



'eat it now and take the consequences'



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VARSITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

Three in hospital after meningitis outbreak

» Two St Catz students and one from Trinity admitted to Addenbrooke's

KATHERINE FAULKNER
News Editor

Two students from St Catharine's College and one student from Trinity have been admitted to Addenbrooke's Hospital with the life threatening condition meningococcal septicaemia, also known as meningitis.

At noon on Wednesday, the Senior Tutor at St Catharine's informed students that a student had been admitted to Addenbrookes with suspected meningitis. After various rumours emerged that further cases were being investigated, another email, sent on Thursday afternoon, confirmed a second case of the disease. Meanwhile, the Trinity student body was informed on Friday evening that a student at their college had been found to have the infection, in what is believed to be an isolated incident.

A spokesperson for the University said: "There have this week been two cases of meningococcal septicaemia, one laboratory proven, one a clinical diagnosis awaiting confirmation, at St Catharine's College.

"The College is working closely with the University and the Health Protection Agency to investigate links between the two cases." The spokesperson told Varsity that "people in contact with the students in hospital, sharing kitchens with them etc, have been given prophylaxis treatment." St Catherine's College authorities were last night continuing to issue antibiotic treatment to any other students who had been in close contact with the infected students, who are believed to be a female fresher and a male student in the third year.

Meningitis can kill within hours if it remains untreated, and the death rate in cases of meningococcal septicaemia is approximately 20 per cent. The disease can also lead to deafness, blindness, paralysis and the amputation of limbs. Symptoms include a severe headache, a high temperature, joint and neck stiffness, aversion to light and a rash which remains visible under pressure from a glass.

"She was really tired and felt ill after a lecture," a friend of the Catz first year student told Varsity. "So she phoned the doctor, who told her to go and see her. She came back, but didn't feel any better, so she went back to see the doctor. This time they admitted her to the hospital."

"Luckily, I think they caught it really early. As far as I know she didn't have a rash or anything. It sounds like she's going to be ok." She said that the male student who had contracted the illness was a friend of the female student.

The fresher was one of numerous students who have been in close contact with those infected and who have been issued prophylaxis by the college nurse.

Chris King, the St Catharine's welfare officer, said: "There's a lot of college gossip about it. Obviously they can't discuss the individual cases but from what I've heard from the head porter they do seem to be on top of it. We've all been warned about what to look out for."

Trinity College also experienced a meningitis scare last week. On Friday, Senior Tutor John Rallison told students: "As you may be aware, a student from Trinity has been admitted to Addenbrooke's hospital with a probable meningococcal infection, commonly known as meningitis. We are taking advice from the Public Health Protection Agency and are working in accordance with the University of Cambridge Meningococcal Meningitis Guidelines."

College authorities banned a rugby match between St Catherine's and Trinity which was scheduled to take place yesterday. The Trinity team was told that "St Catz have just pulled out of the game today as they have had a number of cases of meningitis in college, and there is some concern that it could spread. Whilst this is fairly unlikely and both captains were fairly keen to play, their college nurse and authorities have essentially vetoed it."

The University say that the three students involved are responding well to treatment in Addenbrooke's Hospital.



St Catz confirmed two cases on Thursday morning

King's bar attack

EMMA INKESTER
Senior Reporter

A female undergraduate was robbed of her handbag and physically assaulted within the grounds of King's College on Monday morning. Eyewitnesses saw a commotion in which the criminal attempted to escape whilst being pursued by porters. A Cambridge resident has been arrested for the crime.

"The attack took place in the area of the College bar and the assailant, who was almost caught thanks to the swift action of the porters, escaped. The matter is now subject to a police enquiry," said Iain Fenlon, Senior Tutor at King's.

Both King's bar and King's Alley were closed off so that forensic officers could investigate. A police spokesperson told Varsity, "A 20 year old man from Cambridge has been arrested for robbery and is in custody at Parkside Police station for questioning."

Students have expressed shock that such an attack has happened on college property. "We're in a bit of a general panic at the moment," a second year King's undergraduate said. "The police were in very quickly, and as far as I know identities are being kept under wraps." The authorities have responded to the attack by fitting numerous new locks in the college.

Hugh Burling The Abortion Act has got to go



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In Brief

Working against the clock

A study by Cambridge University researchers has found that turning the clocks back each winter increases Britain's greenhouse gas emissions and adds millions of pounds to power bills. Elizabeth Garnsey of the University's Institute for manufacturing, who authored the report, explained that 35 per cent of the population are asleep when the sun rises in winter and therefore make no use of the extra daylight. She also said that the darker evenings cause domestic consumers to use 2 per cent more electricity, generating millions of tons of carbon dioxide.



Dora St John

Hack attack on SRCF

Cambridge University's student run Computing Facility was the victim of hackers on Monday. The SRCF's server hosts the websites of most of the University's student societies and also provides personal web space for students. The attack resulted in hundreds of such sites being inaccessible until Wednesday. Kristian Glass, an administrator for SRCF, explained that the attacker had managed to obtain the passwords of all of the SRCF accounts. Fortunately the volunteers who run SRCF were able to rebuild the server quickly. "We believe nearly all user data to be intact," said Glass.

Karl Zammit-Maempel

Man arrested for knife possession outside Fez

A fight outside Fez nightclub ended in arrests this week after it emerged that one of the participants was in possession of a knife. A spokesperson for Cambridge police said: "An altercation took place outside the Fez Nightclub at around 2am on Wednesday. One 25 year old man was arrested and bailed after being charged with the possession of an offensive weapon". The incident comes just over a week after two stabbings in Market Square left an 18 and a 19 year old in a critical condition in Addenbrookes Hospital. Chief Cambridgeshire Constable Julie Spence has called for an extra £17.4 million in funding for the county's police force, which was declared to be failing on "front-line policing" in this year's Home Office review.

Jen Ledger-Lomas

Scientists discover Big Bang relic

» 'Cold spot' could help to prove that the universe has always existed

HANNAH PRICE & CHARLOTTE STRANDVIST

Scientists from Cambridge University and Spain's Institute of Physics of Cantabria may have discovered a cosmic defect that is a remnant from the Big Bang. The discovery could provide a remarkable insight into how our universe evolved.

The phenomenon is an unexplained cold spot in the cosmic microwave background radiation that fills our universe as an after-glow from the Big Bang. Scientists have now suggested that this particular spot may be a defect in the vacuum of space, produced as the universe cooled after the Big Bang.

Professor Neil Turok of the Department for Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics, who first predicted the existence of such defects in the 1990s, told Varsity that the research may be able to help us answer the question of where the universe came from. He denies that the universe came solely from the Big Bang. "If you start with nothing, you get nothing. A much more logical approach is that there has always been a universe."

Addressing Cambridge University Scientific Society on Wednesday, Turok said he supported a cyclic model of the universe which "allows violent phenomena to take place that look like Big Bangs" but where the universe has always existed in some form. His ideas rely on a "technically complicated but conceptually very simple" theory called "M theory", involving extra dimensions and an intricate structure of space. Verification



Professor Neil Turok addresses Cambridge University's Scientific Society

TIM JOHNS

of the cold spot as a cosmic defect would provide vital support for Turok's theory as it would represent "a very powerful clue as to how M theory does fit nature".

Turok argues the most important step now is for the cold spot's authenticity to be confirmed. "The defect theory is very testable, but currently experiments are not sensitive enough to verify that this cold spot is definitely a defect." He is cautious

about the chances of the defect being genuine because scientists have in the past made false detections in similar areas. "If you ask a top theoretical physicist, 'Have you ever made a prediction that was correct?' 99.9 per cent haven't."

But he emphasises that this cold spot's unusually large size increases the likelihood of it being a genuine cosmic defect. "If it's true, I will get the Nobel Prize. If not, at least I will

be encouraging the experimentalists," he told the Scientific Society.

Professor Turok apparently has a bet on with Stephen Hawking about the origin of the universe and whether the European Space Agency's Planck spacecraft will detect gravitational waves, which are ripples in the fabric of space-time. Turok is betting they will not while Hawking is betting that they will, in support of the standard Big Bang model.



DEBBIE SCANLAN

Students celebrate Halloween in style

Cambridge students get their gladrags on for a night of Halloween madness in some of the city's favourite haunts

Cambridge students 'not the brightest'

ALEX GLASNER

Cambridge University has performed badly in a nationwide quiz by NME music magazine purporting to show which British university has the most intelligent students.

Cambridge came in eighteenth in the national ranking, which featured questions ranging from "How many million Jaffa cakes are eaten per year?" and "How many languages are spoken in the world?" to "What were Blur originally called?"

King's College London came first in the rankings, followed by a number of other institutions within the University of London. Oxford, however, came near the bottom, in 113th place.

There has been widespread shock amongst Cambridge students at the result, and even accusations that the test was not fair. "General knowledge is not a fair measure of intelligence," said Suzie Chidlaw, a student at Girton College.

Laura Leegood, another current Cambridge student, was also indignant about the result. "I am not stupid," she told Varsity. "Test me on philosophy, and I wouldn't do badly."

However, while Cambridge may hold the cutting edge in many specialised fields, it appears that its students have less of an advantage when it comes to awareness of

popular culture. There were many students who had never heard of NME, let alone the test.

King's College London was ecstatic with the result. "Cambridge has had its day," said Qamar Hussein, who studies at the winning university.

"All the people I know could beat any Oxbridge student at any subject any day"

"The courses are more competitive in London, where employees would rather scout for jobs. All the people I know could beat any Oxbridge student at any subject any day." He added: "London is more chilled out; we don't need to work as hard."

One Cambridge student said that a small town "with absolutely nothing going on in it could not even try to compete in a test about pop culture".

However, another reacted more positively to the result, pointing out: "At least Cambridge beat Oxford in the test."

The NME editor blamed the "Cambridge bubble" for the University's underwhelming results.

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Peterhouse May Ball cancelled

» Student outrage as dons vote to turn white tie ball into a triennial event
» Room ballot changed to reward academic achievement after examination disappointment

CAMILLA TEMPLE
Chief News Editor

Peterhouse's May Ball for 2008 has been cancelled in a move by the college's Governing Body to address poor performance in exams.

Fellows confirmed last week that the ball will now be held once every three years instead of once every two years. This is in addition to changes in the room allocation system which is now based on academic achievement rather than random allocation. The decisions come soon after Peterhouse was ranked as one of the poorest performing colleges in this year's Tompkins Table.

The JCR president, Ben Fisher, defended the college authorities, explaining that this measure "was not designed to punish students, but rather to reduce distractions

"They should be supporting students, not punishing them"

for whoever would be on the May Ball committee during Lent and Easter Term."

"Peterhouse is the smallest college with only 250 undergraduates, and a committee of 13 constitutes a good 5% of that population - if the exam results of all these people were to suffer because of a ball, as has happened in previous years, then that would be a big blow to the college's overall academic performance." He added that the three-yearly cycle has also been introduced in order "to lessen the impact on the college financially, as well as to reduce general disruption." The President of the May Ball Committee, Kate Mason, was unable to comment.

A group campaigning against the cancellation of the ball has complained that "we all resent the manner in which this issue has been conducted. The student body was left in the dark, with no attempts to confirm or dispel the many rumours surrounding the issue. Only when

prompted did the JCR President issue a statement regarding the situation. It seems that the JCR is doing little to represent our views on this matter."

Katherine Sirrell, a second year undergraduate at Peterhouse, said: "It's a complete over-reaction and really unfair. The way they've done it has created a bad atmosphere in the college; the fellows talk down to us rather than communicating. It's fair to want to bring up grades but there are better ways of doing it. They should be supporting students, not punishing them."

A member of the May Ball Committee explained that students were feeling angry because of the "fundamental divide and complete lack of communication between students and fellows." He added: "It is very hard to get through to the fellows. The fact is that Peterhouse has been doing badly in the Tompkins Table for over ten years and the fellows are simply looking for any source of the problem that does not lie with them; they have scapegoated the May Ball."

"They have been stonewalling us; the student body is not feeling positive. The fellows have collectively eroded respect for the teaching fellowship."

Another undergraduate said: "The cancellation of the May Ball is really a culmination of an apparent 'plan of action' that the fellows have been employing in a seemingly underhand manner. This has left the students feeling utterly insulted, demoralised and despondent; hardly a good way to improve our productivity." Despite repeated attempts to contact college authorities, no Peterhouse official was prepared to comment.

Highlighting the communication gap between fellows and students, two separate undergraduates referred to the changes in the room ballot system that were brought about at the start of this term. One commented that "the fellows haven't communicated anything to us as undergraduates, and seem to be going behind our backs on a lot of things at the moment, for example the illegal change in the room ballot system."

The JCR president explained in an email to undergraduates that he



The Peterhouse May Ball in 2006 was a great success

was forced by the Governing Body to change the system with the result that it is now based primarily on academic achievement. In his email of September 14, Fisher explained: "The Governing Body believe the main cause of the problem is an indifferent attitude amongst undergraduates towards academic work. One of the ways in which they wish to amend this is through modification of the room allocation procedure. The Constitution of the Sixcentenary Club [the Peterhouse JCR committee] is supposed to be submitted to the Governing Body of Peterhouse for review at intervals of not more than five years; it is already overdue. The Governing Body therefore has the ability to reject the Constitution at its next meeting, which would leave the Sixcentenary Club without power."

Fisher was given two options by the Governing Body: to either "change the constitution as they dictate so that the room allocation procedure is amended (but still takes into account non-academic achievements)", or "to leave the Constitution unaltered, so that it is rejected by the Governing Body at their next meeting, leaving room allocation in the hands of the Bursar, who would allocate rooms in such a way that the ballot was based solely on academic achievement." Fisher reported that he had chosen to alter the constitution himself: "I fully accept that for me to change the Constitution without the approval of a quorate Open Meeting is illegal, but in the face of the Governing Body's ultimatum I feel I have no choice."

Minutes from the JCR meeting held on September 30, in which the room allocation issue was discussed, record that: "The entire Committee became somewhat agitated. Two members felt that the Governing Body had dealt with The Room Points Situation [sic] unfairly; it was generally agreed that what the Committee objected to was the manner in which the Governing Body appeared to have merrily steam-rolled the JCR's supposed authority in matters concerning junior members of college, rather than the proposed changes themselves." Mr Grigson, the Senior Bursar at Peterhouse, refused to comment.

Council shuts down Starbucks after fly infestation

KATHERINE FAULKNER
Chief News Editor

Starbucks in Market Square has been closed after customers discovered an infestation of fruit flies on the premises.

A customer reportedly noticed "several hundred" of the insects near the food and on menus and walls, prompting her to alert environmental officers from the Cambridge City Council.

"We took the decision to temporarily close the Cambridge Market Street store to resolve a problem with fruit flies," confirmed a spokesperson from Starbucks Coffee Company.

"The store is currently undergoing remedial work including a

deep clean, internal painting and a rearrangement of the back of house area. Starbucks would like to apologise to customers for any inconvenience this may cause, and we hope to open the store as soon as possible."

The closure comes a week after a Varsity investigation revealed wide divergences in the hygiene standards upheld by Cambridge food outlets. Starbucks was granted three stars in recent council inspections.

A spokesperson for Cambridge City Council said, "The Environmental Services Division of Cambridge City Council received an enquiry from a member of the public regarding Starbucks Cafe in Market Street, Cambridge. Following site visits by Environ-

mental Health Officers from the council, Starbucks have agreed to temporarily close the premises. At this point in time the council is undertaking an investigation."

James Wingad, a regular Starbucks customer from St John's College, said he was "absolutely devastated" by this. "I spend my life in there," he told Varsity. "It's left me entirely without anything to do."

"However, they were terribly generous in giving out free bags of coffee as an apology on the first day that they closed down. I will probably be using it despite news of the infestation. I'll be adding boiling water to it so it's unlikely to do me much harm."

The outlet is expected to be closed for a week while the investigation takes place.



A customer complained after discovering hundreds of insects

Students demand divestment from Sudan

KATHERINE FAULKNER
Chief News Editor

Thirty Cambridge students protested outside the Sudanese Finance and Investment Conference in London on Tuesday, claiming that British investment in oil companies is indirectly funding the conflict in Darfur.

Sudan Divestment UK, an organization set up by Cambridge students, aims to convince companies which they believe to be providing the Government of Sudan with revenue, arms or diplomatic cover to invest elsewhere. They claim that "foreign investment, particularly in the oil sector, is central to the Government of Sudan's ability to fund militias and therefore perpetuate genocide in Darfur".

Despite a last minute rescheduling and change of venue, SDUK managed to fill a minibus with Cambridge students armed with banners, placards and a megaphone. "The media interest in the conference, which has been generated by SDUK, cannot have made organisation easy for what was meant to be an under the radar conference," said Arjun Chandna, a finalist at Caius and member of SDUK. "They couldn't ignore our presence."

Conference participants were un-

willing to engage with the protestors. When one SDUK member addressed the conference on the ethics of investment in Sudanese oil, an attendee replied, "I don't believe there is such a thing as ethical policy".

Labour MP Martin Salter attended the event and extended his support for the issue by being photographed with protesters. Salter had previously signed the Early Day Motion 1338, in which MPs voiced their support for the implementation of the UN peacekeeping force by the 31st of December 2007.

"The protest was a success," said Chandna. "We ensured that the conference did not go unnoticed and was associated with a lot of negative publicity. It would have been a disgrace if a conference promoting investment into the Sudanese oil sector had been allowed to progress seamlessly, despite the UK parliament advising against any such investments until Sudan had upheld the Comprehensive Peace Agreement."

Hamish Falconer, John's finalist and Director of SDUK, agreed. "People were obviously angry about the conference, and more protestors than delegates actually turned up. Our next aim is to encourage the University to divest itself of shares in these companies, which would be an important symbolic gesture."



Students protesting outside the Sudanese Finance and Investment Conference

KARL ZAMMIT-MAEMPEL

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Oxbridge access targets are 'unachievable'

DECCA MULDOWNEY

The head of an Oxford college has stated that Oxbridge will miss its targets for admissions and applications from state schools "for the foreseeable future".

Alan Ryan, Warden of New College, Oxford, argued last week that both universities were "foolish" to think they could achieve targets set in 2006, when Oxford pledged to increase applicants and Cambridge to increase admissions from state schools.

His comments follow suggestions by the Universities Secretary John Denham last month that the "most sought-after" universities were biased against those from lower social backgrounds, resulting in "a huge waste of talent".

The University disagreed with Ryan's analysis, claiming: "It is by no means a foregone conclusion that the University will miss these milestones." A spokesman stressed that the University is "committed to ensuring that it is accessible to young people of the highest intellectual potential whatever their background".

However, figures published earlier this year showed that the

proportion of new undergraduates from the lowest social classes fell last year at both universities. According to figures from the Higher Education Statistics Agency, just 57.9 per cent of students at Cambridge are from state schools, while the figure for Oxford was only 53.7 per cent last year.

Ryan called Denham's accusations "silly", arguing that Oxbridge spend a great deal of money sending ambassadors to state schools and organising summer schools.

CUSU access officer Charlotte Richer supported this view. She told Varsity that Cambridge spends in excess of £3m a year on outreach work. "The level of criticism aimed at Oxford and Cambridge is hugely frustrating to those of us who devote considerable amounts of time to breaking down misperceptions," she said.

"In the media, it quickly becomes a blame game, with the University, the government and the schools in turn becoming victims or victimisers. The truth is probably somewhere in the middle: the University does need to continue to do more, but can only achieve so much within the limits of the wider education system."

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Sidney Sussex bursary fund manager embezzled £56,000

» First known case of major theft by a senior member of staff in the University's history

KATY LEE
Chief News Editor

A former employee of Sidney Sussex College has been given a suspended 12 month jail sentence after stealing more than £56,000 from the college. Robert Page, the college's former bursary manager, was found guilty of one charge of theft and nine of false accounting at Cambridge Crown Court last Friday.

In 2001 Page began to remove money from the college's bank account. He would replace the sums using cheques payable to Sidney Sussex by other Cambridge colleges, local businesses and Cambridge City Council to repay sums he had taken from the college's bank account. On several times between 2005 and 2006 Page stole cash directly from college bar takings. The court heard that he had been moved to steal from his employer after accumulating large credit card debts due to extensive renovation work on his house.

"Sidney Sussex College discovered he was stealing from the bar proceeds last year, when they noticed a discrepancy in the college bank account," said Detective Constable Peter Savage, head of the Counter Fraud Investigation Division at Cambridgeshire police. The college carried out an internal investigation in May 2006 and Page admitted to the theft. He was dismissed from his post and the case was handed over to the police.

"The college did not realise the full extent of the fraud up until this point," said Detective Constable Savage. "It was only during the year long police investigation that the cheque replacement scheme, which he had used a lot more, was discovered and the college became aware that a lot more had been stolen than they initially thought." Page has since used his pension to pay back £34,000, but the college believes that £22,614 remains outstanding.

Sara Walker, prosecuting, said Page's crimes had remained unnoticed by the college for five years

because of his seniority. But Dr George Reid, Acting Bursar of Sidney Sussex, said: "The difficulty in discovering Mr Page's theft was the result of his position, rather than his seniority. He was a trusted employee of the College of very long standing who seriously abused that trust."

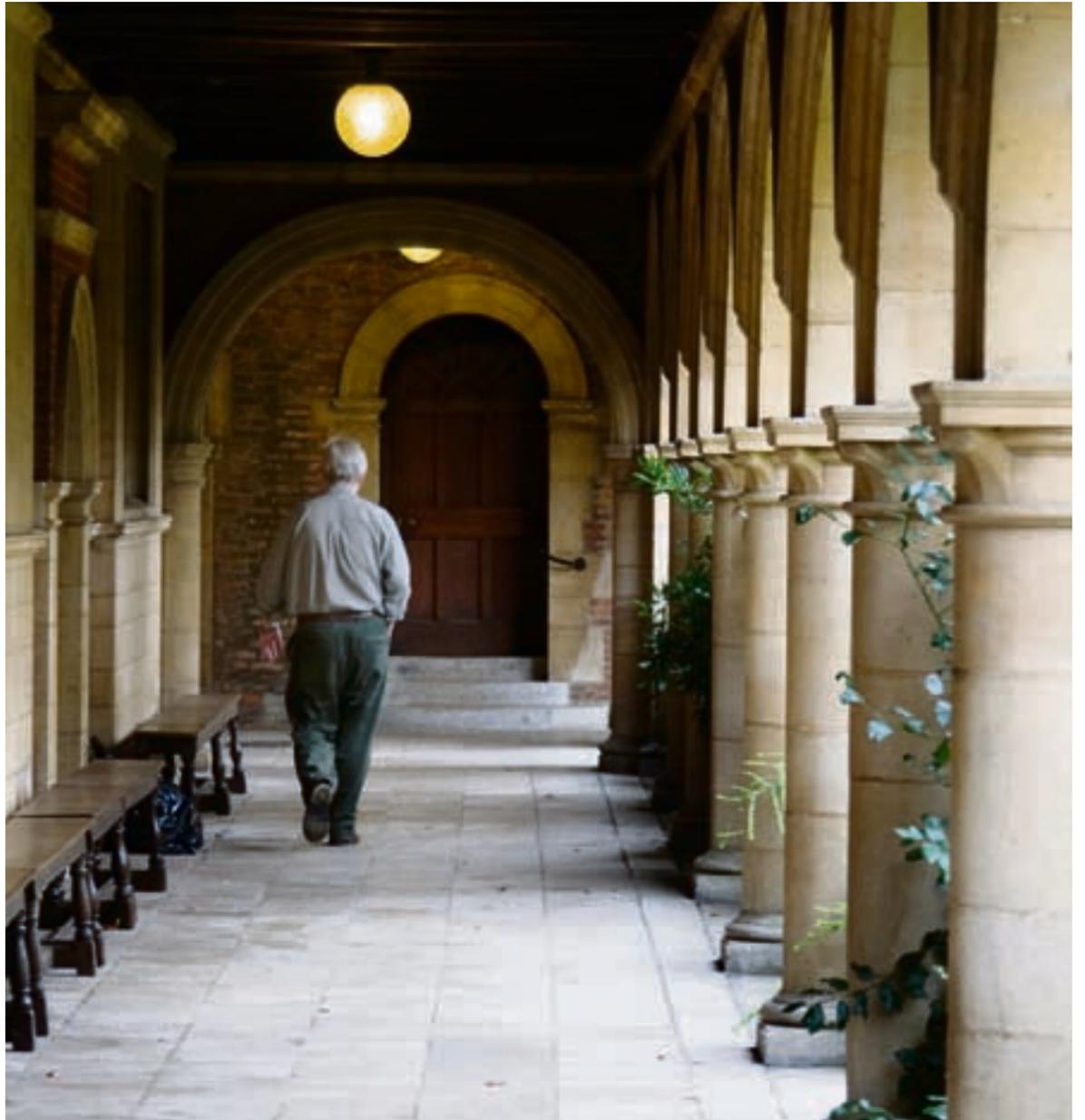
Dr Reid told Varsity that the college has modified its financial system to ensure that large scale theft by employees does not happen again. "The College has made a number of changes of procedure after consultation with its auditors, which should serve to prevent a similar incident in the future," he said.

In court, Page pleaded guilty to one charge of theft and nine of false accounting. He also asked for 38 other charges linked to the case to be taken into account. In addition to a 12 month prison term, which has been suspended for 18 months due to concerns over the care of his wife, Page has been ordered to carry out 120 hours of unpaid work.

Melanie Benn, defending, argued that Page's grief after the death of his nephew and the illness of his wife and mother should be taken into account. "He has shown a great deal of remorse over what has happened. He didn't believe there were any victims, but the college is a victim." Before his thefts were discovered, Page had amended his will to include the donation of his house to the college. But he believes this bequest may no longer be appropriate.

Judge Jonathan Haworth told Page, "I have no doubt you feel the utmost shame. It is a big fall for someone who was as respected as you were in the college." Page had been working at Sidney Sussex College for more than 40 years. He joined the college as a part time waiter in 1961 while studying for a business qualification at Anglia Polytechnic, now Anglia Ruskin University.

He acquired a full time job at Churchill College after graduating but continued to work as a waiter at Sidney, and left Church-



Sidney Sussex has not yet fully recovered the money

DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

ill for good in 1974 after he was offered a position as steward's clerk in Sidney's college office. The last post he held was that of bursary manager, a managerial post under that of Bursar.

Page considered himself a popular member of college staff. In an interview with Sidney's college

magazine *ELSid* in 2005, he said, "I still get letters from all over the world. Daughters and sons of former students drop in to see me when they come back as students or visit Cambridge." He was also an active member of the community in his home village of Longstanton and had been trusted with

the management of funds as treasurer of the Longstanton Sports and Social Club.

Detective Constable Savage told Varsity that this is the first time to his knowledge that a major case of theft by a member of staff has occurred within Cambridge University.

Oxbridge 'indoctrinates our future leaders'

ANGELA FANSHAWE

British forces are "overstretched" in Iraq and Afghanistan because the government is suffering from imperialistic delusions of grandeur, the historian Correlli Barnett has claimed.

Addressing an audience at Churchill College last Thursday at a seminar to celebrate his eightieth birthday, Barnett, a Churchill fellow and outspoken critic of the war in Iraq, said that Britain's political elite still mistakenly regard their country as a world power. He added that this view was a relic of the days of the British Empire and has remained "the besetting sin of British total strategy right up to the present day".

"At the present time, the British army and its air support are just too small to fight simultaneous large-scale guerrilla wars in Iraq and Afghanistan," argued Barnett, calling the invasions "a case of true overstretch. It is why our commitment in Iraq is being gradually cut back - simply to enable us to concentrate our limited strength on Afghanistan."

Barnett went on to the question of why Britain has retained such "folie de grandeur" in post-war times. He suggested that the elite of today followed in the mindset of the 1950s elite, who "remained prisoners of their indoctrination at public school and Oxbridge" and were "programmed to be house prefects to the world".

He drew comparisons between current British leadership and Sir Anthony Eden, Prime Minister during the Suez Crisis of 1956. Quoting Eden as saying in 1952 that "our worldwide commitments are inescapable", he went on to argue that "Gordon Brown and David Cameron would probably say the same today. Tony Blair certainly did."

The public seminar, entitled "Overstretched? The making and impact of the UK's defence reviews since 1957", was attended by senior military and governmental figures, including the British Army's former chief of general staff, General Sir Mike Jackson.

Sir John Nott, the former Con-

servative Defence Secretary who also spoke at the seminar, was in complete agreement with the historian. He described British forces as "doing far too much".

But Dr Piers Brendon, a history fellow at Churchill, told Varsity: "I don't subscribe to the notion that the political elite is a prisoner of its public school and Oxbridge 'indoctrination'; it is too simplistic."

"I do admire the sustained and courageous way in which Correlli Barnett opposed Tony Blair's disastrous policy over Iraq."

Dr Martin Stephen, High Master of St. Paul's School, has commented, "It is quite extraordinary that Barnett sees independent schools and Oxbridge as 'indoctrinat-

ing' their students. Can he really be talking about the schools that produced George Orwell, Clement Attlee and Anthony Wedgewood Benn, and thousands upon thousands of other independently minded people?"

He was otherwise full of praise for Correlli Barnett, describing him as "a superb interpreter of the past" and "one of the most stimulating historians this country has produced."

Concluding his address, Barnett said that he had not had time to discuss the current British Trident nuclear missile system. But he did remark that the programme was "the supreme example of overstretch stemming from 'folie de grandeur'."

Obituary

The Rev Professor Charles Moule

» Life fellow of Clare whose original work on the New Testament sparked vigorous debate

GRAHAM STANTON

Emeritus Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity

Who has had the most influence on your life, family excepted? For me, the answer is easy: the Rev Professor CFD Moule who died on 30 September, just a couple of months short of his 99th birthday.

In 1964 I had to find someone to supervise my PhD thesis, as further studies in my field were not then possible in New Zealand. I sought the advice of the only New Zealander I knew in Cambridge. He confirmed that Professor Charlie Moule was an outstanding scholar: a gentle, kind and genuinely humble person who was held in the highest regard by everyone who knew him. I soon began to pass on similar comments to others who wanted to know what it was like to work under Charlie Moule's guidance. He encouraged us to develop our immature and not very well informed insights. His PhD students regularly came away from supervisions warmly encouraged. Throughout our careers he took a kindly interest in our research and teaching. When we sent him a copy of our books or articles, he always read them carefully and sent back comments and suggestions.

In 1951 he was appointed to the

Lady Margaret's Professorship of Divinity. At that time he hadn't completed a single book. The electors gambled on promise, and their judgement was soon vindicated by the appearance of *An Idiom-Book of New Testament Greek*, in which he explored the distinctive features of the Greek of the New Testament writers. This remarkable book is still in print 55 years later.

Charlie Moule became Dean of Clare College and a University assistant lecturer in 1944. He sometimes spoke about the austerity of the early post-war years, quickly adding that life in College was "disgracefully luxurious" in comparison with hardships faced by others. As soon as the Clare Fellows' Garden was restored he walked there very early every morning and said his prayers. He played a major role in the translation of the New English Bible.

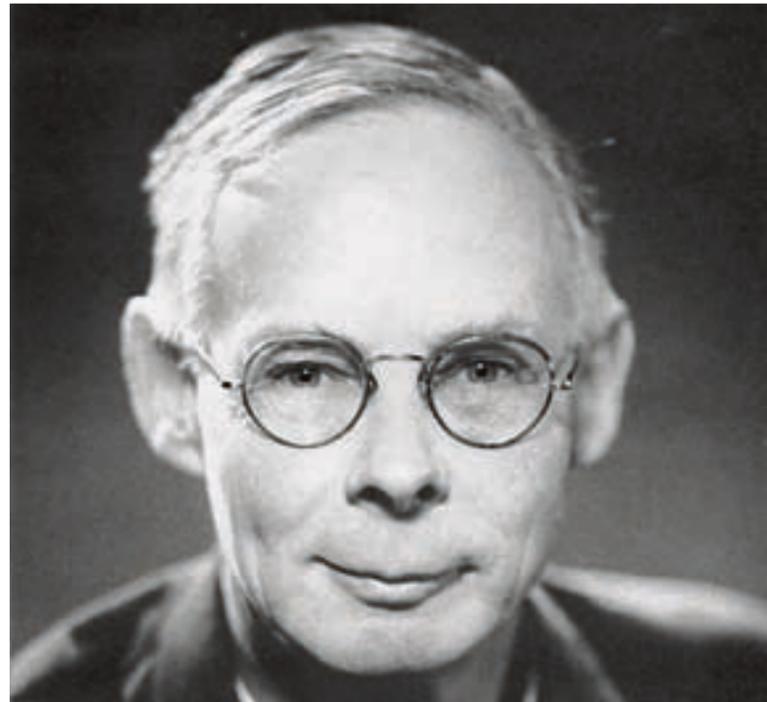
Professor Moule was a Fellow of Clare for 32 years, and then a Life Fellow. He took a keen interest in all aspects of College life. Even in his 90s he sometimes commented on Governing Body minutes and gently pointed out stylistic infelicities. He welcomed Clare students to weekly evening discussions and on that basis firm friendships were built which lasted for many decades.

Charlie Moule is known and respected for two themes that emerged

from his concern with the precise exegesis and interpretation of the New Testament writings. He insisted that the New Testament does not see judgement and punishment as retribution, but as restoration. His views sparked off lively discussion in a wide range of groups concerned with criminal justice. *Forgiveness and Reconciliation*, the title of his final book, published on his 90th birthday, sums up this concern. In contrast to some of the fashions of the day, he insisted that the Gospels provide us with sharply drawn portraits of Jesus of Nazareth which are at the very heart of Christian faith. While 'history' cannot compel faith, it is the solid foundation on which faith rests.

Many honours were showered down on this self-effacing scholar. A FBA in 1966, he became President of the International Society of New Testament scholars in 1967-68. He received honorary D.D.s from St Andrews and Cambridge, and was made CBE in 1985.

He was equally at home with the great and the good as with College staff and folk in the village near Eastbourne to which he retired. He preached regularly in his parish church until well into his 90s. He retained his puckish sense of humour even when weighed down by physical weakness and frustrating deafness. In his 95th year I offered to mow his lawns. He declined my offer,



Rev Professor Charles Moule

insisting that he was deeply attached to his "Tony Blair motorised zimmer frame".

Charlie Moule did not write the blockbusters which seem to dominate his field today. Perhaps his personal legacy of genuine humility and courtesy will outlast even his finest publications. Generations of

scholars and students have cause to be thankful for what may turn out to be his finest achievement: the thousands of letters of encouragement in his distinctive hand he sent all over the world.

A memorial service will be held in Great St Mary's University Church on Saturday February 9 at 2pm.

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Prodigious classicist wins prestigious prize

CLARE SOUTHWORTH

A Cambridge student who has collected over 2,700 classical books has been awarded first prize in a prestigious international book-collecting championship in Seattle.

David Butterfield, a first year Classics PhD student at Christ's College, was awarded \$2,500 by the Fine Books and Collections magazine for use in furthering his collection. Butterfield entered 100 volumes from his library, grouped under the heading "Landmarks of

Classical Scholarship". His main collection, which began as a working library, is actually far wider in scope, covering many aspects of Greek and Latin literature.

Dr Kelvin Bowkett, Senior Tutor of Christ's, described David's award as "a remarkable achievement" and stated that the college was "delighted to hear of it". Butterfield qualified for the competition after winning Cambridge University's inaugural Rose Book-Collecting Prize earlier this year. Peter Fox, University Librarian, described

the international victory as "the perfect end to the first year of the Cambridge competition".

"I wasn't sure that I'd win the Rose Prize, since my collection isn't really that fashionable," said Butterfield, who began collecting books in his first year at Cambridge. "In my first two years I bought around 1000 books a year, so towards three a day." He is a regular visitor to Cambridge's second-hand bookshops, although he finds many of his best purchases online. One of his most valuable acquisitions from

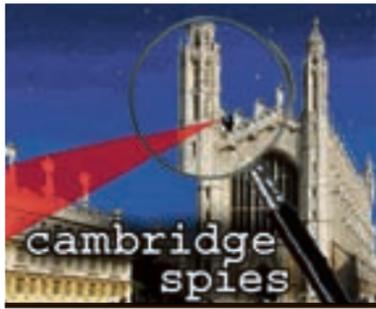
the sixteenth century had been bought from "an eBay seller who sold mainly electric toasters".

His second Aldine edition of Lucretius, from 1515, is believed to have been owned by Cardinal Domenico Passionei, one of the most famous book thieves of all time. According to Butterfield, he often returned from research trips to monastery libraries "considerably plumper in appearance, or having stealthily thrown books out of the window to an auxiliary servant."

Butterfield spent his \$2,500 prize

the next day at the Seattle Book Fair, where he acquired a 1514 folio commentary on Lucretius. This is now the oldest book in his collection. But he refused to part with his winnings easily, managing to negotiate \$1,500 off the asking price. "I took the seller out for a few drinks the night before," he admitted. "I always barter."

The first book he has co-edited, the Penguin Latin Dictionary, was published this month. Next year he will take up a research fellowship at Christ's.



King's

Comrade, join us!

Our spy has heard of a group – nay, a cult – of wicked nymphs and chaps from King's College who have been indulging in carnal delights of the most perverse kind these last few Tuesdays. Referring to themselves as "Fags and Hags", the secret circle has taken to prowling around Club 22's gay night each week in search of fresh prey. Each affiliate, male or female, is tasked with seducing a lusty youth and coaxing them back to King's, where said youth discovers with horror that they are not to engage in intimate pleasures with their partner of choice but to join, in the true socialist tradition of the college, in a communal sex binge in the shabby milieu of a student's abode. Peaches Geldof doesn't know what she's missing.

Trinity

Golden handshake

A cheery pink-cheeked charmer (or, some would say, an obese nymphomaniac) was handsomely rewarded for his trouble when he received an unexpected pleasure one fine autumnal dawn. The night before, while enjoying a merry swapping party, his female companion strayed from the path of sobriety. Upon waking up in the morning, the hand of our cheery hero, on its way to who knows where, collided with something suspiciously sodden and recoiled in horror. But his horror was not to last long as the sensuous blonde flushed with a beautiful embarrassment at her golden shower and begun to peel off his boxers. Determined to make up for her baptismal behaviour, she began to gladden the heart and other anatomical parts of her host with her elegant glottal skills. While putting his stinky bed-sheets in the wash, he felt not a jot of resentment.

St Catz

An alarming encounter

A ditty DJ has been evicted from his lodgings following a violent encounter with a fire alarm. The rhythmic bopper, for unknown reasons imagining his own room to be the only one laboured by the chimes of ill omen, proceeded to hack viciously at what he perceived to be the source of disturbance, in the process managing to destroy a hitherto highly effective college alarm system. Needless to say, the college authorities did not take kindly to his pacifist efforts.

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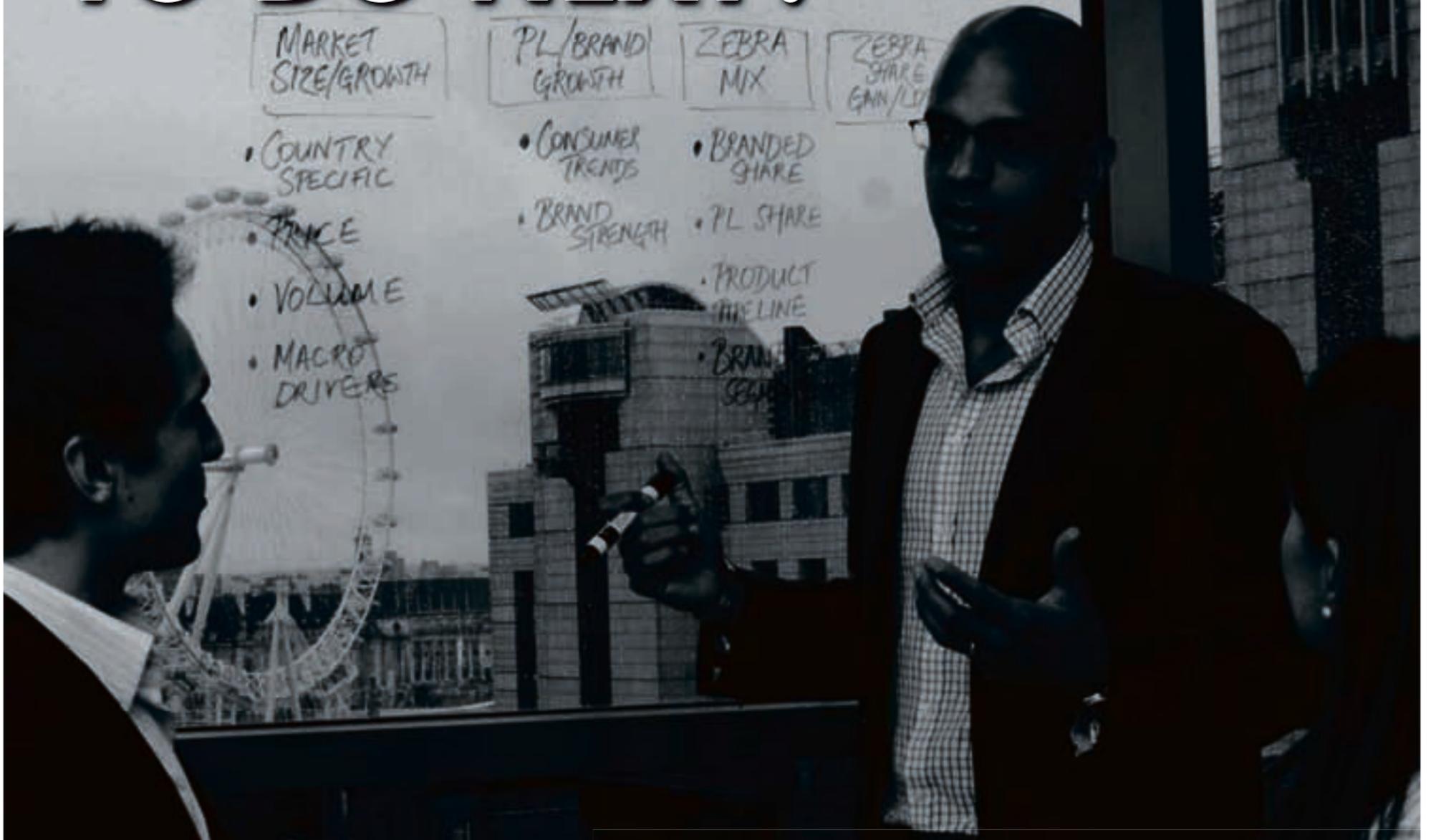
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Issue No 664

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A trivial distraction

The Peterhouse May ball has been called off because a large number of students have been underperforming in examinations. It is hardly surprising that the students of Peterhouse are cheated off. The line that the college has taken is patronising in the extreme; the students of Peterhouse are effectively being told that they are not responsible adults, that they are unable to put their priorities in order by themselves, and that they are unable to strike the balance between the academic and the extracurricular. If the college wants to improve its exam statistics, the logical line to take would be the complete abolition of the Peterhouse May Ball. And the John's May Ball. And the ADC, and student journalism. Sod it, who needs interests outside their degree? We'd all do far better at Tripos if we weren't surrounded by trivial distractions intent on keeping us from our spiritual homes in the North Front of the UL.

If Peterhouse is trying to remedy poor exam results, turning the May ball into a triennial event is a nonsensical way of doing so. After the initial burst of outrage, (and the apathy of a JCR seemingly incapable of standing up to college authorities,) students may forget that there ever was a biennial ball. Slightly fewer students might underperform in Tripos, and Peterhouse will, perhaps, begin to ascend the rungs of the Tompkins Table. But there is a fundamental flaw in the measures taken by the college to improve academic performance.

The May ball has essentially been cancelled so that a lower percentage of Peterhouse students find their exam results suffering. The problem is being viewed as one of percentages, not of the academic welfare of individual students. But even if the college as a whole ends up with more firsts to its name, those who do end up on the May ball committee, once every three years, are still likely to perform significantly worse in Tripos than they would otherwise have done. College results may be up, but on an individual level the ball will take the same toll as ever.

We don't all come here just to get a degree. There are a vast number of opportunities on offer, and while many of them are tied indissolubly to the academic life of Cambridge, some find their outlets far beyond the faculties, libraries and professors of the University. The Cambridge drama and classical music scenes are vibrant and challenging, and Cambridge is producing not just the academics, but the writers, actors, musicians, and events organisers of the future. Mark Fletcher will probably find his various presidencies (Jesus May Ball President included) far more formative in terms of his future career than his degree in Land Economy, and far more useful.

We should demand the reinstatement of the biennial Peterhouse May Ball. Because balls are a crucial part of Cambridge's tradition, because it has been called off not for the sake of individuals but for league tables and college percentages, and, finally, because Cambridge students are capable of taking responsibility for their time, their successes and their failures.

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

Lost Integrity: mugged by a guy in a sharp suit

Reading your interview last week (Varsity 663) with Douglas Murray, the "liberal mugged quite a few times by reality", I was surprised and angered in equal measure by the extent to which Varsity's sense of journalistic vigour seems in this case to have been mugged by a guy in a sharp suit. On Neo-conservatism being "not a set of doctrines... just a way of looking at the world", Murray's attention could have profitably been drawn to the continuing alliance of extreme right-wing Christianity and the Neoconservative dogma of pre-emptive military action, supported by the misguided belief that this attitude represents without doubt or caveat the supreme moral high ground. The



view that being "sensible" entails an unqualified support of Israel, whose government has repeatedly and blatantly abused human rights for decades, is ludicrously misguided. Whilst I welcome Murray's condemnation of the cruelty supported and perpetrated by Saudi Arabia's government, he avoids the hypocrisy inherent in the UK's continued support for similarly barbarous regimes such as Pakistan and past support for other human rights violators; this point, again, was seemingly not put to him during the interview.

I would never seek to criticise the airing of a wide range of political views within this paper, but when a figure such as last week's interviewee is allowed the completely untrammelled ability to fill paragraphs with what at times reads like his own political pamphlet, Varsity's status as an

independent student newspaper is immensely damaged.

Yours,
John Walker,
Homerton College

Artistic Prejudice doesn't add up

As the producer of the next two weeks of ADC mainshows, I think I should offer some defence in view of your ill-advised View from the Gods this week. Fame, however 'hackneyed' a musical, is likely to sell out. People want to see this stuff. However much Varsity bangs on about the quality of ADC programming, the theatre isn't subsidised and neither is the club. Robert Icke's frankly astounding production of Motortown lost his Swan Theatre Company £1000, and the theatre, goodness knows how much. The Theatre Editor's own Edinburgh production (much to my frustration) lost a similar amount. It is always those with little or no financial intuition or experience in theatre production that criticise the ADC Theatre's programming each term.

As it happens, James and The Giant Peach is actually bloody good. I challenge you to come and see it. You might actually enjoy it. Fame is also an extremely good production of a popular (if not top-notch) musical. There is time and space in the vast array of Cambridge amateur drama productions for shows that people of all ages will actually want to come and see. Fame may have 'problematic artistic potential' but the financial success of productions like it provide the opportunity for the theatre and the ADC to stage shows like Motortown and Apocryphal Tales where the numbers patently don't add up.

Yours sincerely,
Ollie Jordan,
Corpus Christi College

Part-academic, part-vocational; but only half as useful?

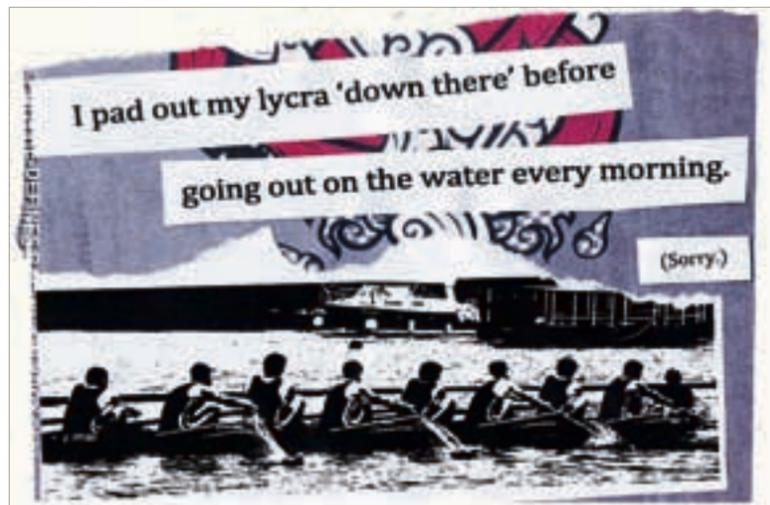
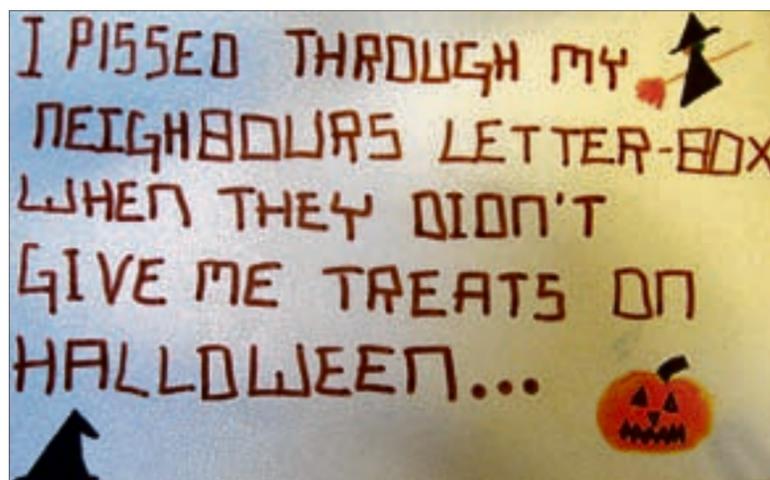
In response to your front page article 'A-levels could be scrapped in six years', I would like to offer my personal opinion. Whilst I feel that the option of a vocational qualification at sixth-form age is extremely important (and has been a long time coming!) I cannot help thinking that the idea of actually "replacing" the A-level system with a more vocational alternative is misguided.

Apart from the fact that A level is the last real time when you are able to enjoy a variety of academic subjects purely for their own interest, the loss of which would be a real shame, it is already evident that subjects such as law and psychology already being taught at A-level are of little use to anyone wishing to pursue a career in that sector, and that a half-and-half academic-vocational qualification would struggle to be sufficiently useful in either area. A more practical knowledge of vocational applications at degree level would be beneficial in subjects such as English and History whose breadth frequently leaves students floundering when it comes to making career decisions, but sixth form (and earlier; these new qualifications start at year 9) is far too early to be forced to have these considerations.

Introducing a new, more vocational qualification is an unnecessary and confusing change: universities are only just working out how to deal with less traditional subjects such as Drama and Media Studies. Personally, I really enjoyed my A levels, and would not have done so if they had forced me at such a young age to think about my employability and career prospects.

Although it is understandable that Cambridge has jumped on the new qualification bandwagon because they do not like the old ones, there is never going to be a perfect solution.

Lucy Cheke
Downing College



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A fresh perspective

Science and religion have been popularly cast as awkward bedfellows, while for those who espouse the doctrines of Dawkins, they are at war. Against this apparent conflict, **Fraser Watts** defends their compatibility, arguing that religious and scientific points of view work best in a complementary, rather than a competitive, relationship.

The idea that science and religion are in conflict is well entrenched. It is assumed that you have to choose between them. That is seen, for example, in the work of Richard Dawkins, for whom promoting science and attacking religion (as in *The God Delusion*) are two sides of the same coin. It is strange that this conflict thesis is so durable, because it doesn't stand up to critical examination.

In the first place, it is often assumed that there has always been a conflict between science and religion. Not so. We can actually date the conflict idea to 1875, the year in which the first book was published on 'conflict' between science and religion (by J W Draper). Before that most 'scientists', as we would call them (though that is actually a 19th century term) were religious people. Newton, for example, even thought that his research on religion was more important than his scientific research. Most early modern science was religiously motivated, and arose out of religious assumptions. People sometimes try to make hay out of the unfortunate Galileo incident. However, there was not even a general conflict between Copernicanism and Christianity in the 16th century, let alone a more general conflict between science and religion.

Next, it is often claimed that religion is irrational, that religion is a tissue of fantasies and illusions, whereas science gives us the real truth. Though I agree that science is the supreme achievement of human rationality, the contrast between science and religion is nothing like as stark as is often made out. No serious philosopher of science would now try to argue that what science gives us is simply a matter of factual truth. Certainly, there are careful empirical observations in science, but they are intertwined with theory, which in turn dictates what observations you make, and influences how you interpret them. There are no theory-free observations in science. Moreover, how observations are interpreted in science can change radically over time as 'paradigm shifts' occur, for example from Newtonian to quantum mechanics. Furthermore, just as early modern science was often fuelled by religious assumptions so more recent science has often been fuelled by atheist assumptions. The impact of atheism on scientific theorising is no more 'neutral' than that of religion. Neither is inherent in science itself.

If science is less straightforwardly factual than some people claim, religion is not irrational in the way that is often imagined. Religious belief is a large-scale theory that makes sense of a broad range of considerations; it

is perhaps more comparable to a scientific paradigm than a particular scientific theory. It can make sense, within a single framework, of the remarkable beauty and fruitfulness of the natural world, the powerful religious experiences that are familiar to at least a third of the population, the religious instinct that seems inherent in human nature, and the claims of religious leaders such as the Buddha, Jesus, and the prophet Mohammed. Religious belief goes beyond empirical observations, but in a way that is rationally defensible and makes sense, at a stroke, of a broad range of consideration. Some people regard religious belief as too speculative, which is a fair point, though there is often an element of speculation in scientific theories as well. Another common objection is that religious beliefs are unnecessary, and that there are simpler explanations of the things that religion explains. However, it is not clear that the 'simple is best' rule is always a good guide to the truth. Science itself sometimes resorts to rather profligate explanations, as in the currently fashionable idea of multiverses.

The idea that you have to choose

"It is often claimed that religion is irrational, that religion is a tissue of fantasies and illusions, whereas science gives us the real truth."

between science and religion is fuelled by the idea that they are on a par with each other. For example, which is right about the beginning of the world? The Bible or modern cosmology? In fact, religion focuses, not so much on *how* the world started, as on the belief there is a caring, creative God who underpins and sustains everything in the world. That belief complements science; it doesn't compete with it. My suggestion is that science and religion look at things from different points of view. Whatever you look at, they each have something to contribute. They complement each other.

Within science itself, there are often different perspectives that complement each other. Take going to sleep. As you go to sleep, there are changes in the electrical rhythms of the brain; they go through several stages, gradually becoming slower, larger and more regular. You can

also study how thought processes change as people go to sleep. Research has shown that people stop attending, first to the outside world, then even to their own bodies. Then they are left just with their own thoughts, which become more fragmentary and uncoordinated, and recede to what people call the 'back of the mind'. Understanding the physiological and psychological aspects of going to sleep provides with complementary perspectives. I suggest that science and religion are complementary in the same kind of way.

Another common idea about the relationship between science and religion is that they each have their own territory. Some things can be studied by science; others can't. The idea is that religion comes into its own with the things that fall outside the scope of science. God is then to be invoked in the places where science doesn't go. That kind of carve-up of the territory, in the end, keeps no one happy. Science can study *everything* from its own perspective, including human personality, even religion itself. But equally, religion bears on everything; most religious people believe that the whole world is in God's hands. Scientists are right to think they can tackle any question that comes up. But they are wrong if they think that science is the only perspective. Most scientists are humble enough about their work to know this, even though a few scientists entertain the grandiose fantasy that science is the only actor on the stage, and that no one else should get a look in.

Dividing up the territory between science and religion is like dividing up medical complaints into those that are physical and those that are psychological. Things just don't divide up neatly like that. Every medical complaint has physical aspects. Equally, there is always a psychological side, even if it is only how people cope with being ill and in pain. The physical and psychological sides of medicine are complementary. The territory can't be partitioned between them. It is the same with scientific research and religious belief.

One of the currently exciting areas of religious studies is the growth in the study of religion from the perspectives of evolutionary biology and cognitive neuroscience. It is tempting to assume that, because we are developing explanations of religion from those standpoints, religion is being 'explained away'. However, that is manifestly a *non sequiter*. It only follows if you make the additional assumption that evolution and/or neuroscience provide us with the *only* explanation of

religion, but there is no rational basis for that assumption.

From the religious point of view, there is no problem with the idea that evolution has given rise to the religion. Most religious people just assume that everything about humans has evolved,

"Dividing up the territory between science and religion is like dividing up medical complaints into those that are physical and those that are psychological."

including religion. If it was part of God's purposes for human beings to develop the capacity for religion, they just assume that the evolution was the way in which that was brought about. Equally, if scientists study the brain processes part involved in religious experience, they are not entitled to conclude that there is nothing transcendent about religion. When we have any kind of experience, including religious experience, the brain is involved, but that doesn't settle the question of whether religion is about anything beyond the brain.

Another strange thing about scientists like Richard Dawkins, who want science to replace religion, is that they ignore the scientific evidence that religion is not likely to go away. Religion seems to have evolutionary value, and the brain seems to be hard-wired for religion. That implies that religion is not going to be around for long time to come. Dawkins' indiscriminate attack on all forms of religion is, in that sense, unrealistic from a scientific point of view. Of course, that doesn't make religion either true, or good for us. However, the crucial question for the human race is not whether to have religion at all, but what kind of religion to have. We urgently need to a better sense of where to draw the dividing line between healthy and unhealthy forms of religion, and to work to see that healthy forms of religion have the ascendancy.

Dr Fraser Watts is a reader in the Faculty of Divinity and is Director of the Psychology and Christianity Project.



JAMES SHEEDEN



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Once again, the membership of a union is being shafted by the scheming of the union leadership. This time, it's our union, the NUS, which is being undermined by the gang of Blairite careerists who control the top positions on the NEC and numerous local SU executives. Not content with spending years resolutely failing to do anything meaningful to stave off top up fees, pissing the campaigns budget away on lavish receptions for New Labour ministers and wasting stupendous amounts of students' money on a rip-off discount card nobody wants, President Tumelty and her unrepresentative camarilla have set their sights on the destruction of NUS democracy.

After a sham "consultation", an unaccountable, ill-publicised (semi-secret) Governance Review Board has drawn up plans for a series of "governance reforms", designed to entrench the power and prestige of a handful of top bureaucrats at the expense of democracy. The board which drew up these proposals was a joke. It was composed solely of sabbaticals (who stand to gain the most from the reforms) and "external advisors" – not one ordinary student was involved.

The proposals themselves are disastrous, but not surprising. The Annual Conference will be broken up into a series of smaller conferences, a confusing arrangement which will damage student participation. Top members of the exec will be made less accountable to the more representative part-time officers. The former will be rewarded with inflated salaries; the latter will have their work made impossible by funding cuts. The requirement that delegates to conference have to be elected by a cross-campus ballot will be weakened. This can only be bad news for women and sexual, ethnic and political minorities.

This is a political coup in our union engineered by the self-interested leadership of Labour Students. If the reforms pass, it will be a blow struck for them and their political masters in Downing Street – a blow struck against students and their interests.

Spinning frantically in TCS this week, top NUS mandarin Wes Streeting claims that opposition to these reforms is coming solely from the revolutionary left, and implies that "ordinary students" are behind the reforms. Nonsense. Not only do most "ordinary students" not know about the reforms (because he hasn't told them about them), but revolutionary socialists are not alone in opposing the move. Of course we oppose them, because being a socialist means fighting unconditionally for democracy. Of course we're shouting loudest about it, because that's what grassroots political activists do. Of course the reforms will disadvantage us, but they will disadvantage everyone. That's what happens when you undermine democracy. Student unionists from across the political spectrum realise that these reforms are bad for democracy, and bad for the membership. On Tuesday, University College London voted overwhelmingly to oppose the reforms. Other big universities are swinging behind them. Cambridge must too.



Sarah Rainey

Barriers from within

We're failing to integrate international students

We've all got them: in fact, since moving to Madrid, I think I've collected about fifty. Those never-have-time-to-chat, wouldn't-have-much-to-say-even-if-we-did people, at whom we smile and nod in the corridors between lectures: the quintessential "hi-bye" friend. Think about it. How many international students do you know? And how many are you *actually* friends with? Of the 330,075 international students currently studying at universities in the UK, approximately 6,000 of whom are at Cambridge, I'd be hard pressed to name three. And having just embarked on a year abroad in Spain, my integration (or lack thereof) with the madrileños has become a serious social impediment.

It's unnervingly easy to ignore the plight of international students in Cambridge. Its internationally-orientated admissions policy ranks eleventh in the UK, and with 21% of its 2006-2007 intake being from outside the UK, Cambridge has – ostensibly – got little to worry about in terms of embracing multiculturalism. Yet Alice, an ex-Erasmus student, describes her time in Cambridge as "lonely" and "too work-orientated to even think about making friends"; while Jon bemoans "the lack of mixing with national students". Not quite the image our International Office would like to portray, then.

So why is integration such a big problem? The principal reason seems to be aversion to diversity. Differences in culture, race, religion and traditions often do

not incite in students the interest and open-mindedness they ought, but rather a passive indifference from those already settled in their insular cliques. Language can be a major barrier for international students, despite Cambridge's obligatory English tests prior to admission: classroom skills are one thing; but making jokes and keeping up with colloquialisms is much harder to achieve. Moreover, studying here is far from cheap. In 2007-2008, EU-nationals



LAUREN HILL

at Cambridge will pay an annual fee of £3,070. Some international students are charged an incredible £11,862. If you've paid this much for your tuition, not working entails far more guilt. No wonder integration isn't top priority for many international students.

This year, the stringency of the

Cambridge admissions and accommodation systems has created substantial barriers for some international students. In Trinity Hall, a higher-than-anticipated acceptance level has resulted in international students being housed in off-site accommodation, separated from the rest of the student body. Up until last year, this was the permanent arrangement for all international students in Caius. In Queens' College, a spokesperson explains that "a majority of the international

tion in Cambridge is failing. Barriers are created from *within* the bubble, rather than being imposed from the outside. Queen's insists that the College has the "interests of the students at heart and... will respond to concerns either with decent justification or ideas for improvement." However, when asked about the impact of the oversight at Trinity Hall, the International Office proposed that international students may actually prefer to live together, so that those staying throughout the vacations are not alone. Caius, on the other hand, changed their accommodation policy as a result of international students seeking quite the opposite. Not all Cambridge colleges have a unified perspective on exactly what international students want.

These integration problems are not unique to Cambridge. As I'm currently experiencing first-hand, the "them" and "us" scenario is a lamentable global trend. Does it, however, signal a failure of multiculturalism in the university environment? Peter Hanami, a leading researcher in the international integration of Japanese students, thinks not: the often-overlooked crux of the debate is that 100% integration cannot, and never will, happen. The diversity of an internationally-constituted student community, though it intrinsically imports a degree of division, should be unconditionally welcomed. Yet more can be done to ensure there is communication across these divides. Until then, it seems that the "hi-bye" friend phenomenon will remain ever prevalent.



Natalie Szarek

Because you're worth it

Don't spend your money on make-up

At the age of eight my best friend missed out on the irony of Clueless and took the fashion-obsessed valley-girl lifestyle to heart. As her "project", I was subjected to a series of abuses in the name of beauty, thoroughly convinced that a favour of magnificent proportions was being bestowed upon me. I spent an inordinate amount of time in Claire's Accessories and invested my meagre allowance on watermelon lip gloss and 'trendy' hair scrunchies. After several months on the ruthless beauty program, I decided I had had enough and returned gratefully to my tomboyish, nerdy existence.

Since then, I have discovered that Clueless was a parody, and not a paradigm of the 'good life'. Yet I am still unable to banish the sense that my former best friend is watching me – and disapproves. I can't help but feel that I live in a society that monitors a woman's appearance, measuring her against an unachievable ideal. As CUSU "Love Your Body Day" is celebrated across colleges with comedy nights and junk-food sessions, I find myself asking myself why we need to designate a day to love our bodies. But the answer is blatantly, though disturbingly, obvious. Women do hate their bodies.

From primary school sleepovers to pre-Cindies conversations, I hear an anguished chorus of complaints about weight, height, lips, hair, breasts, butts and noses.

However much we take the daily ritual of "hair and make-up" for granted, I still think of "putting one's face on" as something that only the Grand High Witch had to do. Even the word "make-up" tells us that we have to 'make up' for something that we haven't got – everyday women are constantly frustrated by their appearance, feeling that they fall short of the beauty norms set by women in advertisements selling cars, sham-

"We are not airbrushed, altered, and edited to plastic perfection."

poo and toasters. And let's face it – most of us don't look like models. We are not airbrushed, altered and edited to plastic perfection. We have student budgets, busy schedules, nine o'clock lectures and perhaps most importantly,

interests and passions not related to our appearance. All of these factors, however, seem subordinated before the towering obsession with 'looking your best.' The fashion pages of Varsity devise makeovers for students, offensively advertising gross-to-glam transformations at the cost of several hundred pounds – and the student's pride. Is the lobotomy included in the price?

Perhaps this is the greatest tragedy of the negative body image epidemic among women; it's so internalized that women truly believe that thinness and Hollywood beauty are the paths to happiness – four out of five women think that life would be better if they could just shed those extra pounds. When we imagine beauty to be linked to happiness – the current Boots motto for beauty products is "Look and Feel Better" – we forget that the beauty industry has very little to do with happiness, and everything to do with money. Women in the USA spend over \$40 billion each year on diet products. The beauty industry constantly advertises products that make up for imagined imperfections – and scientific studies show that the effectiveness of these products is often also imagined, and certainly highly overpriced. Using the right product is meant to lead

to self-confidence; but I certainly prefer a self confidence that will last for longer than a bottle of cellulite-reducing lotion.

I've observed a scruffy outfit or unshaved legs at a party generating more disapproval than borderline fascist comments. I've heard girls insisting that they apply make-up before heading to A&E. What, I think, has this world come to? I suppose the facts speak for themselves. More than 40% of nine year old girls have already been on a diet. In a study of what young girls fear, being fat was a higher concern than nuclear war, cancer, or loss of parents. Looking at women's magazines with pictures of models causes seven out of ten women to feel dissatisfied, angry and sad. So for this one day of the year when we are meant to love our bodies, or at least try not to hate them, maybe you should remind your friends – and yourself – that they're pretty even without makeup. You could cancel your subscription to Cosmo; sleep in for half an hour instead of straightening your hair; and doll yourself up for a night on the town (if at all), but not for a day of lectures. These are tiny steps, but perhaps little by little, we can unlearn the self-hatred that we've learned to love more than our bodies.



I like dressing up. Hallowe'en this year, however, presented me with something of a costume conundrum. An exploratory rummage through the detritus furnishing the floor of my room yielded, rather anticlimactically, only a grimy baby dummy and an oddly stale-looking vat of fake blood. As I cast a furtive glance at my watch to ascertain whether there was any chance of the joke shop that sells novelty adult nappies still being open, the sheer vulgarity of my scheming mental image triggered a rather harrowing memory of a party I attended with my roommate a few weeks ago.

The dress code on the invitation – “I’ve noticed you around and I find you very attractive” – had dumped us unceremoniously into an inspirational Bermuda triangle, until Michael Jackson’s ‘Smooth Criminal’ rescued us on the radio.

One liberally stained anorak, a ruthlessly kidnapped teddy bear, a disgusting Hawaiian shirt, an antique set of binoculars and a bulging trouserly representation of just how attractive I found my companion later and I was feeling suddenly smug about my costume. Only as I reached the venue – an alarmingly upmarket cocktail bar on the river – hand in hand with my childishly dressed cohort did it occur to me that the combined effect of our costumes was about as tasteful as the unabridged Eurovision Song Contest boxset, ‘Collectable in the 90s’.

Several painful shirt-tie-and-cocktail-dress-appraising seconds were enough to gauge the cosmic polarity between our interpretation of the dress code and that of everybody else. A few more and I was struck with the horrible realisation that I had just committed, quite literally, my fauxest pas since I trod on Snowy, my little sister’s primary two class hamster, in my adolescence, and her eyes squelched out.

After I had abandoned my forlorn search for an appreciative grin in the sea of puzzled glances and distinctly unamused glares, I settled down to three hours of determinedly discreet watch consultation, seeking to distract myself variously with counting droplets of mac-in-a-pac-induced perspiration and cheerfully talking to those acquaintances who had misidentified me as merely being badly dressed through my outfit. Not since the cinema premiere of ‘Jaws 38: Celebrity Fin Camp’ has exit been more synonymous with relief.

No, I thought, lobbing the dummy back into its murky corner: On reflection, I wasn’t prepared to put myself through that kind of ordeal again. Rather at a loss, I called through to my roommate, “Mate, you dressing up for tonight?”

“Yeah mate – trick or treat rape victim. She chose treat.”

“What you planning on wearing?”

“Easy – ripped skirt and a shit-load of fake blood. You keen?”

It would, I had to concede, be a talking point. But there’s a very fine line, I mused sagely, between hilarity and advocacy. It’s a bit like whether you just listened to David Hasselhoff’s would-be hit single of last year ‘Jump in my Car’ or whether you actually bought it.

“Nah, mate. Too far. Teenage mutant ninja turtles again?”



Hugh Burling

The right to life

Forty years on and the Abortion Act has got to go

This year is the fortieth anniversary of the 1967 Abortion Act. Briefly stated, this permits the crushing and removal of the foetus, within the first twenty-four weeks of pregnancy, after two doctors agree that one of various conditions has been met. Among these is included the risk that “the termination is necessary to prevent grave permanent injury to the physical or mental health of the pregnant woman”, or indeed of “existing children”. Abortion rates have climbed steadily in Britain since that year as medical practice has taken to interpreting “mental health” more and more broadly. It is time to amend the law.

The law and morality have an interconnectedness, both historical and appropriate. Indeed, we could not debate laws without relying on moral beliefs, since laws serve purposes and purposes are decided by moral beliefs. The arguments I make in this article for either reducing the time limit or enforcing the supposed safeguards against the abuse of induced abortion will have two characteristics. They will not depend on religious beliefs, because religious arguments depend on premises mostly unacceptable to non-religious readers and voters. And they will be moral rather than social, because statistics and consequences cannot be the bases for laws, unless we have some moral, motivational reasons for caring about them.

Supporters of the current state of abortion law (or advocates of broadening it) do so because they have various misconceptions about certain facts. By “facts” I do not mean statistics (though note that 201,173 foetuses were aborted in England and Wales in 2006), but rather facts which change the moral circumstances, such as what constitutes a human or a right.

Most believe that life has a special sort of value, and so should not be treated as a commodity to be traded in for happiness or security, and that human life has even more such value. I agree. It falls upon “pro-choicers” to demonstrate that a foetus or blastocyst is either inhuman or not yet alive, and the “pro-lifers” to prove the converse. Thankfully, we have a pretty-well established definition of “life”, so we can show that the

unborn are at least living things – they respire, grow and so forth, and they are as capable of reproduction as a living nine-year-old child. As to determining whether they are human is similarly clear: biologists do not define species by appearance, age, or neurological sensitivity, but by genetic makeup on the one hand and the ability to reproduce fertile offspring on the other. On the one hand, even a two-cell blastocyst is human, and on the other, it is, once again, as human as a small child who cannot yet reproduce but will grow to have this ability. So, scientifically speaking, an unborn child is as human as an infant.

Those who support the “liberalisation” of abortion law like to suggest that the legal right to abortion is an expression of the fundamental right

“scientifically speaking, an unborn child is as human as an infant.”

to have autonomy over one’s body. Yet if we can show that the unborn child is a person then there is an immediate tension between the rights of two persons to control their bodies. We could decide that an adult has the right to control their body and their child’s, but if we tried to implement that legally we would need to strike our commitment to the UN Convention on the Rights of the Child to begin with. Arguments claiming that we don’t know what a foetus wants (or otherwise that it has as of yet no personality to be able to form wants with) and that it therefore has no rights of bodily autonomy would solve this problem for the “pro-choice” movement. But they would also open the floor to infanticide.

These arguments against elective abortion are much weaker if you don’t believe that human life has intrinsic value – or otherwise that such value can be weighed against the security or comfort for the woman that an abortion can bring. In situations where adoption and good medical care

during pregnancy and labour are available, I’d suggest that it’s hard to justify ending a life – even a potential one – to avoid nine months of pregnancy and the pain of childbirth, especially when affluent British society makes these trials so much easier to bear. When adoption is not an option, the case for the “negative utility” of keeping a child is much stronger, especially if we consider the suffering that child might endure in an impoverished life.

The problem with utilitarian arguments against abortion is that they rely on a very strange assumption: that an absence of life has a sort of “average” level of pain and pleasure in it. Let me elucidate. A utilitarian case for a particular abortion (which, by the way, could be made immediately after the birth of the child and it would make little difference to utility) suggests that a child will be “happier dead than alive and suffering”. But can we really talk of someone being “happier dead”? From a materialistic viewpoint, not existing can’t have positive or negative utility. There is no question of pain or pleasure for the dead compared to their possible life. There is simply *nothing*.

All these are not direct arguments for the revisions of the Abortion Act proposed by the “pro-life” camp, but rather arguments against elective abortion entirely. Some of the people persuaded by these or religious arguments have refused to support revision of the law to lower the time limit or tighten regulation because they consider that to do so would be to implicitly support the abortion of twenty-two-week-old-humans or humans whose lives have a “risk” of causing mental damage to their mothers. But politics is the art of the possible: just as the Abortion Act itself stood at the top of the slippery slope towards the free elective abortions that killed some 200,000 people last year, to achieve revisions of the law might be the start of a change in attitudes towards the humanity of the unborn. It would give beleaguered “pro-life” organizations strength, and open the door to further reform, as well as saving the small percentage of twenty-two and twenty-three week old foetuses that are “terminated” legally.

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VIEW



FASHIONISTA VICTIM

Find out what Johnny and Luciana made of this young heartthrob p21

FEATURES ARTS THEATRE FOOD MUSIC VISUAL ARTS FASHION LIFESTYLE LISTINGS



One Question

Who on earth is Olie Hunt?

NOEL HUIT

I once saw a woman on the tube who looked like Alan Rickman. Alan Rickman with breasts, tattoos and an insatiable hunger for Ribena Toothkind. All the stars have doppelgängers these days. Celebrities who frequent the St. John's Buttery include folk-legend Joan Baez (usually seen blowing wistfully into her water), American poet Ezra Pound (sinking a Relentless) and Virginia Woolf (forking her beans while listening for the flutter of starlings).

The same fate befell second-year English student Olie Hunt (see Facebook), when he found he had a first year namesake, Olie Hunt. Olie Hunt could only compete with the stronger, more attractive and rugby-playing Olie Hunt through an intensive programme of Creatine and exposure to nuclear waste. He also found that this mutual intrusion laid waste to a devastating plethora of romantic possibilities.

When Olie Hunt was told that his name was being bandied around the girls' lavatories of Cambridge night-spot Ballare, he felt pretty chuffed - this was a good day. But was it Olie Hunt or was it Olie Hunt? The mystery remains. Perhaps what will follow is a Jekyll and Hyde (or is that Hunt and Hunt?) style assault on the women of Cambridge. For have you ever seen both Olie Hunts in the same room? Most haven't seen either of them in any room. Did Olie Hunt not simply reapply to his own college under a disastrously unsuccessful pseudonym?

Olie Hunt has been most helpful in elucidating something even Saussure failed to do in a key area of modern identity and existential semantics. And so has Olie Hunt. 'Know thyself' was the inscription above the entrance to the Oracle at Delphi. Now that's all very well, but it's not much use knowing yourself if nobody else knows you. And how will they when someone else has stolen your name or face? And what's more important for recognition, your name or your face?

There's only one way out of this Pynchonian web of paranoia and self-scrutiny. And here it is. The next time that you look into a mirror, preferably in the toilets of a club, just ask yourself, who am I? Am I me? Or am I Olie Hunt? You are. We all are.

Shadows in the night

The secretive **Night Climbers of Cambridge**, a covert band of students dedicated to scaling the giddiest heights in the city, became legendary after the publication of a book chronicling the group's activities, penned by one 'Whipplesnaith'. Now, seventy years later, the book is back in print. **Tash Lennard** looked at the legend.

There are numbers of them about, but you will seldom see them. They seldom even see each other. As furtively as the bats of twilight, they shun the eyes of the world, going on their mysterious journeys and retiring as quietly as they set out. Out of the darkness they come, in the darkness

they remain and into darkness they go, with most of their epics unrecorded and forgotten. Every college has its night climbers, yet contemporaries in the same college will often go through their university careers without discovering each other."

It is likely that a fair

number of readers will have heard of Cambridge night climbing. Some might have read Ivo Stourton's novel *The Night Climbers* about a fictional group of climbers. I dare say, and furtively hope, that a few of you may even have taken part in some clandestine forays up our city's ancient walls

and historic spires yourselves. I highly doubt, however, that many of will have encountered the book from which the above passage has come, a tome that since its original publication in 1937 has come to be considered the night climbers' Bible.

Continues on next page



Scaling the Fitzwilliam Museum

Continued from p13

It is very unlikely that you will have got your paws on a copy of this book because it has been out of print since 1952. Copies of the 1937 or the 1952 editions have become increasingly rare. Members of Whipplesnaith's cult following (engendered no doubt by his book's rarity) will either be delighted or disenchanted when they hear that The Night Climbers of Cambridge has been reprinted and is now widely available.

The night climbers are a society as old as any in the University. You will not, however, find a bored hoodie-wearing official at the freshers' fair. There are no official members or meets. You will not find an official history of night climbing in any college library; tales of past climbing exploits remain only as fragments of Cambridge legend, largely passed on through hearsay. Whipplesnaith notes that "it is impossible to write a history of night climbing – because there is no such history – yet the game of roof-climbing remains the same, changing scarcely, if at all, from generation to generation."

Giving the night climbers the title of a society is questionable in itself. Yet for an unknown number of decades, valiant, or perhaps foolhardy, students have scaled Cambridge's best-known and most well-loved buildings by nightfall and without equipment, forming the continuum that constitutes the night climbers of Cambridge. While they are still students, the identities of climbers remain hidden or obscured by pseudonyms, known only by the closest of friends or climbing companions.

Long before free-running was considered hip enough to feature in the opening sequence of a Bond film, Cambridge students, and sometimes fellows, were meeting after dark in close knit groups and performing increasingly technical climbs on the university's buildings.

Climbing out of your rooftop window and hiding behind crenellations for a sneaky fag does not make you a climber. There are, in the loosest of senses, rules. The climber treats Cambridge's urban landscape like a mountain range, starting from the bottom of a building and aiming upwards, his pinnacle a spire or rooftop. He uses drainpipes to shimmy up, and cracks and chimneys as foot holds. "A few enthusiasts swarm up every pipe they see, for its own sake, but they are not necessarily good climbers," notes Whipplesnaith. "They are gymnasts." A good climber will have his (or her) sights set on scaling the city's great landmarks, and attempting the challenging routes well trodden by generations of climbing predecessors. Indeed, most chapters in The Night Climbers of Cambridge are dedicated to specific college buildings, offering "anecdotes... descriptions and classifications to help future climbers."

Unsurprisingly, two whole chapters are devoted to King's Chapel which, "towering vertically for a hundred and sixty feet", is always regarded by

climbers "with awe and reverence." The climber does not just try to reach the rooftop, however, but aims for the Chapel's pinnacles, to touch the top of the dreaming spires that define the Cambridge skyline. Having achieved this climb, many climbers have affixed souvenirs to the pinnacles as cheeky marks of their success. In 1932 there was an umbrella, and, for a while, something of a fad for leaving boxer shorts atop the pinnacles. About four years ago a loo seat was found. This incident was described by the head porter as "an act of sheer vandalism," whilst the Chapel administrator chuckled and suggested that "most people take a fairly gentle view."

In both 1937 and 1965 night climbers used the tradition of leaving anonymous calling cards atop the Chapel to make very visual political statements.

"The ground is precisely one hundred feet below you. If you slip, you will still have three seconds to live."

In May 1937, in connection with the upcoming coronation, Nares Craig (known only as Nares in the dedication that opens Whipplesnaith's book) came up with an adventurous scheme to mock what he called "the whole pantomime of royalty". The plan was to suspend a dummy figure of King George VI from the two pinnacles of the Chapel facing Kings Parade.

Adding levity to the prank, but great difficulty to the climb, "George" the dummy held a glass quart bottle in one hand (before the days of plastic bottles), and a tankard in the other.

The attempt ended in capture after Nares and his companion were discovered and chased by the proctors ("bulldogs" in climbers' terminology). "George" was removed within hours. The then dean of King's called for the pranksters to be sent down, a sentence which was subsequently reduced to rustication for the rest of the term.

One day in 1965 saw a "Peace in Vietnam" banner occupying the same position as "George" had almost thirty years earlier. The climbers responsible for the banner ran into trouble, however, when one of the party of four fell and broke his leg a few weeks later on a climb in Clare College, effectively exposing the group's identity. Some of them were suspended, some sent down. Of those climbers, one is now Labour MP for Greenwich, one is a law professor, and the other two met tragic, untimely deaths – one in a car crash, the other in a rock climbing accident.

The absence of official literature on the subject of night climbing, as well as the previous difficulty of getting hold of a copy of The Night Climbers

of Cambridge, is unsurprising. Although there have been no fatalities to date, the sport has caused many injuries, offers the prospect of damage to historic buildings and is, of course, massively dangerous. A point pressed home here by Whipplesnaith himself in The Night Climbers of Cambridge: "As you pass round each pillar, the whole of your body except your hands and feet are over black emptiness. Your feet are on slabs of stone sloping downwards and outwards at an angle of about thirty-five degrees to the horizontal, your fingers and elbows making the most of a friction-hold against a vertical pillar, and the ground is precisely one hundred feet directly below you. If you slip, you will still have three seconds to live."

The university authorities must, for what Whipplesnaith calls "humanitarian" purposes above anything else, be shown to disapprove of night climbing. "But", he continues, "this official disapproval is the sap which gives roof-climbing its sweetness. Without it, it would tend to deteriorate into a set of gymnastic exercises. Modesty drives the roof-climber to operate by night; the proctorial frown makes him an outlaw. And outlaws keep no histories." And thus The Night Climbers of Cambridge has clung on alone for the past 70 years as the quintessential guide to the sport.

One wonders whether the re-release of the book will suck some of that sweet sap out of night climbing. The rarity of previous editions has surely added to the appeal of the activity, which holds secrecy so firmly at its core. Given, however, that the university authorities will not change their attitudes towards climbing, and that the fear of punishment, injury and death still remain, it is unlikely that the return of Whip-



plesnaith will detract from the furtive nature of night climbing, even if it does encourage a few more students to (cautiously) try their hand at it.

Would-be beginners and those erring on the side of caution alike will, I believe, benefit from the book's re-release simply because it is, aside from anything else, a little gem of a read. The narrative tone is charming, and often very funny. At times it is delightfully antiquated, suggesting, for example that a "smooth, golfing jacket" and "black gumshoes" serve as good climbing attire.

Similarly, the book warns against climbing drunk because "the climber may sober up at the crucial point and lose his Dutch courage". Some of the photographs accompanying the text are truly breath taking, and allusions to the sublime are present throughout in the form of the great quotations that begin every chapter. For example, chapter three opens with stirring (slightly adapted) lines from Macbeth: "Come, thick night, And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, That heaven peep not through the blanket of dark, To cry 'Hold, Hold'".

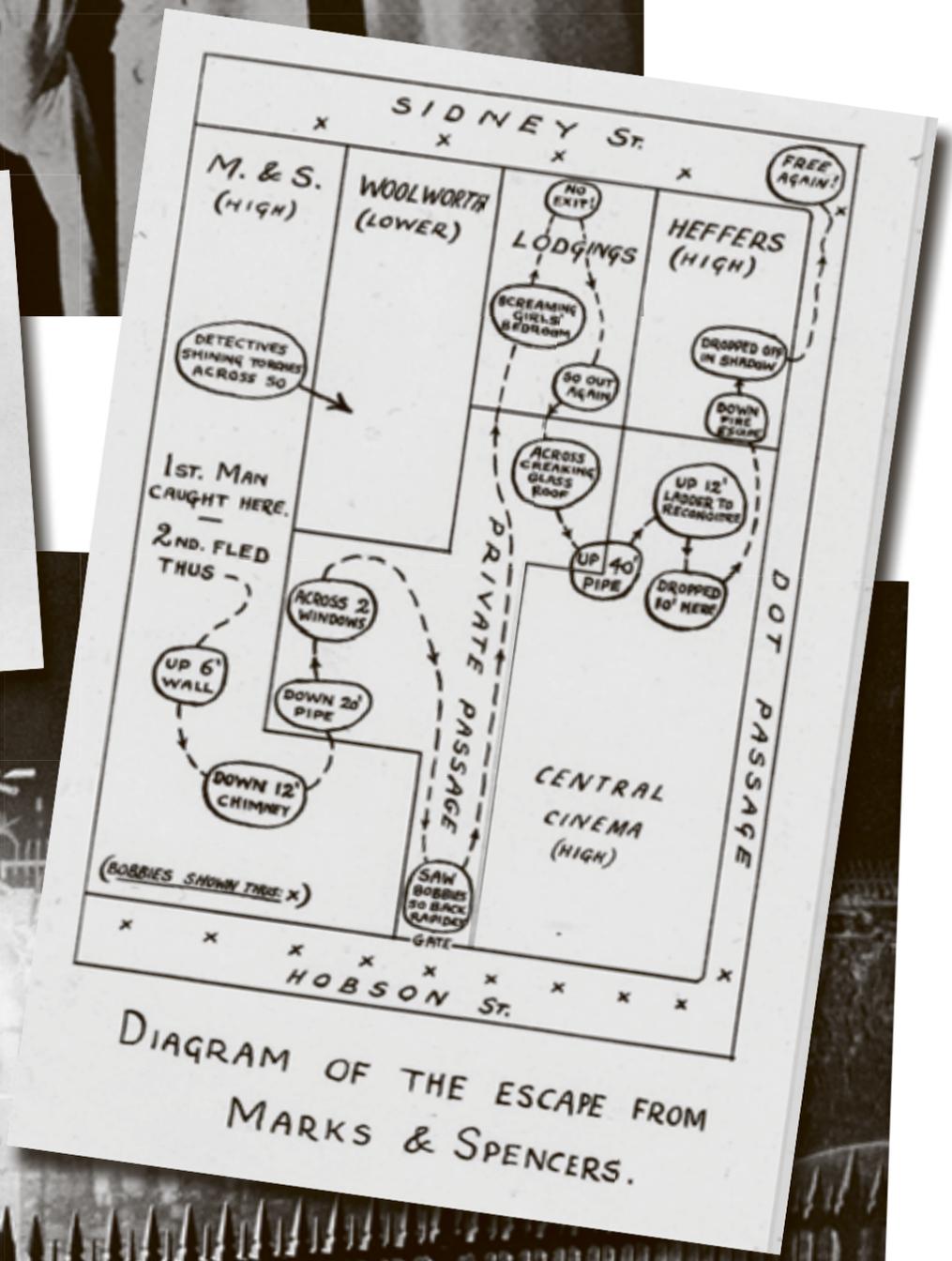
Our time at Cambridge is limited, and will mean different things to each of us. "It really casts a spell," sighed a friend of mine who left the university almost twenty years ago. I am inclined to agree, and it is clear that the climbers behind Whipplesnaith very much concur. The book ends with a heart-warming farewell, as the authors take their leave "as gracefully as

may be, and melt away into the darkness we have loved." They go on: "We ourselves have loved Cambridge. Many hundreds of young men must go through the same experience every year, for the undergraduate is at an emotionally susceptible age... Memories of Cambridge may conjure up old friends, weeks and months of hard work... convivial evenings of beer-drinking, hilarious twenty-first birthday parties. But not to us. Cambridge brings back a jumble of pipes chimneys and pinnacles, leading up from security to adventure. We think of those nights spent with one or more friends, nights when we merged with the shadows and could see the world with eyes that were not our own."

And now it's time for me to take my leave, as gracefully as may be, and implore you to take advantage of your beautiful surroundings. Look up at the dreaming spires at night, and you might well see the night climbers of Cambridge going about their business.



Notice by the Vice-Chancellor
TWO PERSONS *in statu pupillari*, having been found climbing King's College Chapel, have been rusticated by their Colleges.
G. H. A. WILSON,
Vice-Chancellor.
10 June 1937



"As you pass round each pillar, the whole of your body except your hands and feet are over black emptiness"

Flathouse



Models: Jenny Kenyon and Rosanna Phillips. Jenny (centre) wears dress from Topshop, £45. Rosanna wears dress from American Apparel, £40 and jacket (stylist's own).

Flower

Fashion Disaster?
Johnny & Luciana are on your trail and they're going to make you look fabulous



Johnny & Luciana

Johnny and Luciana found the first couple of weeks at Varsity a bit of a challenge – not because of any makeover-related difficulties (don't be silly!) but because of the total lack of mirrors. Johnny and Luciana like to look at themselves approximately 7.5 times a minute – dashing off to the loo all the time was simply most inconvenient. However, the benefits of a mirror-less office soon smacked Johnny and Luciana in their pretty faces when they were confronted with public fashion enemy number 1: Michael Derringer, Head of Varsity.

Michael claims he's only had these trousers for a year, but what we want to know is what he's been doing on his knees that caused that tantalising leg-exposing rip. Answers on a postcard. Keep it clean. Last, but by no means least, we come to Michael's dodgy hiking shoes. Michael's dodgy hiking shoes look like they've come to us from Snowdonia. We wish they'd stayed there. "Fitted clothes are for girls" whined a misguided Derringer. This telling comment may provide some explanation as to why he feels the need to cover up his gorgeous body with baggy clothes. Somebody call a life guard, he's drowning in cheap fabric.

before



We pinned Michael down and forced him into this much more stylish get-up. These fitted twill trousers (Reiss, £69) cut a much more dashing silhouette than those droopy denims and reveal (who'd have guessed!) Michael's lovely legs. Johnny and Luciana didn't completely ignore Michael's wails as they threw his belt in the bin but merely encouraged him to stick to one bright colour and chose this deep red for the cardigan (Fred Perry, £60).

The crisp shirt (Cult Clothing, £45) keeps the outfit smart whilst this sexy high collared jacket (Topman, £65) matches

after



As leader of the whole operation, we thought that Michael should be setting a better example for those beneath him – but with clothes like that we doubt he's had anyone beneath him for a good long while! A game of noughts and crosses, anyone? It's certainly crosses all the way here with this vile long-sleeved monstrosity. Michael was keen to express how much he liked his rainbow belt. Johnny and Luciana were keen to express how much it made him look like a marcher at Gay Pride. Whilst attending to Michael's offensively decorated crotch we couldn't help but notice a bulging protrusion. Calm down, ladies, we're talking about his phone. Nobody needs to get hold of you that much, Michael. Keep it in your (ugly) trousers.

the snazzy shoes (also Topman, £45) transporting Michael from frontliner at Varsity to frontliner at Glastonbury.

We all like to think our subject is the best. The most academic, the most valuable, the coolest...



A very subjective perspective

...but we can't all be right. **Joanna Trigg** surveyed which disciplines you value the most. Additional material by **Ed Cumming**

Cambridge has much in common with lots of British universities. Young people, for one. And books. But if there is a difference between us and the majority, it is probably the amount of time we spend with our chosen subjects. Hours, days, weeks of our life, poring over texts and festering in lecture rooms in our chosen academic pursuit.

And though we might joke about English students never waking up (there's probably a less morbid way to phrase

that), and lawyers never leaving the library, on the whole we wander around pretty content in the understanding that all of our subjects are of equal value. Some might be more useful than others for certain jobs, of course. For instance I think we can accept, without our pride being too dented, that Medicine is more useful than say, Philosophy if you want to be a doctor.

But just as all jobs are not equal, so neither are all subjects. Obviously much of it

depends on the students involved, but it also has to be true that some disciplines are more academically valuable than others, as well as more valuable for future employment. To find out which was the best, we asked Cambridge students to complete a survey, ranking twenty-five subjects in order of their separate Academic and Vocational values.

The results are printed opposite, together with the top and bottom five subjects overall. While it's far from

scientific, the results still make for interesting browsing. Many fall along predictable lines., although of course some respondents used more serious measures of value than others. One asked "Can you save lives/build/maintain civilisations/maintain law and order/communicate with other cultures with it? If not then its vocational value is not very high". Another decided to examine vocational worth in terms of how important to the world it would be to make a mistake.

Clearly it is worse to mistake a human colon than one on the page, but the world needs only so many doctors.

The general, perhaps clichéd sense one has of a subject is by and large borne out by these Vocational standings. Law does well, as do Medicine and Engineering. Perhaps more surprisingly, Veterinary Sciences ranks highly here too. It's clearly perceived to bestow many of the same values as Medicine, something anyone planning a trip to the doctor's (how often

Worthy Pursuits – Cambridge’s most valued subjects

Medicine

Reputed to be in the Guinness Book of Records for having the greatest volume of material to remember, Medicine gained credit in the academic league for the rigour and sheer dedication that it requires. A clear winner in terms of vocational value: not only does a medical degree lead you straight into a profession, but it is a profession that our respondents agreed was of unparalleled benefit to society.

Natural Sciences

Nine o’clock lectures, labs all day, and a broad spectrum of knowledge that most arts students cannot even begin to imagine the applications of, natural scientists are the polar opposites of the average arts student. Being a highly populated subject has no doubt boosted its ranking, through promoting a greater awareness of what sort of time-tables and complex knowledge natural scientists are up against.

Veterinary Medicine

Always close behind Medicine in the rankings, it would seem to be so much in its shadow that it was a little forgotten amidst academic considerations, falling nine places behind its dominant sibling despite sharing a large proportion of the course content.

Law

The only ‘arts’ subject to make it into the top five, Law was valued academically for the depth and volume of knowledge involved, and vocationally for its function in underpinning society, and, well, sounding like a job. Even if it does take you several more years to qualify, and then you sell your soul slowly, tragically, in a terrifying building in Canary Wharf.

Engineering

Combining high levels of practical skills and technical knowledge, Engineering was also noted for being one of those areas in which making a mistake could be fatal, thus leaving all those with only a large book as a weapon in awe of an engineer’s responsibility to the real world. Engineering squeezes just ahead of its more specialised counterpart, Chemical Engineering, in the Varsity rankings.

do people actually “plan” a trip to the doctor’s?) ought perhaps to be a bit worried about.

But the biggest surprises crop up in the subjects perceived to have the greatest academic value, which sees English, miraculously, top out. Perhaps it’s sympathy for those who will never, ever get a job, perhaps it’s fear of their terrifying absence of friends, or maybe it’s just admiration for a group of young people who can study the popular novels of their own language and claim the project to be of intellectual value. I’m not sure.

Other areas of the table hold fewer surprises. History, Maths and Natural Sciences all feature prominently, together with other more conventional “core” subjects. It might genuinely reflect the value of the subjects, or alternatively it could be a lack of imagination on the part of the respondents. Minority disciplines are necessarily under-represented – people will likely have been swayed by the subjects of people they know – perhaps particularly those who complain about their workload, or spend all their time in the libraries.

Today’s university experience is increasingly being crafted into an economically competitive service, not unlike a haircut, or a massage. The huge debt graduates are being saddled with means that Cambridge has a burgeoning imperative to deliver an edu-

cation which will render them competitive in the marketplace. It is still the case that most recruiters ask for only a 2.1, in any discipline, but this survey suggests that the student body has a very clear idea

“Today’s university experience is increasingly being crafted into an economically competitive service, not unlike a haircut, or a massage”

that there are subjects and then there are subjects.

With this in mind, it is probably worth mentioning the degree courses which came towards the bottom of the lists. The overlap between the two is clear. Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic, for instance, seems not so much to be scraping the barrel of public regard as licking the underside of it, trying to get back in. According to Cambridge, this table implies, a 2.1 in ASNAC is worth less than the same mark in His-

tory. It ought to be a genuine concern, both for those studying and also for those thinking of applying. Theology is another interestingly low-scoring subject, when we consider that for hundreds of years it was the sole course of study at Cambridge. It is interesting that all of the top-rated subjects are those demanding mathematical rigour, except law, although even that requires a peculiarly focused and quantitative approach.

While they are far from perfect, these figures cannot be completely wrong, even if only in terms of the mood amongst fellow students, itself instructive. Both the Admissions system and graduate employers might do well to heed some of these inferences. Far be it from our place to stand in the way of those who have a genuine passion for one of the minority subjects – indeed, they are one of the main arguments for the existence of universities like Cambridge but if, as would seem to be the case, there are subjects widely perceived to be of lesser academic value than others, it could make an important difference to what, in truth, is the majority of students, whose study at Cambridge is as much a process of achieving a desired degree, to facilitate employment. The idea of ‘playing the system’ to get a place is widely debunked at an official level, but these results suggest that it is still a pertinent concern.

The Tables In Full

Vocational

- 1 Medicine
- 2 Veterinary Medicine
- 3 Law
- 4 Engineering
- 5 Chemical Engineering
- 6 Natural Sciences
- 7 Architecture
- 8 Economics
- 9 Computer Science
- 10 MML
- 11 Education Studies
- 12 Land Economy
- 13 Maths
- 14 SPS
- 15 Geography
- 16 History
- 17 English
- 18 Archaeology and Anthropology
- 19 Oriental Studies
- 20 Music
- 21 Theology
- 22 Philosophy
- 23 Classics
- 24 History of Art
- 25 Anglo Saxon, Norse and Celtic

Academic

- 1 English
- 2 Natural Sciences
- 3 Maths
- 4 History
- 5 Medicine
- 6 MML
- 7 Philosophy
- 8 Classics
- 9 Law
- 10 Chemical Engineering
- 11 Engineering
- 12 Geography
- 13 Economics
- 14 Veterinary Medicine
- 15 SPS
- 16 Architecture
- 17 Music
- 18 Archaeology and Anthropology
- 19 Theology
- 20 History of Art
- 21 Computer Science
- 22 Oriental Studies
- 23 Anglo Saxon, Norse and Celtic
- 24 Education Studies
- 25 Land Economy

Fruitless Labours – Cambridge’s least valued subjects

Land Economy

A general unknown to anyone outside this minority subject, confessions on the questionnaires that participants didn’t know what the subject involved could indicate that this positioning (particularly being ranked last academically) is unfair. Nevertheless, it was kept off the very bottom of the list most probably because of the word ‘economy’ in its title, which evidently nods towards a more practical use in society: straight Economy came eighth in the vocational rankings.

Theology

Although formerly one of the traditional areas of academic scholarship at Cambridge, when it was also a clear route into a profession; the waning practice of Christianity and a growing political correctness in the face of modern multiculturalism have diminished the idea of its importance to our selves and to society.

Oriental Studies

Apparently oblivious to or in denial of the huge economic power of east Asia and the hypotheses that Mandarin will become the world’s next global language, as well as to the mental challenge faced in learning oriental languages, Oriental Studies found itself in the bottom quarter of both the academic and vocational leagues. Perhaps it seems like to much of a ‘new’, non-traditional subject area, or perhaps it’s just too distant from the cushy walls of the Cambridge bubble.

History of Art

Prompted the response from one student “very nice dear but is it academic??”, and didn’t convince either that it would make its students particularly employable, coming second from bottom in the vocational league.

Anglo Saxon, Norse and Celtic

Universally regarded as a rather curious subject; an odd choice, with minimal application; perhaps we should not be surprised that ASNAC came rock-bottom. Suffering, much like the other four, from being a clear minority, there is no word in its title that bears any relation to the society known to us, a society which is even less likely to be aware of its native heritage than it is to be aware of the transferable skills developed by those studying it.

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Anita Crowe – *Director of Artist Development, Aldeburgh Music*

Maurice Davies – *Deputy Director, Museums Association*

Lousie Lamont – *Literary Agent's Assistant, AP Watt*

Charlotte Paradise – *Freelance PR for national art galleries*

Dr Sophie Pickford – *Junior Research Fellow in Art History, Cambridge*

Julia Potts – *Group Head of Education, Ambassador Theatre Group*

George Unsworth – *Manager, West Road Concert Hall, Cambridge*



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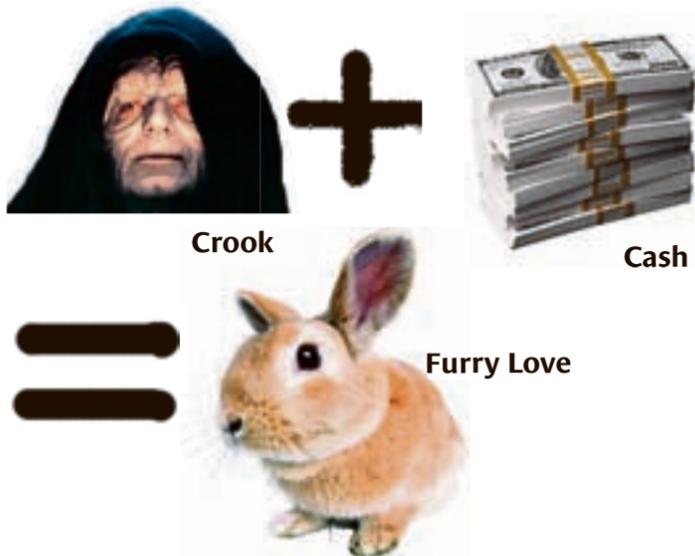


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Statistic of the week

The Embezzlement Petting Zoo



So it turns out that a cheeky Sidney Sussex number cruncher liberated £56,000 of his own funds. I'm not sure if you can actually liberate your own funds. You probably just don't tell anyone that you've hidden them at the bottom of your bin in the "miscellaneous" file.

But anyhow, that's not really what we're here to discuss. The real moral issue, it seems to me, is not that he took the money (illegal as that apparently is), but rather what he was intending to spend it on. In theory he should be a hero, but if you think about it there's only so many copies of John Grisham that an old chap can buy, and sixty thousand wouldn't actually last that long if he just wanted to chill in his basement with a bag of cocaine and some prozzers, or in Barbuda with some hot babes. I would know, as I once had a rather unfortunate misunderstanding over a bet, and was forced to eat two kilograms of barbeque flavoured Pringles, and ended up in

a slightly disconcerting personal place. On the plus side, it did lead to my meeting the late Mrs. Dangerhands, who at the time was working as a pastry chef in a Quaker-run munitions factory in occupied Kuwait.

But my point is that there are clearly better things that his craftily-earned lucre could be spent on. For instance, the University of Cambridge has, to my knowledge, never had a petting zoo. It's well-known that petting zoos increase productivity (except in Wales, for reasons which have never been clear to me), raise levels of empathy and increase the rate of child production. £56,000 would have gone a long way to some rabbits, goats, a unicorn, a tiger (endangered, no less) and possibly a chinchilla and a llama too. In fact, with £56,000 you could buy 5600 rabbits at £10 each (a reasonably competitive rate, my friend Aarlarn informs me). Just think of the children. You heard it here first. **Adrian Dangerhands**

This is You Thespian Tragedy

Cigarette, smoked in holder. Rarely inhaled

Non-thespian conversation (limited)

Geometrical haircut, unlikely to lead to recall

Look of disdain (thinly veiled) for everything

Script of terrible, tawdry play your friend has written

Shoes (worn) from perpetual "business" and pretensions to fashion

Skin (grey) from months on end spent in ADC bar

Stage make-up, left on since last show because "there's just no point, darling"

Loo, down which to flush unfulfilled ambition

The black wind of false self-worth

Profile of the Week

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

Enzo Mefsut

2nd Year English Student, Clare College

Friend count:

997

Current address:

A gay sauna
'tabtopolis, England

Favourite Quotes:

"I am not from Hollywood, I am not going to fuck your mouth, and my time is extremely valuable!"

'She was the people's princess. Now she's *MY* princess...'

'Enzo? Gay? Never!'

'How many times shall I fist you- let me count the ways'

Interests:

Couldn't be bothered. i've got a vested interest in the demise of capitalisation, capitalism, capital-gains if that counts.

Key wall post:

Welcome back Mandy (Hugo Hadlow)

Hot photo:



UndergraduaTelly

We watch TV, so you don't have to

I love a good nature documentary, me. It shouldn't, perhaps, come as much of a surprise. They feature many of my key interests; public sex, voyeuristic death and David Attenborough. Attenborough has always been a pet of mine, though not literally, because I've always equated his rasping vocal duvet with the imminent arrival of toast. and, occasionally, one of the jam and pastry M&S minibites, which have rather tragically since been discontinued.

But unlike most of the fawning British masses, I don't like Attenborough because he reminds everyone of their friend's slightly flirtatious grandfather, but rather because he was the original commissioner of Match of the Day and because of his notorious love of danger.

Many would maintain, some quite violently, that he was trumped in this regard by the Australian crocodile farmer and short-trousers specialist Steve Irwin. It is a stance I take some

issue with, as I always considered Irwin to be rather a crass individual, with an embarrassing penchant for khaki and a self-serving habit of baiting suicide. Ultimately he got his comeuppance, of course, in an accident that was, rather satisfyingly, the marine exploration equivalent of being hoisted by one's own petard. Nobody, literally, ever gets killed by stingrays. And he did. And in a delightful inter-textual moment of televisual self-reference, it has made the Gerry Anderson cartoon of the same name's haunting mantra, "anything could happen in the next half hour" worryingly prescient. And who said this column was never intellectually rigorous...

'Stingray' is actually an interesting case study in itself, in that it represented the terminal apogee of the terrible puppet-shows, yet simultaneously introduced many innocent children to the erection, by virtue of the glorious half-mermaid mannequin Marina.



Irwin: Chump

But back to the animals, and the beauty of them is that you can chuckle at them on occasions when you would typically feel it was in poor taste to do so were they humans. For instance when they poo, when they fight, and when a lion casually munches its baby to stop it growing up. All things we just wish we had the balls to stand up and do ourselves.

I'd like to leave you with a visual, which is, quite simply, the the magnificent, Spartan efforts of David Bellamy, a gentleman whose career single-handedly proved that there must always be a place for genuine, certified lunatics on drugs, in a greenhouse, on our screens. Long may his memory live on.

John Reicher

TOM WRIGHT

Hacked Off

Toby Young's first book, *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*, explored his disastrous five years as a contributing editor of US *Vanity Fair* magazine, and is soon to hit the big screen. **Daniel Cohen** spoke to him about strip-o-grams, the *Modern Review* and making enemies.

When it comes to interviews, Toby Young is a cautious man. My request to interview him over the phone is quickly rejected on the grounds that I could misquote him. Anyone familiar with either of his books, *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People* and *The Sound of No Hands Clapping*, might find this odd. Memoirs are usually selective in a positive way, serving to enhance the author's reputation. Young's two volumes are an entirely different matter.

They belong to a new genre (loser confessional, perhaps) and they seem, at times, written with the sole purpose of further degrading the author. Unfortunate and sometimes humiliating anecdotes abound, describing occasions when he orders a strip-o-gram to the *Vanity Fair* offices on *Bring Your Daughters to Work Day*, or decides to review his pornography collection for *The Spectator*. How could Young worry about being misquoted, yet reveal his worst moments in public? "I never had any qualms about exposing myself. I think most people are happy to reveal themselves in public provided it's them doing the re-

vealing. It only becomes painful when it's someone else doing it - like a tabloid newspaper."

Or a playwright, presumably. In 2005 Young co-scripted with Lloyd Evans the play *Who's the Daddy*, based on the series of affairs, most famously between David Blunkett and Kimberley Quinn, that centred around his colleagues at *The Spectator*, where Young is now an associate editor. "Overall, the reaction in the office was very good-humoured. Most of the staff came to see it and enjoyed it, though I think some of them were a little shocked by the sheer scale of mine and Lloyd's disloyalty." The play won a Best New Comedy award; despite his self-deprecation, Young has had his glories.

Firstly, in education. After a few teenage years spent in a marijuana haze, Young went to Oxford, where he gained a first in Philosophy, Politics and Economics. Postgraduate work at Harvard followed, before a return to England, and enrolment for a doctorate at Cambridge. As one of the minority to have genuinely attended 'Oxbridge', Young is particularly qualified to compare the two universities. "Of the many witticisms about the differences between Oxford and Cambridge, the one I found to be the most accurate was: The Oxford man thinks Oxford's the centre of the world, whereas the Cambridge man thinks the world ends three miles outside Cambridge."

Yet in his own words, "academia turned its back on [him]." "After a year at Harvard and two years at Cambridge, I turned in the first 10,000 words of my doctoral thesis on the theory of democracy and my supervisor said it wasn't good enough."

Young had a longstanding interest in journalism having set up his first magazine at Oxford. "At that time, all Oxford publications were named after rivers. My idea was to call each issue of the magazine after a different river, according to its subject matter. So the first one was called *The Danube* and was about the relationship between Britain and Europe; the second was called *The Hudson* and was about Britain's relationship with America; the third one ... well, not surprisingly, there never was a third one."

Julie Burchill claimed that she'd rot in hell before she gave "that little bastard" a quote for his first book. Young responded by putting her comment on the cover.

He had also written articles for *The Observer* at the age of nineteen, and been fired from *The Times* for hacking into the editor's computer. He was frustrated, however, by the "condescending tone that most critics and intellectuals adopted when it came to discussing popular culture." He wanted to "create a forum in which it was possible to write about things like the early films of Arnold Schwarzenegger in a way that wasn't simply intended to get cheap laughs." This approach defined the

Modern Review, which he founded in 1991 with Julie Burchill and Cosmo Landesman. He edited the magazine, which had a

far greater impact than its peak circulation of 30,000 suggests, giving early breaks to Nick Hornby and Will Self. Its philosophy of "low brow for high brows" helped change the way that popular culture is considered.

The profusion of dissertations and broadsheet articles on the likes of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* testify to its success, but Young has mixed feelings about its influence: "[Critical approaches have] certainly changed and they've changed in exactly the way I and my collaborators on the *Modern Review* would have wanted, but I don't feel particularly comfortable having won such a comprehensive victory. I enjoyed being a member of a dissenting minority and now that I'm in the majority, now that my position has become completely orthodox, I'm much less confident that I was right."

The *Modern Review's* success was short-lived. As financial pressures mounted, Young fell out with Burchill and shut down the magazine. When approached for a quote for *How To Lose Friends and Alienate People*, Burchill claimed she'd rot in hell before she gave "that little bastard" a quote. Young put her comment on the cover. They were recently reunited after ten years, for a BBC documentary about the *Modern Review*; though Young did not respond to my questions about her.

After that debacle, Young moved to New York to work for *Vanity Fair*. "I wasn't aware of just how corrupt American glossy magazine journalism was at that point. My knowledge of American journalism in general was based almost exclusively on having watched films like *His Girl Friday* and *The Philadelphia Story*."

His "rude awakening" provided the basis for *How To Lose Friends*, which dealt with his years in New York. It actually started life as a business book "about how the zeitgeist was bottled and sold at Conde Nast", but "gradually metamorphosed" into its more personal form. The book sold over 200,000 copies and was translated into twelve languages. Even Julie Burchill, when she eventually read the book, praised it, calling Young "the most talented outsider since F. Scott Fitzgerald." Its negative portrayals of the people Young encountered in New York, particularly *Vanity Fair* editor Graydon Carter, helped Young lose a few more friends, though.

"Graydon was initially quite sanguine about it, but he's become more and more angry about it in the intervening

years until it's reached the point where he now absolutely hates my guts."

With the upcoming release of a film adaptation, such resentment will only grow. Young claims that the film is "only very loosely based" on the book - the names have been changed but are clearly recognisable, with Simon Pegg playing a character called Sidney Young, and Jeff Bridges playing magazine editor Clayton Harding. Kirsten Dunst and Megan Fox provide the love interest.

One would expect Young, a keen film fan, to be thrilled, but he admits that it was a "very frustrating process because I wasn't in charge. The line in Hollywood is that being a writer on the set of your film is like being a husband in a delivery suite, and I didn't even have the status of being the screenwriter. I was like the husband's best mate in the delivery room. The midwife didn't want to hear from me about how to deliver the baby."

He also has reservations about how he's presented: "I come off worse in the film than I do in the book because the character based on me, Sidney Young, doesn't ameliorate his sins by confessing them and being self-deprecating about them. There's no all-knowing, authorial voice in the film - just this tosser who keeps behaving appallingly."

Since *How to Lose Friends*, Young's life appears to have settled into blissful domesticity: he is now married with three children. *The Sound of No Hands Clapping*, though well received, demonstrates the difficulties of reconciling such a life with the loser image Young has created. He is today one of the most high-profile Facebook fiends around; his 'Boris For Mayor' group, has over 5000 members, and Young has been a very public supporter of the *Blonde Bombshell*. "I do believe that Boris has the makings of a great leader.... He is a Man of Destiny."

Yet Young, whose father Michael was a greatly respected sociologist and politician, seems content to observe rather than act. "I still have the occasional impulse to write a Big Book, but I'm not stupid enough to act on it. At the moment, I'm trying to write a high concept romantic comedy and I'm finding that difficult enough." As the *Modern Review* taught us, there's no reason why that shouldn't be taken seriously.

The paperback edition of The Sound of No Hands Clapping is out now. The film How to Lose Friends and Alienate People is released in Autumn 2008.





Earlier this month, JK Rowling announced to a shocked nation that Albus Dumbledore was gay. **Will Hensher** tried to work out which other well-loved characters remain 'in the closet'.

1 Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday, from 'The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe', by Daniel Defoe

The Evidence: The authenticity of the following extract, from Defoe's 1719 bestseller, is still disputed among scholars. What remains certain is that the iconic pair were alone on that island for a very long time.

From the diary of Robinson Crusoe September 31 1669: 'Today one of the savages slipped his vessel into my sandy cove, on the south of the island. Whereupon, I was struck with amazement, and knowing of the cannibalism practised by that tribe, greatly afear'd that he would swallow me. However, showing him my charged musket, he knelt before me, to beg my mercy, which I granted. Presently, I allowed him to enter my cave, and share the fruits of my labour.'

relationship with two older men, one of whom paints his portrait:

"You know the best thing about painting you Dorian?" Basil gestured to the canvas. "It's that I can just lay you out and cover you with my brush whenever I feel like it."



Dorian's relationship with the enigmatic Lord Henry is particularly ambiguous:

"Dorian lingered on the doorstep, temptingly. "Thank you for having me this evening Lord Henry, "Oh, Basil and I are always very glad to receive you...Dorian."

The beautiful young gentleman had certainly lubricated the evening's conversation. He

was like a fine whiskey; best necked down late at night, when the wife was asleep.

Oh, and it was penned by Oscar Wilde.

3 Holmes and Watson, from 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,' by Arthur Conan Doyle

The Evidence: Some of us read Sherlock Holmes for the finely balanced interplay between an intricately structured mystery and the brilliantly incisive deduction of the protagonist. Others read it because we wanted to know when Holmes and Watson were gonna get it on. One was an obsessive genius with a cocaine habit, the other a respectable, ex-military doctor; this was late-Victorian England, outside of an Oscar Wilde novel it was never going to work. Though Conan Doyle never explicitly stated the nature of their relationship he would occasionally drop the reader a revealing clue:

"He gripped my cane very tightly and looked excitedly into my eyes.

"Holmes, I said, I do believe you've got it. Yes, you've definitely got it!"

"Yes Watson, he replied, I'm certainly starting to feel something..."

4 Mr Tumnus, from 'The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe,' by CS Lewis

The Evidence: Mr Tumnus, the loveable Narnian faun literally lived in a closet! His neat little beard, bare chest and trademark scarf bravely defied the butch chain-mail favoured by other Narnians. At the start of the novel he was ready to do the bidding of a great queen, but by the final chapter:

"I'm sorry Lucy but I simply can't come out of the wardrobe, what ever would the beavers say?"

5 Sam, Frodo, Merry, Pippin, Boromir, Gimli, Legolas and the entire elf population of Middle-Earth, from 'The Lord of the Rings,' by JRR Tolkien

The Evidence: It was a long, long journey from Rivendell to the 'Cracks of Doom', but no-one, except Aragorn, ever seemed to complain about the absence of female company. On the other hand, everyone wanted Frodo's ring. The novel is infused with homoerotic symbolism including several rather phallic towers, the climactic eruption of Mount Doom and of course Frodo's decision to leave Middle-Earth and join the elves 'on the other side' at the close of the novel. Peter Jackson's film trilogy helped to emphasise this aspect of Tolkien's work with lines such as the highly defensive:

'Nobody tosses a dwarf!'

Restaurant Review
Tom Evans



Alimentum

★★★★★

My perfect day would start with a trip to Chessington World of Adventures, then Thorpe Park and then Alton Towers. All of the queues would be closed off and I would be the only person allowed to go on the rides except some celebrities who would come with me. Maybe I would have Angelica from CBBC, Mankind from WWF and Richard from Judy. We would talk about all sorts of things (the new series of Raven) and then Mankind would say I was really cool and brave and give me his phone number, Richard would invite me to win You Say We Pay and we'd end up drinking B-52s back at Angelica's place. Then we would have some Um-bongo and MaccyD's for lunch and even though I would be getting a king size meal Mankind would buy me the Happy Meal toy separately because it's my birthday. Some bowling would be nice in the afternoon. Ideally we would get the whole bowling alley to ourselves because sometimes unsavoury characters are at bowling alleys, and I don't want any trouble on my perfect day.

Then I would have a little bit of lots of sandwiches because I can never make up my mind which one to get, and as I finished my last bite I would find some money on the floor (say £700) which I would give to charity. The charity would be that one for the people who are not so fortunate as me. After this everything I touched would turn to gold. Then we would go to Cambridge Cineworld to see a film, probably an animated feature and probably PG. Before going to Cineworld we would stop off for the early bird menu at Alimentum just across the way on Hills Road. Its £17.50 for three courses 6-7pm, and worth it. Its food comes fresh from sustainable and predominantly local sources and its reputation fresh from glowing reviews in the Guardian and the Independent. I've went there once before. Last week, in fact. The potato and garlic soup was well pitched, avoiding the alliaceous gloop that is sometimes produced in an attempt to prove 'just how authentic the food is' at more pretentious restaurants.

The Lemon Sole fillet came with a shellfish cream, the chef proving himself both brilliant and brave enough to serve what looked like an ethically sourced piece of sea foam atop his creation. The cottage pie was complemented by a fine, tasty red cabbage. For pudding I was tempted to try the Selle Sur Cher (goats cheese) to which I am allergic. Eat it now and take the consequences like Raven would take them, I told myself. As it is, I settled with the lemon and pine nut parfait. Which was perfect.

Gothic Scrapbook

Varsity brings together the ghoulish best and worst of gothic and not-so-gothic fiction...

Frankenfeline

It was on a quite nice night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With a slightly worrying anxiety that almost, but not quite, amounted to near agony, I collected the subtle instruments of life (tongs, spatulae and whisks) around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that was slumped at my knees. It was nearly eight in the evening, about the right time for my adjournment to the sitting room for my daily fix of ovaltine and wafer thin mints. The rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my novelty lavender and lemon and honey and marigold scented candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light of University Challenge, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a 'miaow' motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His tabby limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his feline features from

the cattery. Beautiful! Great God! His tawny fur scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his taily tail was of a lustrous black, and flappy; his nibbly teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriations only formed a more horrid contrast with his beady eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his scratchy little claws and bitey little mouth.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, changing the cat litter every day and providing new bowls of Burgess Supa Cat Rabbit & Chicken flavour voted the best independent manufacturer of cat food 2006, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an incredibly lazy body. I put the creature on a convenient iceberg. What better to do? I slept a long and quite nice sleep, tormented with guilty dreams...

Shorteye Snrub

UNIVERSITY
HANDBOOK
THREE SHILLINGS

SUPPLEMENT

PRICE - SIXPENCE - SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6th,

JANUS LOOKS AT KING



Cinderella

No one saw her leave the party that night. Her absence from morning lectures provoked little response, and her empty seat at the seminar was only acknowledged with a casual shrug and a few raised eyebrows. She had probably overslept – unsurprising, considering the chaotic intensity of the previous night's event. When she didn't come to dinner that evening, doubt and concern began to itch in the students' minds. They wondered if someone should ring her, but nobody knew her number. That's when they decided to knock on her door. No answer. The only thing they could do was to find their tutor and fetch a spare key. In the moments before the heavy door swung open, each of the students envisaged what might be

on the other side. One imagined a rope hanging from the wooden beams. Another, a floor saturated in blood, with the grimacing shell of a once-upon-a-time person splayed like a grotesque marionette. Yet the scene which greeted them was so unexpected that their foreboding instantly collapsed into cold puzzlement. The room, that had once been filled with books, clothes and furniture, was empty. Not only empty, but almost as if no one had ever lived there. Silence pressed against the clean, white walls. There were no hairs in the sink, no splashes of make-up on the mirror. The room was a void in which not even the faintest whisper of humanity existed, or so it appeared. The tutor still cannot understand what urged him to open the storage

space in the far wall. The sound of the latch clicking back was startling, almost obscene in the stillness. As dust billowed out from the gaping black hole, the students took a slow, apprehensive step forward. Through his obscured vision, the tutor could see a strange shape devoured by the shadows. Tentatively, he reached into the dark space, barely daring to breathe. He drew the object into the light. Clutched in his white hand was a shoe. The heels were scuffed and scarred and the sole had peeled away at one end, exposing the gut of material beneath. The golden glimmer of the straps was tarnished. She had only bought the shoes the day before, someone recalled; she wore them to the party.

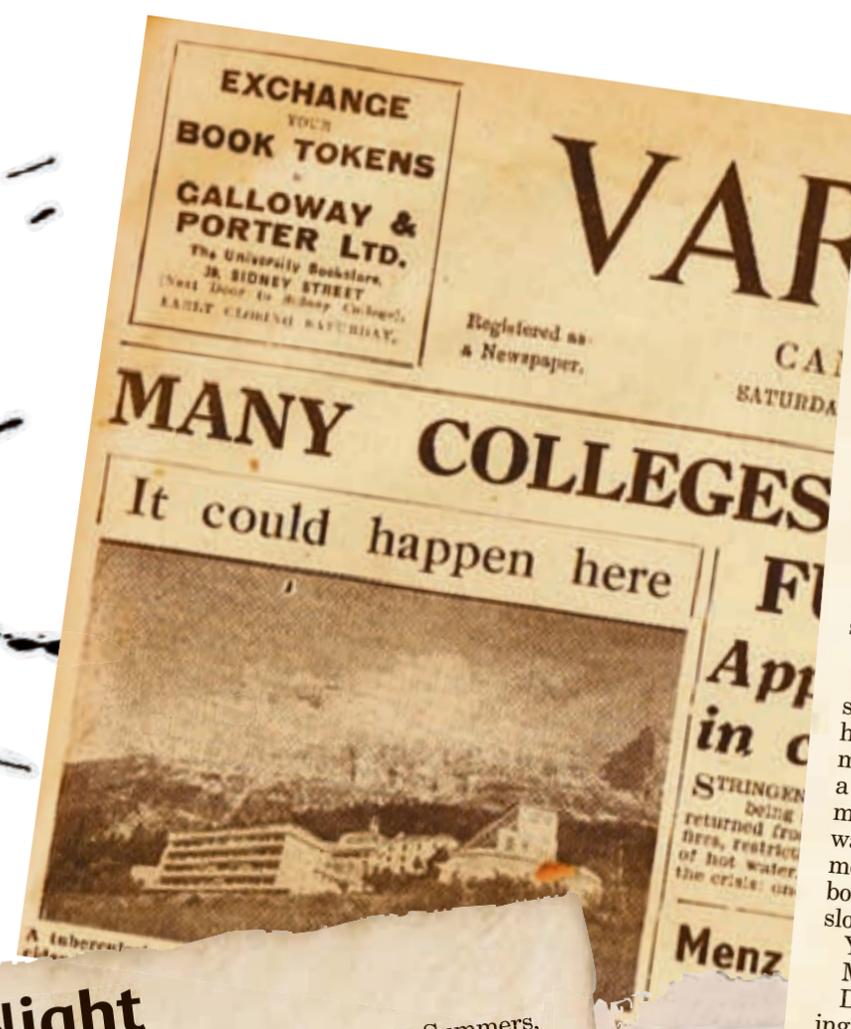
The forensics teams were mysti-

fied. The only thing that remained of her was the shoe, which had been wiped clean of even the most infinitesimal streak of DNA. Rivers were dredged, woods were searched, but the investigation yielded no results. The room, resonating with the terrible scream of silence, remained unoccupied. The sceptical, perhaps hopeful few maintained that she cleared the room as a final act of attention before leaving the country. But no one could really explain how the shy, studious girl, who had walked home alone for the last time yearning that she could disappear into nothing, was finally granted her wish.

Sophie Sawicka-Sykes



JAMES SHEDDEN



Beast Of The Night

Shelley didn't fit in with the other Goths. Maybe it was because she had refused to change her name to Scarred Psyche. Her eyeliner was heavier and her shoes higher than anyone; she still listened to Slayer and went to the Doom Fuckers gigs like everyone else: she just couldn't help it if she thought James Blunt was.... pleasant. But Raven Suicide felt like Shelley needed to prove her satanic mettle.

They were sitting outside Costcutter, like most nights, drinking the Strongbow that Ebony Rape had bought with her fake ID, and talked turned to local rumours. "Yeah, so, like, my mum - evil hag - was saying there's some big cat or wolf or something on the loose," Rex Gravedigger said, swigging, "Like when they used to see that shit in Bodmin, panthers and stuff. But this one, like, killed something. She tried to stop me leaving the house."

"Oh my god, she's such a fascist," Raven said, sucking on a Drumstick. Shelley groaned inwardly. "It's just some story." The Goths turned to stare at her in a flurry of bad hair-extensions and kohl. Raven did a cider burp. "Jesus fucking Christ, Shelley, who even are you? You're so not one of us. You're such a fascist." Shelley sighed. "Are you Shelley Thomas or are you Scarred Psyche?"

The other young Goths waved their fringes at her in disapproval. "I don't even care," Shelley grimaced, getting up, "I'm going home." "Fine you fucking fascist." Pulling her hair over her eyes, Shelley walked off through town. Winter was setting in; the nights had become darker and sharper. Her breath made tiny puffs that got lost in the mist settling over the city. The sky glowed a dull red. Only monolithic towers and the church spires rose forcefully through the fog. A lamppost throbbed on the street corner. Turning down an alley for a shortcut, Shelley suddenly heard something. Footsteps? Only her own, she reassured herself, and kept on going. She hummed James Blunt guiltily.

There it was again. Too soft for feet. It sounded more like - she looked around. Nothing. Shaking her head, Shelley continued walking. The night mist seemed to have filled up the alley. She felt herself getting dizzy. Maybe it was just the corset she had bought a size too small from that one time

she hadn't been ID-ed in Ann Summers, but her breathing quickened. She gasped; the mist pressed closer. She wasn't usually like this after three swigs of Strongbow. She tried to take a deep breath. She could still see the proud steeple of the cathedral penetrating the fog, and headed towards it. She loosened the top three fastenings on her corset. Her skin pricked with sweat. Suddenly, a black shape flitted across her vision. What - ? The sound again. Closer this time. Shelley whirled around, but found only mist. She panted frantically. Her head whipped side to side trying to locate the patter. Just mist. She continued walking, brushed against her skin. Shelley screamed, desperately trying to push out of the fog. Something was here. The sound seemed to deafen her, closer, couldn't see, thing brushed her skin again, gripped something in the dark, a lamppost or was it? Did it just move? Sweat pouring, couldn't, just the mist, something grabbed her, screaming - The shivering woke her up. How did she end up on a tombstone outside the cathedral? Shelley wiped her eyes.

"Fuck, my eyeliner," she muttered, checking her hand. But it was stainless. Someone had also meticulously removed her black nail polish. And taken out her red hair extensions. She looked down. "Why am I wearing a nightdress?!" Something had changed. Everything about her felt...different. Older. She glanced up at the steeple rising into the dawn. She rose, pulling the sleeves of the nightdress down for warmth - when she saw, on her wrist - clawmarks.

Next week, they were back outside Costcutter. Rex had stolen some vodka and was passing it round. "Yeah, like, the big wolf? It was just some farmer trying to get money off the papers." "So obvious. So un-satanic," Raven griped disdainfully, "Some people are such fascists. Yeah, Scarred Psyche?" Scarred Psyche hummed Kate Bush to herself and looked down at the claw marks on her wrist.

"Yeah," she said, "such fucking fascists."
Black Swan Obsidian

Gothic Lonely Hearts

The following was posted recently in the Lonely Hearts section of Practical Gothic Living: "Enigmatic, demonic (in the bedroom), sharply dressed, male seeks bloodthirsty female with a sweet tooth to share his castle with. Enjoys travelling in Eastern Europe, piercing, necromancy and all things sanguine. BDSM. Please respond to Box 443."

Count Dracula received a multitude of replies to this alluring advert, but one in particular caught his passionate imagination as he read it over one morning in his cavernous carriage, drawn by behemoth black horses and thundering through the craggy mountainous valley, not far from his home. The response was written on decaying yellow paper in a sexy, crawling hand:

"Dear Sir,
I long to gaze into your brilliant red eyes from my sunken sockets and learn more about your piercing habits. I am a sinuous, silvery, eye-catching lady of mature years, in possession of a large manor and a dark heart. I reside amidst the English marshes; my dinner table is permanently set with a mouth-watering banquet which only awaits your feasting mouth to reawaken its former glory. I expect the diabolic reply of your pulsing heart as I gaze from this slotted window and pick at a piece of blood-red fruit. Yours with desolate passion,
Miss Havisham"

Dead on time, Count Dracula pulled on the creaking bell of Satis House and took a moment to check his teeth in a small fang-shaped pocket mirror. He wrapped his top-of-the-range silk cashmere mix cloak tight around his gaunt yet toned body and bristled with anticipation as a rancid mist crept around his ankles. A chill came crawling in through the open window and over Miss Havisham as she sat waiting, festooned in rotting lace and silk, her eyes shining with excitement through the noxious vapour that hung in the room.

Count Dracula stepped in, his moist red lips slowly receding from his glimmering white teeth to reveal an erotic grimace. The mice and spiders feeding amongst the heaps of fetid food were interrupted and, picking up on the intimate atmosphere, scampered back into the dusty holes whence they had come.

Dracula's ruby-red eyes flashed with ardour as they beheld the deliciously morbid figure of Miss Havisham. Although she was too old to be a decent marriage prospect, he was a vampire in his prime and she has a certain 'Mrs Robinson' charm. She herself swooned in rapture at the sight of his crooked nose, silky black hair and long, brittle fingernails. They sat down to dinner and gazed longingly across the cantankerous remains of black wedding cake.

Eventually they could no longer hold back the impulse. Blood was pulsating through her heart as she strained her frail and sinewy neck upwards towards his luscious mouth and he pierced her papery skin in an instant, his long fingers closing around her neck.

But when the sunless morning light broke through the dust-encrusted drapery, her Count, her heart-throb, her piercing lover, was gone. The jilted Miss Havisham let out a blood-curdling scream that showed off the full extent of her new fangs. Despite her night of passion, she was all alone once more.

Camilla Ignatius Ermintrude Temple



view from the gods



This week's theatre promises a clash of three theatrical titans: Albee's *Zoo Story*, J. B. Priestley's *An Inspector Calls* and Pinter's *The Collection*. And then there's *Fame! The Musical*.

And *Fame! The Musical* has sold out to the extent that the hapless reviewer I chose to send along will have to sit next to her counterpart for TCS, rather than being able to use the spare press ticket as a thrifty date. I'd rather go on a hall swap with the first-year boys from St. John's. Choosing to go to see a play should be a bit like *Blind Date*, without the shrill cackles of Cilla Black's waning television career.

An evening with *Fame! The Musical* might be termed fun, easy-going, GSOH (questionable), likes: garish costumes, a bit of a sing-song. Looking for someone of low intelligence, very low cultural awareness and a desire to be accepted and reassured.

J. B. Priestley: patronising Christian, 60s (79), seeks privileged partner to reminisce about life before the Welfare State, likes: the wireless radio, fetishes: having sex with the servants.

'let's go and see this play because it has intrinsic artistic merit'

Pinter would be my first port of call for a date: dour East-End manual labourer seeks submissive female to make anxious, serve beer (Stella) and receive blows to the face and upper torso. Likes: beer, power games.

Edward Albee might initially boast the most charming of evenings, but this would quickly wear thin as he would start to fuck your mind in a fairly serious way. The evening kiss goodbye would be a bitterly disappointing one.

Our values have become skewed. At what point did someone say: let's go to see this play because it has intrinsic artistic merit? We decide to watch a film because it has an attractive actor (hence the careers of Jennifer Lopez, Brittany Spears, Ben Affleck, Daniel Zeichner), why shouldn't we go to see a play based upon whom is the most attractive author?

In purely aesthetic terms, Edward Albee would be the one I'd most like to have sex with, followed by Pinter (out of respect) followed by Priestley (out of sympathy), followed last-and-most-certainly-least, the fatso writer of the irritatingly-punctuated *Fame! The Musical* Alan Parker. On the basis of a very distinguished moustache, go to *Zoo Story*.

Orlando Reade

Cigarettes and Chocolate Corpus Playroom

Dir: Fran Whitlum-Cooper

Theatre
★★★★★

It would be unfair to say that, written for radio in 1988 (before Martin but after Geldof) anti-yuppie political consciousness and the desire to "adopt a Vietnamese baby outside the Uffizi" hit Anthony Minghella. This truly excellent production charts the moral and emotional awakening of Gemma, North Londonite, whose response to the bright light of an Italian holiday shone on her disjointed relationships is to stop speaking.

Played with restraint by Amy Watson, harrowing in her framing monologues, her constant presence onstage provides the sounding board for equally ruptured and troubled confessions from friends and lovers. American (of course) Rob, pitch-perfectly neurotic Jared Greene, funnels his intelligence into violent resentment of moral guilt and promiscuous sex. His escape to Italy, a beautiful flat, fresh air, is rendered trite and unfulfilling by his retelling of them. He is partnered by the emotional pygmy Lorna (Ellie Ross),

betrayed by family suicide, left as Minghella's least attractive victim of the emotional anesthetic of money. Highfalutin' Gail, played with knowing warmth by Greer Dale-Foulkes, has her stable sexual maturity and desire exposed as built on loss and the insecure flip side of middle class affluence: expectation and fear.

Atop superb performances, it is context which renders it only half right. *Cigarettes and Chocolate* engages with the emotional as the political, which irritated me. Gemma's tumultuous interior is expressed in politicised acts, such as feeding a tramp. It is an ideology of guilt, followed by brooding self-involvement. There is nothing morally wrong with this, particularly not if you were writing in 1988. But I couldn't watch Live 8. At the core is a worthy but tired liberal guilt that isn't attractive when juxtaposed with depression and self-doubt, no matter how well it is rendered.

It is equally Minghella's

howler that Rob's infinitely fascinating and nuanced dialogues are coupled by his literal screwing up of a picture of a self-immolating Buddhist monk. In today's context, *Cigarettes and Chocolate* is left exposed; worthy then, but how dare you tell me now, when adopting foreign babies is philately for the cretinous?

I despaired with every character, beautifully portrayed, but could not understand a foreboding sense of moral guilt at modernity when today it defines middle class political life. It was a relief that Joel Massey's Alistair and James Pelly's Sample, both playfully twattish, possessed the quavering stammers and poor dress senses of Cambridge men, and provided something to truly empathise with as half the audience gazed into our future: monied (hopefully), miserable and snorting. This superior and enthralling production suffers too much of its own ennui in its message.

Will Pinkney

Mr Kolpert ADC

Theatre
★★★★★

Dir: Jeff James

Awarding stars in an attempt to evaluate a work is an essentially flawed system. An audience could flee a show deeply dissatisfied but with few distinct criticisms, or conversely one may find stellar scoring entertainment in a pile of theatrical piffle. Like trying to plot a poem across a graph or digest a restaurant Christmas Lunch into a series of marks out of ten – does the average dip when one measures the brussell sprouts against roast potatoes, and how could one take into account the critical limbo that is stuffing? Mr Kolpert perhaps exemplified this problem. One left the theatre slightly uninterested and simultaneously shell-shocked, both severely amused and a bit sickened.

The story is a fusion of black comedy and blacker tragedy – the bored young couple Ralf and Sarah invite their boring friends Edith and Bastian for a take-away-menu dinner party. What begins as an unappealing joke over a dead body hidden within the corner's oversized trunk descends into a mess of nudity, madness and murder.

Ralf and Edith were the most engaging performers, the former sliding from detachment to dejection, the latter from timidity into hysteria, and both skilfully maintaining personalities on the brink of implosion. Bastian's oscillations between stiff formality and spontaneous fury were always comic if never quite credible, and Sarah played a difficult mediating role with a hesitant appeal. Some extras turn up in various later stages of mortality and nakedness.

The action unfolds across a

sparse vision of middle-class, suburban domesticity – populated with unrewarding professions, un-successful affairs and under-decorated living rooms. This bleak scene supported the well-directed physicality of the play, balancing lethargy and violence to keep the antic performers engaging.

Ultimately the criticism is a lack of consistency: the personalities did not shift between the comic and the sinister with comfort. Occasional uncertainty over lines, unconvincing relationships, or slips out of character, disrupted the measured collapse from tart normality into bitter chaos. The performance did not sustain the gradual sense of communal strangulation that would have given foundation to the choked epiphany which concluded the play. A shame really, for weaved throughout the hour there were moments of terrifying humour and tragic honesty. Five star peaks on a two star plateau.

Monty Stagg

James and the Giant Peach ADC

Theatre
★★★★★

Dir: Oli Robinson

Oli Robinson's *James and the Giant Peach* felt like watching a surreal blend of musical, pantomime and children's TV programme. This is after all a fantastical story, and a kitsch set, brash lighting, cartoonish costumes and 'larger-than-life' characters were the order of the day. Indeed, this isn't a play

But certainly, the group of children behind me seemed delighted – albeit that one little girl announced very earnestly to her neighbour that the entrance of the super-size insects was "quite scary, actually". They relished too the audience participation that ranged from shouting greetings to helping ensure a large orange ball (or "peach") didn't touch the floor as it was thrown around the auditorium. In-

deed, the energy and commitment of the cast was apparently inexhaustible as they bounded about the stage, switching personas, and playing a plethora of musical instruments, from tambourine to violin.

For me, however, it was when the silliness occasionally gave way to drier irony that the play was at its best: in this, Thomas Edwards stood out with an admirable and humorous performance as the cynical Earthworm.

These moments were when the play managed best to negotiate the narrow course between at once entertaining the children and amusing their parents. Then again, perhaps it is wrong to expect this children's story to please all ages alike; it is doubtless a fun production that any visiting younger siblings would enjoy.

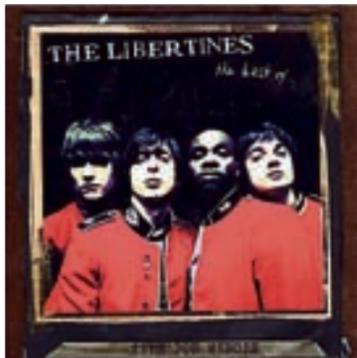
Alex Reza



aimed at the age group which makes up the majority of the student body: this is a production for children, which perhaps doesn't quite live up to its bold claim that it provides "something for everyone".

The Libertines Best Of

Album
★★★★★



Who is this Libertines person? More importantly, why? I haven't heard a racket like this since Twisted Cunt Shaft played the Hope & Anchor in '78 – it's all bum notes and shouting. Don't they know the kids all like the Nu-Rave now? They'll have to put more effort into their next album if they're going to stand a chance.

Joking. I know all about the Libertines, as the misshapen 'Albion' tattoo on my neck gently weeping vital fluids onto my vintage 'Pete Doherty is Innocent' t-shirt can prove. Really, I loved them so much I bought what I thought was a dashing cut military jacket, only for every nice girl I met when wearing it to mistakenly assume I was gay. I loved them so much that I started taking prescription medication (crack was not readily available in my suburban Arcadia) in order to emulate Peter's (as those loyal to the Libertines-flame must call him) bohemian ways, and provide an excuse for my own self loathing and social inadequacies (a direct cause of my current inability to go more than three hours, day or night, without taking a piss). In fact, I loved them so much that this cynical attempt to extract money from a fanbase which owns the songs already actually makes me want to take a copy of Bound Together, rip out the pages, and feast upon them until I choke, as though I were consuming the Libertines themselves. Seriously though. These songs are all great. The band was great. But now they're just taking the piss. The romance is gone. It's like we were having a beautiful affair, and now we've broken up. All I can do is go back to my room, down a beer, and have a wank whilst looking at her pictures on facebook.

Philip Rack

Set in the midst of North London, the film follows Anna, who beomes entailed with members of an Eastern European mafia family in the seedy underbelly of the city - fighting for the child of a murdered prostitute whose diary might uncover too many of the mafia's secrets. The family itself is part of the notorious Vory V Zakone criminal brotherhood (born in Stalin's prison camps) whose members are known by the tattoos that cover their skin.

Naomi Watts' performance is restricted as Anna, but Armin Mueller-Stahl's portrayal of Semyon, the soft-spoken monster with sparkling blue eyes, is somewhat more convincing. It's really Nikolai (played by Viggo Mortensen of Lord of the Rings fame), the well-mannered, ambitious ex-convict with slicked-back silver hair who serves as driver and wingman for Semyon's impulsive, unhappy son. Screenwriter Steven Knight (Dirty Pretty Things and Amazing Grace) seems as involved as Cronenberg for the British film-noir feel of Eastern Promises. Both director and writer have tried desperately hard to put a modern twist on the classic 'gangster-thriller' format that Jules Dassin and Fritz Lang perfected all those years ago, but it's hard to tell whether this succeeds or not.

Perhaps to the non-British audiences, the streets of London and the banks of the Thames seemed a world away, but with most of us having been to those very places the film is shot, or at least watching them on a Silent Witness re-run on a hung-over

Sunday afternoon, the scenery seems a little less exotic. The fundamental point of the film is the moral scandal of slavery, the traffic in human bodies and human misery that persists even in the modern cosmopolitan West. Unfortunately the moral overtones perhaps overpower the actual story of the film itself.

However, never the one to disappoint, Cronenberg includes a scene of excessive buttock-clenching violence involving slashed stomach and stabbed eyeballs true to his reputation. And this is perhaps what lets the film down. Knight's writing and Cronenberg's direction seem at odds with each other for a large portion of the film. Heart-felt humanism

doesn't fit into Cronenberg's brutal realism, nor vice versa. A wonderful start ends with a spark rather than a bang - the dialogue becomes more contrived as time goes on (most notably when Nikolai throws some money at a long-suffering whore proclaiming: "stay alive a little longer"). The fast-paced tension turns into slow-plodding tied ends. I'm

not in any way suggesting the film is predictable, but the conflict in direction and dialogue does wear thin at times. Eastern Promises is a watchable and engaging thriller, but in an era when the genre has gone constant re-invention (several times within David Chase's fabulous six season's of The Sopranos), Cronenberg's effort falls a little short of expectations.

Ravi Amaratunga

Eastern Promises

Dir: David Cronenberg

Film
★★★★★

The Hives The Black and White Album

Album
★★★★★

I listened to this album whilst nursing a terrible hangover, and my judgment of it may reflect my bitterness at the noisy hooligan residing in my head, kicking over chairs and banging on the walls, rather than the actual quality of the music. Although I can now attest to the theory that garage rock is not the best cure for a heavy night, as if that fact was ever in doubt. But really, attempting to make an objective judgement on it, this album isn't that great, and neither are The Hives for that matter. Garage Punk-Rock is over and the Hives will never match the innovation of genre-companions The Strokes anyway so they should stop trying and get me some aspirin and a coffee. Even their niche as the new sound of Sweden has been filled by someone better: The Sounds, who are a far more interesting and attractive band and one that I would much rather talk about as well as ogle.

There are some good tracks, but nothing that interested me

enough to tear me away from my strawberry bootlaces, which are a gelatine treat perfect for alcohol induced brain-pain. So, inevitably, the highlight of this album for me was, after ages of racking my brains, realising that a small section of the seventh track, 'Won't Be Long' (which is pretty good incidentally), sounds a little bit like a Fleetwood Mac song from Tusk. So I decided to listen to that instead and had a much better time, leaving The Hives to stew in their snazzy suits.

Owain Mckimm



The Young Knives The Graduate

Live Review
★★★★★

"This is an evening for us to try out new songs you've never heard before, as well as throwing in the odd Young Knives classic hit." So promised lead singer Henry as the Young Knives ambled on stage, tweed-clad, to start their new tour. They were supported by Spraydog (I missed them but what a wonderful name) and Ungdomskulen, who were laughably bad, but judging by the number of teenagers in tweed most of the audience was there to see the angular Oxo-

nian threesome. They showed no radical change in direction in the aforementioned new songs, and intelligent indie-pop was still very much the order of the day, but they did seem to have sharpened their songwriting focus and their onstage fraternal banter.

Their understated wit thankfully remains, witness the glorious couplet "You got me in a headlock, I forced you into wedlock", from newie Dyed in the Wool. The few songs they played from their Mercury-nominated

debut, Voices of Animals and Men, received rapturous receptions, to the band's obvious gratification. The quiet-loud encore of Loughborough Suicide and She's Attracted To brought the evening to a wonderfully satisfying close. The Young Knives are a simple band who play simple music, but they did everything that was asked of them, and it would have been a major challenge not to enjoy the gig. They haven't changed during their brief absence, and what a good thing too.

Hugo Gye

albums every right-minded person should own



Black in Black AC/DC

Made in the days when condoms were nothing more than a fun alternative to party balloons, drinking and driving was just a good laugh, and 40-a-day habits were thought to be actively good for you (and listening to the vocals here, it's hard to disagree), Back in Black, the archetypal hymn to the joys of sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll, is the band's fitting tribute to their late great previous lead singer, Bon Scott. Scott had died in Spinal Tap-esque circumstances ("You can't dust for vomit...") in the February of that year; by April AC/DC had a new lead singer, Brian Johnson.

Johnson, a coalminer's son from Newcastle, doesn't quite possess the extraordinary voice that made Scott so duly famous, but his distinctive wail gives life and soul to some of the filthiest lyrics ever committed to vinyl. From the opening lines of the first track, Hell's Bells, it's clear that the band aren't looking for lyrical finesse: after and ominous and spine-tingling build up, Johnson screams "I'm rolling thunder, pouring rain, I'm coming on like a hurricane". The song continues along this vein as, indeed, does the album. Innuendo abounds: when Johnson talks about 'Givin' the Dog a Bone', we can be fairly sure he's not stocking up on Winalot. A personal favourite is the immensely crude Let Me Put My Love Into You, in which we come across surely the best couplet in rock history: "Let me put my love into you, babe, let me put my love on the line / Let me put my love into you, babe, let me cut your cake with my knife".

There's no Coldplay-esque introspection here, but so what? 42 million sales later, Back in Black is the second best-selling album of all time. Unlike so many of today's feeble excuses for rock bands, AC/DC do actually rock, and they do it in spades. Whilst a modern rock album will shuffle up to you and tentatively tap you on the shoulder, Back in Black swings in off the chandelier, slams its codpiece in your face, lights a match on three days' stubble, and shouts at the barman for a pint and a pack of pork scratchings. It's not big or clever, but that's exactly the point. As the album's closing lines remind us, "rock and roll ain't noise pollution / rock and roll is just...rock and roll". It is just rock and roll, but when it's this good, you really won't care.

George Reynolds

	film	theatre	music	other	going out
<p>pick of the week</p>	<p>Not One Less Sat 3rd Nov, Old Labs, Newnham Gardens, 20.00</p> <p>Newnham Film Society once again provides the student body with another fantastic free film. Trip along this week for Zhang Yimou's docu-style offering, a director who has earned the accolade "no one makes more beautiful films, no one captures the intrinsic character of the Chinese people more indelibly." Using a troupe of non-professional actors, Not One Less focuses on Minzhi, a thirteen-year-old substitute-teacher in the Chinese countryside, as she attempts to keep her students in the classroom and away from the big city.</p>	<p>The History Boys Fri 2 Nov - Sat 3 Nov, Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45</p> <p>I went to see this play (well, its film version at least) with my friend - let's call him Neb - who sat through the whole thing laughing at the northern accents. Mind you, he also calls buses "peasant wagons", so I shouldn't really have expected him to hold the most enlightened views. Anyway, safe to say that he probably didn't have to struggle into Oxbridge the way these young chaps do, as Alan Bennett explores the meaning of education, class, sexuality, and all that other stuff he usually does. I'm legally obliged to use the term "national treasure".</p>	<p>Jools Holland and his Rhythm and Blues Orchestra Corn Exchange, 19.00</p>  <p>He seems a bit possessive of that old Rhythm and Blues Orchestra, doesn't he? It's not just any Rhythm and Blues Orchestra. It's his. Get away from it. He doesn't know where you've been. Go back to your seats, preferably in the balcony.</p>	<p>From Reason to Revolution: Art and Society in 18th Century Britain Fitzwilliam Museum, Tues - Sat 10.00 - 17.00, Sun 12.00 - 17.00, Free</p> <p>The numerous paradoxes of the so-called 'Age of Reason' are explored through highlights from the Fitzwilliam Museum's eighteenth-century collections: paintings, prints, drawings, rare books, ceramics, sculpture - many from the Founder's original bequest. Take an afternoon off from the fifth week despondency and indulge yourself in the meditative and uplifting joy of beautiful, beautiful art. Go on you plebs, go!</p>	<p>Rumboogie Wed 7 Oct, Ballare, 21.00-02.00, £4/£5</p> <p>"Surely this is ironic!?" you ask, one eyebrow knowingly raised. Well, no. We've swallowed our sense of shame and pride and are willingly giving ourselves up to the sweaty, cheesy fun. Sure, the drinks can be pricey. Yes, maybe the queue is a bit long for anyone who doesn't own a peculiarly-hued blazer. And of course, the music is the kind of stuff they used to play to kids in leukemia wards in the early nineties. But what the hell! Make the most of it whilst you're young and happy.</p> <p>Psyche. This was ironic, and it will be terrible.</p>
	<p>Elizabeth: The Golden Age Vue, 14.30, 17.10, 20.00</p> <p>Zanzibar Soccer Queens + Q&A with director Florence Ayisi Buckingham House Lecture Theatre, New Hall, 20.15</p>	<p>The History Boys Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45</p> <p>Mr Kolpert ADC Theatre, 21.00</p> <p>The Fall of the House of Usher ADC Theatre, 23.00</p>	<p>Shychild and the Whip Soul Tree, 19.00</p> <p>Simone White The Boathouse, 19.30</p> <p>BBC Electric Proms 2007 Junction, 19.00</p>	<p>Marc-Henri Auffeve, Sketches of Ethiopia Fitzwilliam, photographic exhibition</p> <p>Lunchtime Concert Kettle's Yard, 13.10 - 13.50</p>	<p>The Get Down Soul Tree, £4 before 22.00</p> <p>Friday Fez Fez, 22.00-03.30, £5 before 23.30, £7 thereafter</p> <p>Generator Kambar, 22.00-03.30, £3</p>
	<p>The Memory Thief Arts Picturehouse, 17.00</p> <p>Sisters-in-Law Buckingham House Lecture Theatre, New Hall, 15.00</p> <p>Moolaade As above, New Hall, 20.00</p>	<p>The History Boys Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45</p> <p>Mr Kolpert ADC Theatre, 21.00</p> <p>The Fall of the House of Usher ADC Theatre, 23.00</p>	<p>Jools Holland and his Rhythm and Blues Orchestra Corn Exchange, 19.00</p>	<p>Dante Quartet in residence at King's - The Threatened Idyll King's College, 20.00</p>	<p>Instinct Soul Tree, £6 before 22.00</p> <p>The Indie Thing Kambar, 22.00-03.30, £2 before 22.30, £3 with NUS, £5</p>
	<p>Elizabeth: The Golden Age Vue, 11.50, 14.30, 17.10, 20.00</p> <p>Faro Arts Picturehouse, 17.00</p> <p>Death at a Funeral Vue, 13.20, 15.40, 17.50, 20.10</p>	<p>The theatre has existed for thousands of years. Come children. Behold its death throes.</p>	<p>Deacon Blue Corn Exchange, 19.30</p> <p>Songs in the Dark Clowns, 20.00, acoustic night. No Oasis covers to be found, hopefully.</p>	<p>Henrik Hakansson Kettle's Yard, 11.30 - 17.00</p> <p>From Reason to Revolution: art and society in 18th century Britain Fitzwilliam</p>	<p>The Sunday Service Club 22, 22.00-03.00, £4/£5</p>
	<p>Eastern Promises Vue, 21.10</p> <p>Drawing Restraint 9 Arts Picturehouse, 14.15</p> <p>To Have and Have Not Arts Picturehouse, 18.30</p>	<p>The Importance of Being Earnest Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45</p>	<p>In the film Music and Lyrics, Hugh Grant points out that a 3 minute pop song can be the most powerful weapon known to man. And you know what? He's right.</p>	<p>Exhibitions of works by Catherine Dormor and Beverly Ayling-Smith New Hall, 10.00 - 18.00</p>	<p>Fat Poppadaddy's Fez, 22.00-03.30 £3/£4</p> <p>Renacimiento Soul Tree, free before 23.00, £3/£4 after 00.00</p> <p>Just how many times can this be 'reborn'?</p>
	<p>Death at a Funeral Vue, 15.40, 17.50, 20.10</p> <p>Eastern Promises Vue, 21.10</p> <p>The Great Dictator Arts Picturehouse, 13.30</p>	<p>An Inspector Calls Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens', 19.30</p> <p>Footlights Smoker ADC Theatre, 23.00</p> <p>The Importance of Being Earnest Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45</p>	<p>HT: Sunburned Hand of the Man + The Doozer + UM The Portland Arms, 20.00</p>	<p>Marc-Henri Auffeve, Sketches of Ethiopia Fitzwilliam, photographic exhibition</p>	<p>The Calling Kambar, 21.00 - 02.00 £3/£4</p> <p>Ebonics Fez, 22.00-03.00, £2/£4</p>
	<p>Soc Doc Soc/ Student Action for Refugees presents Ghosts + documentary on destitution Graduate Union, 17 Mill Lane, 20.00</p>	<p>Fame - The Musical ADC Theatre, 19.45</p> <p>The Zoo Story ADC Theatre, 23.00</p> <p>The Importance of Being Earnest Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45</p>	<p>Insouciant nihilism in pop music makes me hard.</p> <p>Also, listen to Tiziano Ferro.</p>	<p>James Lisney - Piano West Road Concert Hall, 19.30, £12/£5, Mozart: Rondo in A minor K511, Menuet in D, K355-576b and Eine Kleine Gigue, K574, Schubert: Impromptus D899 and D935</p>	<p>Melamondo Fez, 22.00-03.00, free before 22.00, £3 after 00.00</p> <p>Rumboogie Ballare, 21.00-02.00, £4/£5</p> <p>Go and participate in a soulless rendition of Cotton Eye Joe.</p>
	<p>Good Luck Chuck Vue, 18.00, 20.40</p> <p>Lovers of the Arctic Circle Arts Picturehouse, 17.00</p> <p>Elizabeth: The Golden Age Arts Picturehouse, 13.00, 15.30, 18.00, 20.30</p>	<p>Fame - The Musical ADC Theatre, 19.45</p> <p>The Zoo Story ADC Theatre, 23.00</p> <p>The Importance of Being Earnest Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45</p>	<p>Vincent Vincent and the Villains Portland Arms, 20.00</p>	<p>No Effects? Institute of Criminology, 17.30-19.30, Dr Manuel Eisner talks on scientific and political implications of a universal early violence prevention trial.</p>	<p>Freak Off La Raza, 21.00-01.00, £3</p> <p>Mystery Jets DJ Set Fez, 22.00-03.00, price tbc</p> <p>Pink Party (Breast Cancer Care) River Bar, 20.00-00.00, £8/£10</p>

More Film...

Sixth Cambridge African Film Festival

Fri 2 Nov - Sun 4th Nov, New Hall/Arts Picturehouse, details above.

If Elizabeth isn't for you, or you're just bored of the same old Vue cinema offerings, try this instead. Not only is it free (always appealing) but it promises to be enjoyable, thought provoking and even francophone. Not your average then. And it's not just this weekend, no, it's every

weekend of November. This week's theme is women in African film, incorporating tradition and religion along the way. There will be four offerings from Tanzania, Cameroon, Senegal and Mali, the first three screenings free at New Hall, and the final screening at the Arts Picturehouse. The festival has been running for the past few years to great acclaim, and this year's is sure to continue the fine tradition. Not to be missed. Unless your name is James Watson. Details for can be found at www.cambridgeafricanfilmfestival.co.uk

Vincent Vincent and the Villains

Thur 8 Nov, Portland Arms, 20.00

The other day my friend was pointing out how bad band names are these days. "They're just any random collections of nouns and adjectives, aren't they?" he said. "What about Rage Against the Machine?" I said. "They have a verb." Anyway, point is, he was right, most band names are crap. So is Vincent Vincent and the Villains, but the music might be pretty good.

Queens' Ents Rumble in the Jungle

Sat 3 Oct
Queens' Fitzpatrick Hall, 9.30-12.45

Jungles are fun places because you can see wonderful beasties there like tigers, unicorns and sloths. Sometimes you also see a man with a gun like the man on the right. But they are much funner when legendary DJ Ollie Riley-Smith is on the decks, the drinks are cheap as bananas and the tunes are bigger than the Amazon rainforest. Arrive early or you'll lose all your friends.



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We'll be at the Cambridge Autumn Careers Event at the University Centre on Wednesday 7th and Thursday 8th November, between 1pm-6pm, so come along and talk to us there.

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Citi Day on Campus

Citi invites candidates from any degree discipline who are interested in summer internships to participate in the Cambridge University Day on Campus on the **13th & 14th November 2007** at the **University Arms Hotel**, Newton Suite, Regent Street.

Citi Day on Campus is designed to give you the opportunity to learn more about our 2008 Summer Internships and the daily activities across our business areas, within our Markets & Banking division.

Detailed below is the timetable of the day (please note you can come along for one or all of the sessions):

Tuesday 13 November

16:00 - 18:00: Trading Game

Wednesday 14 November

09.30 - 11:30: Capital Markets Case Study

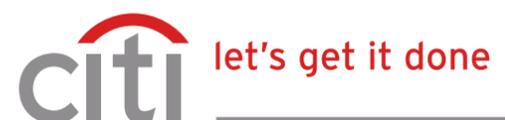
11:30 - 13:00: Assessment Centre Skills Session

13:00 - 14:00: Lunch

14:00 - 16:00: Investment Banking Case Study

To sign up for the Citi Day on Campus, please email campus.queries@citi.com stating Cambridge Day on Campus in the subject box, clearly indicating which session(s) you would like to attend. The spaces are allocated on a first come first served basis.

We look forward to meeting you,
Citi Graduate Recruitment



Clowning around

Anna Wood talks to **Raffaele Colombo** Sauchella, proprietor of Cambridge's favourite student haunt



When I took over Clowns 21 years ago, nobody knew how to do real Italian food or coffee. It took me forty days to take off. Everything that you see here is Italian, apart from the full English. We were prized by The Independent as the best Full English in East Anglia last year.

Our success is down to the prices and the quality of the food. I import everything from Italy so it's cheap compared from buying from the big Italian stores in London. Secondly, I don't need to overcharge because this isn't a very expensive place to run in terms of staff. There are no professionals. Well I'm a professional, but I teach the staff.

My tiramisu is an atomic bomb. Once you change the food recipes at Clowns, you kill everything because you lose the original recipes. Unless two chefs are from the same catering school in Italy, we never pass the secrets on...

We make coffee for the needs of the person. If you want to wake up, espresso is wonderful (If you put in sugar it's ruined). Each coffee has a reason why it's made that way and it should always be at the right temperature. Nobody can touch me in coffee; I challenge anyone!

Running a family business is wonderful, but sometimes as a father, you put the fist down; not to be nasty, but you have to shout. Families are a big support and arguing with them keeps you alive, you know what I mean?

It was time for the refurbish-

ment because although you can repair your suit, it's not nice, so you need to have a new suit. Clowns has always been loved by people coming here, but I could detect some people did not like to take a meal here. Now they bring friends.

For students cooking at home on two hobs, there is a very simple thing; pasta is the worldwide food which doesn't affect your health; it helps your health and it gives you a lot of strength. It doesn't take long to make a plate of pasta. Just good olive oil- extra virgin oil- and boil the pasta and get Parmesan cheese and then you have a wonderful meal; cheap and wonderful.

My last supper would be in a trattoria, with several courses. Not to criticise, but English people are happy with one course and a coffee and a glass of wine. You students are on the run all the time. Food is a different institution all together in Italy.

Young British people don't find time to prepare food. You're only eating proper food if you're at home and you're dedicating yourself to the gas cooker. There are lots of recipe books and it's easy to do. But cooking takes time and love. Now, nobody wants to know how to do it. But a simple pasta with a glass of wine works every time. If you look at religion, Our Lord left us a piece of bread and a glass of wine; nice, minimal.

I'll still be enjoying it in 30 years time, so I'll be one hundred if I'm lucky. I love what I've created; this is my baby.



Raffaele Colombo in his beloved Clowns

AUNTY AMY

Solves your problems



Aunty Amy,
I'm a third-year economist anticipating a career as a banker. My primary ambition is to make as much money as possible and mix with well-shod stats-fiends. The difficulty is that my parents are fairly stereotypical left-wing ex-hippies, and I'm certain they wouldn't approve. They think I spend all my time here studying soc anth (which I gave up within weeks of starting) and sorting out refreshments for Socialist Society meetings. Though I appreciate the cakes they send, I feel guilty deceiving them, and I figure I should tell them pretty soon. Any advice on how to do it?
Charles

Dear Charles,
If I were you, I'd start by

planning exactly what to say during The Big Chat. A plan always helps things run a bit more smoothly and I always think that there's nothing quite like it for helping with your self-confidence. Jot down a few helpful notes, and work out how to break it to them gently. Instead of, "Uh you'll hate this, and you'll cry", try: "Hey! What say you to...?"

Now, careful you don't do that dastardly trick of giving them a piece of fake bad news news and then telling them that actually you were lying and that the real thing you want to tell them isn't so awful. "I'm really, really, seriously sick... no I'm not, I'm into finance!" probably won't work. And honestly, Charles, it's unlikely you'll be able to

think of anything that would upset them more than the actual truth.

The best tip of all? Compare yourself to your siblings.

Do you have any Charles? Make your mum and dad feel better about themselves by pointing out that this means that they haven't completely failed as parents. Alternatively, if you reckon you're an improvement on this brother or sister, say so. Distract them from you for a bit. And then give 'em a cuddle. Thanks for writing in Charles,
Your Aunty Amy x

Amy Hoggart is the KCSU Welfare Officer.

ALEX ENGLANDER TALKS TO

MADAME LE CLAIRE



Dear Madame Le Claire,
I'm what you might call an earthy lass from the Midlands. I have an unquenchable appetite for local squaddies. But I'm starting to think there's no future with a kiss today bomb tomorrow kind of guy. Could you suggest anywhere to meet a finer sort of gentleman.
KH, Jesus

It would be a terrible shame to give up on the military man. During her youthful gap year in Boston, sister Colette lived within mincing distance of the Military Academy. When the army lads came for the weekends Colette was always at hand to assist with the trickiest manoeuvres. Nimble thing that she was, she deftly helped the men with their

target practice whenever the time came for them to shoot their load.

Dear Madame Le Claire,
What should we do with the drunken sailor?
PJ, St John's

What *shouldn't* we do with the drunken sailor?

Dear Madame Le Claire,
I'm having problems with my bedder. Whilst I appreciate her loquacity, I cannot help but think that she often steps beyond the mark. I don't want to end friendly relations with her (my bath won't run itself, after all) but I think she ought to know that there's no need to be insulting. What can I do?
DR, Fitz

As bouleverseeé as I am to learn that Fitz has domiciliary staff I believe I can help. This reminds me of the time I employed a young girl from Champagne - Dieu knows what I was thinking. Against overt prohibition, I would often find her poking about in the most private areas of the Château Le Claire, and seriously suspected her of sneakily nibbling on Monsieur Le Claire's rillettes. One morning, whilst she was tending the garden, she suggested a few poppies wouldn't go amiss. Agreeing, I sent her off to southern Afghanistan and dropped a line to Colette's old military chums. Guantánamo Bay has its uses.

Madame Le Claire is Chief Interior Designer at the Sorbonne.

CAMsay Street Episode 5



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It was back to earth with a bang for us this week, as three losing bets made a nasty indent on the rewards of four weeks hard graft on the betting shop floor. After two dismal results on the football, we were praying that Dylan Thomas would get us out of jail. It wasn't to be, however, as the nag's lacklustre performance suggested he was more concerned with getting back into his box and away from the appalling conditions than crossing the finishing line in front.

We'll be looking to the Soap Opera that is Tottenham Hotspur Football Club for this week's banker. All eyes will be on Spurs' visit to the Riverside on Saturday, and new manager Ramos has publicly stated that he hopes to achieve results quickly in order to breed confidence. In fact, Ramos's timing couldn't have been much better, as Middlesbrough away is the first of a series of games against some of the Premier League's lesser lights. Boro have already lost to Spurs in the League Cup, suffering the ignominy of failing to score against Tottenham's notoriously leaky defence. Now one point above the bottom three, they go into this with just one home win under their belt. With a new manager at the helm, and the players desperate to impress, we'll back Tottenham to steal all three points.

Fresh from a pulsating encounter against the superb Arsenal at Anfield, Liverpool travel to Ewood Park in the hope that they can keep pace with the League leaders. It's exactly the sort of fixture that Rafa Benitez will dread: the supporters will be demanding victory but Blackburn are an underrated team in fine form. Since the 6-0 rout of Derby, the Reds have lost to average European opponents in the form of Marseille and Besiktas, and have stuttered to draws with Portsmouth, Birmingham and Tottenham. A 1-0 success at Wigan and a referee-assisted last-gasp win at Goodison Park suggests that Benitez still has a lot of work to do, and that Mark Hughes' team could just steal a point.

We go all the way to Australia to try and find the value bet of the week. The Melbourne Cup, billed as 'the race that stops a nation,' is the title to win for Australian horses. However, we reckon the Irish bred 'Purple Moon' should have the stamina to see off any native rivals. He was unlucky not to win last time out and, with an experienced local jockey booked for the ride, he should put in a bold run. That only two European horses have ever won the race is a slight concern, so it might pay to back the gelding each way.

THE BANKER 13/8
TOTTENHAM TO BEAT
MIDDLESBOROUGH £3

PREDICTION 12/5
BLACKBURN & LIVERPOOL TO
DRAW £3

THE LONG SHOT 5/1
PURPLE MOON TO WIN THE
MELBOURNE CUP £2e.w.

RUNNING TOTAL £23.17

Blues left kicking themselves

»Disappointing loss against a side Cambridge could have beaten

BLUES	1
COVENTRY	3

SEAN BURT
Football Correspondent

As the sun set on Fenner's Ground on Wednesday afternoon, Cambridge University suffered their second straight defeat in the BUSA League after being soundly beaten by Coventry University by three goals to one. Despite drawing in the return fixture only three weeks ago, Anthony Murphy's Blues were well beaten by the stronger and better organized away side.

The dark blues were immediately more aggressive both physically and mentally than the home side. They took the lead after only three minutes after the Cambridge back four failed to clear a cross from the left. The ball was played back in from the right and the Coventry number twelve was unmarked to head inside the near post from six yards.

For the next twenty minutes neither side could take control of the game and both sides wasted half chances as their defences had trouble clearing long balls into the box. As the game began to be contested on the half way line, the bigger Coventry midfield began to stamp their authority on the game in more ways than one as tempers began to boil over. After a number of strong challenges the referee began to lose his grip on the game as every decision

	P	W	D	L	G	F	G	A	G	D	Pts
COVENTRY	4	2	1	1	11	7	4	7			7
STAFFORDSHIRE	2	2	0	0	6	4	2	6			6
CAMBRIDGE	4	1	1	2	10	11	-1	4			4
LOUGHBOROUGH III	2	1	0	1	6	5	1	3			3
NOTTINGHAM TRENT	2	1	0	1	4	3	1	3			3
WOLVERHAMPTON	2	0	0	2	3	10	-7	0			0

was loudly contested by both sides and Coventry again took control. After firing a free kick straight at the Cambridge keeper, Coventry squan-



Mattie Gethin tries to break free from some tough Coventry defending

STEVE SMITH

dered two good chances to further their lead, first miss-kicking in front of goal and then seeing a deflected shot well blocked by Dean in the home goal. As the first half drew to a close, Cambridge were reduced to only posing a threat from set pieces as they were stopped from getting the ball down and playing football.

The second half began where the first had finished with another booking, this time for the light blues for a late tackle. Coventry continued to dominate and wasted another two good chances before the inevitable

happened. After a long ball over the top, Dean in the Cambridge goal was unable to hold onto the ball under pressure and the Coventry centre forward slotted home an easy goal.

With half an hour left Cambridge finally sparked into life and began their search for the two goals needed to tie level. A shot from 20 yards out flew just wide before Matt Gethin headed wide as the home side came into the game. As the match opened up, Dean saved well from close in before the Cambridge forwards were again unable to take advantage from

a good chance. With less than 20 minutes to go Cambridge pulled one back when Anthony Murphy headed in from a deep free kick.

Two more dark blues went into the book before Cambridge finally began to play the football they were stopped from playing before half time and the game was momentarily wide open. Both keepers were forced into saves and Cambridge saw a shot headed off the line before the away side broke away down the right and the forward back heeled past an exposed Dean to wrap up the game.

Warwick edge out Blues



RICHARD WEST

Cambridge's Basketball Blues were defeated by a strong Warwick team

Captain's Corner

Tennis
Jon Tassell



Jon is a third year undergrad studying management at Girton.

Experience

I started really young age five and was invited to Wimbledon aged eight. I won the Northern division in the North East Short Tennis. I've moved on from there: I went pro at 18 and lived in Germany for a year and played the European and American circuits. Then I returned to Cambridge in 2005 and have been

playing in the Blues team since

Schedule

We train six hours a week, with matches every Wednesday and national club league on Sundays, representing Next Generation Cambridge. We're lucky to have Nick Brown, a former British Davis Cup player as our coach. He's good, the guy beat Goran at Wimbledon!

Facilities

This year we have an agreement with Next Generation Health Clubs to use their facilities and have priority in our training hours. We're very grateful for their help because unlike other universities, Cambridge does not have it's own indoor facilities.

Season so far

It's looking good so far. Played two won two, and hoping for promotion into the BUSA Premier League

Inside track on Oxford

Varsity is still a long way off, rumour has it that they have a new number one this year but our squad has renewed depth: returning Blues with Fresher talent thrown in. It'll be tight but I reckon we can make it three years in a row.

The Blues next match is on November 14 away against Nottingham first team, a key match in their season.

Old firm thriller drawn

» Samuelson hat-trick not enough as spirited Jesus stay top

JESUS HINDSON 45 KURWIE 55, 65	3
ST. JOHN'S SAMUELSON 10, 15, 58	3

ED WILLIS
Sports Reporter

The two major forces of the college hockey game came head to head on Wednesday. But you wouldn't have realised it five minutes before the start as Jesus and John's casually knocked hockey balls around against the crisp autumnal background of the Granchester meadows. It was the calm before the storm.

John's flew at Jesus from the first whistle; sharp, first to every ball and full of guile in attack. Within a minute captain James Goldsmith fed an intelligent through ball into the path of Oli Samuelson, who finished coolly into the bottom corner. Worse was to come for Jesus, when the ball again found its way to Samuelson after good work from Martin MacQuarrie down the right hand side, and some non-existent defending left him with the simple task of tapping in to make it 2-0.



Jesus rallied after John's had stormed into an early lead

MICHAEL DEFRINGER

	P	W	D	L	G	F	G	A	D	Pts
JESUS	2	2	0	0	5	1	4	6		
CORPUS CHRISTI	2	2	0	0	6	4	2	6		
CAMBRIDGE CITY	2	1	0	1	7	3	4	3		
ST CATHARINE'S	2	1	0	1	3	3	0	3		
ST JOHN'S	2	1	0	1	3	3	0	3		
CAIUS	2	0	0	2	4	6	-2	0		
EMMANUEL	2	0	0	2	1	9	-8	0		

How they stood before this fixture

Jesus were stunned, forced to spectate as John's zipped the ball around, creating neat triangles and producing some entertaining hockey. Captain Goldsmith was in complete control, sweeping up everything in front of the back three and keeping possession with immaculate distribution. At this stage, any sort of contest seemed as good as over. Theo Burke was imperious in the middle of the park, fed by the composed passing of Chris Paluch down the left.

As Jesus found their feet though, an element of structure returned to proceedings as both sides made plain their intention to play good, attractive hockey. The ball was being played well across the back lines as both teams looked to build

attacks from deep. The momentum began to shift in the later stages of the first half as Jesus grew in confidence, often constructing attacks

One to Watch

»Chris Robinson

Position:
John's Goalkeeper
Strengths:
Shot stopping. Chris pulled off some great, athletic saves to deny Jesus strikers
Closing down attack comes off his goal line quickly to cut off shots

from the right through Ben Moores. On a couple of occasions they were a stick's width away from diverting crosses into the net, and Nick Petty came agonisingly close, following a short corner. It was at this stage that new John's keeper Chris Rob-

inson began to shine, pulling off a number of astonishing saves and visibly frustrating Jesus captain James Waters. Despite their dominance leading up to the interval, Jesus could not find the breakthrough and John's went into half time two goals to the good.

Jesus continued where they left off at the start of the second period, and within minutes they had a goal back. The impressive James Madden set off on a marauding run from deep, slipped the ball to James Hindson who coolly flicked home on his reverse side. The pace and thoughtful running of Ed Bush and Chris Kurwie was starting to panic the John's defence, no longer the confident unit that started the game. Suddenly it was all square as Kurwie benefited from a smart short corner routine to score.

It seemed a matter of time before Jesus would get the third, but to their credit, John's were not prepared to lie down and once again this remarkable game produced a sur-

prise. Against the run of play, John's mounted a break away and after a Jack Yeland shot was parried, Samuelson was able to complete his hat-trick, to the disbelief of the Jesus players. 3-2 to John's and from then on, the game settled into a familiar pattern, as Jesus threw everything at the heroic Robinson's goal. Eventually the pressure told as John's

Neither captain was satisfied at the final whistle

dallied in midfield, and Kurwie again pounced on a good cut back from the right to fire in the equaliser.

The score line stayed at 3-3 for the last few minutes and although neither captain was satisfied at the final whistle, it was probably a fair reflection on a pulsating game of hockey.

News from the River



This past weekend featured our first trip to the Tideway, the infamous stretch of the Thames that runs through Central London. Aptly named, the river is massively tidal, with depths fluctuating by up to ten meters on extreme tides. It is an unforgiving stretch of water, but one that we must come to embrace, as it plays host to the Boat Race every year. And until I become wealthy enough to buy the stretch of the Thames between Putney and Mortlake, drain it, and turn it into a Go-Cart track, we will unfortunately have to continue loving the miserable conditions it provides.

Weekly trips to London necessitate a more urgent schedule throughout the week. We have to pack up boats and ship them after practice to London, where they will be subsequently unpacked and stored in our boathouse there for the weekend's outings. Come Sunday afternoon, this process is reversed for the return to Cambridge. Supervisions and lectures must be crammed into one of the three days we are home, since Thursday morning marks our return to London to contest the Fours race I spoke of last week.

But despite the stress and constraints these trips impose on our schedule, I think I speak for the team in saying we look forward to them. It offers a welcome break from the monotony of training at Ely, absent from any boats other than those composed of your teammates. And the Thames, although choppy and plagued by boat traffic, is something one comes to form a love-hate relationship with after weeks spent cursing it. It has sunk crews before, including most recently a near sinking of the 2006 boat, yet that is something we cherish rather than fear.

Our mentality is reminiscent of Muhammad Ali's in his preparation for the Rumble in the Jungle, his famous bout with then Heavyweight champion George Foreman. In the two months leading up to the fight, Ali employed the heaviest-hitting boxers he could find to pummel him against the ropes, sometimes for hours on end. The constant abuse was meant to acclimatize his body to the sort of blunt trauma he would experience in fighting Foreman.

And it worked. The rope-a-dope strategy wore Foreman down until Ali could deliver several knockout blows, eventually ending Foreman's reign in the eighth round.

I will never claim that our afternoons on the Tideway are remotely similar to or as intense as Ali's preparation. However, the intention and design is the same. When a massive barge hauls down the river and creates a wake that breaks over our bow, everyone in the crew responds with bursts of strength, never anger. We take pride in the misery of our water, and train every day to own the most uncomfortable venue imaginable, much like the ropes Ali dug into during the seven rounds of hell he endured before delivering his final blow.

Spencer Griffin Hunsberger

Sport In Brief

Basketball Blues beaten at the last by Warwick

The Cambridge Blues lost out 86-87 against Warwick. They started off with a fast-paced offence that capitalised on well-executed fast breaks. However, Warwick mounted an equally impressive offensive in the first quarter and held the lead by five points after ten minutes of play.

Following Blues substitutions, a trapping defence by Warwick extended the lead to 13 at the half. But the Blues battled back in the third quarter. The fourth quarter ended with a tie and the game entered overtime. Warwick quickly assumed a 5 point lead, but the Blues pulled it back but in the end couldn't clinch the game.

Rugby Blues fail to capitalise against Esher



Last Tuesday the Rugby Blues took on Esher away on a cold, frosty evening. Despite a strong opening 20 minutes, Cambridge were unable to convert pressure into points and then let in a couple of soft tries to allow Esher to get ahead. The Blues will not be happy with the 29-12 loss and will have to target a big win against London Irish next week

University Fours update

First and Third Trinity BC narrowly avoided being knocked out of the University IVs competition by two far less experienced Downing crews. Whilst the FaT IV- defeated an inexperienced Clare boat, which struggled to find form at any point on the course, both IV+ boats were pushed hard by some rapid Downing crews. Downing appeared to find their form in the Autumn Head a fortnight ago and went into the competition with high hopes. The ladies final will see the Emmanuel boat face a dominant Christ's IV+. Both crews are drawn from some of the most experienced squads on the Cam and carry with them high hopes for the Fairbairns Cup. The finals will go off at 2pm this afternoon.

Lax Girls take on Exeter



Stanley leads the charge

On Wednesday the Lacrosse Blues played host to Exeter at the Queen's pitches. The team performed well, romping home with an impressive 10-2 victory over a shambolic West country side.

SPORT



Footballers lose out to Coventry
p38

Netball nailbiter

»Crawshaw inspires Blues fightback to stun Birmingham

CAMBRIDGE	35
BIRMINGHAM II	33

HENRY STANNARD
Sports Editor

Having lost narrowly last week away against Loughborough, the netball girls were back on home ground in the post-apocalyptic setting of Haverhill looking to make it three wins out of four against a strong Birmingham side.

The Birmingham team, relying heavily on the stunning vision and passing ability of their pivotal centre, seized the initiative with a seven-goal blitz midway through the first quarter, helped both by the fluidity of their attacking movement and some sloppy passing by the Blues. Worse was to follow for Cambridge, as they spent the closing stages of the quarter camped out in the final third and yet were unable to engineer many clear scoring positions for Goal Shooter Bec Crawshaw, who was enjoying an evenly matched aerial battle with her strong but agricultural defensive counterpart, ending the quarter one goal behind the Midlands at 12-11.

The next two quarters saw little change. While the Blues huffed and puffed to ram their way into shooting positions, the Birmingham girls, confident in the pace and guile of their counter-attack, converted interceptions into points with almost metronomic regularity. The constant running of all-action Wing Attack Emma Darke proved a reliable outlet as the Blues remained in contention whilst never quite gaining the lead.

The Cambridge team reached the final quarter still in it with the score 22-25. They started strongly, reducing the deficit to one point before some fumbling in the final third denied them taking the lead. At the other end discipline started to evaporate as the defence were found guilty of obstruction with increased regularity, gifting easy chances to the opposition.

As the half drew to a close with

Cambridge down 32-26, it looked as though they had been beaten, with the Birmingham players already looking forward to returning home with a victory.

It was then that the entire complexion of the match changed. Starting with a superb interception by Sarah Warren, Cambridge went up the other end and put Nicholson in what looked to be a sure-fire scoring position in front of the net, when the Birmingham centre, in a disgraceful act of gamesmanship, went down feigning injury to delay the shot and put off the shooter. Nicholson, however, seemed unperturbed and coolly slotted home. Cambridge then suddenly found the belief to penetrate the Birmingham defence at will, with Crawshaw looking unstoppable and Nicholson grubbing every rebound in

Cambridge Teamsheet

GK: Kerry Bloxham
GD: Sarah Warren (C)
WD: Sophie Hebbelthwaite Sharp
C: Rachel Rose Smith
WA: Emma Darke/Amy Till
GA: Jo Nicholson
GS: Rebecca Crawshaw
Reserve: Heather Emmerson

BUSA Netball - Midlands Conference

Women's 1A 2007/08							
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pt
LOUGHBOROUGH II	3	3	0	0	140	101	9
OXFORD	3	2	0	1	147	77	6
CAMBRIDGE	3	2	0	1	107	105	6
BIRMINGHAM III	3	1	0	2	79	131	3
BIRMINGHAM II	3	1	0	2	115	114	3
NOTTINGHAM II	3	0	0	3	80	140	0

sight. Rachel Rose Smith at Centre also gained mastery over her tricky counterpart and was finally able to dictate the attacking play.

When a Crawshaw long shot levelled the scores with ninety seconds remaining, there was only ever going to be one winner. The beleaguered Birmingham girls, stunned by the ferocity of the Cambridge comeback seemed almost to step aside for Crawshaw to pop up and calmly score the goal that put



Cambridge comeback in the dying seconds brought them the win

them 34-33 ahead, before another fine interception by Warren led to another goal on the final whistle.

It was a phenomenal team performance by this young Blues side to haul themselves back into a game they had trailed since the third minute, and afterwards

team captain Warren raved about the spirit demonstrated by her squad, admitting that "at five goals down none of us really imagined this would happen." If they carry on playing as they finished here nothing will be beyond the scope of their imagination.

Tennis Blues seal top spot

CAMBRIDGE	6
LOUGHBOROUGH II	4

VARSIY CORRESPONDENT

On Wednesday the Tennis Blues travelled away to Loughborough to play their university's second team. In what turned out to be a gripping fixture, the Blues edged out the opposition to win 6-4, sending them to the top of their BUSA Midlands division.

At first it looked as though Cambridge would cruise home to a comfortable victory as the first doubles pair eased to an 8-3 win in an extended BUSA doubles set. But the other doubles match proved to be truly memorable: coming back after saving three match points the Cambridge pair took it to a tie break which they won 12-10. One of the newest members of the team, Nick Jenkins showed his ability to perform under pressure, putting away some base line volleys on his second serve to defend match points.

Cambridge came out of the doubles match 2-0 up but the heavier weighting of the singles matches meant that there was still everything to play for. New boy Jenkins came up against a very strong Loughborough player who edged the fourth seed out, but the Blues captain, Jon Tassell dominated in an easy straight sets victory over a younger, less experienced opponent.

Cambridge's number three seed John Western ensured victory with a clinical defeat of his opponent, the Loughborough number two seed. He served out the match comfortably to give the Blues an unassailable six out of ten points. Rob Blythe's defeat at the hands of a very strong left-hander could not affect the final result and Cambridge came home victorious, leap-frogging Loughborough to take the top spot on their table.

After the match the team's captain Jon Tassell described himself as "very pleased with the performance, especially the efforts of Nick Jenkins in his debut Blues match. Jenkins and Western showed some nerve to fend off three match points."

Cambridge now go on to play Oxford Brookes next Wednesday in what should prove an easy match before taking on Nottingham later in November.

SQUAD PRESENTS

krafty kuts

Soul Tree, Tuesday Nov 13th. Tickets £5 from wegottickets.com or Ta Bouche.