

# payweek varty

A man in a tuxedo is playing a harp. The harp is yellow with red and white striped sections. There is a large explosion of orange and yellow confetti or streamers behind him. The background is dark. The text 'payweek varty' is written in large white letters across the top.



# Varsity World

Pub warfare to rival even a Turkish centre-back's sense of sportsmanship. Varsity goes on the road in search of the World Champions...

The lights dim. Breaths are snatched. Dry roasted peanut packets are rustled nervously. Eight warriors from across the globe – though admittedly mostly from Selwyn – prepare to do battle. Coins rattle into place, a reassuring clunk is heard from deep within, and a trail of plastic balls rolling more slowly than Gary Kelly's penalties edge towards their masters. The most anticipated contest this side of Shizuoka has begun.

This is the world cup that everyone wanted; a leisurely pint, the unlikely-hood of having to face your hangover at an absurd time in the morning, and dominated by Englishmen. With an array of tricks on offer Roberto Carlos would be proud of, the power of a

cold crate of Smirnoff ice – kindly donated by our sponsors, Oddbins – for the tournament winners, as well as international fame across Cambridge, there's certainly more to play for than the Saudi Arabians ever had.

The likely victor? Anyone's guess. Could it be the unfancied Senegalese? Shocking the world to get this far; their young attack has reigned havoc on the practice table and could provide an upset. More likely contenders are the dependable Spanish – often criticised for slightly mediocre football, yet bound to get their defenders up to shoot from the back. And of course, there's England. Can we really beat the fanciful touches and face-grabbing antics of Brazil? Surely there's a possibility after the Belgium game. I mean, this is our year, right?



Beckham free kick and more luck than a Spanish penalty taker, the babyfoot table is the natural place to spend those lonely hours between two-thirty and the seven o'clock repeats when - (whisper) – both Des and Gary are missing from our screens.

But today is different. Today, it counts. Who cares if Ireland got knocked out, or if the USA have embarrassingly done as well as England? The eight teams of two - paralleling the world cup quarter-finalists - that cluster around the Granta's table have their sights firmly set: on victory or nothing. With the prospect of an ice-

## RESULTS

The seriousness of this competition should not be underestimated. Sure, the final attendance was under ten, and we had to rope in two barmen to play, but I defy anyone to find this level of passion, sweat and hard graft anywhere this side of Jose Antonio Camacho's dugout in Gwanju. The tone of the tournament was set immediately with a blistering 9-1 victory for England over a weak Brazil. Not that one should read anything into the fact that 'the luck of

	<b>USA</b> <b>Alabama Davison. Age – 32. Home town - Montgomery. Strength -Friedel.</b> Alabama left his trailer park home aged twelve to seek his fortune as a hip hop artist. Yet his debut album, <i>The Davison Show</i> , failed to impress critics and fans alike and slumped to number 1476 in the American chart, before being withdrawn due to it's supposed crypto-Satanic undertones. Despite considerable success and cult following in Eastern Europe, particularly in Bulgaria, Alabama turned his back on the music industry and turned his hand to table football.
	<b>TURKEY</b> <b>Turkish Girlfriend Alex. Age – unknown. Strength - a nice grey polo neck.</b> Alex has a Turkish girlfriend. He was happy to play for us when we were a player short. A big fan of various eastern forms of meditation, he doesn't seem the stereotypical Turkish fan. All sunglasses and swish jumpers, and no skinhead, doner or Doc Martens. A professed fan of total football, Alex seems disappointed by the rigid tactics on offer when confronted by the table, and seems to fear the worst against Cambridge's finest.
	<b>ENGLAND</b> <b>Samba Chris. Age – 20. Home town – Sao Paulo. Strength - two hands.</b> Samba Chris was the surprise inclusion in this tournament, having unfairly defeated the Belgian team to qualify using backhand tactics. In one such qualifier, he persuaded the ref. that the Belgians' foul language had caused him severe head injuries, leading the Belgian strikers to be escorted from the pitch. Unlikely to progress any further, Samba's heart has never been in table football – preferring the more celebrated Brazilian beach sports of Conkers and Skittles.
	<b>SPAIN</b> <b>El Gilliaro. Age – 19. Home town - Malaga. Strength - power.</b> When not soaking up the sun, El Gilliaro has become a force to be reckoned with in the underground table football scene of Iberia. Taking her power from ancient Spanish custom, Gilliaro's defence has become a myth across the world. Recent allegations of spinning have damaged her otherwise faultless rise to prominence, but having overcome such difficulties, she is now back on form and expecting to score at least a goal before being crushed by Korea.

## Varsity speaks to the Telegraph's Chief Football Correspondent

Winner? Italy; I've gone with them all along. Runner-up: England. Golden boot: Klose. Dark horse: Turkey. Highlight: the draw

the draw' had placed the only university team player as England – it was a deserved victory. When asked for the cause of his defeat, Samba shrugged his shoulders, assaulted the photographer, and then clutched his own face until ejected by the bar staff.

Next came the 'mighty' Germans against an in form USA team. Completely stunned by Davison's constant use of the '340 stunner', and his ever present rapping, Barman Jonathan crumbled under the pressure, losing 7-3 in the end. The first controversy of

the competition was also seen when the USA were penalised for, "a blatant spin," as described by the crowd – who then went on to boo the ref at his issuing Davison with a yellow card: well it is the Germans after all! The third quarter - final was a fairly tame affair, with both Turkey and Senegal under-performing. A fairly feeble Turkish defence, clearly modelling themselves on China, had plenty of possession, but conceded far too easily. The highlight by far was M'Eman's 'spanking' shots (as described by Jonathan the Barman),

which eventually led to an easy 7-3 Senegalese victory.

The last quarter - final, a showdown between South Korea and Spain, was somewhat of a farce. The rampant Korean attack throttled Gilliaro's defence, eventually leading to one defender – nicknamed 'Hierro' by Samba Chris – scoring a hat trick of own goals. Relatively unchallenged, Ho Chi We cruised into the semis with an 8-2 victory. Yet first came John of Malta's battle with M'Eman's Senegal. From the start it was clear that the 'Africans

## Mystic Ted's World Cup Analysis

Fresh from his recent (unsuccessful) prosecution for bribery and match-fixing, Mystic Ted returns to give his verdict on the footy action from the Orient. Sod Des, Gary and Gazza; Our Ted shuffles his cards and gazes into his crystal ball, before shyly peeking out from under his cloak and unveiling the winner. Make your way down to the bookies now, dear reader. Sayonara Brazil – 'cause Ted says your going out.

## The Quarters

England: Temperence\*  
Brazil: Wheel of Fortune\*  
Result: The Tower\*  
(\* indicates card was turned over inverted).

England's defence gives away a silly early goal caused by a lack of judgment from the otherwise excellent Rio Ferdinand. But a last minute piece of misfortune by the Brazilians creates a huge shock as the favourites concede a goal and go out on penalties. England are through to the last four.

Germany: The Fool \*  
USA: The World \*  
Result: The Moon

Germany come out far more attacking than we've seen them in previous games – playing attacking, exciting football. The USA are playing beyond themselves as well – scoring early and forcing Germany on the attack. However the Yanks are just kidding themselves if they think they can win it. Germany score a golden goal to win the match 2:1



Spain: Death  
SK: The Empress \*  
Result: The Chariot \*

Spain are out of the competition after a fast and furious game as the hosts resort to some nasty tactics and dodgy tackles, but it does the job: 1-0

Senegal: The Empress  
Turkey: The Emperor  
Result: Wheel of Fortune \*

It's penalties as this very close match ends up a draw after extra time. It's Turkey that very much control the game, attacking with some well-ordered moves forward. But Senegal manage to hold them back to 1-1, and take the tie after spot kicks.

## The Semis

Germany: Hierophant\*  
South Korea: The Empress\*  
Result: Death

After their more expansive football in the quarter finals Germany go back to basics in the semis, playing more orthodox football in an attempt to counter the South Korean enthusiasm. Unfortunately the Koreans – despite frequent chances – can't summon up the right time/right place scoring ability of previous rounds and end up resigned to the 3rd/4th play off. Germany 1-0 South Korea

# VARSITY

Mayweek Review

20 June 2002

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## BALLS

Varsity World Cup –  
played out table  
football style  
INSIDE COVER



## BALLS

You had the time of  
your life. See if our  
reviewers did  
PAGE 2



## BALLS

All conquering Johns  
win epic Cuppers  
competition  
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The fireworks were good, although I embarrassed myself slightly by ejaculating noisily at the end. – PAGE 8

# IMPROPERLY CONTROVERSIAL

Tit Hall in uproar as Senior Tutor is effectively sacked over “improperly close” relationship with students

Luke Layfield

**A row has broken out between the students and the college authority of Trinity Hall, following a controversial decision by the Master, Professor Peter Clarke, to effectively sack the senior tutor, Mr Thomas Tarver.**

Former JCR President, Chris Hilton, alleges that following the decision several Fellows approached him and said that the reason cited was that he and Tarver had an “improperly close relationship”.

Tarver also believes this to be the reason given at a meeting of the Senior members of college, held on 14 May, but when asked this week by *Varsity* the Master flatly denied any such claim, saying, “the phrase ‘improperly close’ was not used to a named person” and stressed that it was a confidential meeting.

*Varsity* has however seen an email sent by the Master to Hilton on 25 May, in which he says “What I have said is that the relationship between Mr Tarver and the JCR became improperly close last term, meaning that confidential discussions among Fellows strangely and damagingly found their way into the press. Need I say more?”

Hilton told *Varsity*, “The Master has got it into his head that I put an article into *Varsity* last term, concerning problems with the housing ballot at Trinity Hall and that I did so because the senior tutor told me to, which is of course complete rubbish. Nothing in that story wasn’t already published in minutes from college and JCR meetings and so in the public domain.”

Both Tarver and Hilton also claim that as a result of the Master’s com-

ments from the meeting being divulged, rumours of a sexual relationship between the two of them spread throughout college. Hilton said, “Whatever the Master’s reasons, he has handled it very badly. It’s a great shame.”

When undergraduates were informed of the decision, the JCR wrote to the Master in support of Tarver. However, David Hart, the current JCR President told *Varsity*, “It is now all water under the bridge as far as the JCR is concerned.” However, *Varsity* has obtained a letter dated 16 May sent by Hart on behalf of the JCR, stating that the committee believes the failure to renew Tarver’s contract is, “wholly to the detriment of students and the college” and added that they can “neither support this decision nor understand why somebody who is doing their job efficiently and productively should be replaced.”

Professor Clarke accepts that the JCR did express concern at the time but states that he has since met and discussed the matter with them and that it is now settled as far as JCR-college relations are concerned

The Master also disputes the fact that Tarver has been dismissed saying, “the college’s position is that it was a fixed three year contract and it simply came to an end. Mr Tarver has not been dismissed and so we have never sought to put forward reasons for such a dismissal.”

However Tarver argues that his lawyers have advised him that non-renewal amounts to the same thing as dismissal and he has instigated ongoing legal action on a number of different fronts. He also added, “because of this decision I am effectively unemployed and un-housed because I live in college.”



Ball Reviews Page 2...



The region’s best guide to what’s on – see next Thursday’s Cambridge Evening News

Cambridge  
Evening News



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talks to Luke Layfield



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Fun Lovin' Criminals fail to  
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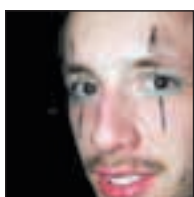
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Cais women hold the  
May Bumps headship

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Cais men claim May  
Bumps headship

## WELCOME TO MAYWEEK

Another year...another term of Tripos terror...all finally and inevitably culminating in the too-long repressed effervescence of yet another Mayweek. After so many hours crouched and petrifying in the "study" position, the end of exams sends us all cartwheeling out of control into the free-fall free-for-all frenzy of Mayweek.

By now you're probably all too exhausted, hung-over, results-nervous, run-down, over-cultured and under-impressed to be able to cope with any more force-fed fun. So sit back, relax, and let *Varsity's* dedicated Mayweek monitors stimulate you with some retrospective simulations of a bit of what you went to and a lot of what you missed.

We've got: Jesus, John's, Trinity, King's, Sidney, Tit Hall and Newnham (cheers for the free tickets guys!); lots of weird and wonderful garden parties; and a few thoughtful columns reflecting on our crazy Cambridge lives.

Mayweek. We hope it was good for you. Here's how it was for us.



Jet Photographic

## VIVE LA ROBINSON REVOLUTION!

Messieurs Richard Lee and Francis Booth frolic with the French at Robinson Ball

**France may have crashed out somewhat prematurely from the World Cup, but the French spirit was certainly alive and kicking at Robinson May Ball, an event that traditionally anticipates the festivities of May Week.**

Charged with the unenviable task of transforming the red bricks of Robinson into eighteenth-century France, the decs and design team pulled out all the stops with a combination of spectacular lighting and art work, complete with a horde of wandering entertainers, all of whom successfully reinforced the ball's revolutionary theme. French maids handed out drinks in the queue as the pampered nobility

looked down from their thrones onto the eating masses below. Little touches such as the guillotine-shaped vodka luge contributed well to the overall effect of decadence and plenty.

The theme was again exploited in the choice of films available to all those unable to keep the early pace. Favourites such as *Leon*, *Interview with a Vampire*, and *Chocolat* were screened and appreciated by the majority.

The dodgems, the massage parlour, the casino, the inflatables, the X-Box computer games and other attractions ensured that there was a fair amount to see and do, and the large area over which the ball seemed to extend meant that over-

crowding was never an issue. Perhaps this sometimes resulted in the guests being too thinly spread, though those bemoaning this fact were doubtless also grateful for the relatively short queues.

The fireworks unfortunately caused a mass exodus of guests from the comedy tent, though this was hardly surprising given that they were not incomparable to those seen at the more expensive balls. However, those who returned to the comedy were treated to some excellent performances, the pick of which was Time Out award-winner Adam Bloom, who proved to be as explosively hilarious as promised.

The main stage was occupied for much of the night by Rawganics,

Graeme Park and Gareth Cook; a bold move by the committee to break from more traditional acts. The impressive beat-box action may not have been to everybody's liking, though the more reactionary amongst the crowd were later soothed by some faithful, reassuring cheese.

Robinson is proud of its themes and justifiably so. With a ticket coming fairly cheaply by May Ball standards, any non-boaties could do worse than consider a trip to Robinson next year. The committee can be proud of an evening well worth the entrance fee, and which had just enough innovations of its own to appease the more demanding.



Rowan Huppert



# WE ARE THE SULTANS OF KINGS

David Benson  
Clemency Burton Hill

**Still hungover from two big nights on the trot – Trinity and John’s – we staggered into King’s June Event fully aware that our May Week experience was about to take a turn. We needed something pretty special to draw us out of our post-post-ball malaise but King’s came up with the goods. Big time. At 6am, when all the passengers had left the drum n bass floor, and with no cheesy sur-**

**vivors photographer in sight, we were still raving away. You know dat.**

Kings had a line-up to rival the best UK dance festivals. While Norman Jay had been a headline act at John’s Ball, here you could almost miss his name amongst so many luminaries from the world of dance music, including Grooverider, Adam F, and Jazzie B (who turned up late and got CUSU President Elect Paul Lewis to lug all his tunes to the garage tent). Whatever your thing – from D&B to hip-hop, garage to funk, house to chillout – Kings had it covered. Revellers strayed

outside, preferring the starlit lawns rather than the chillout rooms to hang out, have a few smokes, and soak up the vibe.

Whilst all the music was pretty good, we reckon the hip-hop tent deserves special mention. Who would’ve thought that Chetwynd Court could have provided such an effective stage for UK hip-hop’s up and coming stars to exhibit their skills. The breakers were a particular highlight, causing normally reserved Cambridge students to forget themselves momentarily and wave their hands in the air as the dancers performed triple headstands

and flips. Needless to say, these scenes had little in common with the refined elegance of Trinity and its string quartets. Unfortunately, the cream of London’s UK garage DJs didn’t meet with quite the same reaction: Emma Feline, for example, was met with the half-hearted foot-tapping of a few nervous-looking kids. Which was a shame, because she played a wicked set. One of her bemused yet insightful entourage told *Varsity* ‘well it ain’t Twice as Nice, you know what I’m sayin’?’. No shit, Sherlock, but it’s still as close as Cambridge is likely to get.

Set in the splendour of Kings’

courts, with the Chapel’s stained-glass offset by light projections, the event managed to capture the Cambridge spirit even while offering something so rarely experienced here in this parochial little University town: a dance event to be properly proud of. Pretentious it was not. We ate Van of Life burgers, drank copious amounts of Carling and smoked a new blend of Camel cigarettes, which, according to the sexy girls who – genius – distributed them free to the raving crew, were ‘creamier, smoother, and milder’. Unlike the Event itself which, it has to be said, was rough.



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# GO GA-GA IN THE GA-GARDEN

Frances Robinson

**If May Balls are a bit like sex, garden parties are a lot like foreplay: they vary greatly in quality and duration, are often more enjoyable for receivers than givers, and they tend to finish when things get a bit damp.**

But unlike sex, they are a long-standing Cambridge institution, and, hey, it's a tough job, but somebody's got to do it, so I went along to review some of them, trying to cover the whole spectrum of al fresco fiestas. In the space of a few days I managed to cover a huge variety of parties from your traditional rahs-in-blazers to the proto-revolutionary middle-class-people in-t-shirts, drinking 100000 gallons of Pimm's and eat-

ing half the EU's annual strawberry production in the process. These, my friends, are my conclusions.

Everything started gloriously with the **Gentlemen of St. John's** on Friday night. Eschewing fripperies like food, the Gents still manage to hold an amazing Garden Party. Tickets, complete with biblical quotations, have to be obtained by buttering up choir boys – not literally though, that would be strange. The Pimm's becomes deceptively strong very fast due to them wittily mixing it with sparkling wine not lemonade. Everyone tries to avoid setting themselves on fire with the unfortunately placed garden candles. And then, the men from choir stand in the pavilion. And they sing *'Let's call the whole thing off', 'Blue Moon', 'Surfin' USA'* and

then... *S Club!* I realise I have drunk too much and lie down.

Saturday, instead of being a palliative for my hangover consists of rowing bumps. This makes suicide Sunday, the glorious pinnacle of garden party excess all the sweeter, beginning as I did with the **Scarlets**. Bacon rolls and croissants proved fairly successful against a boat club dinner hangover but useless compared to more Pimm's – hair of the pedigree chihuahua. There are sweets and Danish pastries, too. The only problem is some of the blazers cause more headaches than hangovers – vertical gold, Cambridge blue and green stripes, anyone? But the sun is shining, the gardens are beautiful, and after my hearty breakfast I feel ready to tackle some more Garden Parties.

We make it punctually to Christ's **Margs and Hippos**, who have some of the nicest gardens and an extremely high blazer count. To lend a touch of class, the 'red' and 'blue' cocktails have been mixed in strange Victorian bathtub style pails, and not the usual Woolies' storage boxes. I begin to feel slightly drunk again, and my only criticism would be that for a lunchtime garden party there is no food to soak up the alcohol. Next year I may start an eating society to counteract the drinking society garden party mentality – it seems a shame to give oneself liver damage with cocktails when one could get heart disease from party food too...

At **Lady Margaret Players** there are entertainments in the form of croquet, those hubbly bubbly pipe things, and a barbecue, which furnishes us with kebabs as well as couscous, houmus and strawberries and cream. I was slightly disappointed it was not Lady Margaret Playas – I had envisaged lots of ghetto fabulous pimp daddies from the Cambridge underground, but the thespians were nearly the same, only with more jewellery. The weather is glorious. Cocktails are available in 'Orange' and 'Green', which look quite gross as they have tinned fruit floating in them. We cheat outrageously at croquet and eat too much – it's great, a real highlight, al-

though packed with 'I'm too cool for a blazer' types, whose inverse snobbery leads to a preponderance of rolled up trousers and those faded t-shirts with 'World tennis champ '69' on them, which end up creating a system as delineated and hierarchical as the jackets they were meant to replace.

I round off the day with the **Department of other languages** – sounds too crazy, I know, but I said I was going to try to go to every single kind of outdoor entertainment. There's an extra angle here of trying to work out if your supervisor is being nice to you because you failed and they pity you, or they're happy to see you after you stormed your way to a starred 1st. Either way, the faculty serves friexenet (actually quite respectable after asti) and really good strawberries.

What I learned from my Garden Party experiences is that the most important thing is the people. And this isn't the coolest society or the most debauched lords of extravagance – it's about being with your friends. Ultimately, all you're going to do is drink, eat, and be merry in a Garden in Cambridge. Indeed, if one feels rough, it's often better to stay away from test-card blazers. So enjoy yourselves, and just remember – if you mix Pimm's properly, it contains NO STRAWBERRIES.



## Modern Mayweek Manners

Judith Whiteley

**Cambridge and its customs always pretend to be steeped in hundreds of years of good old fashioned History, but a quick delve into this esteemed University's dim and distant past suggests that "having any fun whatsoever" is very definitely a modern phenomenon. Here's how some present day Mayweek essentials would have fared in days of yore...**

Surely no Mayweek would be complete without the obligatory dip in the foul and infested Cam? But in 1571 the usual excuses of being staggeringly drunk, being rubbish at punting or being flung in by your fellows boaties wouldn't cut any ice with the Vice-Chancellor. He decreed that if any scholar "should go into any river, pool, or other water in the County of Cambridge by day or night to swim or wash" he should be "sharply and severely whipped publicly in the Common Hall of the College in which he dwelt" in the presence of all the Fellows and undergraduates.

All that moonlit punting and bare legs in the sunshine makes many hopeful of a little Mayweek Romance. Not a chance in 1561, however, when Queen Elizabeth I willed and commanded: "That no manner of person, being the head or member of any college ... within this realm, shall ... have or be permitted to have within the precinct of any

such college, his wife or other woman to abide and dwell in the same, or to frequent and haunt any lodging within the same college."

All those anxious pre-Ball hours spent in Monsoon and Accessorize could have been avoided in 1578 when a decree of the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses forbade "hoses of unseemly greatness or disguised fashion", "excessive ruffs" and "apparrell of velvet or silk."

1595 made for a particularly boring Mayweek. Crikey O'Riley, you couldn't even go for a kick-about with your mates on Jesus Green. The Vice-Chancellor issued regulations for the conduct of students, including the prohibition of the "hurtful and unscholarlike exercise of Football...except within places severall to the Colledges, and that for them only that be of the same Colledge."

Today, alcohol and its consequences seem, for better or worse, to make Mayweek what it is. Mayweek in 1607 would have been a very different experience after a decree was issued against "excessive drinkings, foul drunkenness, and taking tobacco in taverns and shops.... to the dishonour of God, great scandal of the University at home and abroad, waste of expense besides hurt of body and mind, and evil example from those that profess learning and sobriety." The penalty for such disreputable conduct was a fine of 6s 8d.

You'd have thought that a Mayweek show would count as one of the week's

more high minded pursuits. The law-makers of 1737 disagreed, decreeing that "all persons whatsoever who shall for gain in any playhouse, booth, or otherwise, exhibit any stage play, interlude, shew, opera, or other theatrical or dramatical performance, or act any part, or assist therein [within the radius of 5 miles of Cambridge] shall be deemed rogues and vagabonds." The penalty was one month's imprisonment with hard labour.

James I would have loathed pretty much everything about the modern Mayweek. In 1604, "for the better maintenance, safety, and quietness" of the University and its students "and to remove, take away, and prevent all occasions that may tend either to the infecting of their bodies or minds, or to the withdrawing or alienating the younger sort from the courses of their studies there intended" he authorised the University to prohibit "all manner of unprofitable or idle games, plays, or exercises especially bull-baiting, bear-baiting, common plays, public shews, interludes, comedies and tragedies in the English tongue, games at loggets, nine-holes, and all other sports and games whereby throngs, concourse, or multitudes are drawn together, or thereby the younger sort are or may be drawn or provoked to vain expence, loss of time, or corruption of manners."

Varsity wishes you all a thoroughly modern Mayweek.



Frances Robinson



# Duality – Confused Personality

Natasha Grayson and Sophie Morphet

**Hazy scarlet smoke wafted across the entrance to what may have been an Aladdin's cave but in fact was Jesus Mayball. Puff! The smoke disappeared and we were herded in through the medieval gates into the Chamber of Duality, where we could not help but notice a forlorn Jesus horse in his glass cage surrounded by neat rows of pre-prepared cocktails. This was our first taste of the ball's theme, which we had naturally been speculating about beforehand, and we were dying to satisfy our curiosity – what could 'Duality' possibly mean?**

Smaller scale balls traditionally offer themes as a way of structuring the event but it is not always clear how we should expect this to contribute to the experience. It seems fair to assume that if a ball sells itself on its theme, it should be visible quickly and conveyed with flair. To be frank, Duality was singularly absent at this ball.

We tried to look for it – searching high and low through “the dark and the light, the vice and the virtue” that the programme offered – but our search was in vain. We did however, find a satisfying array of food and drink, most of which remained available throughout the night. Produced fresh and to demand, the hot waffles and doughnuts, as well as being delicious, ensured that people's stomachs were lined for the duration of the event. A necessary ingredient when alcohol was also readily available and extremely potent. Cocktails were well chosen, but the lack of

wine may not have suited everyone's tastes. At least these delights did temporarily distract our confusion about the theme.

The ents were varied and there was plenty of choice to suit all tastes, but perhaps so much that it was paradoxically difficult to structure your night around your preferred taste in music. Perhaps this is where Duality manifested itself? Life goers would have been satisfied by the availability of cheese, which was not held back seductively until the last hour. And for the more discerning Cambridge ear, a varied diet of jazz, funk, dance and even choral music was on offer.

Though not really a dancing opportunity, we want to reserve a special mention for the hilarious samba band Arco Iris in their paper jesters' hats. And when we came to rest our aching feet, amusement came in the form of hypnotist Alan Bates. It was hilarious enough to watch people we did not know speaking Martian and tickling one another's knee-caps, but the real delight was saved for the obviously large Jesus contingent in the audience who must have known the victims.

Decorations seemed notably lacking, but this was where we looked with hope to a sign in the direction of Duality. On our travels we found a haphazard scattering of murals and a lonely tree draped in what can only be described as scraps of red cloth. By this stage we just were not sure which way to go to pick up a sense of a “unique world of contradiction” which the ball intended to embody. The trouble was that, even with an impressive and varied multiplicity of food, drink and entertainment we felt the ball lacked a

unifying (or even dual) atmosphere. Perhaps this was a ball for Jesus students, but for the outsider, ill equipped to navigate the college in any case, there was no sense of harmony which should distinguish a ball from a large scale college ent.

The Ball committee should be credited for what felt like a very smoothly running night, impeded only by the spectacular thunderstorm that threatened to outdo the man-made decorations – this is where the duality of dark and light was really in evidence! All in all it was easy to get your money's worth



Natasha Grayson and Sophie Morphet

in food and entertainment, and it did seem as though people were enjoying themselves, but the priceless experience we had hoped for failed to

materialise, and our hopes effectively faded as quickly as the puff of red smoke that greeted us upon our entrance.

## BLOOD, SWEAT, TEARS AND JEERS

Matthew Stephens urges us too spare a thought for those for whom Mayweek isn't that much fun

**If Homer Simpson had had the benefit of a Cambridge degree then he might have said that not television but alcohol is our teacher, mother and secret lover. He would also have had to acknowledge the poorly-kept nature of that secret, and that Mayweek was the time when we all stopped pretending, introduced alcohol to the kids from the first marriage, and sent its photo into Readers' Wives.**

It's a messy relationship, however, with lots of tears and arguments, and a vague sense that things were so much better in the early days when all I needed to make alcohol stay with me was a Tesco car park and not a May Ball and when we still had things to find out about each other.

Still, I stay. That's fine, I can take care of myself, but the problem is that innocent bystanders get hurt.

Most obviously, there are the poor inhabitants of the town. For these long-suffering good burghers of Cambridge Mayweek must seem like a hellish and endless parade of what one wild-eyed shouting man in Bene't Street described intermittently as “Punks, thugs and goons”. Living in Cambridge they have probably long since become used to the vomit in their bushes and gutters, the indecent exposure of drinking society initiation ceremonies and the loud renditions of the Star Wars theme which indicate that somewhere techies are testing their May Ball sound equipment to the limit. They may even like it, reflecting that if they must have drunks staggering

around then they may as well be dressed in nice blazers or dinner jackets. Nevertheless, I will bet every last one of the six pence left in my bank account that the phrase ‘bloody students’ has come to the lips of every resident of the town in the last week, and probably features on a fair few police incident reports.

Long-suffering townies are not the only ones to have a bad time of it in Mayweek however. As we whirl merrily through the revels it is all too easy to forget that a very large number of people in statu pupillari are forced to absent themselves from the mass worship of alcohol. Constant reiteration of how boozy Mayweek can/should be – see paragraph one above – actually lets us forget that it is only so because people organise the garden parties and balls at which

we get boozed. These people are the noblest people of all, because as everyone knows organising something in Mayweek is the worst task in the world, the labour from which Hercules recoiled.

Our typical bright young thing, keen to get involved with society life, stands for perhaps Rag, or the sports team's social committee at the start of April. Well, this is alright, they think, having little to do during the exam period. Then suddenly they realise – they have to organise the Mayweek garden party! This means staying sober, trying to serve people who are spectacularly not so, and hoping and praying that everyone who promised to help out also stays sober. Their hopes and prayers are of course in vain; the accepted principle of Mayweek is that no more

than two people of the twenty who signed up will be able to help with clearing up afterwards. Last year I too was one of the poor, hollow-eyed ghouls you see wandering around town with last-minute bags of ice and bottles of vodka, and only succeeded in losing the key to the cash-box in the Cam. My admission to the committee that this wasn't a problem because I never locked the cash box in my term as Treasurer didn't seem to help matters. Hence this Mayweek I stayed well away from any sense of responsibility whatsoever, but also why I made sure to give a cheery smile to those who had organised whichever event I had pitched up at that day. I also slipped them some words of advice – don't tell October's intake how stressed you are now, we need them to do this next year.



# TOO MUCH FUN FOR THE CRIMINALS

Adam Joseph and Julian Blake turn up to Trinity May Ball. Unfortunately, the headline act don't.

**Who would want the job of Trinity Ball President? Everything has to be perfect on the one and only run of the show and the audience expect the best night of their lives.**

With this in mind it was hard not to feel sorry for the small gaggle of committee members on the main stage as they discussed how to placate a frustrated crowd waiting for the Fun Lovin' Criminals. For the band were nowhere to be seen. Having waited for almost an hour the crowd responded by booing the committee

members. Trinity Ball was not meant to be like this.

To their credit though, despite the loss of their main band, everyone had a great time. In fact we would definitely say that this was the best ball we have ever been to. The few mishaps and mistakes did not matter. We were here to have fun and the committee had given us plenty of opportunity to have a night of hedonistic pleasure.

The evening started with glorious weather. As we strolled to the dining queue we were impressed with the

dedication of many of the ball-goers, who had turned up two hours before the doors opened to start the queue. There were singers, magicians and fire jugglers to keep the crowd amused as the long wait started. Some attendees suggested that in future years water should be provided, as two hours outside in white tie on the hottest day of the year proved uncomfortable for many. Still, we British love to queue.

A much more civilised option was to dine. No queues to get in and perhaps most importantly you avoid the

long queues for food, which are unavoidable at the start of the ball. The food was generally excellent, much better than standard formal hall fare and culminated with a delicious crème brûlée ice cream. Fine wines were flowing, and we soon realised that any hope of 'pacing' oneself through the ball would be severely put to the test by the three wines and port served with the meal.

Once we had entered the ball proper we were struck by the beauty of it. The organisers had done a fantastic job lighting up Neville's Court and the floral arrangements were magnificent. Later we headed to the front lawn to watch the fireworks on the backs, which were very impressive.

Fortunately, being Trinity, they did not have just one headliner. Rosie Brown and the James Taylor Quartet were more than capable of rocking the main tent. The other range of music on offer was also excellent. We particularly enjoyed Afrodisiac, playing their funk and crowding the dance floor throughout torrential rain. Comedy was also well received, a crazy Glaswegian comedian telling jokes about the Cambridge elite he saw before him brought out laughs

from all in the tent, although the jokes about the Fun Lovin' Criminals were less well received.

If good weather went on sale, it would probably be Trinity that could afford to buy it. Unfortunately, however, it seemed to be out of their control, as the most beautiful weather turned ugly and rain drenched the stunning ball dresses of our gorgeous female companions. The weather had knock on consequences throughout the ball. As huge numbers of people flocked to the marquees to get away from the rain, the supplies of food and drink started to run low. Even the much hyped unlimited champagne seemed to be replaced early on by sparkling wine, and later seemed to have disappeared altogether.

Ultimately, Trinity probably still does deserve its billing as the best ball. But that does not mean it was perfect: as a Trinity big cheese, ex-Union President Michael Lynas said, "I think the ball has been great and fantastic fun. Though I must say it has not quite lived up to last year's very high standards". Others got more into the spirit: as Tom Griffiths of Jesus remarked, "If this ball was a porn star, it would be Jenna Jameson." Big definitely was beautiful for us.



Jet Photographic

## Impoverished Student Sells Liver for May Ball Ticket

Simon Maybin

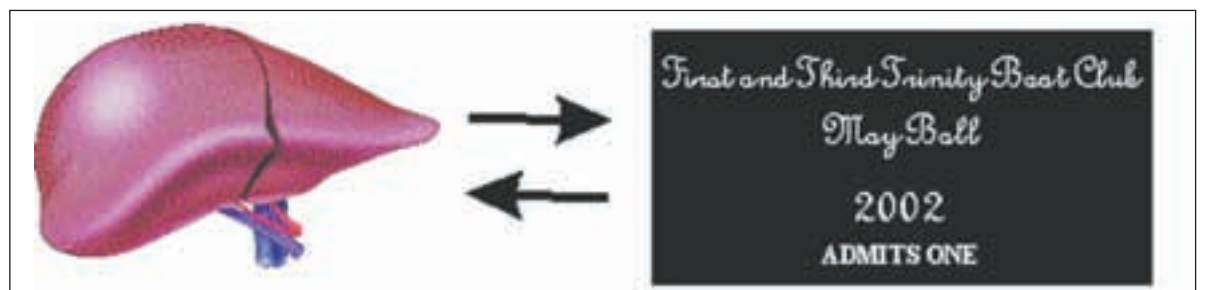
**It has been discovered that one penniless Trinitonian resorted to extreme measures in order to join his colleagues at this year's Trinity Ball.**

Constituting the 0.0000000001 per cent of members of the aristocratic college who did not attend an exclusive eight-times-the-average-wage-per-year in fees public school, student X had few other options than to take such drastic action. Whilst his friends had no difficulty in forsaking a day's pocket

money for the privilege of attending the University's most famous ball, X's rare impecuniosity made finding the money a little more taxing.

Having considered his own grandmother (and received several offers), X eventually settled on his liver as the source of his revenue. He explained, "for the average May Ball goer, sclerosis begins to set-in approximately six hours into the event". Calculating that his liver would be of little use to him anyway, X made the tough decision to sell it on at a reasonable fee.

The buyer is thought to be another



*The transaction in full*

May Week reveller ('Y'), who planned to carry it around with him in a cool-box for when his own liver fails. Although he has been strongly advised

against the dangers of such an operation, Y is adamant that his plan is flawless. The third year medic claims he has seen a transplant done "millions of

times" and could do it "blind-drunk and one-handed". Which is convenient.

Neither X nor Y have been seen since Monday's Ball.



# SLINKY NEWNHAM SPECTACULAR

Ed Maxwell  
Anushka Asthana

**The monsoon season was late that year. Parched and hungry we arrived at the menacing red brick walls of Newnham college. But inside lay an oasis of colour and entertainment - Silk, a Bollywood dream. Cascading garlands welcomed us in and we were greeted by the ice elephant where champagne flowed to quench our thirst and traditional Indian dancers put on a brilliant show. The theme was inspired and the scene was set perfectly.**

The ball made excellent use of the expansive Newnham gardens. Guests strolled between the differ-

ent areas or could catch a ride on Cambridge's answer to the rickshaw, George the truck. We jumped aboard and headed for the food market where there was a choice of delicious curry or fajitas for those worried about Delhi belly.

The nearby Indian marquees were reminiscent of *Monsoon Wedding* - they created the perfect ambience to sip on a Cobra beer whilst enjoying comedy and bands - My Next Girlfriend were a real treat. We moved on via the Browns Cocktail bar to the funfair. Sadly the Ferris wheel was nowhere to be seen, but the dodgems recreated the busy streets of Bombay. After sustaining whiplash from the reckless driving it was time for a massage. Following the exquisitely lit walkways we reached the chill out where

we experienced fifteen minutes of bliss courtesy of the Cambridge University massage society. Tucked away in a hidden corner of the gardens we came across a secret smoking den where guests could relax whilst smoking shisha pipes filled with strawberry and apple tobacco.

Back in the midst of the ball the sounds of top 20 band Heist enticed us. Here we stayed for a pumping set from Adam F and for once drum 'n' bass actually seemed to work at a ball. Later, Sonarfly took to the stage and played brilliantly.

The best thing about Newnham ball was the attention to detail. Every area was decorated to perfection, marshmallows were laid out by small fireplaces and the outdoor chill out area even offered chocolate fondue.

The theme ran through every corner of the ball, with Bollywood films showing next to the casino, a cricket match at 1am and even a genuine monsoon downpour in the

early hours. Finally the rains had come bringing with them a lightning show that lit up the whole ball. A spectacular end to a fantastic Mayball.



Rohan Huppert



## What the day is about: A Mayweek Perspective

Yuri Humber gets all impressionistic about the madness of Mayweek

### Mid-existence:

It's vague dreams and rockets - I can see rockets in the day's sky-topped smugness, the light-blue lace draping above my glum, hungover-irritable, to the freaked out point of imagining myself to be in Purgatory (though I've never read Dante) being. An exhaling of a gargantuan breath and it's not over - the day is only mid-existence: I'm roughly spread between the toast of burnt opportunities that was the morning (I did nothing) and the plum pudding of an evening - the Dinner, for which I need a costume and a body able to consume.

### The awakening:

The morning really began with an idea of order. I believed that awaking early, breakfasting and participating in radio banter with the cretinous, rasping voice of a Q103 DJ would enliven my mind and invigorate my engagement with the day. The belief was perfectly honourable and perfectly unfulfilled. The bed gripped my torso in an I'm-never-going-to-see-you-again-(sobbing) hug, then obtained, literally from nowhere, some devilishly tricky loops to sustain my limbs

in a pathetic and embarrassingly spread position and maintained this exhaustive pressure for what seemed like (but was not) hours.

### Trinculo:

The dinner, at least, promises to be the lustful queen of loud bawling and casual slaughter (the exams are done, done). So, whoring myself towards pre-dinner reception, I begin to drink inordinate amounts of bubbly, guzzly, amber liquor, feeling the grotesque roll of the beer already, all too aware of the return journey it may later undertake. Soon, or it seems like soon, a friend is staggering into my room, stopping to curtsy in near-to-vomit despondency, reaching for my attention with a fucked-up loud moan and throttling my chair leg. I watch him maul his way towards me slouching on a sofa. Perhaps it is my twitching, or something strange which he finds intimidating, because he soon looks nervous. I gawk back, shouting: "You're not in fancy dress. Look at you - scandalous. I'm loathed even to observe your twatted palpitations. A state, a state! Pass me beer, thank you". I pause and gulp, pulverising

the beer from the can. "Disgrace. No costume." He makes another moan and here I'm sure I ought to choreograph his further muscle wrenches and sounds over my bin. Before he passes out, muffling, he questions "dinner".

### A-ha, the point:

I think the dinner happened. It may even have happened before my friend lunged into the room to tile the floor with his effluvia. That might explain why he questioned "dinner", but someone that drunk can't be trusted, you can't trust what the hell they say. Anyway, I know the dinner happened because I have a red wine stain on my shirt, and a small pond of olive oil splattered with bits of goat's cheese on my trousers. I'm missing a shoe. There are Sainsbury's trucks outside revving up during the day, challenging the fucker of a pipist who has tormented my life this year with his one, his only, rural-themed tune. And I think I know what the day was about, if not its spectacular details: a sustained effort to push myself, physically, into the world, and leave my stain.





# PROBABLY THE BEST BALL IN THE WORLD

Rob Sharp

**We all had high expectations for Johns. As I once opened the ambiguously-wrapped Christmas present to reveal that no, mother hadn't bought me a new Super NES but in fact had slipped another copy of 'How Your Body Works' into Santa's stocking, Chapel Court did not herald the wonders I had expected. No Brian May. No Kylie Minogue. No disembalmed Queen Mum.**

Yet somehow the champagne reception made up for all of that. At one point I even thought I saw Huey from the Fun Lovin' Criminals snorting a prostitute (or whatever it is young people do nowadays), but it was in fact just another sour-faced strumpet's mother, dislodging cabbage from one side of a pearly incisor. I devoured fine champagne and quaffed waffles until the cows came home. Which was at about a quarter past eight, when their limo arrived.

Balls often have quirky themes, like, I dunno, 'Decadence', or 'Apocalypse', or even 'Colostrum' (this year's King's event), but John's ball outclasses words. It cannot abide by some abstract, all-encompassing credo. People are far too busy getting pissed to notice, and rightly so. Hip hip hooray.

The queues were nicely weighted. I enjoyed the food, and paced myself nicely with the booze after the disaster that was Newnham. The fireworks were good, although I embarrassed

myself slightly by spontaneously ejaculating noisily during the bit at the end. Thankfully I planned it so that the Supra-Violet Rocket-Fire 2000 would drown out the majority of the wailing.

I shortly after moved to the cabaret, in need of some post-coital wind-down. The comedy issued from Jimmy Carr's lips was sublime. An example: "An overweight woman approached me and said: 'You're fat-tist!' I replied, 'No, you are.'" Hilarious! Ha Ha! Although on a serious note, I wouldn't like to be made fun of if I were a fat woman [disclaimer].

Onto the main act, with the aid of my Tardis, in the form of Kosheen. It's hard to know what to say about these guys, but boy did they rock the mic in all the right places. Phew, did they spin those decks. Cripes. Search me, off the top of my head, but it seemed as though they drew on a huge number of influences, their music crossing styles, fusing powerful vocals from singer Sian Evans with breakbeat and bass rhythms. Wicked.

I was tempted to rip off my DJ to reveal my new polo shirt with 'Editor Booty' written on the back, but suddenly realised that although my actions might impress my mother and her Women's Institute work colleagues, they were unlikely to go down well with the residents of the NYC 'Schlobohm' ghetto who tend to frequent this kind of occasion.

I leave shame-faced. John's have stolen my money, they've stolen my mojo. But it's the best ball ever.



## SIDNEY CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

James O'Connor and Alex Lee

**Having been to Trinity May Ball on Monday, we were expecting to enter Sidney with a sneer, leave somewhat disappointed and review with condescension. The ball itself, however, demonstrated the danger of preconceptions. Where we anticipated deficiency, we were provided with excess; where mediocrity was foreseen, excellence was delivered in every sense. Unlike balls in large colleges, which rely on big attractions, Sidney was replete with small delights to entrance the visitor at every turn.**

From the very moment that one entered Sidney May Ball, one was given the impression that it really would be the greatest show on earth. At no other ball is one greeted by a circus ringmaster complete with a beautiful sequin-clad woman on horseback, stopping traffic and breaths alike. Canapés and champagne were a simple and stylish introduction to the ball proper: the Promenade set the tone. A coconut shy, crepes and a host of favourite fairground

games make it clear that this was a ball that was friendly and fun without any of the pretensions found elsewhere.

As one drifted through the Big Top, one was swung into a lively mood by a toe-tapastic jazz band. In every court from this point could be found something to entertain every taste. The Hall of Mirrors was slow to fill up, but provided a real variety ranging from DJ Cynic's mixture of soulful drum'n'bass to Spectrum UK's combination of hip-hop, breaks, house and oldskool. Later in the evening, Le Cabaret was graced by the unusual presence of the hypnotist Stuart Ashing. Although his introduction accidentally sent many of the audience to sleep, when he eventually got going and hypnotised a selected few, the audience came on side.

Dodgems and other fairground rides were, however, the best entertainment on offer. The classic combination of plentiful alcohol, masses of food and rides that shake you about violently made this a brilliant opportunity to relive childhood joys with added spice. Whoever thought of this deserves all the praise that can be given.

The food and drink seemed calcu-

lated to kill. While the death-defying champagne and absinth cocktails were but an extreme, solitary example, the sheer quantity of drink on offer would have destroyed the more enthusiastic revellers and the astute location of the different sorts added to the carefully constructed scenes. With champagne placed by the classical quartet and with Grolsch and water put by the Circle Stage, you could be sure of laying your hands on just what you wanted. The same was true of the food: there was more than enough to satisfy everyone and the quality would have satisfied the most picky continental gourmand! Hog roasts, paella, crepes, prawn cocktails, fish kebabs and lashings of beautifully presented fresh fruit were just some of the things on offer throughout the evening and allowed easy and tasty snacking to keep everyone going. The food was particularly impressive because of the thought that had obviously been put into it: each small dish was convenient to gobble in the few moments between events. The detail was sensitively treated in all respects.

With no large spaces to hand, the ball was always going to be faced with

the challenge of scenery and the treatment of detail was again impressive in the extreme. From tiny red fairy lights showing the way through a hedge opening, to soft lighting around the champagne stalls, and from the epileptic lighting in the Hall of Mirrors to the dazzlingly lit fountain, each area was made friendly, intimate and fun in the most natural and unassuming way. What is more, most of the decorations were actually made by students at Sidney, adding a sense of community to a ball in a city that can so often be anonymous and cold. You could tell that people had really thought about how the ball would look and truly cared enough that everyone would enjoy themselves.

Thought, indeed, was what really made Sidney May Ball such a success: everything there had so clearly been included for a very particular reason, and that reason was simply that people should naturally, casually have a good night. The overbearing standard of Trinity, so often regarded as the definitive Cambridge ball, was in many ways overshadowed by the gentle, human touch of Sidney.





# "Give me a world class event Luigi – with extra mozzarella"

Judith Whiteley  
Nick King

**While the über-cools did whatever it is they do at King's, everyone who preferred a good unpretentious party was at Tit Hall. This was the final resting place of many of Mayweek's most dedicated socialites. Everyone looked just a little bit bedraggled - still bleary eyed from Suicide Sunday followed by Jesus followed by John's - but they were all still determined to carry on till the bitter end and have one last doughnut-fuelled wiggle of their booty. And what a wiggle it was.**

The organisers had managed the college space perfectly, from cavernous cheese and dance tents to the dark "it's almost like being underground!" hip-hop hole, where Rawganics were safely confined to be their annoying arrogant selves. The jazz/funk hall was the most inspired. A cosy, classy, coffee-serving combination room that positively fluoresced with some seriously

smooth musicianship. Afrodisiac were the highlight, filling the room to bursting and making a lot of people very shiny happy.

Events don't have the cash for the elaborate decs you'll find in many balls, but clever lighting and nice little touches like the angel-feather strewn trees did the job just as well here. Cute little angel girls and their less cute, half-naked, silver spray-painted imp-boy companions threw glitter about and gave you jelly beans in the queue.

As for the obligatory niggles...Queues for food were a problem early on and staff were under so much pressure that even when you had waited nigh on an hour for your burger and chips it wasn't exactly piping hot. But the patient were rewarded with much shorter queues beyond 11.30pm, and what with all the opportunities for bouncing yourself utterly sick and silly - the Bucking Bronco, bouncy castle, bungee run - it was probably wise to wait until later.

Tit Hall's equal work for equal play deal is undoubtedly the best in Mayweek and it seemed like at least

half of the revellers were sporting the red wristbands committing them to three hours clean up at the end of the event or a couple of hours security during. And because the workers got to sneak in early through the p'lodge, they got the pick of the food before the queues began too.

Mayweek can sometimes be a bit too much like hard work, but Tit Hall Event was cool, it was chilled, and nobody needed to try too hard to have a damn fine final Mayweek fling. "Better than John's" said someone who had been to both. And there can't be a higher recommendation than that.



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**Deadline: 30 June 2002**



## News in Brief James Hayton

**US broadcast schmulz to woo Arabs**

US radio executive, Norman Pattiz, persuaded congress to spend \$35 million on a new radio station, 'Radio Sawa', meaning 'together'. Feelings about the US among Arabs are, Pattiz says, at a "low ebb". "We wanted to create some good feelings about Americans with that audience." The station is broadcast from Jordan, Kuwait, Dubai and UAE in an attempt to reach bilingual Arabic youth. Listeners can hear 85% pop-music and 15% news, written by American government officials. Reaction appears to be mixed, some believing it to be a mouthpiece of the CIA. Apparently if you play *Kiss Me* by Sixpence None the Richer backwards you hear "George Bush is the new messiah. Saddam Hussein stinks like a camel and blows goats."

**Corrections and Clarifications**

New evidence has come to light to counter the slanderous allegations in last week's *Varsity* that Mystic Ted is, in fact, none other than Business Manager and former editor Ed Hall. Our undercover shots conclusively prove their separate existences. His clairvoyant skills remain under question, however (see inside cover).



Mystic Ted



Ed Hall

**United in Bigotry**

American Christian organisations including the Catholic Family and Human Rights Institute have joined forces with Middle-Eastern governments to oppose new UN rulings on abortion and gay rights. At last week's UN Children Conference, a move led by the Bush administration was successful in preventing a reference being included in the final declaration to "reproductive healthcare services" that both Christian and Muslim activists believe could be used to promote abortion. Both sides are united in holding offensive the idea that there should be explicit reference to the need to protect prostitutes, intravenous drug users and "men who have sex with men" from contracting AIDS. So charity is not dead so long as the compassionate Catholic and Islamic faiths flourish.

## PRESIDENT PAUL, PART II

Luke Layfield

**If England play Spain in the World Cup Finals this summer, then Paul Lewis will be caught in two minds, but the half-Spanish President-Elect of CUSU has no doubts about what he wants to achieve for Cambridge students in the coming year.**

The former King's Co-ordinator was elected in March on a platform of improving Ents and Access and explains why he thinks centrally managed events are so important for the University: "I think the social life is currently one of, if not the biggest barrier to Access. Some people we have spoken to have seriously asked us if we ever get to go out at all? What we need to do is to convince people that the social scene is really not as bad as they think but at the same time to acknowledge that it's not as good as it could be and to improve it."

With CUSU still associated with the disaster that was 'Creation', how does he plan to do that? "For a start we're going to have a Freshers' event at The Junction for a thousand people."

He's already been busy planning that for 17 October and potentially lining up top name DJs, but is keen to stress that this isn't where the revolution of central Ents ends, "There's also going to be a massive expansion on the kind of things that already exist for students, such as Life on a Wednesday. Basically your CUSU card will be able to get you discounted drinks and entry at lots more clubs." He also promises a diversification in music from our usual diet of cheese, with a third weekly club night of drum and base or jungle.

Lewis also thinks that the current sabs have failed on Ents. "One mistake that CUSU as an institution made was that when Creation didn't work and it lost lots of money for various reasons, we took a defeatist line and said 'CUSU can't run Ents, we're giving up'. Nevermind the 17,000 students who really should have central Ents provided by their student union."

He is however keen to stress that CUSU provides essential student services: "There are lots of things that CUSU does very well, like Welfare and Academic Affairs, but you don't hear about them because they're confidential. What I'm essentially all about is improving those things we do less well, and Ents and Access we can improve a lot on."

As a product of state education, the first to apply to Oxbridge from his school, he is only too aware that there are other problems with Access



Another photo of the beautiful Paul for you all...

that Cambridge needs to address. "Another barrier is cost. In particular with Cambridge there's a myth that it's an expensive university. It's not. I've had first hand experience of the kind of help you can get with bursaries and potential applicants should be made aware of that. We've got the lowest drop-out rate in the country because we have this kind of finance on offer".

He also wants to see reform of the interview system. "We need to be able to say to everyone, 'If you go for an interview at Cambridge, your interviewer will have been trained'. We can't say that at the moment and that needs to change."

For those of you who have heard similarly grandiose plans from past presidents rapidly fade as good intentions become bogged down in the bureaucracy of everyday reality, make no mistake. Lewis means what he says.

He has a history of getting things done. As a member of the King's Access Bus Scheme, he has

travelled to state schools in the north of England and is confident that students have the power to instigate change. "I've done enough in student politics to know that it can be exceptionally difficult to get things changed in this place. That said, our arguments are good, solid, impermeable arguments and if we can convince the University that what we are saying really matters to students then we can't really lose."

Reflecting on the challenge that awaits him, he says, "I'm happy that I've set the agenda for CUSU but I'm not advocating radical politics; it's just straight down the line changes that should have happened five or six years ago".

Like most past Presidents, Paul Lewis promises much. But promise is not easily turned into results, and a dynamic student union is at the moment still as unlikely as that England-Spain final. Yet Lewis can still hope on both counts - the final message has to be that anything is possible. Here's to hoping.

## Ballot controversy taints record GU election

Eve Woolfson

**Divisions in Pembroke College MCR this week turned into a University-wide dispute over the results of the Graduate Union Presidential elections.**

At the election count on 30 May the official scrutiner of one of the candidates discovered that the number of ballot papers from Pembroke did not correspond to the number of people who voted on that day. GP Welfare Officer Rachel Berry subsequently accused Pembroke MCR President and Returning Officer, Andrew Peacock, of rigging the ballot box in favour of his friend and eventual winner, Vladimir Tomasovic.

No formal complaint has been made to the GU, but in an open letter from Berry to the Pembroke Graduate Parlour, she accused Peacock of "interpreting" the role as involving adding additional ballot papers to the ballot box", and "risking the

next president being tarnished by this unfortunate incident." She further demanded that he "step down as RO for the college MCR elections and the committee appoint someone whose interpretation of the duties will be more conventional".

Incumbent Graduate Union President, Rajesh Joshi denied the allegations against Peacock: "The discrepancy was by three votes, which is common to half of all colleges. One of these was placed there by Andrew to ensure the ballot wasn't tampered with and he announced this before the count. The other two can be put down to human error."

In a written response to the open letter, Joshi accused Berry of "tarnishing the results by innuendo", and stressed that, "it was accepted by all candidates (or their representatives) that nothing inappropriate had occurred". He commented to *Varsity*, "I have good reason to believe that Ms Berry bears a long standing and personal vendet-

ta against Mr Peacock, rather than any genuine concern for the democratic process".

Peacock stated, "The slanderous allegations are entirely unfounded, I suspect the result is the ulterior motive of an individual with a personal grudge". Indeed it is common knowledge within the Graduate Union Committee that Berry and Peacock have long standing personal differences that have led to arguments in the past.

This is not the first time that Peacock has been at the centre of controversy. As an undergraduate at Oxford University he led a sit in protest against a smoking ban in the Union and reportedly spat at an opposing protestor shouting, "I hope you die of lung cancer".

Joshi is keen to stress that "the real story to be told is one of record graduate participation", and Tomasovic's win should not be tarnished by personal rivalry, which has been the cause of a storm in a graduate teacup.



# UNI LAB IN CRUELTY SLAM

Jeni Fulton

**An investigator from the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection recently infiltrated a lab in the Cambridge centre for brain repair and filmed monkeys used in experiments for Parkinson's disease, stroke, and fundamental research into brain function. The animals had their skulls opened and their brains deliberately damaged, by cutting out or injecting sections with neurotoxins.**

Home Office licensing stipulates that animals should at most experience "moderate suffering". In this case it seems that the suffering is severe, contravening experimental legislation, and calling into question the Home Office definition of cruelty.

According to Sarah Kite, Director of investigations for BUAV, the ex-

periments in the Cambridge laboratory are ongoing. Despite pressure to investigate "severe suffering" experienced by the marmosets, neither the Home Office nor Cambridge University has reacted to the allegations. A statement issued by the Home Office tersely points out that large primate research is carefully regulated, primates only being used when "animals are used in scientific procedures only where this is fully justified and no alternatives are available".

Ms. Kite added: "to date, the Home Office have come out in support of the experiments. Matters rest with David Blunkett, Home Secretary, to pass more restrictive legislation. The horrific evidence from the Cambridge research centre suggests that there is real cruelty going on, yet because government guidelines are so lax, there can be no legislation over the treatment of the animals".



Varsity archives

The Home Office reject claims that primate experiment licensing is not strict enough, stating that their guidelines are "perfectly adequate". This is especially the case with the proposed primate research facility near Girton, which failed to secure a license from Cambridge City Council earlier this year. The government is strongly backing their reapplication for a license.

Failure to build the new centre, the government believe, would have a deeply damaging effect on the ongoing search for treatments of neural diseases and investigation into Alzheimer's. Yet there is little research being done into viable alternative experimental subjects.

The Cambridge Brain Research centre could not be reached for comment.

# Criminal act as fun-lovers fail to show

Oliver Duff

**Furious revellers shouted abuse at members of Trinity's May Ball Committee, before later throwing one into the Cam, after much-hyped headline act the Fun Lovin' Criminals failed to appear on stage on Monday night.**

Excited ballgoers gathered in the main tent were left in the dark as they

waited for nearly an hour by the stage, sweating and crammed together on one of the hottest days of the year. A nervous spokesperson eventually came on stage and announced that the Criminals were unable to play due to an apparent infection; greeted, according to committee Press Officer Jennie Lees, by a "not particularly great reception".

Several guests later jumped into the Cam in an attempt to sink a punt in

which members of the committee were sat. A senior member of the security team was also pushed into the river, damaging expensive radio equipment.

The band's manager had allegedly earlier prevented committee members from seeing the band, claiming that frontman Huey was unwell, but refusing a doctor to assess his condition. Sources close to the committee later revealed that they overheard roadies dis-

cussing the band's all-day bender.

The ball committee released only the following statement: "We would like to apologise to anyone who was looking forward to seeing the Fun Lovin' Criminals on Monday night. We feel that the ball lived up to the high standard of the Trinity tradition and would hope that guests agree...The non-performance was neither the fault of the committee nor the college as a whole".

# Hollywood star backs cancer drive

Bob Surman

**Trinity Hall graduate and Hollywood actress Rachel Weisz is joining many colleges in lending her support to an upcoming event to raise funds for the 'X Appeal', the official charity of the Royal College of Radiologists.**

The star, whose film credits include *The Mummy* and *About a Boy*, will visit Cambridge on 29 June and tour the colleges involved in the X Marks the Spot treasure trail, helping to sell entry forms and collecting donations.

She said, "I am delighted to support the X Appeal, a charity committed to fighting cancer, eliminating children's diseases and improving the pace of x-ray interpretation.

"Charities like the X Appeal are frequently overlooked and sorely underfunded but they are vital for the progression of new treatments."

The appeal also has the backing of many colleges, including Sidney, Trinity, Tit Hall, Caius and St John's; allowing entry into some of the most impressive historical sites in Cambridge, usually closed to the general public.



Weisz with Hugh Grant in About a Boy

The trail, to be held on 30 June, starts in the town centre, where entry forms can be purchased containing questions and clues that will lead participants through Cambridge, taking them past major landmarks and refueling points.

The clues will eventually lead back to the beginning of the trail, where entries are scored. The winner's efforts

will be rewarded with three months free entry to Warner Brothers Cinema in Cambridge.

The X Appeal is the research arm of the Royal College of Radiologists and focuses on cancer treatment and radiological research. It is unique in funding research in vital areas of medicine frequently overlooked by corporate

donors, grant making trusts and patients alike. Studies funded by the X Appeal develop and apply alternative, non-invasive techniques in medical care, directly leading to improving the quality of patients' lives.

One in three people will develop cancer during their lifetime, and one in eight will die from it.

Universal Pictures

## President Elect

Varsity takes five with incoming NUS President Mandy Telford

**What legacy has outgoing president Owain James left for you?**

Owain's left a very solid union. He's had some bad times with the money, but he's got through that. He started off NUS reform debates, which is a very hard thing to do. He's done a lot with the website, and on-line gives us direct access to students.

**What about your policies?**

I'd like to look back and say that I was the president who brought back the grant. I also want to take NUS back out to the student movement. It's not just about getting students involved in NUS, it's about making sure that they're involved with something political, whether it be a club or society. If you look at the number of students in this country disenfranchised from the process of electing and voting and democracy, I think that's wrong. I'd like to look back and say that I was the person who reinvigorated student interest in democracy.

**And style?**

I'm open, I like talking to people. I'd like to go out to the colleges and speak to people. I could sit here in my in my big bizarre chair and get emails and phone calls but I really don't think that's enough. You don't get the right feeling about whether what you're doing is right or wrong unless you're out on the ground talking to people.

**How do see it going in terms of funding?**

There's money needed full stop, in both higher and further education. Students need more money, staff need more money, and the universities and colleges too. I would like to see fees scrapped entirely and targeted grants brought back. Those who are poorest deserve more money. Top-up fees, no, graduate tax, no. This American style, definitely not: it's just elitism.

**They're not going to scrap fees though are they?**

I'm not so pessimistic. Tony Blair has stood up in a lot of conferences and said, "student funding is wrong, we've got it wrong, it's the biggest problem on the doorstep". That was a huge admission, for any prime minister, especially Tony Blair.

**Hmm. Let's see. What about the Scottish system?**

I do think abolishing up-front fees was a step in the right direction, because it takes away that barrier.

**Do you have a policy on the legalisation of cannabis?**

NUS Scotland does. Legalise it. That's my opinion.



# Editorial: Reality is an illusion created by lack of alcohol...



**Nursing a hangover which can only justly be described as illegal, I stumble through the bleary sunshine down King's Parade at nine-thirty in the morning towards the Varsity offices. There's a high-pitched whine in my ears and stars keep flashing across my eyes.**

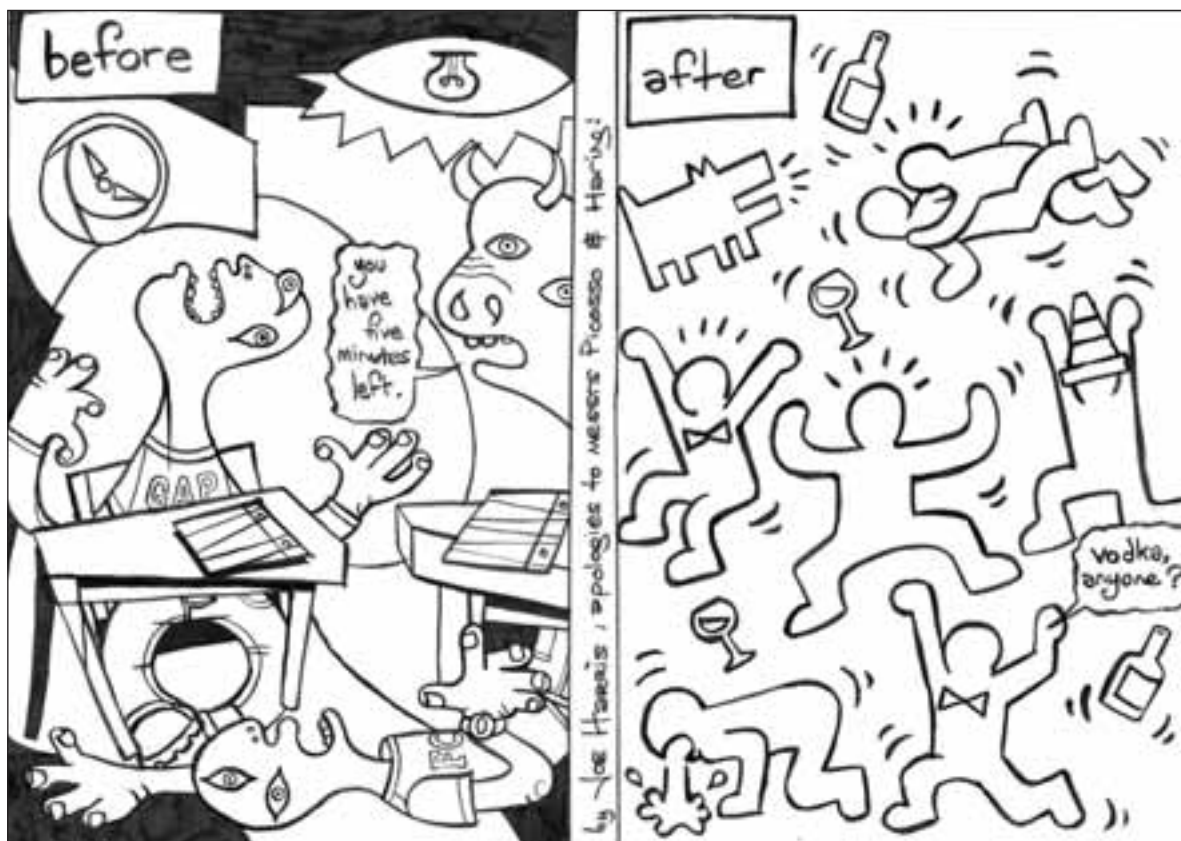
Last night was superb; a satisfying conclusion to a topsy-turvy, roller-coaster ride of a first year in the Cambridge bubble. Having spent the first term or so trying to devise cunning means of escaping from my perception of the University as The Very Hell on Earth without arousing suspicion from family or friends (Cambridge, and perhaps John's, by reputation not being the easiest places to acustom to for some), I've finally settled down, found my niche.

Never frightened, but initially disillusioned by the hackery and perpetual image-consciousness of certain sections of Cambridge High Society (somewhat distant from the urban utopia of Milton Keynes), I've eventually learned to just ignore it when I need to, challenge it when I can be arsed.

Now don't ask me why it takes a punt full of alcohol or a rubber sumo-wrestling suit for this to happen; it does, and I won't pretend I can explain why. All I now know is that there genuinely is a reason for coming to study at Cambridge, aside

from the CV points, high-profile degree, big future earnings...etc, yawn: Mayweek. For anyone struggling with the same moral dilemma as myself (how to be able to join in this week's revelry whilst maintaining my normal zealous cynicism towards life in Cambridge), just don't worry. Morality may be happily cast aside in the name of "good form" and "free" alcohol: I've decided I can quite comfortably mosh to Kosheen in a dinner-jacket in a big white tent by a river whilst quaffing champagne. Fair it aint. But when you've worked as hard as most people in this place do compared to other students around the UK, it's unsurprising that we need some kind of collective release at the end of it all.

Certainly one of the best reasons to party I've ever found (only to be eclipsed in the event of an English World Cup win in ten days time; I'm not holding my breath), Mayweek makes me understand the reason why I'm here. Not so I can get a "head-start" in my application to join The Master Race (a.k.a. middle class), but because, like many others in Cambridge, I don't mind the slog, the toil, the brain-numbing, mind-splitting, miasma-inducing drudgery and occasional misery of academia if it gets me somewhere. No, I'm not thinking of that middle management post in the city, or a rung up the journalistic ladder. To be quite honest, poncing around John's collecting my "free" drinks and flitting from dance floor to bar seems about as good as it could ever get right now. Let's not pretend that this way of life can go on forever; it can't, and probably shouldn't; but we can seize the moment and enjoy it for the gluttonous, hedonistic free-for-all that it is. Please consider me converted and pass me the Panadol: I need to start budgeting for balls next year.



## Last week's competition

The winner of last week's *Champagne and Strawberries* competition is Ed Hutchinson of Christ's, who will go on a fantastic chauffeured punt trip for two with champagne and smoked salmon. His answer to the question of rectifying Tom and Dave's height differential

dilemma was: 'Make them wear really nasty shoes. I mean, REALLY nasty. No-one'll ever notice the height difference'.

Runners up Helen Thornley (Peterhouse) and Ben Schofield (Jesus) will get self hire punts decked out with sparkling wine and

strawberries and cream.

Thanks to Granta Punt Hire Company for their generosity: remember to check out [www.puntingincambridge.com](http://www.puntingincambridge.com) for all your punting needs, and take up their offer of punts for £6 when showing CUSU ID.



## This week's competition

**Congratulations to this week's winner of our Mayweek's Most Wasted competition, Boris Johnson.**

He beat off a swarm of entries with this wonderful pose and wins a £10 HMV voucher, sponsored by Joti at Natwest. Please come down to the Varsity offices to collect your prize Boris.



The VARSITY Team: Leave us alone. We're on vacation.

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# Listings

## Friday

Arts Picture House  
**HIGH SOCIETY (U)** 107mins  
 12.40, 7.10  
**BETTY FISHER STORIES (15)**  
 101 mins  
 3.00, 5.00, 8.00  
**SEX AND LUCIA (18)** 128mins  
 9.30  
**MONSTER'S BALL (15)** 111 mins  
 2.00, 4.10, 6.20, 8.30  
**WILD STYLE (15)** 92mins  
 10.45pm  
**BOOGIE NIGHTS (15)** 147mins  
 10.40pm

### Misc

**Downing Event:**  
*End the Term. Begin your Summer.*  
 3pm - 11pm.  
**Downing College, www.downingevent.com .**  
 3pm. £26.  
**Simon Mockler.:**  
*Art Exhibition by the Christ's College artist in residence.*

**Christ's College, The Visual Art's centre.**  
 11am.  
**Summer solstice:**  
*Watch sunrise!.*  
**Castle Hill, Sunrise is at 4.40am, be early.**  
 04:30am.  
**Summer solstice:**  
*Watch sunrise!.*  
**Castle Hill, sunrise is at 4.40am, be early.**  
 04:30am.

### Music

**Christ's College Music Society:**  
*Guitar Recital given by Nico Tyack: Bach, Albeniz & Rodrigo.*  
**Christ's College, Chapel.**  
 1:15pm.

### Theatre

**BATS:**  
*May Week performance of 'As You Like It'*

*(Box Office: 01223 503333).*  
**Queens' College, outside in Cloister Court.**  
 7:30pm. £7/5.  
**CADS:**  
*Richard II.*  
**Christ's College, Fellows' Garden / New Court Theatre.**  
 7:10pm. £5/£4.  
**Dryden Society:**  
*Dryden's The Tempest.*  
*"NOT SMART, NOT CLEVER, GOOD CLEAN FUN".*  
**Trinity College, Trinity Fellows Gardens.**  
 4pm. £5 & £3 (concessions).  
**Educating Rita by Willy Russell:**  
*Jesus College Drama Society May Week Play.*  
**Jesus College, in the Orchard.**  
 5pm. £5 (£4 concessions).  
**REDS:**  
*Caligula by Albert Camus.*  
*A sinister and spectacular outdoor production.*

**Emmanuel College, Fellows' Garden.**  
 8pm. £4/6.  
**The Bird System:**  
*Dark comedy from the ex- Fat Fat Pope men.*  
**ADC Theatre, .**  
 11pm. £3.

**WILD STYLE (15)** 92mins  
 10.45pm  
**BOOGIE NIGHTS (15)** 147mins  
 10.40pm

### Misc

**CU Judo Club:**  
*Senior session - help relieve exam stress.*  
**Fenner's Gym, Gresham Road.**  
 6pm.  
**J22 Street Party - all welcome:**  
*Sound System, Samba Band, Jugglers, Clowns, Fun in the sun...*  
**Meetup: 2pm Midsummer Common, follow the crowd.**  
 2pm.

### Theatre

**BATS:**  
*May Week performance of 'As You Like It'*  
*(Box Office: 01223 503333).*  
**Queens' College, outside in Cloister Court.**  
 7:30pm. £7/5

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ANY  
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# Rites of Summer

Miranda Higham and Hayley Matus report on the metamorphosis of Cambridge from a hot-house of academia into a fairytale land of elegance, decadence and utterly deserved indulgence

*Champagne, punts, gold spun gowns and dashing dinner jackets, it's the start of a very good summer...*

Suicide Sunday officially kicked off the craziness and glamour of Mayweek. The sunshine was the perfect offset to the spectrum of colours worn by the students of Cambridge. Vibrant hues in the stripes of ties and the chromatic variety of girls' dresses and skirts decorated the copious garden parties and events. There can be little doubt that the energy that students only a week ago poured into revision was now being channelled into creating the perfect summer ensemble. The tension between beauty and practicality sunk into fashion consciousness at the same time as ladies' kitten heels sunk into manicured lawns. Practicality, the crowned victor, inspired flip-flops as the new footwear. As afternoon approached, early morning chic was replaced by the donning of whimsical diamante aviator sunglasses; beaded handbags were disowned in favour of squeal-inspiring supersoakers. The dizzy fusion of alcohol and sunshine established the surreal transition from garden parties to twilight barbarus.

The sonorous clinking of champagne glasses was complemented by shrieks and whoops of joy and laughter that heightened the buzzing atmosphere of evening frolics. Catwalks, thinly disguised as marquees, housed every style from clas-

sic chic to vintage bohemian. Silk embroidered corsets with elegant full-length skirts dominated ladies' attire; however, current trends were definitely present in both gypsy inspired outfits and ultra feminine broderie anglais gowns. Antiqued earrings and ornate necklaces adorned sparkling skin, completing May Ball outfits. Boys did not fail to impress with their fashion savvy, exhibiting a diversity of styles from vintage tailcoats to eastern inspired headbands and bowties. Scotsman announced themselves with their family tartan and aspiring colonels displayed military attire.

Costume parties and masquerade balls demonstrated the inventiveness of Cambridge minds. Themed events inspired scantily clad gentlemen to wear strategically placed pieces of material serving as sarongs and also to paint their bare-chests silver at the Kings' Event. The copious use of glitter and jewels by both girls and boys caused them to radiantly glow as they danced long into the night.

Dawn approaching, the cooling air inspired androgyny. Bare shoulders were chivalrously covered by oversized dinner jackets. The true party animals chose, however, to cast off their evening finery and make for the Cam. Fashion not only complemented and accentuated May Week but played a central role in creating the glamour and glitz of the week's high jinx.







Stylist: Miranda Higham  
Photographer: Hannah Barry  
Models: Masha Mileeva, Freddie Wingfield-Digby, Natasha Huq, Ally Claxton, Richard Hegarty, Eddie Wright





# Listings Sunday

## Saturday

### CADS:

*Richard II.*

**Christs College, Fellows' Garden / New Court Theatre.**  
7:10pm. £5/£4.

### Dryden Society:

*Dryden's The Tempest.*

*"NOT SMART, NOT CLEVER, GOOD CLEAN FUN".*

**Trinity College, Trinity Fellows Gardens.**

4pm. £5 & £3 (concessions).

### Educating Rita by Willy Russell:

*Jesus College Drama Society May Week Play.*

**Jesus College, in the Orchard.**

5pm. £5 (£4 concessions).

### REDS:

*Caligula by Albert Camus.*

*A sinister and spectacular outdoor production.*

**Emmanuel College, Fellows' Garden.**  
8pm. £4/6.

### Arts Picture House

**HIGH SOCIETY (U)** 107mins  
12.40, 7.10

**BETTY FISHER STORIES (15)** 101mins  
3.00, 8.00

**SEX AND LUCIA (18)** 128mins  
9.30

**MONSTER'S BALL (15)** 111mins  
2.00, 4.10, 6.20, 8.30

## Monday

### Arts Picture House

**HIGH SOCIETY (U)** 107mins  
1.40, 8.10

**BETTY FISHER STORIES (15)** 101mins  
4.00, 9.00

**SEX AND LUCIA (18)** 128mins  
3.50, 6.00

**MONSTER'S BALL (15)** 111mins  
12.50, 3.00, 5.10, 7.20, 9.30

**MONSOON WEDDING (15)** 119mins  
1.50, 6.50

### LesBiGay

#### CUSU LBG:

*Grad Pad, Chilled atmosphere and a good place to sit and chat to friends.*

**University Centre, Granta Bar.**  
9pm.

### Misc

#### Belly Dance:

*Belly dance, intermediate. Improvisation, choreography using this powerful artform.*

**King's College, Chetwynd Room.**  
6pm. £Conc

#### CU Meditation and Buddhism Society:

*Learn to meditate. 7:15-8:30. Suitable for beginners.*

**Sidney Sussex College, Knox-Shaw Room.**  
7:15pm.

#### Post-docs of Cambridge (PdOC):

*Informal lunch in the University Centre dining room – all welcome!*

**University Centre**  
1pm.

## Tuesday

### Arts Picture House

**HIGH SOCIETY (U)** 107mins  
1.40, 8.10

**BETTY FISHER STORIES (15)** 101mins  
4.00, 9.00

**SEX AND LUCIA (18)** 128mins  
3.50, 6.00

**MONSTER'S BALL (15)** 111mins  
12.50, 3.00, 5.10, 7.20, 9.30

**MONSOON WEDDING (15)** 119mins  
1.50

### Misc

#### CU Judo Club:

*Revision Stress? Try alternative therapy.*

**Fenner's Gym, Gresham Road.**  
8pm.

#### CUWCC Women's cricket:

*Summer training sessions have begun! All still welcome. 2hrs.*

**Fenners (behind Kelsey Kerridge),**  
4pm.

## Wednesday

### Arts Picture House

**HIGH SOCIETY (U)** 107mins  
1.40, 8.10

**BETTY FISHER STORIES (15)** 101mins  
4.00, 9.00

**SEX AND LUCIA (18)** 128mins  
3.50, 6.00

**MONSTER'S BALL (15)** 111mins  
12.50, 3.00, 5.10, 7.20, 9.30

**MONSOON WEDDING (15)** 119mins  
1.50, 6.50

## Thursday

### Arts Picture House

**HIGH SOCIETY (U)** 107mins  
1.40, 8.10

**BETTY FISHER STORIES (15)** 101mins  
4.00, 9.00

**SEX AND LUCIA (18)** 128mins  
3.50, 6.00

**MONSTER'S BALL (15)** 111mins  
12.50, 3.00, 5.10, 7.20, 9.30

**MONSOON WEDDING (15)** 119mins  
1.50, 6.50

### Misc

#### CUWCC - Women's Cricket:

*Summer training practices - ALL still welcome. Catch some sun! (2hr sessions).*

**Fenners (behind Kelsey Kerridge),**

## THE VARSITY TRUST ANNOUNCES SHORTLIST FOR THE CAMBRIDGE STUDENT JOURNALISM AWARDS

### Best News/Sport Journalist:

Adam Joseph, Katy Long, Caroline Musgrave

### Best Features Journalist

David Benson, Michael Phillips, Rob Sharp

### Best Arts Critic

James Lockhart-Smith, Louisa Thomson, David Thorley

### Best Photographer

Tom Catchesides, Rowan Huppert

### Best Designer

Shelley Keight, James Southgate, David Thorley,

Winners will be announced and prizes will be awarded by Richard Whiteley at the Varsity Garden Party on Friday 21st June.

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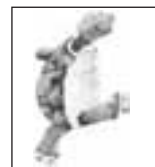
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# DECEPTIVE TURTLE



## Rosy, Chucky and Nav

Welcome, welcome to the first and last edition of *Deceptive Turtle*. The Turtle's mission statement is, "To make people laugh and come up with complicated excuses if no-one does". To fulfil the latter part of this promise we can be contacted at [prettygullible@deceptiveturtle.com](mailto:prettygullible@deceptiveturtle.com).

While most of you will be winding down from Mayweek fun, games and deviant shenanigans we must also

turn our attention to more serious matters. Scientists have recently discovered that the comedown from the Mayweek high rivals that of a desperate crack whore stuck at home having dinner with her grandparents in Surbiton. The waves of misery and feelings of emptiness are further aggravated by impending, or already received, exam results. Consequently,

the Turtle would like to offer some options for the depressed:

- Kill yourself. This is surprisingly easy to do in Cambridge. There are lots of tall buildings with easy roof access from which to jump off. Remember, though, landing ineffectively could have you sipping out of a straw.
- Kill someone else. Slightly trickier, but ultimately more satisfying as

you will be alive to savour it. Obvious targets include that girl who objected to your charming seduction technique or the irritating gimp who smiled smugly at your 3rd.

• Get over it. The favoured option of the sane. Frankly, it doesn't really matter and there's always next year. Unless of course you're graduating, in which case see options 1 and 2.

## Turtle's Photo Casebook

Dear Turtle,

My boyfriend and I are having terrible trouble fitting into our single bed. I'm at my wits end and have tried everything, from different positions to different boyfriends, and nothing seems to work. Please help!

Yours uncomfortably,  
JOC



Tarquin and Cecilia in the garden

## Tarquin and Cecilia's Mayweek Review

*Tarquin Rhys-Jones is a Cambridge institution, having arrived six years ago to "Play rugby, quaff champagne and meet commoners". Here, he and his girlfriend Cecilia Rhys-Jones (no relation) offer their insight into the key Mayweek Events to the Turtle's intrepid reporter.*

We are sipping instant coffee in some Mill Road greasy spoon, both Tarquin and Cecilia sporting shades "to avoid being recognised by the general public". As he generally does Tarquin kicks off our chat.

"Marvellous idea this May Ball thing, but surely we shouldn't allow all the riff-raff to attend. It rather destroys the point of exclusivity if there's no selection procedure. Frankly..."

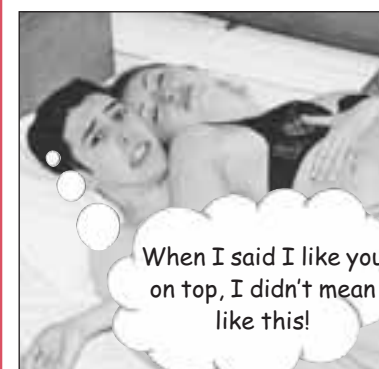
Cecilia started tapping the table furiously as "Tarquie" talks and suddenly interjects, "Oh, Tarquie darling, stop being such a stuck-up old man. I thought that nice gentleman in the torn denim slacks was delightful, such couture bravery. And when I told Daddy all about Mayweek and he said he thought it was just a marvellous idea - he was at Oxford, see? So he lent me some money and I'm going to all the balls! It will be absolutely super! We had Robinson on Friday, Trinity on Monday, John's on Tuesday, Catz on Wednesday and Peterhouse is on Friday after and I've got a different dress for each one and this gorgeous sequined handbag I took to Trinity... no, John's... That's right, John's, because it goes with the Versace. God, it would've

looked awful with the blue Armani I wore to Trinity! I'd just die!"

"Cecilia darling, when you've been around Cam as long as I have you realise that garden parties are where the action is. Allowing people to pay for things always lets in the wrong sort. However, when we have invitation only you're guaranteed to just socialise with your peers. Naturally, I attended only the most chic, sophisticated garden parties. We had a terrific time at the Gents' of Johns on Friday night, attended a few gentlemen's clubs' affairs on Saturday, with Cecilia on my arm, and I spent Suicide Sunday 'à Paris' with some old boys from the Pitt Club at the annual 'Jardins du Luxembourg' garden party. It was smashing - I bought a new white linen suit and a monocle that had the chaps simply creasing themselves with laughter."

As Tarquin leans back looking rather pleased with himself. Cecilia looks rather displeased at the idea of her hunky boyfriend cavorting in Paris in a linen suit. Personally I would love to continue the conversation but Tarquin is supposed to be meeting Mummy and Daddy and Cecilia needs to start getting ready for Peterhouse tomorrow evening. So, we say our good byes and I stumble into the cold light of day, reflecting on the wonderful life of the happy couple.

Postscript: Tarquin split up with Cecilia that afternoon and is now going out with Sarah Rhys-Jones (no relation).



## News in briefs

### NUCLEAR WAR

A survey out today suggests that Cambridge students are now more aware of the potential for Nuclear Holocaust than ever. Results suggest that fifteen people have heard of Kashmir and four of those admitted having sleepless nights over the possibility that Indian restaurants in Cambridge may be affected. In related news CUSU is lobbying to rename Pakistan to the more politically correct "SouthAsianSubContinental-EthnicMinorityStan".

### NETWORK OF TERROR

It has recently come to light that key members of the CUSU executive may have been forewarned about the Tragic Events of February 6th when an attack by militant sections of shadowy Election Committee almost got

the wrong person elected. Apparently sub-committee A had intelligence on the strike that was supposed to be given to sub-committee B, but neglected to inform Lord Akhtar. This pointless piece of news will be gracing front pages for many weeks to come.

### GOLDEN JUBILEE

Cambridge Council has admitted that it was ill-prepared for the enormous interest in Her Majesty's Golden Jubilee. The streets of Cambridge were flooded with revellers celebrating 50 glorious years of un-elected rule. Over-congestion was so bad that several partygoers lost their *Sun* memorial paper crowns in the chaos. One King's student said, "This is the best street party I've ever been to, I haven't had this much fun since I discovered Ketamine. God Save the Queen".

### A&E IN CRISIS

Authorities at the local Cambridge hospital admit they have had trouble coping with the recent influx of broken metatarsal bones. Apparently Beckham worship has reached another level and now involves self-mutilation as young boys try to emulate the greatest man ever to live in any way they can. In related news the UK hairdressing industry announced soaring profits in the stupid mohican sector.

### WORLD CUP FEVER STRIKES

Interest in football had grown rapidly in Cambridge over the last fortnight. Hundreds of people who only just realised footballs are spherical are developing into pub pundits. Records show that cries of "You're shit and you know you are" have

reached a 12-month high and explanations of the offside rule are approaching record levels.

### SPIN OUT OF CONTROL

It has recently emerged that a smear campaign has been waged by CUSU executive against members of the Survivors Group (aka the students of the university). Tactics include blistering irrelevance, bumbling financial incompetence and terrifying self-importance.

### FRENCH NOT RACIST

A shock poll of four of my friends in the bar shows conclusively that the French are no longer viewed as racist and ignorant after the weekend's reassuring election result. However, everyone thinks they're crap at football.

Dear JOC,

Yours is a common problem that affects many Cambridge couples. Some new positions for you are demonstrated above; personally I find that telling your partner that you are incontinent early in the relationship almost always guarantees lots of space. If all this fails I suggest trying single life and one night stands.

Turtle

(Models: Jessica Charity Dawes and Anthony Harrison)





## From the Grand Tour to the ubiquitous Australian barman

Seaton Gordon discusses the perils of 21st century travel

*Jane Austen less famously wrote, 'It is a truth universally acknowledged that a man with an education wants for nothing, save the chance to make his name.' However Jane Austen is dead and thus we may find it hard to take her words seriously.*

While there are some who crave access to the heady world of celebrity and wealth as a means of self-justification, others suffice with the occasional indulgence in witty repartee with the opposite sex and the ability to mock at dinner parties. Yet this latter group is under threat: Orwellian game shows endorse the cult of the celebrity and the man of education must look elsewhere to fully realise who he is.

Alas the days have passed when the local bordello could provide all

the comfort needed for such self-discovery: no longer can succour be found in the hookahs of the opium dens, or in the arms of a Jasmina or Shahrazad. Our American cousins, ever innovators in the paths of self-affirmation, have taken to farce and barbarity in their efforts to relocate that elusive spirit, that quintessence of self, as once typified by The Statue of Liberty and The Bagel. We can only feel sympathy when we hear of plans to nationalise celebrity divorces and Saddam Hussein.

This is why we travel. This is why we fling ourselves willingly into the depths of the unknown with only a firm handshake and a battered edition of *Brideshead* to protect us. In the Eighteenth century, those per-

sons embarking on Grand Tours were encouraged to look for examples of stereotypical foreign depravity and thus return home convinced of their own country's moral excellence. It is possible to do the same today, however the slip towards homogeneous moral standards renders this once noble exercise fruitless. Now, the modern traveller must be less wary of the local population than of other unsavoury types likely to be encountered along the roads to worldly enlightenment:

**The Expat Travel Operator:** Usually found in former colonies, the Expat Travel Operator will be a retired infantry officer who still retains his rank in front of his name. He di-

vides his time between seducing his best friend's wife and being rude to the local populace. He will occasionally oversee the emotional growth of some Gap Year novices but would rather sell his daughter into prostitution than allow anyone to camp on his lawn.

**The Mormon:** Found in developing countries, these missionaries are usually humourless Americans, easily identifiable by their sober dress sense and intense stares. They work in pairs so the traveller should be wary of the classic Good Latter Day Saint / Bad Latter Day Saint manoeuvre. Entrapment and conversion can usually be avoided by a quick citation of the Marquis de Sade's *La Philosophie dans le Boudoir*.

**The Australian Bar Owner:** A creature at home anywhere in the world, The Australian Bar Owner will welcome you with open arms and a cold beer before flogging you a suspect trip to a 'rarely seen' natural wonder and putting the entire bar's tequila bill on your tab.

**The Drug Baron:** Do not be fooled by the Pablo Escobar-like attitude, for The Drug Baron is really Jeremy from Bicester. Behind the eclectic clothes, long hair and henna tattoos lies a sensitive public school boy with a mother fixation. The merest mention of communal showers should be enough to bring him to tears and near collapse, at which point his stash can be confiscated and enjoyed at leisure.

## Rising Sun

*Japan is half a world away from England, and though developed, it is anything but familiar. So drop your preconceptions and think Japanese. Yes, their national sport does involve fat men in black girdles fighting. Be appreciative: its weird and wonderful. Take some warm sake, read the wrestler profiles, soak up the ritual, and a sumo tournament can be as good as England vs. Argentina.*

Staying in the suburbs of Tokyo, I went in on the subway countless times. The trains were always on time, and at rush hour, you have never seen something so packed. Tokyo itself is enormous and sprawling. There is no real centre, just a number of districts, and there aren't really any major landmarks either. But the city is incredibly vibrant, full of people by day and lights by night. It was lovely just wondering round the safe streets absorbing the energy of the crowds. Just going into supermarkets was an experience; every vegetable was neatly packaged and arranged, the fruit looked so ripe it could have been air-brushed and the bread came in packets of 10 perfectly square slices.

On the cultural side, I visited countless Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines. The Japanese themselves hardly distinguish between the two, so just join in with a reverent face, clap your hands twice, make a wish and pick up a fortune parchment on the way out. All around Kyoto breathtaking temples are nestled in the mountains; the Japanese really know how to do tranquillity. Japan is very rugged, and a substantial part of the land is uninhabitable thanks to strings of mountains. I didn't go climbing, but managed to walk round the crater of an active volcano and bathe in volcanic springs (a popular Japanese pastime). For the Japanese, the seasons are important and have their own colours and feelings. I went to Japan in August, and for most of the month it was humid, overcast with the occasional havoc-wreaking typhoon thrown in for excitement. All the same I loved it; the landscape was full of deep greens, moist greys and grasshopper song.



## Beautiful days in Pagani

*'Mangi, mangi.' These warm words encourage me to gorge on the delicacies that are spread out on the table every time I visit my family in Pagani, only fifteen minutes from the Costiera Amalfitana. This is my overwhelming memory when I think of my time spent in the south of Italy. Not to mention the cordiality of the people. And the beautiful landscape. And the unique dialect. And the weather. And the music.*

Naturally, the day is centred on food. Before lunch it is seen as important to get an appetite up, and this is achieved by a *passeggiata* around the town (a pastime that is regrettably uncommon in England) and an aperitif with some salted nibbles. When

evening comes, a coppetta of homemade ice-cream goes hand in hand with an espresso. After clubbing, which doesn't normally end until 4am, the many *patisserie* that are open (providing a tired dancer's sweet tooth with a much-needed sugar boost) tantalise taste buds with a layout of *baba*, *sfogliatella* or *crepe*: none of your 'kebab and burger from the van of death' malarkey for the Paganese *giovannotto*!

One of the things I like most about going to Italy is the importance placed on testing just how true the proverb, *la vita è bella*, is. The passion of the Ultras at Pagani's football ground; the attention placed on style and fashion; the recollection of a friend getting up among a roomful of people and unself-consciously engaging in a bit of Europop and salsa dancing, Gigi D'Alessio-style, with everybody else joining in a few minutes later. And it's all done in the most beautiful of surroundings: Vesuvio is the permanent, if slightly intimidating, backdrop to Napoli; Paestum is a reminder of the Romans' ingenuity; the surrounding countryside reveals exquisite new discoveries every time I go back to visit.

But it is the seasonal festivities that best show the Italian's love for a party. At New Year every family in the apartment block goes to the top terrace to enjoy the vast array of fireworks, bombs (yes, bombs...well, mini-bombs) and plates being catapulted from the building. The noise and hilarity this creates makes for an unforgettable way to welcome in the New Year. And whilst Christmas is not as commercially celebrated in Italy as it is here, Easter is a time when this strongly Catholic country really pushes the boat out with regards to festivities. Taking part in the processions of La Madonna, visiting the mysterious doves that never fly away from the figure of Mary in the local church, and eating moist slices of *pasticciere* and *panettone* are all necessary parts of a unique Easter experience.

Gianfranco Rosolia

Finally, the people of Japan are lovely. Foreigners are so rare in Tokyo, that occasionally children pointed me out to their mums in excitement. But even aside from my novelty value, they genuinely want you to like and understand Japan. My attempts to speak Japanese really made people happy, and even if I had got it completely wrong I was complimented and occasionally even given applause! Though famous for their politeness, the Japanese I met were completely tolerant of my un-

knowing faux pas. In fact, I was surprised to find that in many ways they're much less uptight than we are. For example, on an overnight ferry I went on, complete strangers washed themselves in communal baths rather than showers, without a trace of embarrassment. And then there were the little things; I mean, you've just got to love a country where kids exchange business cards and fifty year old businessmen read comic books on the train.

Michael Mann



Photos: Seaton Gordon, Michael Mann, Gianfranco Rosolia, Andrew Mank



# Europe: An undiscovered backpackers' paradise

Andrew Munk finds out what Prague has to offer

*London - Bangkok - Cairns - Sydney - Auckland is probably STA Travel's most popular itinerary. The Far East and Australasia is viewed as paradise destination for the young, carefree, weed smoking, sunbathing, bungee jumping backpacker. It seems that a trip to Europe is synonymous with boredom in comparison with trekking in the Peruvian Andes.*

The seasoned traveller looks back with disgust at the 'orientalist' views of our predecessors who viewed European society as being in all senses superior to the 'backward' societies of ex-colonial South-East Asia, India and South America. Yet we have shifted from one extreme to the other. An essential element of 'gap year syndrome' is the need to spout off endless rhetoric concerning the importance of understanding 'indigenous populations whose culture has been oppressed by Europeans'. Therefore why would the broad minded, liberal student targeted by STA Travel's marketing strategies possibly want to spend his student loan visiting the Imperial capitals of Europe when he could just as easily experience the everyday life of a remote hill tribe in Vietnam?

It is worrying that people talk about visiting 'Europe', a concept which we have adopted from our American friends. Budapest is as distant from Paris as Ho Chi Minh City. Prague is

increasingly viewed as the trendy European capital which everyone visits; yet so too is Bangkok if the European bit is taken away. It seems that the 'back packing generation' is willing to ignore the enormous wealth of diversity, culture and history which exists across Europe simply because on the face of it, Italy does not appear to be nearly as 'exotic' as Peru.

London- Amsterdam: 1 hour. Amsterdam- Berlin: 6 hours. Berlin - Prague: 5 hours. Such information is exceptionally useful for the tourist aiming to 'do' Europe. ('Do' is a word which people always seem to use when describing the places which they have visited in previous summers). Walking out of Praha-Holesovice station, after being nearly run over by 3 trams in 6 minutes, I attempt to find a youth hostel. The Czech version of 'university accommodation' does not quite live up to the hallowed halls of Cambridge colleges. The toilet roll holder was chained to the wall; shame there was no toilet paper. Having left my hostel as swiftly as possible, I negotiate my way through the crowds of tourists to the Charles Bridge. At this point, being somewhat of an indecisive person, I was faced with the tough decision of which part of town to head for first. The Old Town square, with the monument to the



Andrew Munk

heretic Jan Hus, Luther's predecessor; the castle district with the Royal Palace, the symbol of Habsburg hegemony; Wenceslas square, the dramatic stage for the anti-Communist uprising of 1989. It seemed almost absurd attempting to pick which century to 'do' first.

Reminiscent of those game books where you have to correctly select which of three paths to take, the Old Town square turned out to be the right option. Steak, chips and a litre of Czech beer came to less than the equivalent of £11.50. As inhabitants of one of the world's leading capitalist nations, we seem to find it nec-

essary to work out how 'Western' countries of the former Eastern bloc are. Financial analysts have identified the Czech Republic as one of the 'up and coming nations'. Sitting at a table in a cobbled back street of the Old Town overlooking the Tyn Church though, consideration of the country's GNP was the last thing on my mind. Prague like so many other European cities consists of a patchwork of so many different, contrasting and often contradicting elements. Yet this is what makes Prague what it is.

For 3 nights in a row I went to what I consider to be the best club in

Europe, (according to the 'Rough Guide' it is the Ministry of Sound of Central Europe). It put the likes of Judge Jules to shame and beer only cost 20p. Having been searched by a rather scary Czech bouncer in a bomber jacket, I walked to the Charles Bridge, by which time dawn was breaking. In the silence, the overwhelming majesty of the city was suddenly apparent. As the clock chimed five o'clock I watched the mechanical figures emerge from the medieval Astronomical clock, in a city where constant change seems to add simply another layer to the rich pastiche which makes Prague so unique.

For details on the 10th anniversary edition of the May Anthologies, featuring the best new writing from Oxford and Cambridge, as well as a selection of the best work from the past ten years (including work from Whitbread Prize winner, Zadie Smith), contact the Business Manager, Varsity Publications Ltd, 11-12 Trumpington St or email [eh223@cam.ac.uk](mailto:eh223@cam.ac.uk)

**may anthologies 2002**  
tenth anniversary edition

edited by Andrew Motion and Nick Cave





# Can a Socialist enjoy Mayweek?

Jonny Mather

**A university which sprouted from the foetid compost of church power, aristocratic wealth and royal patronage, which is watered by the constant stream of Bill Gates' philanthropic dollar-green urination and whose young fruits are plucked fresh from the vine by City firms whose idea of social awareness is giving the cleaners a day off at Christmas is not the easiest receptacle for those with the self-assuredness to self-define as socialist.**

Those that do must be aware that the oak-panelled bedroom in which they sleep, the seventeenth century hall in which they eat and the constantly harangued elitism of the institution of which they are a part do not sit comfortably with their political convictions. It is during Mayweek that the traditions, excesses and clichés of the Cambridge lifestyle (about which so many are so fond of talking) come to their debauched, champagne-quaffing climax, and thus that the Marxist inhabitants of this university come face to face with the unbridled self-indulgence which

some see as the epitome of what gives Cambridge a bad name.

Can such people spend on a ball ticket a sum which for many would constitute a decent annual salary and still pick up their copy of *Socialist Worker* the next morning without their corn flakes being soured by a nagging sense of their own hypocrisy? Do they fear that after a few drinks, seduced by the pomp, pageantry and hedonism of the evening, they might be infected by seditious thoughts that it could have actually been rather jolly to have been a nineteenth century aristocrat?

Or can they avoid the idle celebrations, regard the drunken antics of their peers from afar and enjoy laughing at the vanity of the ball-goers, the sad predictability of people pretending that imbibing eight bottles of gin and throwing up in a gutter is in some way fun and the tedious superficiality of mass entertainment for a herd of tuxedo-clad sheep?

Neither a socialist nor a Mayweek veteran, I find such posers hard to resolve, but perhaps some light can be shed in the column inches which follow this inconsequential preamble.

## Yes

Joe Smith  
Girton College

Can a Socialist enjoy Mayweek? Of course he can, I don't see why our commitment to class-struggle should obligate us to boycott punting in recognition of the plight of Venetian boatmen. Why should Socialists have a problem with Mayweek? Why are Marxists necessarily typecast as miseries? We're always hearing - "May balls? You wouldn't have them in Russia!" No, we wouldn't, they'd be called Marxballs and they'd be a lot more fun than the pseudo-revolutionary tack laid on by Robinson, thank you very much.

I fail to see where this confusion between Socialism and Puritanism has emerged. There is some sort of fatal misunderstanding: that for some reason being a Socialist means you wish to be a Rumanian peasant digging for dill with muddied fingers in irradiated earth. That Socialists believe that a better society is possible is true, but how this better society excludes barbecues, drinking and having a good time is never fully explained by our critics. A commitment to a just society does not preclude getting twatted once in a while. If you need proof that Socialists like a drink, look at the label on the Vodka bottle you're supping from - Russia Est.1917-1991, I'm guessing?

The real issues for Socialists are much more mundane, abstaining from Bacardi, scoffing at McDonalds and muttering at Bush (all puns intended.) This is where our killjoy reputation comes from, an opposition to exploitative, environmentally catastrophic, mass marketed dross - it's assumed that if one has a conscience, one cannot have fun. And this is the problem; granted Mayweek is seven days of mindless pleasure-seeking, but I hope you can appreciate that to many some things will always be more important than having a good time, and the lives of the millions who can never know the hedonism of Mayweek are among them.



Tarquin resented having to queue with the commoners to get into Trinity

## Different perspectives: Socialist Socialites?

“Due to earlier mis-readings of the question, induced by a post-exam-pre-Mayweek mis-asma, I've already had to bin 400 elegantly crafted words on “Can a socialite enjoy Mayweek?” and a further 400 bons mots on “Can a socialist eschew Mayday?” “Emphatically no” was to have been my lofty theme in each case. But then I found myself unambiguously confronted with the question as printed and “emphatically so” I must intone. You see, the essence of socialists such as myself, our point de départ, raison d'être, modus vivendi and métier, (to employ those foreign terms with which we left-wingers like to pepper our prose) is that there's nothing we love more than to hate other people for trying to enjoy themselves. And what better moment to indulge our pastime than during Mayweek?

The trend began, of course, in 1850 when, as an undergraduate viewing the high jinks of the Trinity May Ball, William Harcourt (later Sir William, contributor to Fabian Essays and coiner of the phrase “We are all Socialists now”) clambered onto the roof of the chapel and defecated joyfully and copiously over the revellers below. This action was itself inspired by a mis-reading of that staple of the Fabian creed, The

Common People, wherein the authors envisaged socialism as “a heap of reforms to be built by the droppings of a host of successive swallows who would in the end make a Socialist summer”.

More familiar, perhaps, to modern readers is the account of Karl Marx's visit, as the guest of the Master, to the 1882 May Ball at Corpus Christi. Learning that the college had been founded not by royalty nor by aristocracy but by the people of Cambridge themselves, Marx readily saw an opportunity to let his hair down. In the latter stages of the festivities, he was heard to declare (ruddy-cheeked after one encounter too many with the 14th century college drinking horn): “Die Proletarier haben nichts in ihr zu verlieren als ihre Ketten”, rendered in the following week's edition of *Varsity* as “The wankers have nothing to lose but their virginity.”

And so to our own times; to the train-loads of London social circuiters without whom our modern Mayweek would be financially unviable; to the antics of the public school progeny whose absence would remove the cultural core of our celebrations. What would we socialists do without them? They are the meat upon which we feed. May the balls continue!

Rupert Ruskin-Smyth

“If my grandmother is correct, then the answer to this ancient puzzle is categorically no. She defined a socialist as “any person who through witchcraft or genetics, feels compelled to give stuff away to people who obviously are not as good as them”.

But she was wrong - witchcraft is silly. However, her genetic hypothesis is worth some consideration. What if it were the case that some people were governed by a “socialist gene”? Fearsome yet lugubrious, this incredible gene condemns its host to a life of guilt and moral servitude to the “less fortunate”.

How could my grandmother be wrong? She never

is. What else could explain the obvious difference between those who spend many a day on the Sidgwick site or outside train stations selling crap papers (bearing headlines like “Railtrack bastards should hang”) and other people? It must be genetic. If this is true, then one might be driven to conclude that the more fun a host organism of the “socialist gene” has, the more dirty and shameful he feels, thus using a simple bit of pub maths, more employment = less enjoyment. Quite clearly, if my nan is right then socialists cannot enjoy Mayweek. My dad agrees.

S.J. Mastrantone

James Hume  
Chancellor of  
C.A.D.D.

## No

For socialists the end of term will be a season of misery. There will be no answer to their whimpering cries of “Workers of the World, Unite!” for Cambridge's rather limited proletariat will be intoxicated to such an extent that its capabilities of conducting class warfare will appear less powerful than a John Prescott led advertising campaign for Slim Fast.

In fact, a grave problem lies at the heart of this issue: socialists cannot actually enjoy *anything*. This is an assertion justified simply by looking at what the rest of us enjoy most. The socialist can never experience the elation felt from walking past the dole queue, knowing full well that the wretches were made redundant by one's father. Nor can he savour the smug joy of responding to tramps with the classic line, “Sorry, I don't have any change - I've just spent all my money on this Rolex”.

Indeed, the very thought of such humourless bastards walking our cobbled streets tickles one pink. Nevertheless, we should not let them spoil our fun over the coming days. Wear your dinner suit with pride, spit on anyone adorned with the colour red, and burn effigies of that bearded fool Kier Hardie with aggressive zeal. As you sip your complimentary champagne and punt along the Cam in a euphoric mood of drunken excitement, only pity the poor fool who weeps nightly for the oppression of the working classes.

For the socialist can never enjoy Mayweek - unless, of course, he confuses it with Mayday, so avoid Starbucks and McDonalds. Consider yourself fortunate to have outgrown such adolescent recklessness, and continue to chuckle heartily at the miserable toil of the residuum whilst mocking the vain lefties for whom philanthropy is a way of apologising for personal ugliness.

Any Socialist who wants to sleep with Jonny Mather during Mayweek should contact him at jfm29@cam.ac.uk



# BLOND BOMBSHELL



Boris Johnson talks to Luke Layfield about mid-life crises, Dostoevsky and the future of the Tories

*An animated figure, broad-shouldered, larger than life, ruffles an unruly mop of blond hair as he addresses his attentive audience, a violent flailing of arms accompanying each point as he admonishes the Labour government for allowing things to degenerate to such an extent that his bicycle has been stolen four times from within the Palace of Westminster. Alexander Boris de Pfeffel Johnson is anything but your average Member of Parliament.*

A staunch Thatcherite; rabid Eurosepticism and opposition to the welfare state are just two of his less endearing political hobbyhorses. "It was a bit bad", he tells me, for John Townsend to say that "Britain is becoming a mongrel race" during the 2001 general election, but there was definitely a "certain flavour of witch hunt about the whole thing".

In short, he is just the kind of hard-right Tory that I, from my self-professed, overly idealistic, perhaps arrogantly principled moral high ground should detest. But that's just the problem; I can't stop myself from actually quite liking him.

As we sit in the Union's committee room, he takes a moment to recover after a typically blustering, yet strangely captivating, off-the-cuff speech on the future of conservatism and I can't help but notice the huge bags under his eyes as he stares vacantly at me, as if unsure of exactly where he is or what his next move should be.

Before offering himself as lobby-fodder in the 2001 general election, Johnson already boasted an impres-

sive CV; assistant editor of The Telegraph by the tender age of 30, his rapid ascent to the summit of the right-wing press was completed when he was appointed editor of Britain's biggest selling weekly political journal, *The Spectator*. His unenthusiastic response makes no attempt to hide the fact that I'm not the first journalist to ask him what the attraction was in becoming a backbench MP, in an ultra-safe seat, for a struggling opposition party?

**"There's no point in break dancing around and saying 'look at me I'm young' and handing out lollipops"**

"I think a lot of journalists hit a kind of mid-life crisis and think they've got to do something, and it hit me pretty early. The only question was if I could keep up the journalism at the same time and I'm pleased that I've been able to."

I put to him the old conflict of interests issue, suggesting that finding fault with IDS, (although apparently second nature even to those within the party), becomes difficult when he's your boss and he holds the key to your next promotion, but he's tired of this one too, "read the paper; we do; next question."

I wonder then if he seriously believes that IDS is the man to lead the

glorious Blue revolution but his response is apparent disbelief and he accuses me of "defeatism," implying that he thinks we should all be fighting for this same righteous cause. He struggles, still paralysed by incredulity for a moment to respond to this most unexpected and unusual of questions, but even though riled, once again professes little, "Jeepers creepers. I just can't stand this negativity. He's going to do fine, absolutely fine."

He absent-mindedly adjusts his lopsided bow-tie and shifts in his seat, gazing distantly as I flick hurriedly through my notes and then press him on the Tories' failure to attract the youth vote; he'll have to answer this one.

"Yeah, we're aware of it and it is a huge problem. but there's no point in sort of unbending and kind of break dancing around and saying 'look at me, I'm young and I'm going to appeal to you' and sort of handing out lollipops and balls. The Tories have just got to appear as if they are a credible, alternative government and not as if Britain is some kind of sepia-toned, 1950s, monochrome society of married couples and blah, blah, blah, fishcakes. That's my answer to that one."

I realise that it's not just me he keeps cutting off in mid-sentence, he interrupts himself as well, jumping from one point to the next as if unable to keep up with his own train of thought. And despite the plummy accent, par for the course in the Common's Chamber, his speech is vernacular. I've never heard a Tory MP use the phrases "credible, alternative government" and "blah, blah, blah fishcakes" in the same sentence before, but with Boris it's all part of his buffoonish charm.

Last year he published his political memoirs within a matter of weeks of arriving at Westminster, in "Friends, Voters, Countrymen", and I feel this fact merits another attempt to get him to open up on life in Parliament.

"I've found the quality of MPs to be far higher than people give them credit for. I was talking to this backbench MP called Julian Brazier, actually no, he's not a backbench MP, he's probably frightfully boring, he's a whip. Anyway, you know Julian, he's the

**"Le Pen...he's a seriously screwed up demagogue, the guy's a fruitcake"**

world's greatest expert on Dostoevsky; I couldn't believe it. There are a lot of bright guys buried away in the Palace of Westminster."

He seems more talkative now so I seize the opportunity to discuss more emotive political issues, suggesting Chirac should have agreed to a live debate with the far-right leader Jean-



Rosamund Huppert

Marie Le Pen during the French Presidential election, but he defends the incumbent, as he would have been, "exposing himself to a debate with a seriously screwed up demagogue, who has a lot of very, very nasty ideas".

One wonders however if this is not somewhat undemocratic, but he says, "I think in an election, it's legitimate, it's cowardly perhaps but I think with Le Pen, there's a serious oxygen-publicity argument."

But doesn't this condemn *The Spectator's* decision to give this oxygen to Le Pen, with the publication of the first English language interview with him as they did last May?

"I did wonder if there was any moral issue involved and I eventually decided that there wasn't because his views are published everywhere. Secondly, as our reporter in Paris, Lauchlan told us the place was crawling with *Sun* hacks, *Mirror* hacks, *Mail* hacks; if we hadn't got it then someone else would have done. I believe that what he did say spoke for itself, the guy's a fruitcake."

It's not usual for politicians to contradict themselves so unambiguously within the space of a few words, but this is part of his blundering, yet affable persona. Most of our elected representatives purport to be whiter than white and they almost always are not, but Boris appears to us unashamedly, warts and all. I'm start-

ing to realise why I find it hard to dislike him, whatever his politics may be; we can relate to his flaws, the fact that he isn't perfect.

In an age when modern democracies witness politicians and the press

**"Jeepers creepers. I just can't stand this negativity. IDS is going to do fine."**

as contrasting and opposing forces, involved in an influential tug-of-war to tip the balance of power, Boris Johnson has flouted convention and joined both sides, transcending the boundary in a way that no one before has really managed.

Like New Labour, he thrives on image but his is a unique brand of spin that creeps up unnoticed upon the victim, hidden behind much rumpling of hair and genuine hesitations. He is the hard-line Tory with the soft image but his buffoonish exterior undoubtedly belies a devastating intellect. Whilst he may appear more teddy bear than Tony Blair, only time will tell whether this uniquely likeable, idiosyncratic figure will be popular enough to prosper in spite of his wounded and ineffectual party. Whether he does or not will tell us a lot about the triumph of style over substance in British politics.





# Mayweek merriment

A round up of the week's theatrical highlights

## Today of all Days

Mundane outing for Ed Lake



**Harry Mann (Tom Bell) returns to his sleepy seaside hometown of Hatford Bay to record local stories for his Radio 4 show. But as he probes the regulars of Forrester's pub, dark secrets surface in this stilted framing device for a series of largely quite twee comic monologues.**

Actually, tweeness is pretty much the defining feature of this show. Jokes politely signal their approach, before falling rapidly into reliable routines; quotations are misattributed (as though in "a big postmodernist omelette"); idiomatic phrases are made all literal in approved Goon Show fashion, and much fun is had exaggerating the clichés of spooky provincial melodrama.

All five performers are now pretty well known around Cambridge com-

edy, and by and large do much as they have led us to expect. Tom Bell is all rosy-cheeked and ingenuous, Ed Weeks steps out of his gruff barman character to dust off his patent smarmy persona, and Guy Morgan is some sort of rag doll. So far, so genial. From time to time, Weeks snarls something, and that's quite good, and Morgan's feckless act lends everything a bit of much needed queasiness. But the really chilling thing about this show is the way it makes material as theoretically bleak as Dan Stevens' suicide note seem as wholesome as jumpers. Not funny you understand, but cosy and nice.

Maybe that's the point, but then, the show doesn't really seem like an exercise designed to transform the unpleasant into the bland; too much sits uneasily. Cracks about fatal V.D.s and mysterious threats in a urinal, being the funniest stuff on offer here, suggest

that there isn't really any great plan to defuse the edgy material; they just look like they're in the wrong show. It all looks as though the world has floated quite peacefully through a cluster of happy heads and left some rather jumbled images for us to go and watch. Hooray! In this respect it's the polar opposite of the Spring Review, which, for all its larding with Victorian sentimentality, succeeded by deriving its humour from its pathetic treatment of national tragedy and vice versa. *Today Of All Days* has no comparable point to speak of, and gains nothing in funniness by sacrificing its right to seriousness. The performances are very strong, but the material is lightweight. No crime, but no real triumph either.

*Today of all Days is on at the ADC 11th - 29th June, 7.45pm*

## OTHER REVIEWS

Great author he may be, but is Aristophanes actually funny? Such is the challenge faced by DDS's production of *The Frogs*. Director Ros Pyne has tried hard to accentuate the play's comic aspects with cutting politics and highlighting bawdy and slapstick. From the moment Marcus Stockwell's camp Dionysus pops up in yellow frock, tiger skin and kinky boots we know we are in for pretty broad humour. But his best efforts and the winning shtick of Catriona Mackay's Xanthias can do little with a text that is all weak puns and learned mythological allusion. With laughs in relatively short supply, the four strong chorus are too ungainly in movement and in chant to inject much lyricism either.

Beyond its sex jokes, *The Frogs* stages a serious debate about aesthetics in the competition staged in hell between Aeschylus and Euripides to decide who is to be resurrected as Athens's new poet. Cloudy grandeur faces off against clarity, instinct against intelligence. Ben McClelland and Tim West are heartfelt as the two warring authors but their sound and fury hinders our comprehension of an involved argument about tragedy and the city state. 'Speak and they will understand' the chorus reassures them, sadly under-estimating our Greek scholarship. That sums up this brave attempt to revitalise a work fitter for the Classics Faculty than the Mayweek stage.

## Aristophanes' The Frogs

Downing Fellows' Garden, 7pm

Michael Ledger-Lomas



Ros Pyne



Sam Baldock

## Blue Remembered Hills

Emmanuel Fellows' Garden 3pm

Felicity Poulter

In case you didn't know *Blue Remembered Hills* is not by Shakespeare. It is also not *Twelfth Night* in a 1940's disguise. It is however a Mayweek show that is full of fun. It is as the company themselves describe it - 'irresistibly funny'.

*Blue Remembered Hills* presents a group of West Country seven year olds playing house, having fights, and running around like aeroplanes in the shadow of the Second World War. Normally I would groan at the thought of adults playing children, particularly in a Mayweek play, which are so often inevitably under-rehearsed. But each performance in this production was actually instantly recognisable to anyone who can really remember what being seven was like. The actors were constantly on the move (seven year olds really cannot be still), they constantly dashed around the garden, using the trees and potential hiding places of Emmanuel Fellows' Garden. And even when they were supposed to be stationary they constantly fidgeted. The exuberant energy of the actors is intoxicating, the audience can only be drawn into the children's world.

But this production is not only funny. Despite Audrey's (Caroline Horton) sly venomous looks, and stubborn fists and Angela's (Delyth Jones) frequent wobbly lip, the play does have a darker edge. The children do often resort to violence and the fun and games culminate in a sudden tragedy. My only criticism would be that the transition into tragedy was perhaps not as effective as it might have been. But like many first performances there was a technical fault that made the final Housman verse inaudible and this was probably why the play's conclusion did not quite ring true. Nevertheless if you fancy a short burst (it's only an hour long) of engaging, distinct and entertaining theatre, or even just a pleasurable hangover cure, then this is definitely for you.

Director Matt Boughton, has outdone himself yet again with this, the third instalment in his trilogy of darkly comic Victorian operettas. *Durkheim!* was more polished, granted, and *Mrs Molly's Clapping Manchild* certainly had catchier musical numbers, but only now has Boughton revealed himself as a director with the subtlety and sensitivity to treat the shifts and reverses of the human heart. Boughton also appears as the Troilus-like near-tragic figure Humphrey, delivering his plangent verse with such precision of characterisation that we never for one moment forget the terrible force of his increasing, de-luded isolation.

Andrew Wyld gave a moving portrayal of an opera singer whose career is ruined by autism, and, in the sub-plot, Rory Critten meditated on many urgent contemporary issues as Rafe, a gay in the crusades who triumphs over his bigoted superiors to demonstrate that martial valour and sartorial flair are not merely not mutually exclusive, but in fact are complementary. Josie Delap shone as the supernatural avenger condemned to haunt her murderer, the titular Jew (Dan Bernard).

All in all, this is a thrilling show, well suited to the picturesque environment of Corpus Christi's Robert Crumb Court. The general mood of festive frivolity shared by cast and audience alike seemed to embody the spirit of Mayweek theatre.

## Knights of the Burning Pestle

Corpus. No longer showing

Jeremy Page



Andrew Haydon



# Just As You Like It

Edward Evans enjoys the Bard

**May Week garden parties are divided into three sorts. The first is the event run by your college drinking society - all vodka and spirits. Your DoS might arrange the second sort: there you might get some nibbles and a sickly, luke-warm chardonnay. The final sort are my particular favourite. They're the ones that serve strawberries and the real champagne - on ice, of course.**

This production of *As You Like It*, if it were wine served at a garden party, would definitely be in the last category. It's light, fun, it fizzes and is extremely enjoyable. I had to leave at the interval, but on the basis of what I saw I think this show really does deserve your attention.

In the Cloister Court, Queens has about the most stunning venue for Shakespeare in Cambridge. For the director, this architectural delight poses a problem: he can hardly move the

scenery around. I'm pleased to report Oliver Rickman and Andre Marmot have managed to use the space virtually in its entirety. The performance occupied the entire space, dashing from cloister, to behind the audience, and from one side to the other.

Despite the surroundings, this production eschewed a period style in favour of what can only be described as an ever so modern, slightly new age look. Dan Sternberg and his team provided a memorable hippy beat from under the Long Gallery. We even got Capoeira dancers (you'll recognise it from the "new look" BBC1). Quite simply, it just works. I don't know how, but on a balmy summer's evening it gelled.

From the part of the performance I saw, the cast had Shakespeare's text in a very tight armlock. They knew it well - quite probably backwards - and as a result were able to make it work for them. They were all perfectly audible.

Any person with a younger brother will instantly recognise the skilful

way in which Chris Till and Yorick Moes as Orlando and Oliver captured the siblings' behaviour toward each other. Laura Kolb and Sarah Mills (Rosalind and Celia) looked as though they really were cousins and spoke and acted as such. Perhaps they even took it too far and in their affection for each other Rosalind slightly lost her sure control of the text. A minor gripe at best. Ian Paterson's Charles the Wrestler stands out as a model interpretation of a Shakespearean comic role.

If you do want to get some culture this Mayweek then this production is ideal. It is Shakespeare, but it won't bite. This production is fun and fizzes with energy. The noise from the punters on the river does occasionally intrude, but that and the show are all part of the Mayweek experience. Go.

*As You Like It is showing in Queens' Cloister Court at 7.30pm until Saturday*

# The Big Briefcase

Ed Lake finds excess baggage

**There's not a great deal to say. Performers Matt Green and Richard Thompson are among the most polished I have seen in Cambridge, but their writing is unquestionably the very worst.**

The plot is all lost briefcase, boxing match fixing, gangster-schtick, with a drab, tacked-on courtroom-framing device. Christopher is a schoolboy looking to rent a flat to meet his topical online girlfriend. Marco is an estate agent cum boxer cum gangster sent to pick up a briefcase by crime kingpin Mr. Little. Somehow they swap phones and the case falls into Christopher's hands, hilarious consequences, etc. I'm getting depressed just relating it. After the show my companion turned very grey and said he hated the world. Comedy this chronically short on ideas is dark and insidious stuff. It's like rummaging in Andy Hamilton's wastepaper basket or like getting

drunk on your own and watching a two-year old episode of *Drop The Dead Donkey*. What's most frightening though is the stagecraft on display, the crispness and professionalism of the timing, the costume changes, the sense that this is a production in which care and experience have combined to produce something at once shop soiled and sterile. There is a bit of pretty competent slapstick stuff in the boxing match, but it really did get to the point where I became more interested in the quick changes than anything else in this whole sorry mess. The characters are all ironical stereotypes culled from probably-cancelled TV programmes like *Taggart* and *Sooty*, and as such fail to elicit even a bit of tired kitschy warmth. The repartee is lumbering *Chuckle Brothers* agony. The denouement is the worst thing in the world. Fortunately this show is no longer showing.

## Still showing: Caligula and Educating Rita



Alas, we didn't have time to review everything on show this week. The articles on these pages represent a small sample of the great number of plays and performances on offer. A kind of smorgasbord, covering Shakespeare, comedy and musicals. If none of these take your fancy you might want to try *Caligula* at Emmanuel at 8pm or *Educating Rita* in Jesus College Orchard at 5pm (seating begins at 4.40pm). Both are showing until Saturday.



## Oz not wizard

**Four flying monkeys are manically leaping around the tent. They're dressed in black, and are held up by fairy wings precariously flapping from their backs. Some of them are sporting a particularly fine line in airman's goggles. They squeal a lot, all you can see is a mass of flaying arms and legs, which on this dull May Week afternoon, makes for a very trippy experience.**

If I had to be a character in the wonderful world of *Oz* I would definitely be a flying monkey. Considering that your average Mayweek audience is probably a) hungover b) drunk or c) a head splitting mixture of both a) and b), then in theory, it is an inspired idea to adapt a well known fantasy children's story for their pleasure. The lethargic minds of post exam stress students have the willing potential to be drawn into a dream like world of innocence and heroism, all presided over by a host of weird creatures, fearsome witches and a doddering wizard.

This adaptation of *Oz* contains all the right elements; in particular, an amazing array of costumes and props, that transform the actors from people in yellow hats doing Maori dances into people with green hats wearing special spectacles into people huddled on the floor in the shape of a giant spider, and so on. It draws on the original book, and therefore avoids the sugary sweet camp of the musical. Forget Judy Garland, think more along the lines of Harry Potter or Roald Dahl.

However brilliant the ideas are behind this production, the performance lacks the energy and pace to do them justice; too many jerky fight scenes, startled expressions and disjointed dialogue. When we first come across the Tin Man, he has rusted in the rain, and unfortunately, this effect seems to have spread to the rest of the cast.

I came ready to suspend all disbelief, and to be transported along with the flying monkeys into the Emerald City, but all I left with was a feeling of immense relief that I am not a child anymore.

*Louisa Thompson*

## Rejuvenating Richard

**Ali Nunn's directorial debut is nothing if not ambitious. Richard II stands out from Mayweek's host of comedies and crowd-pleasers as a full-blown Shakespeare tragedy/history (pick your genre - the bard seems to have been easy). Further, Shakespeare buffs will fashionably prefer it to Hamlet for its crisp, vivid poetry. This is the zenith of culture in Mayweek, and no mistake.**

Yet, fear not! Nunn has been merciful to the ball-worn. A roughly 1920s setting minimizes the culture shock, whilst the script has been sensibly streamlined. A cast unusually sparse in English students keeps the focus of the production on comprehension by the mortal. This is *Richard II* at its most accessible.

It turns out to be a startlingly apt Mayweek show after all. Performed in Christ's Fellows Garden from Thursday onwards, it affords a chance to recline in one of

Cambridge's most exclusive beauty spots, sipping the beverage of your choice whilst the dulcet tones of the town's hero of the moment, Downing's burglar-beating chaplain Marcus Ramshaw, purrs through some of the shiniest dramatic poetry ever written. The linen suits and broad hats are as Cambridge as can be. As for the play itself - if the production's quotation of choice, 'I wasted time and now doth time waste me' doesn't strike a chord with anyone awaiting exam results (sorry, sorry, I know), then I salute you: you are a better student than I.

After a general maligning of Shakespeare in the *Varsity Mayweek Preview*, Nunn's production sets the record straight. And, as the daylight slips away and the deposed Richard sinks beneath the 'sun' of pesky Bolingbroke, there's the potential for some genuine dramatic pathos to round off the night. Go and soak up the culture, or at very least the wine.

*Laura Greenfield*

### Coloured Lights



Unfortunately if you're reading this now, you've missed your chance to see the comical brilliance of *The Nitch* again. But all is not lost; Sophie Grimble and Sabha Comerford were performing as part of a programme called *Coloured Lights* put together by Jon Lenson and Clare Actors. You can still catch most of it; an audience with Vicky Kruger tonight, some groovy jazz tomorrow and the Choral Scholars of King's College on Saturday. All the shows are set in the stunning surroundings of Clare's sunken gardens, and take place at 3pm. Sounds like a great way to relax and beat those post-ball blues!



# Summer shenanigans

Your guide to the best of the summer's theatre

This section is dedicated to stuff going on in the summer vac and this year sees student groups performing in diverse locations from Land's End to John O'Groats (well almost!). There's never been a better time to get involved. We focus on the Edinburgh Fringe and the Cambridge theatre festival but there's plenty more besides. What's more the performers featured don't constitute a comprehensive list but a few select highlights. If you're interested in indulging your thespian streak, you can find more about Edinburgh from [www.edfringe.com](http://www.edfringe.com) and more about Cambridge at [hotbedfest.co.uk](http://hotbedfest.co.uk) Whatever your plans for the holiday, it makes sense to see some theatre. These festivals are particularly good for showcasing new and experimental acts, and moving away from the yawn-inducing reinterpretations of reinterpretations of Shakespeare. I can't get enough...

## Hotbed of talent

Emma Charlton gets excited about Cambridge's new theatre festival

**On receiving the programme for Hotbed, Cambridge's premier theatre festival, I seriously considered rethinking my plans to go to the Fringe.**

Focusing on Cambridge as a 'centre of creativity in theatre', Hotbed combines performances, events and workshops, writers for national theatre and local professionals. The festival runs over three weeks and hopes to marry New Writers with new audiences, through 22 newly commissioned works. I'm getting excited just thinking about it; a hive of new works, no repetitive Shakespearian drivel and no fewer than SEVEN world premiers, all conveniently situated in the centre of Cambridge. If you live in London it would be worth just coming up for the day! The programme

comprises of Hot Singles, full-length monologues, and Short Fuses, one-act or fifteen minute long plays. These delightful snippets include the world premiere of Naomi Wallace's short play *The Retreating World*. Wallace, who has won the Mobil Playwriting award, an American Obie and the 1999 MacArthur Fellowship, is just one of the many acclaimed writers in attendance. The festival's an exciting first for the city and as Artistic Director Paul Bourne says, it "cannot help but put Cambridge on the map as an independent force in new writing". I for one am certainly going to be around while it does.

5 - 21 July

[www.hotbedfest.co.uk](http://www.hotbedfest.co.uk)



Charlotte O'Brien

## Kiss of the Spiderwoman

A love story about two men in a Buenos Aires prison cell doesn't make for light viewing or acting, but all credit to Dan Sherer and the production team for attempting it. The relationship between the two leading men, a "straight" Marxist student and a middle-aged apolitical homosexual, provides the central focus for Manuel Puig's play. In a claustrophobic space, accompanied by an

original score, these two men are forced to confront the broken realities of their lives, each of them trapped in a web of the others creation - each of them uncertain of whom to trust, uncertain of what is real.

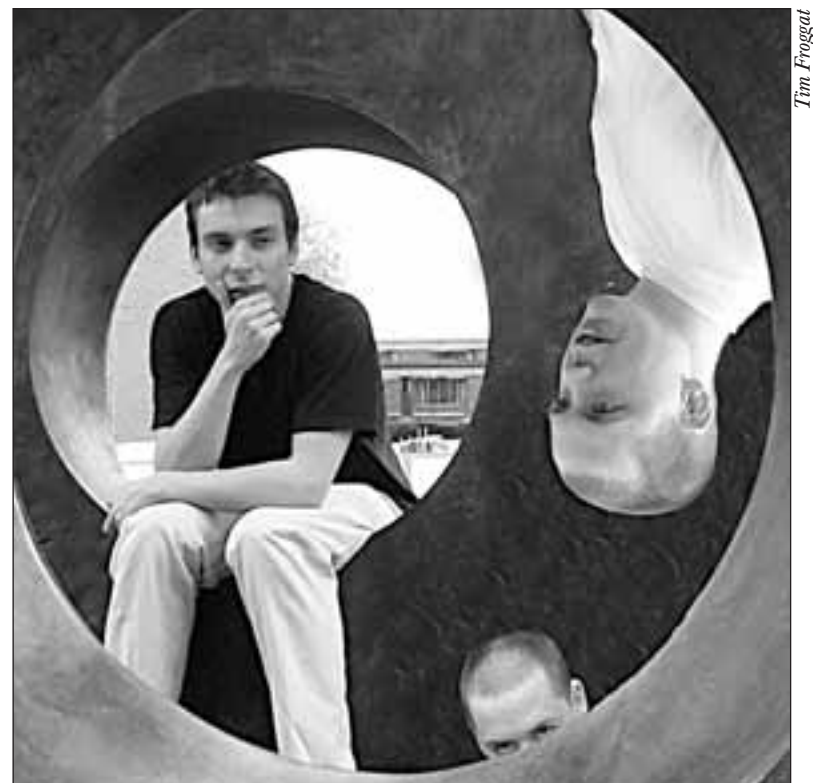
11th - 25th August. *The Underbelly Complex*. Venue 61. 10.10pm.



Don Sherer

## Bloke and Woman Show

Performers talk candidly about their first Edinburgh show



Tim Froggatt

Huw Smithson and Tim Froggatt are the two piece die-hard wannabe boy band that soared to fame one night whilst asleep and dreaming. Huw and Tim were two of the people behind the hugely successful sketch-shows *Full English Breakfast* and *Poisson Rouge*.

Ever since Huw and Tim have known each other, they have been writing a show. *The Bloke and Woman Show* is one borne out of madness, passion, fruit and fibre. Considering all that had come before them, and all that would come in the future, Huw and Tim felt it would be mean and unsportsman-like not to perform at the Edinburgh Fringe.

From that point on, they have been at war with the petite necessities of

sleep and nourishment, in a quest to further write their show. Huw and Tim have sacrificed conventions such as comprehensibility and conciseness, in order to bring you some of the more bizarrely indefensible comedy of the twenty-first century. They are veteran performers, having performed a show every year since their respective conceptions. So despite being Edinburgh virgins, Huw and Tim feel confident that this show will be no different to any other show ever performed by anyone at any time in any place - good or bad.

The Bloke and Woman Show is on at *The Smirnoff Underbelly*, Venue 61. Sunday 11th - Sunday 25th August

## Twin winner for Activated Image

Ben Power examines the latest offerings from Cambridge's prolific theatre group

**As May Week climaxes and collapses in the corner like an over-enthusiastic honeymooner, and as empty bottles litter the lawns and empty-minded students litter the gutters the Activated Image theatrical road show rolls back into Cambridge.**

Regular readers of these pages will remember the lavish praise which, earlier in the year, we heaped upon the Playroom production of Stephen Fry's *Latin!*. Well, that miniature masterpiece of comic depravity is back, previewing here before making the trip up to the Edinburgh Festival and potential glory.

The ever-controversial *Latin!* has attracted a fair bit of press attention since we saw it last, with one reactionary Edinburgh councillor, the holy Mr. James Gilchrist, labelling the piece "gratuitous smut". In fact the play is nothing of the sort. It is an extremely funny, short, highly theatrical chamber play which plunges the audience into a fantasy world in which grown-men fall in love with nubile little boys. It is, as before expertly performed by Cambridge veterans Mark Farrelly and Tom Noad. Farrelly, all campness and light, can move from the hilarious to the appalling in a second, and reduces an audience to a quivering heap in the opening 'par-

ticipation' scene. Noad is equally adept, his Herbert Brookshaw making the shift from moral authority to anguished pervert magnificently and believably. As Mr. Gilchrist noticed, and as both Fry and Activated Image director Adam Barnard freely admit, the play takes place within a deliberate moral vacuum. It is a fantasy world, both absolutely identical to the English Preparatory school system and a million miles away from it. One wonders how the intimacy of the Playroom will be matched in a theatre the size of the ADC, but a trip down Park Street to find out will certainly be worth it.

*Latin!* is being paired with a new play

by ex-Footlights starlet John Finnemore, the writer of Activated Images' last Edinburgh hit, the Fringe First-nominated Amy Evan's *Strike*. *The Straight Man* sees Farrelly and Noad, together with Barnard and a cast of London professionals, reunited as double-act King and Drumney, a pair of northern nightclub comedians trying to find fame in the late-50's. Billed as a comic elegy for the days of the Variety circuit, the play looks set to be as fascinating and successful as the team's previous outings.

Activated Image is a company which is capitalising on its early success. Director Barnard and producer Simon

Gillis have created a totally professional outfit which has been rewarded for a year of success with high profile Edinburgh runs at the Pleasance and The Gilded Balloon. The lead actors Noad and Farrelly have had a tremendous year, with the latter breaking into the London fringe circuit (performing at the Young Vic) and the former lighting up the Cambridge stage in *Macbeth*, *Cuckoos* and, magnificently, in *Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?*. When reviewing *Latin!* In March I ended my article by asking of Barnard and his company, "Whither now?". Well, the company have answered, and answered with vigour.



# Footlights revisited

Rob Sharp meets the enigmatic Stephen Fry

**In the parting paragraphs of his autobiography, the comedian-cum-actor-cum-novelist Stephen Fry sketches an epitaph. "Most humans manage their path from cradle to crematorium without seeing their lives and the lives of their families all over perfect strangers." Fry can be forgiven for his indiscretion. He has a degree of trustworthy, insatiable intellect which makes you want him in your circle of friends. The perfect dinner table guest.**

Sat at a Groucho Club dinner table, I ask how exactly he chose to celebrate the jubilee.

"I didn't run around dressed in a Union Jack going 'rah rah, God bless Her Majesty' or anything and I rather curmudgeonly turned down the opportunity to present some of the 'acts' at the Royal Concert which I left to Ben and Ruby and various other people. It's not my kind of thing, I've always found it extremely trying."

I mention that it was nice that the Queen could afford to build a £5 million property for her son as a wedding

gift, and could even buy her sister's ex a £70,000 London town house as a 'divorce present'. Is he a monarchist?

"I really don't see the advantage of having to lick the backside of Roy Hattersley every time I want to post a letter. Name an alternative head of state. David Beckham? Ho ho ho. At least other people come here and get excited. The heads of state of Argentina or Belgium come here and get excited be-

**"Name an alternative head of state. David Beckham?"**

cause they're having dinner with the Queen. She's been around for fifty years and has a certain amount of glamour around her. I wouldn't start with our state in terms of a Platonic creation, having a state with an inherited aristocracy. But once you've got it I think it might be more dangerous to get rid of it."

We move through other areas; his politics, his upbringing. Throughout the discussion, Fry's preoccupation with Cambridge is noticeable and suggests that he had a good time here.

"I really enjoyed it. Some people think it's a bit of a hothouse. I mean not to disappoint you but every university in Britain thinks they have the highest suicide rate in the country. I think I enjoyed it so much because I'd had such a peculiar childhood, getting expelled from school and going to prison and only managed it at the last moment. As they say, once you've sewn your wild oats you can grow sage."

Did he write for Varsity?

"No I didn't write for Varsity which had deteriorated somewhat since it's glory days when Alistair Cooke and Michael Redgrave used to edit it. Strange mixtures of people had done it"

I wonder, given that he derives so much ebullience from his education, what he thinks of the much slated Oxbridge collegiate system.

"The difference is what you talk about over a coffee or a whiskey bottle at two in the morning, all the pretentious non-sensical things that one talks about at that time which form one's mind. There's a great phrase that Oscar Wilde uses where he's writing to Lord Alfred Douglas from prison de profundis. 'That you failed to get your degree at Oxford, many fine men failed to get their degrees, is of no importance. What is almost unforgivable is that you never required the ability to play gracefully with ideas.' That is something which comes a lot more from a collegiate rather than a campus system."

Is there something missing in the current quality of undergraduates?

"I once went to the Shirley Society (the poetry society of St. Catherine's College), a literary society named after the 17th century playwright. Anthony Powell came along, the old novelist who wrote *A Dance to the Music of Time*, one of the Children of the Sun who went to Oxford between the wars with Evelyn Waugh and John Betjeman. He was asked whether he noticed a difference between undergraduates in the eighties, and back earlier on in the twenties. 'Lightness of touch,' he replied. That has gone now, and that in a sense is to do with the Thatcher legacy."



Anna Aryee

Did he expect the fame while at Cambridge then?

"No. Footlights had such an august history, we would rehearse in the basement of the Union Society and there were pictures up of Peter Cook and the Goodies, Germaine Greer, Douglas Adams and Gryff Rhys Jones. We all

**"You're always asked by the press, 'so you're the next John Cleese then?'"**

thought the door was shut to us. It's always the first thing you hear when you get to Cambridge. 'Yah, apparently Footlights is crap this year.' You have a great burden in Footlights and the natural contempt that your coevals will have. You're always asked by the press when you go up to Edinburgh; 'so you're going to be the new John Cleese then?' The years above us didn't seem to making names for themselves, but if you look back there's Jimmy Mullville who runs Hatrick and Peter Fincham who runs Talkback which has just been sold to Pearson for £70 million. They've all done rather well. The years below us, Nick Hancock, Baddiel

and Skinner."

I ask him about the progress of his latest project, and adaptation of Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*, the film *Bright Young Things*.

"We're in pre-production as of next week. As of Monday (17 June) we'll have an office where people pick up the telephone and go "Bright Young Things?" and then I'll believe it's really happening."

Was Waugh an inspiration?

"Waugh was never really a literary hero of mine because I didn't like his black mischievous universe. I tend to prefer the more benign universes of Joyce and Dickens. I admire the work of Julian Barnes and also Martin Amis. Again Amis lays open such a likeable world with his scalpel. It's very hard not to like everything he writes."

The discussion continues until Fry notices a Groucho colleague and says his goodbyes, gliding out of the room on a cloud of insouciance. It may be true that Fry has not become the 'anti-hero of his own life,' according to Ihab Hassan's definition (and I plagiarise), with these 'problems of estrangement and communion, sincerity and simulation and acquiescence, clowning his sentimental way...' But he still spins a good yarn.



## Dancing doubles

Emma Charlton previews contemporary dance in Cambridge and Edinburgh

**When I went to see the contemporary dance show in February this year I wasn't quite sure what to expect. I came away a complete convert, having loved watching the clever and interconnected pieces.**

Contemporary dance is characterised by its versatility and this is its great strength. All different styles of music and tons of movement combine to create a magnificent feast for the eyes.

The great news is that the group are treating us to two further opportunities to see their work this summer. Today and tomorrow they will appear in Queens' College Cloister Court at 3pm performing *Rebound*. It promises to be a fantastic fusion of movement and (hopefully!) outdoorsy sunshine and will be moved in to Fitzpatrick Hall if it is wet.

The second appearance will be at the Edinburgh Fringe festival, with a different show, *Synergy*. One thing that

always astounds me about the dance group is their ability to effortlessly address serious topics with a movement and music. You might think it ambitious for a dance group to address issues such as the impact of AIDS in South Africa, the feeling of momentum in life and the onset of mental illness, but somehow the subtlety of the approach is really fitting. *Synergy* will include music from Chet Baker, Simple Minds, Nitin Sawhney and Aimee Mann, as well as spoken text



Lisa Smith

and specially commissioned original music. If you can catch one or both of these outings, it will definitely be worth your while.

Synergy Garage Citrus Club  
Grindlay Court Centre, August 4-17  
2002, daily, 6.50pm



# Getting Così with the conductor

Jo Kirkbride interviews Robin Ticciati about the forthcoming production of *Così Fan Tutti* at Newnham

**JK:** Why Mozart?

**RT:** He's a fucking genius. His balance between tension and resolution is just unique; every little detail changes at exactly the right moment. For me, he is an escape; he is the voice of sanity.

**JK:** Why *Così Fan Tutti*?

**RT:** It is his masterpiece. What makes the work so incredible is his treatment of the characters; each has a specific role and it is so clear what he is trying to do with them. Every tiny detail works with another to create this perfectly balanced whole. The plot and its presentation are very farcical but it is also entirely real; it is life in music.

**JK:** Tell me a little bit about the plot itself.

**RT:** Two young officers are boasting about the beauty and virtue of their sweethearts but their friend, Don Alfonso, tells them that he believes all women to be fickle and makes a bet with them that he can persuade the women to be unfaithful. In order to test his theory, the men pretend to go off to war but, unbeknown to the women, they return dressed as different people. Persuaded by their maid that new is

the best way to forget the old, the women fall in love with these 'new' men but in the process, the partnerships are reversed, leading to confusion from all sides.

**JK:** Whose idea was it to put on the opera?

**RT:** I received a call from Emma Rivlin, the director, in February, asking me if I'd like to conduct. She's brilliant. She's a musician herself, so she's great to work with and she has some fantastic ideas.

**JK:** Who are the players and singers and where did you get them?

**RT:** I was only in charge of fixing the orchestra but I've picked a bit of a gourmet platter when it comes to players. I only like to do things to the best of my ability, so I set about getting the very best players in Cambridge; Max Baillie, the leader, is amazing to work with. They're all so willing to learn and are incredibly responsive - it's difficult music but we've really managed to acquire the 'Mozart sound.' As for the singers, I've never worked with such a special bunch of people - we've built up a little family! They're professional singers from the RCM in London and they frequently work with people like John

Elliot Gardiner and the Sixteen. Yet they're not primarily opera singers, which means we've been able to strike up a rapport and all learn together as we go along. Special mention should also be given to my fantastic répétiteurs, Alex Soddy and John Reid, and the continuo player, Nick Rimmer, who have all given up so much time to help me out.

**JK:** How does conducting an opera compare with your other conducting?

**RT:** I've purposely not had any lessons on it because I think it should be treated very much as a learning experience. The only major difficulty is getting the right balance and helping everyone watch, hear and feel the same things: it's not some ego boost but somebody has to be the umpire. It just so happens it's me.

**JK:** Have you any future conducting plans?

**RT:** Next year is going to be a big one! I'm doing Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and First Piano Concerto with CUSO. With CUMS, I'll be doing Brahms' Violin Concerto and First Piano Concerto, Hindemith's 'Mathis der Maler' and Tippett's



Rowan Huppert

'Fantasia on a Theme of Corelli.' I also have little dream to do a late Mozart Symphony in Clare chapel.

**JK:** Finally, why did you cut your hair off? Were you trying to get away

from the mad conductor look?

**RT:** Actually, I was advised to by my hairdresser, who said there was stuff growing in it! Don't worry it'll grow back though...

## Living the Dream

King's Chapel witnesses the latest CUMS offering

**On Saturday night, King's chapel was packed to overflowing for CUMS I and CUMS chorus' performance, under the direction of Stephen Cleobury, of Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*.**

The setting itself was both slightly unfortunate and ideal, for although the words of the soloists were occasionally lost in the chapel's spacious acoustic, in some ways this added to the ethereal nature of the text: a poem by Cardinal John Henry Newman depicting one man's death and final judgement before God.

Indeed, for the orchestra the acoustic was a gift, allowing the rapturous string melodies and sumptuous harmonies to fill the chapel and letting them make the most of the tremendous climaxes. The orchestra were generally superb, most notably in the Prelude, with only a few hesitant mo-

ments in the Second Part where they were not entirely together. The chorus too, though slightly lacking at the top end, were excellent and carried off the wicked music of the Demons with particular panache.

The soloists were of course, given their CVs, extremely accomplished singers, though they failed to convince me quite as much with their musical understanding of the work, as did the members of CUMS. They sang beautifully, particularly James Gilchrist as the very demanding part of Gerontius, yet the tension within the Second Part was at times somewhat dissipated, regained only by the rousing chorus and orchestra at the final climax.

Nevertheless, it was an excellent all-round performance with some particularly stunning moments, certainly the best performance I have yet seen from CUMS.

Jo Kirkbride

## ISIS gets eclectic

Sarah Gershuny at the Church of St. Edward the Martyr

**ISIS' last concert of the year featured a programme of works not often played by the other Cambridge orchestras.**

It opened with Carl Nielsen's *Helios Overture*, an intense evocation of the rising sun and was followed by the extremely interesting 'Adagietto' from Mahler's 5th symphony, a movement apparently written as a proposal of marriage to his fellow composer and future wife Alma Schindler. Next, the long Prokofiev *Romeo and Juliet suite no. 1*, which was perhaps a little slow - a judicious edit of some movements might have been in order. However, the clos-

ing item, Khachaturian's 'Waltz' from the *Masquerade suite*, recaptured all the lost energy and brought the concert to a lively and up-beat close.

The programme was divided between three student conductors - Sadaharu Muramatsu, Steven Rajam and Jonny Sells - and it must be said that the first and last pieces were particularly distinguished under the direction of Muramatsu, a conductor so involved in his work that he ended the concert completely drenched in sweat. The technical skills of the orchestra were perhaps not necessarily always up to the repertoire, but technique was generally

exceeded by musicality and the standard of the melodic leads was particularly high, with fine contributions from oboe, harp and flute. The very fact that the orchestra as a whole were slightly lacking in technical excellence actually made the concert particularly enjoyable, since the players really appeared to be playing primarily for the love of music, an attitude which is often surprisingly somewhat lacking among orchestras and which transformed this particular concert. All in all, although not remarkable, this was an extremely pleasant post-exam concert, nicely set off by the interior and acoustic of the venue.

## String players unite in style

Elly Brooke enjoys an evening of chamber music at Saturday's CUMC concert

**Last Saturday I attended what was surely one of the most uplifting concerts of the year.**

Catz chapel was packed to the gunnels for a magical evening of chamber music performed by stalwarts of the Cambridge music scene: Anna Smith, Owen Cox, Andrew Griffiths, Elizabeth Wood, Alexander Holladay and James Hopkins.

The Brahms *Sextet in G Major*, the lesser-known of the two pieces programmed, opened the concert.

Although the performance might have been improved by a little more rehearsal time, the attentive audience enjoyed spirited playing, especially in the exuberant finale.

Schubert's mammoth *Quintet in C Major* affords no uncertainty and the group rose to the challenge with style. The *Quintet* explores great expressive contrasts, all of which were decisively interpreted by the ensemble. The slow movement was particularly poignant and the playing of the quin-

tet seemed almost to create an impression of timelessness. Throughout the Schubert, the ensemble balance was impeccable, the familiarity amongst the players also allowing for imaginative musical dialogue. Owen Cox, playing his last Cambridge concert, led the group with beautifully assured and mature playing. This was chamber music at its best, achieving the perfect balance between exciting, extrovert playing and a real sense of intimacy.



Tim Rawle



# CAIUS CRUSH EMMA DREAMS

Tim Jarratt sees the women's Headship retained

Looking at the bumps charts it seems that there was little excitement in Women's Division I as the top four crews rowed over each day. However, that would be to deny the awesome achievement of Caius women who remained head for the third year running.

In the build up to this year's May Bumps most pundits felt that Caius would easily fall. The fact that the crew contained nobody from the previous campaigns was seen as a weakness that could be easily exploited by an Emmanuel crew flushed with success after capturing the Lents Headship.

Jesus was also being spoken of as potential challengers after doing well in the Head to Head. However, after the first day of racing it was clear that they were just making up the numbers in terms of the title fight. Their aspirations were crushed after finishing 5 lengths behind Emma, who were themselves over 2 lengths off Caius.

With nothing to fear from behind, Emmanuel changed their tactics on the Thursday and hoped to rattle the head crew. Rating significantly higher off the start they got within distance round

Grassy and sought to press their advantage past the Plough. The bank party was giving the girls in pink and blue two horns going into Ditton corner, but that was an impressively imaginative assessment of the situation. Once onto the Long Reach the Caius girls demonstrated their fitness and power to pull away as Emma blew into a world of pain.

The same scenario repeated itself for the final two days. On the Friday, Caius dominated with their best row of the week – the gap was never less than a length and a quarter. Emma put everything into the first half of Saturday's race and closed to just over half a length coming onto the Long Reach. However, Laura Blackburn, the Caius stroke, remained calm and lead her crew to a 2 length advantage at the line.

Katie Davidson, the Caius captain was clearly overjoyed, "After everyone had written us off it was great to show what we can really do, especially as this was a completely new crew." She went on to pay tribute to all the support that they had received from former Caians, especially a crack buffy unit located opposite Ditton corner.



Ben Hollowood

Further down Women's Division I, swift Downing and Catz boats won blades. These two crews followed each other up the ranking to finish 5th and 7th respectively. Although both were expected to rise, it wasn't all plain sailing as both Maggie and Trinity Hall

made them work hard for their bumps.

Peterhouse, with new CUWBC President Ruth de las Casas on board, gained promotion to Division I, whilst Queens' passed the other way as they continued the freefall of the past few years. Jesus II and Emma II showed

their 1st eights how to do it by winning their blades, which for Emma included a tricky last day overbump on Fitz. However, as with the men, the week as a whole was dominated by Caius: blades for their 3rd VIII, up 3 for the 2nd VIII and a Headship...

## Christ's Cuppers Crushing

Buzz Hendricks watches Christ suffer at the hand of St. John

While the rain poured at Fenners, the fickle nature of the Cambridge summer weather allowed the Cuppers final, held at Jesus' picturesque grounds, to be played with only a minor break in proceedings. Christ's, boasting a top order of Crusaders batsmen had to be considered the pre-match favourites. For John's to be able to compete, they were going to have to put runs on the board and dispatch the Christ's openers cheaply.

At 71/6, having lost their entire top order, John's 'Plan A' seemed to be in tatters. O'Donnel had accounted for captain Thompson with the fourth ball of the day, controversially ad-

judged leg before to a ball going down leg side. Bartholomew had attempted to hold the fort, compiling 30 hard-earned runs, but fell caught Clarke bowled Royle, who finished with excellent figures of 8-1-18-3. Enter the John's bowlers, who took it upon themselves to stop the rot: Halidar posted a useful 16 before Glenday (52no) and Wildsmith (40) compiled a very solid partnership for the 8th wicket, allowing a vaguely competitive total of 189/8 to be posted.

Christ's got off to a lightning start, John's first two overs going for an expensive 19 runs. Opener Courtney-Evans didn't get his eye in, however, and was sent on his way by Dent for one run. This dismissal only

served to bring another university batsmen to the crease, Little joining Poulet for a run-fest that threatened to bring a very rapid end to the game.

Games of cricket are won and lost on controversial umpiring decisions: having notched his half-century, Poulet was atrociously triggered after nicking a Halidar delivery onto his pads. Christ's suddenly found runs harder to come by, and a sharp burst from Alles accounted for Christ's middle order – the young bowler finishing with figures of 8-0-26-3. Their soft underbelly exposed, Christ's rolled over, Wildsmith cashing in with 3/21 and captain Thompson bringing himself on to take the final wicket, the match, and the Cuppers trophy.

### Cuppers Final, 14th June 2002

St John's			Christ's		
Ahuja ct. C-Evans b. Morris	12		Poulet lbw. Halidar	50	
T'son lbw. O'Donnel	0		Courtney-Evans b. Dent	1	
B'mew ct. C-Evans b. Royle	30		Little ct. Williams b. Alles	27	
Hall ct. C-Evans b. Morris	0		Roberts b. Alles	10	
Hewitt lbw. Royle	11		Royle lbw. Alles	10	
Williams ct. Poulet b. Royle	8		Ashbee b. Wildsmith	2	
Halidar lbw. Perks	16		Clark lbw. Wildsmith	6	
Glenday not out	52		Morris ct. Hall b. Thompson	4	
Wildsmith run out	40		O'Donnel ct. H'dar b. W'mith	0	
Dent not out	2		Mostofi ct. Hall b. Dent	7	
			Perks not out	7	
Extras	18		Extras 32		
40 overs	189/8		34.5 overs	156	
DNB: Alles					

St John's won by 33 runs

## Lashings of rain

Buzz (again) sees CUCC in action

The eagerly anticipated visit of the Lashings Club all-stars to Fenners for a pre-Varsity extravaganza unfortunately fell foul of some indifferent weather conditions on Friday. A mid-innings downpour that seemed to have left most of the rest of Cambridge essentially unaffected managed to curtail the inexorable progress of the West Indian batsmen.

It seemed a totally unfair contest from the start with the Kent side sporting the likes of Richie Richardson, who boasts a Test average of over 44. Batting first, the Lashings players started making inroads into the Cambridge bowling, not helped by a couple of dropped catches.

Cambridge's Palladino, a member of next year's UCCE side, did, however, manage to take the wicket of Sherwin Campbell, having him well caught at 3rd man by Newman after a big heave at an away-swinging delivery.

Then the rains came and, as the Pimm's tents and burger bars started packing their gear, what had promised to be a festival of cricket ended in a tame handshake for the captains to agree the draw. Captain Jamie Parker was philosophical, "You can't legislate for the weather." His team will be hoping for some better weather for the Varsity match in London at Lord's on 25 June to avenge last year's defeat by the Dark Blues.

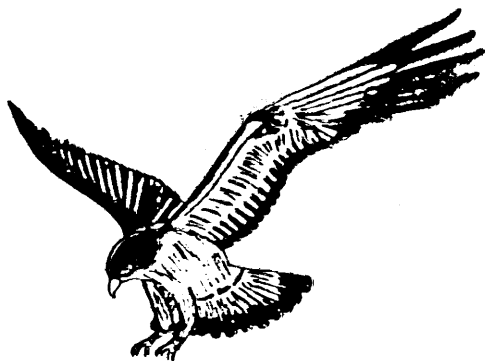


B. Hendricks



B. Hendricks





# Varsity Sport



## GOT THE CAIUS, GOT THE SECRET

### MEN'S MAY BUMPS

Gavin Kermack

With the high levels of speed and aggression involved in men's Bumps (although it has to be said that some of the girls suddenly become extremely intimidating as soon as they've got a blade in their hands), the stage is always set for an exciting four days. And that is exactly what was delivered. With splintered bows, twisted riggers, plenty of fines and a few angry slanging matches, the 2002 Men's May Races lived up to all expectations.

At the top of the first division, the Emma boys were hoping to make up for their fall from grace in the Lents and retain the headship here. But their steady rise over the past four years came to an end as they were unable to hold off a strong Downing crew who moved up to steal the top spot on the first day.

Caius, starting in third place, were eager to prove the predictions in last week's *Varsity* wrong and complete a cheeky Lents and Mays double. After taking out Emma on Thursday, they made short work of Downing, bumping them at Ditton thanks to some spectacular coxing. They rowed over comfortably on Saturday to regain the headship lost last year.

Emma will be disappointed with another bumpless Bumps, slipping down to fourth and making way for LMBC to start next Mays as one of the 'Big Three.' Jesus moved down two places to sixth, in the process allowing Trinity Hall to finally change position and secure a top five spot for next year.

At the other end of the division, Magdalene's revival following a nightmare five years continued as they moved off the bottom, securing blades along the way. Both Christ's and Churchill will be disappointed to be awarded spoons and so doing to lose their mid-table security.

The first division was also witness to a classic piece of Bumps carnage. On the third day of rowing, Catz, who had bumped Christ's on Grassy, pulled in tightly on the inside of the corner. Both Clare and Churchill, following, took a wide line to avoid the boat but Queens' ploughed round on the inside and there was a violent meeting between their blades and the Catz rowers, which resulted in the Queens' two man finding his blade snapped in half and the crew being bumped by a previously distant Pembroke boat. Controversy ensued when a re-row was ordered for the following day, enabling Queens' to make the bump on Churchill.

Whether or not the accident was anyone's fault is open to debate, but the fact that Clare and Churchill both managed to avoid Catz does suggest some suspect coxing. Fortunately nobody was injured but Churchill will be frustrated that Queens' were given a second crack at them.



Fun and flames at Caius

Down at the bottom, Pembroke II will be disappointed to drop out of the second division, plummeting to fourth in the third. They will be replaced next Mays by Clare II, shooting up five places.

Division four was full of happy boaties this year as Magdalene II, Clare III (both of whom start next Mays a division higher), Emma III, Catz III, Queens' III, Christ's III and Churchill III did what we all dream of and won blades. Congratulations likewise to Wolfson II, moving up from the fifth, Hughes Hall and Sidney III, who unfortunately were never able to show anyone standing upstream of First Post just what they were capable of. They will be joined next year by another successful Caius crew (where do they find them all?), who showed they may well be a fifth boat to be reckoned with by overbumping Churchill IV.

Special mention must go to Downing V who, having had to take part in the Getting-On Race to start at the bottom of the sixth division, managed to follow a first-day rowover with an almighty triple overbump, a double overbump and one more bump to nearly do a Homerton and move up eleven places.



DIVISION 1 : Men		
1	Caius	Caius
2	Emmanuel	Emmanuel
3	Jesus	Jesus
4	Neerham	Neerham
5	Pembroke	Downing
6	Trinity Hall	Pembroke
7	LMBC	St. Catherine's
8	Clare	Trinity Hall
9	Downing	LMBC
10	Churchill	New Hall
11	St. Catherine's	Christ's
12	New Hall	Clare
13	Christ's	Churchill
14	Selwyn	Selwyn
15	Queens'	Peterhouse
16	Girton	Girton
17	Robinson	CCAT
18	Peterhouse	Magdalene
19	CCAT	Queens'
20	Magdalene	1st & 3rd
21	1st & 3rd	Robinson
22	Darwin	Darwin
23	Sidney Sussex	Jesus II
24	King's	King's
25	Homerton	Sidney Sussex
26	Fitzwilliam	Emmanuel II
27	Jesus II	Caius II
28	LMBC II	Homerton
29	Neerham II	Fitzwilliam
30	Wolfson	Wolfson
31	Wolfson	LMBC II
32	Emmanuel II	Trinity Hall II
33	Trinity Hall II	Neerham II
34	Corpus Christi	Downing II
35	Clare II	Pembroke II
36	LMBC II	Clare II
37	New Hall II	LMBC II
38	Pembroke II	Corpus Christi
39	Churchill II	Girton II
40	Downing II	New Hall II
41	Queens' II	Jesus II
42	Girton II	Churchill II
43	1st & 3rd II	Queens' II
44	Homerton II	St. Catherine's II
45	Jesus II	Ver School
46	St. Catherine's II	1st & 3rd II
47	Jesus IV	Darwin II
48	Ver School	Homerton II
49	CCAT II	Robinson II
50	Darwin II	Sidney Sussex II
51	St. Edmund's	Jesus IV
52	Sidney Sussex II	CCAT II
53	Robinson II	Caius II
54	Magdalene II	St. Edmund's
55	Selwyn II	Neerham II
56	Neerham II	Selwyn II
57	Caius II	King's II
58	King's II	Magdalene II
59	1st & 3rd II	Clare II
60	Clare II	Downing II
61	Girton II	Girton II
62	Peterhouse II	Pembroke II
63	Pembroke II	Peterhouse II
64	Christ's II	Pembroke IV
65	St. Catherine's II	Christ's II
66	Downing II	LMBC IV
67	LMBC IV	1st & 3rd II
68	Pembroke IV	Trinity Hall II
69	Trinity Hall II	St. Catherine's II

DIVISION 1 : Men		
1	Emmanuel	Caius
2	Downing	Downing
3	Caius	LMBC
4	Jesus	Emmanuel
5	LMBC	Trinity Hall
6	Trinity Hall	Jesus
7	Christ's	Robinson
8	Robinson	St. Catherine's
9	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
10	Churchill	Clare
11	St. Catherine's	Christ's
12	Clare	Queens'
13	Pembroke	Magdalene
14	Selwyn	Churchill
15	Queens'	Pembroke
16	Fitzwilliam	Sidney Sussex
17	Magdalene	Selwyn
18	Sidney Sussex	Fitzwilliam
19	Downing II	Downing II
20	Peterhouse	Caius II
21	Emmanuel II	Emmanuel II
22	Girton	1st & 3rd II
23	LMBC II	Peterhouse
24	Caius II	Wolfson
25	Jesus II	Girton
26	1st & 3rd II	LMBC II
27	Queens' II	CCAT
28	Wolfson	Jesus II
29	King's	Queens' II
30	CCAT	Corpus Christi
31	Corpus Christi	Clare II
32	Trinity Hall II	King's
33	St. Catherine's II	Trinity Hall II
34	Pembroke II	St. Catherine's II
35	Christ's II	Christ's II
36	Clare II	Churchill II
37	Churchill II	Homerton
38	Darwin	Pembroke II
39	Robinson II	Darwin
40	Homerton	St. Edmund's
41	Selwyn II	Robinson II
42	Downing II	LMBC II
43	St. Edmund's	Downing II
44	Girton II	Girton II
45	LMBC II	Selwyn II
46	Fitzwilliam II	1st & 3rd II
47	Sidney Sussex II	Sidney Sussex II
48	Jesus II	Magdalene II
49	1st & 3rd II	Fitzwilliam II
50	Peterhouse II	Clare II
51	1st & 3rd IV	Jesus II
52	Magdalene II	Emmanuel II
53	Corpus Christi II	Peterhouse II
54	Clare II	St. Catherine's II
55	LMBC IV	1st & 3rd IV
56	Emmanuel II	Trinity Hall II
57	Pembroke II	Corpus Christi II
58	St. Catherine's II	Darwin II
59	Trinity Hall II	LMBC IV
60	Girton II	Queens' II
61	Darwin II	Pembroke II
62	Jesus IV	Christ's II
63	King's II	Girton II
64	Queens' II	Churchill II
65	CCAT II	Jesus IV
66	Christ's II	Caius II
67	Caius II	King's II
68	Churchill II	Wolfson II
69	Selwyn II	CCAT II
70	Corpus Christi II	Hughes Hall
71	LMBC V	Selwyn II
72	Wolfson II	Caius IV
73	Downing IV	Corpus Christi II
74	Hughes Hall	1st & 3rd V
75	LMBC V	Clare IV
76	Trinity Hall IV	Robinson II
77	1st & 3rd V	Downing IV
78	Fitzwilliam II	Clare IV
79	Robinson II	Sidney Sussex II
80	Caius IV	Trinity Hall IV
81	Jesus V	Jesus V
82	LMBC VI	Fitzwilliam II
83	Sidney Sussex II	LMBC VI
84	1st & 3rd VI	Caius V
85	Emmanuel IV	Emmanuel IV
86	Churchill IV	St. Catherine's IV
87	Jesus VI	1st & 3rd VI
88	St. Catherine's IV	Jesus VI
89	Christ's IV	Christ's V
90	Caius V	Churchill IV
91	Christ's V	CCAT II
92	King's II	Downing V
93	CCAT II	Christ's IV
94	Magdalene II	LMBC VI
95	Wolfson II	Magdalene II
96	St. Catherine's V	King's II
97	Girton IV	Wolfson II
98	1st & 3rd VII	St. Edmund's II
99	1st & 3rd VII	Sidney Sussex IV
100	Sidney Sussex IV	St. Catherine's V
101	St. Edmund's II	1st & 3rd VII
102	LMBC VII	Girton IV
103	Downing V	1st & 3rd VII

Ben Hollowood

Tim Granger

Rowan Huppert

Tim Granger



LD CUP

The Big Match: England vs Brazil

Fame, fortune and free alcohol

Mystic Ted unveils World Champions

<b>Ho Chi Wes. Age – 19. Home Town - Seoul. Strength - lack of flair but solid.</b> Ho Chi is a political animal. Gradually climbing the ladders of power in his hometown’s parliament - the Jay See Arr – his sights have begun to look higher. Having recently become secretary on the international body of Que Sieu, he hopes that victory in this tournament will help to raise his own profile and reinvigorate sales of his new publication – ‘the little orange book’ – which has floundered in popularity since it’s initial launch to critical acclaim last year.	KOREA	
<b>John of Malta. Age – 22. Home town – Cambridge. Strength - stepover.</b> A legend in his own time, John of Malta is widely seen as favourite for this competition. Having spent the past four years taking a dual honours degree in table football practice and theory – eventually graduating from the TFA’s school of excellence with record high marks – John has finally scraped his way into the Cambridge University team. Unpredictable, but deadly – the whole nation watches with bated breath to see if he can fulfil his potential.	ENGLAND	
<b>Jonathan the Barman. Age – 24. Home Town - Budapest. Strength - power.</b> Jonathan’s Hungarian links make him as German as Miroslov Klose and therefore an ideal representative in this tournament. Spending his days behind the bar at the Granta, Jonathan has quietly observed the numerous skills, talents and qualities visible every week in their regular Sunday table football league, secretly hoping to one day have his chance to shine. For Jonathan, qualifying was enough, and progression, a dream.	GERMANY	
<b>M’Eman. Age – 21. Home town - Paris. Strengths - pace, width.</b> M’Eman’s childhood was hard. Aged four he became lost on the Senegalese coast whilst on a fishing holiday from France with his parents. Rescued by a tribe of nomads, M’Eman was taught the ancient arts of table football by the local wise men. Eventually returning to his native France having spent seven years perfecting his skills, M’Eman thought his Senegalese adventure was over, until he received the call to represent the nation in this tournament.	SENEGAL	

ondent and man on the ground in the East, Henry Winter

ght: Beckham’s penalty. Lowlight: Rivaldo’s cheating. **Players of the tournament:** Rio Ferdinand, Rafael Marquez, Raul.

weren’t going to take it lying down, as displayed by the fact that M’Eman’s keeper spent half the match in the air! Yet despite all their power and bravery, the Senegalese were ground down by a determined England team, victorious at 8-2, sending M’Eman back home.

The Koreans, on the other hand, were not to be so easily routed. Despite Davison’s clear skill advantage, Wes defended with confidence. With the game tied early at three-all, it was clear that the ‘bad-boy from Alabama’ was going to have to try something special.

Suddenly, three stunning strikes from ‘Friedel’, began to turn the game the US’ way. Things then tuned even worse for Korea, as Ho Chi was booked for bad-mouthing the ref stating, “stop taking the game so seriously you fucking loser!” At this, the crowd turned against Wes and erupted at the final USA goal completing the 7-3 victory lining Davison up against Malta in the final.

And so the final was prepared, but first, third place had to be decided. In a tense affair, that involved a ‘goal of the tournament’ net-breaker from M’Eman, the Senegalese took the game to Korea, eventually winning 6-4. This score was to be repeated in the final, with John of Malta doing the nation proud, taking his crate of Smirnoff home with a smug grin on his face. Davison performed admirably, proving that there is life yet in American Table football, despite their incessant use of the vile phrase ‘fussball’, which sends shivers down patriotic babyfoot lovers everywhere.

And so England took the title: fate or blatant match rigging? Ask me this time next Sunday...

This World Cup is there

for the taking

Varsity World Cup Team

Japan and Korea 2002 is a World Cup that has promised, and so far delivered, so much. A succession of shock results have rocked the footballing world like nothing in recent years, leaving the final stages of the competition open for the taking. World and European Champions France are out (sing to the tune of Three Lions. Isn’t it great, thank God it’s true. Although they missed Zizou, It won’t do. They’re not through. The Froggies went and threw it away. At the end of the day, They forgot how to play. Now we’re all singing... Not a single goal - Frank Leboeuf still moaning. Lemerre on the dole, no more Gallic groaning. You’re going home, you’re going home etc...).

“I wouldn’t be surprised if they go all the way” Italy are also out – taught a lesson in how not to hold on to a one goal lead by those nifty South Koreans. And the Argentines, despite their attempts to injure Pope Beckham I in the Champions League semi-final, have also had to throw away their Japanese phrasebooks in frustration.

Despite initial low expectations, England fans will now be hoping that when Beckham et al. walk off the field from their match against Brazil on Friday, the overriding emotion will be

one of elation and not disappointment.

And instead we’re left with a quarter-final draw out of a William S Burroughs novel – South Korea, Senegal, USA, and Turkey? They’ve all provided us with upsets so far and so you have to play the “which one’s going to knock out the next favourite” game. Will USA conquer the Germans, will South Korea get rid of the Spaniards, or is it going to be Sven’s boys being embarrassed by the mighty Senegalese?

Four-times champions Brazil are favourites for the tournament having won all of their games so far. Their “Three Rs” (Ronaldo, Rivaldo and Ronaldinho) up front are sure to cause problems for even England’s miserly defence, and their technical ability is second to none. England have real cause for optimism though; if the back-four play as soundly as they have so far done and if Owen continues to improve as he has so far done every match, then they may just be able to muffle the Samba beats by pouncing on the break against the South American’s shaky backline. The prize is what will surely be the easier of the semi-finals, facing either Senegal or Turkey. And after that? The Germans? Didn’t we play them in qualifying?

**Senegal: The Empress\***  
**England: The Hermit \***  
**Result: Wheel of Fortune \***

Senegal start playing, as the Koreans did, as if this is the Final and take the game to England, with some blistering runs down the flanks. However, England recollect their lessons learnt from Sven: playing sensible football, controlling the ball in the midfield and coming back in numbers to defend. It holds off the nifty Senegalese but they just can’t do enough to find the net themselves. AND SO IT’S PENALTIES AGAIN! Won by England!! WE’RE IN THE FINAL!!!

**The Final**

Another very Klose (sic) game. Germany (The Empress\*) and England (The Emperor \*) play close, at times exciting but at times scrappy, football. Butt scores but that goal is cancelled out by a goal from substitute Bierhoff.

So the game (Temperance) goes to Penalties!!

By this stage Beckham (Death) is off the pitch through further damage to his metatarsal and Sinclair (The Devil) been sent off for a particularly nasty tackle on Neuville). Seaman (The

World) has had a storming game but Owen (Judgement\*) really hasn’t lived up to expectations.

Sheringham misses the first penalty (Moon\*) and Metzelder scores (High Priestess), so it’s 1-0 to Germany.

Heskey (Star\*) knocks in the second penalty and Bierhoff misses (Death\*) to level it at 1-1.

Vassell misses (Moon\*) and Rehmer scores (Strength)– 2-1

Butt steps up and calmly slots the ball into the bottom left corner (Hierophant)

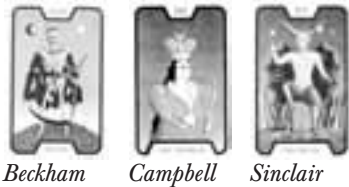
Jancker steps up to take the 4th German penalty – and appears to have scored (Sun\*)

But the referee claims that the ball

wasn’t on the spot – and makes him retake it – he misses (Moon\*)

With one penalty to go Sol Campbell steps up – and scores (The Empress)! 3-2 to England.

With the pressure of a nation’s dreams on his shoulders it’s Jeremies (the Devil) who has to take the last penalty – his insides are churning and he hits the post. AND ENGLAND WIN THE WORLD CUP!!!



Beckham Campbell Sinclair





**may week varsity**

