

VARSITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

Stephen Hawking: we must go “to infinity and beyond”

JOE GOSDEN
Associate Editor

On the basis that, had we not discovered the New World in 1492, we might not “have a Big Mac or KFC”, Stephen Hawking has advocated a programme of expansion in space exploration that should aim for “a base on the Moon by 2020 and a manned landing on Mars by 2030”.

The speech, made to mark the 50th anniversary of the foundation of NASA, saw Hawkins liken our current understanding of the world in which we live to “Europe before 1492”. Choosing to ignore the minor detail that the Vikings actually beat Columbus to America by some 500 years, Hawking went on to explain “people might well have argued it was a waste of money to send Columbus on a wild goose chase, yet the discov-

wiped out most of the indigenous population, Hawking advocated the of placing colonies on both the Moon and Mars as a prelude to colonising the planets around other stars. Calling for a massive investment in funds to make such advances possible, Hawking argued that the world could quite easily afford to devote 0.25 per cent of global GDP to space exploration, asking “isn’t our future worth a quarter of a percent?” The renowned scientist has previously argued at length that, by establishing bases on planets other than earth, mankind can insure itself against the potentially catastrophic implications of either climate change or nuclear war.

Hawking told the audience assembled at George Washington University, Washington DC, that the Moon would be an excellent place to start because it is “close by and relatively easy to reach.” He added, “the Moon could be a base for travel to the rest of the solar system.” The fifth planet in the solar system, Mars, would be “the next obvious target” for colonisation because of the copious presence of frozen water and the possibility that life may have existed on the planet at some point in the past. Arguing that “if the human race is to continue for another million years, we will have to boldly go where no one has gone before”, Hawking criticised the slow progress of NASA’s plans for human landings on Mars, which will only be implemented in the early 2030s. He explained that modern space exploration needed goals to give it the sense of purpose that President Kennedy’s Moon target did in the 1960s.

Hawkins also said it was important that humans took part in space exploration, rather than relying on robots, a view shared by Nobel laureate Steven Wein-

berg. “Robotic missions are much cheaper and may provide more scientific information, but they don’t catch the public imagination, and they don’t spread the human race into space, which I’m arguing should be our long-term strategy,” Hawking said, adding that scientists must devise a new propulsion system to take on a planetary hunt outside our Solar System in 200 to 500 years.

The Gonville and Caius College genius also gave three possible reasons for why alien life has not yet been found in the universe. Firstly, he suggested that any kind of life is very rare in space, secondly, that intelligent life is even rarer, and thirdly, that intelligent life, where it does exist, often destroys itself very quickly. “Personally, I favour the second possibility, that primitive life is relatively common, but that intelligent life is very rare,” he said. “Some would say it has yet to occur on earth.”

Hawking was born on January 8, 1942 to Frank Hawking, a research biologist. Always interested in science, he enrolled at University College, Oxford with the intent of studying mathematics, but soon switched to Physics. After receiving his BA degree at Oxford University in 1962, he stayed to study astronomy before leaving for Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Almost as soon as he arrived at Cambridge, he started developing symptoms of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis which would cost him the loss of almost all neuromuscular control. At the celebration of his 65th birthday on January 8, 2007, Hawking announced his plans for a zero-gravity flight in 2007 to prepare for a sub-orbital spaceflight in 2009 on Virgin Galactic’s space service. Billionaire Richard Branson pledged to pay all expenses for the flight, which cost him an estimated £100,000.

» 2020

YEAR HAWKING SETS FOR COLONISATION OF MOON

» 0.25

PERCENTAGE OF GLOBAL GDP WHICH HAWKINGS SAYS SHOULD BE DEVOTED TO SPACE EXPLORATION

ery of the new world made a profound difference to the old”.

Choosing to ignore the other, somewhat inconvenient historical truth that, when the Spanish landed in the Americas, the diseases that they brought with them



JASON TAYLOR

John’s Punt Society publishes guide to punting

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Debate

Should the world step in to save Zimbabwe?

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Restaurant

James Quaipe’s final review - traditional eatery DragonDragon

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Interview

Britain’s first female porn director explains why feminists should embrace the adult industry

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In Brief

Testosterone traders

Cambridge scientists have shown that city traders with higher testosterone levels can expect to earn more. Dr John Coates and Professor Joe Herbert measured testosterone levels in traders at a City of London bank and found that those traders with higher testosterone levels in the morning were most likely to make money on the day's trading. One trader hit a six-day "winning streak" and made more than double his daily profit, during which time his testosterone levels went up by 74%. But Coates suggested that there comes a point when traders have too much testosterone and start to take irrational risks. This is when the bubble bursts and the market crashes. "I think this molecule is partly responsible for financial instability", he said. Coates also suggested that firms should employ more women and older men to reduce the influence of hormonally charged young males.

From Russia with love

A Cambridge professor has been awarded a Grand Gold Medal by the Russian Academy of Science. Professor Simon Franklin, Head of the Department of Slavonic Studies, won the Lomonosov Medal for "outstanding work on the ethno-political and cultural history of Russia and the significant contribution to the study of early Russian written culture and early Russian literature." The medal, named after Russian scientist and polymath Mikhail Lomonosov, has been awarded each year since 1959 for outstanding achievements in the natural sciences and the humanities by the USSR Academy of Sciences. Only two of these medals are handed out annually, and only one to a non-Russian citizen. Professor Franklin, of Clare College, said, "It still feels unreal; it came as a complete surprise to me."

Evolutionary thinking

The University have made more than 90,000 pages of manuscripts, field notes, photographs and sketches connected with Charles Darwin available online. The documents and images are part of the Darwin Online project, which claims to be the largest Darwin bibliography and manuscript catalogue created, and includes the original version of his theory of evolution. A spokesperson said, "The vast collection includes his first recorded doubts about the permanence of species. It also contains his wife Emma's recipe book, with delicacies such as Ilkley pudding." Many of the items were previously available only to scholars with access to the Cambridge University Library.

Prince donates £8m to open new Islamic Centre

CRAIG HOGG

A Saudi Arabian Prince is to donate £8 million for a new Islamic centre at the University.

Prince Alwaleed Bin Talal, who has an estimated £15 billion fortune, plans to make the donation to fund a centre in his name for the study of the role of Islam in the Middle East and globally.

If the University's plans are approved, the cash will be used to establish the HRH Prince Alwaleed Bin Talal Centre of Islamic Studies. It would replace the University's existing Centre of Middle Eastern and Islamic Stud-

"Last year, he became the first person to buy an Airbus A380 Superjumbo for use as a private jet"

ies, and be sited at the Sidgwick Avenue campus.

The new program will build on Cambridge's strong commitment to the study of the religious traditions of the world. The benefaction, which would be paid in four

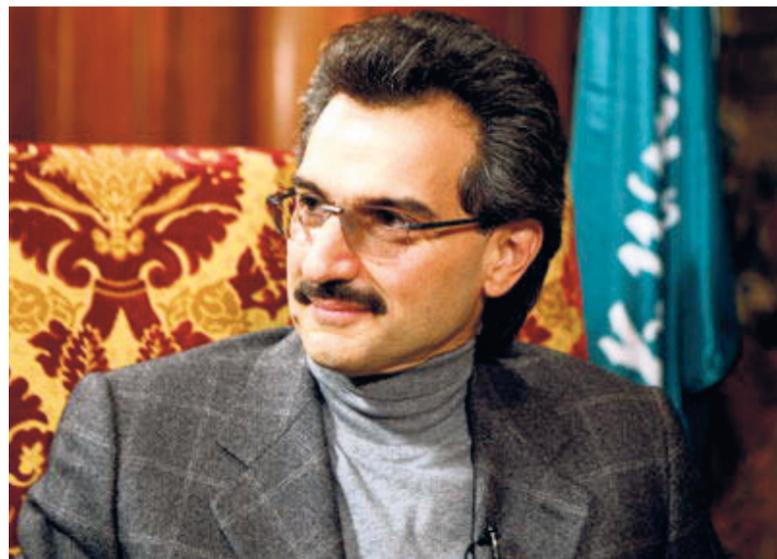
annual instalments, would form a Fund whose income would enable a range of developments in the new Centre.

There will be a particular focus on the role of Islam in the United Kingdom and on media perception of the faith. It will also augment Cambridge's existing strength in the field by attracting leading Islamic academics to the city, promoting the subject through seminars and publications.

In recent years the Prince, known for his wide range of philanthropic activities worldwide, has made a number of donations to academic institutions. He invested £10 million to establish centres at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Georgetown in Washington. He also agreed to finance the construction of a new Islamic wing at the Louvre Museum in Paris. Closer to home, the Institute of Arab and Islamic Studies at the University of Exeter received a £1 million endowment from the Prince.

Talal, nephew of King Abdullah of Saudi Arabia, learnt the basics of commerce at Menlo College, in San Francisco, in the seventies. He made his fortunes after investing millions of dollars in the then struggling Citibank.

The 53 year old prince is described by the University as "a leading international businessman with global interests in many



sectors, including banking, the media and leisure industries". He bought the Savoy Hotel in London for an estimated £200 million in 2005. Last year, he became the first person to buy an Airbus A380 Superjumbo for use as a private jet.

Professor Hans van de Ven, Chairman of the Faculty of Asian and Middle Eastern Studies, said, "Islamic Studies at Cambridge badly needs this boost of funding. There is enormous student and scholarly interest in Islamic Studies which this donation will help us meet." Asked whether he believed the Prince was sincere

in his desire to spread knowledge about Islam, Professor van de Ven said, "I do believe that Prince Alwaleed is genuine in his commitment about promoting a better understanding of Islam in the West and, importantly, vice versa. He has [already] established American Studies Centres at the American University of Beirut and the American University of Cairo."

The donation has been met with praise by the University who described the donation as a "most generous benefaction".

Student found dead at Newnham

VARSITY REPORTER

A student at Newnham College has been found dead in her lodgings.

It has been ascertained that Miriam Ogden, a 23 year old medical student in her fifth year at

"Miriam was an outstanding student, colleague and friend who contributed a great deal during her time at Cambridge"

the all female College, died during the early hours of Wednesday morning.

A statement issued by the Cambridgeshire Constabulary confirmed that "officers were called to the sudden death of a 23 year old woman at a property in Marmora Road, Cambridge, just before 1am on Wednesday morning." It also stated that "the death is not thought to be suspicious." The police are no longer involved but the circumstances of the death remain unexplained.

Ms Ogden's death has come as a huge shock to all who knew her at the University.

In an email to students, Newnham Senior Tutor Dr Terri Apter informed them that "we have just been given the very sad news that tragically Miriam Ogden has been found dead in her lodgings." She was keen to assert that "there does not appear to be any suspicious circumstances."

On behalf of the College, Dr Apter offered her condolences to Ms Ogden's friends and family. She said, "Miriam was an outstanding student, colleague and friend, who has contributed a great deal during her time at Cambridge. She will be greatly missed. Our thoughts are with her family and friends." She added, "As a mark of respect we have naturally cancelled Formal Hall this evening."

Dr Diana F Wood, the Director of Medical Education at the University Clinical School where Ms Ogden was a fifth year student, said, "this is a tragic loss. Miriam was a much-loved student who played an active role in medical school life. She will be very much missed by students and staff in the clinical school. Our thoughts are with her parents and family at this difficult time."

A spokesperson from the University was unable to comment further on the circumstances of Ms Ogden's death until a Coroner's Court report is released.

Caius don arrested on child porn charges

VARSITY REPORTER

A fellow at Gonville and Caius College has appeared at Cambridge Magistrate's Court after allegations of possessing, making, and distributing child pornography.

Dr Nicholas Hammond, University Reader in Early Modern French Theatre and Thought, was charged with 15 counts of making indecent pictures of children, two counts of distributing pictures and one further count of possessing more than one thousand photographs and 22 pornographic videos at the hearing, which took place at the Magistrate's Court on April 3rd. At this preliminary hearing, Hammond entered no plea either way. The trial has been

"Hammond's students stress that he is innocent until proven guilty"

adjourned until May 15th for the committal hearing at Cambridge Crown court. Until then, Hammond has been granted unconditional bail.

Hammond, who teaches at the Modern and Medieval Languages

department, was first arrested on suspicion of the offences at his home address in June 2007 and later charged on March 18th of this year. He has been on special leave from Gonville and Caius College since the beginning of this academic year.

A University spokesperson confirmed that the College had been notified at the time of Hammond's arrest in June 2007, almost a year ago. He also said that the course of action decided upon in response to the arrest and charging of college staff is undertaken "at the college's discretion". The College has refused to comment, but Sir Christopher Hum, Master of Gonville and Caius, has confirmed that Hammond is currently taking "a leave of absence" from the College. Meanwhile, all students were informed of the issue in an email sent by the Senior Tutor earlier this month.

In his role as Director of Studies at Gonville and Caius College, Hammond is a very well liked and respected figure. Students have told Varsity that they will be sticking by their DoS, and stress that "he is innocent until proven guilty." As a specialist in seventeenth-century French thought and theatre, he has also been a very valuable and popular member of the MML department. He has published books on Pascal, D'Aubignac, and 17th-century French literature.

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Clegg's Conservative past

» Cambridge University Conservative Association claims Lib Dem leader as former member

MARTIN MCQUADE
 Senior Reporter

Leader of the Liberal Democrat Party Nick Clegg has been exposed as an active member of the Cambridge University Conservative Association during his time as a student at Robinson.

The revelation came from former CUCA chairman and fellow Robinson alumnus Greg Hands. Whilst reading through documents of past CUCA membership details, Hands, now Conservative MP for Hammersmith, found evidence of an annual subscription paid by an "N. Clegg" in 1986-87.

A spokesman for the MP has issued a statement saying, "Nick is one hundred per cent adamant that this is not true." But Hands has urged Clegg to "come clean, and move on", adding that "there's nothing to be ashamed of in having been a member of CUCA."

Standing CUCA chairman Mike Morley of Trinity College has written to Clegg inviting him to



"there's nothing to be ashamed of in having been a member of CUCA"

rejoin the association, offering "reduced price tickets to our social events, including the May week garden party and termly chairman's dinner, as well as speakers Stanley Johnson and Lord Blackwell", even offering to upgrade him to life member-

ship for just £4, given his previous annual membership of the society. Mr. Clegg has yet to reply.

Clegg's University friend and confidant Malcolm Gaskill, now a leading authority on the history of witchcraft, claims it was most likely the ladies who drew Clegg to CUCA. "The prospect of attending good drinks parties and meeting posh girls appealed to my nineteen year old self, which may well be why Nick joined as well", he said.

Nicknamed "Cleggo" by the tabloid press after his admission in a GQ interview with Piers Morgan that he had slept with "no more than" 30 women, Clegg will see this as the latest in a long line of embarrassing revelations about his past, including his time spent performing community service in Munich after drunkenly setting fire to a greenhouse full of priceless cacti.

The Lib Dems, of course are no strangers to controversy, with Clegg's past being one of the

least chequered of recent times. Former leader Charles Kennedy was forced to resign over allegations of alcoholism, as was married MP Mark Oaten, only this time after his penchant for rent boys was exposed by a former male lover. Neither is Clegg the first CUCA member to go on to represent another party in parliament; former CUCA chairman Tam Dalyell represented labour from 1962 through to 2005.

It is not Nick's burning political ambition but rather his skill treading the boards that fellow students remember best. "I don't remember that he was ever especially politically orientated", claims one contemporary. "He always seemed more interested in the theatre. Nick was a brilliant actor". Clegg's party will probably be hoping that any more revelations of his "acting up" at University will be few and far between.

CUCA chairman Mike Morley (left) brandishes the evidence of Nick Clegg's membership in 1986-87. But the Liberal Democrat leader "is one hundred per cent adamant that this is not true".



Admissions Office launches new price comparison website

MICHAEL STOTHARD

A quiz has been launched by the Cambridge Admissions Office with the objective of dispelling myths and misconceptions about the financial costs of a Cambridge degree.

Eight questions, available on the University's website, challenge prospective students to estimate the cost of living, tuition fees and availability of bursaries in comparison to other institutions. In all three measures, Cambridge fares well: tuition fees (£3,145) show little deviation from the national standard, and with guaranteed college housing throughout the degree and practically no expense from public transport during term time, a degree from Cambridge can in fact prove cheaper than elsewhere.

The admissions initiative follows the Sutton Trust's discovery that many potential applicants overestimate the economic undertaking of study at Cambridge and subsequently underesti-

mate their financial eligibility to attend the University. The Trust's research revealed that "alarming misconceptions about Oxbridge" are shared by secondary school teachers, 56% of whom believe Oxbridge to be more expensive than other universities. A Cambridge University spokesperson explained that "the outstanding resources

that Cambridge offers represent the investment of significant sums over the years. The existence of these resources has led, in some cases, to the notion that the university must be an expensive place at which to study and live." The assumption of unaffordability has become particularly widespread in certain state schools, contributing to their under-representation in applications to Oxbridge. "In fact", said the spokesperson, "the opposite is the case: Cambridge is able to offer substantial support to its students, especially those from less well-off backgrounds."

The online admissions test represents part of the University's wider efforts to broaden access to Cambridge. By targeting potential candidates who are currently discouraged by inflated perceptions of the cost of Cambridge, the University hopes to better fulfil its mission to "attract and admit the best applicants, irrespective of background".



The online quiz will dispel myths about the cost of a Cambridge education

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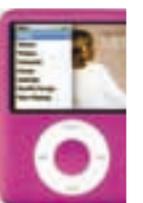
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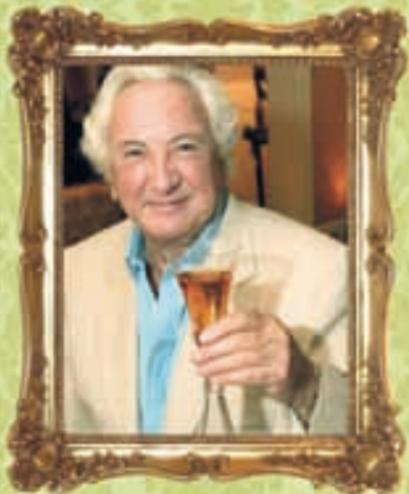




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rag's

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*Undergraduates Welcome

Varsityprofile

» Adrienne Cameron

ISABEL SHAPIRO

Adrienne Cameron first moved to Cambridge from Melbourne, Australia in 1995 to study for a doctorate in Early Modern German History at Clare Hall.

Since then, after years working as a corporate developer, her career took on a sweeter note when she got into the confectionary business, bringing her back to Cambridge where she now sells

“the margarita marshmallow is going down a storm”

marshmallows in the market every Sunday. Her interest in confectionary was born out of a longing for the “rocky road” sweet, an old ozzy favourite which had no British commercial equivalent.

After years of spoiling her sweet-toothed friends and family with her culinary concoctions, Adrienne “married her personal interest in confectionary with her business head” and in November 2006 she started her company Bags of Delights after testing tastes in regional markets over the previous 12 months. The enterprise started out on a small

scale selling marshmallows at market stalls and playing it safe with the classic rose and vanilla varieties, but she has since branched out and her range now includes an impressive 18 flavours, from Mexican Mocha to the best-selling Raspberry Tang.

While Adrienne can still be found in the Market square every weekend, her business is rapidly expanding and she is looking to find a commercial kitchen and a trained artisan confectioner from Europe. Despite still working from home, Adrienne supplies the prestigious London retailer Fortnum and Mason who marketed the gourmet marshmallows as part of their recent re-launch.

Since starting the stall in Cambridge two months ago Adrienne has found many regular customers and she has tapped into the student clientele with some boozier delights – currently the margarita marshmallow is going down a storm. Adrienne is extremely protective over the recipes, seeing them as her “intellectual property”, and explaining that confectionary is ‘somewhere between an art and a science’, but she is always open to suggestions for future flavour combinations. In fact, she has promised £50 worth of marshmallows to the student whose idea for a Cambridge-themed confection makes it through to production. Duck flavoured marshmallow, anyone?

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'Migration fund' to sponsor police translation costs

OLLY WEST

The Cambridgeshire police force is to benefit from a government "migration fund".

The constabulary have welcomed Home Secretary Jacqui Smith's assurance that police chiefs will have access to a £15m-a-year fund aimed at topping up public services in areas of rapid population growth.

Last year, Cambridgeshire's Chief Constable Julie Spence hit the national headlines for controversial comments on the problems caused by the number of foreign workers living in the area, which BBC home affairs correspondent Andy Tighe described at the time as "unusual".

The "migration fund" will help with rising translation costs, for which the Cambridgeshire constabulary faces a £1m bill, following Spence's assertion that the force was being "short-changed". The county claims to have received 50% of the recent inflow of Polish migrants and has the fastest-growing migrant population in Britain.

Much of this is due to Peterborough's position as a centre of the food-processing industry, a major employer of the migrant population, and the high number of farming-related employers based in Cambridgeshire who are actively seeking Eastern European workers in order to cover labour shortages.

However, a report carried out by the Association of Chief Police Officers (ACPO) has found that there has been no rise in crime rates related to the recent surge in migrant workers, thus dispelling one of the commonly held misconceptions surrounding immigration.

Grahame Maxwell, the ACPO's spokesman on migration, agrees with Mrs Spence's sentiments regarding the need for more funding. He said, "There was agreement that issues arising from immigration, for policing as much as for other public services, relate more to effective service provision rather than direct impacts on crime levels."

The assertion that the problems

arise from a need for more provision, and not from a significant rise in crime levels, is supported by the situation of other public services, and notably those of health and education. Indeed, education is an issue of particular concern: it was reported this week that 95 different languages are spoken in Cambridgeshire classrooms.

Bethan Rees, manager of the council's Cambridgeshire Race Equality and Diversity Service (CREDS), echoed Julie Spence's calls for extra money. She said, "There is never enough funding available. We could do with double what we get, but Cambridgeshire is not very well funded."

The Chartered Institute of Linguists also supported the Chief Constable's claims and is keen to ensure that immigrants are receiving a fair deal from British public services.

Their statement said, "If you or your family or friends travel abroad this summer, to countries where you do not speak the language, and find yourself involved in their public services – perhaps as witnesses or victims of a road traffic accident – hope that their legal and health services have the same commitment as the Chief Constable of Cambridgeshire."

Mrs Spence's calls appear to have now been answered, although specificities remain unclear. She said, "The Home Secretary is looking to set up a migration transition fund to look at how we deal with a sudden surge of immigration in an area. We do not know yet what the fund is going to look like but the Home Office wants to consult us on how they distribute money to mitigate the impact."



Chief Constable Julie Spence made headlines when she complained about the problems caused by foreign workers

John's publish punting manual

MARTIN MCQUADE
Senior Reporter

With May week approaching fast and an increasing number of Cantabrigians taking to the Cam aboard the river's infamously difficult-to-master form of water transport, St John's punting society have come to the fore and provided a helpful guide to preventing punting peril.

The illustrated manual, available to view on the society's webpage, takes the aspiring punter from moving off in a punt through to the complexities of steering the boat – a feat said to be particularly challenging for arts students, who are advised to consult "a local engineer about the moments of inertia". Most importantly, the guide offers advice as to how best avoid looking like a tourist or worse, an Oxford student.

With the potential hazards including splinters, drenched chinos or simply a bruised ego, the guide will come in handy for those flocking to the river this term, though

looking like a professional won't come easy.

"Punting is simple once you know how but until then it can be embarrassing", says Aeron Preston, who helped edit the guide. "I know because on my second attempt I ended up in the water in front of a load of tourists taking pictures. It doesn't get more humiliating."

This may be the last term that students at the University have the opportunity to enjoy an independently operated river tour, with a large number of "mobilers" going out of business as a result of the new waterways regulation, branded anti-competitive by many of the smaller operators, who claim that Scudamores will be the only operator left if current council legislation is carried out fully. Tim Campbell, who heads a campaign to try and save the independent punters, argues that "regulation bans the mooring of independent punts at Jesus green, and imposes stringent limits on the activities of mobilers, so there may not be many left this time next year."

Top four punting tips

- 1 Make sure you stand at the raised part at the back of the punt – not the front, that's how they do it at the other place.
- 2 When you drop the pole, it's easiest to always do it on the same side: whilst you could try and alternate from side to side, it won't work very well (it'll just make you hit alternate banks of the river).
- 3 Push it the right way each time, and it cancels out any overall turning effect (If you watch a professional punter, you can sometimes see them doing this), and generally the less you steer the better.
- 4 If the people in the punt sit nearer to the middle, it's much easier to steer.

Oxford proctors turn to Facebook for incriminating evidence

CAEDMON TUNSTALL-BEHRENS

Proctors at Oxford University are fining students for misbehaviour, using photographic evidence of rule-breaking gathered from Facebook.

Following complaints of antisocial behaviour amongst students from University staff and members of the public, proctors made the decision to browse students' profiles in order to identify those who have breached University rules. Emails which cite links to incriminating photos on Facebook are then sent to students to impose fines ranging from £80 to £500.

A statement issued by the University defended its use of the social networking site as a means of monitoring antisocial behaviour. It said, "Proctors took the steps available to them to identify and discipline the culprits. Where the University Proctors used evidence from Facebook it was only publicly

available material."

Martin McCluskey, President of the Oxford University Student Union, has urged students to change the privacy settings on their Facebook profiles to avoid further "spying" from proctors. The Union has also set up the Facebook group "We believe Facebook should stand up to Oxford University." The group's webpage lists the Facebook membership terms and conditions which it feels have been breached by the University.

Fines are issued mainly in response to post-examination celebrations. Festivities, which include "trashing" other students by spraying them with champagne, foam, eggs and flour, are said to have got rather out of hand in recent years. One Oxford student said of last year's activities, "it was mayhem. People were throwing things and spraying champagne everywhere. There was quite a bit of mess - I saw some people running round with a pig's head, putting it in peoples' faces.

It was disgusting."

Students have also questioned how the money collected by the University from the fines is used. Whilst the University states that "the fines collected each year go towards a good cause within the University", the Student Union claims that the amount collected in the last year rose by 465% to £11,065. The Union has also complained that fines are issued without justification for the sum demanded, and is therefore asking that the Proctor's Office produce a schedule of fines and charges so that students are aware of the sum they will have to pay for various offences.

Speaking about Cambridge's own approach to disciplinary methods, a University spokesman said, "We use the normal way, that is, the tutorial system, and so have no need to resort to Facebook." Another said, "We wouldn't encourage using Facebook for vetting purposes."

Oxford University proctors were unavailable for comment.

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'I'm never coming back to this horrible place ever again'

» ARU respond to YouTube complaint by sending the critic home



Naomi Sugai complained about the poor organisation of her course on a YouTube video

RICHARD POWER SAYEED
News Editor

An Anglia Ruskin MA student studying a £4,750-a-year management course was suspended and threatened with legal action after she complained about inefficient administration at ARU.

In February, Naomi Sugai added a video to YouTube complaining about the poor organisation of her course and encouraging other ARU students to post videos detailing any similar experiences in order "to gather some evidence to take this case to trading standards". The video, which has been viewed over 5,000 times, alleges false advertising on the part of the University. Sugai also complained that classes were cancelled and timetables changed without warning, so

that some students were forced to choose between regularly missing lectures and leaving their jobs. She claimed that the University even misled students about the length of the course, which "was advertised as being a year long, but is actually year and a semester". Sugai said that the problems with the course had caused her to come close to "mental breakdown".

When she tried to lodge a formal complaint about her course, Sugai claims she found further evidence of poor organisation. She told Varsity that complaints procedures were unclear, that she was given incorrect forms by Anglia Ruskin Students' Union and that she had to wait three weeks before she could speak to an administrator about her concerns. Sugai claims that ARU "try and minimise the number of formal com-

plaints that get made as they get registered with the OIA (Office of Independent Adjudicator for higher education) and it makes them look bad". The University has denied that its complaints procedures is unclear and claims that "all the criticisms that were raised were discussed with her and her students group, and solutions put in place."

Most of the dozens of comments left by those who watched the YouTube video are supportive of Sugai, and feature similar complaints about ARU courses. A viewer called twat1986 wrote, "ARU are amazingly disorganised. Some of the course material seemed to have been made by a five year old." However, some viewers are less impressed by Sugai's complaints, and criticise her use of YouTube to air her grievances. Imhappy08 claims, "my experience

couldn't have been better".

ARU have objected to comments from Sugai and others about ARU's Chancellor, businessman and Conservative donor Lord Ashcroft, which suggest that Lord Ashcroft's job was "cushy" as a result of the large sums he had donated to the University in the past.

On March 17, Sugai received a letter from ARU officials asking her to remove the allegations within 48 hours or face suspension. The comments were not removed and Sugai was suspended for "serious unfounded allegations against a senior member of staff". After three weeks she relented, commenting on the YouTube page, "unfortunately ARU are trying to take legal action against me for "defamatory" comments written on here and on my Facebook group so I will have to delete any comments that could be construed as "defamatory" even if it is not me that has written them. I guess there is no such thing as freedom of speech anymore...I want to finish this course as soon as I can and then I am NEVER coming back to this horrible place ever again."

Sugai said that her suspension, which took place over her Easter holidays, was "more of a symbolic scare tactic", and that she removed the comments when the University threatened her with legal action. She said, "it is pure censorship and I cannot believe it". Asked whether she was worried that she might be undermining her course, the value of her qualifications, and the University generally, Sugai argued, "it's good for other unis to see that someone complains publicly and they're doing something publicly. I want it to be a good course for me and other people in the future." Bobby6142, writing on the YouTube wall, disagreed. "Basically what Naomi has done here with all this bad publicity is shit on everyone involved! Well done, I hope you've enjoyed your tantrum!" he said.



Robinson

Waiter for later

Exotic turned erotic for one reveller at a friend's fancy-dress party. Having polished off a three-course feast, our flamingo-clad heroine was left feeling hungry - and went off in search of some extra nosh. Fifteen minutes later, however, when some fellow guests chose to retire to another room, they opened the door only to discover their feathered-friend not waiting for them, but on her knees begging for a protein supplement from a waiter. As one old proverb goes, they may have pissed on her parade, but at least they didn't shit on her floor.

Trinity

Piss artist

A foppish vintner was celebrating another successful evening of wining and dining a group of ladies of leisure when the volume of liquid fun he'd ingested overwhelmed him, and he fell to earth in a secluded corner of an exclusive 'gentlemen's' club. So far, so peaceful...until his rowdy companions noticed his state of hibernation, began to listen to their own heaving bladders and put two and two together, sprinkling the result all over his sleeping form. He awoke several hours later, drenched in salty liquid goodness, and with an unaccountable urge to go to the loo.

Oxford

Brown sauce

A blast from the past from our friends at the other place. The Oxonion protagonist, on his way back from a night on the razz, felt an unforeseen turtle peeking out from its cavity. Without facilities in sight, however, and fearing the slippery amphibian might make a break for it, he made a dash for his digs, forcing the critter back in its shell with a free hand. On arriving back, a flight of stairs presented a formidable challenge - and he recorded his stumbling progress with a series of stained handprints. On realising that the turtle had all but become a snake, he made a dash for the shower, leaving behind a surprise for his friends in the morning, as well as for the unfortunate owner of a nearby volume, which he used as a handy wipe. Lest there be any question as to the perpetrator of this crime, the culprit left a trail of sticky footprints, which led shakily to his door.

Cambridge scientists discover the global migration pattern of the influenza virus

KEVIN KOO
Science Editor

A team of Cambridge scientists have identified the travel patterns of influenza virus A (H3N2), the most common cause of the seasonal flu.

Killing an estimated half million people each year, the virus infects one in six people worldwide and undergoes frequent genetic transformations that complicate vaccination efforts. Reporting in the journal Science, Colin A. Russell in the Department of Zoology and his colleagues have found that the genetic variants of the influenza A virus originate in east and south east Asia before spreading to Europe, Oceania, and the Americas. Influenza A virus contains a protein called hemagglutinin (HA) that induces a defense response in the human immune system and is also a hotspot of genetic mutation. Sequencing HA samples from 2002 to 2007, the scientists used HA as

a marker to track the evolution of the virus on a global scale. Analysis of the distribution of different strains of the virus around the world revealed how genetically related the strains were; the more related the strains, the greater the likelihood of seasonal migration. Despite early findings that new viral strains tend to emerge first in Asia, a long-standing question caught the attention of the researchers: are flu epidemics the result of viruses persisting and mutating locally or of new viral strains 'seeding' regions outside their origin?

The results of the study demonstrate that the seeding hypothesis is a stronger fit to the data. Inter-epidemic strains, which are found outside the peak of seasonal flu, do not show greater genetic resemblance to the previous local epidemic than externally circulating strains. Neither temperate nor tropical regions in Asia exhibit a stronger link to strains that had persisted over time. Yet

when data from these climate zones were interpreted together, the scientists found a predictable pattern of migration. The variation in rainy and dry seasons in

Epidemiologists claim that these findings will help health experts predict flu outbreaks with greater accuracy.

different parts of Asia results in a staggered onset in flu epidemics, which allows the virus to circulate and evolve year-round. However, once the virus travels away from this hotbed, it does not appear to

return. Acting as a kind of evolutionary graveyard, Europe, Oceania, and the Americas play host to the new strains for one flu season, after which the virus dies out. Instead of re-circulating within the population between epidemics, the virus fails to persist, as observed in a decreased number of HA variants.

These findings will help global health experts predict flu outbreaks with greater accuracy. Immunization efficacy may also benefit because flu vaccines must be updated each year to provide defense against new viral strains. Given this new research, selecting which strains to include in the vaccine could be facilitated by testing the latest circulating strains in Asia. Epidemiologists can take advantage of such models to improve surveillance and reduce mortality. Research by the scientists continues to collect data and test more precise measures for influenza and other infectious diseases.

VARSITY

ISSUE 676, 25 APRIL 2008

CUCA'nt be serious

CUCA have usefully uncovered Nick Clegg's 'secret' history as a member of their Association during his time at Cambridge. The ecstatic Chairman celebrated the find by writing a letter to the Liberal Democrat leader, hilariously inviting him to renew his membership, which expired some twenty years ago.

It was a staggering feat, both in terms of its utter meaningless and its fabulously sinister underlying sentiment. From a political point of view, it should come as no surprise whatsoever that a student interested in politics should subscribe to a political society, of whatever orientation. He would not have been under any obligation to agree with the speakers provided, and it is naive to assume that he did; he might simply have taken advantage of the opportunities presented by membership. And if Clegg did feel an affinity to CUCA, so what? Most of New Labour spent their undergraduate years fighting for the far left. People should not be judged by their distant pasts.

But CUCA's seemingly trivial and light-hearted unveiling belies a much darker and more poisonous problem. As innocent as it might sometimes be, trawling through the pasts of figures in the public light is wholly unnecessary. With the advent of Facebook, there is a more permanent, and potentially a more damaging, record of youthful misdemeanour which will surely be plundered in years to come; newspapers are already reporting city companies using the medium to assess potential employees.

When private secrets are revealed in a public manner, those involved must often waste time and energy defending themselves. Prominent figures should only be accountable for the field in which they have made themselves responsible, and unless allegations are serious, they should not have to worry about their pasts being made public.

Delloited, I'm sure

Unless you have been living in a bin, you will notice that city firms seem to like to sponsor things at Cambridge. Deloitte have even decided to sponsor an entire lifestyle supplement, complete with an employee blog (this week: "We have all been involved in tax audits..."), as well as funding half the pub-quiz nights in colleges. Although we are all, of course, very grateful for the money, surely this is getting a bit much. By requiring demonstration of "a wide array of interests and positions of leadership" on resumes, city firms only denigrate the quality of student societies. The number of JCR and society Presidents marching, lemming-like into the sweaty arms of banks and consultancies, contributing nothing but gaining everything from presidencies won without contest has become a depressing feature of Cambridge life. Thanks to the elder generation refusing to die, our working lives may last for 50, even 60 years. Surely thinking about them now will only prolong the pain.

And finally...

Thank you to the entire Varsity team for their hard work and dedication. Their uncanny ability to push back deadlines to the eleventh hour but still deliver the goods has never been less than unbelievable, and they've been great fun to work with to boot.

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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Varsity Publications, Old Examination Hall, Free School Lane, Cambridge CB2 3RF Tel 01223 337575. Fax 01223 760949. Varsity is published by Varsity Publications Ltd. Varsity Publications also publishes BlueSci, The Cambridge Globalist and The Mays. ©2008 Varsity Publications Ltd. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical photocopying, recording or otherwise without prior permission of the publisher. Printed at Mortons Print Ltd — Newspaper House, Morton Way, Horncastle, Lincolnshire LN9 6JR. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office.

LETTERS

letters@varsity.co.uk

O Filmmaker, Where Art Thou?

Sir,

Cinecam, the Cambridge filmmaking society, was on the receiving end of an impassioned tirade in Lent Term's final issue of Varsity. Ravi Amaratunga, in his article 'Lights, Camera, Inaction' (Issue 675) spoke of crisis regarding the fate of the Cambridge filmmaker. He is right in a certain respect: he raises some very real questions and problems that Cinecam has faced not just this year, but throughout its existence.

But before I address these issues I have some refuting to do. Amaratunga's article, relevant and inquiring as it is, contains some gross inaccuracies regarding Cinecam. Not least in repeatedly referring to Lisa Wong as the President of the society. I am not: I am the Publicity Officer, as even the laziest Google search would show. Amaratunga also accuses me of avoiding email correspondence: a fact with which his inbox will disagree.

I should stress what Cinecam actually is. Cinecam is a network. We seek to connect those interested with filmmaking and publicise their projects, and we welcome members from our University, ARU, and Cambridge residents alike. We want to enable anyone with an interest in making films to do so, and we loan out our equipment (which consists of far more than the one camera which Amaratunga mentions in his article) under very generous conditions. We organise events - the most well known being the '48 Hour Film Competition' - talks by industry professionals and screenings of student films.



This year, however, our event schedule has been emptier than usual. Amaratunga mentions that he has only been aware of two 48hr competitions. He should also have been aware of exterior projects that Cinecam has supported such as WORLDwrite, an education charity; the assembling of a production team for the short film 'Illimitable space'; a documentary on the work of artist Anthony

Smith, and other private filmmaking endeavours which would be too numerous to list here in full. Cinecam also works closely with Futureshorts, one of the leading and most innovative short film labels in the UK.

But despite our best efforts Cinecam has faced problems time and time again. This is partly due to mistakes the society has made, and partly due to the apparently very limited interest from students. Where are the filmmakers? Why are we struggling to get people involved? The last 48hours competition was a disaster: the competition was kept open despite overwhelming disinterest out of respect to certain members (that is, Amaratunga, who - despite proclaimed intentions, failed to show up).

Amaratunga's distant (and unhelpful) relationship with Cinecam is representative of a pattern of behaviour that the society has consistently faced. For all the anger that has been directed towards Cinecam over the years, about our 'failure' to provide a community for filmmakers, there has been little evidence of action from the student population to do anything about it.

With his enthusiasm and connections to other filmmakers Amaratunga could have put his energies into helping, or least engaging with, instead of damaging an already struggling society. Cinecam has always suffered from unfounded expectations.

Perhaps there is too much healthy competition amongst filmmakers for them to want to be part of a community. People, understandably, want to get the very few jobs that there are in the UK film industry or out to prove themselves. Only the confident filmmaker, willing to share his talent with and learn from others, is the person who ends up getting involved in a network like Cinecam's. Cinecam will need a very dedicated and energetic team next year to make the society as vibrant and active as it could and should be. Amaratunga's article made clear that there are people who want to get involved out there. Elections for next year's committee will be on 1st May. Please, if you're interested - get in touch.

Yours faithfully,

Lisa Wong

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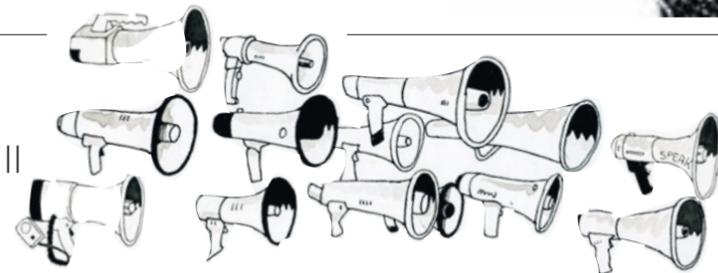


DEBATE

How grim is Zim?



Robert Mugabe has led Zimbabwe up the path to decolonisation, and then down the road to ruin. In the current election fiasco, voters seem to have said he should go, and he was on the verge of giving up on election night, but is still there, and still looks as devilish as ever. Should the international community help push Mugabe out of power?



Lindsey Kennedy

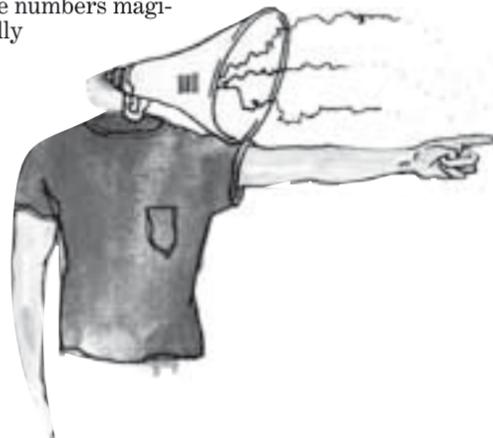
YES

In 2000, Robert Mugabe, self-proclaimed champion of racial equality, democracy and personal liberty, held a referendum to decide whether or not land should be forcibly taken from white Zimbabwean farmers and redistributed without recompense. The decision was greatly at odds with Mugabe's request twenty years earlier that the farming families remain in the country and play a part in building its "national unity". Mugabe further declared that he would be led by the will of the Zimbabwean people, that the party "must continue to strike fear in the heart of the white man, our real enemy", and launching a violent campaign to drive out white farmers and reclaim the property. All of which would, presumably, have carried much more political clout had he actually won the referendum.

The fact that only 20% of the electorate turned up to vote, 55% of whom voted against land redistribution, has made it rather difficult for Mugabe to justify the economic collapse which followed. Inflation is now over 100,000%, the IMF and many Western countries have reduced or withdrawn financial support, and the impressive improvements to living standards, life expectancy, health and education made in the first few decades of Mugabe's presidency have been entirely reversed.

Most worryingly, democracy in Zimbabwe is being increasingly stifled by violence and intimidation. Human Rights Watch has reported state-sponsored beatings, torture, threats and forced evictions of those known or suspected to support the opposition Movement for Democratic Change, whilst the Zimbabwe Electoral Support Network has expressed concern that the ruling Zanu-PF have tried to starve voters into compliance by withholding government-supplied food and farming equipment. Much of the population is reportedly discouraged from voting at all, through a combination of violence, miseducation and overcomplicated voting procedures.

Despite this, Mugabe has by no accounts won the last election, now refusing to release the results until either the numbers magically



alter enough to elicit a second round, or everyone just forgets about this pesky democracy business. Despite concern expressed by the African Union, and extensive discussion with the Southern African Development Community, little headway has been made. The MDC's General Secretary, Tendai Biti, has appealed to the wider international community for support and assistance, claiming that domestic and regional negotiations have "failed".

Of course, the last thing Zimbabwe needs is a show of patronising condescension by its ex-colonial masters. For one thing, even if viewed in its most forgiving light, our involvement in Iraq was about as beneficial to the majority of the population as charging in on a white steed and bellowing, "Rapunzel! Rapunzel! Sorry love, I can't quite reach your hair, so I'm going to just bomb this tower and hope for the best!"

More importantly, as the BBC's Peter Grete has observed, Zimbabwe has become an easy target for Western leaders to ostracize and condemn in order to raise their humanitarian credentials without risking useful things like oil contracts, whilst criticism is widely interpreted by Zimbabweans as confirming the West still cannot accept the idea that Africans should be allowed to shape their own destinies. Mugabe has attacked Bush for his hypocritical breaches of human rights during the "War on Terror", asking, "can the international community accept being lectured by this man on the provisions of the universal declaration of human rights? Definitely not!"

Mugabe certainly has a point. Sadly, it's the only point he seems able to make, and does little to alleviate or excuse the suffering of Zimbabwean people. Moreover, if Mugabe no longer has any legitimate authority in Zimbabwe, then his views on intervention are irrelevant, his cabinet is effectively an occupying force, and it is MDC leader Morgan Tsvangirai who warrants our support.

Mugabe has contravened a myriad of international codes and regulations to which he has repeatedly promised commitment - for this alone he should be brought to account. Now that he is refusing to adhere to his own democratic system, illegally asserting his presidency, and risking the outbreak of civil war, it is imperative we support a government which has been elected by the people, and is actively seeking the assistance of the West.



Andrew Wheelhouse

NO

Non-interventionism comes in for a lot of bad press these days. Those arguing against it have the advantage of being able to draw on the negative imagery of appeasement. Images of Chamberlain at Munich in 1938, of the UN in Rwanda during the genocides, and of George Galloway's appalling sycophancy when meeting Saddam Hussein in 2002, are all purported examples of somnolence and inactivity in the face of aggression.

The fact that after a decade or so of vote-rigging, that Robert Mugabe hasn't even bothered to try and steal the national and presidential elections this time, brings his role as a malevolent force into sharp focus. To do absolutely nothing in the face of such reckless tyranny would be unconscionable and it is not what is advocated here. Rather, it is to show that calls for direct political or military intervention are based on ill-conceived ideas that if acted upon will be to the detriment of all involved.

On what grounds should we intervene? In order to dispose of a man whose monstrous ego has usurped the rule of law in favour of officially sanctioned brutality and whose arrogance has destroyed the economy of what was once the most prosperous country on the African continent? That's easy to work out but isn't the problem of greatest import. What we have to consider is what action would be most appropriate with regards to the local situation.

Military intervention lacks a coherent objective, and suitable means. How would it be done? With peacekeepers from the United Nations or African Union (AU) to effect regime change? Where would they come from? The West can be discounted immediately. NATO is preoccupied in Afghanistan, and the US and Britain have lost the moral authority to intercede after the Iraq debacle. And at this stage of proceedings Mugabe is hardly going to consider it important to try to keep in the West's diplomatic or political good books.

What about one of the surrounding unstable and at times barely legal African democracies? How about Namibia, formerly the fiefdom of President Sam Nujoma and now governed by his anointed successor Hifikepunye Lucas Pohamba, both staunch supporters of Mr Mugabe? Or South Africa with its ANC hegemony and rumours of encroaching unrest with a disconcertingly anti-white streak at its heart? Probably not. In any case, the AU lacks the stomach or the teeth for direct intervention. Mugabe remains a war hero to many for his leadership in the fight against white minority Rhodesian rule.

Political action? Sanctions? It is widely known that the Zimbabwean economy is in

an abysmal state, inflation of over 100,000%, 80% unemployment and the like. It is also widely known that Mugabe tends to lash out when cornered. Because of the complaisance of other African countries, he has so far confined himself to incoherent streams of invective aimed mostly at Britain. A trade embargo would most likely only cause him to turn against his own people, sequestering what scant resources remain to prop up his regime while the rest of the country is driven further into desperate poverty.

Any solution is going to have to come from within Zimbabwe itself.

It is clear that any solution is going to have to come from within Zimbabwe itself in order to have unquestionable legitimacy and sovereignty in the eyes of all Zimbabweans. Many people within the nation do actually support Mr Mugabe, despite it all, and any external interference would only play into his hands.

But there is hope yet. The victory of the Movement for Democratic Change in the parliamentary elections last month, won in the face of constant intimidation, shows that change is afoot. The president has apparently lost the support of the security services, an essential part of his election stealing ensemble, and there were dark mutterings of discontent among some generals before voting began. The man in charge may be a megalomaniac, but the kingmakers are pragmatists who know that a wrecked economy means less funds to embezzle, and the end may yet be in sight for Robert Mugabe. And so we must wait.

It is an uncomfortable thing to do as democrats, but when faced with untenable alternatives, it becomes our imperative.





Emma
Lough



Democratic Dramatics

Politicians are failing to play their part in promoting democracy

In our politically correct world it would be assumed that pretty much every discriminatory term is quashed and rejected by society. This should, in particular, be true of the Cambridge community, full to the brim of well-educated and informed individuals; surely we are all too knowledgeable and well-rounded to take any forms of prejudice seriously? Of course, prejudice can be found in all walks of life but on a more general level, discrimination is much closer to home than you may think. Where? Just look to the 'Chav'.

The glorious Chav, a staple of British society. A Burberry-wearing, smoking, mouthy, uneducated white individual. This description, set in stone by the likes of 'Vicky Pollard', embodies various traits that are attributed to the typical image of a 'chav'. You may laugh, even agree. But look closer, the white working class is the one group it has become socially acceptable to discriminate against.

An air of elitism permeates through this discrimination; the 'chav' figure and the connotations that surround this stereotype unfortunately dissemble any attempts at class and social equality. How can these barriers be broken if the only example of the 'working class' we are exposed to is in the form of a 'chav'? This depiction and perpetuation of a harmful stereotype results in a failure of social inclusion too, and the compositions of Cambridge and Oxford University are excellent examples of this failure.

Conversations frequently arise in Cambridge regarding 'Chavs', whether concerning tales of how 'they' stole grandmother's purse or just regarding a general dislike of what a 'chav' exemplifies. It is, for the majority, a common subject, but would conversations be spoken in the same manner regarding black people? Gay people? Would it be acceptable to talk over a hall meal of how one of 'those black people' has pinched your grandmothers' purse? No, it would not. That is racism.

Yet to speak about a 'chav' in such a manner is tolerated. It is almost unbelievable that it is perfectly acceptable to be class discriminatory in contemporary British society.

It is even more unbelievable that it is tolerated in a university that prides itself on its 'intellectual' merits. One would hope that these merits extended to the field of social tolerance.

A Cambridge student may be educated enough to recognise racial, religious and gendered prejudices but when it comes to class discrimination, that is apparently not the case. Is this due to the lack of working class students in Cambridge University or is it merely a reflection of society's discriminatory discourse?

It is both. The Cambridge environment, largely composed of white middle class students is not an accurate depiction of the composition of society. Due to various difficulties working class students face regarding access into Cambridge, the university is unique in providing a community that consists (for the wide majority) of one 'middle' class.

In the end, the truth seems to lie in Alan Ayckbourn's statement - 'Place three Englishmen on a desert island and within an hour they'll have invented a class system'.

Modern politics is coming to resemble a second-rate pantomime. Where we might expect articulate performances to a willing audience, what we have is a dithering cast whose pitiful caliber invites a bombardment of criticism. Were we back in medieval times, we could brain Mr. Brown with a pear, or perhaps a turnip. In modern Britain, however, rotten fruit is out, and the press, polls and petitions are in. But how constructive is our incessant hostile critique of political affairs, and do we have any alternative?

Most of us at heart probably believe, or did until recently, that we are part of some unspoken social contract in which we behave ourselves as citizens and "authority" acts impartially, fairly and with some honesty. What a mistake.

We need to eliminate this false sense of security, and reform our perception of the state from one of a big friendly bear to the sly cat it actually is.

As Churchill so famously noted, "democracy is the worst form of government except all the others that have been tried". Our system is not flawless or unblemished and demands constant critical reevaluation in order to uphold its best, or at least most acceptable, features.

In a modern democracy (at least in theory) accountability should define the relationship between those in power and those with power (albeit in a diluted collective form). Without accountability, democracy has no

substance. Like an empty sweet wrapper: it is alluring but superficial. Acton's estimation that "power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely" has proved universally applicable, immune to divisions of time or place.

Nobody can handle power with total integrity, and politicians - who are by nature power hungry leeches - should be monitored by public criticism all times. Remembering the latest donations scandals and Derek Conway's underhand use of political finances to gloss the lifestyle of his student son, recent political practice suggests a prevailing notion that accountability is merely for the "little" people (that means teeny weeny you and me who for the most part follow the laws, while sheepish politicians squirm between the boundaries they lay down).

This underlies a momentous breakdown of trust between the two sides of the democratic coin: parliament and the voting public. While we may vote these clowns into power, there is very little we can actually do to manipulate the political process once they have positioned their behinds on the green leather seats of parliament. Our only outlet, it appears, is to hurl abuse: a tactic presently displaying our most advanced form of political engagement. While this may be counterproductive, the problem fault lies with government, and not the governed.

Politicians have constructed a culture of spin and deception in a ruse designed to delude the voting public of the government's

actual intent. Faced with a cast of buffoons selectively deaf to the public voice, who solely considering the issues that immediately threaten their power, it is hardly surprising the electorate have withdrawn to a strategy of hostile criticism. Quite simply, if politicians choose to block their ears, we're going to have to

"Politicians have constructed a culture of spin and deception in a ruse designed to delude the voting public of the government's actual intent."

shout.

Political criticism is part of a vicious circle. We need it to sustain a working democracy, but we should be simultaneously aware of the relative political luxury to which we are accustomed. While we take the liberty to nit-pick our own political system, we forget the fact that much of the world's population can't even claim the right to do so. Dictators were not a mutation of interwar history and repressive authoritarian leaders still wield power in numerous modern states.

We need only cast our eye as far as Kenya to see the fruits of modern "democracy" shrivel to

the size of a raisin. The British government recently suffered a wave of criticism for its proposals to extend the detention period of terror suspects to 42 days. Should we be appalled at the possibility of a 6 week detention period when countries like America, surely vulnerable to greater threat and boasting a darker history human rights violation, survive with a period of only 2 days? Or should we console ourselves with the knowledge that we do not have a Guantanamo Bay to burden our conscience?

So while we bask on the global stage as a "developed" and "advanced" nation, we must not discount the danger that our ripened western democracy might start - perhaps already has - to decompose. It is vital to keep a critical eye on any form of government, and even more so, on the present incumbents who are shamelessly flippant with their democratic credentials.

Democracy never has, and never will, conform to its ideal, but to keep the system on track demands unbroken public commitment. Criticism is key to the accountability required to sustain and improve our political process, but unrelenting public hostility is not the most constructive means.

In this vicious circle, however, it is the governing players who need to change their ways, perfect polish their performance and cleanse the political stage.

Only then will a rightly skeptical public be content to unclench their fists, and lay down their turnips, and engage with a positive interest.

Dan
Grabiner



Celebrity Britain

Our obsession with fame equates to an acceptance of laziness

As Simon Cowell et al. return to our screens for a second series of Britain's Got Talent, entertainment of the point-and-laugh variety is the order of the day. The majority of acts include a delusional misfit showing exactly how "talented" they are, shambolically embarrassing themselves to the hysterical delight of the audience ("OFF! OFF! OFF!").

But the more serious cause for concern lies in the stories of those we don't see - those not horrendous or spectacular or moving enough to deem entertaining. The fact that the only ambition of an increasingly large proportion of young people in Britain is "to be famous" is the product of reality shows providing a swift and painless route onto a red carpet groaning under the weight of the new throng of "instant celebrities".

As guest editor of the Today Programme, Damon Albarn made his views on the Cowell machine and the "instant celebrity" process clear, pointing to the years of toil Blur endured before earning their right to success. But aren't X-Factor, The Apprentice or even Big Brother democratic, non-partisan routes to stardom? Free to enter, the competitions employ Darwinian selection processes

ensuring that the fittest do indeed survive, often via a public vote. So the Leona Lewis's, the Paul Potts's and, dare I say it, the Simon Ambrose's have experienced their fair share of toil, both in the years before and the weeks during these absurd shows, and winning surely indicates that they do indeed pos-



ses the X-factor.

But it is the effect of this on the child's mindset which is so destructive, and one only needs to examine the aspirations of British children to see it. The Association of British Teachers and Lecturers (ATL) survey conducted earlier this year showed over a third of pupils to primarily aspire to "be fa-

mous". Not "be a footballer" or "be an actor", just "famous". The rise of websites such as beonscreen.com ("your ticket to appearing on television shows") is in tune with the rise of the obsession with celebrity, providing information on how to apply for shows, MTV's I Want a Famous Face embodying the most disturbing end of the spectrum. The majority of teachers described the celebrity fixation as detrimental to pupils' aspirations. Primary school teacher Elizabeth Farrar is quoted in the study stating that "many pupils believe academic success is unnecessary, because they will be able to access fame and fortune quite easily through a reality TV show".

The talented child who lazes, expecting to win Miss Apprentice Idol is almost as worrying as the seventeen-year-old who envies Jade and the other housemates, counting the days until they are eligible to apply for instant fame themselves, or the girl quoted in the study whose life ambition is "to be a WAG". While 60% of British pupils aspire to "be David Beckham", what we seem to have forgotten is that being David Beckham is not a career. He has earned his status through talent and toil. Smiling at the cameras on the red carpet is not George Clooney's job,

but a fringe benefit - fringe detriment perhaps - and the body of work he has accumulated is not the concern of the mother who berates her daughter for coming home without the million-dollar contract.

On top of ignoring the challenges which successful sportspeople or showbiz personalities have usually overcome, we also appear to be deluded about what instant fame actually is. Instant fame is short-lived. Even the winners of Big Brother are forgotten, and bar the occasional appearance on 100 Worst TV Moments Ever, the media and the public toss them negligently into the pit of disregard, ready for the next group which series 9 will duly bring.

Thankfully, most people see past the Endemol fame and fortune façade, and Britain's Got Talent is really a show about British people who think they are talented ... minus those who are. The majority of the 32% of students who model themselves on Paris Hilton will grow out of it, but there are many people who need a reality check. The programmes are not manufactured for the contestants, but solely for entertainment purposes, and the next Winehouse doesn't need Simon to whisk her into the industry - talent and drive can do that for her.



“No man is an island, entire of itself”, said John Donne in Meditation XVII, and by Jove, he was right. Even idlers - distant, solitary, immaculately fragranced figures that we are - still feel the occasional pull of a tide that draws us inexorably back into the oceanic vastness of the human race. It is irresistible, impossible to ignore: as inescapable as tectonic drift.

But enough with the geographical metaphors (crayon-pushing tossers that geographers inevitably are), the point is this: there are certain events where all of us, idler or busybody, are subjected to the same inevitable collective fate. One such occasion? The dreaded Exams.

You are no doubt already beset by exam-related worries on all sides, and I have no desire to add to them. Besides, as an idler, I have to maintain an attitude of *laissez-faire nonchalance* at all time, lurking finals or not.

It would be unseemly for me to show signs of stress. Panic would be unthinkable. I'm positively the last person you'll find tucked away in the library, cramming like John Prescott in the Marks and Spencer cake aisle.

No. Never fear. I am not worried, and neither should you be. You see, in times of crisis, I turn to those figures I admire - my “idle idols”, if you will (do excuse me, times are tough) - to provide me with the guidance I need when things get a little bit hectic.

Here are three of my faves - and I hope they can inspire you in the same way they inspire me.

1. King Leonidas of Sparta.

Now, one may not think of Leonidas as a classic idler *per se*, but look closer, and you'll see all the classic elements are there in industrial-sized spades. The striking personal style, the wise-guy quips, the immense physical attractiveness - the man is clearly one of us.

“If you want them, come and get them!” A motto for us all, right there. This is a man, ladies and gentlemen, who quite literally fights for the right to stay exactly where he fucking is.

2. George W. Bush.

Extensive napping, a righteous desire to stay out on the ranch rather than coming into work, and an avowed love (if reasonable mistrust) of salty snacks prove the Commander-in-Chief to be an idler *par excellence*.

If he was still a drinker, he'd be the best darn golfing buddy you could possibly hope for. Shame about that presidency though, eh?

3. Bartleby the Scrivener.

Let down somewhat by the fact that he is fictional, Bartleby the Scrivener is otherwise the greatest idler in the history of human achievement (or non-achievement in his special case).

His passive-aggressive mind-fuck of a mantra, “I'd prefer not to”, safely steers him clear of all excessive duties and responsibilities. In fact, in the end he's so apathetic that he can't even be bothered to cling onto life - doing the gracious thing, he simply shirks off every conceivable pressure, and slips away into the impending blackness.

Come exam day, you may feel the same. Remember these heroes though, and ensure that you go down in style.



Lillian Li

The Truth about Tibet

The West is misunderstanding recent events in Tibet and China

The recent Tibetan protests have done little to further the cause of Tibetan suffrage. If anything, it has set things back by antagonising China and misrepresenting events in Tibet. From a Chinese perspective, there is a feeling that the West doesn't understand the issue, never took time to understand the issue, but stands ready to hand out judgment on the issue.

It's easy to dismiss China as an oppressive dictator in Tibet but really, the human rights records of China in Tibet is mixed. On one hand, high estimates of 800,000 people were killed over 20 years from 1959 onwards and immense damage was done to Tibetan cultural heritage during the Cultural Revolution. But China suffered a loss of at least two million during the same turbulent time.

On the other hand, the Chinese government has abolished a feudal system and poured much needed money into establishing education, healthcare and infrastructure in rural Tibet. In the last 30 years, the standard of life in Tibet has increase rapidly - with life expectancy jumping from 35.5 years in 1950 to 67 in 2000. The issues of human rights in Tibet, and in China, will surely be addressed (and needs to be addressed) for China as a country to move forwards. Yet after a century of poverty and political turmoil, issues such as clothing the rest of the population have been higher on the agenda.

Clarification is also needed on the recent riots in Tibet and the Chinese military response. The riots in Tibet were just that - riots, and the crackdown of the Chinese government should be viewed in this context. As James Miles of *The Economist*, one of the few western journalists in Tibet at the time, reported, only non-Tibetan businesses and people were targeted in violence; the injured were Han Chinese.

The main cause of the riots wasn't oppression, but a growing dissatisfaction with the faster economic development of the better-educated Han Chinese in Tibet. The growing gap between rich and poor is a common story in China but the Han Chinese have become an easy scapegoat due to their growing presence in Tibet in the last few years. Even the billions

of investment poured into Tibet by the central government are not enough to reduce the gap between Tibet and rest of China. The frustration of poverty and the golden opportunity of worldwide Olympic publicity have only added fuel to the fire.

The hard truth is that Tibetan independence will not make the Tibetan people better off. Economically, the Tibetan people rely on the Chinese - 90% of Tibet government spending comes from the central Chinese government. The fastest growing sector of the Tibetan economy is tourism, which would grind to a standstill as soon as China withdraws its flood of tourists. Out also goes access to higher education in mainland China (where the Tibetans

“The Chinese see the West as hypocritical, reaping the benefit of buying cheap goods from developing China but judging its human rights record as that of a developed nation.”

are favoured with lower entry requirements) and immigration of more skilled workers. Tibet will be left with a damaged economy at a time of much needed stability, especially when they have to sort out the prickly task of separating a ruling government from a ruling religion.

Even if the recent protests have been raising awareness in the wider world, the audience it's targeted at - the Chinese people and government - have long switched off, unplugged the TV and thrown it out the window. The western media coverage in the recent weeks have instigated a wave of nationalism in China that has drowned out the moderates.

The Western media has become a symbol of Western bias. In Chinese slang, ‘Don't be too CNN’ means ‘don't ignore the truth’, as a

response to CNN reports which vastly exaggerated the scale and intent of the Chinese military intervention. Conspiracy theories are rife in the Chinese blogosphere (yes, it does exist), where the whole ordeal is seen as the latest move in the West's attempts to suppress china as a growing world power.

The Chinese see the West as hypocritical, reaping the benefit of buying cheap goods from developing China but judging its human rights record as that of a developed nation. It preaches morality while encouraging mob demonstrations that attacked a wheelchair bound torch carrier and wags its finger about censorship while filling the airwaves with cropped photos and misleading captions.

The West seems to lament China as an oppressed brainwashed mass, too controlled by a single party government to withstand criticism. There seems to be little interest in dealing with Chinese as ordinary individuals and engaging on an equal basis. The fact that the Olympics represents the Chinese people more than it represents the Chinese government has not been made clear, and criticism sounds more like cultural imperialism.

China's failings of inflexibility and a series of unfortunate public relations events has done nothing to help the situation. Insistence that that the Dalai Lama is the puppet master behind this theatre of humiliation, heavy handedness with the demonstrations with the dubious guards in blue, leads to saving face as the main objective of the day.

There are no winners with these protests. The Tibetan people blare out a skewed view to the rest of the world, the West agrees and damages fragile international relationships, and the Chinese people and government become more adamant about not being seen as weak rather than listening to either.

The effects of these are already being felt, in the hostility of Chinese immigrants whenever Tibet is mentioned, the waves of pro China protests around the world, and the boycotting of French businesses in China. This may be the issue that finally forces the reticent China to take centre stage and start speaking, but what's going to be said may not be what we've been waiting to hear.

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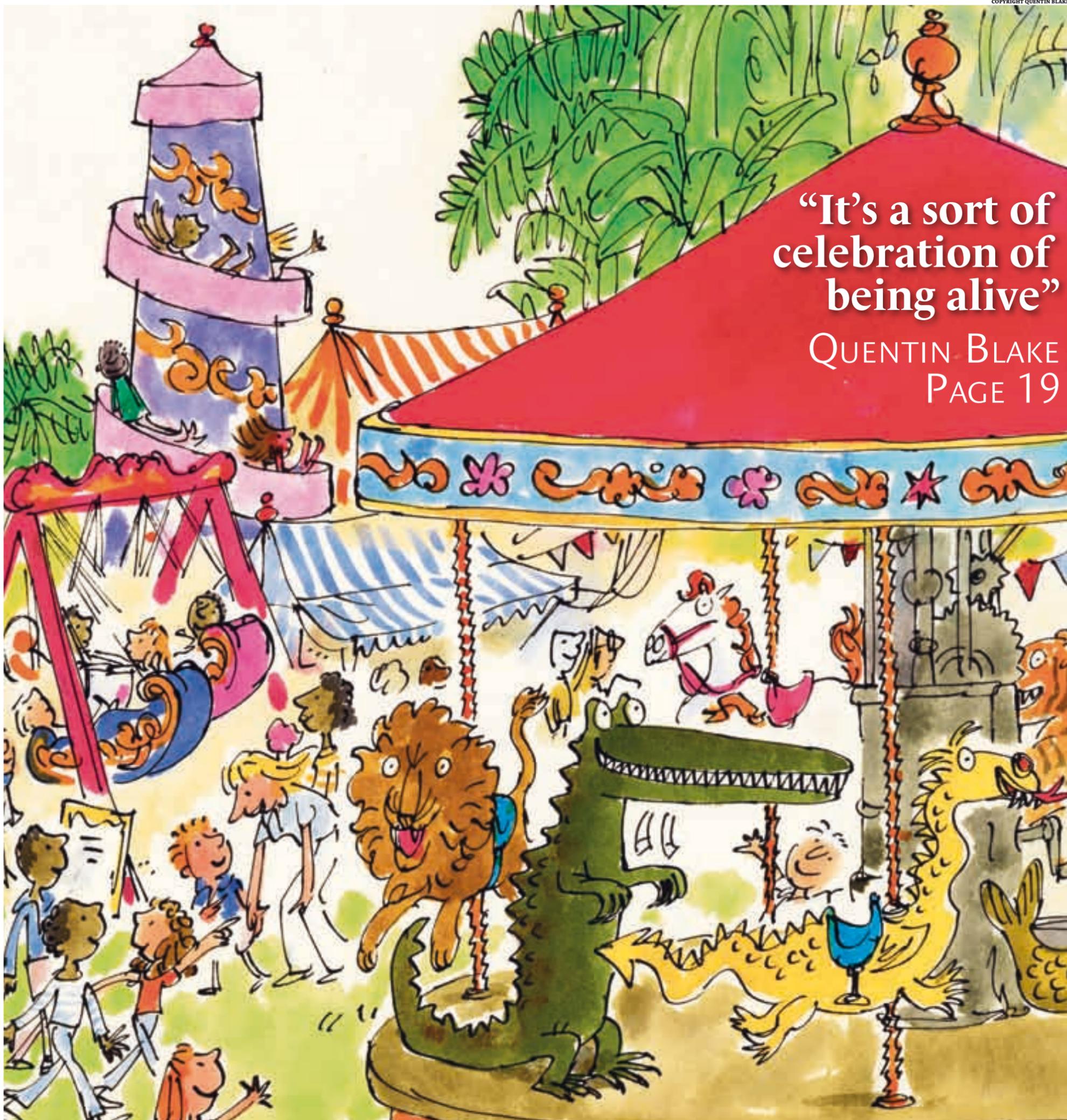
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“It’s a sort of
celebration of
being alive”

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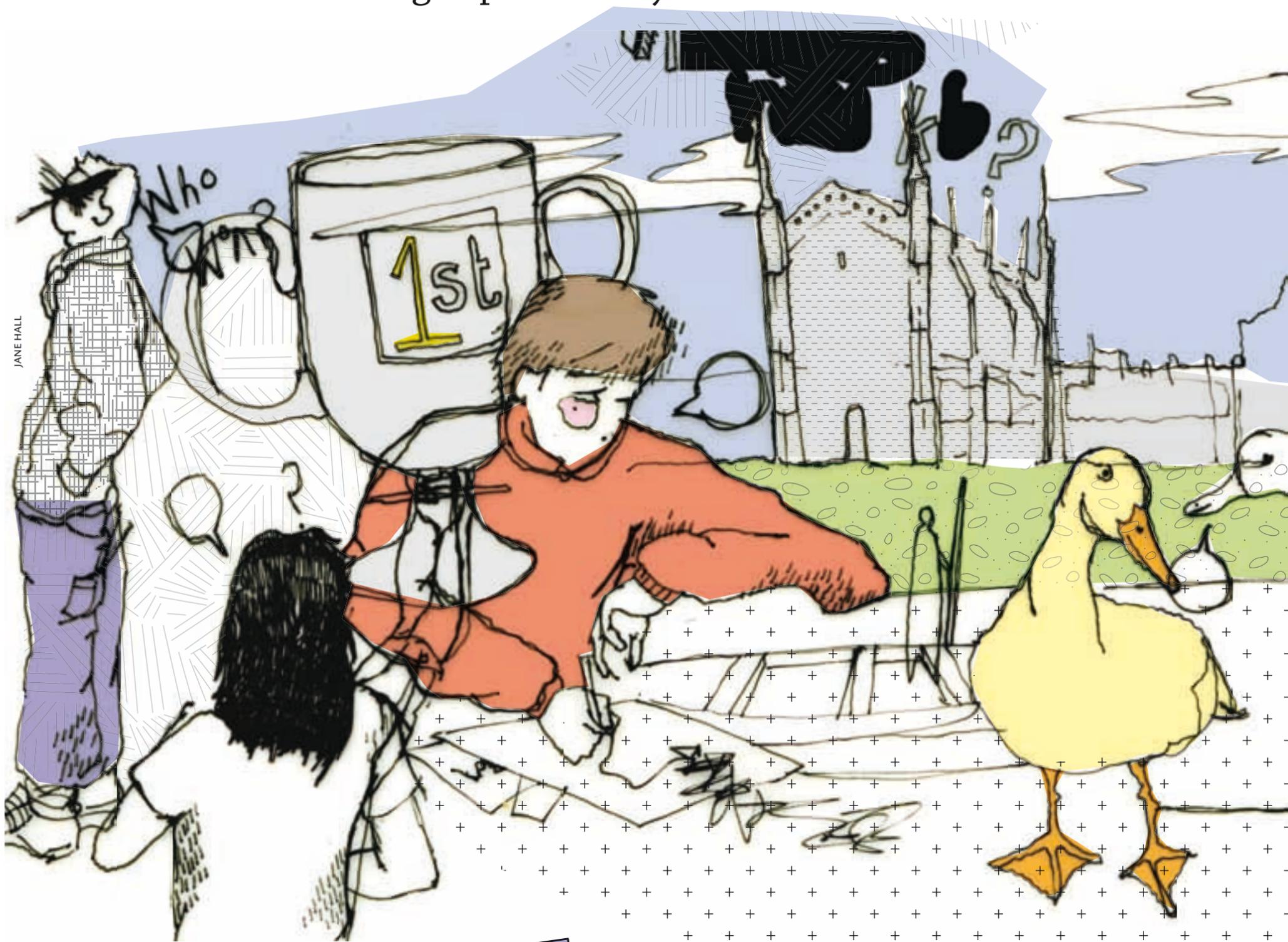
Guilty pleasures **Page 21**

Arthur Russell **Page 23**

VIEW

The Varsity Awards 2008

A very subjective list of institutions and individuals deserving of praise this year



Best Restaurant

Snug

For those of you who live in the centre of town, and are deeply entrenched in a Cambridge conception of distances (i.e. The Fitzwilliam is an inordinately long way away), then Snug's location on Lensfield Rd might be off-putting. However, as the weather gets warmer, which it will, distance is no excuse. The Burgers are second-to-none, as are the fruit juice cocktails. The hang-over cure of champions.

Best Pub

The Champion of The Thames

Unbeknownst to the Varsity team, who live in an office without windows, the past few days have been, at times, sunny and warm. This throws this choice of winner into contention, since the outside sitting area in The Champion (King's St) consists of one broken table and two very small chairs squashed against

a brick wall. However, we feel it still deserves praise for its immutable charm; the ultimate old-man-pub experience. If you're looking to be outside whilst drinking, as no doubt some of you might me, try the upstairs balcony at B-Bar.

Best Members' Club The Hawks'

The Ospreys' have had some troubles regarding their premises. The Pitt Club struggles with music licenses, drinks licenses, broken loos and a reputation worthy of Lindsay Lohan. The ADC, if we are being charitable enough to include it in the category, is certainly ruled out for the first prize given the general attitude towards

thesps. The Hawks' Club, however, has cheap drinks, a massive television with Sky Plus, and fantastic food courtesy of Donna Martin, all at a very reasonable price. To be avoided on evenings when formal swaps are being held, unless one is partial to self-congratulatory (often self-aware) jock behaviour, and accompanying blue-tack.



Best Cafe Savino's

Savino's makes excellent coffee. It always has loads of newspapers for you to read, including The Sun. It is run

by exceptionally nice Italian people. It's not expensive, nor is it remotely gimmicky.

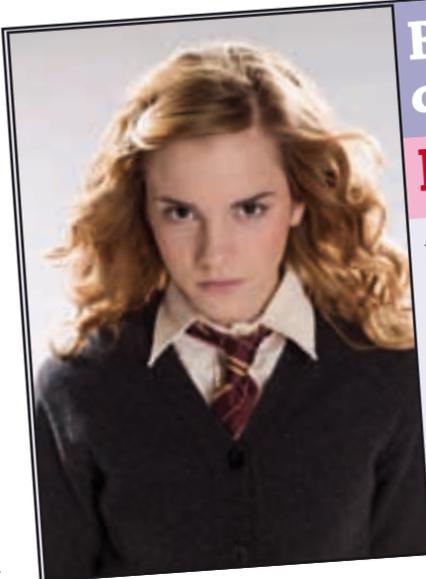
Best Student Impersonator Tarique Akhtar

Somewhat of a one-horse race. The closest competitor to the crown is perhaps the homeless person who allegedly managed to live in a bathroom in New Court, Trinity, for almost a term two years ago. Akhtar rose to celebrity after it was discovered that he had been posing as a member of Trinity for a year, helping himself to library, computing and JCR facilities. If his

facebook account is to be believed, Akhtar has also played the role of 'Harvard student', and 'Stanford student'. Complaints were launched against the impersonator after a number of sexual advances on female students; a big give-away he was not a genuine Cantabridgian.



Best Celebrity Rumoured to be coming to Cambridge in 2008 Hermione Granger



A newcomer in the category of Celebrities Rumoured To Be Coming To Cambridge, Hermione "Emma Watson" Granger snatched the award this year, much to the disappointment of those backing Lily Cole for the prize. Miss Cole, alleged to have been joining our hallowed ranks for most of the past decade, has instead spent her

time being a successful model, and attending St Trinian's (a fictional school). We have higher hopes for Watson/Granger, who plans to start at Homerton next Michaelmas, at which point she will hopefully stop spending time with Johnny Borrell, who is just awful.



Best Thing about The Grand Arcade The Apple Store



For those of you with Apple computers, i-pods, and the suchlike, there is probably no need to expound upon how good it is to have an Apple Store in Cambridge. But I will anyway. If your computer breaks, you take it to the Genius Bar there, and you can find a Genius who will help you. You used to have to go to

London to find a Genius, but now you can find a Genius in Cambridge too. The new Topshop is much better than the old one, but it's not as good as an Apple Store. The Grand Arcade also boasts a Jane Norman and a Swarovski Crystal shop. The Apple Store did not have much competition in this category.



Libby wears: Maxi dress, Marimekko for H&M, £39.99; Coat, model's own
Claire wears: Mini dress, Hervé Léger, £550
All shoes stylist's own
Photographers: Katy King & James Pockson



MAY | maxi
mini
for may balls big and small



Restaurant Review James Quaife

DragonDragon

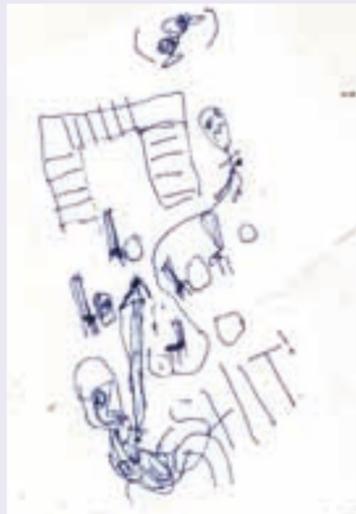
13, University Road



I LITERALLY LOVE FOOD my friend confided as we sat down in our seats. Too right. This week took us to DragonDragon (as always, its a restaurant[!]) whose British cuisine we thought would be appropriate considering that its Saint George's day this 22nd of April. People give English food a lot of shitty stick, but you can safely say it's the very best in the world. Where else would you get a steak, some sausages, or chicken? Think beef. Think pies. Roast potatoes. The munchies are seriously setting in. We got in a right proper muddle trying to find the place, but once you see it you are pretty much there, so don't be put off by the walk.

The waiters were imaginatively begarbed in full knight regalia, replete with helmets and swords, which they playfully used to carve a massive hunk of beef. It was rough and ready on the outside, but don't let that fool you sucka! Because inside it was soft-ballet-slipper-pink, and ruddy yumsky. It was half way

through a melt-in-your-mouth-mouthful that I felt the first twinge. And what a twinge, and I don't mean that in a good way. I jumped up, excusing myself to my confused (but healthy) friend who remained sat down, and rushing past a waiter who for a moment I thought was a real knight of the realm (!) I started the journey to the loo. Although the knights may have been very good at fighting (one of them boshed a feisty eater in the head with their shield, leaving the diner less than intact!), they were not so good at directions! I drew on a loo paper my loo odyssey so you, the reader,



can better understand.

I think the drawing shows it pretty damned well, so I won't prattle on about that. Suffice to say, I nearly cacked my kegs!

The roast potatoes, possibly the most complex of all foods to get right, were just so nice that words can't describe them. They were crunchy, nice and good. And not untasty either. Although when the bill rocked up our smiles were turned upside down. Fucking good tats and rumpy pumpy beef are tasty as hell, but also expensive. They're the best taste on earth [nobody disagrees], but they cost the earth too, and what's worse, they gave me a chronic case of the brown river blues. Ten minutes later I was winging my sweet way to Addenbrookes, in the back of an ambulance.

But being in hospital aint gonna stop this reviewer from writing his review. Thinking about how tasty that grub was I can almost forgive it for giving me a case of what the doctors now say is e-coli. If anybody wants to come and visit, give me a call on 55555. I'm not going to be going anywhere any time soon. The doctor says I'm the crowiest cock he's ever laid his hands on. Too right, doc. I want to thank Tom Evans for giving me such an opportunity to write in this column. It's so nice to have people come up to me in the streets and say something other than 'hey glasses head, taste this!' I've tasted the world. And I've loved Every. Cocking. Minute. (!)

James Matilde Quaife 13th May 1987 - 20th April 2008

Cumming On Politics



I'm not the only person feeling invigorated by the US presidential stuff. Over the holiday my ten year old brother, observing the colours of my father's rug-challenged skull, exclaimed: 'Hillary's beating Obama'.

Aside from the robust impertinence (the kids in 'Bedknobs and Broomsticks' would never have gotten away with a line like that), it at least shows how the contest has captured the imagination, even amongst an age-group which genuinely believes 'Soulja Boy' to be musically talented and free of retardation.

It's easy, really. Get a hip young black dude, a haggard white sour-faced whale, talk about how great both are. Then make them fight each other for years for the right to lose to a deranged 'Nam vet who looks like the violent, lecherous younger brother of the Emperor from Star Wars. All the elements are in place. It's perfect PR for the democratic system, really. One wonders why they didn't think of it before. Actually I say perfect, but I mean almost perfect, because there are some flaws with it, the most important of which is the fact that Obama and Clinton have both been so ravaged by their ambition that they have gone entirely mad.

Obama started this madness, probably, when he seized on Hillary's (in hindsight gravely erroneous) 'anti-hope' mantra, and cunningly flipped it on its head to make himself the candidate of 'hope'. Abstract concepts are great things to run on, because they mean nothing. However, what Obama has proven is that by twinning the abstract concept with another descriptive noun, picked at random, you can mean even less than nothing. I like the guy, but his bestselling book of ideology, 'The Audacity Of Hope', could just as easily have been called 'The Complexity of Dream, or 'The Danger Of Creed'. 'The Belligerence of Humour', anyone? If he'd gotten Robert Ludlum on the case in time (i.e. before Robert Ludlum died in 2001), they could have called it something even funkier. 'The Chicago Compromise', perhaps. Or 'The Honolulu Hopefulness'.

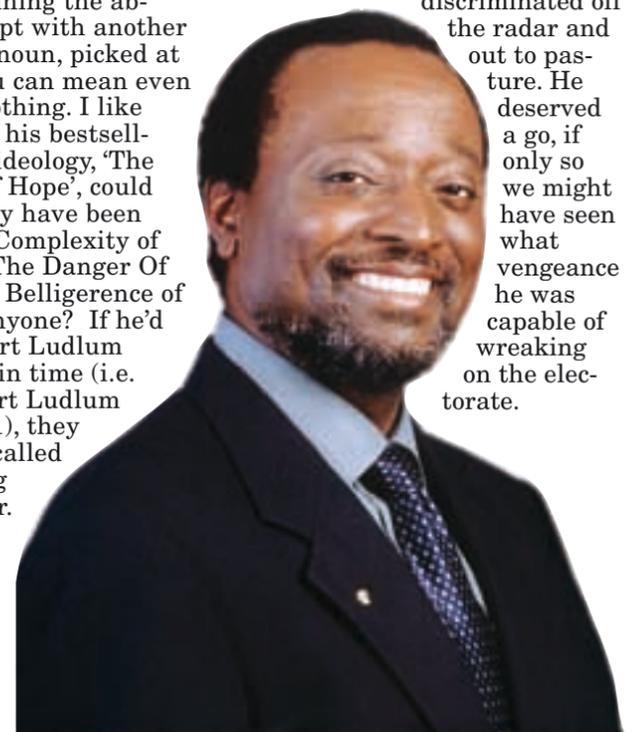
In amongst

all the routine mudslinging there have been some genuine moments of comedy: the word 'misspeak', for instance, when the meaning is 'lie'. I think we can all agree that 'misspeak' sounds friendlier: it suggests that there was some kind of purer, inner truth, cruelly distorted by the evil mouth. Almost as good are McCain's 'senior moments' on unimportant issues like the difference between Iran and Iraq. Senior moments are justly celebrated for their hilariousness, but your mother posting her carkeys has fewer global implications than, say, a war. When it comes down to it, do you really want Harold Bishop's cake-filled finger on the button?

Unfortunately I suspect the answer is yes, particularly when the alternative is, basically, an older, thinner version of the Carlton character from the Fresh Prince of Bel-Air. I'd vote for Will Smith, who's never made a bad movie, but Carlton was always getting bitched on. As for the white whale, I'll say only this: would you trust someone who thought it was a good idea to delegate her husband, the President of the United States's, sexual needs to the work experience? There are some responsibilities which must simply be taken on the chin, and I don't like her priorities.

Its irrelevant anyway, because the strongest candidate by miles was the dangerously crackers black Republican Alan Keyes, whose entire being was given over to righteous indignation for the ten minutes he was around, before his anti-discrimination ticket resulted in him being, er,

discriminated off the radar and out to pasture. He deserved a go, if only so we might have seen what vengeance he was capable of wreaking on the electorate.



Alan Keyes: mental

Face Off Final

The College which received the most votes in this year's competition is

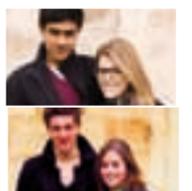
Magdelene: Face Off Champions 2008



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

LAST ROUND'S RESULT:

King's 2%
Caius 98%





'I'm in the funny business'

Synonymous with the work of Roald Dahl, **Quentin Blake** is one of Britain's best-loved illustrators. **Anna Trench** interviews the man whose drawings enlightened a generation

I expected to meet a man who looked like one of his characters – scratchy and colourful, scruffy and beaming, possibly doing a cartwheel. But the man who greeted me on the steps of Downing library was quietly dressed; he smiled, he did not grin, and when he shook my hand we did not fly away into the sunset on a giant multicoloured bird. In fact, Quentin Blake was rather ordinary, although his eyes certainly twinkled.

We sat in the sun on a tiny bench. Over fifty years ago, Blake read English here, presided over by F.R. Leavis. When I ask for some wild anecdotes of student adventures he mumbles, "Oh, I just crept around writing essays and doing drawings." After Cambridge he attended Chelsea as a part time student and eventually went on to be head of illustration at the Royal College. Almost all the books he has illustrated are collaborations between words and pictures. Indeed, *Words and Pictures* is the title of the essential guide to how and why he works, published in 2000, with illustrations ranging from his A Level days right up to his most recent books. His reasoning at the time was "If I go to an art school I might stop reading, but if I read English I won't stop drawing – I kind of get both." And he was right, because Blake has successfully made his living his whole life out of drawing, from when he was published in *Punch* aged fifteen up to now. "Also," he continues, "because it's books and because the words are important I discovered I'm interested in the editorial aspect of it – how you fit the words and pictures together."

Quentin Blake likens his role to that of a theatre director: "Here's the text of the play – how do we bring it about?" When he was working with Roald Dahl they would meet up and see if they could slightly "change the text to see

if we could get a better picture". Famously, Dahl sent his own Norwegian slippers in the post to Blake as inspiration for the BFG's shoes. Blake has illustrated over 300 books by a dozen authors, including Evelyn Waugh. But Waugh, he says, was "very difficult because he's just too funny. If you're working with someone you let them have the limelight and you do a bit when it's quiet – but Evelyn Waugh's just funny all the time. So I felt a little superfluous."

Humour is crucial to Blake's work. His energetic characters cannot help but make you smile. "I'm in the funny business," he says. "I don't do gloomy things. When people theorise about humour it's always about other people's misfortunes – banana skins – but it's not entirely about that. Certain humour is just seeing what people do." Blake admires the eighteenth-century satirists Daumier and Cruickshank, and Ronald Searle, whom he met doing national service, and told me he would like to illustrate some Dickens at some point, like *Phiz*. But Blake's work is not social satire. "There is an element of social observation," he agrees with me. "But it's not what we're there for, not the attack." I ask whether his work, with all those eccentric characters and wild adventures, is about escapism. He agrees, but does not seem entirely convinced. Later I ask what he thinks the purpose of drawing is. "It's a sort of celebration of...oh, I don't know..." he laughs awkwardly, "...being alive." If this had come from anyone else I would have considered it an almost trite comment.

But coming

from Quentin Blake, a man who seems to understand the importance of his drawings for millions of children and adults, it is actually very powerful. "Vitality," he concludes. "That's what it is."

Although Blake insists he is in the "funny business", one of the most popular, and certainly the most powerful, book he has illustrated, is not funny at all: *Sad Book* by Michael Rosen is about the death of his teenage son. Blake says he feels "slightly embarrassed talking about it... I

"Humour is just seeing what people do"

want to talk about the business of illustrating – but it's too real." It's an honest, sparse book. Rosen "had done it so that you could alternate dark and white... he gave me the candles and I sort of found the end." There are few children's books that deal directly with bereavement, and *Sad Book* is for adults as much as for children. It is not depressing or patronising; it is confused and angry, raw and beautiful. *Sad Book* is not gloomy: it is about dealing with death, and as Blake says, it is "about getting over it".

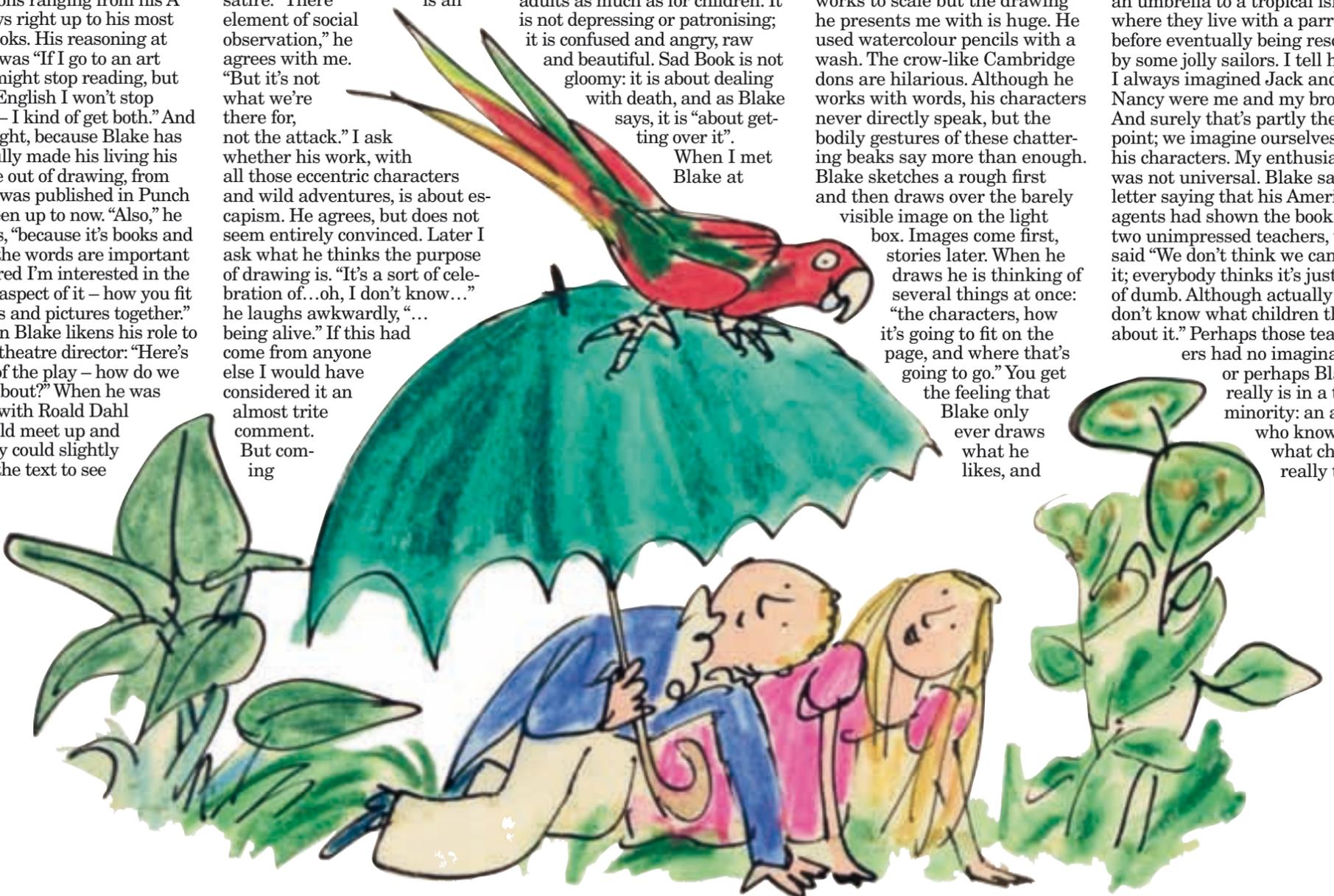
When I met Blake at

Downing he was charming and informative, but what I really wanted was to see the place where he put his characters on paper. I wanted to see him at his drawing board, what pens he used and where he kept them. So I invited myself to his London studio. Through the door I was greeted by old cut-outs of Daumier's work from magazines. This time Blake conformed more to my expectations: unshaven, in a brightly-coloured stripy shirt with what is left of his hair standing slightly on end. We sat in his studio, an enormous room at tree top level. In the centre of the room is a large light box where Blake stands up and draws. His desk is full of mugs of pens and pencils and brushes, and in one corner is a cluster of exotic bird feathers, used as quills.

At Cambridge Blake refused to draw for *Varsity* because the editor Michael Winner was "bent on turning it into the *Daily Mirror*". For the current *Varsity*, however, he kindly agreed to do our editorial cartoon. He usually works to scale but the drawing he presents me with is huge. He used watercolour pencils with a wash. The crow-like Cambridge dons are hilarious. Although he works with words, his characters never directly speak, but the bodily gestures of these chattering beaks say more than enough. Blake sketches a rough first and then draws over the barely visible image on the light box. Images come first, stories later. When he draws he is thinking of several things at once: "the characters, how it's going to fit on the page, and where that's going to go." You get the feeling that Blake only ever draws what he likes, and

he must enjoy it immensely, standing up next to the light box and imagining he is these mad characters. Although we know Blake for his drawings, he used to paint a lot, and has a separate studio for it. He shows me a book full of huge watercolours of women reading. They are loose and expressive in blues and greys. In comparison to painting, illustration is often belittled. "It's a minor form, but not inferior," he says. But if anyone is going to change that, it's Quentin Blake. Before I leave, he generously gives me two books, one of which is about his time as Children's Laureate. He took his position as the first Children's Laureate very seriously, working tirelessly for two years to promote children's literature and drawing. I left with the feeling that what Quentin Blake does is more than a "celebration of being alive"; it's a means to enable others to celebrate being alive too.

My favourite book by Quentin Blake is a story he wrote and illustrated, called *Jack and Nancy*. They get swept away by an umbrella to a tropical island where they live with a parrot, before eventually being rescued by some jolly sailors. I tell him I always imagined Jack and Nancy were me and my brother. And surely that's partly the point; we imagine ourselves as his characters. My enthusiasm was not universal. Blake saw a letter saying that his American agents had shown the book to two unimpressed teachers, who said "We don't think we can use it; everybody thinks it's just kind of dumb. Although actually we don't know what children think about it." Perhaps those teachers had no imagination, or perhaps Blake really is in a tiny minority: an adult who knows what children really think.



'You don't have to do missionary'

The daughter of a businessman **Anna Span** became Britain's first female porn director in 1997 and soon won praise for her naturalistic sex-tapes and for her pioneering exposition of the 'female point of view'. **Zhiying Tsjeng** chatted to her about buttplugs, Dirtpipe Milkshakes and believable scenarios

Within the first five minutes of interviewing the UK's "hottest porn director" (as proclaimed by Arena magazine), I find myself disappointed by several things: I have not been summoned by a man with a moustache to the 'casting couch'; there are no semi-nude porn stars milling around discussing their crack addiction; the porn director in question is wearing a very restrained V-neck sweater and has an Andreas Gursky print behind her desk. The print is not of naked people. It is of a supermarket aisle.

In fact, Anna Span is about as far from every porn cliché you can think of. Her father was the finance director of an engineering company, and she is funny, smart, and very articulate. She

comes across as one of your more eminently sensible best friends, the sort who will inform you, in your drunken Saturday night state, that Lemsip and brandy are not healthy alternatives to antibiotics.

The office we sit in could be any office in suburban Kent; if not for the glass buttplug on the shelf behind us, we could be in the office of an interior decorator. The buttplug in question is Span's award from the Feminist Indie Porn Awards, and sits alongside various other international porn awards, which might tip you off about something: Span likes what she does, and she is very, very good at it.

Porn has a bad reputation:

it's usually the profession of choice for slightly sweaty men with a hand-

held camera, or the domain of gullible, damaged young women (who are all implausibly blonde and lack pubic hair). Laddish humour of the "Ho ho ho! What enormous breasts you have!" dominates. Film titles range from the charmingly imaginative (Dirtpipe Milkshake is one) to the just plain wrong (Bi-Pole-Her).

Span, on the other hand, graduated from Central St Martin's with a degree in Fine Art (Film and Video). Her dissertation film was styled by Ben Westwood, Vivienne Westwood's son. One of her films is called Hug a Hoodie. This could as easily be a satirical look on 'yoof culture'. As it turns out, it actually is – hilariously, one of the hoodies in question is called Cameron – but it just so happens that the hoodies have

lots of sex as well. One of the characters (and these are characters, mind, not just people

who appear, miraculously naked and willing, in front of a camera) says to a surveyor in her flat: "We're red hot-blooded females, yeah? We have needs just like any other women." The man looks vaguely terrified, before his libido gets the better of him. It's reminiscent of a Wednesday night at Cindies. In other words, this is probably about as realistic porn is going to get.

Watching Span's films is a pleasure: the actors in it seem to genuinely fancy each other; they naturally flirt, smile and laugh. Span says she made a "conscious decision" to make porn this way – while her films aren't exactly going to win an award at Cannes anytime soon, they feel natural, relaxed and fun. She says that little details like "eye contact, lots more foreplay and oral sex" make the difference – and they do. No wonder her films sell better in female-friendly shops like Harmony: they're unthreatening, inclusive, and actually show what women like – fit men, pretty women, and believable scenarios. This is in sharp contrast to most British porn, where sex is formulaic, camera angles are unnatural and set, and performances are, for lack of a better word, plastic. Her approach to shooting porn as an organic process that prioritises the entire sexual experience has won her plenty of fans, including some pretty improbable ones: gay men, for example, are big fans of Hug a Hoodie.

Despite the odd demographic hiccup in fanbase, Span has been marketed as the only British filmmaker showcasing a genuine female point of view. She's completely open about what she does, and introduces herself to people as "Britain's first female porn director" – a tag that usually provokes intrigue and downright excitement, especially among women, who tend to launch straight into descriptions of what porn they'd like to see. The only people who didn't approve were her parents – although they too have slowly begun to accept their daughter's chosen career.

It can be difficult to see what porn for women even entails,

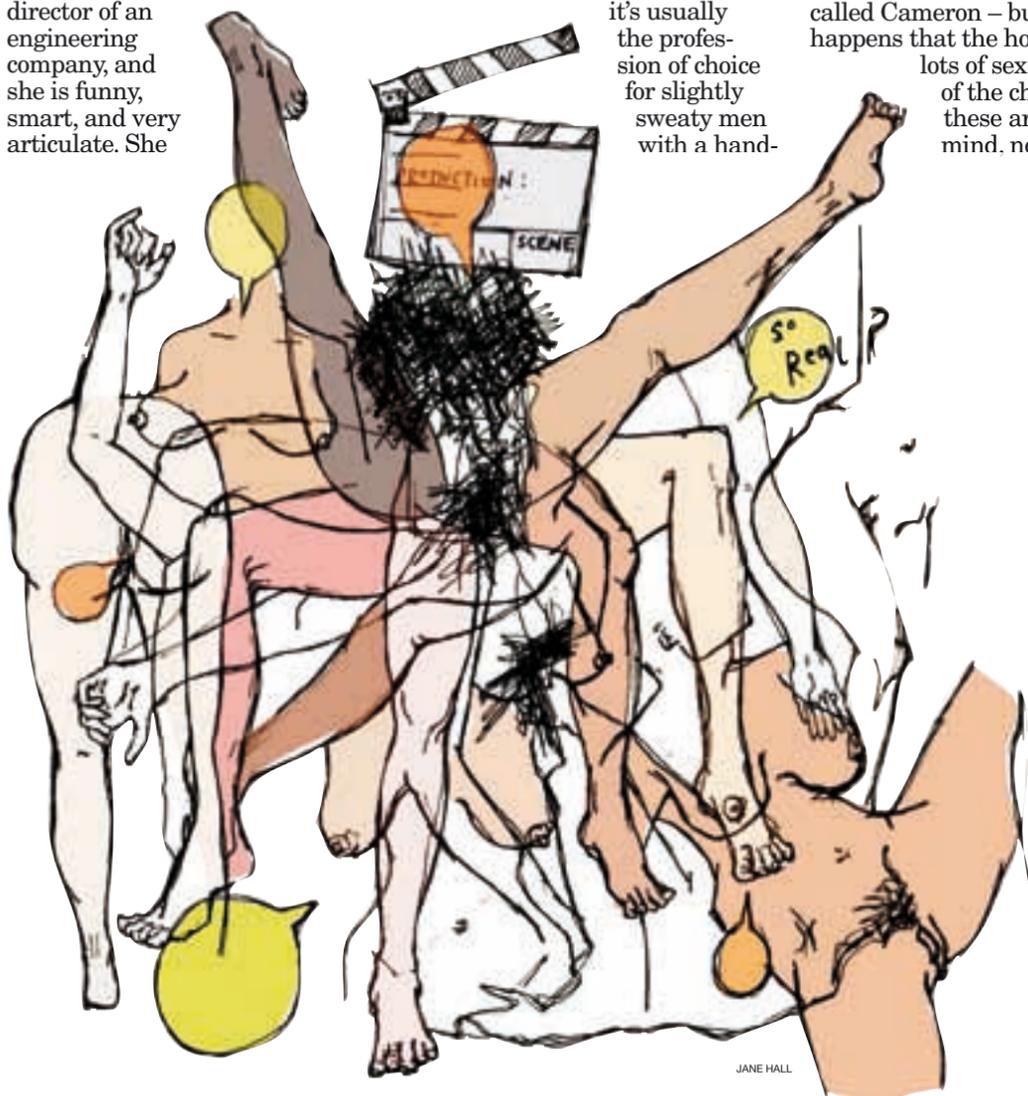
considering we're so used to viewing porn as degrading and violent towards the fairer sex. Span cites Max Hardcore, an American director notorious for violent sex acts in his films like 'choking' (where a woman is choked as she performs fellatio on a man), as directors she emphatically does not take after. She doesn't, however, see it as a worrying indictment of the industry: "There are fashions in porn, like everything else, and

"If somebody gets off on having their head down a toilet, good for them. I have no problem if there is genuine consent."

it'll go out of fashion eventually. But if somebody gets off on having their head down a toilet, good for them! I have no problem if there is genuine consent." She quotes Jacques Lacan, the French psychoanalyst: "Whatever gives you pleasure gives you power. If you deny yourself pleasure, you disempower yourself."

What about the idea that many of these women are forced into these situations? The US industry is much more "extreme" than the UK's, she says – "I certainly wouldn't tell anybody to do what they wouldn't want to do. It's about ethical business. Anyway," she says with a glint in her eye, "there's a wanker in any industry. People prostitute themselves in most jobs anyway. Look at the City!" I think about this for a while: Span, despite the tongue-in-cheek irony, has a certain point. If you're going to prostitute yourself for a job – and we're speaking metaphorically, not literally – you might as well get laid while doing it.

In fact, Span has this to say to the anti-porn feminists: "They hand over sex to men. Yes, there is a lot of misogynistic porn out



JANE HALL



there, but the only way to engage with that is to put out another alternative, not deny the whole lot." In fact, Span used to be anti-porn herself. She had always been interested in porn – she remembers being a small child and walking into a newsagent, and looking at the top shelf was like "looking at somebody else's secret garden". The turning point came when she was on Old Compton Street, deconstructing her feelings of anger, and realising that she was actually jealous that men had their Soho, their top shelf, their place of safety in which to fantasise and imagine – and women had nothing at all.

Span has been in the business for over ten years, and things are slowly changing. The industry has traditionally been male-dominated, and when she started, she had "absolutely no contemporaries to take advice from. Even sex shops used to have 95% male customers... Now it's changing, they're more couple-friendly." She still struggles with the new idea of female sexual liberation, though. "There's a danger of sex becoming a luxury commodity," she says, citing the ludicrously expensive Coco de Mer glass dildo with a mink fur tail and Agent Provocateur lingerie. "That's not breaking any boundaries – we already know women look better in nice underwear!

Women are still concerned with being sexy for men. The power we don't know is the power of female sexuality, and of women being sexually fulfilled." In other words, we still live in a world where the female sexual experience and orgasm is not prioritised, and this is exactly what Span's porn tries to rectify.

No wonder Span views porn becoming more mainstream as a good thing: "The more normalised it gets, the more women can approach it, feel okay with it, and have an influence on what is produced." In fact, Span is currently setting up an amateur film competition for women, which will open next year. "Britain still has a 'behind the bike sheds' mentality towards sex. We're behind Scandinavia and most of Europe in being relaxed about sex, and in terms of gender equality. It still exists, but you can't single it out."

Doesn't porn just perpetuate that? "Attitudes towards women have been terrible before porn was widely available, it has more to do with society's attitude towards women." Span thinks that porn has a largely positive effect; it shows you "don't have to do missionary for the rest of your life. It's guys who can't figure out the difference between real life and porn that it's going to affect negatively." In other words, it's like "going to a cinema and say-

ing it's not what real life is like – porn is a performance, a fantasy."

If Span gets her way, you'll be seeing a lot more of her online as well: "There's a lot of piracy, and DVD sales are dropping. Half of the industry is now amateur – literally every man and his dog is out there with a camera." Accordingly, Span is moving into the digital age and relaunching her site – www.easyote.co.uk – with pay per view online content. I wish her well, and as I get up to leave, she drops a bombshell: she's getting married. This is about as far removed as it gets from the idea of a nympho porn director (as suggested by my friends when I told them whom I was going to interview). I ask her if she'll stop doing porn when she has children: "I'll keep doing porn – it's not a bad thing, you can keep it separate."

So: friendly, funny, feminist, clever, in love, the owner of an internationally-acclaimed business, and producing great, fresh films that women get off on. That just so happen to star several very attractive people, who all end up naked. Could it get any better than that? It's all very inspiring. I'm already planning my own series of Cambridge porn films: Fuck a Fellow? Shag Your Supervisor? Bed the Bedder? I'll let you know. In the meantime, I'll be surfing the Internet.

Another Thought Guilty Pleasures

Isn't it embarrassing when someone finds Fleetwood Mac on your iTunes?



Consider the situation – you've left your computer unattended, and a friend starts filtering through your iTunes library. A thought crosses your mind: do you stop them in their tracks or do you give up the pretence and let them realise you're actually a bit of a loser? "What the fuck is this? Fleetwood Mac?" "Umm, yeah, well the thing is..." And then follow the myriad of excuses. Your Dad used to play it in the car, it's now ingrained in your childhood memories. Or "God, I don't know who put that on there, actually, I think it must have been my uncle." Or even "That's not my computer. It's stolen." That's the problem with guilty pleasures; where does the blame lie? How far do you go to hide them? And most importantly, do you feel like you've betrayed old Phil Collins? It's like that episode of Peep Show: you have to shit on your heroes to be welcomed into the connoisseurs' fold.

"She's like a cat in the dark, and then she is the darkness" is a classic sample from Fleetwood Mac's mysterious love song Rhiannon. It almost reaches the height of poetry – really crap poetry. But who can deny this motley crew their lyrical foibles? You just have to appreciate it, maybe because it conjures up images of car journeys when you were too young to even know where you were going, let alone to question your parents' musical judgement. There's a reason why Fleetwood are used to advertise M&S food; they provide the most delicious cheese on the market.

Darlings of Magic FM, along with Phil Collins, Sting, Simon and Garfunkel and Crowded House, they're simply undeniably good. Magic FM's tag line is simply "magic indulgence"; and that's just what it is, indulgence. Magic moments, mellow magic and more. Let's be honest, when you listen to guilty pleasures, there's low factor of intellectual input and a high output of feeling over meaning. All the lyrics consist of are repetitions of

the title and a few nonsensical whisperings, with a drum machine and some tinkling from a computerized harp thrown in.

On the subject of indulgence, we should have a quick once over of In The Air Tonight by Phil Collins; those advertising geniuses just know that it fits Cadbury's chocolate perfectly. But then again you could just as easily cry to it as dance to it: just

"There's a reason why Fleetwood are used to advertise M&S food; they provide the most delicious cheese"

listen to that drum riff and Phil's bizarrely echoing voice. It follows a simple recipe, just like those boy bands when, roughly three quarters of the way through a ballad, they rise from their chrome stools and perform a classic key change.

The thing about guilty pleasures is that they not only recreate certain eras of your life; the aforementioned car journeys, the ends of school discos (Bon Jovi roaring out of a tinny speaker), and the times when you have a 'traumatic' break up and decide, like Fleetwood, to "go your own way". But they also create affinity between like-minded souls; for every twat that sneers at those hidden gems in your music library, there'll be one bright young thing that smiles along with you in a knowing fashion. And then you realise that you two people are a bit like Simon and Garfunkel, finding a bridge over troubled water. You're like Ronan Keating and Stephen Gately: love the guilty pleasures for a reason, let that reason be love.

**Verity Simpson
and Anna Trench**

Music is dead! Long live music!

Does iTunes signal the death of music? Not if **Josh Farrington** can help it. Here he gives us a wry run-down of the bands we're all going to be talking about this summer

Over the years, many different spaces on the calendar have been solemnly marked off as "the day the music died". For many, it was the 1959 plane crash that killed Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper. For others it was 1969, and the Altamont Festival in California, where The Rolling Stones oversaw the death of the Sixties and the Hippie era as Meredith Hunter, a young black man, was stabbed to death by a gang of Hells Angels in the shadow of the stage. More recently, we might see it as John Lennon's shooting (1980), Kurt Cobain's suicide (1994), or Duffy (still alive, alas). Personally, I reckon it's when Limp Bizkit and Korn dropped All In The Family on the poor unsuspecting world – a song so bad it makes me wish we could go back and uninvent the process of recording sound.

The point is, music has been dying since it was born. These might look like the end days, what with small record labels dying under waves of illegal downloads, big boys like EMI collapsing in turmoil, and even Glastonbury (seemingly the nation's most loved event after Christmas and new series of Doctor Who) failing to sell out, but the Apocalypse isn't quite upon us yet.

Under the gasping death rattle of the music industry, one can hear all sorts of exciting novel sounds pounding out a tribal tattoo from the depths of a fresh new musical womb. Here are five reasons to make like Dawn Porter, and get a front-row seat down at the birthing pool.

Johnny Foreigner

A band so good they literally make me snort pee out of my eyes, and I don't say that lightly. Emerging seemingly fully formed from the musical wastes of Birmingham, they're spearheading a midlands revolt that does immediate and gratifying penance for the areas' most recent offerings, the Twang and the Enemy (I use 'offerings' here in the sense of your pet dog bringing you a dead bird as an offering, then looking at you with that face that says, "Yeah, I just brought you a dead bird! Pretty disgusting, huh? I really hope this spoils your day."). Pigeon-holing is useless, but what the hey: "yelp-rock" and "fight-pop" are the best I've heard so

far. They sound something like former touring partners Los Campesinos! what with their boy-girl vocals and breakneck guitar paciness, but there's only three of them, so I guess that makes them like an elite three-person SAS assassination squad compared to Los Campesinos!' ramshackle piecemeal infantry division. They're coming to Cambridge in early May, and they may just be the most exciting thing to happen to this town since the opening of the Grand Arcade.

George Pringle

Of course, if you have any indie nous whatsoever, you'll already be au fait with all this stuff (in fact, it's probably already passé), and if you are familiar with it, you'll certainly have an opinion on George Pringle. Hailing from Oxford, this 22 year-old disease (look it up) crafts evocative and fluctuating electronic beats (on an iBook G4 named Truman nonetheless), which provide a backing for her spoken-word stream-of-consciousness lyrics (I'm calling it electroBeat poetry, yeah?). It's glamorous, caustic, heartfelt and cynical, and dividing opinion faster than Maddie jokes. If the music the DJ keeps playing says nothing to you about your life, listen to this instead and hear all about shit parties, misguided makeovers, art house films, Street Fighter II, and "a detailed scientific investigation into light reflected on glass". Like Virginia Woolf for Generation Y, but without the big nose and possible anti-Semitism.

Conor Oberst

Not exactly new, but neither is the notion of a Democrat getting into the White House, and we're all pretty chuffed about the possibility of that happening. Oberst is better known as the front man of Bright Eyes, and he is, as anyone who's ever engaged me in conversation will already know, the greatest lyricist in the world today, possibly ever. The man's a poet, a preacher, an artist, a tortured soul, a lost boy, a hero, a washed-up drug addict, a born-again hippy, a prophet, a protestor, a god. He's performing under his own name with a fresh backing band, and the new material is as strong as anything he's ever done, pushing aside the edgy and alcoholic angst of earlier material, in favour of Californian

sun-soaked acoustic reveries. Rumour has it an album will be with us in summer – right now it's just bootlegs (remember kids, every time you download something illegally, not only do you hurt the artist involved, you also make a child in the third world die) and some upcoming live appearances.

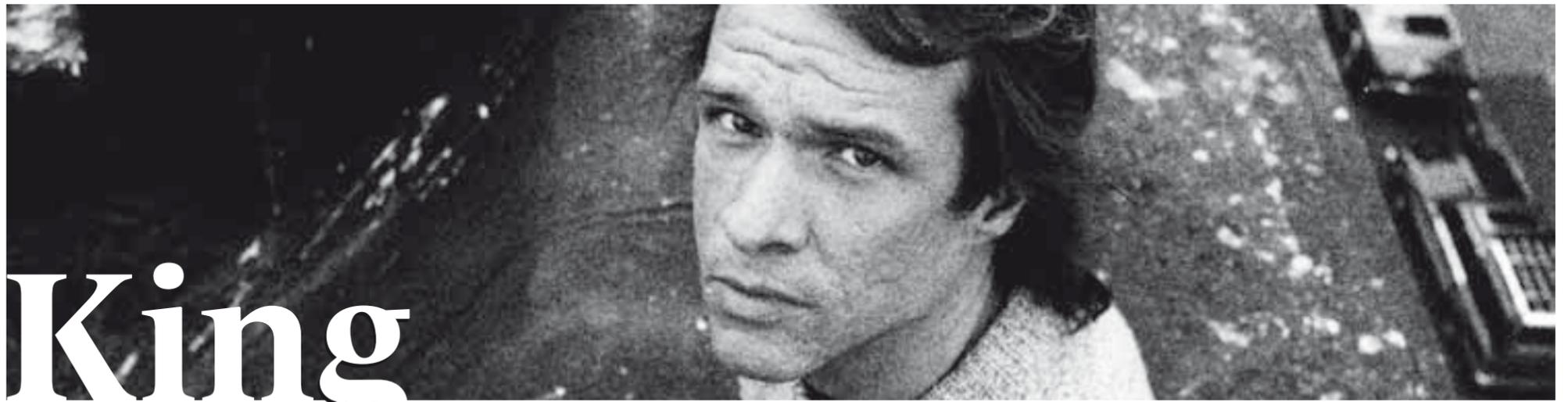
Times New Viking

Much loved by Vice magazine and other sources of Nathan Barley-esque hipness, but don't let that put you off: these lot are the bollocks. Not only is their name a brilliant font-based pun (and as any passing ASNaC will tell you, Viking > Roman), they also manage to sound like the American Midwest shouting through a toy microphone whilst trashed out on children's cough medicine. Some call it "shitgaze", but frankly that's disgusting. What this is, is uncompromising lo-fi garage rock with a veneer of shoegaze, heaps of melody, and a sense of humour (the first track on their last album Present the Paisley Reich was called Imagine John Lennon Dead). Buy their whole discography now before your little brother does.

Rage Against the Machine

These aren't new at all, but who cares, it's RAGE AGAINST THE FRICKIN' MACHINE. Back to rock you like it's 1999, Tom Morello's guitar and the gang are bringing their vitriolic righteousness out for a tour of the world and elsewhere (taking in Reading and Leeds festivals on the way), sizing up their political funk-metal rap-rock shtick against The Man and that all over again. If you hate the Establishment (and quite frankly, fellow middle-class Cambridge students, who doesn't?) and love gargantuan Jimmy Page sized riffs, this is the band reformation you've been waiting for. "Fuck you I won't do what you tell me" indeed.





King Arthur

You haven't heard of **Arthur Russell**, but you probably should have. **Daniel Cohen** introduces a hero of alternative music

Arthur Russell's life, and the characters that populated it, make it worthy of the biopic treatment. He collaborated with people as diverse as beat poet Allen Ginsberg, groundbreaking DJs Larry Levan and François Kevorkian, Talking Heads frontman David Byrne, composer John Cage, and an aspiring rapper who would later become Vin Diesel (though not all at the same time). Despite this, he failed to achieve any real success in his lifetime, and his influence is better heard today – it can be found in the music of the DFA, Hercules & Love Affair, and the whole disco/punk-funk revival, and among artists like Jens Lekman, Panda Bear, Dirty Projectors, and Victoria Bergsman. His fans care deeply about his music, and the more influential ones have played a key role in letting it be heard. Lekman compiled, and contributed to, last year's 4 Songs By Arthur Russell covers EP. Steve Knutson, having worked for years at seminal hip-hop label Tommy Boy, founded Audika Records a few years ago with the sole purpose of releasing Arthur's music, much of it for the first time; this, along with Soul Jazz compilation *The World of Arthur Russell*, has been most important in reviving Arthur's reputation. After important coverage in the *New Yorker* and *The Wire*, interest shows no signs of slowing down: British academic Tim Lawrence has written a biography, *Hold On to Your Dreams*, and a documentary about Arthur, *Wild Combination*, was recently premiered at the Berlin International Film Festival. Thus a man who was nearly forgotten at his death has belatedly become a hero of alternative and experimental music, and his is a story worth telling.

Arthur was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa, in 1952. At eighteen he left for San Francisco. He spent some time in a Buddhist commune (he would remain a lifelong Buddhist), but when it was time to hand in his possessions, he couldn't part with his cello. He left, and met Ginsberg, whose poetry he accompanied onstage; the pair made several recordings together. Not long after, he moved to New York, which was entering an amazingly fertile period for music; he would remain there until his death in 1992.

Over the 70s and early 80s, different genres that have helped define contemporary music were born, or at least shaped, in the city: punk, new wave, disco, hip-hop, electro. At the same time, free jazz musicians and experimental composers were battling against structure and convention, extending music further beyond recognizable forms. Arthur was not actively engaged in all of these scenes, but he personified the musical interaction taking place better than anyone. By following him on his different excursions, one gains insight into this extraordinary concentration of creative energy, and Lawrence's biography uses Arthur to help retell the story of downtown. Arthur joined a rock band, the Flying Hearts, featuring Byrne and composer Rhys Chatham. Around the same time, he curated the 1974-5 season at the Kitchen, an important experimental performance space, where he collaborated with Cage, and came to the attention of Philip Glass.

He was best known for his disco

“He had his eccentricities: every full moon, he would get a haircut and go into the studio, even if he didn't have new songs to work on”

productions. This was not the disco of Chic or Donna Summer, although Arthur played the glitzy Studio 54 at least once, with his cello hanging from his neck like a guitar. Arthur's music under his Loose Joints and Dinosaur L monikers, sometimes referred to as 'disco (not disco)', operated somewhere between that and the more alternative music of New York. It was around this time that he very nearly joined Talking Heads, and Byrne contributed guitar to one of his best dance songs, *Kiss Me Again*. The song has aged very well – over a simple beat, rubbery bass first competes with a tense, brittle rhythm guitar, before the song opens up to accommodate pianos, and soulful, distressed female vocals. The song goes through numerous developments – at one point it sounds like an 80s AM radio hit, in the

best possible way; soon a cowbell onslaught is unleashed, and in it one can hear hints of the dance music of the future. On other key songs like *Go Bang* and *Is It All Over My Face*, remixed by François Kevorkian and Larry Levan respectively, Arthur melds experimentation and detail with an original, distinctive melodic sensibility. On *Go Bang*, someone sings “I want to see all my friends at once”, and this serves as an

“Arthur was a guy who could sit down with a cello and sing with it in a way that no one on this Earth had ever done before, or will do so again”

aim for these songs – there is something irrepressibly fun and sociable about them. They quickly evoke images of the world that spawned them – Larry Levan's Paradise Garage, David Mancuso's Loft parties, vitalic, polysexual New York before AIDS hit. Yet

Arthur tended to keep a distance from these places – he would turn up to hear how his songs sounded over their soundsystems, before quickly returning home. There is real personality to this music – even a goofiness, as with the Hammer Horror cries of “Baaang!” on *Go Bang*. As Blake Zidell, director of the documentary, says, “there's an insistence on clinging to child-like innocence and fun.”

Arthur's solo works, only partially exposed at the time of his death, reveal yet another side to his music, while maintaining this sense of personality. His disco tracks featured his vocals sporadically, and often as a kind of whispered chant. His proper singing voice is instantly recognizable – it has an airiness to it, a total lack of self-consciousness. There aren't many points of comparison: at times Nick Drake, occasionally

a less grating Antony Hegarty. Bergsman, whose own voice can be heard on *Young Folks* and the work of the Concretes, describes it as “so catchy, yet so stiff and shaky – it is almost annoying, very fragile like it is going to break any minute”. On his solo material, the main accompaniment was his cello. Philip Glass wrote that Arthur “was a guy who could sit down with a cello and sing with it in a way that no one on this Earth

had ever done before, or will do so again”. Sometimes, the cello provides rich ambience, or a rhythmic effect, the melody coming mainly from the vocals. His playing didn't always betray his conservatoire training, but, with his beloved effects, conjured unexpected sounds – electric blues, or a shoegaze soundscape. This is exemplified on 1986's *World of Echo*, a solo album on which Arthur is credited with ‘Vocals, Hand Percussion, Cello, and Echoes’. With its fragmentary feel, the album is like a musical sketchbook, and is not, at first, an easy listen; ideas are jumped between quickly, though on longer tracks like *The Name of the Next Song* and *Soon-To-Be-Innocent Fun-Let's See*, it gets into a trance, with bowed, distorted riffs softly washing against the listener.

What is most appealing about *World of Echo* and *Another Thought*, a compilation of more accessible solo material released after his death, is their simplicity, despite the reliance on effects. The melodies, though original, are familiar; they have an already-heard quality. In its honesty, it is like folk music, and I, like Blake Zidell, “feel close to Arthur when he's singing”. Bergsman puts it well: “he was truly genuine”, and this is conveyed powerfully in his solo songs. Again, images are evoked, but this time of Arthur himself: a man in love with music, playing his cello in his apartment, late at night.

It may seem impossible to rec-

oncile such intimate music, best suited to solo listening, with the exuberant dance productions, let alone all the other threads. Chronology doesn't provide any answers – Arthur was not embarking on different career developments, but producing much of this music at the same time. Some of the songs heard on *World of Echo* in sketch form, like *Treehouse* and *Let's Go Swimming*, were also recorded as longer, remarkably different dance singles. Listening to these alternate versions side-by-side is fascinating, and it reveals that Arthur was unwilling to split up his songwriting. “Arthur's music,” says Steve Knutson, “was not about genre, it was simply Arthur music.” As a fan of pop acts like ABBA and Fleetwood Mac, and the democratising power of their music, Arthur would have hated for distinctions to be made within his output, particularly the idea that some aspects were worthier than others. His music broke down boundaries between the carefree and the po-faced. With his cello, he could create *A Little Lost*, a concise, pop gem; on dance cuts like the thirteen-minute *In the Light of the Miracle* he summoned spiritual ecstasy. He didn't so much subvert ideas of high and low culture as bypass them.

Despite the wealth of details concerning Arthur's life, little is known of his personality; this will be rectified by the biography and documentary. He was a gentle man, and had his eccentricities: every full moon, he would get a haircut and go into the studio, even if he didn't have new songs to work on. He was also a perfectionist, recording his songs in many different versions, and leaving behind more than a thousand tapes of his music. This is what allows Knutson to maintain a steady, stream of releases – next up is *Love Is Overtaking Me*, a compilation of Arthur's folk/pop and country songs. In a musical culture that devotes so much energy to reissuing and crate-digging, Arthur is yet more proof that many artists are underappreciated in their lifetime, and that greatness can still be rediscovered. To really find out about the man, you have to listen to his music. As he sang: let's go swimming.

view from the groundlings



So. Exam term and the ADC's shut up shop? A theatrical wasteland stretches out before us, with no dramatic delights to entertain and educate? Not so! All eyes are on the Corpus Playroom and the Round Church over the next weeks for an exciting programme of thespian thrills.

Martin Crimp is popular, with both *Cruel and Tender* (week one) and *Fewer Emergencies* (week four) on at the Playroom. *Cruel and Tender* is a new offering from Crimp, and is a modern take on Sophocles' *Trachiniae*, while *Fewer Emergencies* is about the violence that threatens our modern lifestyles, and received rave reviews when it ran at the Royal Court in 2006. Also in week one, Stephen Fry's *Latin! Or Tobacco and Boys* is about a teacher who has a love affair with a pupil, and was written whilst Fry was at Cambridge specifically for the Corpus Playroom.

The *Union Flag* at the Playroom (week two) is also new writing, directed by the author: well worth a look. On in the same week, *Journey's End* is set in the Somme in 1918, a study into the strains of life in the trenches and a celebration of resilience.

The intriguing *Scaramouche Jones* or the *Seven White Masks* is the story of a clown from Trinidad who takes off his masks (metaphorical or literal, who knows?) at the end of an extraordinary life; keep it in mind when you're sick of revision in week three. It runs alongside Mamet's *Oleanna*, which asks whether the sexes can ever really understand each other.

The Playroom bill is rounded off with two classic playwrights in week seven. Sartre's most famous play, *No Exit*, will be known by most for its declaring "hell is other people", while Pinter's *Old Times* has been placed deliberately alongside.

To celebrate Milton's quadricentenary, his *Comus* is being staged in Christ's during May Week, directed by Annilese Miskimmon, who has worked with the English National Opera and at the Proms and Glyndebourne. Also directed by a professional, Simon Godwin, John Kinsella's *Comus: An Anti-Mask* is on at the same time.

On the more musical side of things, Holst's *Savitiri* is on at the Round Church in week seven, which promises to be a very atmospheric production and a great opportunity to see opera for a fraction of what a professional show would cost.

If operatics aren't really your thing, the term ends with the ADC May Week musical *High Society* in Emmanuel Fellows' Garden: a great way to see it off in style.

Alex Reza



Wolfson Howler

Wolfson College

MC: Chris Lander

Comedy

★★★★★

The final Wolfson Howler of last term was one of the finest nights of comedy Cambridge has seen this year. Chirpy MC Chris Lander's brainchild sees student comics performing alongside "one of the big guns" from the circuit, with past headliners Robin Ince and Andrew Lawrence stalwartly supported by Footlights regulars and the odd visiting student comic.

The freshly shorn and much-less-geeky-looking Nate Dern's now infamous *Lost Vagina Monologue* has become a bit of a cult hit in Cambridge (as, it seems, has Dern himself), and there was no lukewarm reception for this opener. Essex girl Abi Tedder, raised on "Lambrini and rape" and as hilariously self-deprecating as ever continued her ascent towards

the top of the Cambridge stand-up pile, while Keith Akushie was particularly impressive. Wordplay's his forte and he wittily delivered observations of a blind observational comedian ("What's the deal with braille paper?") and plugged his self-penned "physics meets Hip Hop drama, *E=MC Hammer*". The Durham Revue's Ed Gamble brilliantly characterised the rambunctious 'Salson Crumb - The Best Romantic Novelist In The World', and the Howler would have been a stonker even without Canadian comic Glenn Wool's (left) piledriver of a headline set. The Howler is fast becoming the standard by which other Cambridge stand up comedy will be judged. There really is no excuse not to go. Get down there.

Ben Hayward

When You Cure Me

Homerton College Small Studio

Dir: Kiran Gill

Theatre

★★★★★

There is a notice on the door of the Homerton Small Studio: 'Warning: contains scenes which viewers might find upsetting'. *When You Cure Me* is certainly not an easy play to watch, but viewers should by no means stay away. Shortly before the play opens, seventeen-year-old Rachel was brutally raped and beaten by an unknown attacker. The shock of this has made her lose the use of her legs, and now she lies in her bedroom watched over by her boyfriend, Peter, and sometimes by his friends James and Alice.

The four actors make a very strong team, portraying young friends coming to terms with Rachel's attack with enforced maturity and occasional vodka-swivving bravado. For long stretches the play is a two-hander, with Katy Bulmer and Matthew Eberhardt giving moving performances as the damaged Rachel and the sensitive Peter.

Their conversations skitter from the banal to the traumatic, as Rachel haltingly tells the story of her rape. Initially played with a slightly stilted bashfulness, Eberhardt grows in stature as the play progresses. Bulmer is painfully mesmeric, alternating between carefully unemotional descriptions of her attack, flashes of frightened anger, and hesitant sexual advances towards Peter.

When You Cure Me is directed by Kiran Gill, who is also Homerton College's Welfare Officer – all proceeds are being given to RASAC (Rape and Sexual Abuse Support Centre). Her staging of the play is a result of a search for a way of raising awareness of sexual abuse without resorting to "the traditional informational poster" or "a dramatisation of an 'issue'". *When You Cure Me* achieves Gill's aims in an effective, disturbing manner.

Elizabeth Dearnley



Mahler Symphony No. 9

Daniel Barenboim/
Staatskapelle Berlin

Classical

★★★★★

Mahler's music is every bit as conflicted and complicated as Mahler himself, and particularly in his ninth symphony – probably his best – he wrote music which not only permits differing interpretations, but positively demands them; it is music 'better than it can be performed', to paraphrase Artur Schnabel. Daniel Barenboim recently expressed distaste for discussion of Mahler's music in terms of his (neurotic) personality, and there is certainly none of the angst or *Weltschmerz* of Bernstein's recordings here. Nevertheless, Barenboim's is a live-wire

exciting, opulently symphonic view of the work, closer in spirit to Barbirolli's Dionysian recording and in stark contrast to Karajan's classic performances as Apollonian essays on beauty.

The Staatskapelle Berlin yields nothing to the more famous Berlin Philharmonic, particularly in the wind and brass, who give all they've got. This, along with Barenboim's thrilling ability to sculpt Mahler's symphonic climaxes, makes for a performance of the central movements up with the very best, with a grippingly brutish Rondo-Burlesque.

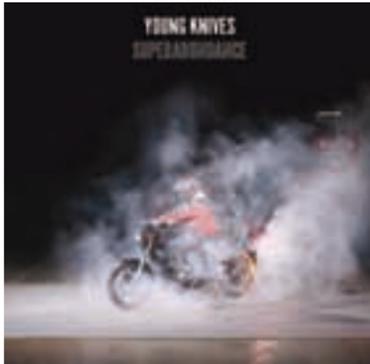
However, despite all the thrill Barenboim's forward momentum generates, there is something missing from the outer movements. As Alban Berg pointed out, this is the work of a man desperately wanting to live in the face of death, but Barenboim's reading of these movements is all too lively, too alive, for the struggle and tension within really to be felt, unfortunately diminishing the catharsis this symphony brings in other performances. Still, this is an unusually well-played and stunningly well-recorded performance.

Carl Fulbrook

The Young Knives Superabundance

Music

★★★★★



The Queen, bubble and squeak, Eastenders, endless cups of tea, the enduring popularity of Cilla Black; these are all quintes-

entially English eccentricities. The Young Knives would probably like to join their ranks. To be fair to them, they are a band who enjoy wearing tweed, and whose guitarist calls himself 'The House of Lords'. This eccentric streak was somewhat endearing and made them stand out from the indie crowd with their debut album *Voices of Animals and Young Men*. Unfortunately, it's now starting to feel slightly contrived and begins to grate. The angular riffs begin to get jarring song after song, while the wit and lightness of the first album is lacking.

There are still flashes of inspiration in songs like *Counter* and *Fit 4 U*, but the witty bathos, the irony of some of the older songs has gone. They're just taking things a bit too seriously, and a whole album's worth is just a chore to listen to. Up *All Night* provides a diversion in its self-deprecating asides at minor celebrity – "everybody looks famous... everybody is special in their mind's eye" – but it's not quite enough. Musically and vocally they still sound limited, but with fewer flashes of lyrical wit, it seems more obvious.

Henry Donati

albums every right-minded person should own



Ben Folds Five Whatever and Ever Amen

I have ranted about it on these pages before, but your enjoyment of an album or a song is massively dependent upon where you hear it. So, some music might sound best lounging on the Backs on a heavy midsummer day, but then some music might sound best through headphones on an icy lamp-lit street. In the wrong context, even the most perfect song can just seem crap.

So, as I write these words, I am sitting in a self-consciously shabby coffee shop in the Mission district of San Francisco. This is important, not because I want you to think I am all cool and transatlantic (at least not entirely), but because it has massively influenced my choice of album. I was going to write about the album *Set Yourself on Fire* by Stars; but the thing is, whilst every right minded person should indeed own a copy of that album, it is completely at odds with my current surroundings. That's an album for misty autumnal evenings but I'm currently surrounded by baking Californian sidewalks. So, flicking through my iPod and looking for something suitable, I find myself compelled to write about *Whatever and Ever Amen* by Ben Folds Five.

It is essentially a fantastic summer album with absolutely no duff songs. From the manic piano of *One Angry Dwarf* and *Two Hundred Solemn Faces* to the vaudeville-on-acid, swing clarinet and brass driven, *Steve's Last Night in Town* to the pitch-perfect melancholic pop of *Brick* (the perfect soundtrack to an accidental teen pregnancy), it is an album of indie-pop gems.

And the crowning glory has to be *Evaporated*. What a song! In the kingdom of piano-driven pop songs it would definitely be the king. It has that extremely rare quality of a song that is immediately captivating but then never dies; I must have listened to it over five hundred times and it has never lost its potency. That is the sort of pop quality and durability that Simon Cowell's bleeding women can only dream of.

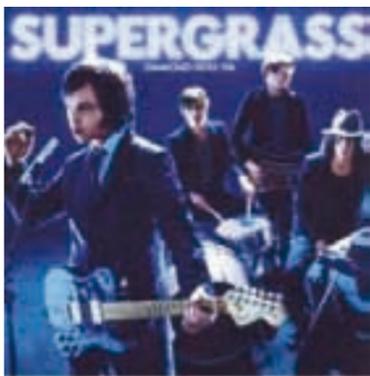
Every right-minded person should own a copy of *Whatever and Ever Amen* by Ben Folds Five, and if you disagree, I'm sure it is just your surroundings. I am guessing it is cold and windy in Cambridge as you read this. In which case dig up the Stars album I mentioned. Or make your way to California. Whichever is easiest.

Oli Robinson

Supergrass Diamond Hoo Ha

Music

★★★★★



It's hard to take Supergrass seriously. Since they blasted onto the Britpop scene in the 90s with their unmistakably catchy songs such as *Caught by the Fuzz* and *Alright*, they have forever been associated with chirpy, carefree pop music. However, with their latest album *Diamond Hoo Ha* they seem to try and squash such youthful associations; from the opening skuzzy guitar of the first song to the title of another, *Whiskey & Green Tea*, they attempt to evoke the sweaty mosh pit of a rock stadium or the decadence of "dirty streets" (*Bad Blood*). Unfortunately this just doesn't seem to ring true.

Instead of their signature

style, we get a series of songs that just sound like a bad Led Zeppelin tribute band. Occasionally a song such as *Rebel in You* will capture some of the manic but jaunty energy of their earlier, better, songs, but it isn't worth buying an album for one mediocre song. When they sing in the manner of Johnny Cash of stolen cars, bloody knuckles, toilet walls, shotguns and late night boozing sessions all you can hear is middle-aged posturing. The jerky opening guitars of *The Return Of...* are good, but then, a band such as the Strokes have already been there, and done the same thing, but better.

And then there is the incongruity of a song such as *Ghost of a Friend*, which sounds as if they have become a Christian anti-folk band. Supergrass have always managed to pull together an eclectic mix of influences, moving in one song through a potted history of British post-punk pop music. But here these influences seem to overwhelm them, and it ultimately falls apart.

Emma Hogan

Beyond Measure: Conversations across science and art Kettle's Yard Exhibition

★★★★★



Dodecahedrons, Archchartina shells, conoids, cyclides and sterometry: I didn't even know these words existed and I still don't know what they mean, having successfully avoided, my whole life, anything remotely mathematical or scientific, and planting myself firmly on the side of the arts. But what the current exhibition at Kettle's Yard shows is that the line dividing science and art is very thin indeed, and every artist, whether a draughtsman or a sculpture, at some point can't avoid crossing it.

Beyond Measure is a crammed exhibition of sprawling ideas. Walking around one is amazed by the visual excitement on offer, from a mathematician's textiles exploring hyperbolic surfaces, to beautiful nineteenth century drawings of lunar surfaces, to nu-rave paper prototype models, to exquisite zigzagged snail shells. There are pages ripped from architects' sketchbooks, scientific graphs of Jazz scores, computer generated images of bizarre floating protein structures and unnerv-

ing photographs of preoperative drawings on a baby's face. In all, Kettle's Yard had filled its exhibition space with the kind of stuff that would have actually got me interested in science as a fourteen year old. But I don't think it's too late.

Without reading the blurbs it's often impossible to guess whether the works on show are by artists, physicists or engineers. What comes across so well is the fact that all these professions understand and explore their thought processes by doing and making. Christopher Wren's 1697 measuring device looks almost surgical. The wooden models that exploring atom shapes look like building blocks children play with. When I went there were several children running around and loving it. It was heartening to know they probably understood less of the geometry than me, but when there are so many beautiful colours and shapes at every corner and even a chance to make your own snowflake, that doesn't really matter.

Anna Trench



film

theatre

music

other

going out

pick
of
the
week

Persepolis

Arts Picturehouse, various times



Director Marjane Satrapi gives the viewer an insight into her childhood, set during the Iranian revolution. You may think animation films are not your thing, but trust us, this one really works, and proves that this genre can subtly and successfully mix comedy and emotion.

Latin! Or Tobacco and Boys

Tues 29th Apr- Sat 3rd May, Corpus Playroom, 21.30.

Written in 1980 by Stephen Fry (everyone's favourite Cantabrigian...), Latin! was tailored made for Corpus Playroom. Now it's making a return, and it's full of the usual Fry fare - public school boys, a gay love affair between pupil and master, and a bitter but informed rival. Oh, and cricket, of course. Should be a ruddy good show.

The Fratellis

Sun 27th, The Junction, 19.00, Sold out

The Fratellis are, without a shadow of doubt, the worst band I have ever seen. It wasn't just the derivative and tedious pub-rock drivel they emitted, or even the arrogant incompetent delivery; but the crowd. They were on the same bill as the Horrors (who are a joke band so its ok) and the Maccabees (who were actually good) but the crowd only had eyes for the Fratellis. And they loved it. Every soulless, chauvinistic, mind-numbing minute of it. I have never felt so alone in my whole life.

Quentin Blake

Wed 30th April, Cambridge Union, 19.30, Union membership required



This man drew your childhood. Without him, Roald Dahl wouldn't have been the same. He's illustrated over 300 books, and you can read an interview with him on Page 19. Come along and mourn your lost youth.

Ben Westbeeck (Live DJ set)

Fri 25th March, Clare Cellars, 21.00-00.30, £4, student ID

After getting stuck in a bit of a D 'n' B hole, the Clare Cellars have a new ents team, and they promise hipper, more diverse fare. First up is this Giles Peterson protégé, who hails from Bristol. He seems to have imbibed the trip-hop of Western brethren Massive Attack, as well as soul, jazz, and dance music. His original approach to DJing has him spinning records and singing over the top. DJ Frankly Sick will start things off with some 'sick shit' (fidget, minimal, baile funk).

friday
25

Persepolis

Arts Picturehouse, 12.00, 14.15, 19.00, 21.15

Deception

Vue, 13.40, 16.20, 19.00, 21.40

In Bruges

Vue, 13.20, 16.00, 18.50, 21.20

When You Cure Me

Judith E. Wilson Drama Studio, 19.30

L'amfiparnaso

Round Church, 20.00

Marti Pellow

The Corn Exchange, 19.30, £7.30

Greasy Scottish man famous for being wet and feeling it in his fingers (and in his hair).

Beyond Measure: conversations across art and science

Kettle's Yard, 11.30-17.00, free

Looks at how geometry is used by artists and scientists.

Ben Westbeeck

Clare Cellars, 21.00-00.30, £4

See pick of the week

saturday
26

The Last Mistress

Arts Picturehouse, 16.00, 20.45

Still Life

Arts Picturehouse 17.00

Forgetting Sarah Marshall

Vue, 12.50, 15.30, 18.20, 21.00

When You Cure Me

Judith E. Wilson Drama Studio, 19.30

L'amfiparnaso

Round Church, 20.00

Yo Yo Yo Litvinenko

The Graduate, 19.30, £3.00

Generic Rock from a band named after a Russian spy who died. They have a finger on the beating pulse of now. Yep.

French Tapestry and Illustration

Fitzwilliam Museum, 10.00-17.00, free

Uncle Listings says: think about your degree, kiddo.

sunday
27

Young and Innocent

Arts Picturehouse, 14.30

My Brother is an Only Child

Arts Picturehouse, 14.00

27 Dresses

Vue, 10.30, 15.20, 20.40

The theatrical void is upon us again.

The Fratellis

The Junction, 19.00, sold out

See pick of the week.

Nosferatu: Dutch Connections (Sunday Coffee Concert)

Kettle's Yard, 12.00, £4/£6
The Anglo-Dutch collective explore the music of the Hague School.

There's something on at The Place, I believe, but its owners have rather overlooked its unsuitability for Google.

monday
28

Persepolis

Arts Picturehouse, 12.00, 14.15, 19.00, 21.15

Deception

Vue, 13.40, 16.20, 19.00, 21.40

Son of Rambow

Arts Picturehouse, 14.00

You could get drunk and watch Mean Girls...

Britten Sinfonia

West Road Concert Hall, 20:00, £5.00 Concessions.

There is only one Britten piece on the bill. I call that false advertising.

Field Marshall Lord Vincent

Cambridge Union, 19.00

Field Marshall Vincent is a former Chair of the Military Committee of NATO.

Fat Poppadaddys

Fez, 22.00-03.30, £3 before 11, £4 after

tuesday
29

Offside

Arts Picturehouse, 11.00

Three and Out

Vue, 12.40, 15.10, 18.00, 20.50

You, The Living

Arts Picturehouse, 17.00

Cruel and Tender

Corpus Playroom, 19.00

Latin! Or Tobacco and Boys

Corpus Playroom, 21.30

Miss Dee

The Graduate, 19.30, £4

What does the world need? I know; more female divas. Yes! This one sings along to midi files. Yes! Yes!

Made For Export: Chinese Nineteenth-Century Flower Drawings

Fitzwilliam Museum, 10.00-17.00, free

Kinki

Ballare, 22.00-03.00, £3

wednesday
30

You, The Living

Arts Picturehouse, 17.00

The Last Mistress

Arts Picturehouse, 16.00, 20.45

21

Vue, 14.20, 17.20, 20.15

Cruel and Tender

Corpus Playroom, 19.00

Latin! Or Tobacco and Boys

Corpus Playroom, 21.30

Lethal Bizzle

The Junction, 19:00, £12.00

Lethal Bizzle's real name is Maxwell but one day he found a really sharp Bizzle on the street and kept it in a shoe box.

Quentin Blake

Cambridge Union, 19.30

See pick of the week

Part of the Fairniture

Kambar, 22.00-03.00, £3
The Pins 'n' Needles/Fee Fi Fo Fum crew return with some of the best student DJs dropping grooves and bangers.

thursday
1

In Bruges

Vue, 13.20, 16.00, 21.20

Happy-Go-Lucky

Arts Picturehouse, 13.30, 16.00, 18.30, 21.00

Cruel and Tender

Corpus Playroom, 19.00

Latin! Or Tobacco and Boys

Corpus Playroom, 21.30

Adele

The Corn Exchange, 19.30, £15.00

This is the bleeding edge of innovation in music. I LOVE it.

This House regards Jordan as a feminist icon

Cambridge Union, 18.30, members

Features Edwina Currie, and Independent sex columnist Catherine Townsend.

Sponfed: D:Bridge, Nutone, and Logistics

Fez, 22.00-03.00, £5/£6/£7

Drum 'n' Bass DJ D:Bridge marks the release of his new album, 'The Gemini Principle'.

More...

Comedy

Russell Brand

Saturdays, 9pm, Radio 2

I know, I know, I hated Russell Brand too. I saw him in Edinburgh 5 years ago and thought he was a complete arse. And believe me; I really, really wanted to hate this radio show. But I can't. It is genuinely, hands-down, fantastic. It is the closest that pop culture gets to genuine art. Full Stop. I cannot recommend it more.



Going Out

Indie Soc's Rebellious Jukebox

Sat 26th April

The Graduate 19:30

A free club night at the Graduate for those who cant bare Cindies. Expect lots of CSS, The Fall, Stone Roses and The Chalets. Dress Code: Converse.



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adc theatre

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James Baggaley, Theatre Manager
james@adctheatre.com

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Great Works of Art in Cambridge #9: All Saints' Church Jesus Lane

All Saints' Church, opposite Jesus, is arguably one of the best kept secrets in Cambridge. This is not particularly surprising, given that Cambridge is a city which probably has too many churches. From the outside it is one of those churches which makes one wish that the Victorians hadn't been so keen on religion; it is large and grey and unattractive. Its tall spire pollutes the Cambridge skyline alongside the equally unworthy St John's Chapel. It does, however, have one great attraction. And it's not the altar, or the paintings, but the walls.

William Morris was commissioned to design the walls at the east end of the church, when it was first built in 1870. They are large golden stencilled diaper patterns interwoven with monograms. Cambridge craftsman Frederick Leach painted much of the rest of the inside and his son completed the job in 1905.

There are very few visitors, mostly lured in by the 'Church Open' sign outside, and the only sign of life is an organist who practices there. During the early afternoon, slanting rays of sun pierce the stained-glass windows and illumina-

nate the patterns on the north wall before retreating back across the tiled floor.

Another aspect worthy of attention is the East Window, whose Old Testament subjects are designed by three members of the Pre-Raphaelite group: Morris, Edward Burne-Jones and Ford Madox Brown. These are stylish figures mostly in blue and yellow. The stained-glass windows are like the church as a whole: seeming ugly and pointless from the outside, but glorious from the inside. It is refreshing to visit a church which is more style than content: one gets the sense that it doesn't really matter who the figures are, the important thing is that they look great. Don't miss St George, looking very pleased with himself on the top-right corner, whose posing wouldn't look out of place in Vogue.

It doesn't deserve to be the best kept secret in Cambridge. It should be seen by other people than disoriented tourists. It is largely unused, except for the occasional concert, and the visitor is left alone to admire the designs without being bothered by the expectation of any kind of piety.

Orlando Reade



JASE TAYLOR

Sports Round-up

Golf Blues just miss out

This year saw the 119th Golf Varsity Match held at Royal Liverpool Golf Club on Friday 28th and Saturday 29th of March. The pre-match talk revolved around the strength of the Oxford side with the dark blue ranks having been swelled by the arrival of Claudio Consul, the 2002 German and 2004 Italian Amateur Champion. Cambridge, however, went into Varsity on the back of a series of promising Lent term performances, inspired by the intense coaching regime implemented by Tom Woolsey.

The Friday foursomes (alternate shot format) saw some atrocious weather conditions, with a strong wind and driving, often horizontal rain lashing the course. It was perhaps this constant battering that contributed to Cambridge's surrender of a promising lunch-time lead, eventually finishing the day 3 points to 2 down. The talismanic Consul had proved his worth with a series of clutch shots down the stretch, as he and partner Edward Oddy defeated the Cambridge top pair Amir Habibi and Ruairaidh Stewart on the final green.

Despite the disappointing end to Friday, the next day's singles started extremely brightly. Needing to win six out of the ten matches, Captain Tom Woolsey led by example, dominating his Oxford counterpart to secure a commanding 8&7 victory. Remarkably, eight of the remaining singles were also settled early on. The one exception to the rule was the encounter between

Consul and David Normoyle, a US Golf historian playing the game of his life. As the day drew to a close it became clear that the entire result hinged on this one match.

Having been at one point 3 holes down with 6 to play, Normoyle summoned a reserve of mental fortitude to somehow fight back and square the match on the 35th green. Heading to the last hole, and under enormous pressure, Normoyle sent an enormous drive down the centre of the fairway, whilst Consul's drive caught the wind and headed towards the Out of Bounds, only to land just short of danger, in the left rough. Seizing his opportunity, Consul fired a superb long iron to the centre of the green. Normoyle meanwhile caught his approach heavy, thereby allowing Consul to clinch the narrowest of victories for Oxford and leave Cambridge devastated.

News from Henley

At the women's boat race this year our girls were sadly gunned down in bad weather by their more powerful Oxford counterparts in both the 1st and 2nd VIIIs race, as were the men's lightweights. Fortunately for them, however, fate was saved by a sterling performance from the women's lightweights who found a well of inner strength and belief to sprint past the opposition at the death.

On the midway Goldie also lost by a significant margin, having faded midway through the race.

Blues Tennis

An emphatic 10-0 victory over Durham sealed the Blues' place in the BUSA Premier League, whilst an 8-2 defeat away to Bath saw their cup dream come to an end.

It has been a successful year so far for Cambridge, topping the Midlands league after an 8-2 victory at home to Nottingham. John Western and Jonny Tassell continued their unbeaten runs, earning Cambridge a playoff spot at home to Durham. Despite the match anticipated to be the biggest fixture of the season, the Light Blues cruised home with a crushing 10-0 victory over the northerners, catapulting them into the Premier League for 2008/09.

This left the BUSA team trophy up for grabs, Cambridge drawing Manchester in the first round at home. The team of Jonny Tassell, Rob Blythe, John Western and Ben Cole started well, with notably strong doubles victories. Quick singles wins from Cole and Blythe closed out a categorical win, Tassell and Western making it 10-0 overall. Bath stood in the way of a semi-final berth against Oxford or Loughborough and, despite their best efforts, this proved a step too far.

In other news, Oxbridge was dealt a defeat in the annual fixture away to the All England Lawn Tennis Club at Wimbledon, although Cambridge can be happy with their 3

wins and 3 losses, seeing them draw their part of the fixture.

The Men's Varsity match dates are confirmed as July 1st and 2nd at the National Tennis Centre in Roehampton, London. Tassell, the Blues captain, after a meeting last week commented, "We are incredibly lucky to strike this agreement to hold the match at the LTA headquarters. Playing at such a venue will benefit the players and be a memorable experience for all who attend." Playing in this environment should bring out the best in the two sides and make for an intense and competitive sporting spectacle, following last year's victory for Cambridge at Queen's Club.

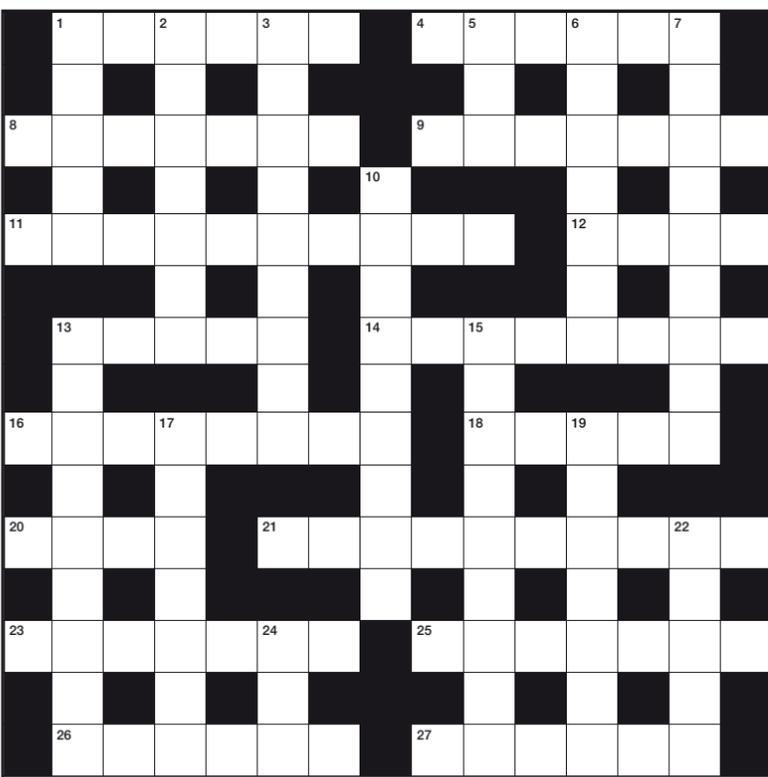
John's completed their fourth consecutive League and cup double with a 36-5 win over Catz at Grange Rd.



Games & puzzles



Varsity crossword no. 485



Across:

- 1 Stop! The German is German. (6)
- 4 There is a 50% chance that its cancer. (6)
- 8 Police operation after gangster gives us an alcoholic drink. (7)
- 9 United Nations has never changed distress. (7)

Down:

- 11 Collect the meat or be decapitated. (3, 3, 4)
- 12 Lazily I would have lazy ends. (4)
- 13 Worker in the Post Office Christmas play. (5)
- 14 Teams who changed a little bit. (8)
- 16 Two Greek characters are missing a list of letters. (8)
- 18 Vocally pummels the require-

- ments. (5)
- 20 To start with it's always curly hair. (4)
- 21 Bad moods, running out of booze? (3, 7)
- 23 Southern sailor (Dominic) gains celebrity status. (7)
- 25 Go mad and turn Rio around. (3, 4)
- 26 Pranced initially right over meadows particularly enjoying dunes. (6)
- 27 A mythical creature hiding in the summer mangroves. (6)

Down:

- 1 Sweet idol loses his head with the church. (5)
- 2 Contract tenor gets confused after quiet. (7)
- 3 Summon keen 'Boot Mobs' without even a gas grenade. (5, 4)
- 5 Manage the race. (3)
- 6 Sneak peek at one after priest is in church seat. (7)
- 7 Polite battles? (5, 4)
- 10 Goths won't move to an empty place. (5, 4)
- 13 Synthetic material is made of petrol, yes? (9)
- 15 When fertility ends, males have nothing to stop. (9)
- 17 Boring and monotonous sound on instrument. (7)
- 19 It is needed to hear a murder? (7)
- 22 God of the north is a prick. (5)
- 24 Half of eleven? (3)

Set by Ed Thornton

Answers to last week's crossword (no. 484)

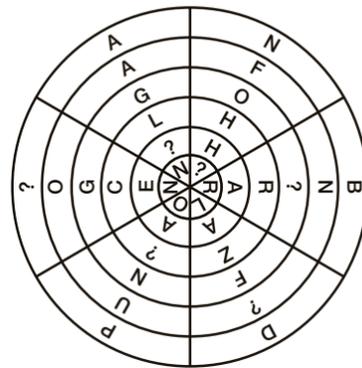
Across: 1 comedy, 4 lava-lamp, 9 misuse, 10 thumbs up, 12 flattery, 13 adhere, 15 recap, 16 laptop, 19 forego, 20 hello, 23 accept, 24 festival, 26 electric, 27 recoil, 28 reserved, 29 wholly.
Down: 1 campfire, 2 mismatch, 3 desktop computer, 5 ache, 6 armed to the teeth, 7 answer, 8 pepper, 11 trolley, 14 opposed, 17 olive oil, 18 foul play, 21 career, 22 screws, 25 side.

rotations

COMPETITION

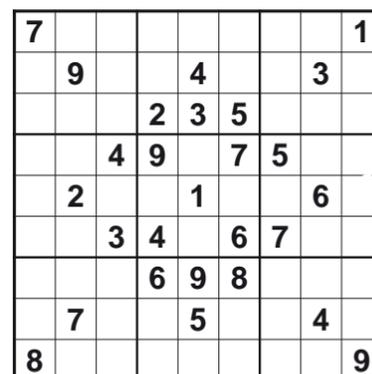
Win a bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants. Last week's winner was Charles Bird.
Re-arrange the letters by rotating the discs to create six separate six-letter words leading in to the centre. Email your answer to competitions@varsity.co.uk

Jackets



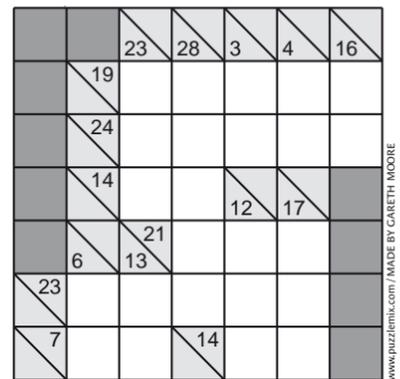
Sudoku

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



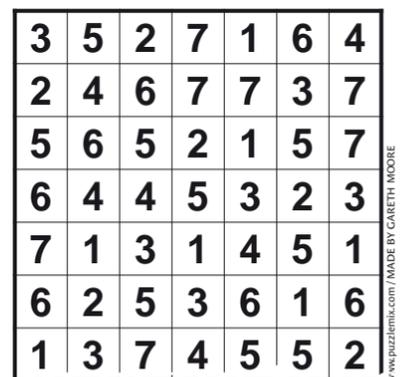
Kakuro

Fill the grid so that each run of squares adds up to the total in the box above or to the left. Use only numbers 1-9, and never use a number more than once per run (a number may reoccur in the same row in a separate run).

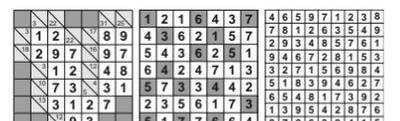


Hitori

Shade in the squares so that no number occurs more than once per row or column. Shaded squares may not be horizontally or vertically adjacent. Unshaded squares must form a single area.



Last issue's solutions



Bulwarks of the Blues

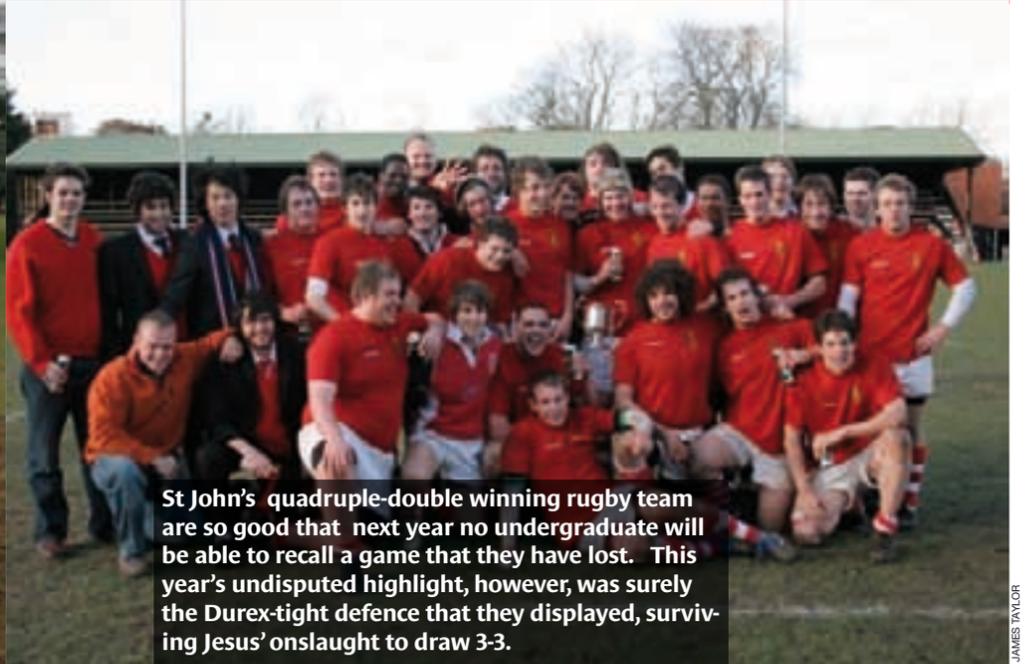
» *Varsity* looks at the best of the university sporting world in an awards roundup through the lens of **Sophie Pickford** of www.sophiepickford.com

TEAM OF THE YEAR



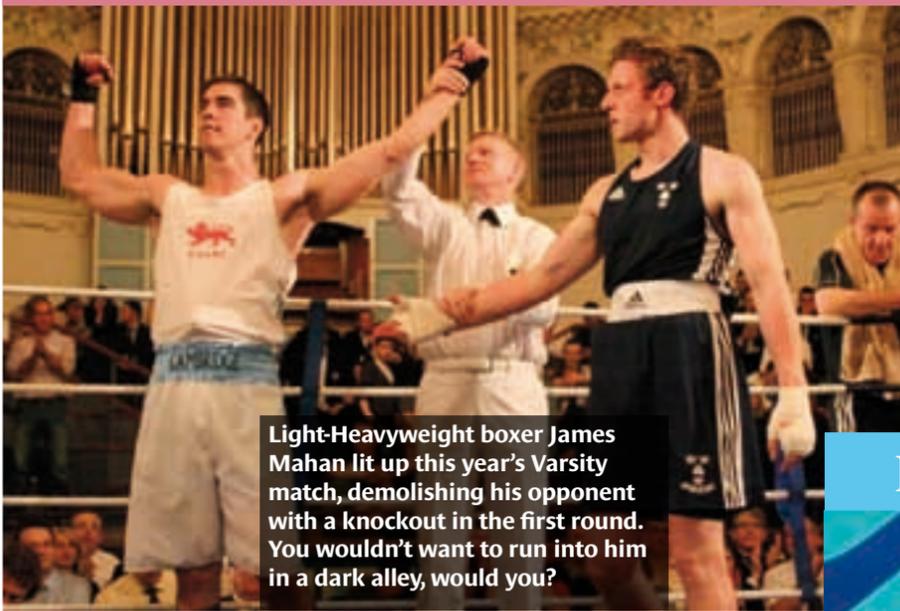
Our undefeated Lacrosse girls might well be the best Blues team in history, winning a BUSA league and cup double, as well as comprehensively stuffing Oxford three times in one season.

COLLEGE TEAM OF THE YEAR



St John's quadruple-double winning rugby team are so good that next year no undergraduate will be able to recall a game that they have lost. This year's undisputed highlight, however, was surely the Durex-tight defence that they displayed, surviving Jesus' onslaught to draw 3-3.

INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE



Light-Heavyweight boxer James Mahan lit up this year's Varsity match, demolishing his opponent with a knockout in the first round. You wouldn't want to run into him in a dark alley, would you?

TEAM PERFORMANCE



Both Rugby teams pulled off outstanding victories against all the odds in their respective Varsity matches, coming back from horrendous seasons to record decisive victories at the crunch.

BEST ROOKIE



Tobias Garnett broke down stereotypes by being the first undergraduate to row in the Blue Boat for years.

BEST COACH



James Waters coached this year's women's Blues hockey side to BUSA glory, coming out on top in their league with some scintillating stick work.

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO



In between studying for a PhD in genetics, veteran Aussie Tom James has found time to row three times in the Boat Race.

SOPHIE PICKFORD

SOPHIE PICKFORD

JAMES WATERS

JAMES TAYLOR

SOPHIE PICKFORD

SOPHIE PICKFORD

SOPHIE PICKFORD

paddypower.com

Gamblers
UnanimousED PEACE &
NIALL RAFFERTY

The chances are you'll have had a good Easter if you're Welsh, a Manchester United fan, or an admirer of Carla Bruni's figure. You'll have had a terrible vacation if you're trying to get a mortgage, an international jet-setter who passed through Terminal 5, or a follower of Gambler's Unanimous. Our betting woes reached an all time low on Grand National Saturday when Cloudy Lane, probably scared stiff by the volume of bright-orange female flesh on display at the Liverpool track, finished just out of the places in sixth.

This week, our banker travels across the pond, where the NBA is heating up as the play-off season gets underway. The Eastern Conference has been dominated by the Boston Celtics, who have won 66 matches, losing a mere 16 times in the process. The Celtics owe their success thus far to the dream team of Garnett, Allen and Pierce, who could propel the Celtics to their 17th NBA Championship. With the Eastern conference therefore all but won, our source in Boston has no doubt that the Celtics, under coach Doc Rivers, can maintain their blistering form to be crowned the NBA Champions of 07/08. Whilst the odds may reflect the Celtics' supremacy, at 15/8 it's a banker.

The 'prediction' casts its eyes towards the Crucible theatre in Sheffield, which comes alive for two weeks every year when it opens its doors to the World Snooker Championships. The man to back this year in Sheffield is flying Scotsman Stephen Maguire, who can cap a superb season with his first ever world title. The 27-year-old Glaswegian has already won the Northern Ireland Trophy and China Open, and ended runner-up to Ronnie O'Sullivan in the UK Championship. What's more, Maguire's received a favourable draw, which has been further improved by the early exit of Mark Selby. The Scotsman had stormed into a 8-1 lead against Anthony Hamilton when we went to press, and if he can build some momentum, on-fire Maguire can reign at 9-2.

Though most racing punters are now looking ahead to the flat season, there's still plenty of value to be had backing horses over the fences. Lothian Falcon, trained by part time builder Peter Maddison, is the pick of the entries for the Bet365 Gold Cup Chase at Sandown on Saturday. The horse was expected to put in a bold showing in last weekend's Scottish National, but was withdrawn at the last minute because of concerns over the ground. With the going expected to be more to his liking this time round, there's good reason to steam into the 10-1 being offered by PaddyPower.

THE BANKER
BOSTON CELTICS TO WIN NBA CHAMPIONSHIP 15-8 £4

PREDICTION
MAGUIRE TO WIN WORLD SNOOKER CHAMPIONSHIP 9-2 £3

THE LONG SHOT
LOTHIAN FALCON TO WIN BET365 GOLD CUP CHASE 10-1 £1.50 e/w

RUNNING TOTAL: £47.38

Lacrosse net championship

» Blues beat Birmingham to seal an unbeaten season with victory in the BUSA final



The Blues midfield pour through in attack as Ros Lloyd looks for a pass

CAMBRIDGE 11

OXFORD 7

VARSIITY SPORTS REPORTER

The Women Lacrosse Blues wrapped up a perfect season on 13th of March, defeating Birmingham University 11 - 7 at Mount St Mary's College, Sheffield, to add the BUSA championship final to their Varsity win and Southern Premier league title.

Former England U19 Kate Morland led the Blues with a hat-trick. Her first goal capped an early four-goal Cambridge run started by midfield playmaker Ros Lloyd before the three minute mark, after the scoring had begun with a trademark opener, Fauvet to Lloyd. Jackie Vullings and Ellie Walsh followed up with scores separated by less than sixty seconds.

Birmingham took 12 minutes to get on the board, but came back with vigour, led by their England internationals, resulting in a late Birmingham comeback at the end of the first half. Meanwhile the Birmingham goalie and her defence had plugged the leaks before they turned into a flood, the only goal Birmingham conceded after six minutes was a deflected off a defender's stick. Suddenly, Birmingham had pulled it back to 5 - 5.

Half time in the BUSA final. Scores even. Hearts were pounding, legs were aching, but the season wasn't going to fall apart in the last 30 minutes. Characteristically stern words from Blues captain and goalie Alex Carnegie-Brown at halftime re-energised her team, and they came out of the blocks quickly to grab another healthy lead. Vullings picked up her second goal of the game, finishing a fast break after just 18 seconds. Morland put away a long mazy run from the midfield three minutes later, and then Walsh

chipped in with a second of the day with just five minutes of the second half gone. Birmingham responded to make it 8 - 6, but Birmingham struggled to match Cambridge through the midfield

Hearts were pounding, legs were aching, but the season wasn't going to fall apart.

as the game wore on, Michaels, Knight, Garvey and Walshe showing excellent fitness and devastating pace. Morland wrapped up her hat-trick, finishing over an onrushing Birmingham goalkeeper, before Emily Knight made it 10 - 6. It was perhaps fitting that Ros Lloyd would finish the Cambridge scoring after being so impressive in both the final and the

semi-final that preceded it (a 15-3 thrashing of Oxford). Birmingham scored again, but for the rest of the game the Blues defence held firm, Carnegie-Brown ably supported by Hurt, Gotla and Lepard, delivering Cambridge their 11 - 7 winning margin. The Blues were BUSA champions, for the first time in the club's history.

Their captain said, "Although we had our international stars, what made our team so good was its strength in depth. There was no weak defender the opposition could target, no single attack they could mark out - when they tried gaps opened up everywhere. I'm so proud of all of them."

The Blues Lacrosse Team have had a season to remember; BUSA Champions, Varsity winners and South Premier League Winners. They were unbeaten all season, 15 games with a goal difference of +150 including four matches against Oxford, and with only three of the Blues graduating they'll be planning to do it all again next year.

Captain's Corner

Cricket
Freddie Owen



Freddie is in his third year, studying Management at Corpus.

So, how much training have you managed?

After trials in the Michaelmas term the squad has been training twice a week, working on fielding and indoor net sessions. We make use of the excellent facilities at Fenners for individual skills sessions on top of team sessions.

What's your cricketing background?

I was captain of the school team, and played for various junior county age groups and the minor counties development team. I have also been playing club cricket for the past few seasons. As an opening batsman I'll be looking to post some big scores, but since the university season is over by mid-June this will have to be done without the help of hard

and fast pitches...

How does the season work in exam term?

We've already had one match, and will have another seven or eight before the first of three Varsity matches, a 20/20 in Oxford, on June 6. As well as the University teams - the Blues and the Crusaders (2nd XI) - Cambridge is also home to a University Centre of Cricketing Excellence, which is combined with Anglia Ruskin. The top players will represent the UCCE as well, meaning 3-day first-class matches against some counties and games against the other top BUSA universities. Exams can be a problem when clashes come up, but our large squad should overcome this.

How's the squad shaping up?

This is the strongest squad we've had for a few years. Six of the

Blues squad have represented the UCCE so far, many more than in recent years, and we have one Surrey-affiliated player. With a squad of 16 there is real competition for places, particularly in the batting department, and we will also cause people problems with our spin attack. We can certainly approach the Varsity matches with confidence and hopefully turn around the poor run of results there.

The first of the Cricket Varsity matches takes place at the Parks, in Oxford, on the 6th June, with the one-day match at Lords on the 17th June, in May Week. The final Varsity match, a four-day match, which has first-class status, is on 7th July, again at the Parks.

Blues left high, if not dry

>> Oxford defy weather and waves to take the boat-race

HENRY STANNARD
Sports Editor

Probably the worst place to watch the Boat Race if you care who wins, let alone if you have to report on it, is from the riverbank. With ITV providing, no joke, BAFTA-nominated coverage of the event to 7.6 million viewers, it is probably better not to don a wafer-thin beer and whiskey jacket and, due to the event organisers' lackadaisical approach to public conveniences, piss long-johns if interested in knowing the result. Watching from the Hammersmith bend, it is mildly embarrassing to have to call someone who only yesterday you tried vainly to cajole into coming along "for the experience", with your hands rapidly developing icicles as you clutch the handset, forcing a conversation with the grim determination of a desperate fresher tethered to a compsci on a college pub crawl for the remaining eight minutes of a race that is as good as over.

ITV's viewers also had the marvellous opportunity to witness at first hand Oxford's Presi-cox, Nick Brodie. An horrific lovechild of David

Ultimately Cambridge had used up too much energy in fending off the early attack

Brent and Mr Magoo, his microphone was hooked up to tellyland, meaning that the whole world could hear his toe-curlingly awful attempts at motivation. Christ alone knows how he became their President, but on assuming the role he made himself the central human-interest story for this year's race, having been dropped two years ago and lost to (horror of horrors) a girl last year. Couch potatoes also got live feed from Andy Townsend's Tactics Truck, rebranded in Oxford ex-president

Barney Williams' honour. Analytical overkill threatened, but never quite managed to spoil the coverage thanks to his uncondescending and informative presenting style.

Unless you have been living in a cave, you will know by now the Cambridge boat lost by rather a lot. Sixth lengths to be precise. With the crew decided underdogs with the bookies already, Shane O'Mara's heartbreaking late withdrawal on advice from doctors at Addenbrookes, and replacement Ryan Monaghan being called up to stroke in his stead, meant that the new crew were left, if not in complete disarray, then certainly not in any way resembling array either. Having dieted like boxers before the weigh-in as part of a system of mind games aimed at lulling the potentially over-confident Oxford crew into believing that victory was guaranteed, they suddenly found themselves in a real crisis.

As Spencer Griffin-Hunsberger has described so well in his columns leading up to this year's race, the crew that can steer a course in front of their opponents wins the moment they align ahead of them, and the boys in light blue only stopped an initial Oxford charge ending the race with a Herculean effort of their own. Thereafter they managed to storm ahead under Hammersmith Bridge, causing serious jitters amongst a dark blue crew that assumed that the race would be over by now. Ultimately, however, Cambridge had used up too much energy in fending off the early attack and in getting themselves in a position from where they could win the race. Oxford increased the stroke rate to peg back tiring opposition, overtaking before the end of the bend and sprinting ahead to land the knockout blow.

Rowing is a cruel sport. Unlike any other team activity, the team comprised of the best rowers, coached correctly, always wins. There is no potential for freak twenty yard screamers to level the scores, or much scope for individual error. As ridiculously simple as it sounds, the Cambridge VIII were not physically as good at rowing as their Oxford



Dejected Blues troop back to the boat house

The Hunsberger moment

We finished our second practice on Wednesday, 26 March at about 4:00 in the afternoon. There were three days left until the Boat Race and just



three more chances to practice on the river. And while the practice itself had been great, a sense of tension lingered in the air, for Rob Baker – one of the coaches – answered a phone call underneath Hammersmith Bridge that left him quiet for the rest of the trip home.

While we showered and got dressed for that evening's press festivities, no one except the president, Dan, had any idea of the news about to be bestowed upon us. No one realized that Duncan had rushed Shane to the hospital the evening before with an uncontrollably high heart rate. Maybe it was naiveté, perhaps an effective example of the power of denial, but we had just assumed he missed practice due to minor illness.

But there was no mistaking the mood in the changing room as we emerged from the showers. Rob sat us down, looked us all in the eye, and simply said "Shane can't race". There are a lot of words I wouldn't want to hear that close to the Boat Race – those three, in that order, are likely near the top of the list.

And with that our focus for the rest of the week changed dramatically. Every member of the team – particularly Richard and Ryan, who stepped into newfound vacancies in Goldie and the Blue Boat, respectively – did a phenomenal job moving forward without lamenting the blow already dealt. Spirits were unnaturally high in the remaining days and some of our practice pieces were the best ever produced.

In the midst of it all was an individual with dreams recently shattered by the untimely diagnosis of a heart arrhythmia and atrial fibrillation. While we practiced on the Thames, Shane sat alone in Addenbrooke's, undergoing testing better to understand just how serious his plight was.

One of the toughest moments of the week came on Thursday afternoon, as I was walking our boat out of the boathouse. "Excuse me, have you seen Shane?" queried a man along the banks. "No," I replied, "did you not hear the news?", stupidly assuming this man was just one of the individuals who watched the crews practice from the banks. "I'm his father."

Needless to say, I felt pretty foolish for not recognizing the American accent and look of concern only a parent could convey.

The rest is history, forever engraved in the wood panels of Goldie Boathouse. You can read elsewhere about the race itself, as it's not something I'd particularly like to recount. The days leading up to the race were the days I wanted to cover, not as an excuse, but in defence of the extraordinary group of individuals that made up this year's Cambridge University Boat Club.

Ultimately a craftsman will carve the word 'LOST' into a block of wood, finding its place beneath the year 2008 and a list of names. But this one word won't come close to telling the story behind the race, one that I wanted to use my last article to record. It's been a privilege.

Spencer Griffin Hunsberger



The new crews settle in the last training session before the race

SOPHIE PICKFORD

SPORT



Rowing
p 31
Boat Race
Review

Some success in Putney

» Footballers defy the rain to gun down Keown's Oxford in Varsity thriller

CAMBRIDGE GOALS: STOCK (4), AMOS	5
OXFORD GOALS: SULLIVAN, KELLY, TOOGOOD	3

ANDREW ROBSON
Football Reporter

A sensational 4-goal haul from Matt Stock inspired Cambridge to victory in a hugely entertaining 124th Varsity encounter. But it was far from easy sailing in the torrential rain for Stock and the Light Blues with Oxford pegging them back on no less than three occasions to set up an barnstorming final 15 minutes where Stock's fourth and a goal from substitute Matt Amos in the dying minutes would earn a deserved victory for Cambridge.

Oxford made early in-roads with the impressive Homer Sullivan rounding three Cambridge defenders before seeing his shot blocked on 5 minutes. Despite Oxford's early pressure, it was the Light Blues who took the lead against the run of play on the 13-minute mark. Jamie Rutt won a free-kick out wide and Pendlebury's deep in-swinger was met by captain Anthony Murphy towering above the Oxford defence to gift Stock the easiest of his goals. The goal unsettled Oxford and instigated a spell of Light Blue pressure; Luke Pendlebury couldn't provide a finish to grace his instinctive burst from midfield and more good work from Stock produced a cross inches away from conversion on 20 minutes.

In right winger Sullivan, Oxford had the stand-out player in the first half and he bagged the equaliser on the half hour mark. The wide man broke onto a loose ball in the final third, his momentum saw him zip past Murphy and he fired past Dean with ease. But Cambridge would typify their overall performance by hitting back within 5 minutes of Sullivan's leveller. Stock's terrific 18-yard lob gave the Oxford goalkeeper no chance; doubling his tally and taking Cambridge into the interval with a slender advantage.

Despite a confident late first half performance, the Light Blues couldn't transfer their momentum



Matt Stock slides in his third of four in a Varsity-winning performance

into the second period. Stock and Michael Johnson had barely restarted when Alex Toogood's sliced scissor kick landed invitingly for left-sided midfielder James Kelly to slide in and convert from close range. Oxford had started with real purpose, vigour and tempo and it genuinely looked like they would go on and win the game. But Murphy and his team can be hugely proud of their resilience; they managed to get their noses in front once again just 4 minutes later. Johnson slid in Stock down the right channel, the striker showing pace and composure in equal measure to slide the ball under the advancing goalkeeper for his hat-trick. It was now Cambridge who began to turn the screw; substitute Will Lalande timed his run into the box to perfection and was unlucky to see his header

tipped over the bar moments later.

As the rain worsened, both sides found it difficult to keep possession for any length of time with the increasingly greasy surface prohibiting any patient build-up. With 20 minutes to go, James Dean made an excellent save to deny Oxford substitute Tom Howell, with Hakimi hacking the ball away from Toogood

As the 90-minute mark approached Oxford were inches away from a winner

on the rebound. Toogood was not to be denied, however, and he bundled in the equaliser for 3-3 on 73 minutes;

a real scrap in the area evaded both centre-halves and bobbed to Toogood who slid in to lift the ball over Dean to set up a grandstand finish.

With 15 minutes to go, a real mêlée in the Oxford area produced half chances for Stock and Mills and when the ball was only half cleared, a succession of thunderous challenges from Murphy and then Lalande set Luke Pendlebury in space 25 yards out; he produced a sumptuous chip that was just dipping under the bar before keeper Robinson got his fingertips to it.

As the 90-minute mark approached, Oxford were inches away from a winner; only some superb goalkeeping from James Dean ensured otherwise. Toogood must have thought he had won it when his looping header, destined for the far corner, was superbly clawed

away by the impressive Dean. The save proved all the more valuable when, from the resulting clearance, a flick-on by Amos and some woeful defending from Oxford captain Paul Rainford let in Matt Stock once more and the St. Catherine's striker coolly rounded the goalkeeper to slot in a dramatic winner and his fourth of the afternoon. Finally, it was time to reach for the port and cigars when, deep into added time, more excellent work from man-of-the-match Stock produced a teasing cross, which was converted deftly with a near-post diving header from Amos. Moments later, the referee would blow time on an outstanding victory for the Light Blues to retain the C.B Fry Trophy amid chants of "Keown what's the score" from the Cambridge contingent of a 2,000 strong crowd.

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