating the words of others. "It's a particularly subtle record, a learning experience, focusing on lyrics and seeing how different artists structure them. I learned a lot during this record because my songs can be very wordy, and I gravitate towards a certain vocal range. The songs challenged me to sing in different ways, to say a lot using very little language."

Criticism of the album focused on her decision to cover Everybody Wants to Rule the World by eighties pop group, Tears for Fears. "It was an exercise in restraint. In one sentence, it encapsulates our whole world right now, gov-

erned by corporations, ignoring the destruction of our environment, the exploitation of young people. These are greedy materialistic times and the whole credit card mentality has very little to do with work ethic, what we need or don't need. So, to me this song resonates in all of the things I think about.

"A lot of journalists and people asked how I could do such a square song, because I'm supposed to stand for punk history. What I tell those people is stop being such a wimp, stop being afraid. Why are you so afraid of your image? In the early stages of punk rock, we had freedom to do what we wanted. If I want to do a pop song I'll do it. If I want to do a twenty minute improvisation that is almost unlistenable I'll do that. I think that once people start worrying about the image, about what's cool and what's not cool they've lost the point. The record is not supposed to be the history of rock n roll. It's not my favourite songs. They're just twelve songs that are philosophically positive or instructive for people to contemplate."

It's not the first time she's done a cover song. Her first independent single was a cover of Hey Joe, which included a poetic prologue, and the opening track of her 1975 debut album *Horses* was an adapted version of Van Morrison's Gloria. This is a characteristic of her work, which has been recently curtailed. "These days there's so much copyrighting, and artists often don't allow you to do it. I've had whole records stopped because artists such as Prince didn't like that I'd inserted whole poems into their tracks. I started out as a poet and an artist. I'm not a musician, so I often relied upon other people's work to develop and learn from."

**"in the sixties rock 'n' roll came out and splattered its blood and beauty onto the people"**

One of her most important influences, however, wasn't a musician either. She first read Rimbaud's 'Illuminations', when she was sixteen. She believes that "if Rimbaud had been alive in the sixties, he would have loved the electric guitar. He was young and ir-



reverent, he wrote lots of dirty jingles, as well as poems of such heightened language as to be almost incomprehensible. He would have been similar to Bob Dylan, perhaps a better poet, but with the same agitated energy."

It is this energy, which she sees in Dylan, which drove Rimbaud to "travel for hundreds of miles on horseback, to hunger for something more, something never before released. With Jim Morrison and Hendrix, rock 'n' roll and poetry merged. It was a grass roots experience, everyone could tap into it. The shamanistic energy it released had been a secret for hundreds of years, but in the sixties it came out and splattered its blood and beauty onto the people. With rock 'n' roll, there was another level of blood in their language."

It was this same energy which William Burroughs recognised in Smith's performances. He saw her perform at legendary New York punk venue CBGBs, and encouraged her to keep going. "I wasn't a very good musician or singer, but I had a tap on this energy and he helped me bring it out." She started writing prose poetry like Burroughs, whose seminal work *The Naked Lunch* revolutionised the genre. It was French thought and American poets such as Walt Whitman and the Beats who inspired the naturalised rhythms of her writing. Dylan was another influence on her poetry. "He is our number one troubadour. He never stops moving." Unlike Dylan's increasingly reclusive stage presence, she likes to "spar with people onstage – to make a connection, to live somewhere if only for a day, travel alone, keep going."

It is her passion for history which inspires her love for Europe. "Growing up in post-war America, I would look at picture books from the thirties and say that I wanted to go to Brest, to see where the sailors lived. But my parents would say that it was all destroyed during the war. It was very sad. America is such a young country. God gave us such a beautiful land, but it's heart-breaking, everywhere has the same suburban aesthetic. I don't drive, but I love the open plains, the battlegrounds. Everywhere has its beauty and the things you want to escape."

And with that, we say goodbye. Four thousand miles from Cambridge, Patti Smith puts down the phone and escapes to her morning cup of coffee.



# WHAT WERE THEY

DO YOU LIVE IN CAMBRIDGE'S MOST REVOLTING BUILDING? OUR TEAM HAVE BEEN PROWLING THE CITY IN SEARCH OF SOME TRULY INDEFENSIBLE ARCHITECTURAL DECISIONS

## THE UNIVERSITY CENTRE

The university centre has nothing. Seriously. Nothing. It has even more nothing than the people of Africa during Live Aid. It has the most complex system of pipes in the world which transport nothing around the building. Okay, it has three actual things: 1. It has a room which is just blue with nothing in it. This is The Core. 2. It has a cat-lion, a dog-wolf and a pigeon-goat. 3. It has a corridor - this is absolutely true - full of cartoons about res-

taurants. Hundreds of them, all framed. Why? Nobody knows. When you go there you will be overwhelmed by a sense of emptiness and melancholy and will choke on your own chunder. Lots of people never leave. The place is an elephant graveyard, full of dead elephants. Never go there.

Tom Evans



## WOLFSON BUILDING, TRINITY

Most Colleges' first-year accommodation has its faults. But none, surely, is as farcically inappropriate as Trinity's Wolfson Building, home to a hundred once-happy freshers who had their Oxbridge illusions shattered the moment they saw their new home. The building is modelled on a Mesopotamian ziggurat (although perhaps that credits the architect with too much foresight), and is in the New Brutalist style, which is every bit as unfriendly as it sounds. Its only commendable feature is its complete invisibility from

the street and surrounding courtyards, yet even that only increases the sense of shock felt when one realises that the Wolfson looms overhead. The corridors, which one would describe as Soviet were it not for the lack of cheery propaganda featuring rose-cheeked lads and strapping housewives, are even more unsettling than the exterior. Their lethally heavy doors, boxed-off staircases and bare brick walls leave one with no choice but to run from room to room to escape aesthetic torture.

Hugo Gye

## ST JOHNS CRIPPS COURT

This CC is located at the edge of St Johns, right next to Magdalene, guiltily tucked out of the way like an incontinent relative at Christmas. From a distance it looks like a set of charred egg-boxes stacked on top of one another. Up close it still looks like a set of charred egg-boxes stacked on top of one another, only you appreciate better that people have to live there. It is doubtful whether there are blueprints for this

particular Cripps because it seems to have been designed with a lego set in a ten year old's bedroom, circa 1962. Possibly the most eerie aspect of it is the tension between expectation and reality. You expect the crunch of broken glass, the pungent reek of day-old vomit and the sight of faded blood embroidering the walls, possibly even the odd bullet-hole. But there is only silence. And concrete.

Will Hensher



## CAMBRIDGE EVENING NEWS

Seemingly designed according to a standard prison template, the CEN building is carefully constructed to ensure that those who enter never leave; a graveyard for naive student ambitions of glamour, reason and not writing about car crashes on the A14. How the Prince of Wales was roped into opening the place we will never know. The failed tabloid editor's den lurks in the depths of a Cambridge industrial estate, sandwiched between a cement works on one side and Tesco's

on the other, just spitting distance from their main source of dual-carriageway based news. On his grand tour our boy Charley was presumably shown notable highlights such as the budget construction techniques, evidence of the aversion to penetration by natural light and the window glass that makes the outside world appear almost as gloomy as CEN's weekly coverage. A fine factory for tomorrow's chip wrappers

MM





# THINKING?

## THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The UL is one of the finest libraries in the country. It is also a supremely oppressive example of totalitarian architecture-porn. A fresher's first glimpse of the UL is usually the tower, a colossal Stalinist erection, ramming the skyline. At its very apex is a curiously naked flagpole, as though neither the university nor the state dare claim ownership. Upon approaching the building he receives a vicious existential kick in the existential wobbly bits. Surely, he asks, this monolithic soviet mausoleum cannot be the library of Cambridge

University? Where are the tanks? Where are the missile-laden trucks, the moustachioed generals saluting from the balcony, the massed staccato tramp of jack-booted feet? Why is it the colour of congealed HP sauce? Next to the entrance is a plinth, where you would expect a statue to stand. Of course there isn't one. This building is no place for the human form. There is a clenched atmosphere around the UL, as though this vast vault of human knowledge is struggling to contain itself.

Will Hensher

## THE HISTORY FACULTY

The History Faculty ought to look like an open book. In fact it looks as though it were originally planned as Kim Jong Il's summer residence – and then rejected on the grounds of taste. Slumped against the back is a large glass, pagoda-like structure. It looks like a transparent tumour, as if the cancer virus had somehow mutated with a greenhouse. Strangely, this is combined with florid brickwork. Perhaps the architect ran out of glass half-way through construction and

was forced to beg building materials from St Johns. A discordant jangle of shapes, it resembles a run-down Las Vegas casino from one angle and a Scientology temple from another. It could quite plausibly have been used as a set during the early days of Doctor Who. It was built facing 90 degrees in the wrong direction and it is believed to be the subject of a covert campaign by a cadre of disgusted History of Art lecturers to have it demolished.

Will Hensher

## THE CLASSICS FACULTY

How ironic that a building where students learn of "the pillars of the western world", of the Parthenon, the Colosseum, and the wonders of the ancient world, resembles rather a cross between a 60s council building and a nuclear bomb shelter. In keeping with the "Sidgwick look", this boxy concrete eyesore doesn't improve inside. Picking a non-broken desk at a lecture is a lottery, and the catwalk down the library is set to a

soundtrack of footsteps echoing dully off the walls. But the Classics faculty keeps quiet a rather surprising secret. It's cast gallery is home to copies of some of the most incredible artwork in antiquity. Oxford has exactly the same thing, but the points go to them this time, as theirs is located in a rather more suitable Victorian town house. At least if the H-bomb goes off, Venus de Milo will be safe.

Camilla Read

## KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

Sometimes when I am walking into town for bare-knuckle cockfight I accidentally look at King's College Chapel. Henry VI commissioned Reginald Ely to design it in 1444 and when Reginald finished Henry said to him "Oh wow Reginald that's so good why don't you go and build it straight away". He was joking, but Reginald Ely didn't get it and actually went and made it with a song in his heart (Tubular Bells by Mike Oldfield). If you blur your eyes and look at the chapel from the river

it looks like a very sad face with pointy ears and a church window mask on. When the punt tour people say that it's famous/nice/pretty/old they're just telling a dirty lie like when they say 'this is Jesus College, named after its founder.' The truth is it's a nasty seventies mistake and the fact that it's listed makes a mockery of the listing people and everything they and their children stand for. It's time King's showed some sense and turned it into flats. Or an ice rink.

Tom Evans





# Over the Rainbow

Radiohead's seventh studio effort *In Rainbows* is their first release in four years. In Varsity's definitive lowdown, **Phoebe Dickerson** hails to the chiefs while **Tom Hamilton** asks who are they kid-A-ing?

Don't get any big ideas, they're not going to happen, sings Thom Yorke ten minutes into *In Rainbows*. Nothing could better encapsulate the state in which Radiohead find themselves on their latest album. 15 Steps rushes in with excitable beats but offers little else, and Bodysnatchers sinks into an overdriven dirge. They haven't done anything this bad since Pablo Honey. The song Nude has been kicking around since The Bends and has made its way into this album swamped in huge production and film soundtrack strings.

The worst start possible. The jittery beats of the Eraser or Sit Down, Stand Up are nowhere to be heard, and the soaring Airbag, Paranoid Android and Everything in Its Right Place are but a distant memory. Where did Radiohead go wrong?

Fortunately, as soon as the final drones of Nude die the intense drums of Arpeggi kick in, with a driven beat straight out of early Can. The shock return of guitars to the fore of Radiohead's sound does work well on this track, with different lines weaving in and out of each other to create an almost aquatic sound. The guitars then triumphantly emerge in a section ripped from Sigur Ros, a band who were not so long ago following Radiohead's lead. The album trundles forward soullessly. In the past few offerings Radiohead have managed to make synths and drum patterns sound more emotive than a traditional band set up. Here, there's no Idiotheque or Myxamatoxis to make you jump up and pay attention. Reckoner and All I Need would sound quite good on the motorway on a long journey home, but dull anywhere else.

The melancholic creative elements have all been suppressed. Thom Yorke and Johnny Greenwood sound as if they had been chained to their guitars and forbidden access to their laptops, and no-one makes any attempt to break free from the dreary mood that swamps the production. At times I can't help but wish that Radiohead had fired their drummer when they made Kid A.

Faust Arp and Jigsaw Falling Into Place are exceptions, but Radiohead have reached middle age and they've lost the creative impulse which always threatened to destabilise the dodgy chart-hogging indie bands.

It's as if they've spent the last two years plotting the downfall of the music business as we know it with their (frankly brilliant) downloading scheme to circumvent the record companies. It's just a bit of a shame they didn't bother as much with the album.

TH



ILLUSTRATION BY JANE HALL

From the crunching drums and sampled electronic beat of the initial track, the trippy, interrupted vocals and incongruous shouts of children tell you this isn't music custom-made for a target audience. And isn't it more exciting that way? Well, I think so.

Versions of album highlight Nude have been in the ether for years, but this one is fresh. From the first, you're captivated by lullabic voices. When these abruptly empty out, Thom Yorke's voice reverberates over a minimalist bass track interwoven with soft synths and a sweet guitar melody. It's an ethereal track, less fibred than older versions, but with Johnny Greenwood's string orchestration it cements itself as an insidiously soulful stand-out on the album.

Another highlight is Reckoner's infectiously playful tambourine which energises the silken, soaring range of Yorke's hauntingly androgynous voice. Despite the track's slight 90s dance vibe, it is tranquil and mysterious and resists definition. Lyrics like *because we separate it ripples our reflections* wash mimetically over the listener.

The incongruity of the synco-pated reggae beat of House of Cards, its chorus singing from the bottom of a tin drum, is undoubtedly striking but tends towards repetition. However, the following track, Jigsaw Falling into Place, is a complexly layered song with the droning quality of Yorke's singing lent an exciting dissonant energy by the occasionally contrasting eerie humming. Videotape is a wonderful closer for the album with its upbeat lyrics and tripping drum roll. In *Rainbows* banishes superfluity. Not one song outgrows itself; the entire album is expansive yet taut, revelling in lack of restraint but powerfully controlled. It may have been a long time coming, but few albums are this mellow and mature yet intensely energetic.

PD

## Cambridge University Music Graduate Ewan Campbell takes a microscope to the music

With an RRP that simply reads: "It's up to you...No, really it's up to you", *In Rainbows* is possibly the first album in the history of music to be literally priceless. Though it is not the first album in the history of Radiohead to be beyond musical valuation. Genre is a word too restrictive to use with regards their music.

Acidic techno drums in five open 15 Step; studio electronica here we come and fans of Kid A leap for joy. Yet Thom's opening lyric: "How come I end up where I started", prophesies a return

to the good old Pablo days. By the end of the album it is clear that this is the band we know from both and everything in between. This album is a freely creative and culturally callous blend of whatever great sounds Radiohead can lay their adept fingers on. With every musical colour of the rainbow on their palette they paint a varied but cohesive album of ten strong songs. The two opening tracks are punctuated by psychopathic beats, which have disturbed reviewers, but just imagine how hot they will sound in live per-

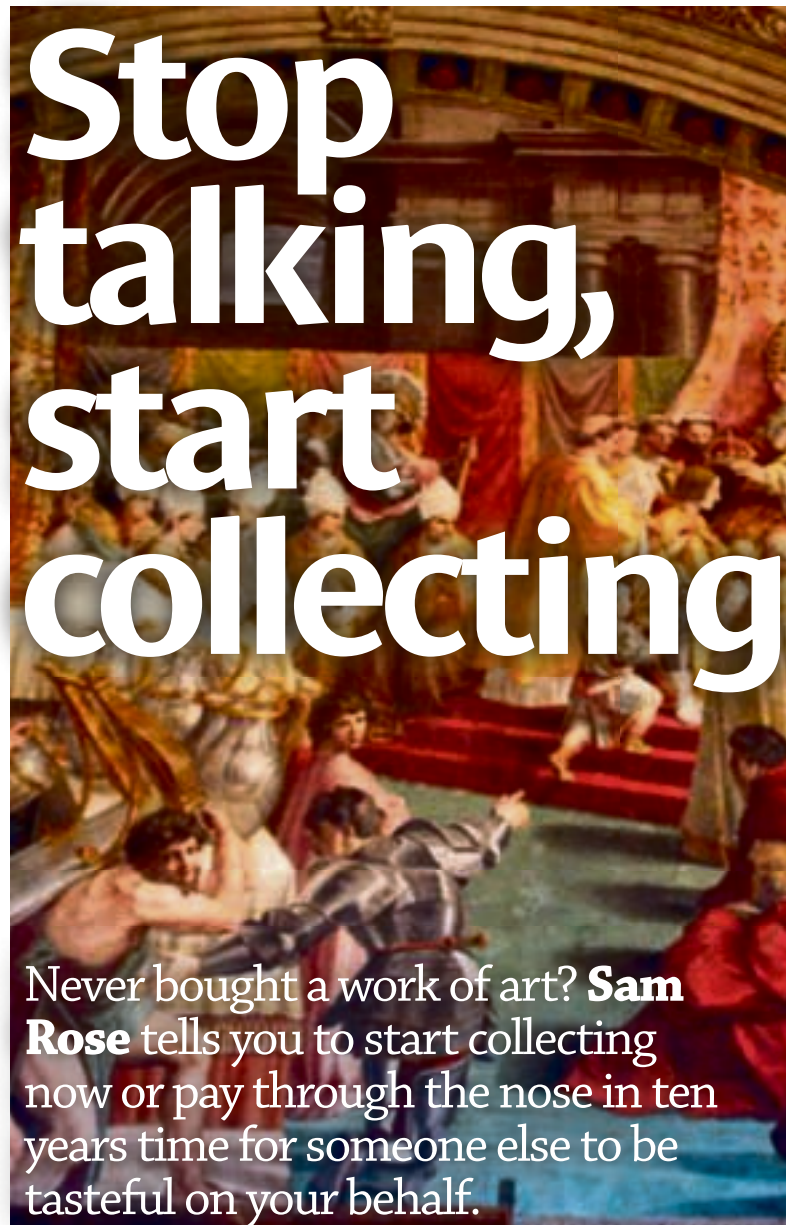
formance. From Nude on, the deep melancholic tones prevail allowing Thom's silken melodies to soar higher than rainbows themselves. All I Need has the most emphatically phat ground bass that rolls unstoppably towards a larger-than-Sigur-Ros finale.

Several of the songs (Faust Arp and House of Cards) start bizarrely with guitar rifts reminiscent of several Chilli Pepper songs. However, each is swallowed up in a Radiohead storm, as in the penultimate track, Jigsaw falling into place, where a

classic-rock beat "goes round and round" from a standard guitar-picked opening. Ultimately these clouds part to reveal a pot of gold for a final track. Videotape's cryptic poetry about recorded memories being recalled at "the pearly gates" is here recorded as the last gasp of the album. The simplest of piano rifts cycles over controversially confusing drumbeats (for me wonderfully original) that wander off into unrecorded territory.

This album is as new and interesting as the method with which it was launched.





# Stop talking, start collecting

Never bought a work of art? **Sam Rose** tells you to start collecting now or pay through the nose in ten years time for someone else to be tasteful on your behalf.

**H**ow many Cambridge students can say they've ever bought a work of art? The question came to me during a recent talk from Bonhams' International Head of Ceramics (also an Antiques Road Show guest expert). His excitement was infectious as he described the beginnings of his collecting after coming to London in his late teens. His passion for ceramics encouraged him to make weekly trips around art and antique shops, scraping together what money he had to buy pieces whenever possible. Here was a man happy to indulge his niche interest, and to put his money where his mouth was. This struck me as entirely at odds with the appreciation of art most often encountered amongst students nowadays. This is not to say that art appreciation begins and ends with collecting, merely that as part of art appreciation it seems to be an experience neglected by contemporary students.

Some would protest that this is because they don't have the money, but on average the student population is now more affluent than it has ever been. Perhaps it's because the student interest in art is often too superficial to manifest itself in anything so real as actual ownership of works. People love to tell you that "art" is one of their interests, but it's more about fashionable posturing than any real desire to engage with visual culture. The "guilty for not going to the Fitzwilliam Group" began in good faith to encourage more

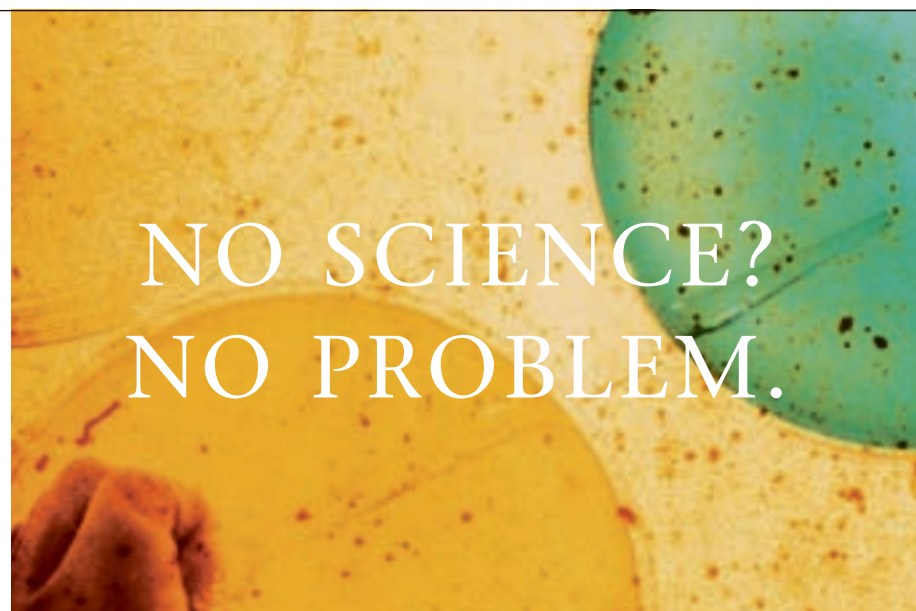
visitors; it now has 960 members and is worn as a badge of honour. This stance, akin to "I like culture because it's fashionable, but I'm too cool to really do anything about it" is painfully Nathan Barley-esque, but all too common to Cambridge culture.

**"I like culture because it's fashionable, but I'm too cool to really do anything about it"**

So does this really matter? Do we need to seriously engage with art? The fact is that we will all at some point in our lives have an art collection of sorts, be it a few scrappy posters, works inherited from family, childrens' finger paintings stuck on the wall, or a serious collection that one day forms a gallery with your name on it. For those going into the business world, art can be a very big deal. UBS has created an entire Art Banking division, while the first art-based hedge fund has recently got going. The great patrons of tomorrow may be around us as we speak, but the passion that led the Paul Mellons and Charles Saatchis of this world to collect is very little in evidence. I wonder if people assume that they will suddenly

acquire knowledge of art and the market upon reaching a certain age. Or are they happy to have all their future art bought for them by some overpaid art consultant (me), their collection reduced to another fashionable bit of flat decoration?

Taking a genuine interest in art doesn't have to be expensive or painful. The Times, Guardian and Telegraph all have free websites on which you can read visual arts pieces. The History of Art and Architecture library has a selection of art periodicals that are free to browse. Then there are a number of free museums. The Fitzwilliam and Kettle's Yard of course, but also less well known ones such as the Whipple Museum, and the prominent London selection including the Tate, the National Gallery and the Wallace Collection. For information on the markets, it's well worth browsing auction records for prices and seeing what kinds of things get sold. Find someone who gets the FT, and read the Saturday supplements. (Since reading How to Lose Friends and Alienate People I will never see Anthony Haden-Guest in the same light again, but that's another story.) Finally, go to some commercial galleries and auctions, get a taste of the action and maybe, just maybe, you'll discover a type of art you can see yourself collecting. Otherwise, sit back, relax, and get your chequebook at the ready for the art consultant you'll be hiring in. See you in a few years?



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## Why our graduates enjoy late-night shopping



On the launch of a new games console in the US last year, our analysts called around retailers late in the UK evening to monitor demand. Supported by other detailed analysis, it helped us decide the console was going to be a huge hit. It meant that the following morning, we bought into a gaming software company and an online electrical retailer, before others had grasped the full implications. It's this kind of lateral thinking and sharing of ideas that sets us apart from our competitors.

If you want to be in the team that out-thinks its competition, we want to hear from you. Threadneedle is a city based asset management company offering various Graduate Schemes including, Investment, Sales and Marketing, IT, Operations and Business Management. [threadneedle.com/graduate](http://threadneedle.com/graduate)

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view

from the gods



The hot ticket at this year's Edinburgh festival was *Fuerza bruta*, an Argentinean feast of total theatre. The audience stood in a black-tent-cum-rave-cathedral while a series of disconnected scenes exploded around, among and above them, caught up in a blitzkrieg of lights and music. Cue swimming pools descending from the sky, men smashing through moving walls and dancers tumbling across the tin-foil scenery. An hour and a half later the crowds left, senses exhausted, clothes drenched, and panting from the power of theatre.

In stark contrast, a less sought-after ticket was *Razzmatazz* by the Oxford University Experimental Theatre Society. Varsity rivalries aside, it was a rocking and rolling riot of poorly conceived performance. And yet it demonstrated an imaginative intention, which is sadly lacking in Cambridge's drama scene.

Total theatre is an art form that attempts to defy its own definition, a post-modern hangover that challenges space and sound in an attempt to immerse the audience more fully in the experience. One can quickly find oneself drowning in a murky puddle of miming, dancing, puppeted, visual, site-specific stuff. A polite chap standing stiffly on stage pondering over a skull this is not, unless he does so on stilts, in limericks, or beneath a spotlight that clearly needs to go back into rehab.

Often it is a wanky hotchpotch of dramatic forms that, like a Wednesday night Gardies, any student body would do well to avoid but finds impossible to resist. The most boisterous child of avant-garde theatre, it continues to trample on the remains of concepts of performance left scattered across the playroom floor by *enfants terribles* Beckett and Brecht.

A pilgrimage to the West End is unlikely to satisfy experimental cravings, though companies such as *Complicité* cash-in on the cool factor by consistently producing innovative creations, such as the recent triumph at the Barbican with the devised piece *A Disappearing Number*. Closer to home on the experimental front this term we have Martin Crimp's *Attempts on her Life at the ADC*, a restless series of frustrated epiphanies attempting to grasp the human condition at the close of the 20th century.

While one cannot be confident that total theatre will allow for enjoyment or understanding, it is a risk worth taking in order to experience something unique. Surely such daring departures into the "Here be dragons" territories of theatre are worth more than another lackadaisical stroll through the adaptation of children's books, pantomimes or that paragon of placidity, *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

Guy Stagg

Motortown

ADC

Theatre

★★★★★

Dir: Rob Icke

Memory of

Water

ADC

Theatre

★★★★★

Dir: Sophia Broido

The two ADC shows this week have a fair amount in common. Both are tense and tragic, both address "relevant" social issues, but neither is fingernails-on-a-blackboard, Harold-Pinter-or-The-Office style painful to watch. They are each well done and worth seeing, but neither has yet got the audience it deserves.

*Motortown* is about a damaged soldier who has returned from Iraq, and the cast is superb. Thomas Yarrow, playing the mentally disabled Lee, is physically very convincing, with a very expressive posture. Joan Iyiola makes a great deal out of very little, and her depiction of a taciturn and vulnerable but also highly sexualised fourteen year old is genuinely unsettling. All big lips, McDonalds chips and Apple laptops, at times you can't take your eyes off her. The piece was held together, though, by Will Featherstone, who managed to inhabit his character consistently while veering between rage and relative normality. Largely thanks to Rob Icke's direction, the five year old Saskia totally conveys childish enthusiasm and hyperactivity. His set consists of debris and rubbish that is eventually lit up and shown to contain two busts; it is evocative yet undistracting. As there is a "Shakespeare voice" there is also a "new writing voice": heavily enunciated, slow and direct to the audience. Partly because it was played fast, the production largely avoided this trap.

As far as the play itself was concerned, until about two thirds of the way through I was convinced that this is the sort of thing that should be taught in

schools instead of all the George Bernard Bloody Shaw. I hate the word haunting, but that is what Stevenson's dialogue is, both in that it stays with you and that it seems to implicate you in a world that is not your own. He also has a knack of giving cliches a compelling twist: "I want us to be mates. I want

a checklist. Paedophilia? Tick. Iraq? Tick, and so on. That said, the dialogue, directing and acting make this play well worth seeing.

*The Memory of Water* would look good next to most plays, but tended to highlight the control and restraint of *Motortown*. It is about three sisters whose mother has just died, and offered up relatively consistent hysteria in a way



you to come round for tea and fags and biscuits," or "[This gun] is thirty-five pounds, but I could give it to you for twenty-seven."

However, my confidence was suddenly challenged when a middle class man rolled up and offered his wife to our tough and deprived protagonist. I suddenly became worried that I had failed to notice a lot of other cliches about less familiar themes, which seem to read like

that this sensitive depiction of femininity does not demand or deserve. However, it is visually ambitious and gripping, and Rebecca Pitt showed range in her portrayal of Mary, favoured child and Doctor. Lowri Amies had more of a character role, but was very good as what I see as an exaggerated mother figure. Both plays deserve larger audiences, and it remains a shame that theatre doesn't receive the attention that it merits from the student body.

Issy McCann

The Tale of Lancelot Sebastian von Ludendorff

ADC

Theatre

★★★★★

Dir: Gus Booth-Clibborn

"OK guys, ready to play a super fun drama game?" asks an ebullient drama teacher. The class respond with reluctant nods. "Super!" she continues, "I want you all to go away in small groups for an hour and devise a short play based around the following random items: a teddy bear, a crown, a farmer's hat, a combine harvester, and exotic tea infusions. Be as imaginative as you can. Off you go!" A group who have called themselves the Pembroke Players turn to each other and smirk. Their flawless comic deliveries, penchants for excessive (but delightfully whacky) similes and metaphors, and their ability to carbon copy overused and tired pastiche characters will surely stand them in good stead to

produce the best play in the class. I cannot imagine a process, other than the one described above, that could have produced the childish drivel that turned out to be *The Tales of Lancelot Sebastian Von Ludendorff*. The plot was as follows: a despotic king, formerly a West Country farmer (before he murdered his predecessor with a combine harvester), reigns with terror whilst dreaming about manure. The rightful heir to the throne, Prince Lancelot, is imprisoned and likes his teddy bear. Mentally deficient anarchist Dave O'Hara frees Lancelot, and threatens to kill his teddy if he does not take the throne and enforce communist rule. The plot develops from there but I don't want

to talk about it. It was boring and irritating at the time, and would be even more boring and irritating to recount.

Absurdity was unquestionably the order of the day, which can be fine if well delivered. Both the script and the performances, however, fell abysmally short. A scattering of silly accents gained some cheap laughs, but began to grate and infuriate within minutes. The comic content was infantile: jokes about poo, incongruous swear words and (a pet hate of mine) use of excessive, irrelevant absurd imagery which failed to paint a remotely amusing picture. For example, cats being strangled by kazoots, a mechanical albatross made of matchsticks and the repeated comparison of

a beautiful girl to an antelope. Any political allusions about moronic farmers turned world leaders or hypocritical communists were too basic and boring to appeal to anyone with even a vague awareness of pre-existing political lampoons. This kind of comedy can, if handled with subtlety and care, be truly brilliant. Otherwise the results have a curious resemblance of a game of consequences played on the school bus.

The only aspects worthy of praise were the brief but beautiful musical interludes offered by Dave Isaacs on the keyboard. An hour of listening to Mr Isaacs playing would have been infinitely preferable to watching this tedious, tedious dirge.

Tash Lennard



# Nine Black Alps Love/Hate

Album  
★★★★★



So there I am, sat in my room, listening to the new Nine Black Alps album Love/Hate, looking at porn on the internet, when suddenly, I hear a knock upon the door.

"I'm sorry," says my mousy-looking mathematician neighbour as I pull it open it a crack, "but your music is a bit loud".

"Loud?" I exclaim, subtly turning it up. "This is isn't loud enough! You see, I need to listen to it at a suitably high volume in order to fully appreciate its blazing guitar histrionics, its rampaging drum assault, and ear-searing vocals! To listen to it at a low volume would not do the effort the band have put in to their second album justice! This decibel level is entirely appropriate for understanding its grunge infused roots, and its pop meets heavy rock melodic sensibilities!"

"I'm sorry," says the mathmo again, gripping onto the door frame as the walls begin to vibrate under the thudding bass, "but I didn't catch a word of that".

At this point, I reached for my stapler and nailed him with it, right in the forehead. Now he's my bitch, agrees with everything I say, and loves listening to Nine Black Alps at ridiculous volumes.

At least, this is the scenario in my dreams. In reality, my neighbour is a six foot eight rugby blue, who banged on my door and actually said, "Hey loser, what is this shit? Sounds like fucking Feeder." And you know what? He's right.

Philip Rack

# The Maccabees The Junction

Live Review  
★★★★★



A lot of names are thrown around when Unklejam are concerned - Gary Numan, Prince, Stevie Wonder, all the way up to Justin Timberlake. The list could go on further, spanning many major artists since Parliament decided to funk things up in the 70s. Their songs seem to shout influences at you, and with each listen I feel like I've heard their sounds a million times before, in an infinite spectrum of various artists. I'd even swear that the gorgeous trumpet part on standout track Cry is a shameless sample from an early Chili Peppers album.

Now, I like the Maccabees as much as the next wan and hungry indie kid, but this isn't a relationship that's set in stone. If, for instance, they were to preface their set with a performance from some atrocious "poet" who shouted and rolled his eyes before playing some dire little ditty, I could easily see myself going off them.

And so it was tonight. After indie-schm indie Talk Taxis (if this is the future, kill me now), and anachronistic murder balladeer Laura Marling (if that was the past, thank god I missed it), along came said poet. Worse than hearing your parents having sex, worse than degenerative muscle wasting diseases, worse than Mika, this man was artistically repulsive. I realise than his Central St Martin's induced sense of post-modern, post-ironic irony will mean that he revels in this hyperbolic hatred, but if you, the "poet" (I refuse to take the time to learn your name), should ever read these words, know only this: your work is empty, hollow, infamously sad, and I hate you.

By this point, you'd think that the Maccabees had pissed in the punch and blown the whole

thing. Only a set of epically magic proportions could have saved a night like this, and let's face it, was a miracle like that ever likely to be on the cards? Well, no, it wasn't, but that didn't stop the Brighton lads doing their very best. They showed admirable effort, with singer Orlando and the guitarist that looks a bit like Jesus going especially mental on stage, putting in the kind of frantic energy that would put a popular battery manufactures' rabbit mascots to shame. The crowd responded equally well, giving back the obligatory waves of crowd surfers and out-of-time chanting, as the band showed off their pleasantly solid album, breaking away from binary quiet-LOUD-quiet formulae to new ones where choruses and verses overlap and interweave yet somehow still work.

What the crowd really wanted though, was what the band did best, nostalgic romance by the spoonful. It flowed through the set like jam through a Victoria sponge, and the starving faithful lapped it up. Yummy.

Just leave the poet at home, yeah?

Josh Farrington

# Unklejam Unklejam

Album  
★★★★★

However, even though the first three tracks are an attempt at jumping on the Gnarls Barkley train now that it's far enough passed not to warrant any serious "bandwagon" titters, and the last three tracks sound more like Outkast than is kind to mention, this is a solid first effort that makes good Unklejam's attempt to distance themselves from your everyday electro-funk-boyband. Though with members called Tyson Speede, Bobby Joel Stearns, and, wait for it Adonistar (Adonis for short obviously) do they really need to? It does feel like by trying to dig up their Funk/R&B/Synthpop roots from the 70s onwards, they've managed to unwittingly show that they've got more in common musically with contemporary pop than they'd like to admit, and the fact that they've recently toured with JT doesn't really come as a surprise. But that does make them über-up-to-date, and it wouldn't surprise me if what they create as a second album will be the sound of the future.

Owain Mckimm

# The Counterfeiters

Dir: Stefan  
Ruzowitzky

Film  
★★★★★

The Holocaust is one of the most studied tragedies of the twentieth century, an event of horrific proportions. In cinematic form we have seen the Nazi genocide in many varieties, from Spielberg's Schindler's List to Nemeč's brutal but fantastic Diamonds of the Night. Revisiting such an event is never easy, and the weight of cinematic representation of the Holocaust makes it hard for any filmmaker to approach the topic and not reach a politicised conclusion. The Counterfeiters wholeheartedly fails to either bring a new insight to this massacre or to add a unique dramatic work to the long list of films on the matter. The story itself is based on the true tale of Solomon Sorowitsch, the counterfeiter arrested by the Germans

as a career criminal and a Jew, incarcerated in the concentration camp of Sachsenhausen and then, as the war drew to a close, persuaded on pain of certain death to oversee a huge scam to aid the Nazi war effort and ruin the finances of the Allies. The potential to make such a tale moving and sensational is high, but writer-director Stefan Ruzowitzky unfortunately falls at the first hurdle. The fast-paced opening sequence of a reckless Sorowitsch (played unconvincingly by Karl Markovics) gambling away forged money after the war is short but engaging. What follows thereafter is a fairly pedestrian affair. For a film with such a gripping subject matter that lasts under 100 minutes, it is pretty baffling as to why Ruzowitzky wrote and

directed the feature as he did. Everything from the horror-film score to the climactic slow motion scenes of disbelief and disorientation seem contrived from the second they come on screen. The black and white characters (such as Adolf Burger, played by a plastic August Diehl) are clearly intended as morally upright and admirable figures within the plot, but end up shallow and unbelievable. As with recent New German cinema such as The Lives of Others, there's nothing truly awful with The Counterfeiters, but then there's nothing special about it either. Interestingly enough, BBC4 helped fund the film, and I couldn't help but feel it should have gone straight to TV.

Ravi Amaratunga

# albums every right-minded person should own



# Liege and Lief Fairport Convention

*Come all ye rolling minstrels, and together we will try, to rouse the spirit of the earth, and move the rolling sky.* With these lyrics, Sandy Denny lets loose the legendary Liege and Lief, Fairport Convention's fourth and most influential album. I'm not entirely sure what makes a rolling minstrel, but from the day I first heard this album I've yearned to become one. And perhaps the "rolling" epithet isn't accidental. Although the Fairport minstrels were faithful to British folk, loyal and ready (as the Middle English "liege and lief" translates) to capture its essence they also added a radical element of rolling, or rather rock and rolling, to traditional music. Recorded in 1969, Liege and Lief both heralds and immortalises the genre of British folk rock.

If you're anything like me, you might initially feel reluctant to embrace the preconceptions conjured by folk - sweaty, long-bearded fiddlers and the like. But after hearing the rip-roaring tales and tunes quite literally electrified in Liege and Lief, few can maintain disdain. Fairport's rendition of Matty Groves, in which the eponymous randy rascal is cradle-snatched by the comely wife of a feudal lord, will have you jiggling around the room and stamping your feet with all the euphoria of a drunken ceilidh, while the Scottish ballad Tam Lin will make you tingle with the mystery of the faery realm, elfin lovers, earthly knights, newts, snakes and Hallowe'en.

Ingeniously incorporated into the traditional feel of the album are emotionally potent masterpieces such as Richard Thompson's Farewell, Farewell and Crazy Man Michael whose dark, fateful lyrics and tragic, eerie melody are guaranteed to stay with you. In Quiet Joys of Brotherhood, the last track of the remastered Liege and Lief written by Richard Fariña, the rolling motif returns, this time encapsulating the cyclical quality of man's relationship with nature to which all traditional folk songs are inextricably bound (*As gentle tides go rolling by, along the salt sea strand, the colours blend and roll as one, together in the sand*). This is one of the most hauntingly poignant recordings of Sandy Denny's voice (she died tragically young in 1978), and it affirms the timeless resonance of the musical traditions which Liege and Lief both reinvented and reinvented. Buy the delicious repackaged version and open your mind!

Alice Hamlett







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## Restaurant Review

### Tom Evans

Eraina

★★★★★



**T**he longest book in the world is 'the Hungry Caterpillar' by David Blunkett. The protagonist is a caterpillar who is hungry. He eats an apple, a piece of chocolate cake, a slice of salami, a sausage, four strawberries, an ice cream cone, a piece of cherry pie, three plums, a pickle, a lollipop, two pears, a slice of watermelon, a slice of Swiss cheese, five oranges and a cup cake. I once ate exactly this in a day, and can't say strongly enough that you should never do the same; I was very violently sick.

The second longest book in the world is the menu at the Eraina Tavern. It is longer than the Eiffel Tower. If you tried to read the whole thing you would die before you got to the end. My guest (an almost unpleasantly beautiful Swedish girl: pigtailed, eyes, face, hands etc - such is my fix) did exactly that, and the waiters took her away. First death of the evening, I heard them grumble. Only the globe itself encompasses so many cuisines as the menu at the Eraina; it starts with Greek before tottering its way around the inter-railing map: Italian, Spanish, generic Mediterranean, French and so on. Then it heads to India and China, perhaps to build schools and teach English. For this world tour it must get a star. We will call it The UN Star for Pastiche.

But I refused to get too excited, recalling the harrowing voice of a friend who had warned me in a whisper the night before: "they put cheese on everything." The cheese took an inoffensive cameo role in the escalop de something, melted on top in what was a fairly harmless private joke between the chef and his pan. An escalop de something is a meat with tomato and onions and stuff. The humous was blissfully cheeseless.

Now I'm not quite sure what I was thinking when I ordered humous for £3.50; maybe I expected a special garnish, maybe a garnish of gold, maybe a present for ordering humous that costs more than a car. But it was just humous, and it did cost £3.50. Next came the fish curry, which was more tasteless than an abortion joke in a maternity ward. And I haven't often been damning in this column, so you can be sure I'm not saying that for effect. Then again the place does have 152 main courses and 23 starters. It's also been a student haunt for a while, the setting is tavernly, the portions are big and everything comes with fat chips. Stick to the Greek menu and you may be in luck - you certainly won't leave hungry.



In defence of Nigella... **Joe Fowler** explains how the ex-Chancellor's daughter has become an unlikely pin-up in the gastro-porn revolution

**O**h, Nigella! Posing in nothing but a dress made from TINFOIL (*The Sun's* capitals, not mine) for this month's *Esquire* magazine, Nigella Lawson has once again caused moral outrage, airing her views on suspenders, stockings, sex and chocolate.

Food and sex have long been linked, compadres in myth and literature. Ok, ok, so Jesus probably wasn't thinking of some busty blonde at the Last Supper, but at the heart of the Roman orgy lay not only sexual activity, but also unlimited amounts of food, a notion which has stayed with us for a good couple of millennia.

It's no coincidence that it is one's cherry that is popped when virginity is lost. But for all the long association between gastronomy and pornography the issue has remained largely invisible onscreen. It was 1986's *9 ½ Weeks* that broke this taboo

and was largely responsible for bringing the relationship between food and sex onto our screens. In perhaps the most "celebrated"/wanked-over scene of the movie, the film's lead, John, forces his lover to close her eyes while he feeds her a succession of choice titbits the majority of which are either comically felled by his amour or end up gushing from her mouth round her ample breasts.

*9 ½ Weeks*, for all its ability to smash taboos, was critically panned, in part for the seriously bad sex. Nigella Lawson salvaged all that was good about the film (i.e. its ability to break taboos) and ran. While in a recent interview she coyly claims that it is the "Great British institute...[that] brought us gastro porn," it is unquestionably the institution that is Nigella who brought so-called "gastro porn" to the small screen. Gordon Ramsay, Delia Smith

and Antony Worrall-Thomson among others have all laid the over-sexualization of food firmly at the sultry siren's door.

Nigella's influence has been profound. The food in the M&S advertising campaigns sweats seductively as the camera zooms in on the curvaceous surfaces of every cherry, raspberry and exotic, rich, imported-in-from-the-deepest-darkest-depths-of-the-Chillean-marketplace blueberries, the voiceover intoningly intoning that this, really, "is not just any food..."

Lawson's fetishized mannerisms have also proved rich fodder for a whole host of comedians. Dead Ringers, Ronni Ancona, and (God forbid), Ulrika Johnson have all done their best to imitate those calculated set pieces in which

Nigella casually wanders downstairs in a skimpy red night-dress for a naughty, midnight snack.

But why do we love her? Sure, Nigella's cooking is undoubtedly sexualised, but her recipes are also undeniably good (her lemon-drizzle cake is to die for), while her television show is at least mildly entertaining. However much you might love Delia Smith's recipes, it's hard to get excited about watching her on the small screen. As the lady herself says, "if anyone chose chocolate over sex then I'd say they have a serious problem." Nigella and the gastro porn movement show us how to have it all. It is with Nigella that we can have our moistened cake and eat it.



## How to... do the perfect afternoon tea

**W**hat finer gastronomic experience to ponder than that simply delectable occasion that is the quintessentially British institution of afternoon tea? We are all well acquainted with that level of perfection attained by John Montague with his famous innovation, the Tea Sandwich. The dear old Earl of Sandwich was following the movement of the mid-1700s for the idea that some sort of nourishment was necessary to ward off inevitable, and rather unbecoming, hunger pangs before dinnertime. It was the wonderful Anna, 7th Duchess of Bedford, who originally came up with the idea of demanding tea, bread and butter in her chambers at 5 o'clock every afternoon. Little did her butler realise his vital contribution to such a fundamental social tradition of the formidable British Empire. As tea became more affordable and so more widespread, the middle class predictably

did what it always does best; imitate the rich. The possibility of entertaining several friends at a more reasonable cost soon cemented afternoon tea as a social norm.

Why, in a world of cut-throat politics and financial markets, does afternoon tea remain relevant, we hear you cry. In slightly more modern times, the popularity of afternoon tea has re-asserted itself with a refreshing vengeance; what better atmosphere over which to cut crucial business deals? Today, in the power-restaurants of London, The Ritz, Claridge's and The Wolseley, business is discussed and high profile deals clinched over delicious scones and the choicest jams and clotted cream; the crucial role afternoon tea thus increasingly plays in global politics

and international finance ensures that its appeal remains broad. The elegance of the perfect afternoon tea remains testament to the

very essence of Britishness.

Why do afternoon tea? Well, dear friend, because it is the civilized thing to do. A pleasing break in the day, sparkling conversation, and a rather superior beverage experience. While we of course understand that the sheer elegance demanded from the perfect afternoon tea may initially appear daunting to the more novice host, rest assured; the perfect afternoon tea, if achieved, does more than simply stave off hunger pangs until dinner time. It is about attention to detail; with a little effort here and a beautiful silver cake-stand there, much joy will be reaped from hosting the most sublime culinary experience this great nation has to offer. This is because afternoon tea is as much about atmosphere and ambiance as the requisite exquisite cakes and smoked salmon sandwiches. Thus prepare your most scintillating conversation for the occasion and don't forget your pinafore.

So, how does one do the perfect afternoon tea? One is surely well aware of what the occasion demands; the thinly-cut, crustless sandwiches, the scones with Devonshire clotted cream and strawberry preserve,

not forgetting the assortment of delicate pastries. And The Tea. Purists amongst us may well be distraught at the growing prevalence of fruit and herbal infusions, but rest assured, black tea remains the ruling brew of the High Tea table. And what a lavish choice the modern tea imbibor is confronted with! To take but one example, The Wolseley proffers their own Afternoon Blend, English Breakfast, Earl Grey, Darjeeling, Ceylon and Assam tea. Embellish your tea room with intricate cake stands and a lace table cloth or two.

Finally, be sure to choose your guests wisely; such a superior practice deserves only the finest company. And if it all proves too taxing for the modern host, do not forget the pertinent advice of our dear Mrs. Emily Post (1873-1960); introspective people "are never successfully popular hosts or hostesses. If you are one of these... why make the effort to bother with people at all? Why not shut your front door tight and pull down the blinds and, sitting before a mirror in your own drawing-room, order tea for two?"

Anna Wood





AUNTY AMY

## Solves your problems

Dear Aunty Amy,

How do you get a girlfriend if you've little going for you? I really want one, but they're so hard to come by that I'm worrying now I'll stay single and gloomy forever. I'm really short and maybe my hair's not particularly nice, but I'm clean and kind and rich and people say I can be funny sometimes. It's hard in Cambridge where everyone's clever and more confident than me and all the boys have their own sports. What do you think?

From,  
Little Fred

Oh Freddie,

This is a tricky problem if ever there was one. I feel for you dear, I really do. You're just never going to get a girlfriend with such a self-deprecating attitude, let's be frank Fred. These sad insecurities of yours are almost certainly why you're so unsuccessful with the ladies, so let's try and see if we can do something about sorting them out. As soon as you feel better about yourself, you'll radiate confidence and everyone will want to be your friend and sleep with you and things will feel much better, I promise. Maybe as soon as in the morning! Besides, I think you sound lovely. Though that wasn't meant in a romantic way (I definitely wouldn't want to go out with you).

Now let's start with the negatives: height and hair. Honestly, being a short-arse doesn't necessarily have to be too much of a problem. I'm only 5'4.75" and outside my immediate circle of friends and family and other people, it's rarely mentioned at all! My trick is to first pretend to myself that it's actually ok to be short. I focus on the good bits, and there are some. Less distance when you're bending down to pick up your pen or a good piece of fruit, is one. Also, sometimes you can buy tiny kiddies clothes like jumpers and other woollies, which are slightly cheaper. Plus it takes

less time to wash yourself. Dwelling on these things makes me feel much better - great even - about myself. Positive messages are truly my favourite thing, Fred, and you could even introduce a chant or two to up the whole effectiveness. Repeat, 'Little Fred, your size isn't an important or negative part of your identity. Little Fred, your size isn't an important or negative part of your identity Little Fred...' twice daily. Next, get a hair cut and try mousse.

How much better do you feel now? And we're only half-way there my sweet! Once you've mastered the rubbish aspects of yourself, try to increase your appreciation of the marginally better bits. You're clean, that's nice. Really nice actually, and kindness is such a plus too. No-one loves a meanie, and so these things should become the prominent ways in which you define yourself. Also, being kind and clean are two absolute top tips for getting a hug off the girls. "Reel them in with your charming chat and then let them smell you!" But I'm sure you've heard that one before.

Finally - and this is my own invention not yet introduced into the world of professional psychology - have a go at the Grand Google Game. Type in whatever you don't like about yourself (eg. "horrid" or "too young" or "murky"), followed by "+ celebrities", and see what comes up. Ooh you'll be surprised Fred. And it will be a wonderful reminder of how successful you can be without much "going for you".

Best of luck, I know you're going to be just fine and I'll remember to pop in a good word for you with the girls when I next out and about,

Much love from,  
Aunty Amy

Amy Hoggart is the KCSU Welfare Officer



ALEX ENGLANDER TALKS TO

## MADAME LE CLAIRE



Dear Madame Le Claire,  
I cannot help but think that my overwhelming love for mankind would best be expressed through a return to the Christianity of my youth. Yet I do not know whether to opt for Catholicism or Protestantism. Which would you suggest?  
SW, Clare Hall

As has been well documented, when it comes to distributing love to all men my tastes have been gloriously catholic. I do not, however, recommend that you follow the path of my sister Collette. During her youthful gap-year in Boston she joined the local ecumenical church. Following St. Paul's injunction to be all things to all men, she soon became known as 'the church broad of a broad church.' Before too long the young gentlemen from the local Lutheran seminary found that faith alone was hardly justifiable, and Collette was always at hand to offer them a graceful rite of passage.

Dear Madame Le Claire,  
My boyfriend's snores are so powerful and persistent that I can barely sleep at night. How can I so arrange things that I can stay close to him without it seeming that an insufficiently dormant Popocatepetl lurks under the covers with me?  
LY, Downing

Darling, I feel for you. Your predicament is by no means alien to Madame Le Claire. During the early days of our marriage, I had enormous difficulties smothering Monsieur Le Claire's relentless nocturnal eruptions. I soon, however, fixed upon the solution of stuffing a shaft of ripe Camembert up each of his nostrils, and filling his mouth with a piquant cranberry jelly. Not only did this make for a quiet night's sleep, but also for a deliciously erotic game come dawn.

Dear Madame Le Claire,  
I recently went out for an evening of high culture, only to find that everybody now sees fit to clap between movements. Is this now an acceptable practise?  
PLJ, Trinity

It is certainly not. And don't listen to

anybody who says that they did it in the 18th century: in the 18th century they had feathered muffs and lacy tuckers - hardly likely to land you a nice young gentleman these days. That said, my poor little nephew Pierre once, after his first tasting some unpasteurized brie de Meaux, endured three painful days of gastric unrelief, at the end of which the entire family clapped between every movement.

Dear Madame Le Claire,  
Just the other day, a boy I barely know, but kinda like, asked me out completely out of the blue. He's asked me to Midsummer House, the local two star restaurant, which seems a little over the top. Should I leap at the chance or be wary?  
AK, Trinity Hall

You are right to be suspicious. Such a flashy display of financial well-to-do is clearly masking serious deficiencies in personality. In any case, Midsummer House has rather lost its magic for me since I've discovered what Monsieur Le Claire can do with a Saucisse de Toulouse and some inspired ingenuity.

Dear Madame Le Claire,  
My supervisor's halitosis is so unbearable that I actually dread turning up each week. I've tried turning my chair round to face different angles, so that I'm now practically facing the wall, but the smell is somehow all-encompassing. I hardly feel I can broach the subject, but the consequences of not doing so are unthinkable.  
FR, St. Catz

Next time you go, casually offer him a polo as a gesture of good-natured affection. The following week, offer him a little crème de menthe, before working your way up through a mint plant, an electric tooth brush, and finally a bottle of Listerine Original complete with a cocktail umbrella and a straw. If he doesn't accept the polo in the first place then the question, 'Is that a skunk's grave in your mouth or are you just pleased to see me' is bizarre enough for you to avoid getting into trouble, and yet sufficiently direct for you to make your point.

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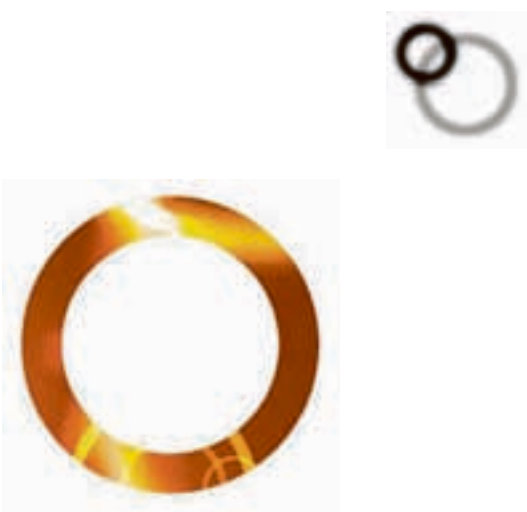
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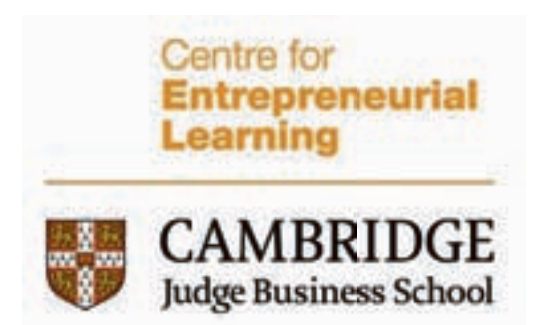
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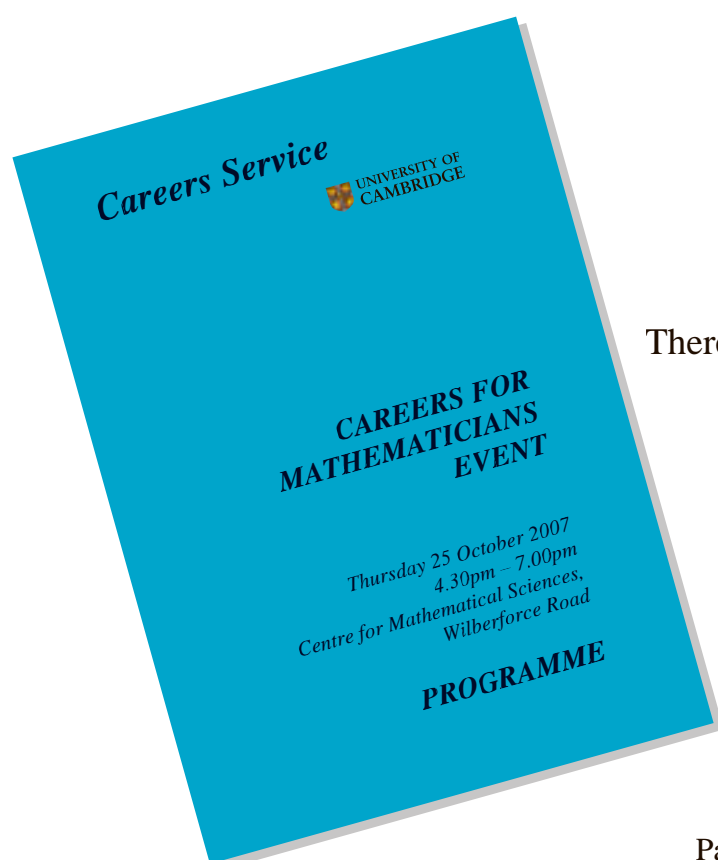




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28	17	17	22
8	2	9	5
2	6	7	8
9	8	8	9
2	1	6	8
9	8	7	3
4	3	5	1


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



### Gamblers Unanimous

ED PEACE & NIALL RAFFERTY



Local bookmakers were flying the white flag on Saturday evening, as England's 3-0 win over Estonia landed the long shot for a third consecutive week. Needless to say, we were the only English fans in the pub yelping with delight when Joe Cole's effort trickled passed the post in the dying moments.

With the international fixtures out of the way, it's back to the Premier League for this week's banker. Newcastle host a troubled Tottenham side on Monday night, and this pair have served up their fair share of thrillers recently, sharing 15 goals in their past four meetings. With Spurs leaking like a sieve and both sides possessing strikers in form, it's hard to imagine this clash should buck the trend. Backing a goal-fest certainly seems safer than picking a winner, with neither side very reliable. Spurs have drawn at Anfield and come from behind against Villa recently, but couldn't beat Bolton, Fulham or Sunderland. Meanwhile, Newcastle are the only side to have gifted Derby a win this season. Tottenham's last five league matches have averaged 4.8 goals a game, whilst Newcastle's last three come in at 4.3. Judging by the stats we'll have to go with the over 2.5 goals.

Even though we advised keeping well clear of the English rugby team in last week's column, we just can't resist a wager on their fortunes in the world cup final on Saturday. It's tempting to get caught up in the hysteria and steam into the 13/5 being offered on England to win outright, but we shouldn't forget that this is a team that got mauled by South Africa in the group stages little more than a month ago. It doesn't take a genius to realise England have improved since then, but we'll be backing the Red Rose with a plus 8.5 handicap to compensate for any continuing gap in quality.

For the long shot we head to Champions' Day at Newmarket, where Rio De La Plata looks set to run a big race in the Darley Dewhurst Stakes. The juvenile is widely believed to be one of the brightest prospects in racing, and owners expect him to make a significant impression when he takes on the big boys next season. The one to beat in this contest is the promising colt and pre-race favourite, Raven's Pass. Though unbeaten in his three starts this season, the unproven quality of these racers suggests he may be found wanting when put in the ring with stiffer opposition. With that in mind, we'll be chucking a few quid on Rio De La Plata to land the spoils at a tasty 9-2.

THE BANKER	Evens
NEWCASTLE V TOTTENHAM OVER 2.5 GOALS	£4
PREDICTION	11/10
ENGLAND TO BEAT S. AFRICA WITH A +8.5 HANDICAP	£3
THE LONG SHOT	9/2
RIO DE LA PLATA TO WIN DARLEY DEWHURST STAKES	£2 e.w

# Balbirnie proves lethal

## »Four-goal forward leads the charge as Blues flatten Whitchurch



Cambridge turned on the heat, ripping through the holes in Whitchurch's defence in a 6-2 victory

RICHARD WEST

CAMBRIDGE	6
BALBIRNIE (4), CROOKS, BISHTON	
WHITCHURCH	2

### Varsity Reporter

The Blues welcomed Whitchurch to Wilberforce Road last Sunday for their sixth National League match of the season. After a disappointing start to the season with no points gained, the Blues were eager to get their campaign back on track. Stuart Penman had a full strength side to choose from and the Blues

started off strongly. After a hard week of training, the effects could clearly be seen on the pitch, as Cambridge retained possession well and distributed the ball at pace. As a result, it wasn't long until they took the lead when a surging run from James Goldsmith at right back found Philip Balbirnie unmarked in the circle. Buoyed by the goal, the Blues kept up the pressure. It paid off just seven minutes later as Chris Kurwie won one of his six short corners of the game and Balbirnie doubled the lead. David Saunders was, as ever, omnipresent in defence and made a number

of crunching tackles. Whitchurch managed to pull one back half-way through the first half following a slight lapse in concentration from the Cambridge team but the two goal lead was soon restored when, following some good build up play on the left, Simon Ashton found Ben Crooks on the flick spot. The Blues cruised into the break, but there was still room for improvement. The second half didn't disappoint. Nick McLaren was in dazzling form at left midfield and made a few weaving runs past the Welsh defenders. He was involved in the fourth goal when a clever

cross from Chris Ellis to McLaren was quickly intercepted by the keeper but the ball found Balbirnie who made no mistake in securing his hat trick. Whitchurch soon pulled another goal back following another lapse in concentration but the Blues weren't phased. They pressed forward looking to impose themselves further and Elliot Bishton soon scored the fifth from a sweetly struck first time shot from the top of the circle. Whitchurch had no response and as they pressed forward for a consolation goal they left huge holes at the back, which were all too inviting for the pacy Cambridge forward line.

### Nick McLaren was in dazzling form at left midfield

With twelve minutes to go, Balbirnie once again found himself one on one with the goalkeeper and he made no mistake. Although they were far superior, Cambridge found themselves down to nine men when skipper Stuart Penman was sin-binned for playing an unsafe shot and he was soon followed by vice-captain and fellow Caius student Simon Ashton for a cynical tackle. Commenting after the game, man of the match Balbirnie said, "this was a fantastic team performance and our best of the year." The Blues play Oxted this weekend as well as Chelmsford at home in the Cup.

## Where were you when...

### »The best places to watch the Rugby World Cup Final



Illustration by JANE HALL

#### 1. The Avery

Perched just on the edge of Parkers Piece, with huge screens on two floors, this is the hub of Cambridge sporting viewing. Make sure the staff don't bite you.

#### 2. The Maypole

A bit grubby but very central. Always a great atmosphere and lots of bitter Tottenham fans. Mario is the boss and can always be counted on for the Italian angle on the action.

#### 3. The Granta

Strong Kiwi allegiance here, so there's bound to be a strong rugby crowd, if somewhat muted.

#### 4. Prince Regent

Takes in the overspill from the Avery, but still quite good.

#### 5. Cricketers

Quietly tucked away. Despite its name, actually a great place for watching rugby.

#### 6. Wetherspoons

Undoubtedly heaving, sweaty and loud. Huge screens everywhere.

#### 7. Quinn's

Apparently "authentically Irish". They like rugby.

#### 8. Uni centre

Outrageously cheap drinks. See p24 for architectural comment.

#### 9. The Anchor

Will be absolutely crammed to the rafters. Humming and a bit sweaty.

#### 10. Panton Arms

Nice, small pub out of way, but the landlord is friendly and you might actually get a seat.





Displaying talent down the leagues, Jesus II and Robinson in Division 2 play some exciting hockey

MICHAEL DERRINGER

# Who wants it most?

## » Catz threaten perennial John's-Jesus duopoly

ED WILLIS  
Sports Reporter

The college hockey league is tantalisingly open this season. Last year was dominated by two sides: Jesus, winners of both the league and cuppers, and St. John's who finished as runners up in each. The champions looked far from comfortable though, as they were made to work hard for a 2-1 victory over St Catharines this week. Catz, bolstered by an influx of talented freshers, boast seven members of the Squanderers (University 3<sup>rd</sup> XI) side and look set to push the two giants of the college game all the way. Captain Matt Best declared himself 'thrilled' with his intake of freshers, pointing out the impressive statistic that a total of nine Catz men represented the university last weekend.

In stark contrast, Jesus are left with an almost identical side to the one that won the league last year. Only one new player has come into the side, and two have departed. Captain James Waters though, is still confident of success. With the backbone of a strong squad still in place, he still sees his side as 'the team to beat.' Having an established team who understand each other's games may even work to their advantage. And you can guarantee that John's will put together a formidable team once again, and there is no doubt that their organisation and discipline will see them competing at the end of the season.

Newly promoted Corpus have made an encouraging start, producing a 4-3 win over a young Caius side. The result was hard on Caius, who dominated possession for large periods. This left George Smeaton, the captain lamenting a disastrous ten minutes in which they conceded three goals. Provided their young defence gels together though, Caius should be confident of a mid-table finish, after a successful pre-season which included a 5-3 win over the

impressive Catz. Corpus too, buoyed by this result, will be hopeful that they can do enough to remain in the division for another year.

The Cambridge City Midweek XI have also made strides and should benefit from playing all their games on Sundays this season, giving them more players to choose from. All in all, the league has an imposing feel to it this Michaelmas term, with so many teams returning stronger than ever. It is likely to be a testing season for Emma, who are looking precarious in the top division and seem to be many people's tip for the drop.

The same big names will be in contention for Cuppers. John's and Jesus have been drawn in the same half of the draw, ruling out a repeat of last year's final, while Catz look the most accomplished side in the other half. If the first round pans out as expected, Jesus face a potentially

**With the big two in the same half of the draw, it's anyone's tournament this year.**

tough challenge in the second round against Caius, strengthened by Blues captain Stuart Penman, as well as Simon Ashton and Ben Crooks. A straight knockout competition, Cuppers should be even more difficult to call than the league and with the big two in the same half of the draw, it's anyone's tournament this year.

Sunday mornings this term will see girls across Cambridge taking to the astro. Women's hockey is flourishing in Cambridge at present, with 25 teams taking part across three leagues. After a somewhat confusing end to last season, in which nobody

really knew who finished where in the league, there are a number of teams who could come away with it this time round. Churchill opened at the weekend with a convincing victory over Jesus, despite their small squad. Captain Ruth Robinson praised the team ethic shown by the players and was pleased with the enjoyment everyone seemed to get from the 'good-natured' game. John's may take some time to form an understanding, but once their considerable intake of freshers settle, they should be hard to beat as well.

Having been strengthened by a number of new faces, Girton will have been disappointed to lose 1-0 to New Hall, themselves expected to challenge strongly. Magdelene, who managed a 3-0 win over Caius, might surprise a few people this season, and their final two games against Catz and Jesus could be crucial. Cuppers champions Downing cruised to a 4-0 victory over John's and with four University level players, they will be a serious proposition, while Catz, described as 'traditionally the strongest college' by their captain, will take some stopping, and will look to retain the title they think they won last season.

An interesting backdrop to the on field action this season will be the continued quarrel between the college hockey league and local residents near the astro turf at Wilberforce Road. A petition has been drawn up to asking the council to put up floodlights at the pitch, in an attempt to ease fixture congestion. Locals though, have voiced concerns about possible light pollution. League secretary Charlie Plumptre is desperate to be able to arrange games under lights, describing it as 'crazy' trying to fit in all the games into limited astro slots. Floodlit evening matches would certainly add an extra dimension to the competition, and would provide the setting such a high quality college league deserves.

## News from the River



Done correctly, rowing is simple. And with simplicity one often encounters boredom. Rowers thus are always looking for new ways to overcome the monotony of their sport in order to maintain a level of concentration required to make the most of a long outing. We tend to break things down into discrete sections: ten stroke pushes in a race, two thousand more meters in a row, six more days in a training cycle. This sectioning transforms a difficult task into a manageable one, one with internal benchmarks and checkpoints to ensure that the quality of work always remains high.

Anything – not just practices – can be broken up in such a manner. The river we row on in Ely is made up, more or less, of three distinct parts. The first few kilometers wind through the town, under bridges and past marinas, eventually flowing under one final motorway overpass that marks the transition to the second section. The second stage is a straight five kilometer man made canal, carved into some of the most bleak countryside I have ever encountered. There is no change in scenery except for the occasional distance marking. Except, when you're really lucky, and a cow has fallen into the water and is trying to climb out. The third section is much like the first: windy, crossed with bridges, and littered with canal boats that seem to adorn every available piece of waterfront.

And in a sense the river – with its three distinct parts – is a fitting analogy for our season as a whole. The first couple months, which are now coming to a close, are exciting and

new. There are constant distractions to keep one's interest high and complacency low. Much like how the first kilometer of our river is decorated with fishermen and boats, the first month of training features trips to different countries, triathlons with new teammates, and the overall sense of excitement bound to accompany the start of a new campaign.

But this stage ends, and in its wake is a seemingly endless stretch of repetitive training. Looking down our five-kilometer canal, one cannot see the pub that marks the distant town and the beginning of the third and final section. And few of us – even those who have travelled this path many times before – can imagine themselves now in London for Boat Race week. Yet we embark with blind ambition and a complete faith in the coaching staff, tackling each meter as we work through each day between now and March. For despite its bleakness, the canal is where we get all our work done. Successful crews are not forged while warming up in the beginning of practice, and the enjoyment that accompanies that final stage can only be realized after battling to get there.

So that's where we are now. The next five months will determine the character and success of this year's club. Every day won't be exciting, but each is a necessary step on the path to our distant goal. Once March arrives, the constant racing and anticipation forces enthusiasm into every practice. It is our job to provide the motivation to get there.

**Spencer Griffin Hunsberger**

## Captain's Corner

»Football  
»Anthony Murphy



Anthony is a 3<sup>rd</sup> year Economist at Sidney Sussex

### Experience

I played football for my school and was also selected to play in the ISFA schools representative sides before I came to Cambridge

### Schedule

We have two technique-based

training sessions a week as well as a gym session on top of our BUSA league fixtures each week. The schedule is quite intense but it is essential if we are to reach our goal of securing BUSA promotion and winning the Varsity match against Oxford on Boat Race day at Craven Cottage.

### Support

For a team who have won our last two Varsity matches and have enjoyed a successful start to our league campaign, our home support is something of a concern. We play our home games at Fenners' ground at 2pm on Wednesdays and yet despite our excellent facilities our support is well below that of the Rugby blues at Grange Road. College footballers can learn about technique and team work, and all others can watch good quality football. Our performances can only improve if we are cheered on by as many Cantabrigians as possible.

**The Men's Blues' next match is Wed October 24 away against Nottingham Trent University and the next home match is Wed October 31 against Coventry University**



SPORT



Not got a ticket?  
 Where to watch the Big Match  
 Page 38

Baxter blasts Blues to win

»Men’s Blues trounce Loughborough III’s to kick-start season

CAMBRIDGE  
 RUTT 2, BAXTER 16, 26, COLEMAN 45,  
 STOCK 68  
 LOUGHBOROUGH III  
 5  
 0

SEAN BURT  
 Football Correspondent

An impressive first half display coupled with a competent one in the second ensured that the University Blues ran out impressive 5-0 winners against the visiting Loughborough side. After last week’s draw away at Coventry, the retribution meted out on Wednesday afternoon will do much to encourage Anthony Murphy and his squad as they chase promotion this season in their BUSA league campaign.

In their first home league game of the season, the Blues got off to the best possible start. With just 80 seconds on the clock hesitancy between Evans in the Loughborough goal and his centre-halves led to the ball ricocheting across the edge of the area, and Jamie Rutt was able to casually pass the ball into an empty net from 30 yards out. The Cambridge wide-man was enjoying space and time

The real difference between the two sides was the performance of the Blues in the first half

on the left, and was instrumental in the home side’s dominance which followed the opener. After three more good chances were saved, Baxter doubled the Cambridge lead, drilling home from outside the area following a cut-back from Matt Stock.

Loughborough were, in truth, all over the place in the first 45 minutes and were lucky to go in at half time only four down, after Baxter grabbed his brace and Coleman had scored the fourth. Their defensive insecurity



Cambridge Blues thump home yet another goal in their 5-0 drubbing of a Loughborough team that struggled to keep up with the pace

SOPHIE PICKFORD

rity was clearly symptomatic of their inexperience playing as a unit. Matt Evans in goal was put under pressure on more than one occasion when his defence were unable to clear their lines, and this wasn’t going to disappear entirely after the break. The away side may have felt aggrieved that a dangerous high challenge from Wayne Redmond, which left his opponent with a head wound, went largely unpunished by the referee, yet a late challenge from an away player in the second half received a caution.

The second half was much more of a contest. The burgundy shirts

were first to the ball and harder in the tackle, although Cambridge appeared happy to sit on their lead. After seeing a couple of half chances sail over, Loughborough were hit on the counter-attack, and as the off-side trap failed on the half way line, Matt Stock was able to round the goalkeeper and complete the scoring. The rest of the game went by without a real chance for either side, as both teams struggled to get control of the ball in the middle third of the pitch.

After the game, Cambridge captain Anthony Murphy was delighted that his side was able to see their

passing football result in a high goal tally. The real difference between the two sides was the performance of the Blues in the first half. While Cambridge attacked down the left flank and attempted to play short, defence-splitting passes, the away side allowed their frustration to reduce their game to playing the ball over the top and making long range attempts on goal. When Loughborough changed their formation and began to play football after the break, they were rewarded with more possession and, in turn, more chances on goal. At the final whistle, both sides

were in agreement that the hosts had deserved their win, although Loughborough’s second half performance will give them heart ahead of their return match later this term.

Men’s Blues v Loughborough University III  
 Cambridge XI:  
 Dean, Murphy, Turnbull, Pantelides, Redmond, Rutt, Coleman, Burrows, Baxter, Johnson, Stock  
 Goals: Rutt 2, Baxter 16, 26, Coleman 45, Stock 68

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