



Sport

Beating the bookies:
our sports team tries
to turn over a profit

Arts

Something's
cooking in reviews
>> Page 24



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VARSITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

Crisis at the Union

» Three senior members hand in their resignations after vote of no confidence



Three senior members of the Cambridge Union Society have resigned following a vote of no confidence for Secretary James Robinson.

The President, Secretary, and Treasurer-elect of the Union resigned on Saturday. After the resignations, President-elect Eliot Bish-ton refused the offer of this term's Presidency, which was then assumed

by Treasurer Lu Wei after his name was chosen by lot from those of last term's officers.

Of the student officers left at the Union, none have previously held the position of Secretary or President. However, Mr Wei said that "there was no shortage of experience or talent." By-elections will now be held to fulfil the open positions.

Head Porter of St. John's convicted of assault

ISABEL SHAPIRO
News Editor

Head Porter at St John's College Mr. Dennis Hay has received a custodial sentence after being convicted of physical assault last week.

In a formal statement, St John's' Domestic Bursar Mr John Harris, said: "Mr Dennis Hay, Head Porter, has been convicted of assault and received a custodial sentence. Mr Hay was not on duty at the time of the offence, which took place away from Cambridge."

Harris also revealed that he was not aware of the event until last Friday when he was first alerted to the situation, but that "all members of the College now know about it." In an email sent to all junior members on Thursday, Harris informed the College of Mr Hay's sentencing.

On being asked whether Mr Hay would still have a position at St John's having served his custodial sentence, Harris said: "The College will be seriously considering Mr Hay's future at St John's."

JCR President Martin Kent is keen to stress that "it is a very sensitive issue, especially with regard to Mr Hay's family," and said that it would be "unconstitutional" to release any other information. Further details of the incident are still unknown, but the JCR plan to issue a statement later this week.

Former JCR President Pete Coulthard said that he was not aware that the ex-military Mr Hay had had any problems with aggressive or violent behaviour in the past and assured Varsity that he has been a very popular Head Porter in the five years he has held the position.

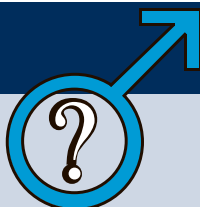
Mr Hay is the second St John's porter to be convicted of a criminal offence in the past year. Previously, Jason Bailey, Senior Night Porter was convicted and his driving licence withdrawn after being convicted for drink-driving. Bailey is still working as a porter at the college.

A second year student at St John's was shocked to hear the news. She said: "Porters are supposed to be friendly faces around college. Now that two have been convicted of serious offences, we've lost all faith in the St John's porters."

Debate

Men: more trouble than they're worth?

» Page 9



Face Off

Magdalene and Peterhouse battle it out

» Page 14



Interview

Peter Mandelson on the highs and lows of his political career

» Page 15



In Brief

Cambridge counselling commended

The University's Counselling Service has received a "Highly Commended" award from the British Association for Counselling and Psychotherapy (BACP). The Service finished second in the "Innovation in Counselling and Psychotherapy" category which, according to the BACP website, is given for work which "demonstrates new ideas or techniques likely to have lasting effects on the evolution of counselling and psychotherapy." The Service attributes its success to its group sessions which Mark Phippen, Head of Counselling at the University, describes as "a very important part of the Service's work." He said: "We have a great team of counsellors here who are very committed to group work and the Service has gained a national reputation for this work. We are very proud to have received this recognition from BACP."

Olly West

Livening up languages

Cambridge University has launched an award-winning new computer program to promote the study of modern languages in more than 1000 secondary schools across the East of England. The Junior Cambridge University Language Programme will be introduced into 20 schools in the region as part of the "Routes into Languages" scheme, a nationwide government campaign to increase language learning. It is hoped that the programme, developed by the University's Language Centre, will stimulate otherwise de-motivated teenage students to take up foreign languages.

Isabel Shapiro

Ticket to the Circus

The Moscow State Circus have rolled out of town £60 poorer after their lorry received a parking fine as it was being unloaded outside the Cambridge Corn Exchange. The smile was wiped off the face of circus manager Paul Archer when a parking attendant issued the fine while the lorry was temporarily parked on double yellow lines outside the venue. The Circus had a successful run at the Corn Exchange last week, but failed to be amused by the parking attendant clowning about.

Clementine Dowley

Starlight distress

ISABEL SHAPIRO
News Editor

Controversial plans for floodlighting at a University sports ground have been approved following a long battle with astronomers.

The bid to build powerful training lights at the Wilberforce Road athletics track sparked a ten year dispute between the University and dissenters at the Institute of Astronomy (IoA), who worry that the light pollution will be detrimental to observational work.

"With so much light pollution you just won't be able to see the stars"

Councillor Alan Baker, chairman of Cambridge City Council's planning committee, said "the committee considered very carefully the views of the objectors but concluded that the scheme was in line with planning policies and would be of benefit to the Cambridge community." The committee approved the latest application by eight votes to one.

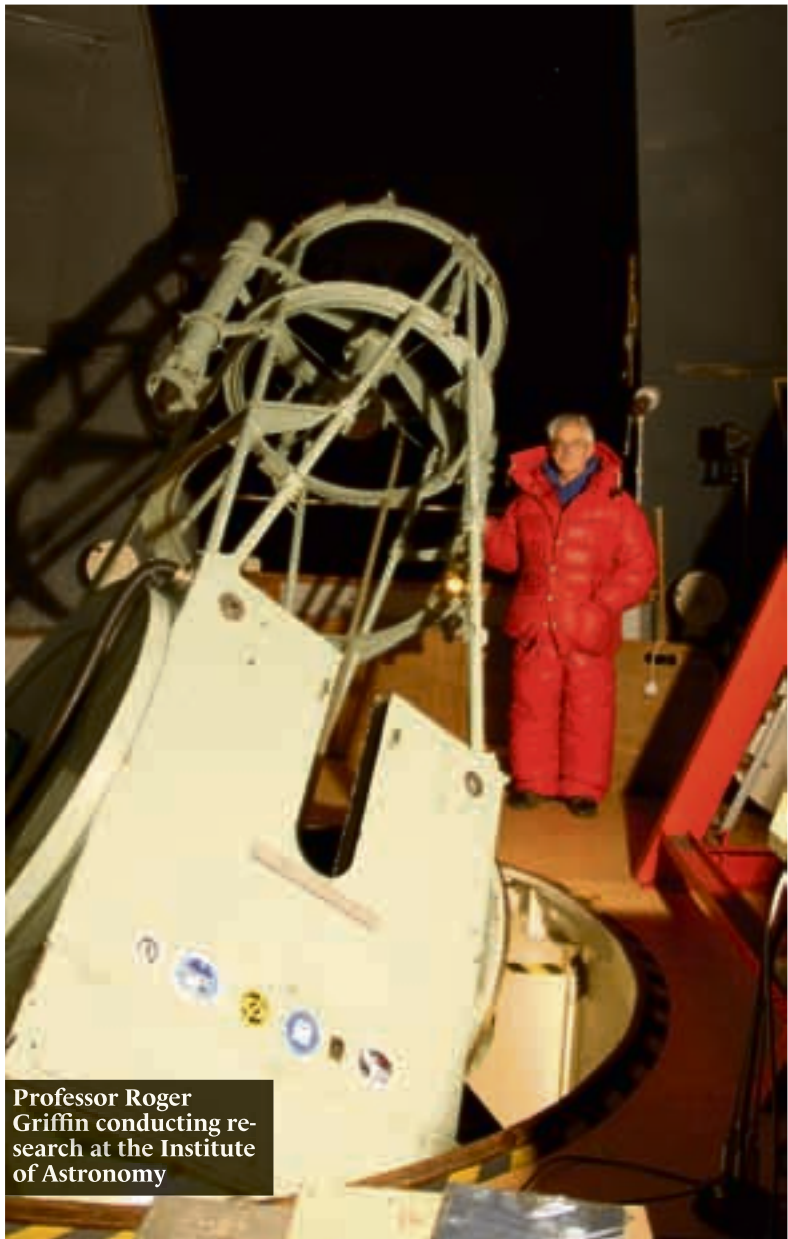
As well as the battle fought by local residents objecting to the floodlights, internal conflict at the IoA has been amplified by the proposal. Roger Griffin, Emeritus Professor of Observational Astronomy, said he is in "hot water" with the IoA after speaking out against the plans without their backing. The Institute has never formally objected to the proposal, maintaining civil negotiations in order to reach a compromise with University planners. Griffin feels that his 50 years of experience and dedication to observational work at the IoA has been overlooked, alleging "they didn't even consult me about what should happen, I've

been dismissed for being too old".

"I'm not expected to have an opinion at my age, they don't listen to me," Professor Griffin told Varsity during an interview at the 36-inch telescope where he still spends most of his nights, even though he retired from the Institute five years ago. Griffin, who first came to the Institute as a research student in 1957, four years before Yuri Gagarin became the first man in space, feels that he is the best qualified to understand the true impact of the "massive glow" expected from the new floodlights. "The lighting will be severely detrimental to my work. With so much light pollution you just won't be able to see the stars," he said, reiterating concerns he has raised in a series of complaints over the last decade.

Griffin expressed his dismay over a planning process which has been based on a series of "illogicalities and inconsistencies" and his disappointment with his former colleagues at the Institute who have been "utterly deceitful and worked hand in glove with the planners." The initial proposal for demountable masts which would only be up from May to October has now been passed over in preference for permanent floodlights which will be used around the year from 6.30 to 9.30 each evening. The conditions of the proposal, intended to allow astronomers get on with their work once the lights go off, were strongly criticized by Griffin: "They obviously didn't take into account that things rise and set, those early evening hours are crucial for my observations".

Paul Aslin, Administrative Secretary at the IoA, told Varsity that he is "frustrated by Professor Griffin implying that he represents the department." As a retiree, Griffin is no longer a formal representative of the IoA. "Even though the lights will be detrimental, we have never objected to the scheme and we came to an agreement internally within the



Professor Roger Griffin conducting research at the Institute of Astronomy

University," he explained.

Until the new floodlights are erected, Professor Griffin is continuing his research into the orbits of binary stars at the institute and hopes to publish his 200th paper in June. The 72 year old is also training for the next London Marathon, having come 2nd in his age category last year. The

astronomer is keen to flag up the irony that his second passion is running. He said "as a member of the Hare and Hounds (Cambridge University Cross-Country Running Club), I understand better than anyone the need for good athletics facilities, but they don't need those floodlights, standard street lighting would do."

Students unhappy with colleges' provision of 'ethical food'

ALEX GLASNER

Students consider the provision of "ethical food" by Cambridge colleges to be inadequate, according to a recent survey.

The findings emerged as part of CUSU's "Real Food" campaign to make food in Cambridge greener.

The online survey, which questioned 753 students, found that vegetarian options lack imagination, free-range ingredients are limited and, when available, "ethical food" is overpriced. 75% said their College should make greater efforts to promote local food.

The provision of vegetarian options was criticised. Not only are the options said to look "unappetising", one student also claimed that they sometimes contain meat. He said "I find all too often canteens don't check whether the 'vegetarian options' are really vegetarian or not. For example, they have parmesan containing rennet from a calf-stomach, or des-

serts containing gelatine."

Concerns were also raised about the meat used by colleges. Some colleges, the report explains, only serve halal meat, yet many non-Muslim students consider this method of killing animals to be inhumane.

"canteens don't check whether the 'vegetarian options' are really vegetarian"

However, a number of colleges have introduced measures to improve culinary standards. Pembroke buttry now offers a range of vegan options, and St. Catharine's recently became the first College to have a fair-trade accredited cafeteria. Meanwhile, King's Buttry has established a traffic light system, which labels food according to a three-point scale

of nutritional value.

The survey suggested widespread support for "ethical food" and that the majority are prepared to pay more to eat better. 77.4% of students claimed they would always opt for free-range food, with 80% saying that they would be willing to pay up to 40% more if necessary. Dan Chandler, Chair of CUSU's Ethical Affairs Committee, was keen to dispel the myth that "college caterers simply cannot be ethical and reasonably priced." Christine Berry, CUSU Green Officer, agreed: "Colleges often argue they can't stock fair trade options because students wouldn't buy them, but this is usually unsubstantiated."

However, some students are not prepared to pay a higher price and are worried this might discriminate against poorer students. One Girton first-year said "this will only feed into the hands of those who claim that Cambridge is only for the rich. Living on a student's budget, I would prefer to buy cheaper food and to worry about being ethical later."

» 71%

WOULD ALWAYS BUY FAIR TRADE PRODUCTS

» 68%

WOULD BE WILLING TO PAY EXTRA FOR 'ETHICAL' OPTION

» 6%

THOUGHT ORGANIC FOOD WAS PROMOTED WELL BY THEIR COLLEGE

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Varsity Investigation: Mental illness

MICHAEL STOTHARD

Suicide used to be Oxbridge's dirty secret. Everyone knew that from each year's freshers' photo there would be faces blanked out before the final exams had finished, the ones who had turned on the gas tap or taken an overdose. It was better not to talk about it. There was no point in telling the next occupant of the college room what had happened. If the deaths could be recorded in the student's home town, rather than in Cambridge or Oxford, so much the better still.

When students from past generations come back to their old halls, they often comment on how much more welcoming we are to each other now, how everyone has a college brother, sister, and a full set of parents to make sure we all feel at home. But being welcomed and made to feel at home does not keep mental illness at bay.

An article in Timesonline last week highlighted how depression, anxiety, obsessions, phobias and addictions were particularly prominent amongst Cambridge students today. Its writer, Meabh Ritchie, commented that: "A demanding work-load and emphasis on high achievement [is] often at the expense of students' well-being."

According to CUSU Welfare Officer Andrea Walko, "25 per cent of all Cambridge students have taken anti-depressants." But such a figure could mask the extent of the problem. One recent survey showed that 35 per cent of students in Cambridge with serious mental health difficulties did not seek professional help. Meanwhile, a survey conducted in Oxford showed that 63 per cent see a stigma in seeking help.

One quarter of all students nationwide experience mental health problems during their University career. Some of the causes of increased cases are global, reflecting a general increased awareness of mental illness. Every year, more than 600 people aged 15-24 commit suicide in the UK, with 20 per cent of deaths in this age group. Most are male. Many of them are college students who suddenly find themselves away from home and unable to cope.

Cambridge "positively encourages an unhealthy work-life balance, and a slightly manic-depressive life-style where you work loads and then have big down patches," student Claire Mullan told The Times. Another student told Varsity that the University's "work hard or you are a bad person" attitude was to blame.

Studying at Cambridge can often be a very lonely experience, particularly with humanity subjects where contact time can be very limited. "Studying English at Cambridge always seemed a very solitary pursuit, particularly compared to the sixth form college approach of sharing opinions and ideas. There was no one to help me when I began to get behind on my work. By

the time my DOS got involved it was too late," said one student who has since permanently degraded due to mental illness.

Nearly all instances of depression develop after the age of 18, meaning that caution is required in blaming the place that the eighteen-plus year-olds happen to be.

The type of mental illness most commonly suffered in Cambridge differs from other universities. According to Mark Phippen, the head of the University Counselling Service, "there are a larger percentage of students with eating disorders and more students struggling with low self-esteem."

How good is the Cambridge system at dealing with students suffering from mental illness? At college level the support that a student can now expect to receive is mostly excellent. "My college was very supportive, once my problems emerged. I had an amazing Director of Studies who over the two years did literally everything in his power to help me, with both my emotions and eventually with the practicalities of my degree," said one student who has now returned to Cambridge.

Most students who spoke to Varsity had similar experiences with the college support network although, inevitably, some colleges have better reputations than others. One student said: "My college support system didn't feel particularly supportive to me. It seemed as if the focus was on getting me to produce something and act like a normal student rather than on working out what was wrong and if anything might fix it."

Several students stressed the need to talk to one's

is much less that any system can do. One student who has not returned after degrading said: "I'm sure it would have been simple enough to ring up Linkline or to find out who the college welfare officers were, but it just wasn't something that occurred to me as being relevant. I didn't think of myself as mentally ill... it was just a problem I had to try and deal with." The college may not be fully alerted until work dramatically suffers. But by then it can be too late.

The Counselling service recently won an award from the British Association for Counselling and Psychotherapists for their group work. Between 12 and 15 per cent of all Cambridge students go to the University Counselling Service at some point in their Cambridge career. Some students say, however, that the six-page form one is asked to fill out before visiting the counselling service is daunting. Many students barely want to admit their illness to themselves, let alone record every detail.

Mr Phippen acknowledged the potential problem here, but stresses that it is not compulsory to fill out the whole form, although many students find it a cathartic experience to do so. "If you just want to put down your name and college and that you are feeling down, that's fine."

Some students have inevitably had bad experiences with the service, despite its being one of the best in the country. One student said: "My experience of the University Counselling was not positive. I know that they were trying to help, but my impressions were that they didn't understand much, although they thought they did."

The weakest link in the Cambridge system, it seems, is the NHS provision for mental health. Cambridge appears to be quite good at keeping students within the University system, and only uses the NHS as a last resort. There have recently been big cuts in the Cambridge Psychiatric budget. A mental health hospital for the young has recently been closed which Mr Phippen has called "a real loss" because it was "excellent."

One source told Varsity that his GP had simply told him to "grow up." Others have commented on their GPs' lack of expertise, and complained that the rigid timetable for trying out different anti-depressants leaves no room for individual symptoms.

One of the most remarkable aspects of the issue is the lack of knowledge about mental health issues amongst students, and the social stigma still attached to them. In a recent survey conducted by Oxford University's Department of Psychiatry, 46 per cent of the undergraduates questioned were unsure whether depressive illness can be effectively treated. One in three regarded anti-depressants as ineffective and one in five thought that counselling was ineffective. Furthermore, 30 per cent of respondents did not agree with the statement: "Depression is a medical condition." This is despite the fact that at least one in four students suffer from mental illness of some kind during their university career.

CASE STUDIES

Harry degraded after being diagnosed with severe depression in his second year

"I have a family history of depression, so when I began to suffer from severe insomnia and was generally feeling worse than I had ever been feeling before I knew something was wrong."

When I began to feel depressed, no one in College seemed to notice. But as soon as I approached them they were very helpful. I did well in the first year, so the College was very sympathetic when it came to my work suffering.

I went to the counselling service and to the GP, but the medication didn't work. I then saw a Harley Street psychiatrist and was diagnosed with severe depression. I am now taking high dosage antidepressants and sleeping pills.

If I hadn't had that support structure and known about depression as an illness because of my family his-

tory, I'm not sure that I would have had the facilities to recognise what it was. I would have just thought: "This is me, this is just what I'm like."

I decided that there was no point in having misspent time in Cambridge and I decided to degrade. But it took a long time to realise it needed to happen.

This is not an indictment of the University - we are adults, and people have to be self-aware, but there has been very little contact over the period of my illness. Even though there was a meeting immediately after I returned, my Senior Tutor still hasn't been in touch yet this term.

I don't know if other people have managed to help themselves. I still believe that any measures instigated by the University would just end up being invasive. Ultimately, it's up to us.

An anorexia sufferer explains how she has coped with an eating disorder at Cambridge

"I am 5'8. Last year at my lowest, I weighed 86lbs. For my height, a healthy weight would be a minimum of 130lbs. I have had this eating disorder for half of my life. I have passed out in several exams. I have spent a vacation abroad being fed through an IV. And yet ten years on, I'm still not sure that I want to let go."

I can't remember how my relapse started but it caught me completely off guard. It was a normal return back to the new Lent term. The next day, I stopped eating.

I was walking perhaps six miles a day, constantly on my feet, weaving through the out of town Tesco and ASDA on a daily basis. I spent several hours a day just looking and touching the food I could not eat, comforted nevertheless by its presence. I bought an exercise bike for my room and would pedal furiously into the night, books perched on the handlebars.

I was afraid to go to sleep in case I never woke up: not that I cared, but I wanted to be able to say goodbye. The little sleep I got was punctuated by chest pains waking me up at night as I furiously groped for my pulse. I

became afraid to eat anything. I became afraid to drink anything. I carried around a little spray bottle of sugar-free fruit squash, spraying it into my mouth to avoid dehydration.

I passed out, often and without warning. On the pavement, before supervisions, eventually in an exam. One day, I passed out 20 times in less than an hour.

I had the sympathy of my college, but they looked on powerless. Lectures became a lost cause. I missed numerous supervisions and it became a given that I would not hand in essays. I was too busy planning everything that would pass my lips and charting my weight in a massive Excel file. I manage to coast along with just the reading. Degrading was offered, but in my stubbornness I refused.

You will hear the statistics. You will see the celebrity bodies. Here's what you don't hear though: the significant number who never truly recover. We are the ones pacing nervously through Sainsbury's, shakily picking up item after item to compare nutritional, then leaving with just a bottle of Diet Coke and cigarettes.



college and to be specific about symptoms and problems in order to be taken seriously. One student said that the sympathy of the college was initially "very limited." This was because she went to them complaining too vaguely of "various mental health issues." Once she was clear and specific about her problems the college took her more seriously and were then "absolutely brilliant," she said.

When students are totally reluctant to talk about their issues there



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Graduate admissions process undergoes changes

KAROLINA SAAR

Prospective graduate students will no longer be asked to specify their least favourite college, following changes made to the application process by the Board of Graduate Studies.

Until recently, the application form for graduate students asked candidates for their preferred college as well as the one that least appealed.

The Board of Graduate Studies has denied that the purpose of the change is to level out application statistics for different colleges. Thomas Kirk, a spokesman for the Board, told Varsity: "The specification of college preference was only introduced in 2005. It was specifically designed to complement an upgrade of a computer algorithm that was intended to ensure that applications are allocated more quickly to colleges. In the event, however, this upgrade was not implemented for technical reasons. It was therefore decided that the new option should be removed."

The Board expressed a wish to improve the current system, and to make it more straightforward for future applicants. "Although this particular innovation did not achieve its intended purpose, the Board of Graduate Studies and colleges are committed to providing an accessible and efficient

"All-girls and all-graduate colleges didn't have enough applicants, so this new form was introduced to even out the statistics."

service to applicants. Alternative improvements to the system are under consideration and some, such as the introduction of a pooling system at Easter, have already been agreed."

However, critics of the change have questioned the Board's motives. One graduate student from Jesus College said: "Obviously, all-girls and all-graduate colleges didn't have enough applicants, so this new form was introduced to even out the statistics".

Another student claimed that the new application process will mean candidates might find themselves placed in the wrong college for them. "Some people have certain requirements, for instance, dietary, which are not met equally well at all colleges. The negative preference option which used to feature in the application ensured them a place at a college where they would receive all the help they might need."

'Corruption' at Cambridge

CLEMENTINE DOWLEY
News Editor

A man has launched a vendetta against the University's Board of Graduate Admissions, accusing the Board of "blacklisting" him and offering him a place at a "sub-standard" college.

Mr Campbell, who studied as a PhD student in Physics at Hughes Hall in 1994, has set up a website documenting his experiences of applying to and studying at Cambridge, with the proposed aim of making public the "widespread corruption within the University of Cambridge and the corruption of its admissions system."

In an ongoing campaign, Mr Campbell's website promises to demonstrate "the lack of honour and integrity that characterises the current University 'leadership' the lack of personal honour and integrity of the University's Vice-Chancellor Professor Alison Richard, and the malfeasance and moral decay of the University's Board of Graduate Studies."

Following his application to study for a PhD in Physics at the University, Mr Campbell was awarded a place at Hughes Hall in 1994. But by being assigned to the Hall, he claims to have been "cynically and callously scammed out of being a real part of the University," and as a result to have become "merely an observer, watching my friends and colleagues in actual colleges excitedly enjoying the many benefits of their new lives."

By being allocated a place at Hughes Hall, Mr Campbell sees himself as the unwitting victim of

a scheme of graduate expansion, one of a number of new students "siphoned off into sub-standard Colleges." He explains: "In 1994, the University came under pressure to expand its total number of graduate students. The University was therefore faced with a problem for its college system. If the system and the 'college experience' were to survive relatively intact, it could not be swamped by new students. The solution was simply to re-label some peripheral and unsuitable institutions as Colleges." At the time at which he was studying there, Mr Campbell claims that Hughes Hall was "not a Cambridge college at all and in fact only became one in 2006." However, the College's website states that Hughes Hall became an Approved Foundation in 1985.

Mr Campbell nonetheless asserts the existence of a college hierarchy in Cambridge with "Trinity College at the top, then the other old colleges in the centre of town, followed by the newer 'peripheral' colleges, and finally the graduate only colleges." He says: "It would be tempting to put Hughes Hall at the bottom of this hierarchy, but it would be more accurate to say that it doesn't make it onto the hierarchy. Many students are only vaguely aware of its existence and it rarely features in Tourist Guides to the City. The perception is that you're in Hughes Hall because of your lack of ability." He also claims that "your college provides an IDENTITY within the University. It is a label you will not escape from. Regrettably, in Hughes Hall's case, it is a negative, even derogatory, label."

As a result of the dissatisfaction



he expressed concerning his experiences at Hughes Hall, Mr Campbell claims that the University's central administration "blacklisted" him in order to prevent him from securing a place at any British university. He maintains that this was because "if I was now accepted to do a PhD at any British University, it would get back to the funding body concerned, and expose the lies or manipulations which the University has spread about me. I would also likely reopen the whole business." Therefore, Mr Campbell says, "the University ran a secret campaign, spanning at least two years, to have my existence expunged entirely from the formal and official statistics of my Research Council."

Mr Campbell claims that investigation into his experience has uncovered much more extensive corruption than he initially expected. He says: "When I first started gathering evidence, I worked un-

der the assumption that the problems at Cambridge stemmed from a few vindictive but influential individuals. However, so many of the University's staff, departments, and other University bodies have now been implicated that the corruption has drawn in vast swathes of the University and has spread - cancer-like - through the entire Admissions system."

As a result of his experience as a graduate student at Cambridge, Mr Campbell recommends that University officials "make a wholesale clearout of Central Administration - starting with the Vice-Chancellor - and sack all Senior Officers involved in this Corruption - particularly, but not exclusively, the whole of the Board of Graduate Studies."

Although attempts were made by Varsity to get in contact with the appropriate University authorities, they were unavailable for comment.

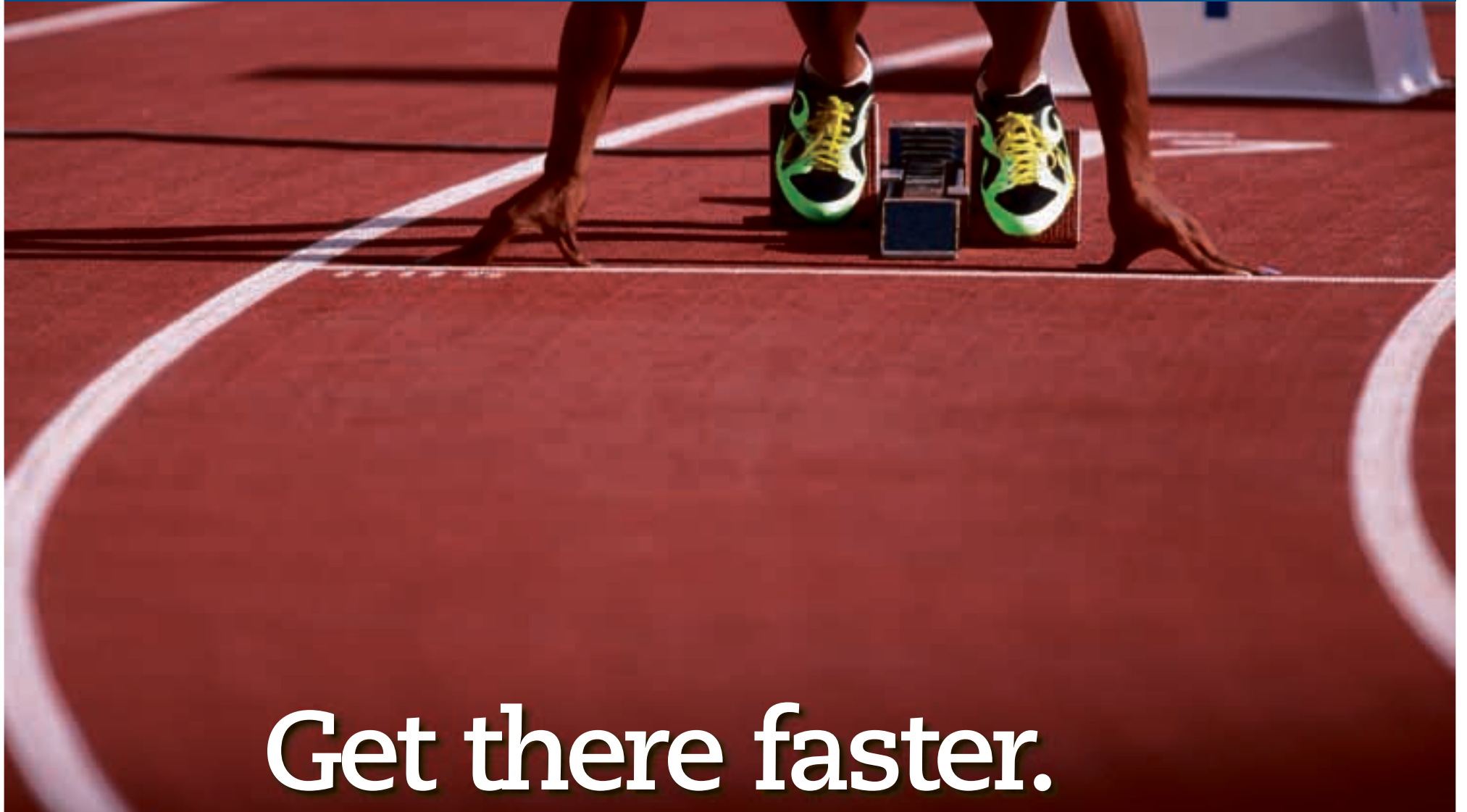


Fitzwilliam fashion forward

A 100ft-high image of a man dressed in the latest fashions was projected onto the facade of the Fitzwilliam museum on Saturday evening. The event was one of several organised around the city to advertise the launch of Cambridge's new shopping centre the Grand Arcade, which will bring more than 50 shops including Topshop, River Island, Jane Norman, Wallis, Coast, and Warehouse to the city. Similar images were projected onto Parkside Pools and the Grand Arcade itself. According to a spokeswoman for the Grand Arcade, the publicity campaign was designed to "fuse old and new influences in and around Cambridge." But the stunt was not without controversy. Promoters who asked if they could project images onto King's chapel were told: "The College simply does not think it would be appropriate for a World Heritage building." The £240million shopping centre will open on March 27.

Clementine Dowley

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Trinity Out of gear

With last week's Volerat event nearing its end, the drunken but merry party was in Cindies when it was suddenly noticed that one of its members had disappeared. Said Volerat was next seen at 6am the following morning lying draped over the bonnet of a Ford Fiesta in a multi-storey car park, locked from the inside. When awakened by two passers-by enquiring how on earth he got into the car park and quite what he was doing on the car, he confidently answered "I'm with the Volerats. We're queueing for a club". He was only able to leave when the car park was opened for the day an hour later.

Fitzwilliam

A bum's life

After a riotously drunken evening (one would assume, and hope), a certain member of the College happened to engage in conversation with a local tramp. Clearly won over by his smooth tongue and lithe mannerisms, said member thought it a good idea to allow the gentleman entry into the hallowed halls of Fitzwilliam. The vagrant then proceeded to kick up a stink, running amok through the college and causing a general ruckus, before being ejected by porters. Let's hope that the college can work as closely as possible with the JCR to ensure such undesirable events don't happen in future.

RAG Blind Date

Ladies of the night

Rag Blind Date, as ever, was host to an innumerable array of horrors - from the unfortunate gentleman whose previous hard work and expensive bribe failed to give him a payoff when his pipes at first failed then burst all over his stunned stunnah, to the lady who was left wondering where her date had gone just after she proclaimed an admiration for Margeret Thatcher. But spare a thought for this poor sap. Having been assigned a young filly that almost certainly would not have survived the evolutionary process, he was forced to shell out £60 for an evening's worth of trough time, before his gentlemanly good manners and her pleading compelled him to walk her two miles to the outer reaches of Cambridge, hobbling as he was. When he eventually arrived at the destination and, having ducked the post-date pull, he ruefully made his slow and pitiful way home.

Arts funding cuts

ISABEL SHAPIRO
News Editor

Funding for the Cambridge Arts Theatre has been axed by the Arts Council East following a controversial redistribution of investments across Cambridgeshire.

Over the next three years Arts Council investment in Cambridgeshire will increase by 28% compared to 2007/2008, with a total of 35 arts organisations receiving an increase in their funding. Four venues have been newly included in the portfolio, including The Junction and Kettle's Yard, but the Arts Theatre, who has previously received regular funding from the Council, will see all investment cut. Existing arts funding for a total of 10 organisations will not be renewed, and a further two will see their current funding reduced.

"The strategy is designed to shape and support an arts sector committed to delivering excellent art to the widest range of people, and one empowered to take artistic risk", explains a statement issued by the Arts Council. "Our priority for exceptional increased investment in Cambridge is focused on the Junction, in recognition of its successful turnaround and its regional leadership role for talent development in the performing arts".

In a statement issued to Varsity,

Dave Murphy, Chief Executive of Cambridge Arts Theatre said "I can confirm that Cambridge Arts Theatre has had confirmation from Arts Council East that they will no longer be supporting us through their Annual Revenue Grant funding stream. However we are currently in discussions with Arts Council East and are hopeful that we may yet be able to reach a constructive way forward".

Arts Council National Chair Christopher Frayling acknowledges that the new plan may cause unrest in the Cambridge arts community, but justifies the investment overhaul. "The is a radical plan - as the controversy of recent weeks has shown - but one I firmly believe will help to make the arts in England even stronger".

The historic Arts Theatre has always played an important role in the Cambridge University drama scene, helping to launch the careers of some of the UK's most accomplished performers through the Footlights Society, including Stephen Fry and Emma Thompson and more recently staging Sir Trevor Nunn's *Cymbeline*, a highly acclaimed University cast production. The Arts Theatre is yet to comment on the future implications of the cuts, but suggest that the situation will become clearer over the next few months.

However, following the new



The Arts Theatre helped launch the career of some of the UK's most accomplished performers

grant scheme, several concerns have been voiced over the future of investment in theatre across the United Kingdom.

Simon Bedford at Hoipolloi, one of the Cambridge based drama companies to have received additional funding, stressed that even those organisations who have seen increase in investment are concerned by the

current state of affairs. Although grateful for past support from the Arts Council, Bedford emphasised the fact that their 2.7% increase is only in line with inflation and voiced the widely shared concern that investment in the 2012 Olympics will leach funds previously destined for the Arts, "with the Olympics none of us know what the future will hold".



Crustacean cruelty

CLEMENTINE DOWLEY
News Editor

Animal rights activists have protested about the use of live lobsters in the production of *Dinner* being staged at the ADC this week.

Front of house workers on Tuesday night were told by ADC Theatre Manager James Baggageley to be prepared to "act forcibly" should animal rights protesters start disrupting the show.

Protesters raised concerns about the "horrendous" treatment to which the crustaceans will be subjected to during their brief thespian careers. According to one cast member, "We keep the lobsters in the fridge overnight."

He said: "It is expected that they'll die. We won't eat them. We'll just put them in the bin."

The lobsters appear onstage for a maximum of five minutes during each performance. One actor who appears onstage alongside

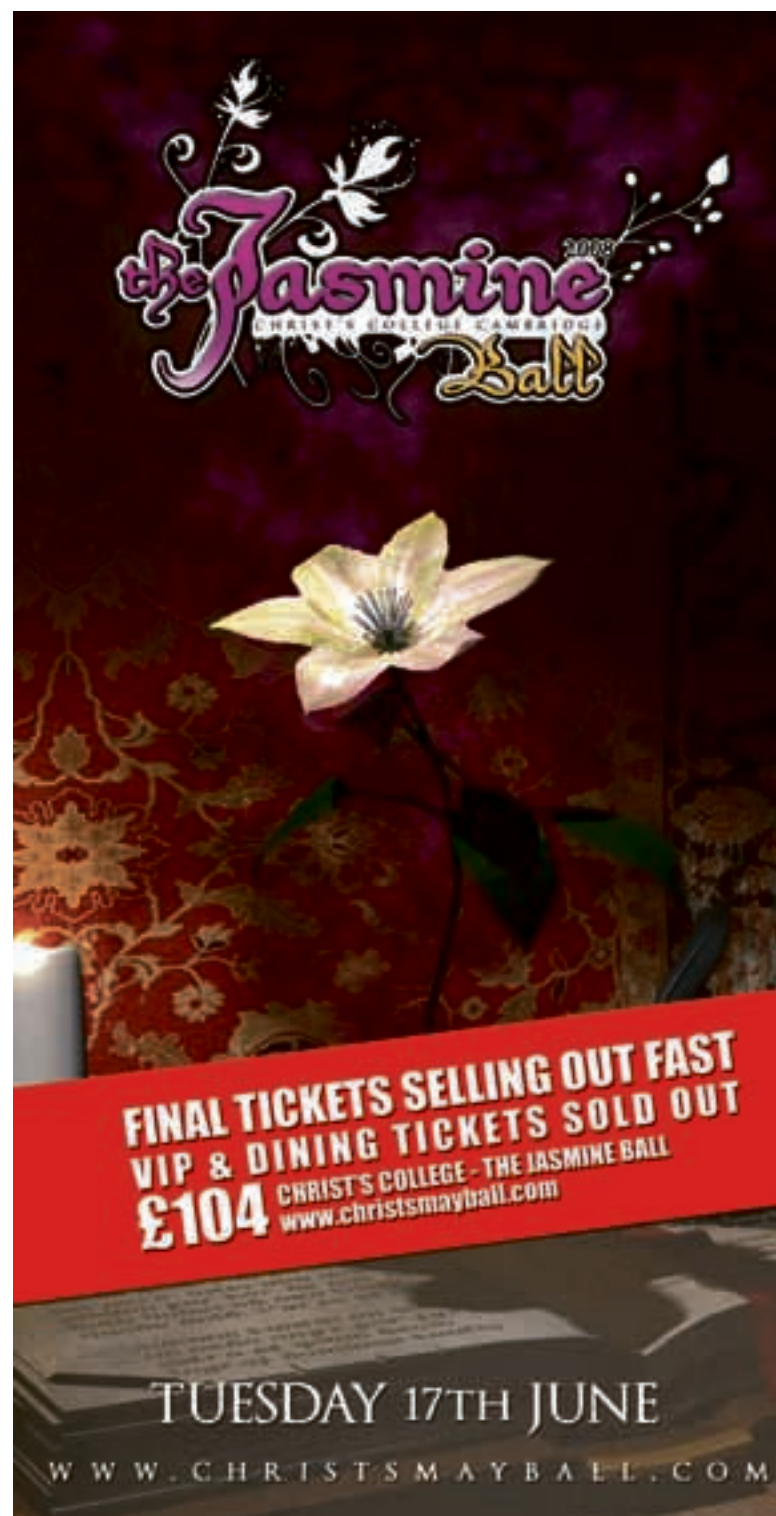
the animals told Varsity: "They go mental under the lights. We have to hold them down otherwise their tails flap and they run away in the direction of the North Atlantic."

One scandalised protestor called the use of live animals onstage "outrageous. The lobsters don't even have lines."

But director Tim Checkley told Varsity that it was "very important" that the lobsters were alive. "I think it is demanded by the genre of realism," he said. Checkley, who claims to be "very sympathetic to animal rights enthusiasts", emphasised that the lobsters were being kept in the same way they would be in a restaurant. He said: "none of the lobsters have died yet. They were all moving yesterday."

Cast members have defended the director's decision. One said: "We bought them from a restaurant, so they were going to die anyway. They don't have any nerves. And we checked with the RSPCA. They said it was fine."

Dinner, which promises "blood on the carpet before bedtime" and will conclude its run at the ADC on Saturday, has been described as "hilarious" by the Independent and "a treat" by the Guardian.



VARSITY

ISSUE 671, 8 FEBRUARY 2008

A sad situation

In what is meant to be the most ‘depressing’ time of the year, it is easy for some to point the finger at the University itself as the cause for so much unhappiness, blaming its occasionally oppressive working regime. A report released in January suggested that Cambridge students put in more work than their counterparts at other universities; the Higher Education Policy Institute claimed that the typical student works 25 hours per week, an easy life when compared to the 41 hours worked by the average Cambridge undergraduate. Yet it is expected that Cambridge students work hard; academic excellence is not a matter of chance but challenge.

Those who blame the stress of work for their mental state do a gross injustice to others suffering from clinical, long-term depression. The application process is designed to admit individuals capable of the workload, and the slender eight-week terms offer plenty of time in the holidays for further preparation and reading, should students require it. Even amongst the subjects with the most rigidly enforced timetables, it is possible to maintain a balance between work and other commitments; those who struggle to do this should question their own methods and habits.

The high-pressure Cambridge environment is no doubt conducive to depression. Peer pressure and prestige contribute to a hellish melting pot of deadlines and dissertations. But while the work may aggravate existing mental illnesses, it should never be a cause. Working very hard is part of the Cambridge deal; working too hard is not. Ultimately, it is the responsibility of students to organise their time realistically, set achievable targets, and understand that not everyone is able to get a First, no matter how hard they might try. There is no excuse for moaning over mountains of work.

Petty protests

Objections have been made to the use of live lobsters in this week’s production of Dinner. The crustaceans are said to have writhed in agony beneath scorching stage lights, despite the fact that they have no nerves and would otherwise have ended up on a plate, having been bought from a local restaurant. It is yet another example of a petty complaint from protestors, following in the footsteps of the last term’s farce, when a Cambridge animal rights group campaigned against a production of Les Mamelles de Tirésias on the spurious grounds that the profits were being donated to a cancer charity, which supported the testing of drugs on animals. Publicity posters were torn down and replaced with anti-cruelty propaganda. Such campaigns needlessly target innocent entertainment, achieve little and annoy everyone. Protestors should stop to consider how worthy their cause before they pick up their placards.

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

letters@varsity.co.uk

Scientology is dangerous

Sir,

While I recognize that it would be foolish to take the opinions given in the Contrary Mary column as being representations of serious thought and the desire to change minds, I feel compelled to write in order to correct the misleading and dangerous conceptions about Scientology published last week (Issue 670).

First, the writer falsely equates the Church of Scientology with the Dianetic Therapy practices that it funds (or more accurately, gets a large amount of its funding from). The Church of Scientology is a body of believers in a prophetic revelation (L. Ron Hubbard’s claims about Xenu’s exile and Thetan souls on Earth), with a hierarchy for rationalizing the dispensation of salvation (the Sea Org’s



ranks and requirements, and the clearing of body-Thetans by more advanced, expensive dianetic therapeutic techniques), and bears most of the other marks of what we call ‘religion’. Dianetic therapy is, on the other hand, a form of psychotherapy based on asort of paired-down Freudian/Schopenhaurian psychoanalytical theory which is untested in the academic scientific community. It is also, I am afraid to say, a route for Scientology as a religion to recruit new believers, by convincing them that they are unhappy and promising them the solution, first in the form of the therapy and eventually in the form of the Church’s retreats or even unpaid labour in the Sea Org. Dianetics is not a “contribution to scientific progress”, it is derivative and manipulative.

Second, we must view Scientology as all wrong because of its participation in the deaths, breakdowns and financial ruin of its members. Simply Google the names of Jeremy Perkins, Roxanne Friend or Patrick Vic (to name but a few) and you will see that Scientology is not a worthy scientific enterprise; it is a cult that must be exposed and defeated.

Yours faithfully,

**Hugh Burling,
St John’s**

Collective responsibility

Sir,

Regarding Hugo Gye’s letter (‘Cut CUSU’s Funding’ issue 670) Mr Gye seems to be somewhat ignorant of the history of CUSU. CUSU was originally established by the College-based JCRs and MCRs because they had so little influence and representation over the workings of the central University, and students were excluded from key decisions and committees. While the idea of local level representation is nice in theory, in practice the vast majority of decisions affecting the education of students in Cambridge are made centrally. It flies in the face of common sense to think that not having informed student representatives pushing for extra funding for sporting and academic facilities or extra safeguards relating to exam procedures isn’t advantageous for students, even if students aren’t always aware of that work.

CUSU represents 21,000 students across the University and, while other students’ unions of similar size receive large block grants (for example, Leeds University SU receives £4m), CUSU currently has an annual operating budget of around £400,000, only 20% of which comes from the central government through JCR and MCR affiliation fees. Despite it being so poorly funded, CUSU still offers all Cambridge University students’ support and casework, student representation across the University, training and support for student officers and a variety of services. In the last few years it has campaigned, successfully, to keep the Architecture department open, saved the Portuguese course and encouraged many students to

apply to Cambridge through its access events (including the shadowing scheme, which is taking place this weekend – with record numbers of attendees). Indeed Mr Gye seems to be unaware that the bursary scheme that he champions was set up after a joint consultation process between CUSU and the University. Whilst it may not be the most well known or popular organisation, CUSU continues to try and serve the students of this fine University. Giving it a decent funding system is hardly unreasonable.

**Mark Fletcher,
CUSU President**

The flip side

Sir,

In your article regarding McDonald’s offering of Diplomas (‘McDonald’s offers A-level equivalent’, Issue 670), I feel that the point of the Diplomas was missed. They are not aimed at preparing people for an highly academic course at a university such as Cambridge, but more at creating a recognition of vocational skills. Obtaining the Diploma would be a signal to other potential employers of the person’s ability at the practical side of management. The skills are simply different to those required to those a Cambridge English student might need to critically assess a poem, and are arguably more valuable. What upset me most about the article, however, was the quote from GCSE student Sean, describing it as a joke. He complained that people could get a GCSE equivalent qualification for working in Macdonalds, when he had to “work”. However, having done GCSEs and worked at McDonalds, I would say that McDonalds was much harder work, and required much more effort than GCSEs.

Yours faithfully,

**Elgon Corner,
Pembroke**

Transforming Cambridge

Sir,

I was disappointed to read Kate Pallas’ views (‘Thinking on trans-therapy’, Issue 670) on how CUSU-LGBT handles transgender issues. If Kate had attended the talk in question (‘An introduction to gender dysphoria and Harry Benjamin Syndrome’), which was one of the many well attended events during CUSU-LGBT Awareness Week, she would have found out that we actually agree with many of her points. Rather than treat the criteria described in the Harry Benjamin Syndrome as gospel, our speaker Dr Heather Peto spoke against these rigid rules and the way the medical profession treats transgender people.

The “T” in CUSU-LGBT is a sometimes intertwined but clearly distinct issue from “LBG” and, as such, requires special attention. “CUSU-LBG” became “CUSU-LGBT” in 2003 and until recently, the position of Trans Officer has remained vacant. In October, Portia Daventry was elected as Trans Officer and since then has been active in providing welfare support, updating the transgender section of the CUSU-LGBT website and helping to inform college LGBT reps about transgenderism. Kate may feel that CUSU-LGBT falls short of the mark, but I would argue that we have made a massive step in the right direction in terms of providing support for transgender people in Cambridge.

Yours faithfully,

**Carol Johnston,
Outgoing CUSU-LGBT President**

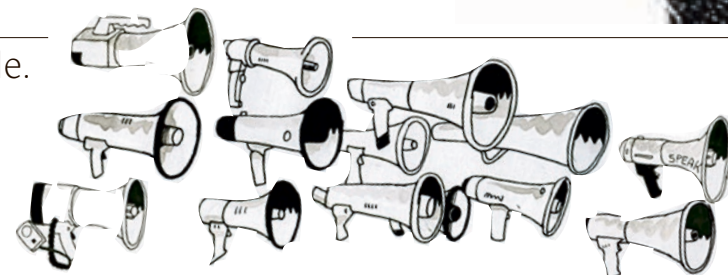
Write the letter of the week and win a bottle from our friends at the Cambridge Wine Merchants

DEBATE

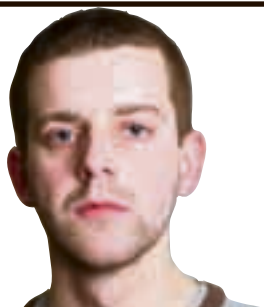
Are men worth it?



War. Pestilence. Famine. Nuclear weapons. Battery-farmed chicken. Emmerdale. These are just a few of the monstrous creations men can take responsibility for. In honour of Valentine's day, the holiday that honours love and yet again inspires many women (and indeed many men) to ask the same question, Varsity Comment asks whether or not men are worth all the trouble.



Joe
Hunter



YES

Men and women are not equal. You might want to re-read that, because it's not something you hear very often in this day and age. I'm willing to bet you're either filling with righteous derision right now, or allowing deep-seated prejudices to rise to the surface. But before you resolve to either beat me with a burning bra, or invite me to drag women about by the hair with you, let me give you the OED definition of 'equal': "Possessing a like degree of a (specified or implied) quality or attribute". I had a sociology teacher at college who was a Feminist (capital letter). Nothing wrong with that, you might think; but if I tell you that she also went in for herbal remedies in a big way you'll get some idea of the narrow-minded imbecile she was. I got sick of her putting a disgustingly biased feminist slant on every issue raised in class, so one day I asked her what, exactly, radical feminists want? I mean what social change, or law, or whatever, would be enough so that they would stop whining at the slightest provocation about

regardless of whether you take a Freudian penis-envy angle or not, this is what defines the social character of each gender. Applying the term 'hunter-gatherer' to modern men has an element of farce about it, but it hits on a truth that we can trace in all areas of society.

An intelligent, liberated, modern girl is often given to display a remarkable degree of passivity with regards to the way she relates to the opposite sex. Look at the lyrics from 'Push the Button' by the Sugababes: "I've been waiting patiently for him to come and get it / I wonder if he knows that he can say it and I'm with it". Our biological roles still, whatever Germaine Greer might say, affect our behaviour to a huge extent by necessity.

Ask yourself: from an evolutionary perspective, why is it that women can broadly be said to be naturally given to passivity, and men to aggression? Could it perhaps be that the period during which a human child is vulnerable and care-intensive is so extended that females are essentially ruled out of the hunter role? And that the division of labour is such that men are, by necessity, physically stronger and intended to be pro-active in all areas of life?

I'm well aware that taking this kind of stance involves sailing a little close to the wind in terms of chauvinism, but there is a tendency to deny root causes in the 'Battle of the Sexes'. Feminists can bark on about gender socialisation, the fashion industry, the objectification of women, etc etc, and all these things are important; but it comes down to something much more basic than that. I believe that men and women, in an ideal world, compliment each other perfectly.

The differences are there, and should be embraced and respected. I'm not talking about meek housewife types and muscular alpha-males, but rather human beings who are fully conscious of what they are.

Just to confirm whether or not I'm onto something, here's a question for any girls reading. If the situation arose where it seemed appropriate (let's say a drunk idiot gropes you outside Gardies then calls you a slag when you tell him to piss off), would you expect your boyfriend to fight for you?

If the answer is yes, think carefully about why that is. Then you can call me a sexist.

David
Brown



No

I don't hate men. I just hate "man". That big white gingerbread shape that forms in your head when you think the word. I don't need it or want it. My main problem is the unique sort of national thing that comes up. While feminism may have different class and race subsections, masculinism has these and the added barb of nationalism.

That sort of military-cum-football flash. A whirl of red, white and blue, and a booted foot slamming into the turf in some foreign field. It doesn't appeal at all, either as a participant or a spectator sport.

The "boy club" requires certain actions, rites of passage if you will, that extend well beyond the existence of maleness as a biological fact. An example? In Shropshire, only girls are allowed to use umbrellas. To use an umbrella whilst male would be anathema. Apparently, every umbrella has a pair of auxiliary ovaries that plug in and start releasing toxic levels of oestrogen upon use.

Here's the rub. Being an unconventional male is a bit like being of mixed heritage, or ambiguous sexuality. Enough of each thing for blind prejudice to be aroused, but not enough for any real affiliation. In the words of Margret Cho: "Am I gay? Am I straight? And then I realised... I'm just slutty. Where's my parade?". Being in between in any politics based around binaries is a one way ticket to pain. And you only need to be off on one parameter before people start shuffling their feet and stop inviting you to poker games. Its hardly even as if one can run to gender studies for a shoulder to cry (manly, manly tears) on. Tell a feminism supervisor you are marginalised as a subordinate masculinity and they'll inform you that "at least you can hide it". Evidently someone hasn't seen Mulan.

The trouble with Boys is that their privileged position has made them resistant to change. We are all aware of the contrast of women being allowed to masculine (in a way) and this being considered a form of trading up. A man that kicks out is perverse- there is little incentive to be a househusband. Consider the colossal failure of the "new man" movement, and the emergence of the Loaded generation in its stead. I refuse to acknowledge emo as a movement. Man has every reason to stay exactly where he is: plugging up the top of the employment ladder until the crack

of doom.

So yes, I do want to smash patriarchy. Years of antifeminism will have taught you that I must be some kind of quailing in the gender war. This is not so. We over-roman-

"Being an unconventional male is a bit like being of mixed heritage, or ambiguous sexuality."

ticise man as much as we cosset women. Action man is as much of an unrealistic aspiration figure as Barbie ever was. This is not about positive discrimination, or rectifying wrongs men I have nothing to do with have wrought over history. It is about the desire for, and to be, Man. It is about acknowledging that we are all free-thinking individuals, with capacities and preferences. For everyone's sake, we have to take a long, hard look at ourselves and ask: "How much of this is bluff and bluster?", because the price of a nice, neat set of gender identities is skyrocketing male unemployment, suicide, and backlash. I'd rather be alive than attractive.

Yes, a woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle. But frequently she wants a man like a chav wants a Humvee. Same goes for men who like men. And its always the same kind of man - the kind to stomp by in a whirl of red white and blue. I suppose that the same can be said regarding women and the ever-attentive "click" of the Stepford wife. Whilst it would be nice to be oneself, if that self happens to coincide with the platonic idea of one's gender, then happy days.

So this Valentine's Day, lets just acknowledge that gender stereotyping hurts everyone, and go Dutch.

"Our biological roles still, whatever Germaine Greer might say, affect our behaviour to a huge extent by necessity."

how men hate women and want them all to be slaves? She told me that the only way hard-line feminists could ever believe their case fulfilled is if either men also had to carry children and give birth, or neither sex did. I've heard some idealistic political demands before, but I think that one gets the top prize.

Men and women are fundamentally different at about the most basic level there is. And





Why does the government waste money? With ever more taxation matched by an ever increasing need for public services (which even now fail to satisfy despite their enormous budgets), this is one of the most important questions to ask when considering what our government should be doing better. Over the last thirty years or so, our leaders have taken on many of the burdens of our daily lives and consciences – for nominal fees in the forms of various taxes, naked or stealth. It hardly seems, however, as though these fees have increased in appropriate proportion to the effectiveness and scale of the services we pay for. It would be fun but probably not very accurate to accuse government officials of naked embezzlement. What's more likely is that our money is simply not being spent properly.

Does the government waste our money (yes, it's ours: anyone who thinks it belongs to the society as a whole should ask those who work hardest and earn the least whether they consider that least their property) because someone in charge of it simply doesn't know his economics? This would seem unlikely given the qualified expertise of so many of our ministers and especially unlikely given how much unelected help is recruited to advise them on how to spend their budgets. Might it be that what looks like waste is really just the overhead necessary to spend effectively on a national scale? Extensive and expensive management of public services is necessary, goes such an argument, because the government must put constant pressure on the services to make them efficient: doctors, train station directors and school governors simply aren't trustworthy because they're not trained bureaucrats.

Common sense should tell us that such an argument is fraudulent: working for a public service at the product-end, as it were, doesn't necessarily make anyone more corrupt or less capable of management. So perhaps it's neither of these reasons. Perhaps, instead, governments waste money because they have money to waste. If government officials, distant from the non-governmental professionals in the public services they are responsible for controlling, can afford to pay for more officials to give them an appearance of more control, why wouldn't they? Furthermore, if government can afford spurious public services – plastic surgery on the NHS, 'citizenship' education of dubious political and ethical neutrality, dare I say enforcing bans on culturally accepted 'bad habits'? – then it will pay for them, and continue to charge us.

The only thing to do is do society a favour by cutting our government's spending habits until it gets them in order. We must teach it to economize on the unnecessary. But don't emigrate to withdraw your tax money – that would only mean your helping some other government run up the bills it hands over to its people. First, earn enough money to afford as many private services as you can – private schooling for your kids, BUPA for what ails you, etc. – to assuage your conscience because you won't be enjoying as many public services. And then? Evade, evade, evade.

David
Staines



Uncapping donations

Political parties should be privately, not publicly funded

Over the last couple of years, party political funding has moved to the centre of political debate. This is a massive turn. Party political funding was previously an issue only discussed by serious politics nerds. The main cause of change has been the cash for peerages affair and controversies surrounding Peter Hain's failure to declare donations in the Labour Deputy leadership campaign. While the focus of attention has been the Labour party, the impact has been felt across the House with investigations into the Tories pre-election loans and probes into the tax status of Michael Ashcroft, their leading donor. What does this show? Rampant corruption amongst our political class? A need for greater state funding of political parties? In reality, it shows neither.

For starters, the cash for peerages affair always had more heat than light. Neither Labour nor the Conservatives were convicted of selling peerages. After 16 months of painstaking enquiry and overbearing dawn raids, Scotland Yard found insufficient evidence to bring charges. This compares favourably with the Tories in the 1990s, and the particular case of Neil Hamilton, who was actually convicted of selling political influence in the form of parliamentary questions. Despite this improvement, there

has been a misguided move towards proposals for greater state funding and caps on donations.

Restrictions upon the scale of voting individuals donations are illiberal. Individuals should have the right to allocate their budgets as they please. If a poor man wishes



COURTESY THE SUN

to allocate a small proportion of his income to a cause he believes in, a rich man should have the same right to do likewise.

Private donations are required if political parties are to remain accountable to the electorate. Unless parties have a wide national base, the legitimacy of representative democracy is threatened. The pivotal link between private individuals and political parties is the funds they provide, mainly in the form of small donations and membership dues. To break this link would be hugely damaging. Falling membership fees and small

donations have caused the financial difficulties. Instead of seeking a bailout from the taxpayer, the parties should present coherent, challenging and inspiring views of the world to attract more members and encourage existing members to give more.

Large-scale state funding of the incumbent parties would also distort political competition. It would reduce the chance of new parties emerging to challenge the received wisdom, as Labour did in the early 20th century and to a lesser extent the SDP in the 1980s. The resulting reduction in the intensity of competition would mean less voter choice and in the long run a fall in the quality of governance. An important check on unbridled state power would be lost.

The lack of evidence of any widespread corruption within the current system of party funding nullifies any suggestion we need to change. We should have confidence in the Electoral Commission to decide which loans are given for political favours and which are donations to a keenly supported cause. Transparent, democratically run organisations should have the same right as private individuals to financially contribute as much as they see fit. Any cap would undermine the working of civil society and give the party leaderships too much power.

Under the current system, large-scale donations play an important part in funding political parties – this is an advantage. To be clear, it is not that businesspeople inherently deserve special privileges, but the simple fact that to achieve any political ends within our political system requires the support of or at least goodwill of the business community. For example, a socialist government wanting to lower unemployment would need to maintain the confidence and support of the business community. If it were lost, firms would invest less and outsource more, driving up unemployment. The need to raise significant donations from the business community is therefore not a major constraint on electoral choice, for any government that could not do so would almost certainly not be worth electing.

Politicians and the political classes have been portrayed as having suddenly become especially corrupt, even though the situation was probably far worse when party finances were a private affair prior to 2000. In a world that loves scandal – but is short of it – every hint of controversy is played up, even if very little comes of it.

The answer is not to now expand state funding and damage the link between members and parties, but for parties to recruit and better perform their political duties.

James
Sharpe



Pan-European pancake

The EU has failed in its development and aid goals

The recent European Reform Treaty begs the question of the justification for the European Union. Every answer given in favour of the EU is either false or not worth it. Indeed, the EU is detrimental to the prosperity of many countries in the world.

The primary reason for the creation of a pan-European economic and political organisation was to ensure greater integration, especially between France and Germany, in order to ensure war would never again divide the continent. In this respect, assuming the EU has done anything at all to help, it has been entirely successful. But would anyone argue there is still work to be done? Are the Gauls and Aryans primed and ready to battle it out for supremacy as soon as the mystical shroud of EU political federation is lifted? This may seem trite, but there is a serious point: since even before the creation of a European Community, its work has been done. War between France and Germany was not made obsolete by a form of coalition in the 1950s, but by the destruction and inhumanity of World War Two.

Nevertheless, even if we aren't about to see a new Franco-Prussian War, some claim the EU can be effective in preventing war throughout Europe in general through federal political ties. This is utterly absurd. The ethnic cleansing in the Balkans was not stopped by the EU. It was NATO, with support from the

USA, that brought the bloodshed to an end. This highlights two problems with the organisation. First, despite its grand claims to political supremacy in Europe, the EU cannot deal with the most serious crimes against humanity on its own doorstep. More importantly, it demonstrates that the EU is only interested in a country joining when it is stable enough to be annexed and dominated by Western European powers. This only happens when they are safe in the knowledge that their social and political imperialism will not be challenged. The Balkan states are still too unstable and potentially confrontational.

With peace either already achieved or so difficult to bring about that the EU decides to steer clear, Europhiles have sought new and elaborate justifications for the EU, almost all of which are false.

One alleged justification for the EU is its function of redistributing wealth through development aid from wealthier European nations to those that are less developed, and to open up their trade markets in order to raise their GDP and living standards. One can argue that Britain itself benefited from this very principle when it was the sick man of Europe before the economic reforms of Margaret Thatcher. However, this great benefit of the EU is undermined by the nature of the Union itself.

Through the EU, we deal only with the problems on our small continent. In contrast, the majority of unacceptable crises are found

beyond Europe. One can, of course, argue that the EU can function as an effective world aid organisation. This is not possible, however, when the EU implements protectionist economic sanctions. The EU is an oppressive economic bloc, limiting free trade (as well as the scope for fair trade) in order to maintain its economic dominance at the expense of developing world economies. For example, every year the

“The free movement of people within the Europe similarly undermines aid in the EU.”

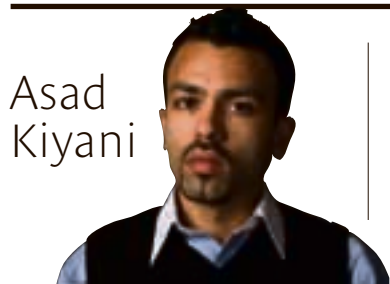
EU destroys tonnes of food in order to keep prices high. Moreover, market competition from outside the EU is restricted, even though it is only through trade (be it free, fair or otherwise) that individual producers and countries can hope to prosper.

The free movement of people within Europe similarly undermines aid in the EU. This is because immigration within the EU removes the population needed for economic growth from the countries that need development. Those in favour of immigration in Britain tend to point to the (supposed) vast economic benefit migrants bring to our shores. Yet are we not

being selfish when we call for more immigrants? Immigration of skilled workers and professionals impedes growth in the countries these people are leaving. We privilege our own prosperity above that of other people in the world. As such, those left behind are also left behind in terms of living standards and the opportunity in order to improve their quality of life.

The centralised and authoritarian nature of the EU further undermines the development aid given to less economically developed member states. The terms of aid are dictated by the western European countries that dominate the EU through majority voting. In this way, the historical and cultural development of the country receiving aid is effectively suppressed, undermining the benefit of that aid. For example, a policy that suits the British economy, dominated by the private sector, cannot be suitably implemented on the continent, where a social economy is more prevalent. The best initiatives have to take the historical and cultural milieu of a nation into account. This cannot be achieved at a pan-European level.

The EU's aim to help development in less economically developed member states is admirable, but the framework within which it is conducted does not work. While the goal of aiding development is noble, it is hardly worth the adverse consequences. Surely it is time to get rid of the EU and return to national sovereignty.



Asad Kiyani

Theatre as therapy

The school, not plays, needs to address violence against women

Valentine's Day sees the start of a three-day run of the Vagina Monologues at Queen's College. Theatre focused on genitalia, male or female, titular or otherwise, isn't necessarily mainstream, but the global success of the show over the past decade has propelled it to the forefront of debates about gender equity. Or at least that's the case in North America, where men and women have been forced by the play to relate to 'vaginas' in conceptual terms and not merely as objects. In the UK, however, change is glacial in its pace.

As much as the Vagina Monologues is a piece of theatre, it is inextricable from a discussion about certain taboo subjects, and particularly violence against women. The intensely personal nature of the play (and the associated production of A Monologue, A Memory, A Rant and a Prayer), combined with a series of incidents over the past 18 months has highlighted the direct connection between theatre and reality, and the inadequacy of this University's resources to support women affected by violence.

The last time there was an attempt to stage the Vagina Monologues, it was inspired by a very public assault at a college. The incident and its subsequent handling by college authorities prompted students to stage the play as a way of starting a dialogue on violence against women, but this move was quickly headed off by the college. This dovetailed with the financial crush on and then temporary closing of the Cambridge Rape Crisis Centre. The centre succumbed to financial pressures, leaving callers with the option of being referred to Peterborough instead. While the centre has now reopened, it still only operates six hours a week while dealing with hundreds of calls a year.

This is representative of the national state of increasingly tenuous rape crisis funding. The number of rape crisis centres nationally has declined from 82 to 38, and the only centre for the entire Greater London area is located in Croydon. Even worse, support for rape survivors is increasingly tied to police prosecution. They must not only report the incident to police, but

hope that the Crown Prosecution Service sees enough evidence to support a prosecution. If it doesn't, the support evaporates. Even if the CPS succeeds in conviction, support is generally limited to the duration of the case.

The integration of survivor support with the institutions and vagaries of the criminal process not only forces women to subject themselves to overly rigid bureaucratic procedures, but leaves them with the choice of either having their autonomy usurped yet again or receiving no support. There is a link between assaults and the criminal process, but they are clearly not synonymous. Premising support upon successful at least prolonged criminal procedures not only undermines the support, but ensures the vast majority of survivors receive none.

Survivors of sexual violence don't report to the police for a number of valid reasons, but even the few who do find their scant access to support is vastly curtailed by a six per cent conviction rate. There are a number of possible explanations for such a low rate, but the point is not that more men need to be convicted, but that tying resources to trials only serves to limit survivor support.

North American universities deal with this issue differently. They stage more productions of the Vagina Monologues, but this is merely emblematic of a stronger framework of recognizing and confronting violence against women. This shift in attitudes has arisen in part from a litigious legal culture that saw massive lawsuits levy huge penalties upon educational institutions. A cynic might question the commitment of combating violence against women on this basis, but the successful use of the court system to force change is only another indication of how far behind the UK is in this area. Never mind civil suits against educational institutions – when elected representatives such as MP John Redwood claim date rape is not as serious as 'stranger rape' and the two should be treated as substantially dissimilar criminal offences, there's no hope of effecting the necessary attitudinal changes. Statements like, 'Young men do not want to have to take a consent form and

a lawyer on a date' not only completely undermine the right of women to say 'No' and take the ass-backward position of focusing on men as "victims", but reinforce the absolutely farcical idea that date rapes are not traumatic, shattering incidents. In many cases, they are arguably more severe given the broken emotional bonds and relationships of trust. Moreover, the meagre number of rape crisis centres that do exist report that 97 per cent of callers were attacked by people they knew. This suggests that rather than minimize the problem and de-emphasise its criminal import, far greater resources and attention need to be paid to this less recognised but infinitely more insidious phenomenon.

Yet instead of confronting the problem, the University continues to dither. The strange matter of the release of the interim Head of Equality, followed by the hiring of a team of consultants and another interim Head of Equality, suggests at the very least the University is grossly confused as to what its doing with regards to gender equity, let alone violence against women. This institutional inertia in creating and coordinating clear procedures, support networks, and resources is dangerous. In spite of a move towards greater gender equity, there is no detailed university policy about sexual violence, and there is no recommended procedure for the individual colleges to adopt. There are suggested resources, but the necessary training has not yet been provided to the limited number of available support personnel. The only consistent thread is encouraging survivors to report to the police, which is fraught with its own problems. Faced with discordant college and university procedures, a lack of trained support networks, and the limited service of the Rape Crisis Centre, women who experience sexual violence have almost nowhere to turn.

The only place left, it seems, is the theatre in Queens. Yet as important a cultural icon as the productions are, it's tragic that the greatest doorway to understanding the issue and one of the best support resources at Cambridge is that offered by a few days of plays.



One of the chief points of tedium in this otherwise blissful and mellow existence is the bloody-minded way in which one is expected to actually do things. Once, I suppose, in a more beautiful existence, one never had to bother with the silly little mundane tasks which got in the way of existing. These days, the gutter press's perception of a real man is precisely one who has emerged from the womb with a perfect knowledge of how to operate a washing machine, deal with a puncture, iron a shirt to the complexion of an ice rink, or whip up a risotto for an impromptu party of seventeen. Anything less, and you are automatically emasculated, a worthless parasite in a world of sickeningly high achievers.

I remember once, when I was very youthful, in looks if not in morals, and a ghastly, bouncy little man came to give a speech at school: regression, repentance, cosy moral, that kind of thing. At one point he asked us "Has anybody here tried to hang a door?" as if we were all apprentice builders or something. I shall never forget

"There is the difference between minor and major errors on the driving test, a tad like venial and mortal sins."

Mr H-----, one of the old school and shortly due to retire, booming from the back row "That's what we have servants for" – a perfect, pithy philosophy, thoroughly thought through and amusingly august. Yet times change, and so, congenital idleness notwithstanding, I decided to set out on a journey of becoming, if not Nietzsche's Übermensch, then something resembling a Real Man. To this end, I started taking up driving lessons.

I don't know if there is anything, except for package holidays and Pilates, which is so utterly against my philosophy as driving lessons. Driving itself is fine, a thoroughly Idle activity: cruising down Continental mountain passes in a two-seater, Wagner blaring, blonde at one's side, comes close to an ideal of perfection, even if it must happen in a country full of foreigners. Cruising through suburban ghastliness, forced to put a Vauxhall Corsa through utterly ridiculous manoeuvres such as "reversing round a corner" to the sounds of the human equivalent of a Big Mac telling you "I don't think you meant to do that", is simply not it. Then there is the difference between minor and major errors on the driving test, a tad like venial and mortal sins in the Catholic Church: you get punished for the mortal ones even though they are by far the more amusing.

A word of warning then: if you happen to see a flame red MG Midget hammering it towards you around the Sidgwick Site, it will be me, and you're best to get out of my way as I'm not a terribly good driver. I passed my test, you see, in the manner recommended by my Byzantine ancestors: chacun à son prix. Out of my way, little man!

Deadline for applications will be March 16th 2008.



“Global economic change, global warming, climate change, global poverty and global migration: all of these are great challenges that affect our everyday lives in Britain”

PETER MANDELSON - PAGE 15

The life of illegal immigrants in Paris
Page 18

Animation at Kettle's Yard
Page 21

Portuguese cinema
Page 22

VIEW

My Cambridge Clive, Cambridge's most vocal Big Issue salesman

The lesser known haunts and habits of well known Cambridge people



>>In the Summertime Clive enjoys the Mill Pond and Grantchester Meadows. He enjoys nowhere when it is not the Summertime.

>> Clive retains a soft spot for his hometown - the nearby village of Great Shelford



IMAGES OF GREAT SHELFORD: FEW AND FAR BETWEEN



>>Even in conditions so bad that you couldn't sell eyes to a blind man, Clive can be found outside Sainsbury's, armed with a stack of Big Issues and his trademark witty remarks.

Face Off

They're fit, you're fickle. Who's fitter? There's the pickle

Round 3: Magdelene versus Peterhouse



Tom is a 2nd year Economist and Alice is a 1st year Architect

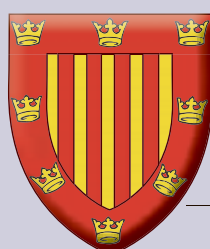


Jamie is a 2nd year Historian and Rose is a 1st year Land Economist



TO VOTE FOR
MAGDELENE, TEXT
'VARSITY MAG' TO 60300.

Standard network charges apply.



TO VOTE FOR
PETERHOUSE, TEXT
'VARSITY PETER' TO
60300.

Cumming On Love



In the week coming up it's Valentine's Day. I have always rather enjoyed Valentine's Day, for the simple reason that I've never been involved in it directly, and so have never had to put up with the glutinous mountains of tawdry, over-sentimentalised deer-shit which come with it. Every time the 14th of February swings around I sit back, climb into my y-fronts, draw the curtains and watch the spoof-disaster movie Airplane! with Leslie Nielsen (he's getting a bit old for the journey now, but we still speak on the phone), revelling in the fact that at no point in the evening will I have to pay £7 for a portion of garlic bread crafted (often without irony) into a heart shape.

Neither will I feel obliged to artificially inflate the tone of my conversation to be appropriate to the red and pink balloons loitering outside the restaurant. I hate balloons outside restaurants on Valentine's Day. If they were people, balloons outside restaurants on Valentine's Day would be chain-smoking 75 year-old Italian timeshare touts, drinking Grappa from a hip-flask and telling passing 14 year-old English tourist girls how priiitly their eyes were while masturbating furiously into their mothers' handbags.

I will also not have to do with anybody that takes Valentine's Day seriously. This is very important, because these people do exist, and they're awful. Received wisdom would have it that the majority are girls, measuring out their self-worth according to how many roses/mystery cards they receive on the big day, but I have an inkling that this is not the case. I think the people who really care are the boys who, realising that their girlfriends are going to be measuring their self-worth by how much crap they receive, take it upon themselves to provide the full service, musical teddy-bears and all, in the hope

that this ceremonial emptying of their wallets will precede imaginative, varied and mercifully short-lived copulation. They are wrong, of course, because what Girlfriend will really want to do is have a tender snog on Clare Bridge and then go home, where she can sleep, smugly, having rung her mum to talk about how great her Valentine's Day was.

Even writing about it reminds just how little I enjoy the whole thing. Valentine's Day in England today smells to me like a man standing in the rain outside the Sports-world sale, clutching a Donay golf umbrella and wondering if noon is too early for a Smirnoff Ice and a kebab, whilst simultaneously smoking a B&H gold and texting pictures of Cheryl Cole to his mate.

However, perhaps for some of the above reasons, this year I have decided to do go out for Valentine's Day. My intention is none of the things above, but rather to show somebody a pleasing time in an ostentatious fashion. What I have a mind to do is head to a restaurant packed with Valentine's Day people with a girl. I shall have a sign, not to mention extensive body language, indicating we're not 'together' in the way that men mean when they question siblings in nightclubs. I shall then proceed to show the restaurant and its faux-loved-up diners "how I roll", which will principally involve purchasing expensive food and drink, tipping heavily and reading from a lengthy and pre-prepared list of jokes, cultivating much mirth at my banquette. In this fashion I will, hopefully, make everyone else feel bad about their own evenings. Then I will go home, in time for Airplane!, alone.

It should be noted that I have yet to find a willing accomplice for this scheme. If anyone fancies it, write to features@varsity.co.uk, with the guarantee that there will

be no columns entitled 'Cumming On... Your Name'.



Balloon Hearts: as romantic as old Italian sex pests

LAST WEEK'S RESULT:

Emma
Tit Hall

27%
73%



Trading Places

The consummate politician Peter Mandelson is loved and loathed in equal measure. **Katy Lee** speaks to him about political tricks, trade, and matters more private

When Peter Mandelson became EU Trade Commissioner in 2004, people in Westminster immediately started taking bets on how long it would be before he came to grief. The bookmaker William Hill offered 3/1 odds on him not surviving the full five-year term.

I've no desire to count Mr Mandelson's chickens for him, but for now it looks like he might just make it. He might come a cropper in any number of ways during the next two years, to the delight of some of William Hill's clients, and anyone else who has revelled in the regular ups and downs of his career over the decades. But he has, at least, lasted for over three years in the job so far – which is more than he can say for either of his Cabinet portfolios. "I've settled down," he admits, "but only for the duration of the five years. My mandate ends in November 2009 and I will choose to move on. I don't want to be reappointed to the Commission because I think five years doing this job is enough, and I want new challenges. What they are going to be, I don't know. I'm not going to think about them until nearer the time." His enemies – and they are plentiful – may be relieved to hear that he dismisses a return to Parliament as "one of the more unlikely options".

His career in British politics has entailed more reversals of fortune than the average game of snakes and ladders. Mandelson has been widely acclaimed – or blamed, if you prefer – as one of the key architects of New Labour. He became one of Tony Blair's most trusted advisers and held three cabinet jobs, including as Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, a position in which he was often praised for his diplomatic skills. But he has also been forced to resign twice – in 1998 over a hefty interest-free loan from a fellow Cabinet minister, and in 2001 over allegations that he had intervened in the passport application of an Indian Millennium Dome sponsor. He was, to his bitter satisfaction, cleared of any wrongdoing in this second controversy. There have also been various high-profile calamities along the way, of which the costly flop of the Dome is perhaps the most memorable.

He has hit the headlines less since decamping to Brussels, but Mandelson's job is among those with the most weight on the Commission. It has certainly thrown up plenty of opportunities to show himself as a staunch friend of free trade; he will be at Senate House in

Cambridge today doing just that. "I'm going to be speaking about why we obtain so many benefits from the global economy being open and why that openness is coming under pressure," he says. "We have to push back against those who want to close economies or restrict trade. But we also have to address the concerns that people have about an open economy – things like loss of employment." He is also press-

"His career in British politics has entailed more reversals of fortune than the average game of snakes and ladders"

ing for the Doha trade talks to be concluded by 2008, fearing that the approaching change of US administration will push reaching a deal off the agenda. "And in a sense you could take the lecture as partly an address to whoever is the next president of the United States," he continues, "asking them to maintain US support for economic openness in the world. They need to resist the pressure of protectionism that's quite widespread in that country."

Mandelson is an odd character. In our brief conversation there is no evidence of whatever it is in his nature that inspires such strong feelings in his admirers and, more frequently, his critics. He speaks calmly, rather vapidly, delivering the smooth answers of the veteran politician. He seems uninspiring but inoffensive, using much of our ten

minutes to extol the benefits of EU membership in predictable guises ("We have a combined weight with our European partners that enables us to take on global issues – whether it's global economic change, global warming and climate change, or global poverty, or global migration. All of these are great challenges in the world that affect our everyday lives in Britain").

There is no sign of the sinister minister here, even if it's fun to imagine him reclining in his Brussels office in a leather chair, stroking a white cat as we speak. It might be that he has never managed to cast off the shadowy associations that go with being a spin doctor – he was brilliant Director of Communications for the Labour party in the late 80s, and later turned his talents to managing Blair's successful general election campaign in 1997.

It might be that his remote, glitzy London lifestyle didn't sit well with grassroots Labour supporters. Mandelson has an impeccable left-wing heritage – his grandfather was

Herbert Morrison, a Labour Cabinet minister – and he tells me calmly, "I was for a short while in the Young Communist League, partly because at the time I was radicalized by the conflict in Vietnam and Cambodia, and partly because I had friends who drifted off in that direction and I drifted with them. But I didn't stay for long." But he certainly doesn't seem much of a man of the people. It used to be a standing joke in his Hartlepool constituency that "MP" stood for "Missing Person" in his case.

It might be because of his curious guardedness over his sexuality. As John Lyttle put it, Mandelson's homosexuality exists "in a limbo between secret, open secret and historical amnesia: everyone is apparently aware of it without being quite certain how". He is unruffled when I ask about it: "I get on with my life, which in its public sphere is public, but in its private sphere is private, and I don't see the two as being connected. I'm very happy with both the public and the private." But that it is all he has to say on the matter.

It might just be that he is inherently unlovable. He is a slick politician, an artful politician, yet one who was mourned by few each time he was forced to resign. His rivals have spoken of his decision in 1994 to back Blair as Labour's new leader, at a time when many assumed Brown to be the natural frontrunner, with a mixture of awe and distaste – fans have admired his shrewdness, while others called the move opportunistic. He has since been almost unswerving in his fierce loyalty to Blair. What's clear is that

Mandelson's friendship with Brown was broken by the

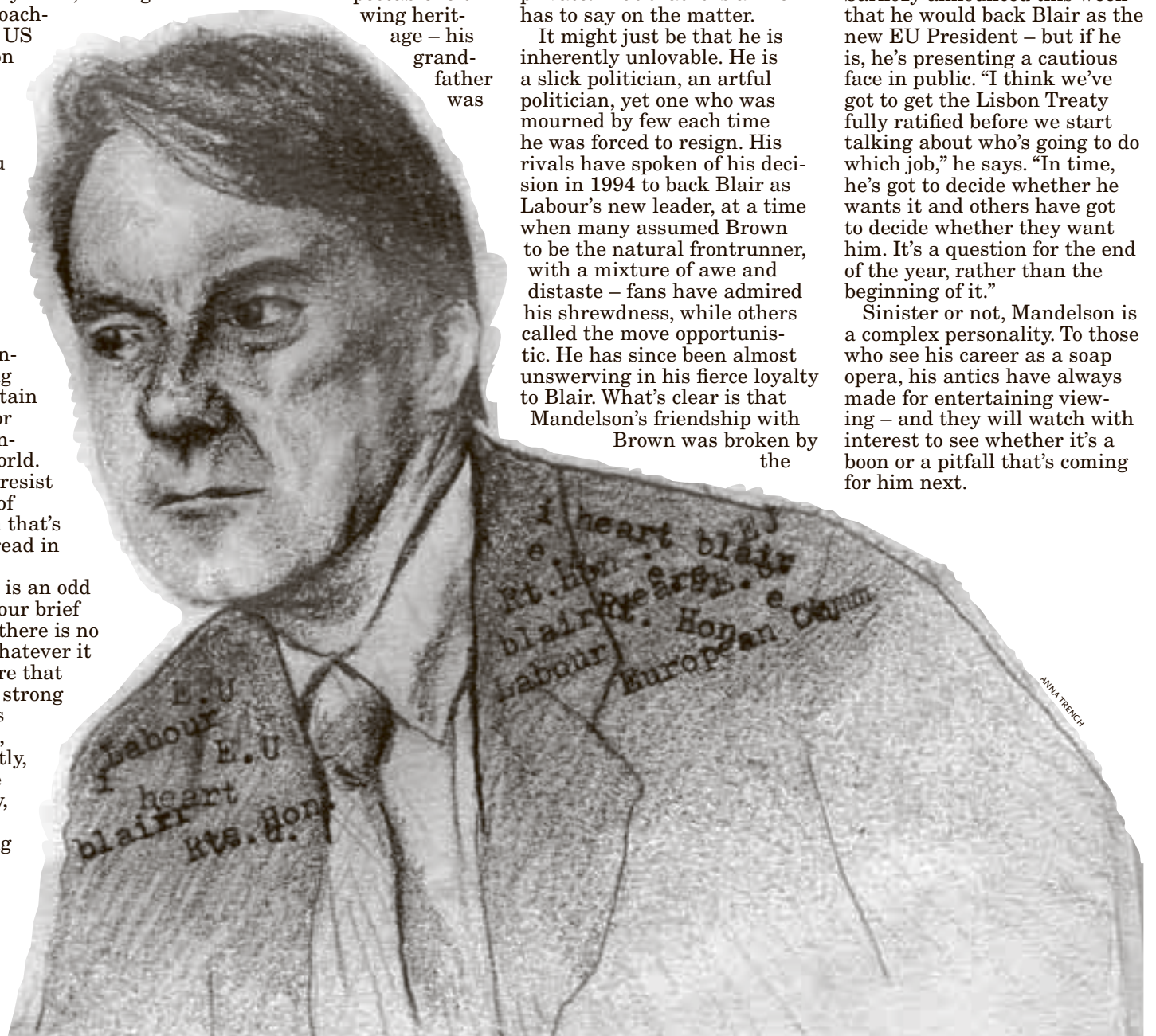
apparent "betrayal", though there have been suggestions that he is trying to end the feud now that Blair has left office. "I'm getting on fine with the new prime minister," he stresses. "He's very committed to my policies on trade, so he's supporting the work I'm doing

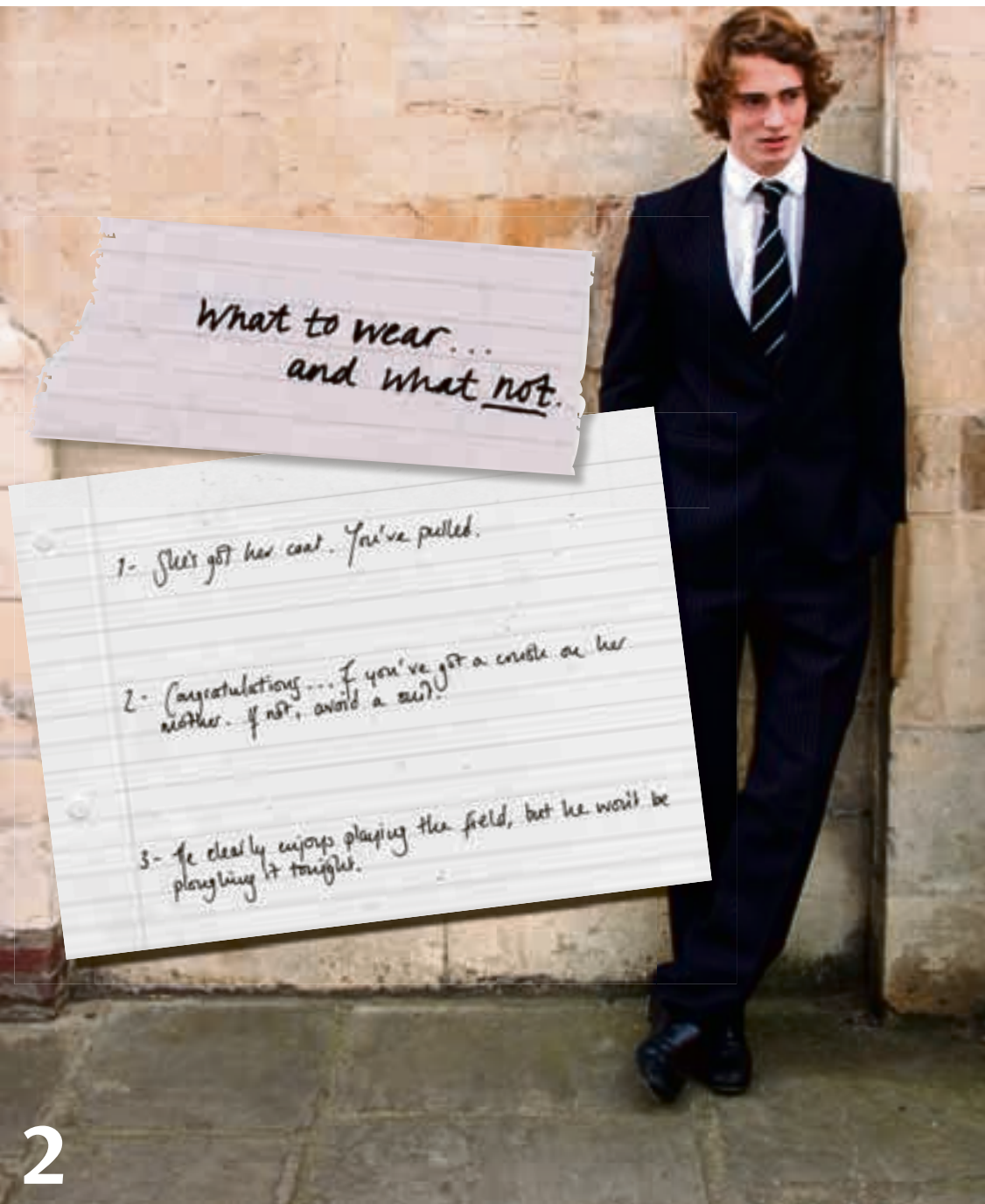
"I get on with my life, which in the public sphere is public, but in its private sphere is private and I don't see the two as being connected"

in the world trade talks."

He may well be secretly be over the moon at the thought that his old friend Blair might join him in Europe – Nicholas Sarkozy announced this week that he would back Blair as the new EU President – but if he is, he's presenting a cautious face in public. "I think we've got to get the Lisbon Treaty fully ratified before we start talking about who's going to do which job," he says. "In time, he's got to decide whether he wants it and others have got to decide whether they want him. It's a question for the end of the year, rather than the beginning of it."

Sinister or not, Mandelson is a complex personality. To those who see his career as a soap opera, his antics have always made for entertaining viewing – and they will watch with interest to see whether it's a boon or a pitfall that's coming for him next.





Johnny & Luciana get loved up and, with the help of the very brave Jossie Clayton, show you just how Valentine's Day should (and shouldn't) be done.

Valentine's Day. Single, be-coupled or totally ambivalent, let's face it - it's a pain in the arse. Paying too much for a mediocre meal? Trying

no - no



"LOVE ME BACK!" look in her eyes. Ladies, men like a little mystery. Turn up looking like this, and the only mystery will be why he asked you out in the first place. Unless of course it's a blind date, in which case he will most probably be wishing he actually was blind.

Picture it again. You're sitting at the table, again. Smiling, loving couples surround you, again. You turn in even-slower-motion towards the door, hotly anticipating the arrival of your date. Everything stops. Choirs of angels begin to jubilate. A goddess floats towards you, swathed in celestial light - yeah alright, it's only a dress from Zara (£39) but we think she looks pretty damn good. The Little Black Dress is the perfect piece for that special occasion, and this one adds a funky twist to the original. Teamed with



yes - yes

to decide between balloons and roses? Worried you'll send more cards than you'll receive? This day can bring out the worst in even the best of us.

Picture it. You're sitting at the table. Smiling, loving couples surround you. The candles flicker, the music floats through the air, the door opens. You turn in slow-motion and there she stands. Not the Valentine's vision you had dreamed of, but romantic roadkill. Good God, your date seems to have seized the opportunity to dive head first into her wardrobe and resurface wearing anything and everything red or pink. Or just plain slutty. Red fishnet stockings - always the classy choice. Black denim supermini - bum-cheeks out, yes please. Corset - course it looks great. Scary clown make-up and 80s super bouffant - get yourself noticed, babes. Topped off with a delightful shiny 'I Love You' balloon - the best way to tell your loved one, and the rest of Chez Charade, how you feel.

She thinks she looks super sexy, bless her. She really doesn't. Matters are made no better by the desperate,

this smart clutch from H&M (£10) and stylish nude heels (L.K.Bennett), the look is understated, yet overgorgeous. Johnny & Luciana aren't completely heartless - we've kept a little Valentine's va-va-voom, and injected a splash of colour, with this cute red pendant from Miss Selfridge (£10). Smokey eyes and silken locks add the finishing touches to this winning combo.

Paris without

A new offensive attacking illegal immigrants is threatening Paris' underground communities.

Nestled between Barbès, the Parisian stronghold of the Algerian FLN in the 1950s, and the Gare du Nord, Goutte d'Or (the "drop of gold") is a rough area. Tumbledown terraced houses lean crazily against each other, and the narrow, potholed streets are heaving with people, day and night – hawking their goods, arguing with neighbours, and going to and from work at all hours. The West African and Algerian communities of the Goutte d'Or work the worst and toughest jobs in Paris, cleaning, building and feeding the city. The first early-morning metro out of Barbès station every morning is packed. "La France qui se lève tôt (the France that starts work early) is not very white, if you know what I mean" I am told.

On the Rue Polonceau, a party is going on in an abandoned municipal building, just behind the St Bernard church which was occupied by illegal African migrants for several months in 1996, causing a national scandal when news of the treatment of sans-papiers reached the press. The party is being held by the 18ème Arrondissement's Sans-Papiers Collective (CSP). A banner outside declares that the building has been squatted by the Hous-

"If a foreign woman who was regularised by marrying a Frenchman divorces him, she gets deported. Even if she left him because he was beating her!"

ing Action Committee. Inside the building are two large rooms: one a kitchen where vast pots of rice and chicken stew are being prepared, and another one, full of dancing sans-papiers, the walls draped with banners from the various organisations supporting the local clandestine migrant community. We are met by Nordine, a very tall, and by now rather drunk, Algerian, who shouts at us above the music, "So you're the journalists! Sit down! Eat! Eat!" – a Congolese woman ladles us a huge bowl of rice and chicken – "Sans-papiers are good

hosts!" Nordine bustles off, and we sit down to talk with Marie Cécile, a teacher and the local organiser of Réseau Education Sans Frontières (RESF, Education Without Borders Network).

The situation of illegal migrants in France had been deteriorating for some time.

"There's a sense that something big is just around the corner"

Under French law, children who come to France, regardless of their nationality, have the right to be educated until the age of 18. "Until very recently, the last ten years or so, the situation wasn't so bad – and what abuses there were, we didn't really know about. Only after the occupation of St Bernard did everyone suddenly become aware of what sans-papiers' problems were. There was certainly no major problem in schools. Regularisation used to happen almost automatically. If you'd been schooled in France, you got papers. If you hadn't, you had to wait 10 years and then you got papers. Now, they're deporting people who have been living here for 10 years!" The ruling UMP party, in an effort to win over National Front voters, has been conducting a serious political campaign against sans-papiers, making it more difficult to make an application for citizenship and massively multiplying police round-ups of migrants, which are now an almost daily occurrence in Paris. "If a foreign woman who was regularised by marrying a Frenchman divorces him, she gets deported. Even if she left him because he was beating her! They don't have the right to deport you until you're 18,

but the police have often tried to deport kids from schools I teach in, claiming that they're 18. It's got really bad."

In 2004, in response to the new offensive against migrants, a group of teachers, parents, union activists and members of the local Sans-Papiers Collectives held a meeting in the Trades Council building on the Rue du Temple. "We were expecting about 15 people, we hadn't advertised much. 300 people turned up! We had to move to a bigger room, we didn't understand how it had happened." News of the meeting was spread over the internet, and similar groups held meetings all over France in the following days. The organisation gave itself a name – RESF – and published a declaration of war against the persecution of sans-papiers.

"Generally," Marie-Cécile explains, "we do case-by-case

work. We won a few battles early on against deportations of individual families, and that was how the organisation developed. Because the children were safe from deportation until they were 18, we'd organise around them, they'd relay information to teachers and friends in schools, so as not to put their parents at risk. We'd organise a petition against the deportation, find someone to help the family with their paperwork. If that didn't work, we'd organise a demonstration, visit local representatives, ring them up, fax them, generally piss them off. It got to the point where I'd go into a police station where a family was being held, say the magic words "RESF" and "school", the cop's eyes would pop out of his

head, and the family would be free the next day. In Paris in particular, we have a very good network, it's relatively easy to bring several hundred people out on a demonstra-

"The government is chasing National Front votes, so it's got to act tough"

tion in a given neighbourhood. Especially with all the tourists around, that can be very embarrassing for the local mayors and the government. They don't like it.

"Probably the most impor-



papers

Ed Maltby speaks to the groups on the defensive

tant work we do is building up social networks around the schools. Before, the sans-papiers families didn't know anyone, you'd see them all alone at home-time when they picked up their kids. But now in schools, if there's a migrant family there without papers, everyone knows them, people have their number, we look out for them. That's vital, that's the first step."

Life for illegal migrants in France is hard, far removed from myths of scroungers come to Europe to live off benefits. "They work. They all work. You can't be a sans-papier without working. You need papers to get benefits, to defend yourself in a court or

at work... You have to work. Construction, cleaning, restaurants. They put the blacks in the kitchen, they put the Eastern Europeans to work as waiters. The women work as maids, domestics. In Thailand, you know, people are told that Paris is a beautiful city, with planes flying overhead to spray perfume. Then they arrive at Roissy at 6AM, up to their eyeballs in debt..."

"They live in squalor. At all the gates of Paris, there are great hotels, run by total sharks. At Saint-Ouen there are two hotels, with one shower and one toilet each in the lobby, with 468 families living in them at 60 euros a day! The government knows,

the cops know and they don't touch the place. I think the government subsidises them, they need these people, need their labour. MEDEF (the French bosses' union, equivalent of the CBI) wants them, but the government is chasing the National Front votes, so it's got to act tough."

We're joined by Pascal, a militant from the anarchist trade union federation CNT. He laughs at Nordine. "He's ripped, but that man knows everything about immigration law." For nearly a year now, there has been an effort underway to organise sans-papiers at work. It has been building momentum within the large CGT union, at the insistence of socialists and activists from smaller, radical unions like the CNT. "In fast food especially, it's systematic. Employers take on

"Employers take on sans-papiers, and use immigration law like a whip"

sans-papiers, and use immigration law like a whip: they say, 'if you don't work harder, if you make a fuss, I'll report you'. There are a lot of denunciations from bosses." So far, because of fear of deportation, it has been difficult to organise sans-papiers. But last year, in the Essonne region, there was a major, shocking breakthrough. Around 30 sans-papiers in the Buffalo Grill steakhouse chain went on strike, demanding fair pay and regularisation. They occupied a restaurant for several days, and won. Shortly thereafter, at Modeluxe, an industrial laundrette, all the workers went out on strike to demand the regularisation of the sans-papiers within their ranks. This sent shockwaves through the union movement. "That changed things for us", says Pascal, "before, sans-papiers had joined unions to gain protection on wages and work issues. Now they're joining because they want unions to help fight for their regularisation. This is a real step forward, but it's early days yet. It's no easier to strike now than it was before, but people are willing to try, there's a sense that something big is just around the corner."



Restaurant Review

Valentine's round-up
Tom Evans



Alimentum: award-winning

Whenever something really terrible happens, there comes a point later when people decide it is okay to make jokes about it. Some events that have reached this watershed: the fact that Romulus killed Remus; most papal shenanigans excluding those of Benedict; the sinking of the Mary Celeste; the fact that La bête du Gévaudan (a beast that terrorised the former province of Gévaudan in France from 1764-1767) may in fact have been a serial killer leaving beastly clues to mislead the local peasantry; Diana; the fact that the population of Easter Island wanted to erect their famous head statues on the opposite side of the island to the quarry and decided to transport them by chopping down trees to use as rollers, deforesting the entire island and leaving them with no wood to make fishing boats, resulting in a brief phase of cannibalism and then their swift and total extinction; that pooch that the Russians sent into space. Quip away.

The devil is in the detail. First, it is generally okay to give a tragic historical situation comic treatment so long as you give it a sensitive spin at the end. That's what Michael Cain did with Zulu. Second, there are some jokes that are only told because they are not considered okay. It is unlikely that joke-books in twenty years time will have sections on Madeleine McCann in the same way that they have sections on fairground accidents, 'damned feminists' and disgruntled talking pets. Third, its worth bearing in mind that some tragic historical events are imbued with a transcendental significance by some people, and in their eyes will never wither into the category of jokeability. It is okay to make a joke about me eating an apple last year; it is not okay to make a joke about Eve eating the apple all those years ago. (Incidentally, if you can make a decent joke about the former, I'll take you out for

a meal. Entries to be submitted by midday on Sunday 10th February, in my pigeon hole at Queens'.) This little prohibition doesn't matter much for me anyway, since my favourite pre-lapsarian joke goes something like this:

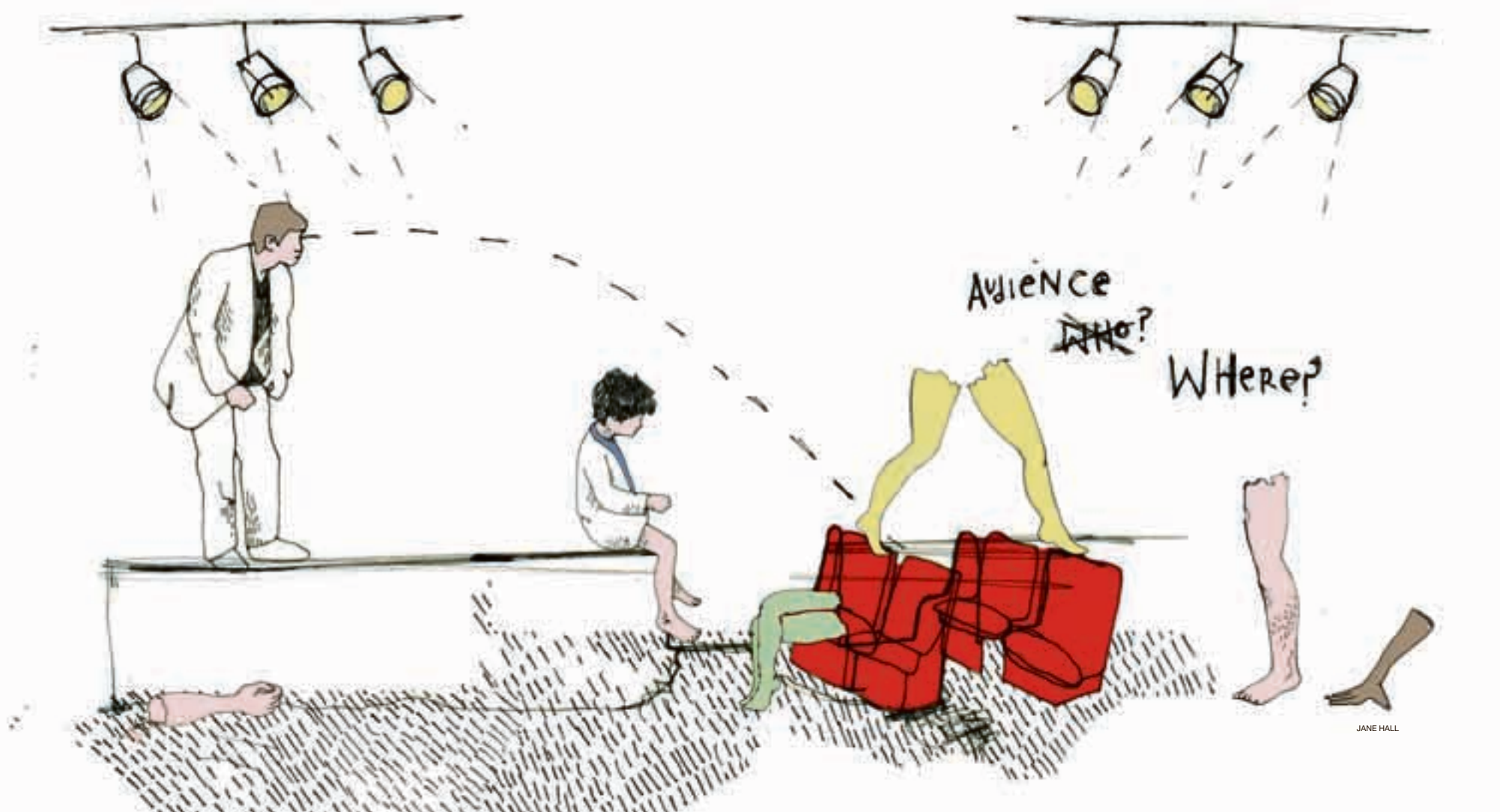
"What did Adam say to Eve the day before Christmas?"
Punchline: "It's Christmas Eve."

The real comedy in this little stunner comes in getting the intonation right. It's frustratingly hard to balance the stresses so that the pun is perfectly tuned to both its meanings. Taking the direction of the accents as a vague guide to the pitch of speech, any interpretation along the lines of "It's Christmās Eve" veers too close to the "Adam and Eve" meaning of the punchline. The best hope is "It's Christmās Eve", although this inclines itself to a Brummie or Welsh lilt more than in does to a London skulk.

I was considering the appropriateness of making a gag on the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre, but the Cambridge Barfly beat me to it with their thus-named night of 'alt rock' on the 14th February. Its not food, but if music be the etc. For those who want a real meal, a few places I have previously reviewed recommend themselves. Alimentum is pricy at £45 per head for three courses, but it's award winning and the caramelised onion soup with goats' cheese tortellini sounds exciting. Bruno's on Mill Road offers four courses for £38 and is a little bit more to the point with an emphasis, the manager tells me, on "chocolate and beef...and nice fish as well". They're both likely to book up, so if you can't get a table and won't satisfy with a romantic walk and a normal meal, the Fleur Bistro does its Valentine's menu on Friday as well, accompanied- regrettably- by the songs of Sinatra.

Did you hear the one about Sinatra and Heath Ledger? Too soon.

To be or not to be? You decide



How do we solve a problem like the theatre? It's time to get the audience involved, according to **Isabel Taylor**

Michaelmas 2007 saw a marked slide in theatrical audience figures in Cambridge. Excellent productions were unable to achieve close to a full house; societies made worrying losses. Despite the good intentions of many to make a bi-weekly pilgrimage, this looks like a problem whose solution won't have anything to do with more fliers crammed in pigeon holes. Could Cambridge just be getting tired of theatre – or, at least, theatre as we know it?

Beyond the parameters of the bubble, London theatres have been experiencing similar headaches. Just as on the average Friday night at the ADC it is increasingly difficult to distinguish who you saw on stage from whom you saw in the bar (and/or smoking on the Sidgwick site), the British theatre-going population seems to be ageing, greying, and above all diminishing in size. Furthermore, with commercial theatre ticket prices either disproportionately rocketing or block-booked months in advance, there is increasingly little room in the mainstream for risk-taking, and little impetus to see any change. British theatre could be set to tend towards becoming a worrying conservative irrelevance.

Step forward Interactive Theatre. This is theatre in its cheapest, most surreal, visceral

and sensuous incarnation. There is no getting away from the fact that we live in a time in which personal interaction is more likely to involve an enigmatic internet username than real human proximity. Interactive theatre trades on the thrill of the anonymity and of temporarily abandoning oneself in a persona, and tackles head-on the fact that most people use entertainment for personal escape.

This was certainly the premise behind Office Party at the Barbican, the most innovative and outrageous Christmas show of 2007. Warning against “Nudity and Strong Language”, this pushed docu-drama to the next level, not only inviting the audience to see their own lives mirrored onstage but actually to engage in a disturbing sort of heightened reality. Like a real office party, dress was “festive!” and ‘drinks and nibbles’ were served. Furthermore, the audience was required to forgo their real identities for the evening. Divided into departments (executives, accounts etc.) the audience merged with actors as they were led through a fake office maze, given pep talks in ‘boardrooms’, before being let loose into the raucous party itself, ‘directed’ by two cabaret artists. Both terrifying and exhilarating, the result was that much of the humiliation and nihilism you’d expect from such an experience was eradicated in

favour of something more like a weird group exorcism.

Both the thrill and the terror of interactive theatre for performers is giving up control, the nightly risk that the right chemistry won't be there, that the audience won't play along and won't be transported. It's always safer to have a proscenium arch separating you and the punters. However, the days of the director-as-god seem to be on the wane too. Groups like the celebrated Complicite function through total collaboration, as writing, visuals, direction and performance seem to blur into one. Complicite's latest project, A Disappearing Number, not only carried off the prestigious Evening Standard award for Best New Play, but also, by maintaining low ticket prices, sold out an auditorium usually reserved for musicals and Shakespearean blockbusters. There is no better argument for directors to cede some of their control over their productions.

Nevertheless, interactive theatre is primarily about risk. With risk comes innovation and a dramatically increased freedom and scope: when a director and a group do away with conventional staging they vastly expand the range of possible spaces to work in. Located through a tiny door and deep in the tunnels under London Bridge Station are the

SHUNT Vaults. Here, the SHUNT theatre company seek to do away with the boundaries between theatre, art, and raw ‘experience’. If Office Party allowed us to create something worthwhile out of our own awfulness, SHUNT is all about being transported outside of reality and into the raw and the mind-blowing. The space is routinely ‘curated’ by different UK and international groups. A performance based on anaesthesia saw the audience sealed into a room that echoed like an eardrum, suddenly plunged into silent pitch blackness in the tunnels and then hypnotised by a series of breathtakingly strange and beautiful architectural patterns.

The result of interactive theatre is often an unexpectedly powerful catharsis. Instead of guiltily thanking God that you managed to stay conscious through most of Act IV, as the audience tumbles out into the grimy night there is an unusually flavoured fellowship, a sense that something strange and uniquely human has been created for and between people. As your fellow collaborators turn on their phones and struggle into coats outside, there is a sense of profound unspoken comradeship.

It may be a sad world in which we look to theatre to furnish us with the thrill of human contact. Yet this is not an exclusively post-modern phenomenon. Interactive

theatre brings us face to face with a common humanity, an interest in pushing human experience and emotion to its furthest extremes and then retaining something vital at the end. And no one achieves this in drama more than Shakespeare. It can only be so long before a director attempts to give the same treatment to the classics. There will always be accusations of dumbing-down, but surely anything that makes us all essentially groundlings again is both a sign of progress, and staying true to the nature of theatre?

Good theatre mirrors what we are back to us, but perhaps great theatre is theatre that actually involves and collaborates with the audience in the most fundamental sense.

It would certainly be a sad triumph for a regressive cultural conservatism if we allowed the out-dated limits of director/actor and actor/audience boundaries to constrain what it is possible for us to say and to achieve in Cambridge theatre. Yet, this term, with a flurry of very bravely staged new writing, collaborative performing groups, the rise of improv and the audacious use of unconventional venues, already many seem to be latching on to the trend. Liberating the Mathematical Bridge for an improvised theatre experience, however, will have to wait till May Week.



William Kentridge b.1955
Tide Table, 1993

Animated about animation

2D animation? How archaic! Not so fast, says **Anna Trench**: the Momentary Momentum exhibition at Kettle's Yard is an absolute must-see

George Bush warbles Can U Feel It? in falsetto, accompanied by Colin Powell and Condoleezza Rice beatboxing; nearby, watercolour twins disappear into inky ashes to the tinkle of fair-ground music; around the corner a philosophising crab changes direction, and for a brief moment the Pope juggles. They sound like the surreal experiences of a dream (or a nightmare), and in a way they are. These are just some of the scenes that make up the new animation exhibition at Kettle's Yard, Momentary Momentum part one, which continues until 24 February. Animation, by its very nature, brings drawings to life, and seeing a drawing move can be pretty dreamlike. Especially when they are, as in this exhibition, often resistant to reality, and play tricks with our expectations of time, sound, form, background, and line; the effect produced is mesmerising.

The Kettle's Yard exhibition space has been transformed to house several enclosed auditoriums in which to view separate video projections. This is the first part of a two-part international survey of 21 artists working in one way or another with animated drawings, with work coming from Japan, France, Iran, South Africa and Switzerland, among others. Watching time-prescribed art is a strange experience. You cannot really wander away like you can

from static work on a wall. You are enclosed with a dozen others or so as if in a cinema. And it can be quite intimate, with all these strangers chuckling together in a small and dark space. But best of all, every viewer experiences the work together. And as these animations all explore unconscious states of mind and present the unexpected, the audience in the auditorium travels together to these strange worlds, where crows sweep through the skin of a naked back, where fishes are twice the size of humans, where drinks are made from bullets.

The first room entered has three screens with the animation passing across them. The three-minute work, Brand Band News, is by Christine Rebet and accompanied by a song, Bul-let Sister. This was the one

video where I thought it was actually quite interesting not to enter at the beginning. Wandering in arbitrarily in the middle of this strange world of cow-boys and braces and televisions enhanced its bizarre dream-like feel. The fairgroundesque music makes it even more entrancing; the horse gallops through the screens in time to the tune and the viewer is taken along for the ride. No doubt it is eerie, and a blast ringing out at one point made everyone on the bench jump. But it is not only the subject that is enjoyable: it is the inky

watercolour style, simple yet comprising an extremely complex whole, that makes this work, in my opinion, by far the most enjoyable in the exhibition.

A longer enclosed space shows *Tide Table*, by William Kentridge, who is probably one of the better known artists. This is the longest film and also the most sombre, but in no way less

“The exhibition proves that the 2D form is no obstacle to imagination”

captivating than the others. Kentridge works in charcoal, which lends itself beautifully to animation, as the smudged lines blur movement and form. At first I thought the scene was the English seaside, with children playing stepping stones on the shore and an old man peacefully reading the paper. But as the melancholy African music is introduced amongst the splashes of the rolling waves, you realise this is another place altogether. The scene flicks to authority figures on a balcony monitoring action through binoculars (which we see through too) and gradually what at first seemed joyful disintegrates into darker complexity. The newspaper grows and consumes the old man, the beach is full of rubbish; this

seaside is not as pleasant as first appeared.

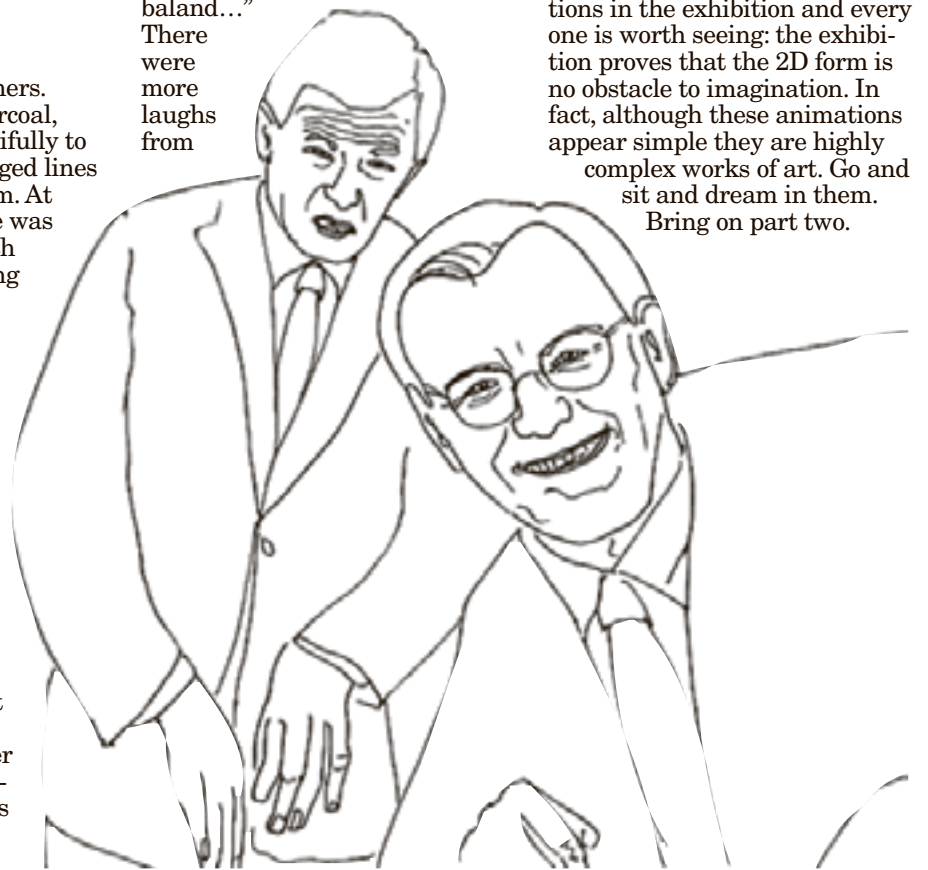
But if you love the laughs, the politics and philosophy loop around the corner is the place to go. Here Susanne Jirkuff sends up the American music scene and political figures. In simple black lines we watch them prancing around the White House with lunging arm movements, raised eyebrows and head jerks perfectly mimicking hip-hop choreography and miming a rap. The grey-haired viewers I shared the room with didn't seem to find it as funny as I did, but maybe they don't watch MTV so much. The credits at the end were just as great as the animation itself: “Thanks America, big up to Tim-baland...”

There were more laughs from

Robert Breer's silent 21-second *Un Miracle*, which was more of a collage than the others, and had the Pope, well, juggling. Arthur de Pins's *La Revolution des Crabes* was inspired. Have you ever wondered what it would be like to live as a crab, destined to travel in one direction for the entirety of your shallow seabed life? Me too. But here one crab challenges his destiny. The French voiceover is just as brilliant as the simple drawings and playful soundtrack. I won't ruin it for you, but a combination of self-determinism, Darwinism evolutionism, chance and peer pressure make this a thought-provoking five minutes.

There are many more animations in the exhibition and every one is worth seeing: the exhibition proves that the 2D form is no obstacle to imagination. In fact, although these animations appear simple they are highly complex works of art. Go and sit and dream in them.

Bring on part two.



Friday 8th, 8.15pm

A Costa Dos Murmuros

A Costa Dos Murmuros is the first feature-length work by Margarida Cardoso, a director better known for her documentaries. Its screenplay is a free adaptation of the Portuguese author Lúcia Jorge's novel of the same name. The film's is hard to classify: it is neither a typical war film, nor a mere feminist take on war, nor simply a mystery or a drama. In the director's own words, she wanted to depict "the routine and hypocritical normality of a forgotten country living its forgotten war" and the "violence that was almost domestic, that was (and still is...) brought down on the weak: women, blacks, animals." It is the violence of a colonial age, which refuses to go quietly.

Saturday 9th, 3pm

Os Mutantes

Teresa Villaverde's punchy, rather Loach-ian film tells us the story of teenagers abandoned by the Portuguese care system to a life on the streets. It examines the lives of Pedro, Ricardo and Andreia, three kids in their early teens who have rejected life in juvenile homes or with foster families. They drift into petty crime and are exploited by sexual predators. The two boys end up working in a pornographic film, while Andreia becomes pregnant. Os Mutantes was filmed with a largely non-professional cast. Villaverde had originally planned to make a documentary about homeless children; when government authorities refused to co-operate, she used her research as the basis for this screenplay.

Saturday 9th, 8pm

Ossos

Ossos is the first film in a renowned trilogy by avant-garde director Pedro Costa (above). Since his first feature film, Blood (1989), Costa's work has been championed by critics and savoured by cinephiles. The premiere of the masterful Colossal Youth at Cannes in May 2006 redoubled interest in his work. Costa's work is considered by many to be on the very edge of the cutting edge. It demands the viewer's rapt attention in order to appreciate his perception of people and places on the outer fringes of society. Strange personal monologues and faces sculpted by light but etched with experience tell powerful stories of struggle and loss; Costa's films are humanist in the purest sense of the word.



Pedro Costa
Director of *Ossos*

Cinema Portuguese

The Colossal Youth film festival starting at New Hall today gives a rare view of Portuguese culture; **Ravi Amaratunga** demands that you attend

It's often the case that Cambridge's best events pass us by, little gems hidden under the plethora of posters smothering faculty boards and JCRs. It is also often the case that the reason that we ignore most

in academia, sports, journalism, music, sex, whatever. Cambridge has its downsides (vomit outside Gardies and Red Bull-fuelled all-nighters), but this is an occasion to reap its benefits.

new, post-Carnation Revolution generation of film-makers, whose films are of an uncommon, edgy, hard poetic beauty, and to the fact that their films speak to us about youth, and its aftermath; that is to say, of

You will take their memory home with you, with disquiet." This comes at a time when the Portuguese Tripos has gone to the brink of extinction and battled its way back, narrowly avoiding the same fate which befell Hindi and Sanskrit; it provides a welcome boost to those who would preserve Portuguese culture at Cambridge.

Colossal Youth is more than just a festival offering rare, beautiful and different films; it is also a celebration, a show of solidarity and a showreel of the value of Portuguese culture and cinema, something many of us (including me) know little about. The whole event is free, so laziness can be the only excuse for not going. These films will challenge you, but if you like to be challenged, then make the effort to come either tonight, tomorrow afternoon or tomorrow evening. A great deal of dedication and passion from Dr Vieira and others has gone into giving us this rare glimpse of Portuguese culture: don't miss your chance to experience it.

The films will be shown in the Buckingham House Lecture Theatre, New Hall, off Huntingdon Road.

"The festival is offering up three socially engaged, hard-edged films give us a far better insight into this crumbling ex-colonial power on the edge of the continent than Ronaldo and Mourinho ever could."

of these posters is the large proportion of them advertise utter shite. Fortunately, there is one event that really is of genuine interest, offering more than your average May Ball launch, starting today at New Hall: a rare insight into Portuguese cinema. This may seem an obscure thing to champion; that is because it is obscure. Only a handful of Portuguese films have ever been shown in the UK, and that was in London in 1993. Needless to say, these films are extremely hard to access. But is that not the reason we're here? To be challenged, and learn new things that you'd never be able to learn anywhere else,

The Portuguese film festival, called Colossal Youth, has been organised by Mónica Brito Vieira. The Festival takes its name from the English title of Pedro Costa's last feature *Juventude em Marcha* (literally Youth on the March), named for a revolutionary slogan of the Carnation Revolution which in 1974 changed Portugal from the Western Europe's longest-lasting dictatorship to a democracy. Costa's film was one of the most controversial films at 2006's Cannes Film Festival, and Dr Vieira says that "applied to the [New Hall] festival as a whole, Costa's film title acquires a new meaning: it refers both to a

the loss of innocence, through different forms of disillusionment – war, abandonment, poverty."

The festival is offering up three socially engaged, hard-edged films, which took extraordinary lengths to acquire, as most are not available on any kind of format. They give us a far better insight into this crumbling ex-colonial power on the edge of the continent than Cristiano Ronaldo and José Mourinho ever could. As Pedro Costa puts it, "For me, the primary function of cinema is to make us feel that something isn't right." Dr Vieira insists that all the films showing "do exactly this, in different ways.

Great Works of Art in Cambridge #4: *L'Umana Fragilità (Human Frailty)* Salvator Rosa Fitzwilliam Museum

In the Italian room of the Fitzwilliam, thirty dark paintings loom above the viewer's head. As one walks through the room, the bending bodies of Biblical and classical characters appear amongst the cracked shine of the oil paint. Suddenly a cloud shifts in front of the sun and the room darkens, the sheen of the paintings is lifted momentarily and yellowing flesh pervades the room. A winged skeleton swoops down upon a young child, the feathers arched in sharp diagonals down towards the infant.

This is undoubtedly one of the most powerful images in the Fitzwilliam Collection. Salvator Rosa painted this scene in 1656, the year in which his brother and infant son died in an outbreak of the plague in Naples. It was a time in which life appeared more vulnerable than ever to this artist, known for his shady depictions. Death – the winged skeleton – hovers like a schoolmaster over the writing child. It is a disturbing image of childhood. The writing is, on closer inspection, a poem. It is a poem in Latin by Adam of St Victor, a poet of the twelfth century. The lines read: "Conception is sinful; birth is a punishment; life, hard labour; death inevitable." One wonders what the educational authorities would say if they were to witness this disturbing deviation from the syllabus.

The child sits Christ-like in the lap of his mother, who is swathed in the blue drapery normally associated with the Madonna. This is, however, no Madonna portrait. The mother and child are surrounded by darkness, and the painting is populated with disturbing symbols. The shadowy gaze of a sinister owl crouches in the corner of the painting. The owl is accompanied by the hippopotamus and a fish, both thought to represent hatred, violence and death. In another corner the nose of Terminus, the God of Death, creeps into the light.

There are two other small children, or *putti*, in the foreground. They are, however, not cavorting in a meadow. One lights a tow, a convention at the coronation of the Pope, at which time words are read out, saying "Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world." The other *putto* blows bubbles out of an oyster shell in the foreground. The bubbles, swift white dashes of paint, float for a moment before falling towards the ground. One has almost reached the ground, and lands amidst a thistle branch and several knives lying on the ground dangerously close to the naked feet of the children. This is any parent's nightmare, in which the vulnerable humans in Rosa's reality are encircled by the menacing creatures of his imagination.

Orlando Reade



Salvator Rosa 1615-73
L'Umana Fragilità c.1656

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM

Sidney Success

Toby Chadd chats with **David Skinner**, director of one of Cambridge's less well-known choirs

When Dr David Skinner arrived at Sidney Sussex in 2006 the College had never previously appointed a Director of Music. A renowned expert in both the academics and practice of early music, Skinner came fresh from working with, among others, the Tallis Scholars and The Sixteen; on arrival at Sidney he was faced with a choir of six. In October 2007, a year later, Sidney released a CD of Thomas Tomkins' music, and this month it has been named CD of the Month by Gramophone Magazine. To put this in perspective, this means that the world's most comprehensive music magazine reckons it's the world's best music CD this month; no other Oxbridge college has ever claimed this accolade.

Listening to the CD, *These Distracted Times*, is the best way to understand this meteoric rise. It opens with an instrumental piece played by Fretwork, a professional group, which is performed with a lilting sense of structure and movement which imbues the piece with real purpose and

life. The choral pieces which follow, performed by the Sidney Chapel Choir and solo quartet Alamire, build on this sense of personality; the music feels as if it is being discovered as it is being sung. The sopranos in particular, with their delightful sense of easing into lines which arch effortlessly over sustained and expressive accompaniment from the lower voices, give a feeling of excitement bridled by an awareness of musical line and progression. The per-

formance displaces the more usually acclaimed polish and absolute unity and yet excels in assertively replacing it with a most distinctively personal and feeling interpretation.

Meeting David Skinner last week I was struck by this sense of personality, an innate combination of academic scholarship combined with a warmth and deep concern about his work at Sidney. Skinner unashamedly demonstrates a wide-ranging and insatiable ambition: whether talking about the forthcoming renovation of the chapel and the installation of a new organ or the choir's recording tour to Bavaria in July, he is both deeply concerned with the choir's progress and yet still able to grant them the credit and individuality they clearly merit. It is this very combination which makes the choir so exciting –

Skinner provides the musical and commercial framework within which this talented choir can be allowed to flourish.

“Sidney have staked their claim for a musical reputation in line with the top Oxbridge colleges”

The choir's sound, then, is a new one; so too is this presentation of Tomkins' music. The informative and balanced CD notes Skinner provides emphasise the theme of the title, *These Distracted Times*, with Tomkins writing at a time when Cromwell's puritanical dictatorship threatened to destroy the rich English seventeenth century musical scene. Appropriately, the choir excels in the most reflective pieces; the measured presentation of the last track, *My Help Cometh From the Lord*, shows sensitivity to the Biblical text in swelling towards uplifting moments of hope whilst maintaining an atmosphere of

introspective tranquillity. For me the highlight is *Hear My Prayer O Lord*, sung responsorially between the distinctive bass Robert MacDonald and the choir, before MacDonald joins in a duet with Sidney's soprano Mili Gellert to herald an ending involving the whole choir. Accompanied by viols, the piece showcases MacDonald whilst allowing Skinner's sensitive direction to bring the choir into full textual prominence at the end of the piece. The ending phrase, "O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength: before I go hence, and be no more seen" is expressed with an appropriate sense of poignant conclusion.

Sidney have found a niche for themselves in the busy recording world and have, perhaps more importantly, staked their claim for a musical reputation in line with the top Oxbridge colleges. It would be a great pity if, as their repertoire and reputation expands, they were to lose their distinctively personal sound so exquisitely relayed in this first release. Skinner seems, with his sensitivity and head for the most dizzying of musical heights, just the man to continue the course he has so powerfully started.



view from the groundlings



Everyone in Cambridge seems to love a bit of Shakespeare, judging from the number of times it gets put on. But why is that? One fellow Englisher endowed with a particular way with words seemed to think it was simple: “(a) – it doesn’t have any rights. So it’s cheap. And (b) – all the punters love Shakespeare. Cos he’s famous, innit”.

Fears that my student loan and future years of debt are funding a similar level of eloquence aside, I suppose he had a point.

But as a girl, this preference can be a bit galling: not to say the plays aren’t pretty good, n that. But most of the good parts are for boys. Why is it that two of our university’s most exciting dramatic opportunities, ETG and CAST, both have to be Shakespeare? We’ve just had Julius Caesar, and with plans in the pipeline for a Henry V, that means both will be plays in which the male roles outnumber and overshadow the women to a huge extent: there is a reason JC isn’t called ‘Portia’. Indeed, the very titles of so many Shakespeare plays are themselves indicative: Hamlet, King Lear, Macbeth, Othello, Julius Caesar, Coriolanus, Henrys IV, V, VI, VIII...you get the point: the protagonists are men.

So I think we have to ask if it’s really reasonable or fair to stage these works so often, particularly in light of the commonly acknowledged fact that there are far more girls who want to act here than boys. The argument for putting girls in boys’ roles is one thing, but seems to be missing the point it illustrates, and it is no coincidence that few boys are queueing up for the girls’ parts in return. Is it not then time to break with tradition? I’m not saying Shakespeare should never be put on, far from it. And I don’t want to deny the boys such fantastic roles, but the girls need them in their own right as well.

Luckily, the vista is not completely bleak: next week’s V-Day heralds the all-female cast of the Vagina Monologues, and the boundless mirthful opportunities to take your male friends listen to tirades about “My Angry Vagina” or to hear about the “coochie snorcher that could”, all in the name of raising money in aid of combating violence against women. But it shouldn’t take such a worthy cause for girls to get the leads. Thank god for a certain lateshow on this week at Corpus, some would say...

Alex Reza

Follies ADC

Dir: Jonathon Pease

Theatre

★★★★★

An enticingly tattered proscenium arch; scantily clad girls with feathers in their hair: it all starts off so promisingly for Jonathon Pease’s hit-and-miss production of ‘Follies’. As the frustrated, middle-aged reunion guests are forced to face their youthful counterparts, a bitter appraisal of their misdirected lives begins among the pillars of the crumbling theatre.

Unfortunately, this particular theatre is not visibly crumbling: other than a raised platform for musicians, the stage is barren. Whilst this affords the large cast dancing space, it misses an op-

portunity for creating a suitable atmosphere. Costume-wise, ‘Follies’ should also have massive potential: think faded glamour; mutton dressed as lamb, and good old Twenties musical-hall sequins. However, this production again misses a trick with several safety-pin, bra-strap and ill-fitting suit issues which could have been easily resolved.

What musicals should mainly be judged on, however, is the singing. ‘Carlotta Champion’ (Eve Rosato) is exceptionally good, seamlessly moving from embittered actress to vamp during the stunning number ‘I’m Still

Here’ – and even out of the limelight, her stage presence never falters. The humorous quartet ‘You’re Gonna Love Tomorrow / Love Will See Us Through’ is also noteworthy: Chris Webb’s ‘Young Ben’ displays optimism so violent as to be completely terrifying. But, generally, an imbalance between orchestra and radio-mike volumes make it difficult to hear what anybody is actually singing about during the solo numbers, however, and for a musical as confusing and fragmented as Follies, this poses a serious problem.

Alice Tarbuck



TIM JOHNS

Dinner ADC

Dir: Tim Checkley

Theatre

★★★★★

It’s hard to see why anyone would go to two of Paige’s dinner parties. She’s cold, rude and beautiful, attempting to destroy her husband while serving up a series of metaphor-heavy dishes. Her husband, Lars, is a Dawkinsite popular philosopher, as shallow as his book’s absurd self-help dicta. As usual when we see a couple hosting a party on stage, their marriage disintegrates. Eleanor Massie is convincingly hateful and her best moment comes when she presents her guests with lobsters, inviting them to choose between throwing them in the boiling pot or the pond outside. The moral choice is fatuous, but director Tim Checkley’s decision to use live lobsters is a good one: the beast writhes in Paige’s delicate fingers, a tail arching threateningly.

The lobsters are a classy (and cruel) addition to a set that succeeds in making the ADC stage look like a nouveau riche dining room.

The play is funny: I especially liked artist Wynne’s description of her work ‘Bob Pattison’s Cock’ and Paige’s vegetarian option of a raw cabbage. However, its scattergun approach to Contemporary Issues is dull. There is no engagement with the losses involved in the suicide, war, cancer, miscarriage and the rest that the characters briefly blazon only to drop for another nasty stab at a spouse. This is a problem with the text, not with Checkley’s production, and the director makes good work of a play that is diverting, sleek and sinister, if not nearly so clever as it thinks it is.

Jeff James

Marguerita, played with spell-binding intensity by Amy Watson, is weighed down not only by loss and regret but also by two tartan plastic shopping bags. A mixture of the two archetypal carriers of capacious hold-alls, she is at once an other-worldly Mary Poppins and, at the same time, a crazy bag-lady who shreds newspapers to form a hamster-nest of despair as her horrific story unfolds.

Two Marias is a play about love, death and corpse-swapping. Alexandra Reza and Derica Shields’ direction prevent Bryony Lavery’s complex script from becoming confusing. In particular,

they deftly handle the ambiguous relationship between the corporeal Maria and the spectral character of Maria del Morte/del Amor (Michal Ish-Horowicz), the survivor of a fatal car-accident. This narrative intricacy is offset by a simple but evocative set – the gaudy print of the curtain and the chair might have been pilfered from an Almodóvar film – and Matti Navellou’s guitar-playing also suggests a Spanish context.

The play aims to trace connections between the two accounts of maternal love and confused identity: Julia’s daughter Maria

feels she has spent her life ‘being the wrong person’; Maria del Amor awakes from a coma to find that everyone believes her to be someone else. That these parallels are rather one-dimensional is the fault of the script rather than the actors: the central story of Marguerita’s double loss of her daughter is so powerful that the subplot of Julia’s refusal to accept Maria’s homosexuality is at times an irritating distraction. Overall, however, Two Marias is an impressive and nuanced production, and Watson’s electrifying final break-down is worth the admission price alone. **Giulia Galastro**

Two Marias Corpus Christi Playroom

Dir: Alexandra Reza
Derica Shields

Theatre

★★★★★

American Eagle Corpus Christi Playroom

Dir: Ed Kiely

Theatre

★★★★★

American Eagle swoops, soars and swaggers its way through fifty years of history: seven actors, sixty characters, more hairpieces than Barbara Windsor could shake a stick at, and one particularly padded spandex suit.

This production, for the most part, moves at break-neck speed. No sooner has its protagonist ‘zowied’, ‘powwed’ and ‘socked’ one set of baddies into submission, than the next set move in. You have to hand it to the cast: they repeatedly fall onto a very hard-looking floor with great gusto. The tour de force performance, however, comes from Rowett: his

comic timing as the ballsy Eagle is impeccable. It’s worth going just to see his pre-superhero geek Bobby Brown, limply holding up his baseball glove behind some truly shocking spectacles.

American Eagle is not dissimilar to its hero’s jumpsuit: it’s bright, brash, brilliant, but there’s a little too much of it. Too many crises, too many baddies – was he Hitler, or Lenin, or a hybrid Nazi-KGB-Vietnamese gorilla? I thought we’d covered the fifty years of history promised us on the flier when the stage went quiet, but that was only the interval. Some moments are astute – the

admission that everyone expected America to win Vietnam, or the CIA’s description of these Iraqis not being the *right* Iraqis – but it’s less easy to countenance the switch from battling tyrannical world domination to the problems of child and drug abuse, far from the comic book’s usual terrain.

Volume aside, American Eagle does a great job. Packed with ridiculous wigs, dances and accents, the audience were rolling in the aisles. It’s a highly enjoyable hour and a half, and you might even learn something about politics as well.

Francesca Whitlum-Cooper

Hot Chip Made in the Dark

Album
★★★★★

Hot Chip are single-handedly making life worth living this month, as they release their third long-player during the most depressing week of the year. *Made in the Dark* is the sound of a band confident enough not only to play with their library of unexpected and amusing musical references, but also to play with the listener's idea of what a Hot Chip song should sound like. When your sound is typified by the constant element of surprise, it's difficult to come up with something outrageous enough give the listener a shock; Hot Chip achieve this not through their cheeky recollections of influences from Prince to Joy Division, but through moments of straightforward simplicity. These range from occasional screaming, to the disarming title track. Lamenting a broken relationship, Alexis Taylor's smooth, unapologetic vocals play softly over a bare piano and limping drum machine: "Since we fell apart I've been nothing but blue". It marks a return to some of the delicately mid-tempo songs, such as *Baby Said* from 2004's overlooked *Coming on Strong*, but, in recalling their first album in this way, shows just how far the band has come. The studied irony of that early offering, which paired wry lyrics with electronic pastiches of R'n'B, hasn't gone away. But crucially it is not the limiting factor it so easily could have become. Hot Chip succeed in achieving unabashed sincerity even amidst the playful triviality of *Bendable Poseable* and *Hold On* ("I'm only going to heaven if it tastes like caramel").

The electronic meltdown of *Hold On* is followed by *Wrestlers*. I don't have a clue how to describe this, but if you know early Hot Chip, imagine *Playboy* scratched like old-skool hip hop, except there's a lolloping keyboard



instead of decks. And it's all in wrestling speak that deliberately breaks down – "Half Nelson Full Nelson Willy Nelson". But it's about sex. It's that irresistible ironic-sincere paradox again, where the content seems to be taking the piss, but the delivery certainly isn't.

This is a band delighting in its lack of self-importance, who on their third album have managed to combine the references, rhythms and ironies of the first album with the danceability and ingenious melodies of the second. Hot Chip think like a DJ: the album runs like a great set, picking apart, reconstructing, teasing and treating us. Their second album *The Warning* finds worthy elder brothers in *Hold On* and lead single *Ready for the Floor*, a song that elicits the kind of bouncing and stamping that accompanied *Over and Over* on its unexpected journey to dance-floor ubiquity. Live favourite *One Pure Thought* starts like a shit album track from the *Kooks*, but after a minute kicks into the kind of insistent, irresistible hot-stepping pop Hot Chip uniquely call their own. Added to this, as my friend observed, it also sounds a little bit like *The Lion Sleeps Tonight*.

Made in the Dark is the sound of a band gleefully riding one massive exponential curve that gives no sign of tailing off. Jump on it before they become untouchable.

Lowri Jenkins



Ronald Searle Ruskin Gallery, ARU

Art
★★★★★

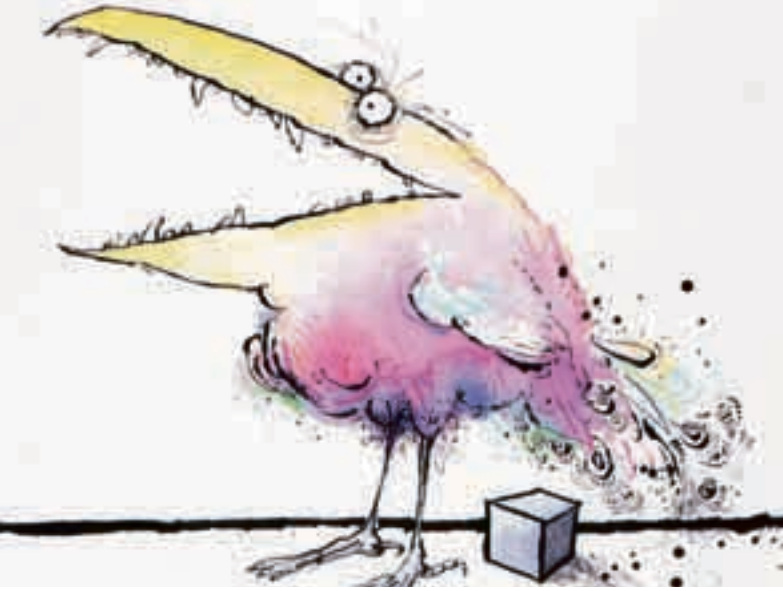
Ronald Searle has been drawing for over eighty years, since attending the Cambridge School of Art (now transformed into ARU), and this exhibition provides a rare opportunity to see some of his brilliant work at first hand. Searle has a very distinctive style but he is also versatile. The work on display covers the range of graphic art that he has mastered.

Always the most surprising are the war drawings Searle made as prisoner of the Japanese in 1942. Appointing himself 'unofficial war artist', Searle was adamant that the cruelty and death he witnessed must be documented. He stole time, during the gruelling eighteen-hour days the prisoners were forced to work, to

draw what he saw in secret, and hid his drawings under the bodies of the men dying of cholera around him.

Searle's humorous work is easier to digest. There are comic caricatures of real and imagined thespians, politicians, schoolchildren (including some of the original work for St Trinian's), children's book illustrations, advertisements, and portraits. He uses a range of media – ink, pencil, water-colour, crayon, chalk – and you can see the scratches, smudges and preliminary lines. This exhibition is in no ways a definitive retrospective, but it is a wonderful chance to see a snippet of original work from a master of graphic art.

Anna Trench



Rex Futurus The Round Church

Dir: Jennifer Blair
Theatre
★★★★★

Writer/director Jennifer Blair, in her loose reconstruction of Books One, Seven and Eight of Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*, aligns herself with a round table of writers: Tennyson, John Steinbeck and Stephen King to name a few. The play, devised partly by members of the cast, provides a serviceable digest of the best-known episodes, with promising psychological additions: notably, the private dialogues between the triad of lovers; Monty D'Inverno's complex Lancelot; Hannah Good's hard-as-nails Guinevere; Laurie Coldwell's potent Merlin and Quinbey Frey's ineffably refined and deceptively bird-like Nimue. The scene between young Morgan (Iona Blair) and young Mordred (Alex Higgs), in which the play's conflicting values of morality and Bacchic creativity are explored, if a little crudely, had an emotional

credibility and daring which is rare in Cambridge theatre. However, the rush through so much exposition means that the acting, though well sustained, is doomed to one-dimensionality and ensures that Blair's play remains, because of her admirable, but unrealistic ambition, a ghost between two forms.

The production was, nevertheless, slick. Lighting was sensitive; the costumes, though unimaginatively ahistorical and incongruously representational, still had a pleasing aesthetic. Brice Stratford's fight choreography was brutal, imaginative and acted with commitment: Seeing Ed Martineau and Alex Higgs engaged in seamlessly realistic action two yards away from us was very powerful. With more pace and substantial cuts, this show could rocket.

Camilla Greene

films

every right-minded person
should own



East of Eden Dir: Elia Kazan

The last entry in this column was *Andrei Rublev*, directed by *Andrei Tarkovsky*; apparently, that film "goes well beyond the confines imposed by derivative-linear plots". That's all very well for those who like their films slow-paced and Eastern European, but *East of Eden* does something very different. It tells the story, adapted from John Steinbeck's novel of the same name, of one American family's fortunes in the run-up to World War II.

James Dean's performance as the younger, more awkward brother Cal is absolutely masterful; it is for *Rebel Without a Cause* that he is most remembered, but it was his performance here which earned him an Oscar nomination, for it is far less mannered, and ultimately far more affecting. The improvised scene where he hugs his father, weeping, after the money he has earned from war profiteering is rejected, is as good acting as you will see in any Hollywood film.

The central theme of the film is the decomposition and partial reunification of one family, with the catalyst for the action being Cal's discovery that his mother is not dead (or "east of Eden"), but running a brothel in the neighbouring town. This discovery only intensifies his alienation from his father and his sheltered brother Aron, whose girlfriend Abra is seduced by Cal's unintentional magnetism. This premise has the potential to be extremely corny, but Dean and director Elia Kazan rescue it, and produce a moving account of three people bound together by accident of birth, trying to engage with, but stay separate from, a world on the brink of a war which should not affect small-town California, but which does; for all things are linked, and this film shows the impossibility of familial, personal or political isolation. The reconciliation seen at the film's conclusion, when Aron has gone off to war and his bedridden father realises that he cannot lose his other son, shows the characters' realisation of this undeniable truth.

East of Eden is not really a film for cinephiles. It is a film for anyone, exploring themes of family, alienation, war and love, and it is visually magnificent in its own way, presenting the lush Salinas Valley as a true Eden, albeit one which is apt to be frequently and rudely interrupted; this is both a paradise lost, and one regained, and the film is a tiny speck of genius in the sea of dull pretension that cinema can so often occupy.

Hugo Gye

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Friday 8 Feb – Thursday 14 Feb

PENELOPE (U) (1h50) (NFT) Daily 10.50
(Not Fri) 13.10 15.30 17.50

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Daily 10.00 (Not Fri) 12.15

P.S. I LOVE YOU (12a) (2h30) Daily 14.30

ST. TRINIANS (12a) (2h) Daily 20.10

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Sat Late 23.10

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BATS

	film	theatre	music	other	going out
<div><div>pick of the week</div></div>	<div><div>Juno</div><div>Fri 8th Feb - Thurs 14th Feb, Arts Picturehouse and Vue, various times.</div><div></div><div>The long-awaited Reitman follow up is finally here, and it looks like it's going to be just as popular as Thank You For Smoking. Ellen Page stars as Juno, the teenage girl who, upon discovering she's pregnant, decides to find her unborn child the perfect parents...</div></div>	<div><div>Rope</div><div>Tue 12th - Sat 16th Feb, Pembroke New Cellars, 22.00</div><div>Hamilton's thriller set in the 1920's sees two Oxbridge students deciding to murder a fellow student, and then to hide him in a chest in their flat, justifying their actions as "intellectual pursuit". So, your original Hollow Grave then. Sort of. What's more, they decide to invite the dead boy's father and aunt round for a party before disposing of the body. Just your average student night in, really. Don't get any ideas...</div></div>	<div><div>Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly</div><div>Wed 14th, The Junction, 19.00, £9.50</div><div>Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly. is possibly the only band in the world with three complete sentences in its title. Sam Duckworth is clearly trying to make up for having the least rock star sounding name in the world. Despite this, he makes some pretty good tunes. A sort of acoustic guitar meets laptop meets emo combo. Should be good.</div></div>	<div><div>Simon Winchester: 'The Unanticipated Pleasures of the Writing Life'</div><div>Fri 8 Feb, Lady Mitchell Hall, 17.30-18.30</div><div>As part of the Darwin College Lecture Series on serendipity, Simon Winchester, the bestselling author of books on Krakatoa, the Oxford English Dictionary, and the world's first geological map, will talk about the events that led to him abandoning his career in geology for a life in writing.</div></div>	<div><div>Skream (DJ set)</div><div>Wed 13th, Emma Bar, Emmanuel College, 21.00-00.00, £3-£6</div><div>At 21, Skream is young enough to be an undergrad, yet he's helped shape an entire genre, dubstep. Midnight Request Line, his signature track, is still, 3 years after its release, the genre's biggest moment. His sound is characterised by a melodicism often missing from his peers' work, but he's just as uncompromising on the low-end frequencies. It's the kind of music that hits you in the stomach, and should have everyone lurching in double-time.</div></div>
friday	<div><div>Cloverfield</div><div>Vue, 12.40, 14.50, 17.10, 19.20, 21.30, 23.40</div><div>The Diving Bell and the Butterfly</div><div>Arts Picturehouse, 16.00, 18.30, 21.00</div></div>	<div><div>American Eagle</div><div>Corpus Playrooms, 19.00</div><div>Rex Futurus</div><div>Round Church, 19.30</div><div>Dinner</div><div>ADC Theatre, 19.45</div></div>	<div><div>Bombay Bicycle Club</div><div>Clare Cellars, 21.00, £4</div><div>These talented North London teenagers play superior indie. They know how to jerk and swoon.</div></div>	<div><div>Simon Winchester</div><div>Lady Mitchell Hall, 17.30-18.30</div><div>See pick of the week.</div></div>	<div><div>Latin Mass</div><div>King's Cellar Bar, 22.00-01.00</div><div>Salsa night, with DJ Vish manning the decks.</div><div>Shut Up and Dance!</div><div>The Union, 21.00-01.00</div></div>
saturday	<div><div>Juno</div><div>Arts Picturehouse, 12.30, 14.40, 19.00, 21.20</div><div>Wings of Desire</div><div>Old Labs, Newnham, 20.00, free.</div></div>	<div><div>Follies</div><div>ADC Theatre, 23.00</div><div>Two Marias</div><div>Corpus Playrooms, 21.30</div><div>Rex Futurus</div><div>Round Church, 19.30</div></div>	<div><div>Acoustic Night</div><div>Man on the Moon, 20.00</div><div>An acoustic night no doubt.</div></div>	<div><div>Momentary Momentum: animated drawings</div><div>Kettle's Yard, Castle Street, 11.30-17.00, free</div></div>	<div><div>P is for... Party!</div><div>Queen's, 21.00-00.45, £5, student ID required</div><div>Queen's Ents celebrates its 10 year anniversary.</div></div>
sunday	<div><div>The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant</div><div>Arts Picturehouse, 14.15</div><div>Over Her Dead Body</div><div>Vue, 11.10, 13.30, 15.50, 18.20, 20.45</div></div>	<div><div>Day of rest etc. etc.</div></div>	<div><div>One Night Only</div><div>The Graduate, 19.30, £5</div><div>These guys are from Helmsely. I used to go there as a kid. There is a castle there and a shop selling game pie.</div></div>	<div><div>Songs in the Dark</div><div>Clowns, 20.00, free</div><div>Acoustic music evening featuring Cambridge musicians.</div></div>	<div><div>The Sunday Service</div><div>Twenty Two, 22.00-03.00</div></div>
monday	<div><div>The Saragossa Manuscript</div><div>Arts Picturehouse, 16.00</div><div>National Treasure: Book of Secrets</div><div>Vue, 11.30, 14.00, 17.30, 20.30</div><div>Sweeney Todd</div><div>Vue, 17.20, 20.00</div></div>	<div><div>The Pirates of Penzance</div><div>Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45</div></div>	<div><div>Pistolas</div><div>The Graduate, 19.30, £5</div><div>More of this nu-rave rock disco stuff. Go along if you can still stomach such things</div></div>	<div><div>Bernard Lavigne</div><div>Chamber; Cambridge Union, 19.15-21.15, members</div><div>Lavigne is a French judge who has worked for the international court, specifically in Congo.</div></div>	<div><div>Fat Poppadaddys</div><div>Fez, 22.00-03.30, £3 before 11, £4 after</div></div>
tuesday	<div><div>Juno</div><div>Arts Picturehouse, 12.30, 14.40, 19.00, 21.20</div><div>Penelope</div><div>Vue, 10.50, 13.10, 15.30, 17.50</div><div>The Saragossa Manuscript</div><div>Arts Picturehouse, 20.20</div></div>	<div><div>Something/Nothing</div><div>Corpus Playrooms, 21.30</div><div>Rope</div><div>Pembroke New Cellars, 22.00</div><div>White Devil</div><div>ADC Theatre, 19.45</div></div>	<div><div>Johnny Flynn</div><div>The Graduate, 19.30, £5</div><div>Folky bluesy stuff from the deep south (London)</div></div>	<div><div>Jazz piano: Hines to Taylor</div><div>Lecture Room 1, Concert Hall, Music Faculty, 19.30-21.30, £6/£4</div><div>A talk from Geoffrey Coombe and friends..</div></div>	<div><div>Ebonics</div><div>Fez, 22.00-03.00, £2 before 11, £4 after</div></div>
wednesday	<div><div>The Diving Bell and the Butterfly</div><div>Arts Picturehouse, 11.00, 16.00, 18.30, 21.00</div><div>Definitely, Maybe</div><div>Vue, 12.00, 14.40, 17.40, 20.20</div></div>	<div><div>The Vagina Monologues</div><div>Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens', 23.00</div><div>Skates</div><div>ADC Theatre, 23.00</div><div>Rope</div><div>Pembroke New Cellars, 22.00</div></div>	<div><div>Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly</div><div>The Junction, 19.00, £9.50</div><div>See pick of the week.</div></div>	<div><div>French Tapestry and Illustration</div><div>Fitzwilliam Museum, 10.00-17.00, free</div><div>Exhibition begins on Tuesday 12th</div></div>	<div><div>Skream</div><div>Emma Bar, Emmanuel, 21.00-00.00, £3-£6</div><div>See pick of the week</div></div>
thursday	<div><div>Mirror</div><div>Arts Picturehouse, 17.00</div><div>The Saragossa Manuscript</div><div>Arts Picturehouse, 15.00</div><div>Juno</div><div>Vue, 11.20, 13.40, 16.10, 18.30, 21.00</div></div>	<div><div>Something/Nothing</div><div>Corpus Playrooms, 21.30</div><div>White Devil</div><div>ADC Theatre, 19.45</div><div>Skates</div><div>ADC Theatre, 23.00</div></div>	<div><div>Britten Sinfonia</div><div>West Road Concert Hall, 19.30, £27</div><div>Bach, Vivaldi, and Brett Dean Short Stories</div></div>	<div><div>This house believes that global warming is a scare story</div><div>Chamber; Cambridge Union, 19.30-21.30, members</div></div>	<div><div>MJ Cole</div><div>Fez, 22.00-03.00, £5-£7</div><div>Smooove house and garage for the lovers.</div></div>

More...

Theatre

White Devil

Tues 12th Feb - Sat 16th Feb, ADC Theatre, 19.45

Under the dark, dank February sky, a dazzling light will shine. She is The White Devil. And like a mine of diamonds, she refuses to break. Atop the chequered marble of an Italian court, a game of chess will be

staged; some will play dukes, others must play pawns. The key to survival is clever moves and viciousness. It's theatre, after all. Webster's tragedy is crueller, darker and more seductive than any of Shakespeare's and the name of The White Devil is already resounding through Cambridge as anticipation builds for what promises to be the theatrical thriller of the year.



Going Out

Shut Up and Dance! with Fat Poppadaddys

Fri 8th Feb
The Union,
21:00-01:00

It's the end of a short but enjoyable era as Shut Up and Dance! leaves the Union to take residence elsewhere. They say goodbye in style with crowd favourites Fat Poppadaddys on the decks.

Free Stuff

Songs in the dark
Free Music, Sun 10th Jan, Clown's, 8pm

Wings of Desire
Free Film, Sat 9th, Newnham Old Labs 8pm

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» Four lone rangers take the Varsity Gambling Challenge with nothing but £25 and their

HENRY "SNAKE-EYES" STANNARD
Sports Editor



Giving me £25 to play with for a week in the hope that I will make enough money is like putting a hedge fund in the hands of a nine year old. Although I've been a gambler since childhood, my only major success came over the summer drunkenly putting a week's wages on Brazil to beat Argentina at 10-3, and even when they ended up winning at a canter I was still genuinely suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder weeks later.



Vassell: Mr Useless failed to strike again

The first two nights only confirmed my greatest fears – West Brom were kicked all over by the park by Preston and the useless charlatans at Man City ruined my beautiful four-way 5-1 accumulator by failing to beat an absolutely hopeless Derby side.

Saturday afternoon wasn't too great for me either, losing almost all the money I had won on Arsenal at lunchtime on confusedly backing a couple of Premiership draws.

That evening, however, desperate attempt to escape the emasculation

of my girlfriend fixing my abysmally-prepared starter at a dinner party, I retreated to the warm glow of the interweb to cast around for a few bets, where two fixtures caught my ignorant eye – a French race track were away at Bordeaux, and Porto were playing a University. Ignorance is, of course, bliss and both bets came through to put me in profit for the first time.

On Sunday Newcastle, the Vin Diesel of the Premiership, were obviously not going to beat local rivals Boro, and France would undoubtedly destroy Scotland, who haven't scored a try for about a decade. Despite the fact that neither Valladolid nor Santander managed to even look like winning, my early winnings kept me on a slight profit for the day.

With judgement day drawing closer I decided not to risk anything on the Rugby League, not wanting to put my trust in a bunch of Northerners too thick to learn how to play properly. The Super Bowl, however, was different. The 12.5 handicap given to the Giants at first sight looked a little generous, given that no final is ever normally that one sided. That said, one of the only things I did know about the game was that Eli Manning was their equivalent of Phil Neville and, remembering that my first ever really painful loss was thanks to the mule-faced Manc deciding that lunging at a player dribbling out of play in the six yard box was a necessary defensive measure, my gambling con-

science went into meltdown.

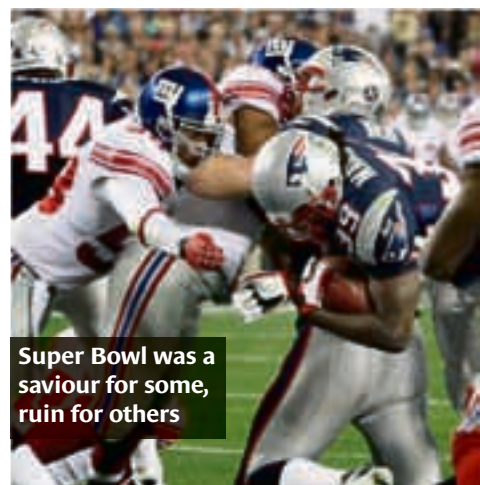
Fast forward to midnight when, bored to sodomy by the prospect of finishing my essay, I decided to see what all the fuss was about. With the score still only 7-3 Patriots and the Giants' handicap locked at +10, I ignored every rule in the book and put the lot on a Giants handicap victory, doubling my original stake in the process. Eli Manning may have been ineffectual for most of the game, but the Giants' Trojan-like defence gave him the opportunity to write his name in history in the final minute.

The trick to gambling is not working out whether the odds are good, but how much you are willing to stake. I almost doubled my total with a single overgenerously priced wager. Bookies being bookies, there are never going to be many opportunities like that, when the odds of something happening are vastly more likely than those that are given. However, with the number of gambling markets increasing exponentially and computers rather than humans setting many of the odds in many of the less popular ones, there are always going to be holes to exploit – it's just a case of finding them.

ED "PRETTY BOY" PEACE
Resident Gambler



For someone who spent an unhealthy portion of their teenage years trying to persuade their older brother to visit the local bookmaker's for them, it would be nice to think I've built up some understanding of what to look for in a winning bet. The negative figure glaring up at me from my PaddyPower account statement suggests otherwise.



Super Bowl was a saviour for some, ruin for others

Overcome by the novelty of a bookmaker actually giving money away, I started investing immediately in case PaddyPower changed their mind. With hindsight, I probably should have given greater consideration to what I was doing. As a rule of thumb, I always try

to avoid punting on my beloved Southampton. This isn't because I'm superstitious and don't want to tempt fate, it's just that, nine times out of ten, they're hopeless. But after skimming through the markets, I couldn't resist the Evens being offered on them to beat Norwich at home. A few quid on that and Sunderland to draw with Birmingham and I was confident I'd be off to a flyer. Two hours later I was crying into my pint as both bets crumbled.

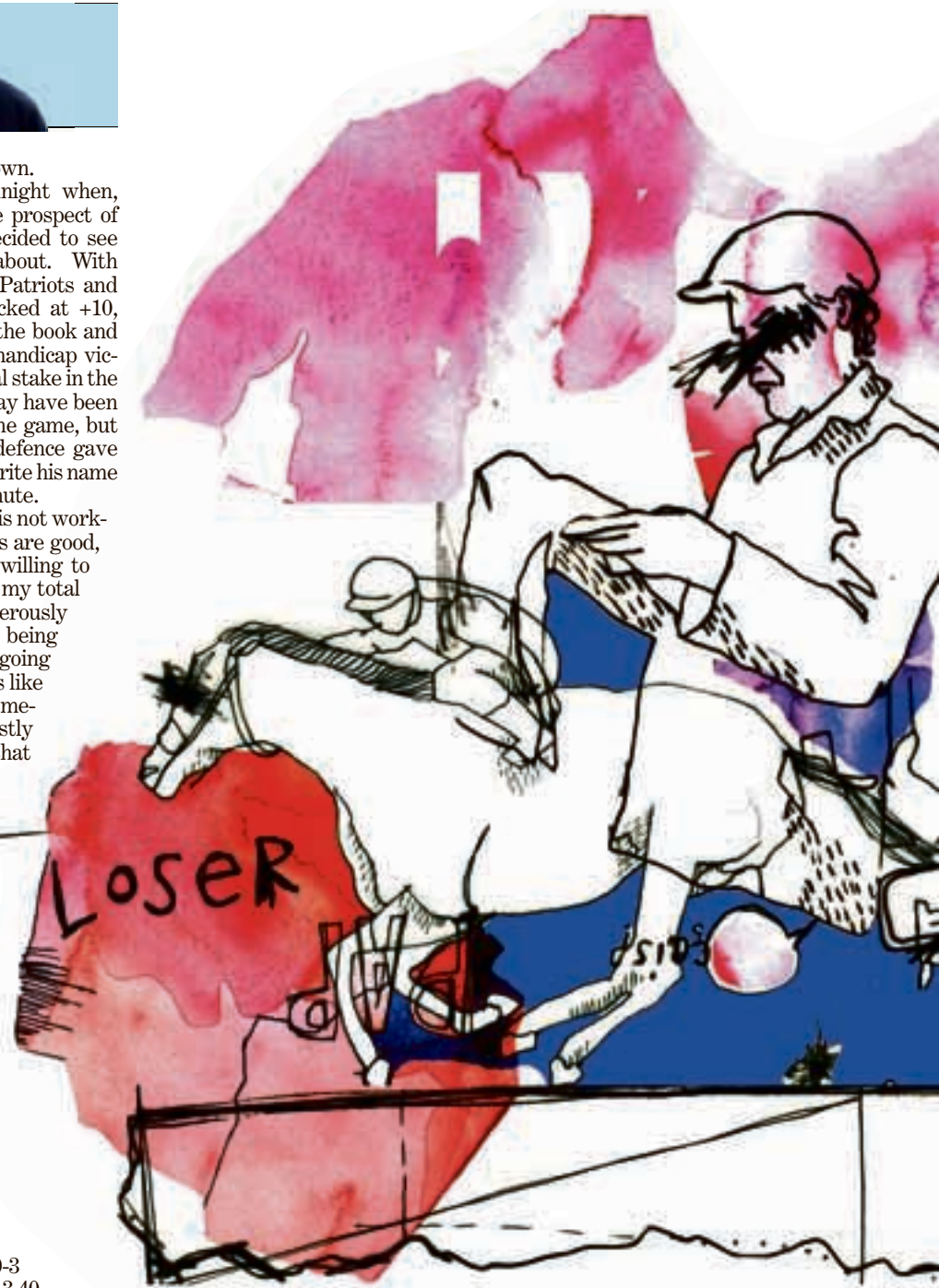
Whilst most students were heading out to Queens' Ents or Clare Cellars on Friday night, I, with only a Racing Post for company, was staying in to try and pick some winners from Kempton Park. Again though, things didn't really go according to plan. Both Royal Amnesty and One Night in Paris ran with the sort of enthusiasm you'd associate with Ashley Cole's views on marital fidelity and I lost bigtime.

Things were starting to get desperate. I'd reached the weekend without picking a single winner and the account was starting to look as bare as Vanessa Feltz's kitchen cupboards. Focusing on a select number of carefully chosen bets clearly wasn't working, so it was time for a change of strategy. I got my finger stuck into as many pies as possible on Saturday in the hope that something would come good. Finally, at 2.40pm, that elusive winner materialised. My meagre winnings on Arsenal beating Man City probably weren't going to send PaddyPower into administration, but at least they stopped the rut and acted as the catalyst for a decent winning streak. Gungadu's triumph

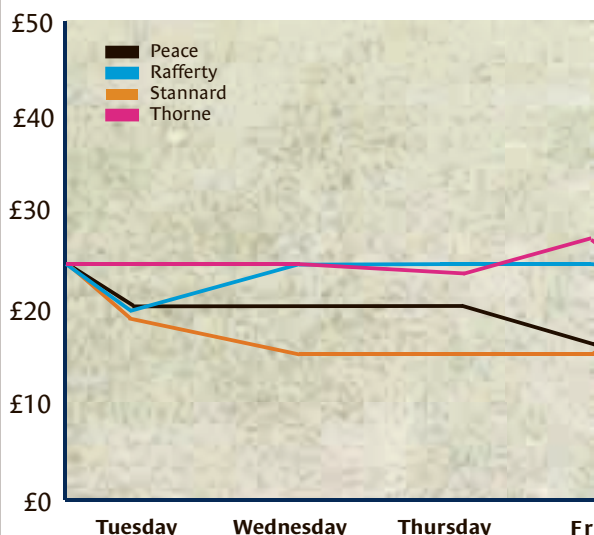
at 10-3 in the 3.40 from Sandown and Liverpool's demolition of Sunderland meant that I was able to recoup most of my losses in the space of an afternoon.

After a relatively quiet day on Sunday where Villa's loss of resolve at Fulham was offset by Dee-Ee Williams at Fontwell, it all came down to Monday. Having wrestled my way back to evens I was determined not to undo the weekend's hard work. With precious little else to focus on, the African Cup of Nations would have to do as the site for my final battle before the midnight deadline. I'll openly admit that I know very little about African football. Therefore, it's probably not surprising that things finished as they did. After losing money on the opening goal time in the first half of the Cameroon vs Tunisia match, I desperately scrambled to recuperate my losses in the second half. But, by the time the final whistle blew, all hopes of finishing the week in the black were long gone.

As I spent a large part of last week swearing violently at my computer screen, an aggregate loss of a fiver probably isn't that bad a result. There really is no system that guarantees you a profit in this game. If you're that set on earning some cash just get a high-flying city internship, but otherwise there are few better past times to distract you from getting a degree!



How they lined up: the good,



Last Man Standing: Stannard, £52.08

rs

egos at stake

NIALL "THE RAZOR" RAFFERTY Resident Gambler



The suggestion of a gambling competition conjured endless possibilities: winning copious amounts of money, wiping the ever-present smile off Pretty-Boy Peace's face, and most importantly, proving that our column's success wasn't a one-off.

On further consideration, this task was fraught with danger. Not only was there the potential embarrassment of losing, a poor result could ruin our readership's faith in their favourite tipsters, and if worst came to worst, I could find myself writing for TCS next term!

At the beginning of the week, the odds on me triumphing in this PaddyPower sponsored competition were thinner than Peter Crouch's left leg. It all got off to a flying start when I successfully predicted that Middlesbrough and Wigan would fail to score more than two goals between them. A four way accumulator at odds of 14/1 fell agonisingly short when Notts County drew with

Brentford, and when results in the Sunderland/Birmingham and Charlton/Stoke matches failed to go my way, I surfaced on Wednesday morning to a negative balance. This was remedied the following evening when I staked £2 a piece on the Man U/Pompy 2-0 score-line, and the Everton/Spurs draw, leaving me with £25.26 going into the weekend.

Saturday started brightly with Arsenal ending Man City's unbeaten home record, but Leyton Orient's late equaliser put pay to my Southend/Huddersfield double. Then again, I was in no position to complain, seeing as Man United's 94th minute equaliser against Spurs salvaged my prediction of a draw, earning me £6.50 in the process. Normally, I stay away from horse-racing, especially in 'storm-like' conditions, when predicting winners is all the more difficult. However, I couldn't refuse a punt, and this cost me dearly. Straw Bear and Eric's Charm lost at Sandown, whilst Club Captain and Obe Royal failed to even place at Kempton: where was Derren Brown when I needed him?! If only I'd have been as disciplined as Fabio Capello's England regime, I'd have awoken on Sunday with a positive balance.

Come Saturday evening, I decided to chance my arm in PaddyPower's online poker. Entering a \$5 No-Limit Hold'em 'sit-and-go' six player tournament, I managed to turn my measly \$5 dollars into a more respectable \$21 in the short space of forty-five minutes.

With confidence in my gambling abilities as high as Pete Doherty at Glastonbury, and my balance nicely poised at £24.31, I decided to increase the stakes on Sunday: unsurprisingly, this was where it all went wrong. Staking £8 at evens on Roma and Werder Bremen both to

win seemed a 'dead cert', yet their opponents managed to turn the form book on its head to record surprise victories. Meanwhile, matters went from bad to worse as Aston Villa's rich vein of form was terminated by Fulham. It was easy to feel hard done by: the Cottagers have spent this season surrendering leads, not overturning deficits. This double-whammy left me as speechless as Gareth Gates, but consolation was provided by Genoa and Real Zaragoza clinching home wins.

Having plummeted from a healthy £24.31 to a meagre £10.67 in the space of 24 hours, and with only 4 hours remaining, I had no choice but to chase my losses. However, Monday night's football selection was limited at best, the only televised tie being the clash between Woking and Forest Green in the Setanta Shield (I'd never heard of this competition either!). Nonetheless, a bit of homework showed that despite Forest Green's healthier league position, they'd put all their eggs in the promotion basket, and were paying as little attention to the Shield as I had been. Therefore, I lumped £10.66 on Woking to triumph, which would have left me with a penny had they lost, but hey, that penny could have proved useful in helping me drown my sorrows. As it was, Forest Green's slump proved to be my saviour, netting me £18.41, and rescuing me from joining the likes of Amy Winehouse in rehab.

With a bit of background research, and having the faith to risk your hard-earned cash, there is money to be made, as well as a lot of excitement (or nervous tension) to be had. As the old saying goes: 'you have to speculate to accumulate', and although this week's results proved just as disappointing as Britney's comeback (it certainly left me tearing my hair out), who's to say the £18.41 that's left in the kitty won't be a three-figure sum by the end of next week!



Derren Brown: advocating psychology behind betting

LUKE "THE GOLDMINE" THORNE Sports Editor



Aside from winning a fiver off the rest of my family on the Grand National in 1996 (I spent it on some England football socks), this was, more or less, my first gambling experience. Consequently, I took the hard-headed approach; favourites are favourites because they normally win. A damning outlook on the 'magic' of sport maybe, but surely realistic?

First up, the second round of the Dubai Desert Classic. I decided to dive in with a four way accumulator. All quite generous odds these, Tiger apart, but then he was already leading and is rarely one to let things slip, so a certain banker. Similarly, although Els has not been on the best of form for a couple of years now, he can usually be relied upon to set a competitive score, and his Scandinavian playing partners, Stenson and Hansen, were sure to struggle in the desert heat. Howell, against rubbish opposition looked a safe bet, whilst I backed Bjorn to put in a more consistent score than Garcia without the pressure of the later rounds, which have been known to see him crumble.

Unfortunately, things did not go as planned; Stenson raced up the leader board throughout the second day, beating Els for the round and Howell's opposition turning out to be not so

rubbish. The 22 year-old relatively unknown Kaymer eventually came second overall, behind the ever-reliable Woods.

So six quid down the drain, what next? The weekend was a sporting fest, with Six Nations rugby, Premiership football and the Super Bowl. But before that, Australia hosted India in a Twenty20 international. In cricket, it's never wise to bet against Australia, but India are the current Twenty20 World Cup holders. I decided to abstain, but my eye was caught by a bet on the opening partnerships. Adam Gilchrist had recently announced his retirement from International cricket and there was no way he was going to leave quietly. As it was, India lost their first wicket for 5, so it was not a big ask. First return in the bank...

The weekend also drew the most favourable round for betting trebles in the Six Nations. With none of France, England or Ireland playing each other, three clear wins presented themselves. Of course, in such a situation there is always the chance of an upset, but when Ireland managed to scrape past Italy and England were cruising against Wales at half-time, I was feeling pretty confident - one thing you can rely on the French for is beating rubbish opposition. I watched in horror, therefore as England threw away, literally at times, their lead against Wales. The sheer awfulness of it almost suggested match-fixing, so complete was the turn around. They let themselves down, they let their country down and, worst of all, they let me down. Having said that, whilst most fingers were rightly pointed at England, the Welsh turn around was remarkable. Or not. It was sparked by substitutions breaking up the Osprey's monopoly, for which Gatland deserves more flak than he is currently

receiving. Still, another five pounds gone.

Next up the Premiership, and another treble. Worried about Tottenham's ability to score goals, I avoided United, but 4 pounds went on Arsenal, Chelsea and Liverpool to win. Liverpool, short of form, looked like the main risk, but Sunderland were, predictably, not enough of a challenge.

Instead, it was Redknapp's nuggetty Portsmouth who ruined things, getting a one-all draw out of Chelsea.

Finally, the Super Bowl.

As good as the Giants have been in the play-offs, the Patriots remained undefeated going into it, and with the plenty of previous Super Bowl experience were clear favourites. Also, Randy Moss, with 23 regular season touch downs and always Brady's favourite receiver seemed as likely to score as anyone. And he did, but it wasn't enough to stop Eli Manning leading the Giants to victory.

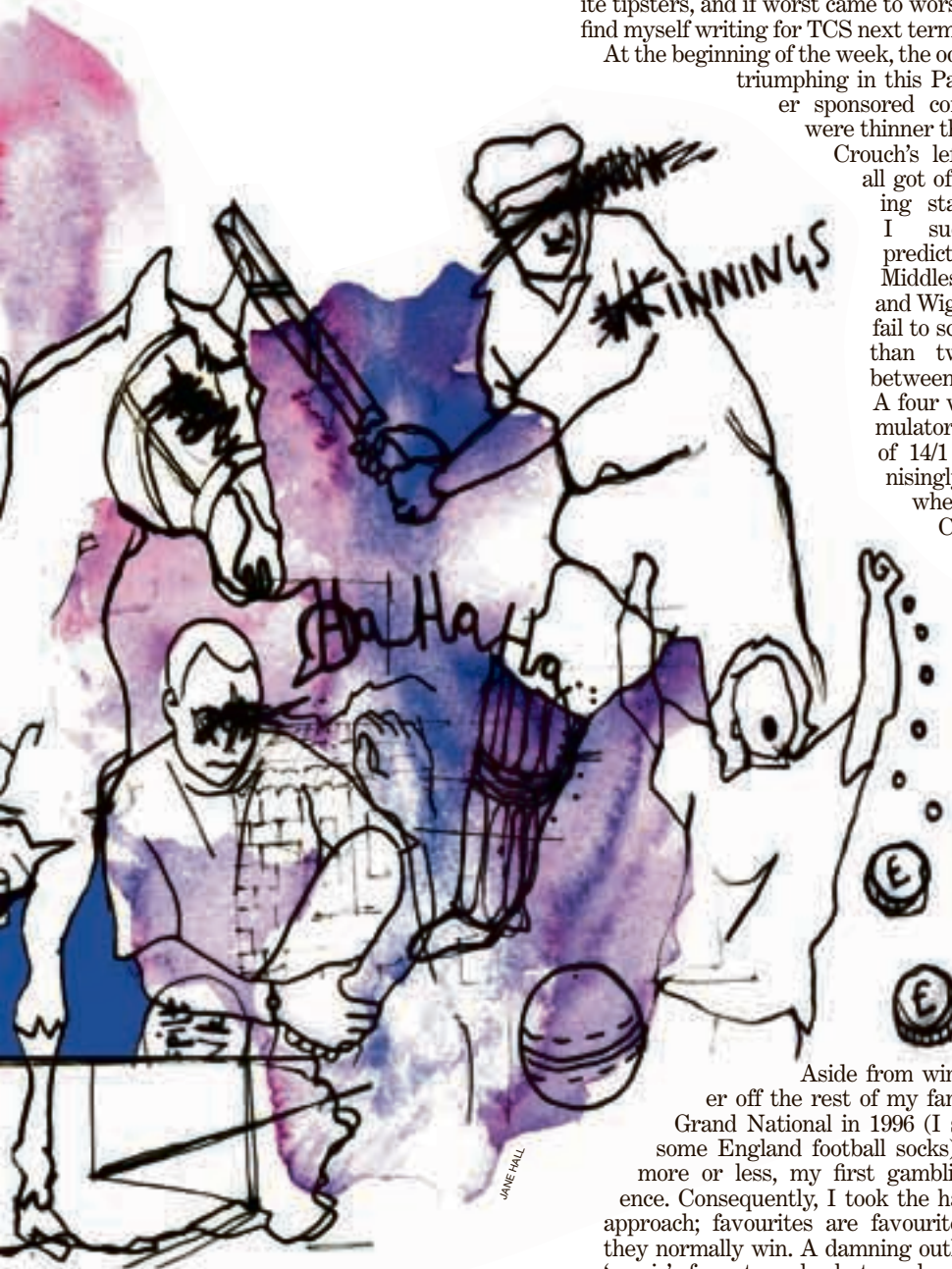
I'd like to be able to say that this weekend has been good for me in reaffirming my belief in the underdog and in the uncertainty of sport. It hasn't. It's just lost me money. But next time I will make the odd punt on a potential upset. I have learnt one lesson; never bet on England (even if it's New England), it's bad enough having to support them.



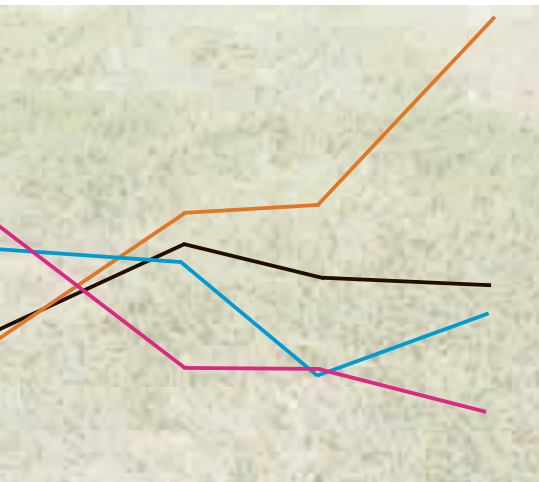
Hero of the week is Adam Gilchrist



Fortress Twickenham, where have you gone?



the bad and the awful




Six Feet Under: Thorne, £7.58

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Gamblers Unanimous

ED PEACE & NIALL RAFFERTY



It's been a difficult week. No sooner had we got over the painful news that our tipping achievements had not earned us recognition in the Varsity 100, than up popped Jimmy Bullard to topple the second leg of our Arsenal-Villa double. Thankfully the New York Giants did the business in the Superbowl, nudging the running total back towards the magic £30 mark.

This week our banker will be focussed on Barnsley's Oakwell ground, where West Bromich Albion will be hoping to cure their travel sickness. West Brom's inconsistent away form has prevented their breaking away from the Championship's chasing pack but they can get things right at Oakwell. Albion may not be as solid as they would like to be at the back but they have the best combination of attacking midfielders and forwards in the division. For their opponents Barnsley, Play-Off aspirations have been replaced by relegation fears after a dismal ten-match run which has featured just one victory. They were thumped 4-0 at Coventry on Saturday and, if they defend anywhere near as badly this weekend, another drubbing could be on the cards. West Brom have done the business for us before, so wise money is on Albion to steal all three points.

We travel across the Irish Sea for this week's prediction, where pre-race favourite The Listener should be able to chalk up his second win of the season in the Hennessy Cognac Gold Cup. The key to unlocking this trappy contest lies in the form of a race run back in December. Though beaten by two horses on that occasion, he came very close to causing an upset in conditions that didn't play to his strengths. With softer ground predicted for Sunday, he should be able to reverse the form and land the spoils at 5-2. And just in case you aren't convinced, favourites have an excellent record in this event. In the past five years they have romped home in front on five occasions.

This week's long shot takes the form of a four way accumulator. Accumulators may be notoriously hard to pick, but they can yield healthy returns. This Saturday, back Spurs and Everton to win in the Premier League, Cardiff in the Championship, and Swansea from League 1. Tottenham look like a team reborn under Juande Ramos and should have no trouble disposing of Derby, whilst Everton should ensure that Reading slump to their tenth away defeat of the season. Meanwhile, Cardiff have won their last five at home and Glenn Roeder's Norwich are unlikely to buckle the trend, whilst top of the league Swansea travel to a Crewe side who have slipped into the relegation zone after just one win in their last 14 league games.

THE BANKER	11-10
WEST BROM TO BEAT BARNSELEY	£4
PREDICTION	5-2
THE LISTENER TO WIN HENNESSY COGNAC GOLD CUP	£3 win
THE LONG SHOT	7-1
SWANSEA/CARDIFF/TOTTENHAM & EVERTON TO WIN	£2
RUNNING TOTAL: £27.80	

Blues men win sticks down

» Hockey men beat top of the table Exeter



Blues revert to a compact style to cope with Exeter pressure

CAMBRIDGE	3
EXETER	2

BECCA LANGTON
Sports Reporter

With visiting side Exeter holding the top spot in the Mens' National South Division, the Cambridge Blues faced a tough battle over the opening league weekend of this year. With just two teams separating Cambridge from the bottom of the table and a relegation battle imminent, points had to be won to ensure a chance of continuing to play at a national level next season. Having resoundingly beaten Robinson, the team just one place ahead, the Blues had fought their way out of automatic relegation and into the play off zone. Exeter arrived at Wilberforce Road, their confidence high, clearly expecting a repeat of their 7-0 walk over earlier in the season. Looking to maintain the intensity of the day before, Cambridge were clinical in their warm up, a sharp contrast to the lazy looking Exeter boys, whose seeming ambivalence followed them into the match.

The first ten minutes saw an

unmistakably confident Exeter side looking to take an early lead. Pressing Cambridge hard through the middle the opposition forced the Blues to revert to an unnaturally compact game. This pressure led to a number of penalty corners which demanded a series of agile saves from Kiwi keeper Craig Armstrong. The first five minutes looked as though Cambridge might soon fall victim to Exeter's impressive scoring record, but the Blue's meticulous physical and mental preparation paid off and soon the game began to even up. Cambridge looked menacing on the break with a number of dynamic assaults on the Exeter back four being inflicted by Simon Ashton and Nick McLaren. However, it was only with a desperate save on the goal line that Stuart Jackson kept Cambridge from conceding. The recently promoted first-year looked constantly impressive in defence, playing a key role in distribution and holding his own amongst some of the more established Blues players. The end to end nature of the game kept all players occupied and allowed Cambridge a number of opportunities to test the Exeter keeper. A complex but unsuccessful penalty corner saw star striker Philip 'Rocky' Balbirnie send a shot high on the deflection.

Gaining confidence from increasing possession, the Blues won a second penalty corner and with a fantastic drag flick finish Stuart Jackson took Cambridge ahead with twenty-one minutes played.

Exeter showed the class which had left them top of the league at the Christmas break and were able

Cambridge looked menacing on the break with a number of dynamic assaults on the Exeter defence

to equal the score only five minutes later, as Rufus McNaught-Barrington sent the second drag flick of the game sailing into the roof of the Cambridge goal. The Blues were not prepared to give up the fight, however, and with strong direction from Jez Hansell at the back and skipper Stuart Penman in midfield, it was Exeter who suffered from frustration, earning a green card for a horrendous tackle on David Saunders.

The second half saw both teams reinvigorated, and chances wasted at either end. Keeper Armstrong

saved a rapidly swerving drag flick from a dubious penalty corner and with emotions running high it was clear that the remainder of the game would be closely fought. It was Simon Ashton, who after 57 minutes, capitalised on a fantastic base-line drive from Bedouin Coach Balbirnie and coolly placed a reverse-stick shot in the bottom corner, scoring his fourth goal in two matches. Exploiting their hard won advantage, continuing strong play gave the Blues a further opportunity with man of the match Nick McLaren superb in midfield. After excellent composure at right back from James Goldsmith and an ingenious line ball from Elliot Bishton, Balbirnie was sharp on the pick at the back post and demonstrated real flair taking Cambridge to 3-1 and towards victory. A quick reply from McNaught-Barrington drew the scores closer to 3-2 with another well placed flick from the top of the circle, but it was not enough and with hi-5s all round Cambridge were victorious on the final whistle.

'We're gutted' groaned one Exeter player, 'we came here looking for a result but Cambridge played well and congratulations to them.' With the season looking increasingly promising, the Varsity match on 4th March is set to be a close affair.

Captain's Corner

Ladies' Tennis

Victoria Mackay



So how's the team been faring this year?

Well, like always it's a bit of an uphill struggle. We're again playing in the BUSA Premier League, which means that we're up against only three other sides, all of whom import tennis scholars from overseas. It's tough because we're arriving at all our matches heaving books around and tired from working, when they're ex-tour players who are able to train every day. Although we have yet to win a match, we should stay up by winning our relegation playoff and we're seeded fourth in the BUSA Cup.


Do you ever get disheartened by that state of affairs?

There are a lot of problems with tennis in this country anyway, and some of them do happen in BUSA. Although we don't get rabid parents, there is an awful lot of cheating that goes on from the other teams, with deliberately bad

line calls and sometimes not even scoring correctly. But the problem is endemic - there are an awful lot of very talented juniors who are sickened by the whole thing and walk away at 18. That said, playing against better players means that we are constantly improving and look in good shape for Varsity.

How's it looking for Varsity?

Well they beat us narrowly last year for the first time in ages, mainly because they found an ex-pro to play for them, but we're stronger this year and will be looking for revenge. It's played at Queens Club over the course of two days just after May Week and we've already added to our team. As well as our current number 1 Victoria Watson is a fresher who was in the top 5 ranked British Juniors and hopefully there's a girl who was the US universities' number 1 who is thinking about joining as well.



What's the training like?

We train three times a week at the Next Generation club just outside Cambridge in addition to our weekly match, which is far from perfect but, it being winter, we do have to train indoors, and the university doesn't have any of its own. When it's summer we train and play at Fenner's though.

» Cambridge Boxers put in sterling performance against formidable opposition

As soon as the bell sounded Chapman was hunted down by Atwal with



ropes, Chapman unleashed a torrent of blows which left his opponent temporarily stunned and facing a stand-

The other Cambridge boxers all worked to match his example. A ter-

Eight and a half foot tall Goldie veteran Oliver de Groot did his best to keep his considerably smaller opponent at arm's length, using his consid-

Watching boxing live, more so than any other sport, is an entirely different spectator experience to the televised version of the sport. Without commentary and theme music, sometimes all that can be heard is the sharp exhalation of breath that precedes the dull thud of glove on face. The inherent violence of the sport can only be appreciated when one inspects the blood that coats the floor after each round. Despite, or perhaps because of that, the spectator appeal of the boxing seems to be undiminished and, in terms of entertainment, the ultimate pureness of the action means that there is very little that will provide as engrossing a contest.

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

Answers to last week's crossword (no. 477)
Across: (7) savoury, (8) leper, (10) domineer, (11) untrue, (12) hawk, (13) shouting, (15) adamant, (17) anal sex, (20) alfredo, (22) rook, (25) testes, (26) club foot, (27) heron, (28) brief case
Down: (1) snoot, (2) vagina, (3) foreskin, (4) arm rest, (5) teetotal, (6) sequined, (14) adulterer, (16) marathon, (18) nurtured, (19) concord, (21) soso, (23) office, (24) ioust

SPORT



Feature p28
Editors and
gamblers
go head to
head

More fisticuffs at the Union

» Nobody resigns as Great Chamber witnesses intense night of pugilism



According to recent propaganda, the use of violence to resolve a dispute is unacceptable at the Union. However, on Wednesday night, whilst a self-promoting terror-suspect was prattling on in a sideroom, someone must have fallen asleep at the helm as the Great Chamber hosted twelve bouts of the most aggressive boxing since Clubber Lang in Rocky III.

(CONTINUES PAGE 31)

FRIDAY FEB 8TH. 9-1
THE LAST EVER SHUT UP AND DANCE!
AT THE UNION. WITH THE ONE AND ONLY
FATPOPPADADDYS

WEDNESDAY FEB 20TH. 9-12
S.U.A.D. PRESENTS...
THE
SUPS
ATEMMA BAR