

Forbidden Fruit

Blasphemy, Bestiality and Art

Where the Art is

Why Cambridge suffers from a lack of opportunities for artists



CHANGING FACE OF THE UNION

As the Cambridge Union celebrates 3 successive female Presidents, how much has really changed?

THE NUMBERS	Unrestricted funds (in Pounds)	Number of uncontested Presidents in past two years	Price of a pint in the Union bar (in Pounds)	Current level of undergraduate membership	Amount spent on the upkeep of the library this year (in Pounds)	Amount spent on the bar in past 3 years (in Pounds)	Number of Heads of State visiting this term
Cambridge Union	1.8 million	3	>2	40%	16k	<1k	0
Oxford Union	0.3 million	0	1	70%	650k	30k	3



LEADER

The Cambridge and Oxford Unions are unique institutions. Independent, wealthy, prestigious, historically significant and armed with unparalleled international reputations, they both aim to provide opportunities to students that are simply unavailable elsewhere.

On Wednesday night, the 190-year-old institution celebrated the election of its third successive female president with the highest election turnout in recent memory. Despite accusations of electoral malpractice, it was generally recognised that the contest was on the whole fairly

fought. The Union has been given much attention over the past three years for the controversies surrounding its elections. But no regard has been given to its withering state as an institution, to its serious dearth of high-profile speakers, its relatively modest membership figures, its decaying, underused building that is now overrun by a sixth form college, its lack of funding initiatives, and most importantly, the marginal role that it plays within University life.

Many of this year's new members have expressed their "bitter disappointment" with what the Union has been able to offer them since joining. President of the CU Liberal Democrat Club Seth Thevoz stated that "the building is crumbling, the bar is a cross

between a steelworks and a brothel, the speakers for the last few years have been distinctly underwhelming, and the whole place is presided over by an ambience of treachery and backstabbing."

The Oxford Union, in comparison, appears to be thriving. Seventy percent of Undergraduates join the Oxford Union, which holds a termly ball for over 1000 people. The building houses its own nightclub (free to members), the largest lending library in Oxford and a DVD library. The bar charges £1 per pint and serves hot food at lunchtimes. £650,000 was recently spent renovating the library and £30,000 on the bar.

Despite funds of over £2.8 million, the Cambridge Union

have not chosen to undergo any kind of significant building renovations in recent history. Jenni Scott, current Cambridge Union President, explained that the Oxford Union have managed their funds "a hell of a lot better than us" in the past.

Four separate ex-Cambridge Union Presidents admitted to *Varsity* that the Union "seriously needs to learn how to run itself as a business." A former President said of the current committee that they hold "a totally unrealistic view of all things financial." Books are even being sold from the well-stocked Cambridge Union Library in order to raise money for its preservations. Only £75 has been raised so far.

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Feature

Cambridge's kings in their castles. We find the best student rooms >>page 9

news in brief

Dr Fry of Anglia Ruskin
Anglia Ruskin University is presenting Stephen Fry with an honorary doctorate. The actor, writer and comedian, a graduate of Queens' College, will receive his honorary degree at the Graduation ceremony next Tuesday at the Cambridge Corn Exchange. Also, as part of this week's graduation ceremonies, murdered ARU student Sally Geeson was awarded a post-humous degree in Forensic Science. Her mother collected the degree on her behalf on Thursday.

Yes to pay changes
The trade union of Cambridge Association of University Teachers (CAUT) is calling for a "yes" vote on promised pay structures but will insist on changes to ensure "transparency and fairness" in the way they are implemented. Senior staff at the University are voting later this month at Regent House to restructure pay as part of a national pay modernisation. CAUT ran a survey across their membership and the result was 97% in favour of a yes vote, but to support other amendments. CAUT is advising its members to vote against the University's Council's own proposals.

Cambridge regrets
Roaming mobile units will be collecting regrets from the public of Cambridge until November 20. The "public conceptual artwork" entitled "regrets" is the collection and display of anonymous regrets from the public in order to make up a "sociological database of time and site-specific sentiment in the community." On November 19 the animated regrets will be publicly projected onto the wall of the Guildhall and Ladbrokes, Market Square. The archive can also be visited online. So far the regrets include "getting married too young", "I wish I had more sexual partners when I was younger" and "not having flossed regularly". Add your own at <http://regrets.org.uk>.

Foster granted bail
Alathea Foster has now been granted bail until her court appearance on December 16. Foster is charged with attempted murder of Lucy Cavendish student Julie Simpson.



listen

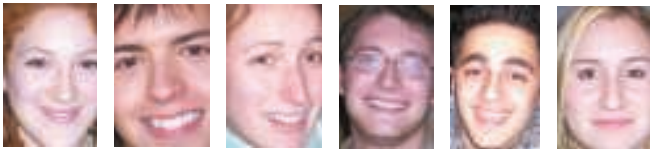
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CUSU Elections

Amy **Hoggart** and Alice **Whittham**

Wednesday's CUSU Council meeting at Gonville and Caius included elections for the council's new part-time executives.

The first competed position was for Anti-Racism Officer, fought by Nadia Syed and Jenni Woolf. Syed stated she was inspired by her own sense of "being different." She told *Varsity* that as a Londoner, it was difficult to adjust to an environment within which she felt socially marginalised.

By many accounts, Woolf's emphasis on action won her favour with voters. She claimed to be "committed, experienced, and 120,000 percent passionate," and gained 21 of the 30 votes cast.

Standing for HIV and Sexual Health Officer were Julie Watson and Edward Williams. Referring to herself as a "listening ear", Watson promised more support for anyone with sexual health problems. She also plans to create the 'Sexual Health Awareness Group' (S.H.A.G).

When the issue of the availability of contraception in colleges was raised, Williams blamed a lack of education rather than an absence of condom machines for high levels of unplanned pregnancy.

This led to further debate over the free provision of condoms. Vicki Mann, CUSU Welfare and Graduates Officer, argued that the budget simply could not provide for more, remarking "there are 18,000 students here, and we have a lot of sex."

Last to hust was Jacob Head, running for Education Officer. His plans included campaigns to reduce photocopying costs and library fines, as well as the introduction of anonymous supervision feedback forms. Head was keen to emphasise the relevance

of the position in response to the resignation of Martin Arrowsmith from the post earlier this term.

Other issues covered earlier in the meeting included a failed attempt at instigating a boycott of Coca-Cola products within the university, and a rejection by Council of a motion brought by Selwyn's Adam Colligan attempting to ensure policy passed by Council is legal.

The motion seemed pertinent because of persistent concerns that CUSU is passing policy in clear contravention of Charities law. However, members of Council will now continue to be advised not to concern themselves with possible legal implications of their decisions, leaving the CUSU board of trustees to do so *ex post facto*.

Keen to speak against Colligan's motion was Robinson's Mark Ferguson, who later went on to baffle many by attempting to amend sections of the Coca-Cola motion because he believed them to be "illegal".

Also on the agenda was the returning 'No Platform' policy, contentious in recent years. Woolf argued that allowing extremist political groups to speak in Cambridge would increase racial hatred and harm minority groups.

Woolf was supported by Laura Walsh, CUSU President, who was also anxious to prevent Cambridge from being seen to offer any kind of credibility to such groups.

Their arguments were countered by Dave Smith of King's and Robinson's Jacob Bard-Rosenberg, who held that giving radical groups platforms would create an important "opportunity for discourse" in which their offensive beliefs could be disputed.

The motion eventually passed by a majority of 36 votes.

Windfarm appeal delayed
An appeal against a failed application for a windfarm near Cambridge has been slowed down. Your Energy lodged an appeal against the decision to the Planning Inspectorate but have been asked for more information. Your Energy hope to build 16 100m high wind turbines on land between Conington and Boxworth. However, they face strong opposition from local residents.

Paxman slights media career
In the new Cambridge and Oxford Careers handbook ex-*Varsity* editor Jeremy Paxman rubbished a career in the media as "underpaid, oversubscribed" with having absolutely no "longevity in it at all." He said that he saw "absolutely no point" in a handbook which gave media careers any kind of prominence. He encouraged Oxbridge students to steer clear of the industry and instead think about brain sur-

Bicycle crackdown
Students fined under new measures

Jamie Munk

Police in Cambridge have started to caution and fine cyclists up to £40 for "dangerous cycling". This includes riding the wrong way down one-way roads, riding without lights, and on pavements.

In the past four days, 37 fixed penalty notices and 20 court summonses have been issued to cyclists. The officer in charge of the operation estimates 30% of those charged are students.

Robert Hodgkinson, 2nd year from Trinity Hall, received an official caution 10 days ago for riding the wrong way up Trinity Street. He now faces the prospect of further charges for a repeat offence, "It's pretty ridiculous really - I've been criminalised for something everyone does and it's a waste of police resources."

The new powers have been implemented in response to complaints about dangerous cycling in the traditionally 'bike-friendly' town. Clare Rankin, the City Council's Cycling and Walking Officer, said she has received "a significant amount of complaints from pedestrians - a lot of which are related to the flouting of the one-way system." This comes only two months after the ban on cycling in the pedestrian zone around the market place was lifted for an 18-month experiment. She added, "it is in cyclists' own interests" to ride safely, in the light of "considerable pressure on the County Council to re-install the ban."

Student cyclists saw little cheer in prospect of the new 'crack down' with some seeing it as a waste of everyone's time. "If it's that crowded then you won't be going that fast anyway", one second year economist told *Varsity*. In his view "the police have better things to be doing with their time" than catching out cyclists.



Cambridge street cycle map showing the permitted routes for bicycles around the city

The presence of officers has been noticeably greater in town in the past few weeks. On Sunday afternoon, many cyclists were stopped along Trinity Street, receiving lengthy warnings from the police for cycling offences. All week student cyclists have been warned of riding the wrong way along Sidney Street but most did not face fines.

The police were eager to stress that the fines were only a small part of their activities involving cycling and roads in and around Cambridge. 'Operation Cyclone', which aims to bring down bike theft in the city, was launched on October 31. The police have been marking bikes, both at colleges and in town, with indelible ink, which shows up under infrared

light, as well as stepping up operations against the thieves themselves. Although only two weeks into the operation, a police spokeswoman told *Varsity* "we are very pleased with how it is working". The officers now patrolling the pedestrian zone are primarily there to catch out cycle thieves, but ensuring safe cycling is a secondary concern for them. She added that, alongside cyclists, motorists are now being targeted for offences such as speaking on mobile phones and not wearing seatbelts.

With one in ten road casualties in Cambridgeshire being cyclists and almost 50% of these in Cambridge itself, the police hope that the new fines will result in safer attitudes to riding in the town centre in future.

Big Brotherly Love
Big Brother contestant Nichola Holt was revealed by the *News of the World* this week to be a £140-a-trick vice girl advertising in the *Cambridge Evening News*. The Series One fame-seeker describes herself as an "adorable blonde, blue-eyed angel escort" called Francesca. Her main concern as someone who works from home is ensuring that her mother doesn't find out.

Controversy over licensing laws

The much-debated late licensing laws come into effect next Thursday, allowing some pubs and clubs to sell alcohol for up to 24 hours a day. Eric Barrett-Payton, Conservative member of Cambridge city council, explains his reservations

While I believe that people should be treated as adults and be less constrained by arbitrary rules, I am not convinced that the new licensing laws will not lead to more problems which would offset some of the intended advantages.

I can appreciate that the increased flexibility should contribute to less concentration of drinkers leaving licensed premises at similar times, which could be an improvement. There might also be a reduction in the phenomenon of customers attempting to drink as much as possible before closing time. Spreading the same quantity

of consumption over a longer period would, theoretically, contribute to less drunkenness.

However, it is very much more likely that there will be an overall increase in alcohol consumption, otherwise it would be completely uneconomical to staff longer opening hours. Then there would probably be more antisocial consequences from the irresponsible and thoughtless minority, which would be detrimental to the majority of the community.

Noise, litter, inappropriate behaviour and violence are just some of the more obvious manifestations of excessive drinking by

the less self disciplined patrons of pubs and clubs. This is distressing to all those who suffer from the adverse consequences and dangerous to the health of all concerned, including the drinkers themselves. It also causes unnecessary and avoidable expense and waste of time and manpower resources for those who have to clear up afterwards.

Cambridge residents should be entitled to peaceful enjoyment of their homes and should be spared disturbance at unreasonable times of night or at weekends. There will, of course, be considerable debate about the definition of

unreasonable.

There are many concerns about some of the details of this new legislation, where there is insufficient opportunity to take into account the local knowledge of the elected representatives of the people. For example, there should be more power to refuse applications, or withdraw licences, where there is a record of regular public disorder, particularly in residential areas.

I am in favour of less regulation wherever safe and practical, but rights must always be accompanied by responsibility. Our freedoms require constant vigilance.

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on style
Anna Sui
talks to Benj
Ohad Seidler



The Week In Weather



FRI



SAT



SUN



MON



TUE



WED



THUR

Getting cold to reveal it's getting warmer

Students spell out the dangers of climate change in campaign launch

Jude Townend

A colourful demonstration outside King's College marked NUS's Campaign for Climate Change yesterday. 20 Cambridge students bravely donned beachwear and spelled out "Climate Change Matters" on giant placards in order to raise awareness of the ever-increasing threat the world faces from destabilisation of global climate. A steel band accompanied the alphabetical display, as part of the bid to recruit students to go on the national Climate March in London on December 3.

A passing Danish tourist asked "is this what Cambridge students do?!" whilst Ben Morany from Trinity Hall admitted "I'm a lot more concerned than I was this morning."

Stalls were manned at Sidgwick, Downing and New Museums site by volunteers signing students up to the "The Big Ask", the Friends of the Earth Campaign to force the government to cut their carbon emissions by 3 per cent per annum.

Friends of the Earth are also running a campaign to force the US Government to recognise that "warmer seas are producing more killer storms".

In the evening, speakers from Friends of the Earth, British Antarctic Survey, Green Party and the Campaign Against Climate Change gathered to unanimously speak out of the "real threat" the world faces

from increasing temperatures on earth.

William Connelly, Climate Scientist at the British Antarctic society, expressed his concern for the city as, "Cambridge is a very small area in terms of climate modelling. Predictions are very uncertain, East Anglia will certainly become drier." Dylan Banks, from the Young Greens described how a "united student voice is essential for the campaign. I encourage everyone to stand up and make that difference which will protect our world from the damages, induced by irresponsible governments and industrialisation." Nick Hutton, from Campaign for Climate Change urged students to lobby, examine their own lifestyle, get involved in local politics, join the big Ask and get on demonstration to London.

CUSU Green Officer Matt Sims said, "I'm really thrilled with the way the day has gone. I just hope students are inspired to join us on the Climate march - it promises to be a day in which we can really make a difference."

Will Page of the NUS stated, "The NUS environmental and ethical campaign agree with Friends of the Earth that the UK Government must show real leadership to match their brave words on the need to tackle climate change, and that it's clear that voluntary action alone will not be sufficient."



www.nusonline.co.uk



Students spell out the dangers of climate change to passersby on King's Parade

JAMIE MARLAND

Pubs anti-smoke ban

Joanna Trigg

Government plans for a partial ban on smoking in pubs have been labelled "half-baked" and "anti-competitive" by Cambridge landlords.

Under the Government's Health Bill all pubs serving food must impose a ban on smoking by the summer of 2007. Even where

smoking is allowed other restrictions will apply such as a ban on smoking at the bar, or smoking being restricted to sealed rooms. Landlords are concerned that trade will suffer and, with over 20 pubs in Cambridge city centre, are worried that an already competitive market will become harder to thrive in.

John Halsey, landlord of The Castle Inn on Castle Street said,

"We have to put money in the till and if the money doesn't go in the till because people can't smoke, we will have to capitalise on food trade. People won't be able to have a pie, pint and cigarette, and so we'll need the brewery's help to increase food trade."

Yet Paul Wells, managing director of brewers Charles Wells, anticipates a 25-30 per cent reduction in trade if the ban goes ahead. He said "The proposal to ban smoking has been attributed to a concern for health. But with exemptions allowed in private members' clubs and pubs that do not serve food it's obvious that health is not a central factor."

Dan Lacey, manager of the Fort St George Pub on Midsummer Common, believes that such a ban could actually have negative implications for people's health. He said: "By having a smoking ban we will be going back to the dark ages, with smoky bars just selling drinks - that will be even more unhealthy than it is now."

There are approximately 13 million adult smokers in the UK and Cambridgeshire GP Paul Sackin believes that "A lot of smokers welcome a total ban because most of them want to stop and they find it very, very difficult". Yet one student smoker said "I always have a cigarette when I drink. I don't think I would go if I couldn't smoke - it would be too antisocial to stand outside".

But Adam Ward, co-owner of the Fountain Inn on Regent Street, remains optimistic. He told Varsity that "To be honest, on a busy night most people go outside to have a fag anyway", and believes that the ban "would make it better for the food". MPs are expected to discuss the proposals this month.



The Castle Inn on Castle Street

HANNAH FLETCHER

New platform for shuttle

Steve Elliott

Cambridge's train station could gain an extra platform as part of a rail shuttle service between Addenbrooke's and Waterbeach, according to plans made by a consortium including St. John's College.

RLW Estates, a group formed by St. John's, together with an insurance group and a local developer, is planning a development in Waterbeach, 6 miles north of the city centre. This would be complemented by an increase in trains running from Waterbeach to Cambridge.

Meanwhile, in the south of the city, Addenbrooke's Hospital is reckoned to generate 19,000 car journeys daily - a station has long been proposed and could be realised as part of the RLW plan.

Cambridge's single 366m (1200ft) platform, commonly believed to be England's longest (though that title in fact belongs to the platform at Gloucester), could be complemented by an "island" platform. This will effectively add two places for trains to stop, potentially doubling the capacity of the station, at a cost of £17.7 million. This cost will be largely met by the Government, with help from

the private sector.

There are also plans to allow generous space for bicycles on trains. Although commuters appear satisfied with this development, some are blaming station officials and compiling petitions as they are often told to wait in the rain for a seat on early morning trains to King's Cross while carriages are coupled.

However, this inconvenience does not seem to match that imposed by the Railway Act of 1844, which gave the University powers over any use of the trains by its members, and prohibited arrivals on Sundays.



Cambridge Rail station: will soon run a new shuttle service to Waterbeach.

HANNAH FLETCHER

On Campus

RAG Update
The Big RAG Blag has got off to a promising start. RAG President Simon Sprague told *Varsity* that one student has already managed to secure a bike and another had swapped a pen for a bottle of champagne. Sprague said that he was very pleased with the result, adding that "for the first week of the first year this is a good result". All of the "blagged" items will be auctioned off at the Union on November 28th.

Sock success
King's College student John Syfret felt the need to announce to his entire college that the sock he had found in his washing had now "been reunited with its true father". In an email, sent to all King's undergraduates, he described how he "grew somewhat attached to the little fellow - his cheeky smile as I walked into my room, the little songs he would sing to himself when he thought I couldn't hear."

Rare discovery of early farmers
Cambridge University scientists have successfully extracted and analysed 7500-year-old DNA from skeletons of the first European farmers. The team sampled 24 skeletons from Germany, Austria and Hungary, from the so-called Linear Pottery culture of central Europe. Cambridge geneticist Dr. Peter Forster said "In the currently available worldwide database of 35,000 modern DNA samples, less than 50 Europeans today have these ancient farmer DNA types."

China Debate
Cambridge University Hong Kong and China Affairs Society's annual debate against Oxford will take place this Sunday. The debate will start at 2pm and is being held in the McCrum lecture theatre, the motion being 'This House believes that China will be a world superpower in 30 years.'

Poet Laureate in Cambridge
Andrew Motion read the T. S. Eliot poem 'Little Gidding' at Clare College last night in support of the local village of the same name. He joined five other eminent poets and writers in an evening of literature and music to raise funds for the local church and community. Little Gidding, which is near Huntingdon, has been the site of a Christian community for more than 300 years. It was founded by a fellow of Clare College and became widely known when T.S. Eliot visited in 1941 and was inspired to write about it in the fourth part of his "Four Quartets".

Child abuse study
A major study by Professor Michael Lamb, of Cambridge University has revealed new evidence in child abuse. Lamb and the team of Israeli researchers who joined him have looked into the factors in disclosure of abuse to investigative authorities. The study, based in Israel has looked to a variety of factors including age, gender and relationship between victim and abuser. The study is the first of its kind to use a National data set of all child abuse cases in the last five years in Israel, over 26,000.

Cross Campus

Harvard orgasms
Radcliffe Union of Students, Harvard, played host to a Female Orgasm Seminar last week aimed at exploring female sexuality. The seminar included a talk from the owner of a local erotic boutique who with, vagina puppet in hand, claimed that the type of condoms freely distributed on Harvard's Campus were unsafe. After "rigorous testing" Radcliffe have approved the condoms as safe.

Imperial dressing
Imperial College, London, has introduced a dress code for students and staff. Garments that obscure the face, such as hooded tops, scarves and veils have been banned and students are required to carry their identity cards at all times. This is a result of the "security threat" since the summer. The enforcement of this policy was called into question when one Security Office let slip that he didn't stop students with hoods "because he was scared of them".

Durham not just for public school kids
Durham University has heralded a 9 percent rise in applicants from state schools as clear evidence that it is quickly losing its "public school reputation". Head of Undergraduate Admissions, Richard Emborg, strongly emphasised that Durham "wasn't just bumping up its state school admissions" to improve statistics. Slightly more than half of Durham's offers now go to state school pupils.

A Jail Break too far?
Two Warwick students, competing in Warwick's RAG jail-break competition, managed to stow-away to Brussels. Unfortunately shortly after arriving in Brussels they had their passports stolen and were forced to turn themselves in at the British Embassy and ask for help to get home. Amused staff at the Embassy kindly put them on a train back to Britain. The winning team were already in Egypt by this point.

Disgusting state at St John's
Cleaning staff at St John's College, Oxford, were shocked to discover faeces and urine in the college's table tennis room at the weekend. There were pools of urine on the floor, faeces in the bin and a trail leading out of the door into the rest of the college. The Senior Dean condemned the actions as "disgusting", although admitted that catching the culprits could be problematic as there is no CCTV and all college members have open access to the room. The college are employing an industrial cleaning company after deciding that it was slightly beyond the duty of their staff.

Discontent with travellers' site

Rebecca Lester and Deborah Deighan
Residents of Cottenham have voiced concerns about travellers' plans to expand their settlement close to the village centre. The travellers currently occupy a 20 acre site on Smithy Fen and are planning to expand onto an adjacent 18 acres. This would make it the largest traveller settlement in England. Residents threatened to blockade the roads after a contractor commissioned by the travellers started to erect a fence on the land last week in preparation for further work. In February 2003, 800 Irish travellers moved to Smithy Fen, allegedly displacing the previous English settlers. Travellers have been in the area since the mid-1930s, originally arriving to work in agriculture. According to Rick Bristow, a local farmer and former chairman of Cottenham Residents' Association, the local newspapers have been filled with stories of drunken behaviour and girls intimidated by groups of male travellers since their arrival in 2003. The most serious accusation made by the villagers was responsibility for the death of Peter Stone, a local postman, on December 1 2003. The police have yet to charge anyone for the murder. All the travellers at the scene cooperated with the police in giving DNA, but the widespread consensus in the village remains that members of the travelling community were involved in the killing. Yet Mr Bristow assured *Varsity* that from 2004 relations between the villagers and the travellers have been relatively harmonious, despite some "hiccups around St. Patrick's Day". In relation to the events of the recent weeks Parish Councillor Tony Nicholas declared that "we are not traveller bashers, but the fear factor is that it could all return again and that a repeat of 2003



The travellers' current site at Smithy Fen, near Cottenham village

will go on and on". On the contrary, the CRA have been working towards the integration of the travellers into the local community. Local residents, however, feel that the village does not have the resource capacity to cope with an influx of up to 800 new travellers. The villagers have voiced grievances over the failure of the travellers to get planning permission for the Smithy Fen site prior to making permanent improvements to their plot. The CRAs maintains it is not their intention to force travellers off the land, but they want the development of Smithy Fen to be strictly limited to the 38 existing legitimate plots. The CRA proposed a "land-swap" scheme, which would involve the South Cambridgeshire District Council providing alternative sites for the travellers away from Smithy Fen. The council have rejected this as a solution, but have placed an injunction on any further development of the site. Renewal of the injunction will be considered on December 31.

Laptop Theft



Students targeted in laptop theft

Sidika Ulker
On November 9 Richard Fuller, 26, pleaded guilty to burglary and was sentenced to three years imprisonment for the crimes. Fuller was caught after one student woke to find Fuller poking his arm through the window and carrying away a £1,300 laptop. The student reported the registration number on Fuller's car and he was later arrested by police. Fuller also confessed to having broken into another student's room the previous day and to stealing a laptop from accommodation in Jesus Lane. Dr Stephen Siklos, senior tutor at Jesus College, insisted laptop theft "was not a major problem" and "less than ten a year are officially reported stolen to the college". He also stated that such incidences don't usually occur within college grounds and that those living in accommodation outside the college are the ones most at risk. A spokeswoman at Cambridge Police Station cited the "Bluetooth craze" as one of the latest problems. She stated "if Bluetooth on your laptop is left switched on when not being used, someone with 'Bluetooth' on their phone can identify it from outside". Last week a laptop was stolen from Newnham accommodation, which the police are currently investigating. The loss is particularly distressing to the student as the laptop contains several years of work. An MP3 player and a digital camera were also stolen.



CUSU's campaign to light up Parker's Piece continued on Thursday evening with Cambridge students uniting by candlelight to illuminate the dangers of the unlit area and canvass for petition signatures.

incidentally... by zoe organ



Here, by night, hundreds of otherwise normal people seem to walk around. In most other cities, these would be, to use a mother's terms, kebab guzzling hooligans, strangers liable to offer you more than sweets, people not to be approached when in one's pyjamas. Here, there is a civilised and refined nocturnal community. If you walk along the water between 3 and 6am, you will find earnest photographers with little glowing umbrellas, thrusting their cameras towards the river like elephant's trunks that suck up the light. As well as these, there are the cake-eating, slipper-wearing ghosts that seem to haunt the UL by day, who apparently retire to march up and down the backs in the same grey suits. The students around are not just the maniac insomniacs, or the post nightclub loiterers, there are also those who can't find enough time to do everything they have to in the day, and so spend from 3-6 doing laundry, posting letters, taking out the rubbish with a fag in their mouth- as if it was just a normal early morning when the sky had turned black, or Russia

in the winter. This seems very encouraging. Everyone treats insomnia with this broad and dramatic term as if there is something inherently wrong with it, as if it is not, at times, a privilege. Of course the sick nervous pre-exam species of it can be hell on earth, but at other times, people should calm down about the fact that they haven't slept and just enjoy it. Recently there seems to be a sort of spiritualist craze for keeping oneself caffeine free and ready for bed all day. Little books are sold that tell you how to make your bed into a "pure sleeping space." Hundreds of students go to bed with bloated tummies full of camomile and valerian, and terrify themselves with adult lullabies before lying awake in bed. What a waste of consciousness. On the nights before some of my A-level exams I had drunk a whole jar of honey, the insomniac's thick wine. That was when I lived at home, and didn't have the chance to discover 'the nightwalk.' Sometimes it does feel like the people you meet at night are unreal: when you see them in hall a few days later, sometimes they seem like dream people, or sometimes there is this silent acknowledgement that you know them from the night, that you are yet to meet them by day and make no presumptions about their daylight character. But sometimes they become your best friends. You share a common battle against the anti- nocturnal movement, the students who ring the porters when they hear the tread of night runners on the gravel outside their window, the "others" who like to think of a clean reposing sports field lying down under the moon, or who don't feel the same relief when they wake up to someone doing late night woodland flute practice. (Possibly fair enough.) But they miss so much. There is something so relaxing about slipping into a night life, for week five, say. In this parallel world so near, there are no lectures, no sense of targets to be met before lunch, no terrible feeling of everyone hasting around at library rush-hour, making you feel guilty. You can think. You can't hear the motorway; it is as if you were here five hundred years ago. You can enjoy the warped and illogical satisfaction of being infinitely more productive than the other people around you. (Just set your alarm clock for an occasional supervision.) As the winter draws near, the black, star studded sky becomes so much more appealing than the half hearted day light smog- so- if you can't sleep, find some similarly challenged friends, make a flask of tea and go and meet the rest.



weekdays

PETER FOX
UNIVERSITY LIBRARIAN

Monday

Meeting with the Director of the Computing Service to discuss joint projects such as the DSpace repository that we are developing to store and make accessible digital information created in the University. This already contains data created by research groups and digital images from the UL's manuscripts. We are constantly adding new material and are planning for the day when theses can be submitted electronically.

Tuesday

To the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew with some of our manuscripts for a fundraising event hosted jointly by the UL and Kew. Much of my time is spent raising money to augment what we get from the University. Without it the Library would not be able to do many of the things that are expected of us, nor would we have had the extensions that are essential to allow us to accommodate the constantly growing collections. Don't let anyone try to tell you that the book is dead!

Wednesday

In London again all day for a meeting at the Department for Culture, Media and Sport. I represent the universities of Cambridge and Oxford on the Legal Deposit Advisory Panel, which advises the Minister on the regulations needed to bring electronic publications under legal deposit. It is a joint group of librarians, publishers and 'independents' and, so far, is working with great unity of purpose.

Thursday

Chaired a meeting of the Information Strategy Task Force, which is looking at ways to streamline the creation and management of information within the University. Then lunch with the directors of Library Services and Computing from Imperial College London, who want to pick our brains about DSpace (see Monday), as Cambridge now has the largest installation in the world.

Friday

A day of meetings. Things covered include approval of designs for the next exhibition poster (Dante, opening in January), our strategy for digitising more parts of the collections and making them accessible on the web, an approach to getting donations from external users of the Library, and a potential gift of manuscripts. In between I catch up on paperwork and email.

the Story

Nick Gerrard continues from last week.

Next week, you can. Email your 400 words to literature@varsity.co.uk by 6pm on Monday 21st and if we think your continuation is the best then we'll print it here.

Varsity asks: does fancying your supervisor help your studies?

Pat Sikes, an education lecturer at the Sheffield University, has written a paper in defence of pupil-teacher affairs, arguing that it is wrong to always view the students as victims when they can often be the instigators of the affairs. Sikes also suggests that about 1500 pupil teacher affairs develop every year. According to Sikes, "erotic charge" can be an aid to teaching. Her paper, entitled "Scandalous stories and dangerous liaisons: when female pupils and male teachers fall in love" was inspired by her own experience: at 14 she fell in love with her then 22 year old teacher, now her husband. Dr Sikes says: "Expressions of sexuality provide a major currency and resource in the everyday exchanges of school life ... and nowhere more so, perhaps, than in the seductive nature and 'erotic charge' often characteristic of 'good' teaching which provokes a positive and exciting response." Her paper cites case studies in schools, provoking moral outrage from child protection groups nationwide. Whilst not illegal for anyone over 18 to have affairs with their academic supervisors; students in Cambridge are divided as to whether a teacher-pupil relationship would be beneficial.

One anonymous student tells us her story:
"As others shunned the dry dusty pages of Borkowzki's textbook of Roman law, I was captivated. I saw myself being fed grapes by a lusty, bronzed, toga-clad man. Who was this vision in the night? He was no other than my supervisor. I was inspired. Instead of that dull dread before a supervision, I felt a tingle of anticipation. As others willed the hour to pass, I prayed that time, like the subject to hand, would remain unchanging. So, is a liaison of this kind a smart move? Raise your temperature, It will. Raise your interest, most probably. But raise your grades, it will not. Affairs of this kind cut too far into the precious time spent with the diligent law student's true fated lover, the library. But if you chose to dabble, volenti non fit iniuria!"

"Relationships with people who you work with are bound for trouble. Whilst its not illegal to have an affair with your supervisor, as would be the case at school, I can see it could lead to some complicated scenarios. The supervisor / student relationship would surely cause some problems in the long-term. I'd certainly feel inferior if we'd started out in those roles."

1st year, English

"I've never been attracted to a supervisor at Cambridge, but I'd quite like to have one I did fancy - I think it would make me work a lot harder. My mum actually married one of her teachers from school, so I'm no stranger to teacher-pupil romance."

2nd Year, Law



As the actress said to the Bishop of Ely...

A group of graduate students at a prominent Cambridge college were last week implicated in a rather hardcore scandal. Our source in the MCR can reveal that the graduates in question invaded the common room and asked its denizens - who were listlessly

watching University Challenge therein - if they could "put on a film." They then proceeded to insert a cassette, upon which a bizarre ethnographic film was taped. The perturbed TV watchers left in boredom. The shocker came when one unsuspecting member of the University Challenge watchers returned to get his bag, which he had left in the room. It turned out that the ethnographic film was merely a decoy. What the group of students had actually intended to watch was now displayed in all its foul glory: 'No Lube Anal Fisting 4'.

It has come to light that an American graduate student decided to spice up a Part II Maths lecture. She entered the hall completely naked, apart from a series of fetching sweatbands on every limb. She then approached the front of the hall, greeted the predominantly male group of geeks

> A study to be released later this year claims that sexual attraction can help you in your studies: we ask Cambridge students about their past experiences and whether sexual attraction can improve teaching and learning?...



"I fancied my supervisor last year, she's a fifth year medic. I think sexual attraction is detrimental - it can be distracting... especially if it's reciprocated. In my case, it was allegedly reciprocated... but it went no further!"

3rd Year, Medicine

"I fancied the pants off mine and spent hours looking at his pictures on his website and then got paranoid he'd somehow be able to see how many times and who had been viewing his site. I've always fantasised about an affair with a supervisor, but no luck as of yet!"

2nd Year, Theology

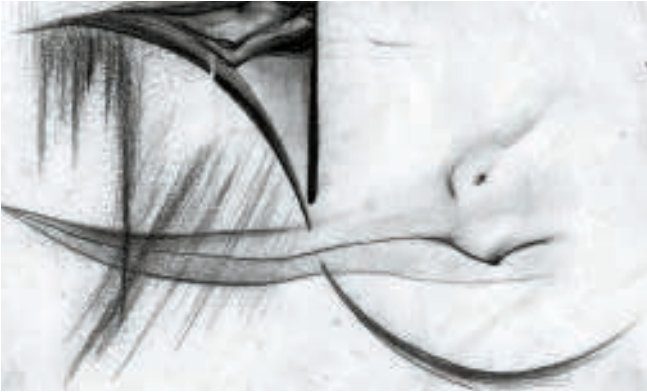
"I worked harder last term because I fancied mine: until he had left his boxers out to dry and I was completely distracted. It was so obvious what I was looking at - so embarrassing. I think that sexual attraction does not necessarily have to be avoided but it is difficult to see how it can be anything but distracting"

2nd Year, History

SHE ENTERED THE LECTURE HALL COMPLETELY NAKED, APART FROM A SERIES OF FETCHING SWEAT-BANDS ON EVERY LIMB

with the words "the only bush I trust is my own," and promptly shook hands with the flustered and patently tumescent fellow at the lectern. The (again predominantly male) University proctors issued a statement saying that they will not shirk from the onerous task of a series of rigorous identity parades.

Early last Friday morning an inebriated reprobate known to the police as "Mr Blue" was arrested at his room in John's. The Bishop gained exclusive access to CCTV footage taken in Bridge Street which shows Blue stumbling crab-like into view, bouncing painfully off walls and a pillar-box. On sighting a shiny BMW parked innocently on the curb, Blue hesitates swayingly, deliberates and then runs full-pelt over the car. Landing painfully flat on his face the drunkard struggles to his feet and lurches on out of shot. Blue was traced by CCTV to his door and removed minutes later by the police. He was reprimanded next morning for laughing at his own CCTV cameo. It is suspected the anarchic antic was a last-ditch imitation of his accomplice, known to police as "The Brazilian Job" who apparently prefers defecating on affluent bonnets to running over them.'



SOPHIE DAVIS

In an instant, something turned in her addled brain, recognition shone through her expression.

"I know you" she said, slipping up to her elbow in my pulverised plate of pasta, "I see you...here...eatin' on your own. You a special?"

I shook my head, confused. "A what?" "A special, vice squad, plain

clothes...are you lookin' t'arres' me?"

There was something wonderfully childlike about the slurred words that slipped between her lips. I wanted to hold her and nurse her back to sobriety, wrap her in cotton wool and take her away for ever.

"I can assure you I 'm not" I told her, smiling my very

sweetest.

"Thas' just as well" she said, crumpling onto a stool at the counter, legs flailing, arms folded out and pressed against the glass for grip. Hunched forward and growling like a sleeping lion, she fumbled in her bag for cigarettes. She began to swear softly under her breath and after a few tense moments produced a fresh cigarette and lighter.

Brushing her hair away from her face, she leant close to the flame, failing each time to catch light to her cigarette.

Suddenly something caught her attention, and she spun around to face me.

The chrome lighter flew from her hand and hit me in the eye.

to be continued...by you?



I know this is a little early but I've decided that if I am to make it to the Trinity may ball this year I am going to need to put in some serious planning time. So far I've come up with Plan A, Plan B and Plan C. Would you care to enlighten me?

Certainly. Plan A is beautiful in its simplicity; using your advice from last week I am going to use Facebook.com to attempt to make friends with everyone who goes to Trinity. Particularly the ladies – they have a soft spot for me. Not that I doubt your abilities with the ladies but perhaps it would be wise to run through Plan B?

This is where you come in. I've heard that if you don't go to Trinity a certain number of tickets are made available on a first come first served basis. The only problem is that they don't tell you where to get them from until the last minute. I need a quick way to get directions to anywhere in Cambridge. Getting directions online has been possible for many years from sites like www.theaa.com and www.mapquest.com. The quality of written directions has grown steadily to become quite reliable but the interfaces have traditionally been quite clumsy to use. In the last year Google and Yahoo have entered the fray with fancy new ways to interact with maps online. Both services let you drag the map within the browser window and zoom in and out very quickly to different places on the route.

So which one should I use? I would recommend Google maps. The Yahoo service is only just out of a testing phase and can operate a little sluggishly at times. Google also has another card up its sleeve: if you click on the "Hybrid" button in the top right hand corner of the map a satellite image will be displayed with road names and your route overlaid. This can help you get a picture in your mind of what the area your aiming for looks like.

Ahh... This might also be useful for Plan C. Oh really, what's Plan C?

Full aerial assault. It's funny that you thought of a military style operation as Google have got into trouble along these lines before. South Korea were horrified to find that some of the locations and layouts of their sensitive military installations appeared on Google Earth for all the world to see. Google Earth is a downloadable program that allows you to browse around a globe constructed out of satellite images. The interface is very slick and has the advantage of recently being updated with high quality imagery for Cambridge that has not yet made the Google Maps site.

<http://www.theaa.com/>
<http://www.mapquest.com/>
<http://maps.google.co.uk/>
<http://earth.google.com/>
<http://maps.yahoo.net/>

Doug McMahon

ROOMS WITH A VIEW

...AND A WIDESCREEN TV. AND A GRAND PIANO. AND HAND-PAINTED FRESCOES. **JOE SCHUTZER-WEISSMANN** AND **ROSIE IBBOTSON** GO IN SEARCH OF SOME OF THE BEST ROOMS IN CAMBRIDGE

"The holy curious of enquiry," as Einstein calls it, is surely a good reason for being at University. Another is to have, often for the first time, "a room of one's own." And the natural product of their sum is the desire most of us harbour to poke our noses into other peoples' rooms, to compare, admire or lament their lot. Ever at your investigative journalistic service, now *Varsity* welcomes you back to the best rooms in Cambridge.

We were amazed in our investigations to find rooms so well

organised and tidy. We have not ascertained whether this orderliness was the result our intimidating investigation, or a natural component of such stunning rooms. We strongly suspect the latter - it is surely much easier to spend time arranging bowls of fruit and doing the washing up if you live in a fifteenth century palace. Likewise the demeanour of our room-owners seemed universally relaxed, their friends were always popping in and out like an American sitcom and third-year stress was nowhere to be seen. Apparently it is easier to

"LORD BYRON KEPT A LIVE BEAR IN HIS TRINITY ROOMS"

juggle work, play, dissertations and hangovers if your surroundings are more capacious and beautiful than the average terraced house. All of our room-owners confirmed this. And it is in rooms like these that great things occur. Stephen Fry befriended Hugh Laurie over chess matches in his Queens' room, Wittgenstein attacked Popper in a King's suite, and in his John's "nook" Wordsworth was kept awake by the "College kitchens [which] made/A humming sound, less tuneable than bees". Byron kept a live bear in

his. As is noted of Douglas Adams, the very room you occupy as an undergraduate can promise a brilliant and prosperous future. We envy these lucky undergraduates their present. The results of our university-wide survey have been carefully narrowed down to what we believe to be the very best rooms in Cambridge. The criteria run not only to the size of the rooms, but to their history, unique features, views and location. Character is considered paramount. The four rooms showcased here have it in spades.

MAGDALENE THE TAPESTRY ROOM

A startling surprise behind an unassuming door: the walls of this modestly sized room are frescoed with mock tapestries and friezes. The accomplished paintings are preserved behind huge sheets of Perspex whose distorted reflections are complemented by mirrored alcoves beneath carved wooden canopies. The history of this room varies from one occupant to the next. Current theories hold that a tortured student did the daubing, but we suspect it is the work of an eighteenth-

century Laurence Llewellyn-Bowen. **Where:** Thompson's Lane **Envied for:** its frescoed walls preserved behind bendy sheets of Perspex. **Ideally suited to:** The Humanist scholar

Claire Anholt loves her little-known secret, is curious about its mysterious history and enjoys its faded Italianate grandeur. She sums up the room as being "Kitsch-in-a-cool-way, distinctive-in-a-mad-way, confusing-when-drunk!"



Hand-painted Italianate frescoes

RATINGS
Functionality: 6
Character: 10
Location: 6
Overall: 7



Claire's meticulous decoration mirrors the fine hand-painted walls

QUEENS' THE TIMBERED ROOM



Guy finds the Playstation the perfect modern prop in this medieval playground.

Truly, this is a ground-floor period piece of stained oak fantasy. Ancient beams frame a spacious ground-floor room in the heart of Queens'. Unfortunately there are no en-suite facilities, and the bedroom is only big enough to swing the very smallest of cats, but under the Harry Potter-esque spell of these ancient timbers, such muggle concerns seem magically to vanish. We were also highly impressed by the fine array of antique furniture, which perfectly complements this venerable relic.

RATINGS
Functionality: 6
Character: 10
Location: 8
Overall: 8

Where: Queens' Old Court **Envied for:** Its beautiful, half-timbered Medieval great hall **Ideally suited to:** The gentrified rock star

Guy Aitchison Cornish clearly loves this room's antique armoires, laments the lack of an en-suite facilities and is even now getting quite used to feeling like little more than the backdrop to Japanese tourists' snaps.



ST. JOHN'S THE TRIPLE SET

These three very lucky Johnians share this not-so-humble abode, featuring a vast, panelled living room, which leading on to a family-sized kitchen. A private staircase also leads to bedrooms and a capacious bathroom. Ideal for parties, dinners, film showings and general living of the high life.

Where: Old Court
Envied for: being “too good for students”
Ideally suited to: the Johnian (or Douglas Adams)

The 2005 St. John's College magazine notes that “[Douglas] Adams spent his third year in that Versailles of SJC rooms, the magnificent ‘triple set,’ which we all occupied in our wildest fantasies. The guys who actually got to

live up there were the true jeunesse doree; they had no spots, spoke in complete sentences, wore their sunglasses on the top of their heads without them slipping off, never ever spilled beer on their trousers, walked out with girls from Newnham with long shiny hair and firsts in Part I Classics, and were destined for serious jobs in the City or the media. They would amass huge fortunes, and years later repay their debt to the College with a discreet but hefty endowment, while the rest of us could only ponder how life could have been so different had we lived in there...”

Jack Brewster, Jack Westwood and Alex Groot, the room's current occupants, are (slightly) more reserved, describing their two-storey palace as

being “fun, wonky and spacious - basically opulent!” Later, Jack asked us to omit to mention the fact that he had described the room as ‘opulent,’ for fear that it might seem “arrogant”. Yes it might, Jackie my lad, but you're at John's - isn't that what you're here for? Anyway, we feel that Jack's descriptions - see also “It is the best undergrad room in John's, potentially in Oxbridge” are something of an understatement - this is the stuff of Cantabrian Frat Boy dreams.

RATINGS
Functionality: 9
Character: 8
Location: 8
Overall: 8



The triplets take a break as they try to fill out “possibly the best accommodation in Oxbridge”



Lord of the manor- and this oak-panelled place is just a bedroom.



A mini-bar and lava lamp - could this be a more student room?



Widescreen, surround sound and DVD: the bare necessities, really

BEST OF THE REST



KING'S
With a picture postcard for a view, we feel the interior of this room in Bodley's is inconsequential. Then again, the fact that there was running water and electricity came as a welcome surprise to this lucky King's student.



ST. CATHARINE'S
This machine for living perfectly suits the modern man. A mezzanine floor sensibly separates working from living space, and both are amply lit by a functional strip window. For once, Ikea lighting actually looked appropriate.



SELWYN
The Golf Course - a barn-like arrangement of beams and trusses roofs this room. Nick Devlin says that “Being able to play golf in one's room is surely a must.” Luckily for him he can putt from his living-room into an alcove-bedroom.



CORPUS CHRISTI
Putting your oar in your room suggests, alongside serious dedication, a very large room. Note the rather masculine tone here, offset by the view through large Medieval windows and a good selection of prayer-flags and fruit.



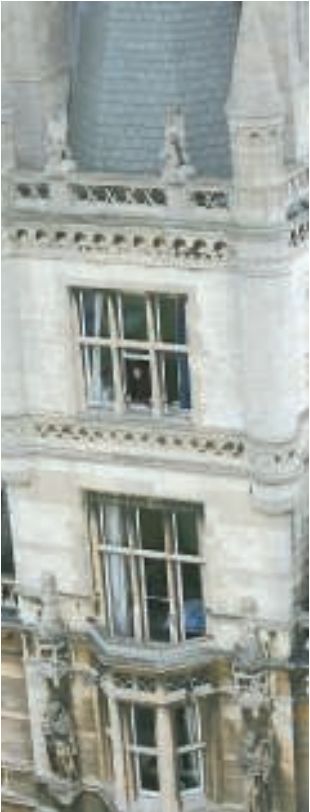
Cambridge as you've never seen it - and probably never will.



Living the high life - Cambridge opens out beneath the Caius eyrie for Jonathan Todd

GONVILLE & CAIUS THE TURRET ROOM

RATINGS
Functionality: 5
Character: 8
Location: 10
Overall: 8



Jonathan's room viewed from Great St. Mary's Church

The highest room in Cambridge is reached by a tight spiral stair. Once negotiated the room reveals a spectacular panorama down King's Parade to King's Chapel and the other way over the quads and spires of John's and Trinity. Once again, living the high life comes with its disadvantages, most noticeably the stairs. But here too, the spectacular assets of the room far outweigh such lowly concerns. Brideshead Revisited's Anthony Blanche would weep with envy.

Where: Tree Court
Envied as: The crow's nest of Cambridge
Ideally suited to: The voyeur

Jonathan Todd feels himself intimately part of Cambridge, relishes his unique view, enjoys sunsets and people-watching and muses on the possibilities of water-bombs and Senate House leaping. He regularly welcomes back alumni keen to show off their old room to incredulous grandchildren.

FASHION NEVER SMELT SO SUI

BENJ OHAD SEIDLER takes a trip with New York design queen ANNA SUI

Stepping from the elevator into the Anna Sui offices is like diving into a sea of purple. A long corridor lined with enormous perfume adverts boasting pretty girls and prettier products compete with the sparkle of many Tiffany lamps. To your right is the studio.

Crossing the threshold from the commercial to the creative, white light strikes you like a scene change in a Fellini film. Lithe young things drape themselves over the most sumptuous fabrics and delicate line charts. Lace trim and ribbons trail from the desk of a researcher, who looks up with porcelain eyes and a ruby pout.

A whirlwind of images surrounds you, densely wallpapered over immensely high walls. A rack of lace dresses emerges from the pinned up print samples and a mysterious black door seems to sink further and further away to the back of the room. A desk appears and sprouts baroque legs that curl and swirl towards you, as the tabletop swells with magazines, fancy-lettered invitations and drawings.

Your gaze is drawn upwards as a library sprawls, book by book, below a window framing a New York skyline. The spines cry to you with the words 'Halston!' in neon blue, and 'Schiaparelli!' in shocking pink. Next, a fragrance of cedarwood, jasmine and roses swims in the air and she appears.

Raven, ruler-straight hair frames a flawless white face and a heart shape of red lips curl into a smile.

All that you have experienced has been meticulously researched. Sui's environment is like any one of her collections –

everything involved has had more loving thought and late morning dreaming poured into it than a third year dissertation. In what the designer calls 'the genius files', Sui stashes pictures mapping her thoughts. Dating from her idyllic childhood in 1960s' Michigan and her college days at Parsons School of Design in New York in the heady 1970s, 'the genius files' are the gloriously coloured threads from which Sui wove her tapestry. The *joie de vivre* of Florine Strettheimer's turn of the centu-

ry poetry, David Bailey's photographs of swinging London, Bertolucci's politics, Visconti's romanticism and more traditional fashion references like Chanel and Poiret get mixed and matched every season to create a gesture that is entirely fresh. It may be only Sui, Stefano Pilati and Miuccia Prada who start their process with academic – as opposed to conceptual or commercial – thought.

"I feel so lucky," explains Sui, "that I am able to use whatever currently interests me in my

work: movies, travel, exhibitions, music, the flea market. The research is the fun part." That is not to say that Sui's research is sober, as she continues, "I'm not really thinking about politics when I'm designing. The world is so harsh, I think it's important to propose a little optimism, a little glamour."

After working for various sportswear companies and styling for her friend, Vogue photographer Steven Meisel, Sui blasted onto the fashion scene with a starburst of 'rainbow grunge' and a concoction of baby-doll dresses and men in skirts that was adopted by Courtney Love to illustrate an era. Sui believes she "was definitely at the right place at the right time. I've always been interested in rock music and vintage dresses, I think you can see that influence in my work." Having won the CFDA Perry Ellis Award for new fashion talent in 1993, Sui's contribution to the look of the '90s may prove to be her most important contribution to fashion. Now Sui is seen as an established doyenne of New York fashion with an established style that includes precious ethereal dresses and artful prints, styled in a way that is provoking but still accessible. Where other designers are criticised for being nostalgic and using vintage references, Sui is lauded. She was doing it before it was a trend but, more importantly, when Sui does it there's a meaning.

Known in Europe primarily for her six successful perfumes, news about a possible mens' fragrance sounded exciting and lucrative. But there is actually no such fragrance planned. Anna Sui's image of men, exhibited in the V&A in their 'Men in

Skirts' exhibition, is one that is bound to cause further speculation: "I always like my men to look like Keith Richards," Sui says, and leaves it at that.

But why did Sui choose to expand into a beauty line when everything is so unique? Was there hesitation about making a quirky brand so massively available? "Not at all, I hope everyone will feel it is accessible to them. If a dress is out of your range, how about a tube of lipstick?" Through her success

“

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN ROCK MUSIC AND VINTAGE DRESSES, I THINK YOU CAN SEE THAT INFLUENCE IN MY WORK

”

with her licensing, Sui has proved that bohemian spirit can indeed live beside the mind of a shrewd businesswoman.

All Sui's work is the product of a restless, eager mind. Her deep pensive eyes betray any attempt to disguise this. Sui's biographies always mention Parsons, but they seldom include the fact that she left the course before graduation. Sui believes that fashion can't be characterised as a field where you learn your profession in a classroom and go on to just do it. "Most of the actual things you need to know are not taught in

schools, you learn these things on your first job. That is why it is often a good idea to get an internship at a company while still in school (often unpaid, but great experience and good for your resume). There are many ways to become (or to be) a fashion designer. Designers work in all sorts of ways, some don't even know how to draw at all (though, the more you develop your skills the easier it is to express your ideas to others)."

For public appearances, Sui almost always chooses her own designs, although she is also prone to wearing creations by her friend Marc Jacobs. If she were to shop with a Cambridge student, would Sui suggest spending money on one luxury item, or buying a lot of fun stuff from charity shops? "I'm a shop-a-holic, so I'd rather buy 'lots of fun stuff'. Buy a pair of tall boots to tuck your jeans into for a Russian Folkloric look", on the pulse of the trend without meaning to be, as usual.

When it comes to laments on how expensive clothes can be, Sui is resigned to the fact that some people will never get it. "It's an old complaint," she reasons, "I don't think people can really imagine how much it costs to make a piece of clothing, especially on a small scale and particularly if you're trying to make a quality garment." Sui ultimately succeeds because of her understanding that good clothes must, above all, have quality and longevity as well as charming whimsy.



The Anna Sui collection is available in London at Fenwicks on 63 New Bond Street in London. More information is available on www.annasui.com

All the Answers

Philip Gould by Natalie Whitty

"If you told Tony Blair he was a stupid fucking bastard, he'd say 'okay' and move on. If something happens, he lets it go."

Philip Gould would know. He's been immersed in the adventure of New Labour from its moment of conception – his book *The Unfinished Revolution* is virtually a manual for the process of modernisation. His strategic poll advice has informed the policy and the presentation of the Labour Party for nearly two decades. He was appointed to the House of Lords in 2004 and he holidays with Alistair Campbell.

'New Labour' is probably a legitimate adjective by now that can be equally applied to Gould as to guacamole, Islington and home tutors. He has the manner-

isms that seems to define the first cohort – a purposeful delivery, a definite conviction in his sentiment, an unalienable belief in the project. But there's something strangely reassuring, something affable about him. He's not as polished as Blair; he looks a little dishevelled in his suit and has a habit of stretching his arms high above his head when he answers a question.

He's less arrogant than Campbell or his cockiness is at least diluted by a personable demeanour and a rather silly sense of humour. Whenever he calls on a question he says "hello" in a funny voice, and once remarks that someone looks "a lot like Alan Milburn actually". (For the record, the person he was referring to was just a normal bloke and this was an undeserved slur on his appearance. Gould is just that little bit unrestrained).

This abandon doesn't, however, stretch to being controversial. You'd say he was 'on message', apart from the fact that he himself clearly plays a huge role in defining the form and content of the Government's message: "The nature of politics has changed. We have to fight the next election with respect for that change, and the Prime Minister knows that."

The Prime Minister, it seems, knows everything; Gould is lavish and unrelenting in his praise for Blair. He describes him as "brilliantly strategic", "boundlessly optimistic" and "incredibly brave". Someone suggests that his association with him might at some points have made him feel embarrassed or ashamed, "Nope. I love him", he says, downing the

last of his whisky.

"The biggest compliment for Tony Blair," he declares, "is that the Tories now want to be him."

Diplomatically, he says he admires Gordon Brown too, although he clearly doesn't foster the same dizzy adulation for the Chancellor. He is a "prodigious" politician and the transition from Blair to Brown will be a "very smooth" one.

Not many people in the Westminster loop are saying that at the moment and this statement underlines Gould's projection of optimism. The *new* New Labour intake (David Miliband, Ed Miliband, Ed Balls, Pat McFadden) are "all tremendous."

Moreover, "David Cameron will never become the prime minister of Britain. Tony Blair will do at least another two years and Gordon Brown will serve

“

'NEW LABOUR' IS PROBABLY A LEGITIMATE ADJECTIVE BY NOW THAT CAN BE EQUALLY APPLIED TO GOULD AS TO GUACAMOLE, ISLINGTON AND HOME TUTORS

”



Philip Gould speaks frankly about New Labour

eight. Labour's majority will increase at the next election and the Lib Dems will lose twenty seats. Hilary Clinton will be the next president of the United States."

Gould is particularly adamant on this point; Bush's replacement will not be a Republican. He has something of a vested interest in saying so: as well as informing New Labour's election cam-

paigns, he is often called into the Democrat headquarters to give advice.

He nonetheless regards Blair's relationship with Bush as having been a necessary one: "It's to do with the last war. America and Britain have just got to stay together. Any British prime minister would have done the same." I imagine he is right, but this might say more about the calibre

of British prime ministers than the inevitability of the relationship. Hugh Grant in *Love Actually* they are not.

There is no denying Gould's political acumen. It might in fact be an idea to put some bets down on some of his predictions. Despite the fact that he joined the Labour Party at the age of sixteen and his screen saver at the last election read 'Another seat won, another Tory beaten', even the Conservative Party are seeking his advice. Michael Howard handed out copies of his book at the last election as the printed, political equivalent of the crumbs that led Hansel and Gretel out of the forest. Gould is both rueful and mischievous about this, "The answer to 1997 is in that book. I wrote it to wrong foot the Tories for a few years."

At least outwardly, Gould doesn't fit the authoritarian, Westminster-centric stereotype into which Blair's advisers are often cast. He speaks passionately about the need to reconnect MPs with their constituents. Parliament should "sit all over the country," the people should have "genuine involvement" and "constant contact."

This approach is undoubtedly related to the most striking aspect of Philip Gould's style of politics: his dogged commitment to the project of modernisation. This desire for 'progress' extends to everything. As he leaves he says conspiratorially, "it's a bit fusty here, isn't it? Not really built for interaction." I can see his mind working. How might he 'New Labour' Trinity Hall? It's a legitimate verb as well, and Gould is one of the best at doing it.



Photographed and styled by Quentin Jones. Louisa wears T-shirt by YMC, £40, Pants by H&M, £6, stockings by Japer Conran, £12

*A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high*

Mirror, Mirror



08. Eye-dolise Me



"The soul that can speak through the eyes, can also kiss with a gaze." The way in which the eyes are highlighted can define a person and a look. Brigitte Bardot's eyeliner has become her identity, her image and her signature. So if the Spring/Summer 2006 collections emphasised sensuous lips, how can we also have eyes that seem to kiss wherever they fall?



Tip one: Focus focus focus!

But only on one feature. This season there's dramatic colour on the lips, so the eyes must be completely understated. This doesn't necessarily mean nude and boring. For the day-time, a slick of Vaseline makes eyes sparkly and bright.



Tip two: Define me

The look now is so natural that there's no need for eyeliner, so keep eyes looking bare. If you're a lady who can't do without eyeliner though, try to go for a softer, subtler shade, like grey or blue as opposed to a harsh black line. Clinique's "quickliner" in blue-grey is a double-ended stick with eyeliner at one end and powder at the other for softening and smudging hard lines (£11 at Clinique).



Tip three: Colour me beautiful

Although you should let your lips do the talking, a little colour on the eyes can add to a look. If your lip colour is a deep red then try a subtle but warm shade, like a light gold shimmer dusted along the upper lashes. If there's a hint of purple, then a dash of silver under the bottom eyelashes will give your eyes iridescence. The MAC "pearlizers" are perfect for this.



Tip four: Trend setter

Fashion is ephemeral, style isn't. If you're self-conscious about your lips, or your eyes are by far your most striking feature, then don't worry about following trends. Experiment with different looks, if only because when you return to your usual make-up it will look fresh and exciting.



Tip five: Finishing touches

With mascara, again steer clear of really dark colours. Overloading your face with a bright lipstick and dark eyes as well means you'll be sacrificing the understated glamour of all the Valentino models in his Spring Summer collection. Val's gals were dramatically pale with a splash of deep red on the lips.

Fiona Walker Doyle

quick recipe



NAOMI CHRISTIE

Salad of lightly smoked duck, orange and watercress with balsamic dressing

This quick and easy recipe is ideal for a lazy Sunday brunch. Beware however: it produces a lot of smoke. You may want to disable the nearest smoke alarm before attempting it, or the local fire brigade will be profoundly unimpressed.

■ Ingredients

2 large duck breasts (no fat)
100g watercress
1 orange (or 2 clementines)
Olive oil
Balsamic vinegar
Rock salt, pepper

■ You will need

1 large frying pan
1 bowl
Tin foil

■ Serve With

Crusty bread
Good wine

■ Instructions

0 - 5 mins - press 1 tbsp rock salt on the duck. Mix watercress and orange in a bowl with seasoning and oil.

5 - 7 mins - heat a little oil in pan; sear duck 1 min each side. 8-15 mins - cover duck with tin foil. Try to prevent any smoke escaping.

16 - 17 mins - Take duck out of the pan. Add some water to pan and let reduce; add a tablespoon of vinegar. When starts to bubble, add watercress and orange and stir.

Slice duck breasts relatively thinly, and add any juice that runs off to the watercress.

■ To Serve

Place watercress/orange/dressing on a plate and cover with slices of duck. Top with any remaining juice or dressing.

David Norwell-Smith

IRRATIONAL BEHAVIOUR

ZOE SMEATON ponders the origins of our faith in all things scientific



Francis Bacon (1561-1626), a Trinity undergraduate at the age of twelve, was the first person to identify the role of science in society. He claimed “the true and legitimate goal of the sciences is to endow human life with new discoveries and resources.”

And it is not a light social responsibility that the sciences have to bear, for whatever your favourite scientific discovery, be it penicillin, computers or our understanding of the origins of mankind, science is clearly important to all of us and plays a crucial role in maintaining life as we know it.

Widely considered to be the organised and rational academic discipline, science is an attempt to understand, explain and predict objectively the World around us, and can be defined as ‘any area of knowledge obtained using, or arranged according to, formal principles.’ And it is generally recognised that the reasoning and organised experimentation central to science are largely responsible for its success stories.

But is all the knowledge-gaining going on in laboratories across the world really as rational as the scientists like to make out? A quick delve into the philosophy behind it would suggest the contrary. One science undergraduate who chose to study History and Philosophy of Science in his final year told me that studying this course had proved enlightening. He said: “The image of science I grew up with was one of a linear progression from the earlier more basic discoveries, right up to the cutting edge questions in the

modern world. This idealistic picture of scientific progress however is not accurate, and what historians and philosophers of science always bear in mind is that science is a social phenomenon, and, as such, is subject to human intervention and interaction. The picture I now have of science is far less clear, and the idea of a linear progression leading from one discovery to the next has been justifiably blemished.”

So what’s wrong with the scientists’ methodology? For the majority of scientists, a normal working life consists of proposing

the premises. And Hume’s argument is centred around the fact that in our everyday lives we use inductive arguments to make predictions about what we expect to happen. For example, whilst we would conclude that the sun will rise tomorrow morning because it has done every day in the past, this is not necessarily the case unless we know for certain that nature is uniform – something we cannot definitively prove.

And as well as applying to most of our everyday reasoning, the issue also extends to scientific reasoning, in which scientists move from discussing a limited number of instances, observed in experiments, to an infinite number encompassed by a theory.

Hume argues that this process of induction cannot be rationally justified. He says that when we see a constant conjunction between two events, such as morning arriving and the sun rising, we are led to expect them to follow each other in the same way in the future. But he argues that as it is impossible for us to experience the causal connection between the two events, there is no rational reason for us to expect these events to continue to occur together in the future.

He said: “When we look about us towards external objects, and consider the operation of causes, we are never able, in a single instance, to discover any power or necessary connexion; any quality, which binds the effect to the cause, and renders the one an infallible consequence of the other.”

According to Hume then, all

our beliefs that events are causally related are merely the result of a custom or habit acquired through experience of events being related in the past. He concluded: “All inferences from experience, therefore, are effects of custom, not of reasoning.” So that “Custom, then, is the great guide of human life.”

If Hume is correct, he appears to have shown us that from a strictly intellectual point of view, there is no rational justification for our use of induction. In the cases of both common-sense and scientific reasoning, our beliefs that the future will resemble the past are based on a fundamental conviction (custom) and therefore cannot be justified by any rational argument. Even Einstein once admitted: “The whole of science is nothing more than a refinement of everyday thinking.”

But many philosophers of science are still trying to resolve these problems so that science might be described as a rational process.

Perhaps we shouldn’t be worrying about all of this too much anyway though? Science is clearly successful in improving our everyday lives, and as Hume says, we should not fear this philosophy which “while it endeavours to limit our enquiries to common life, should never undermine the reasonings of common life, and carry its doubts so far as to destroy all action.”

Or in the words of Nobel prize-winning physicist Richard Feynman: “Philosophy of science is about as useful to scientists as ornithology is to birds.”

“PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE IS ABOUT AS USEFUL TO SCIENTISTS AS ORNITHOLOGY IS TO BIRDS”



CHEZ trop cher

Chez Gerard: Review by Anthony Marlowe and Joe Schutzer-Weissmann

George Orwell in his somewhat narcissistic stint as a plongeur in a Parisian kitchen wrote that the experience “destroyed one of my illusions; namely the idea that Frenchmen know good food when they see it.” Orwell was the archetypal champagne communist whose echo was overheard in King’s bar between two members of the King’s College Communist Party arranging drinks:

Comrade One: Moscow mule or bloody mary?

Comrade Two: definitely the bloody mary, the colour’s perfect.

It’s good to see they deal with the issues. It’s odd how some things end up gentrified: Communism, tanning, Notting Hill, cigars, Kabbala, Jazz and..... French brasseries. In George Orwell’s day and sometimes in ours you can get a steak-frites and drunk for about a fiver. Steak-frites in France is predominantly a plastic mat, plastic menu, angry waitress staple. You don’t go to impress a first date. Chez Gerard harbours an unhappy hybrid between a trendy London wine bar and a side street bistro. It claims the “Best steak frites this side of Paris,” its menu is certainly French inspired, but it fails to understand the nature of its own beast. You can’t deny they do a good steak, but for seventeen quid you would expect that. The problem,

due no doubt to the mixed heritage, is that they don’t do a lot else right, apart from the snails, which they do better than the French.

We took them up on their Francophilic promise. The snails truly were excellent, the French onion soup was more onion than soup giving rise to an intriguing fork or spoon debate. Joe gave into tradition and used his spoon, but it wasn’t easy going.

“YOU CAN’T DENY THEY DO A GOOD STEAK, BUT FOR SEVENTEEN QUID YOU WOULD EXPECT THAT”

The steaks are goo: the fillet was tender and perfectly cook and the T-bone likewise. The sauces, however, instead of complementing the steaks as they should, let them down miserably. And miserable is the best word to describe them: both the peppercorn and the béarnaise were made competently, but they tasted a few days old. Béarnaise should never see a fridge because it splits, as ours had.

The décor certainly isn’t that of a French brasserie. It’s all very

Conran, with blue, white and shining metal. There are too many mirrors; real frogs avoid mirrors for reasons of historical humiliation. Here they create an uncomfortable backdrop to the food which tends to be served with a rustic flair, i.e. on wooden carving boards. Unlike those of its Parisian precedent the staff are delightful and efficient, let down only by the speed of their kitchen. And the wine list has an extensive range of French classics. We had a light but powerful red Burgundy which lived up to our high expectations.

If Chez Gerard were a movie it would be the big Hollywood, Tom Cruise running away from aliens, three star rating-type. It looks good, it’s got a simple but slightly confused and convoluted plot, and you’ve seen it all before. Ultimately, you’ll enjoy it-but it’s not quite worth the cash you’ll fork out for it.

In a nutshell

Where: Bridge Street.
When: Restaurant stops serving at 10pm.
Prices: £5 - £19.
Food Highlights: Snails and Steak
Wine: Excellent Mercurey and fine Petit-Chablis
Ratings
Food 7/10
Value 4/10
Atmosphere 5/10

Malt Teasers



Known in Gaelic as “Uisge beatha” (The Water of Life), whisky is no longer seen as a drink for your granddad alone. It is a drink with a history almost as intriguing and complex as a good glass of Islay.

Whisky is made from either grain or malt. The latter is the connoisseur’s choice. It is produced from malted barley which has been dried over peat fires, hence the distinctive taste found in many Malts. This malt is ground up and mixed with hot water in a mash tun. The liquid that results is called wort and is drained off to be fermented, a little like beer. The fermented wort is double distilled in tall copper stills, a process requiring great patience and expertise in selecting which part of the distillate to keep. The first distillation gives raw spirit to feed the second which is where matters get complex. In the second distillation, the distiller examines the spirit flowing from the still and keeps the middle cut whilst leaving the ‘foreshot’ and ‘feints’ to be redistilled with the next batch. Finally this raw spirit is put into oak casks for time to work its magic and the angels to take their share of the

evaporating spirit.

Puzzlingly (at first) many major distilleries are found on remote islands where the transport in of raw materials and shipping out of the product are hard at the best of times, and impossible the rest of the year. However, this is because customs and excise men, rather like college porters, are unlikely to investigate activities if said investigation requires serious inconvenience on their part! For this reason the origins of many of the great Scottish malts tend to be somewhat shrouded in mystery and tall tales, largely because most of them operated illegally in order to avoid duties. This has however been good fortune for whisky drinkers the over as the spirit resulting from maturation in all these differing conditions develops quite distinct flavours.

On the islands to the West, Islay, Skye and Jura, the malts tend to have very earthy and smoky peat characters, and are in fact generally known for being some of the most powerful malts, Talisker and Lagavulin being prime examples. In the highlands the malt tends to take on the smoother, less dramatic notes of heather, caramel and a light smokiness, although

as a rule there tends to less similarities between the different distilleries here, Glenmorangie and Dalwhinnie being two of my favourites. The lowlands, where production has always been legal (hence there being fewer distilleries here), produces very light malts, both in colour and flavour. The adjectives often used here to describe whisky from here are ‘vanilla’ and ‘floral’; personally I find all except the genuinely vintage lowland malts pretty dull. The most prolific region of malt production by far is the Speyside area surrounding Dufftown. Malts from here specialise in very smooth and well-balanced flavours including caramel and mild coffee. Distilleries of note include The Glenlivet and Cragganmore.

This is an incredibly brief summary of Scotch whisky alone and high quality whiskies from America and Ireland require description in themselves. Finally, I am of the belief that reading about food and drink is a poor substitute for enjoying it – why not venture down to Cambridge Wine Merchants and explore what whisky has to offer?

Aidan Taylor



No One Likes A Scholar

The start of a revolution from above

Adam McNestrie

I am a Senior Scholar of Trinity College. If you take nothing else away from this article, I would like you to take that. Perhaps you're a Scholar as well (I hope you're not) but if you aren't, then I pride myself on being your university-acknowledged superior.

I am an egg with a Lion mark; a British egg to your Romanian; a Fabergé to your farmyard. I am heaped high with emoluments, privileges and status but it's not enough; I deserve more. I want druidical torch-bearing street parades in my honour, I want odes written (and not by that talentless Laureate, Motion), national holidays declared, colleges named in my honour, proskynesis: the abasement of all before my tectonic Einstein-dwarfing genius. They ennobled our Master, Sir Martin Rees, for less significant achievements, where the fuck is my peerage? The mediocre egalitarianism of this place disgusts me; they treat me almost as if I'm the same as everyone else. How is a £500 prize befitting of my achievement or commensurate with my cavernous, King's College chapel-sized ego? So what if I'm allowed to walk on the Scholar's lawn, I should be borne aloft by my myrmidons and carried across it on a throne.

I came here thinking that Cambridge was the last refuge of hierarchy, that it gave due place to distinctions of status however, the levelling, non-discriminating sameness of the place is a damned disgrace. Where are my vassals, my College-appointed sycophants, my subalterns, those whom I can slap around the face and call sirrah?

Alright, I actually think just about the opposite of that, but



The Cambridge Class System JOANNA MOORE (with thanks to Cleeze, Barker & Corbett)

“Where are my vassals, my College-appointed sycophants, those whom I can slap around the face and call sirrah?”

the institution of scholarships strikes me as tending towards the creation of such perverse characters. For me the ideal of the Cambridge college is one of a community of equals in power, esteem and position. It

is an ideal like equality before the law where college and university authorities treat and esteem us without discrimination; one with no insiders and outsiders. I can allow distinctions of hierarchy when

they're functional. I accept the salaried Fellows with their wood-panelled rooms and haughty eating dais. I accept the Master ensconced in his stately pleasure dome like a debauched potentate. I do not

accept the Scholars, what purpose do they serve?

Trinity isn't content with bestowing privilege; it wishes to celebrate it as well with an absurd white tie ceremony in its chapel. The whole thing is a gross ritual of self-congratulation where the excluded 2:1ists and sub-2:1ists are invited to press their noses up against the glass and peer in at our achievement. The College Council has failed terribly if the division of our community made manifest in this half-assed ritual escapes the attention of any member of College. The College wants us to advertise our scholarships to prevent us hiding them like the shameful secrets they are. Perhaps they're out to make us flounce around Hall in our academical bands or maybe it would be better if the contemptible lumpen undergraduatariat were forced to display a symbol of their relative tripos ineptitude: a Star of David perhaps or, less controversially, a dunce's hat.

As I'm sure that you've noticed already, I'm a hypocrite - a venal, mercenary hypocrite. I admit it. I turned up at the ceremony dressed like a twat, I shook the Master's hand, I banked the cheque. I am poor and weak so I sold my principles for five hundred quid and an uproarious, opulent banquet. If I'd had the bollocks I would have pulled a Brando and sent an American Indian to decline the award on my behalf. Eccentricity and American Indians, that would have been the way. If his headdress had been sufficiently elaborate and his name sufficiently ludicrous, I might even have made it into the trite, narrow canon of Trinity punting lore. For fuck's sake abolish the scholarships. Don't tempt weak men with

ELECTION WEEK



CAMBRIDGE UNION PRESIDENT

Jenni Scott

Units of alcohol: 10. Cigarettes: 20. Number of caffeine units: hundreds. Times been to Starbucks/Caffe Nero in the past week: oh, thousands. This is the typical diary of one running in a Cambridge Union election. These are the times when you go out for coffee with far more people than you'd meet on a Wednesday night in Cindies in order to sell them one thing - why you're the best person for the top job.

It involves weeks spent comparing how many Facebook friends you have in comparison to your opposing candidate, and months spent preparing for the big day.

This term saw two candidates running for the top post of President - Alyson Thompson, the current Senior Officer, and Zahra Khan, the current Entertainments Officer. It was the third consecutive set of contested elections at the Union, beginning with the hotly-fought Swersky-Scott election in Lent, when I won the Michaelmas presidency by just 3 small votes. Last term saw Sarah Pobereskin battle it out with Rupert Myers and Laurie Fitzjohn-Sykes in another closely-run competition. This term followed suit. All of these elections to date have passed, to a greater degree, without a hitch, and could be seen to signal a more merit-based atmosphere rather than slander and back-stabbing, which may have existed in the past.

In the Union's illustrious history, I am the twentieth female president, and by the end of this academic year, after having female presidents in Michaelmas, Lent and Easter, one seventh of all female presidents will have served their term in one 190th of the Union's history.

Although I would refrain from any deep comments on society / Cambridge / girl power etc, I think it is an interesting point worth mentioning, and should send a clear message to all those who hold an archaic view of the Union based on ill-conceived preconceptions.

Getting involved provides you with much more of an education than any university degree ever could. It teaches you diplomacy, tolerance, organisation, management - many of the tacit skills that equip those who get involved for any future path they choose to follow.

Elections can only be described as character-building, and that last wait in the Union bar whilst the votes are counted is one no presidential candidate will ever forget.

When I ran for president, we all sat in the bar, bottle of bubbly on ice for whoever won or lost, chatting until about 3am. The jukebox was on a nineties megamix, and although the air was heavy with nerves, it was good fun - opposing candidates were sitting together and chatting about their "day of hell" and it was a great atmosphere.

So whatever the outcome, all the cigarettes, alcohol and coffee, as well as the stress and adrenaline are worth it, and (for most) it's a once in a lifetime experience.

You, the UL, and Everyone We Know

Its time to explore some books, nooks and crannies

Rebecca Heselton

On the surface, us third years get a pretty shitty deal. Our beautiful, garden view, double rooms cost roughly twice as much as a semi-detached in Wimbledon and are still not big enough for a self-respecting dinner party. The exams looming at the end of the year actually matter to some considerable extent and all of a sudden whimsical whims from May Week return to haunt us in unexpected and frankly disagreeable ways.

Take, for example, your end of term DOS meeting. Reclining on a velvet chaise-longue, somewhat the worse for wear, you outline a mess of a dissertation proposal, determined entirely by the fact that you happen to fancy your future supervisor. Over the four month break this mutates into a hideous gin-induced disaster in which you are lumped with an incomprehensible subject, and a second choice tutor who happens to look like John Prescott. The resultant prose, you realise in a sobering moment, has to be the best bloody 10,000 words

you've ever written.

Then there's the gargantuan matter of one's love life. Older boyfriends/girlfriends have bugged off to earn money, occasionally texting you with hilarious anecdotes involving the Piccadilly line, and your initial foray into the fresher market leaves you with stained sheets or a burning sensation when you pee. Are there any benefits of being a third year?

Well, at least as we sit in our rooms scribbling furiously away we know that we only have to endure the ridiculous one-way pedestrian system for another eight months, and that come next April we'll never again have to drink bottles of £1.97 wine. Unless we really want to. We can smugly whip the last copy of the most sought-after book in the entire department out from under the noses of the losers in the reading room and March Right Out of the Library. Because WE can borrow books from the University Library. Hang on a minute. Isn't the UL Cambridge's way of gently patting

third years on the back and saying: "hey, you're doing ok?"

Depressed by a perpetual singledom, girls invariably purchase exciting clothes and drape themselves suggestively around College, awaiting admirers. This tactic can sometimes backfire; my cute pyjama loitering was only appreciated by 'Special Jen', the dyspraxic, fascist and autistic lesbian. Not quite the target audience but then I'm at Newnham so the plan was a bit of a nonstarter. This is where the UL comes in. I'm not suggesting we start skulking around the rare books room in hot pants, but I'm not above exploiting the sense of communality that is felt by those passing through the magical revolving doors.

There are two types of people in the UL: those who are there to work and those who are there to get laid. The former camp consists of people who have been utterly deluded by the career prospects associated with getting a First, very old professors, and, obviously, the staff. Having said that,

Frank from the South Wing Three is secretly shagging Linda in the tea room. Though not, obviously, in the tea room. Well actually...

And the latter group? If you thought dry humping in Cindy's was bad, then the UL is positively pornographic. Robbed of the usual dating aides - mobiles and Hermes - we resort to actual conversation with the objects of our desire. Witticisms are no longer the product of pennyning but calculated retorts based upon what he/she is reading. Totally inadvertent sub-table foot jostling is suddenly charged with an immense sexual chemistry that can only be satisfied by a coffee and quick fag on the steps. In truth, the library staff are actually encouraging intertextual sex in the UL. The book reservation slips handily positioned on each table can be used to arrange illusive meeting places for potential lovers. It is a well known fact that the bell sounds fifteen minutes before stacks close to give everyone enough time to put their clothes back on.





Everyone's a critic. Except for cartographers. They make maps. Critics spend a lot of time criticising things like art or music or theatre – things which are generally quite worthwhile. I think their time would be better spent criticising things like war or crime.

Let's point some critics at war, and watch them smash it apart with their tongues of steel and pens of contempt. After the scathing two out of five stars, we'll never have a war again. Though the criticism would probably not amount so much to 'war causes unimaginable loss of life' and more "War is growing increasingly pedestrian. Yawn."

There are, of course, two types of critic. There's the critics who write large books about books, which are more important than the books they're about. They invent long words and either think they can save the world, or that they're book is probably better than the world anyway. Then there's the kind of critic we read day to day who tells us what music to listen to and what films to see. He controls us with as many as five stars or as little as none – the number generally bearing no correlation to the words he writes. He is a magic man. A magic man who knows what he's talking about.

Why do we do what these critics say? It's probably because we don't trust our friends. We need some advice, and as all the people we've met have seemed a bit stupid, we'll chance it on those we've never ever met.

If you point a critic at a tree he'll say "You're predictable and you lack the human touch."

If you point a critic at a forest he'll say "You're predictable and you lack the human touch and you're repetitive."

If you point a critic at a human, he'll say: "You haven't got any hair" and the human will say "Yes I have" and the critic goes "worth mentioning." Touché.

If you point a critic at a wooden stool he'll say "I preferred your earlier work when you were a tree."

If you point 2 critics at each other, the insults just bounce back and forth like tennis. It starts with the hair, then moves on to political integrity and dress sense, then ethics and hygiene, and finally shoes and socks. It carries on ricocheting for a few days like pong. After about the fourth day, one critic breaks down crying.

"Why are you crying?" says the other critic

"Because I've realised I'm exactly like you and you're everything I hate."

Then this critic realises he too is exactly like this man he hates, and he cries too. After a brief weeping stand off, they sheepishly hug to comfort each other. It probably turns slightly sexual just for a moment, but they quickly forget about that and skip off together to take the piss out of books.

This column has been awarded two out of five stars. The Times called it "selfish," TCS called it "endearingly mystic" and Kerrang!! put it really near the top of the 'banging-rockyrock-grrrometer,' beaten only by a man beating his house over the head with an electric keyboard switched to the guitar sound. Praise indeed.



Under the gavel: Nearing extinction, the lesser-spotted hackosaurs resort to desperate measures. Do we hear £1? Any takers?

The importance of knowing our enemy

Fascists can't hang themselves if they don't have a platform

Despite seeming to last for about seven minutes, this term's end will soon be upon us. And with it, home, and those easily forgotten while being thrown from day to day takes priority. You didn't call, or e-mail. How was your term, they'll ask. You'll mutter about essay crises, or the scant excuse for a social life you managed to have and as if by magic, their eyes will glaze over. If they don't say it, they're thinking it: 'you don't know how lucky you are'.

They'll be right, and it's a truth worth being reminded of on various occasions. Perhaps it holds even regarding the debate that has ingloriously wriggled its way back onto our agenda: whether we should continue to actively campaign against extremists being offered a 'platform' at Cambridge.

It seems that this will be the Never-Ending Story of our time: interesting at first, but with good reason for subsequent resurrections going straight to TV - there's nothing much new to say. 'Don't give them the credibility of speaking here!' goes the CUSU cry: 'That Voltaire quote about fighting for your right to say something I don't like!' the angry reply. As it won't go away, perhaps all we can hope for is some balance.

Lucky, then, that you're not at Middlesex, whose union president recently sought to continue denying the BNP a platform whilst actively providing one for the anti-semitic, pro-9/11 thugs of Hizb ut-Tahrir - aptly recognised as a foul bunch by our own union. Lucky that the latest incarnation of CUSU's policy is liberal with its illiberalism, it could be said.

But where can their line be drawn? Upon there being 'significant evidence' to suggest a speaker 'is very likely to incite hatred on the grounds of religion, race, [or] sexuality,' according to CUSU. Then is it not at all troubling that their own Higher Education Funding Officer runs the Cambridge student branch of Respect, a national coalition financed by and welcoming organisations of anti-semites and homophobes? Whose leaders gleefully petition with Holocaust deniers for the release from jail of Saddam's deputy-in-genocide Tariq Aziz? Presumably, if they

promise to keep that 'significant evidence' quiet when speaking here, that's okay.

Obviously it's not, and therein lies an inherent problem - discretion over speakers' acceptability is placed at the whim not even of a government or judiciary, but of a small group of other students. Those banned - the BNP, for example - are forced underground in their recruitment, and we're surprised when a government report suddenly informs us there are active student fascist elements in our midst.

“It might be a good idea to get used to some of the ways of the real world, dangerous and problematic as they may be”

Meanwhile, those groups who do slip through are given a gloss of assumed legitimacy. Not for us the worry that what we're being told might be disagreeable, or the speaker a racist - our pre-emptive policy will save us all the effort of thinking.

This just isn't so in the real world. Seeing as we're all going to be in it soon, it might be a good idea to get used to some of its ways, dangerous and problematic as they may be. Of course, we should work to protect ourselves from racists, homophobes and threatening prejudice of all kinds. But it sometimes seems that in working out how best to do this, that problem of reluctance to appreciate 'how lucky we are' bites again.

We're supposed to be some of the more intelligent young people in the country. We're surrounded by a lot of the more intelligent older people. Shouldn't we relish the

prospect of tearing to shreds the lies and sophistry of these bigots, if ever they cross our paths? By most accounts, all Jean-Marie Le Pen achieved by speaking at the Union in 2003 was a firm message that Cambridge finds his views repugnant. Laws and their police are there if anything sufficiently serious is said or done to warrant intervention.

As those neglected loved ones are also fond of teasing, being at university means that we're lucky enough to have a good shot at some influential careers after we graduate. But it seems doubtful that any potential leaders amongst us can be expected to effectively confront the problems of hate in society if they have been led to believe it can be dealt with by sticking fingers in their ears. They need to know exactly what they're going to be fighting against.

'Abhorrent beliefs can arise amongst individuals who are supposedly educated and intelligent,' claimed a recent Cambridge column, predictably citing BNP leader Nick Griffin's time at Downing as proof for some kind of revelation that not just unwashed masses can be duped by demagoguery.

It seems mildly bizarre that this one exception should be seen as more pertinent than the general rule of decent people - some of them politicians - that Oxbridge has produced. But citing it as justification for guarding us all from extreme ideology verges on the ridiculous.

Student welfare in Cambridge is a very serious issue, just like human welfare everywhere else. We do our best to avoid threats to it, and place our trust in the authorities to punish anyone who carries them - or incitements to them - out. But if distasteful groups are determined to do so, they will find ways of 'offering' their beliefs to students, possibly violently. The targeted e-mails sent by the BNP to minority groups that restarted this debate are proof of this - we should not kid ourselves that No Platform will prevent similar incidents.

Trying to deny students the right to decide between good and bad - and driving these threats further into the shadows - really is not going to make us any safer or wiser.

Jon Swaine



See all those people down in the box below? They're all leaving. It's rather sad. But you can take their place! See page 22

VARSITY

Continued from Front Page... Varsity accepts that the Union has done a huge amount to change its image and boost its profile. A great deal of effort went in to abolishing the “hacking” atmosphere in the bar and demystifying elections. But this isn’t enough. Not when it is thought that the Union building functions foremost as a school building for the sixth form college CATS (Cambridge Arts and Sciences) and secondly as the Cambridge Union. The gradual takeover of the building by this sixth-form college has been kept quiet from Union members. Four separate Union Presidents agreed that they held “serious reservations,” about CATS’ presence within the building. Alyson Thompson, elected last night to serve in Michaelmas 2006, admitted that ideally she would like the Union “to have the full use of its own property”.

The Oxford Union has four full time office staff, seven full time librarians and three full time bar staff. The two part time members of Cambridge Union staff have been described by dozens of students as “offensive,” “a nightmare,” “incompetent,” “aloof,” “unhelpful,” and as generally having a very negative impact upon the Union’s image. Whilst dozens of students work at a “constantly lively” Oxford Union bar, a week of daily evening visits to the Cambridge Union bar saw it almost entirely deserted. In the debating hall, The Oxford Union has hosted three Heads of State this term. The Cambridge Union has hosted three former Big Brother contestants. *Varsity* can reveal that it costs more to entertain a Big Brother contestant at the Union than it does to pay for the “personal service” of notorious ex- Big Brother contestant Nichola Holt, now working as an escort in Cambridge. Prestige is linked with financial problems in an ineluctable cycle; the Union must be able to attract big-name speakers in order to draw big-name sponsorship. The Oxford Union is currently sponsored by Mitsubishi for around £70,000 a year, and is subsequently able to offer speakers perks such as chauffeured cars and luxury accommodation. Speakers visiting Cambridge are, one Committee member lamented, “lucky if they get a first-class train ticket”. Sponsorship of the Cambridge Union is organised on an *ad hoc* basis by which companies sponsor one-off events. Successive treasurers have failed to escape this cycle.

Members running for election to Officer positions often also cite the need to forge relationships with alumni in their manifestos. It is hoped this would lead to a system of endowment from non-resident members. However their manifestoes uniformly neglect to mention the reason why the Union has proved incapable of launching a funding drive. A merge of records with the University Development Office prior to 1995 went “horribly wrong”, according to one ex-Officer. The University is now refusing to let the Union access the records because of the requirements of the Data Protection Act, and are, admits Jenni Scott, “probably within their rights to do so.” This means that it is virtually inconceivable to look towards alumni to solve the long-term financial problem. The Union Committee was specifically told by the Director of Development not to contact alumni, “because we’d screwed it up so comprehensively before.”

Three Presidents have stood for election unopposed over the past two years. Previous Presidents Alasdair Ross and Jaffar Khan were not even required to present a manifesto for their respective elections. The Union remains the only society in Cambridge in which there is not a ballot paper option to “Re-Open Nominations.” But this recent election has been a well-contested one and *Varsity* hopes the new wave of candidates will be able to capitalise on this good feeling that does exist, because the past is considerably less impressive. In Oxford, the Senior Committee spends the entirety of their holidays at their Union preparing for a forthcoming term. This is certainly not the case in Cambridge. The Oxford Union President’s position is a sabbatical one – allowing the President “to achieve real, rather than just momentary changes,” during his tenure. Jenni Scott described how “frustrating it is how little long-term change can be managed in this time.” Presidents are so occupied with ensuring that their term in office is a success that they are unable and often unwilling to devote their efforts to resolving the wider financial and structural issues. The Oxford Union believes that their comparative success lies in this sabbatical position and “as a result of their outstanding reputation for professionalism amongst the worlds leaders.” They aim to provide the right environment for the best speakers, whilst many recent Cambridge Union guests, including Godfrey Bloom, George Galloway, Simon Heffer, and Alan Sugar, are alleged to have been unhappy about the way in which they were treated by Union Officers over their visits.

Bobby Friedman, former President explained that “Sadly, a lot of people tend to think it’s elitist and not forward-looking enough. Obviously, that’s something we need to change.” Jenni Scott agreed that “Freshers often join looking for Brideshead Revisited.” At present there are 1054 members of the union at Trinity College, compared to around 150 at King’s. Such figures work to perpetuate the idea that the Union is a public school conclave. Tim Stanley, notorious ex-Presidential candidate said, “Those who end up dining with real cabinet ministers feel bound for greatness, superior to other students, endowed with passionless political potential.”

The Cambridge Union was heralded last year for housing a hugely popular Burlesque show (*The Cardinal Club*), many plays and The Student Art Exhibition. Yet none of these artistic successes can be attributed to the Union itself, for in every case the celebrated events simply used the building as a venue. In each case, the students responsible for these events conveyed to *Varsity* the great frustrations that they encountered in working with members of the Union committee. Yet many previous Ents officers describe being undervalued and ignored. Zahra Khan described her role as being “totally sidelined.” Another previous Ents officer described his contemporaries as “idiots,” and a further former Ents officer warned her successor that she should “just do stuff and ask for permission to do so after.”

Seth Thevoz is pessimistic about the Union’s future; “the Cambridge Union has become irrelevant, unlike the Oxford Union, which is actually a proper society with the clout, name recognition and organisational skills to consistently attract big-name guests. Vainly maintaining the fiction that it is still a breeding-ground for future politicians, the Union is closer to a convention of management consultants.” *Varsity* ultimately rejects this view. We believe that if serious, talented, capable and progressive individuals continue to win elections to the senior hierarchy of our Union, the institution can change enough to regain its past glory and once again rival Oxford. Instead of revelling in the somewhat arbitrary achievement of being the “world’s oldest”, we believe that Cambridge should deliver for its members today, so we can challenge our counterpart’s position as the “world’s most famous debating society”. 190 years ago, three college groups did something amazing by founding a university debating society where free speech would reign and ambition flourish. Today, that same debating society can still achieve those same heights. But it hasn’t now, and it has a very long way to go.



Correspondence

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Pseudo elitism, meta debate

Dear Sir,

Mr Barret, whose gleefully elitist defence of cliqueism and privilege appeared in last week's Varsity (*Varsity Letters*, 11 November), might have been more intelligible had he written “pseudo-values” instead of the printed “meta-values” (‘right to opportunity’, etc’).

I can well see how “right to opportunity” might be construed as a pseudo-value, but meta (Greek: with, across or after), implying “beyond value”, doesn't make sense.

None of these should, of course, be confused with “Hypervalue”, which, I believe, is a chain store.

David Marusza
Corpus Christi College

Drugs: the truth

Dear Sir,

While your recent front page article (*Varsity News*, 11 November) was, in all other respects, an excellent piece of journalism, there is nothing to excuse printing wild inaccuracies regarding MDMA (“ecstasy”).

The claim that “drinking more than a pint of water an hour can be fatal” grossly exaggerates the truth and is just as true even if no MDMA has been consumed.

Preposterously, your news team perpetuates the myth that MDMA tablets sometimes contain heroin - even the most cursory investigation reveals that this assertion has no basis in fact whatsoever.

If your paper has any interest in the harm-reduction

agenda, I suggest avoiding such sloppy research in future.

Jonathan Hobbs
Downing College

Drugs: who cares?

Dear Sir,

So you can get drugs in Cambridge. Big deal. We should probably be more concerned about the News Team's burgeoning 'Talk To Frank' addiction.

I was particularly glad to see my personal favourite of all drug nicknames: “horse”.

Keep up the high standard of investigative journalism, and if any of you care to drop round sometime, perhaps we could share some “wacky baccy”.

Majeed Neky
Emmanuel College

Letters

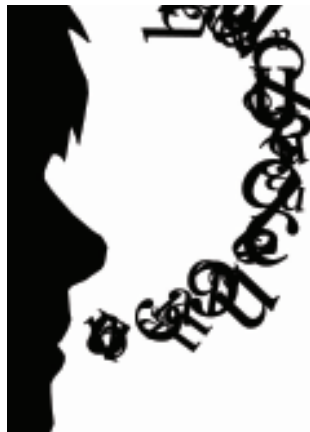
A very real war

Dear Sir,

Last week, Olaf Henricson-Bell made the highly inaccurate statement that the current conflict in Iraq “doesn't count” as a “real war” (*Varsity Comment*, 11 November). This comment is both wrong and incredibly offensive, especially given the context of Remembrance Day.

Ninety-seven British soldiers have died, along with over two thousand troops from the United States, Britain's greatest ally, and tens of thousands of Iraqis. If this does not qualify the conflict as a war, let him visit the families of these casualties and say so.

Michael P Gallen
St John's College



Letter of the Week

Licentious behaviour

By the end of next week, pubs, clubs, bars and supermarkets will be permitted to sell alcohol for up to 24 hours a day.

Due to a massive accumulation of debts, I spent the summer as a temporary office worker in the licensing department of a leading UK supermarket chain. At this crucial stage in the application process I was dealing with the licence conversions for over 1400 stores. This meant a lot of contact with local authorities and local police; the governmental people in the front line, not concerned with political struggles or ideologies, but with who should be allowed an extended licence, and how they're going to enforce it all.

There is belief in Whitehall, backed up by some evidence, that a significant amount of drunken street violence is caused by pubs and clubs throwing hundreds of people out onto the streets at about the same times.

Nice idea, but they've been relaxing the laws in town centres over the past two years anyway. Most bars and pubs

near my home in Hertfordshire are already open to midnight or 1am. The statistic that 70% are extending their licences is misleading because by far the majority are extending only by 1 or 2 hours, and this will bring them into line with many town centre pubs anyway.

Sure, the police on the ground are concerned about the new law. But this is leading them to make some very stringent and sensible CCTV and security demands. (Although it has also led to some other more questionable demands; one ambitious police constable suggested to us that we should buy a retired police car for the car park of one supermarket, and move it around every day to present the illusion of a constant police presence).

Even some supermarket managers I spoke to were concerned. One, in the Derby area, had had repeated incidents of drink-related theft and occasional assaults on staff; the manager even told me his car had been written off by some drunk local youths while it was parked in the car

park of the store. The beauty of the law is, we applied for a 24 hour licence, and it was rejected.

The reality is, you probably won't even notice the law has changed. The binge-drinking culture is going to take years to change. Hopefully one day we'll all be able to drink like the continentals, hit clubs at midnight and not have to be anywhere near Cindy's at 9pm, but let's face it, until they move your 9am lectures, you're probably going to be in bed by two anyway.

Nigel Purves
Queens' College

Letters may be edited for style or space

Letter of the Week wins a specially selected bottle from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants, King's Parade



“Most Americans are unaware that we are in Iraq at all”

The Last Word

This Week: Our man in New York

Thanks to Sir Christopher Meyer, Her Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to the United States, we learnt recently that George Bush found a great deal to admire in the manly bulge of Tony Blair's *cojones* through a pair of excessively tight-fitting trousers whilst the latter was visiting Camp David in 2002.

Sir Christopher argues that Blair ought to have made more of the considerable leverage those bulges gave him over the Leader of the Free World in the run up to the invasion of Iraq.

But levity aside, this notion rests on a premise that is profoundly mistaken. That premise is that Britain has influence – indeed, a great deal of influence – in the corridors of power in Washington.

It is a premise which comfortably bolsters our feeling that, as a once-great power, we can still

roll the geopolitical dice: America might be a force for good in the world, but only as long as we Brits are there to supply the good.

The only people that thank us in the United States for what we're doing in Iraq are, as I like to say, a few raisins short of a fruit cake. Most are seemingly unaware (some actually are) that we are still involved in Iraq at all. Britain is a complete irrelevance in the news agenda. When raised in discussion, Britain is mentioned only in parody: bad teeth, Austin Powers, the House of Lords, the Prince of Wales. Those who think we have any influence whatsoever on policy formation in Washington are deluded and irresponsible.

The United States of Freedom has been my home for about four months now. But despite extensive travelling, the only place I have ever met anyone who seemed to care that Britain

was the United States' most steadfast ally in the War on Terror was in the George W Bush store in Crawford in Texas, home of George Bush's “Western White House”.

I had popped in a day before Cindy Sheehan arrived to paint the “town” (it's actually just a cross-roads) blue. Whilst paying for my “Freedom Isn't Free” bumper sticker, the owner quoted some scripture at me, and then proceeded to ask if I knew how he could send a massive statue of an angel he had erected outside his store in the wake of the 7/7 bombings to Tony Blair.

I will never forget the fire of religious, judgmental intensity that burned in his gaze, and nor will I forget just how profoundly disturbing it was to see a trailer parked outside his store, on which two faux-stone tablets, each bearing five of the famous Commandments, flanked a life-sized replica of the Liberty Bell.



Yasseen Gailani

That he scared me was not simply because he was obviously a little crazy. It was because I realised that it's people like that who really shape policy in the United States under this administration.

It's people like that shop-owner who form the bedrock of ultra-conservatism which has been the basis of this President's political support. Those forming detailed policy are hopefully slightly more qualified to do so, but are similar in their ideological and religious fervour. Britain only mattered in the run-up to war to the extent that our participation meant Bush could rely on Blair's rhetoric to burnish the Administration's sense of self-righteousness at home.

Blair got to strut his stuff on the world stage, but very little else. Any other take on it is simply... well, you know.

Best of
the
Banned



THE BIRTH OF A NATION (1915): D.W. Griffith's highly controversial silent film portrayed a post-Civil War America with the Ku Klux Klan as its national saviours. Banned in some American cities, *Nation* has been held responsible for the renaissance of the Ku Klux Klan that occurred in the year of its release, but has also been credited for securing the future of the feature film.



A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (1971): While not actually banned by the government, the film was pulled from distribution until 2000 by director Kubrick himself after its release initiated copycat crimes across the UK.



LAST TANGO IN PARIS (1972): Banned in Italy for its scene of sodomy - all copies of the film were destroyed - the film has since been hailed as a modern masterpiece.



TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE (1974): Banned by James Ferman, director of the BBFC at the time, and notorious for his reactionary censorship. It has, however, been passed uncut since 1999.



NATURAL BORN KILLERS (1994): Considered by the BBFC for six months before being granted a theatrical release, Oliver Stone's tale of sex, violence and the cult of celebrity was blamed for the murders committed by teenage lovers, Ben Darras and Sarah Edmondson, in 1995, who claimed that they had watched the film on loop just hours before the crimes.

IS SILENCE EVER GOLDEN?

Varsity investigates the pearls and perils of artistic freedom

“Destroying a theatre is like destroying a temple. Without our culture, we are nothing”. Such was the reaction of writer Hanif Kureishi to the riots that followed the staging of Gurpreet Kaur Bahitti's drama, *Behzti* (*Dishonour*), at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in December, 2004. The play, which depicted both murder and rape in a Sikh temple, outraged members of the Sikh community, and provoked a violence of protest that echoed the fatwa promising execution that was issued against Salman Rushdie after the publication of *The Satanic Verses* in 1989. Only a month after the Birmingham riots, in January 2005, the evangelical group ‘Christian Voice’ waged its own artistic protest against the broadcast of the controversial musical, *Jerry Springer: The Opera*, on BBC 2, and successfully petitioned for Arts Council funding of the show's regional tour to be axed after condemning it as blasphemous. In response, theatres across Britain united in defiance against the threat of prosecution initiated by the challenges of ‘Christian Voice’ to save the national tour, and as a result *Jerry Springer: The Opera* will reach the Cambridge Corn Exchange in April 2006. Yet it isn't easy to efface Kureishi's words from the mind. With the passing of the

government's Racial and Religious Hatred Bill in June of this year, artists and arts organisations across the UK have seen such measures as a threat to the creation of thought-provoking and controversial art. As Kureishi points out, to many, art is as revered a terrain as reli-

THE HAZARD OF CENSORSHIP LIES IN ITS POWER TO MORALISE

gion, and it won't go down without a fight.

This week, *Varsity* arts interviews Stewart Lee (below), a man with a vested interest in the struggle. Co-writer of *Jerry Springer: The Opera*, stand up comic and self-confessed Christian baiter, he has notoriously expressed delight at having a hand in the creation of the most complained-about programme in British television history. One would assume, then, that ‘Christian Voice’s’ declaration that “a more con-

temptible mockery of our Saviour has never been staged in a West End theatre, let alone broadcast on television” had Lee in hysterics and ecstasies. Though to what extent is the issue a laughing matter? As liberal members of a democratic society, we are quick to speak our minds, but when the mouthpiece of opinion becomes merely a tool of shock, is there not a danger of sensationalising the arts simply because we can?

The sleeve of Michael Winterbottom's *9 Songs* boasts of the film's status at the most explicit work in British cinema history. Only thirty years earlier, a court in Bologna banned Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*, because the film included “Obscene content offensive to public decency... presented with obsessive self-indulgence, catering to the lowest instincts of the libido, dominated by the idea of stirring unchecked appetites for sexual pleasure, permeated by scurrilous language...accompanied off-screen by sounds, sighs and shrieks of climax pleasure.” Anyone who has seen Bertolucci's masterpiece will breathe a sigh of relief that we are no longer quartered in an age of artistic and moral repression. Anyone who has seen Winterbottom's work will wish that we were. *9 Songs* was passed uncut and

granted an 18 certificate by the British Board of Film Classification because it was deemed to show sex for the sake of something other than sex, yet it's hard to reconcile the BBFC's judgement with a dvd sleeve that brags of nothing but. The film is a welcome testament to the liberty of artistic expression, but paradoxically, it says only succeeds in saying nothing at all.

The hazard of censorship lies in its power to moralise. It can work as a didactic, ethical agent, and upon whom should we bestow such authority? But much like Stewart Lee, filmmakers like Winterbottom seem only to revel in their ability to scandalise. As audiences become increasingly de-sensitized to the shock tactics of the contemporary arts, the will to shock grows stronger, and the concept of free expression so worthy of Kureishi's veneration only becomes exploited. It was Voltaire who declared, “I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.” And he was right - in the 18th century, when his books were burned and he was exiled from France for praising the religious and political freedom of England. Now, a little bit of silence could go a very long way.

Emma Paterson



TOM WINDLEY

CHRISTIANITY AND CENSORSHIP



Mark Hopkins

“Whatever is pure, whatever is lovely... think about these things”, says the apostle Paul in the Bible. As a Christian studying English, I can't help thinking that my lecturers weren't overly concerned with these things when they wrote my reading list. My supervisor seemed quite surprised when I objected to studying an extract from Alan Hollinghurst's *The Folding Star*, graphically depicting a teacher having sex with a youth, his pupil. “But it won the Booker Prize!”

Nowadays, if it's good canonised literature it's worthy of study. The more sweat, blood and tears the better, which is probably why no student would dare write academically about something innocuous like *Harry Potter*. It's a win-win formula; if you want to see something which offends large numbers of people and goes out of its way to appear outrageous, just claim, like good old Jerry Springer, that it's got “artistic merit”.

Censorship is only relevant for under 18s, which means people who are short or who haven't got a driving license. Don't worry, though, if the only film you managed to get into this season was *Pride and Prejudice*; you can always rent the latest bloodbath when it comes out on video, or better still, read a book. Shakespeare will always be on hand if it's gouged into eyes and severed heads you're into, and if the idea of buying a porn mag gives you pangs of con-

science, try a few prize winning novels from the last ten years.

Censors, so the argument goes, curtail our freedom to revel in other people's expression. They insult our intelligence by suggesting that we can't control our own desires; that we are going to be in some way affected by what we watch. As if to imply that watching scenes of domestic violence might cause us to be more violent, or reading about paedophiles might actually affect how we relate to children.

You're probably thinking I'm a boring old prude, who doesn't watch 18 rated films or listen to anything but cheesy pop music marketed at 10 year old girls. Well, you'd be right in that. But that wasn't why I objected to reading Hollinghurst. That was because I know, as a Christian, that I am sinner. I think the wrong things, visit the wrong web-sites, and need to pray for God's help to censor myself every day, because I know no one else will do this. Often, I'm secretly grateful that a government banned and removed an obscene internet site that I persisted on visiting. I'm glad that there are right and wrong things to see. I personally believe it would be better for the world if *Jerry Springer: The Opera* had not been written, or the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* filmed, though I'm not going to wave a placard outside the Corn Exchange about it. It's your choice; you be your own censor.

HEROISM, BLASPHEMY, AND THE FUTURE OF COMEDY

Luke Roberts speaks to co-writer of *Jerry Springer: The Opera*, Stewart Lee

Stewart Lee's timing on stage is immaculate. His delivery and material have been honed to such a degree that he can release sentences in three-word segments and build up rolling laughs for each one. On stage he is calm, knowing and confident to the point of arrogance. On the phone, he is just as eloquent, but surprisingly diffident.

For about two decades Stewart Lee has been one of comedy's most exciting prospects. And he managed both to fulfil this potential, and pick up enough failure along the way to become a kind of heroic loser. His career was kick-started when he supported the celebrated Jerry Sadowitz on tour at the age of twenty-one, taking part in the then prestigious Comedy Zone in the Edinburgh Festival, before forming a double act with his Oxford Revue contemporary Richard Herring. After writing for *On the Hour*, Chris Morris' and Armando Iannucci's first collaboration, Lee and Herring were dropped when it jumped to television's *The Day Today*. The old radio shows were rededicated to cut out the sketches they had written – even proper nouns they'd created elsewhere were changed. But the pair went on to success on BBC 2, with *Fist of Fun*, which was dropped despite huge success, and *This*

Morning With Richard Not Judy - which was axed.

He co-founded the great ‘nearly’ of the last decade of comedy, the comedy nerds’ equivalent of The La's’ second album: *Club Zarathustra*. He describes it to me: “[It] was the idea of Simon Munnery, who is generally accepted as the best comedian of the last twenty years. The idea was that anything was fine except for stand-up. Simon would comper in this sort of overlord character. We performed it in London for a while, then at the Edinburgh Fringe for about three or four years. Then in 1998, I think we made a pilot for Channel 4. I've just watched it again, and I think it was the last chance Channel 4 had to be good, before it turned into a lads' mag. It was like the more experimental stuff from the 1980s.” And any hope for the other TV channels at the moment? “Well, I haven't got cable.”

In 2001, Lee teamed up with Munnery as *The League Against Tedium*, his *Zarathustra* compere in *Attention Scum* for the BBC. It received a nomination for the Golden Rose of Montreux. It was axed by Jane Root.

So why didn't Jane Root get it? What did *The Naked Chef* and *Ground Force* have that two brilliant comic minds didn't? There's a little piece of writing by Stewart Lee on his website, entitled ‘English Heckler's in New

Zealand’. In conversation, Lee is quick to dismiss it as just something he scribbled down after a gig - “not an article” - but it seems to me that tucked away in this shady corner of the internet, there is a beautiful, melancholy manifesto for comedy. In it, Lee talks of being heckled by a group of English rugby supporters, who didn't understand this comedian who was “trying to offer an audience something different.” After the gig, he contemplates how to deal with these audiences. The conclusion he reaches is to create a “fiercely strange comedy that will scare them away.” Perhaps it scared away the fiercely mundane Root as well.

But given that he, with Richard Thomas, created the popular, and undoubtedly questioning *Jerry Springer: The Opera*, is there a part of him that does not want to drive ‘them’ away, but wants to educate them? “After Jerry I wouldn't want to be involved with something that popular again. It started as a small Fringe thing, and then I was taken along with it. But it was such a depressing process, and we all lost a substantial amount of money.”

The depressing process, of course, was *Jerry's* treatment at the hands of right-wing fundamentalist group ‘Christian Voice,’ whose protests managed to stop a

“IT WAS SURPRISING THAT THE MEDIA TOOK ‘CHRISTIAN VOICE’ SERIOUSLY. THEY TALK ABOUT THE HURRICANE IN NEW ORLEANS AS GOD’S PUNISHMENT”

proposed tour, and whose threats have severely limited the number of venues for the tour which is now going ahead. Was he surprised by this reaction? “Yes, it was surprising,” says Lee. “First, it was surprising that the media took ‘Christian Voice’ seriously. I mean, on their website now, they are talking about the hurricane in New Orleans as God's punishment. And the show was thoughtful.” It's apparent that the ordeal was a tiring one – his current tour (which was at *The Junction* last week) focusses on it, going through personal accounts of his one wellbeing during the year (via the London bombings) and ending with a triumphant confrontation of the critics with an extended routine more blasphemous and obscene than *Jerry* ever was. Speaking to Lee, though, triumph doesn't seem the right word. “It gets to the point where, you've always thought good work is it's own reward, but you've got to be realistic,” he tells me. “Maybe younger comics can try and make something mainstream and good. But I'm thirty-eight now.” He names Josie Long, who joined him on tour last year, and Stephen Carlin, who's supporting him this year, as the top comics of the new generation.

The future hopefully holds more from Stewart Lee, though. At the moment he's collaborating with Richard



Thomas on three new operas for the BBC. One is about a prehistoric community who discover language, but then one of them writes a play which is attacked as blasphemous, so they decide not to use language anymore. Then there's one about the new licensing laws, whereby Nottingham gets flooded with vomit. The final one is a parody of the recent documentary *March of the Penguins*, which was used as propaganda by the American bible belt, who saw great Christian virtues in the penguins. Lee and Thomas searched for the least Christian species they could find, and are consequently writing an opera documentary which will be about Mallards who mate through gang rape; engage in homosexual sex; and are the only species known to regularly practice necrophilia.

It's depressing talking to Stewart Lee about his career. Here's someone who's tried to use comedy as a tool to ask questions, and to take an audience somewhere genuinely different, a hugely talented comedian - but someone who, thanks to schedulers and right-wing Christians, seems to have given up on the mainstream entirely. He speaks of only needing seven thousand fans to earn a comfortable living. It's sad that there aren't more. Leastways, it's sad that he doesn't think there are.



➔ **Marfa, Texas:** the only town in the world to be named after a character from Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*. It was also the setting for James Dean's last film, *The Giant*, and in the 1970's sculptor Donald Judd bought several of the town's abandoned buildings and turned them into art installations



➔ **'Reckless use of the term "Britpop"':** the next best route to teenage self-destruction after drink, drugs, sex etc. (see TCS letters page last week)

➔ **Bella Union:** this record label, founded by the Cocteau Twins, has given us Dirty Three, Explosions in the Sky, and Laura Veirs (left)



➔ **Firefly:** if you enjoyed awesome recent cowboys-in-space film *Serenity*, you can buy every episode of the sadly-cancelled series it was based on, by *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* creator Joss Whedon, for twenty quid



➔ **the roof of Borders:** we don't know how to get there but apparently it's amazing



BRING BACK STUDENT ART

Jessica Crawford searches for Cambridge's artistic talent

In a university with such a diverse range of extra-curricular activities, it surprised me that the visual arts scene in Cambridge often appears "unseen". Eclipsed by drama, music and sport, arts societies and student exhibitions do not attract the interest or publicity they deserve. A group at King's will be attempting to remedy the situation during week seven with the launch of *Tricycle*: a three-day multimedia arts event.

The exhibition, which features dance, poetry and film, as well as a permanent display of student art, was the brainchild of five students who met during the *48hr Film Fest* and *Life Art* squashes at the beginning of term. As funding for the arts is so difficult to obtain from colleges, the team secured a private grant for "artistic endeavour". They will be using some of the money for materials, hoping to entice promising student artists into producing new work for the exhibition.

Richard Braude, co-ordinator of the event, said he was "surprised and pleased" by the amount of interdisciplinary interest the exhibition

had attracted. "Art is a team sport" he says, adding that contributors came from subjects as varied as Natural Sciences and Modern Languages. Indeed, the organisation of the event has revealed a variety of highly individual talents amongst those involved. The music for the event is to be provided by the electro funk -inspired DJ Special Needs whilst Ollie Wainwright, a student artist who last year "turfed" parts of the city centre, is amongst the organisers.

So, will "Tricycle" be Cambridge's answer to White Cube? With a prestigious artistic alumni in the University's recent history, it is up to student organisations to ensure that the next Young British Artist, or indeed Great British Artist, doesn't slip through the net. Hopefully this event will give talented undergraduates a chance to exhibit innovative visual arts and, indeed, a variety of skills that are often only displayed behind closed doors.

Tricycle, King's College art rooms, Friday 25th - Sunday 27th November.

Vanessa Hodgkinson, Artist in Residence at Christ's College, is underwhelmed by the opportunities for artists in the University

Whilst the recent British 'artistocracy' alumni of Cambridge University might include the likes of Gormley, Caro and Quinn, one has to wonder where they looked for creative support and facilities during their time here.

As any long-suffering student with a penchant for painting or sculpture will tell you, it may be a privilege to be in one of the most academically advanced institutions in the world, but when it comes to being able to create within this environment, one is at a loss as to how the visual arts came to be so neglected. The sister arts of music and drama thrive and are funded and housed in various splendid incarnations. Sport abounds. But a university-wide space for students to create and display their artistic talents? That is always 'in the pipeline'.

There does exist a series of societies that maintain a sporadic interest in this field, but they tend to be passive; entertaining lecturers in the field (and when they talk, how far we feel from the creative life they purport to represent!) or the annual art exhibition, which for all its qualities, is usually full of A-level projects to show that we were once genuinely active.



BEN WEAVER

“ONE IS AT A LOSS AS TO HOW THE VISUAL ARTS CAME TO BE SO NEGLECTED”

As an undergraduate at Cambridge, I was deeply frustrated by the lack of support or opportunity to paint. I was no sportswoman nor musician, but I had a passion to make things and share that experience with others in a world that existed outside of my study area. I would have given anything to have a corner of studio space that I could go to every now and then and work on an ongoing piece; a balance to my life in the library.

There are certain colleges where such facilities are provided for students, but it seems there is very little encouragement or interaction between these pockets to bring them together and build a strong artistic community. In such a field of expression, support is a key factor and support comes in so many forms.

Then, as now, I am aware of the many difficulties that face any progress towards a permanent communal studio space

where students could work on a part time basis. There will always be questions of where and how much to contend with and it is these questions that generally stop any movement before it has even really begun. But I fundamentally believe that to create such a space where creativity could meet learning head on, it is entirely necessary and would only serve to bring out yet another astonishing side to this already illustrious student community.



Art Around Cambridge

The History Faculty, Sidgwick Site Sir James Stirling 1968

Sir James Stirling's History Faculty is one of the most controversial buildings in Cambridge. If you're a history student you probably hate it, if you study architecture you probably love it. The faculty was commissioned in 1963 and completed in 1968. It forms part of the Sidgwick Site, which was started as a mod-

ernist architectural experiment by Sir Hugh Casson, architect of the Festival of Britain and devoted follower of Le Corbusier, immediately after the war. Stirling's monumental structure departed from the fussy modernism of Casson's 1956 Raised Faculty Building. The huge building is constructed with a concrete frame covered with steel and glass. Red engineering brick forms an arresting and angry contrast at the floor levels. The whole building, designed as an open book, contains the Seeley History library on the ground floor, and an L-shaped tower of teaching facilities.

After the original design, it was discovered that a part of the intended site was unavailable to the University and the building was turned ninety degrees to fit the restricted space. The glass-roofed library, thus faces south-east making it exceptionally cold in winter

and hot in summer. Many have criticised the building on more philosophical grounds, comparing the radiating library with its central librarian's desk that can see into every book stack to Bentham's panopticon prison, or worse, the architecture of the Soviet Politburo. Indeed, the fantastic steel structure that supports the open glass corridors and ceiling suggest the more exuberant designs of the Russian architect Vladimir Tatlin. The seven-storey building is considered by some to be a masterpiece of British "brutalism" and the building is now listed. Whether you love it or hate it, Stirling's work is a skilled monument to Sixties design.

Each week we highlight an object of aesthetic interest in Cambridge. Send suggestions to

letters@varsity.co.uk

No God but God

Salman Shaheen reviews Reza Aslan's novel, shortlisted for the *Guardian* First Book Award

Aslan tells a story. This is of Islam, from pre-Islamic Arabia through the life and teachings of Muhammad to the present day, and visions of the future. Born in Iran, Aslan fled to America following Khomeini's rise to power. As a liberal, progressive, but unapologetic Muslim, who denounces the twin tyrannies of religious "fundamentalism" and Western Imperialism, he is able to bridge a seemingly insurmountable gulf of understanding. With great clarity he shows Islam to the average Western reader, stripping away the myths and the barriers to understanding.

His sensitivity is one of the defining characteristics of this wonderful book: he gives so much of himself to it. He traces the history and practices of Sunni, Shi'ah and Sufi Islam

without a hint of the prejudices which have so tragically tainted Muslim history books. His acceptance of Sufism as a valid form of Islam itself shows his remarkable consideration in this historical account.

This is not, however, a history of events, and it is quite clear that Aslan has a voice and a message. Aslan denounces Shariah law and the repression of women which, he argues, have no basis in the Quran, but rather in the perversions of leaders seeking to solidify their own power. In the closing chapters, Aslan launches attacks on the dominant Islamic theologians who advocate a literal, static and conservative interpretation of the Quran, the corrupt and decadent rule of the Saudi Royal Family, the Iranian theocracy and the reactionary ideologies of al Qaeda and the Taliban.

This is dangerous territory, but Aslan is not afraid to enter it with the courage of his convictions. In the opening pages of the book he states quite clearly, "There are those who will call it apostasy, but that is not troubling. No one speaks for God - not even the prophets (who speak about God)." The book is not a renouncement of his faith. It is, however, a declaration of which side of the ideological struggle stands on.

This struggle, Aslan argues, is not the clash of civilisations between Islam and the West. It is not even the "clash of monotheisms." What literally exploded into our consciousness with the destruction of the Twin Towers represents an internal conflict within Islam, to which the West is but an observer. This may seem a radical proposal, but

it is well developed and linked solidly with the themes discussed. Likening this conflict to those within Christianity during the Reformation, he shows that two radically different interpretations of Islam, reformist and reactionary, are locked in battle with one another. Crucially, the next chapter on the history of Islam, will be written by the victor.

No God but God is at once a history, a narrative, a defence of Islam and a call for the victory of liberalising democratising voices within the religion. This extremely well written book has so much to offer to so many people, from theologians to theocrats, from sympathetic ears to the harshest of Islam's Western critics. If the pen can prove mightier than the sword, I am truly glad that Reza Aslan wields one.



TOM KINGSLEY

Thousands of pilgrims flock to Mecca every year



Dave King

Anyone who reads these weekly ramblings may remember that a couple of weeks ago I mentioned that Sunday night was becoming the best night of the week. This week the *Sunday Times Style* magazine said the same thing. So there you go, national trends started here! Unfortunately this week the only big event on Sunday is **Motorhead**, and if you think that's unmissable you have undoubtedly got a screw loose. There is a good range of world music inspired nights on this week though. On Friday last years' Student Band of the Year **Emunah** will be bringing their unique fusion of d' n' b', reggae, klezmer and hip hop to the Cambridge Union. The live violin solos over dirty beats should satisfy anyone who feels to get their groove on. If you fancy something more refined, the Kazakhstani string ensemble **Kamerata** will be playing Central Asian folk at Fitz. On Wednesday the Junction hosts **World Music Directions 3** with artists from South America, Africa and the Middle East.

On Saturday the energetic may want to check out Churchill's own **DJ Paul Higgins** who is running a night with CUSU at Ministry of Sound in London. Closer to home, grime MC **Lethal Bizzle** will be trying to make Cambridge feel 'urban' at Queens. The grizzled old 'modfather' **Paul Weller** is dragging his ageing carcass to the Corn Exchange. For a more contemporary event, catch up-and-coming British bands **the Chalets** and **the Young Knives** at the Soul Tree (Wednesday). The strangest event of the week must surely be the break-dancing-on-crutches show of Bill Shannon, followed by jungle legend **L TJ Bukem** for Warning, both at the Junction on Thursday.

stage



Our Town/Confusions
This year's ADC Freshers' Plays.
ADC, 7.45pm/11pm, £3-£8, until Saturday 19th November



Spartacus
The Footlights/ADC Pantomime.
ADC, 7.45pm, £6-£9, Tuesday 22nd November until Saturday 3rd December (except 27th)



Sweethearts
A bittersweet and poignant drama set in a Victorian garden.
ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, Wednesday 23rd until Saturday 26th November



Geography of a Horse Dreamer
A man capable of predicting the races is kidnapped by gangsters.
ADC, 11pm, £3-5, Tuesday 22nd November



The Cherry Orchard
Chekhov's searching social drama and affectionate family portrait.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, £5.50/4, until Saturday 19th November



The Goat
Edward Albee's daring and provocative play.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 9pm, £5/4, until Saturday 19th November



Top Girls
Five women's stories question what it is to be a woman in a man's world.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, £5.50/£4, Tuesday 22nd until Saturday 26th Nov.



Lost for Words
The reflections of a defected writer.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 9.30pm, £5/4, Tuesday 22nd until Saturday 26th November



Ghosts
Powerful tragedy by Henrik Ibsen.
Pembroke New Cellars, 7.30pm, £5, Tuesday 22nd until Saturday 26th November



Clare Comedy
A selection of student acts and a top London headliner.
Clare Cellars, 9pm, £2, Sunday 20th November



Impromime
Fully improvised pantomime
Peterhouse Theatre, 8pm, £6/4, until Saturday 19th November



What the Butler Saw
Joe Orton's classic farce
Queen's Fitzpatrick Hall Theatre, 7.30pm, £6/4, Tuesday 22nd until Saturday 26th November



Grease: The Musical
Sex, dance and Rock 'n' Roll in this classic musical
Robinson College Auditorium, 7.45pm, £7/5, Tuesday 22nd until Saturday 26th November



Falstaff and Alcina
Verdi and Handel's operatic masterpieces



Syringa Tree
Deeply personal story of an abiding love between two racially divided families
The Junction, 8pm, £8/£6, Friday 18th and Saturday 19th November



The Good Doctor
Comic, chemically fuelled explosion by two recent Cambridge graduates
Pembroke New Cellars, 11pm, Thursday 24th until Saturday 26th November



Six Characters in Search of an Author
Emmanuel Fresher's show.
Emmanuel College Queen's Building, 7.30pm, until Saturday 19th November



The Government Inspector
Nikolai Gogol's classic
Queen's Fitzpatrick Hall Theatre, 11pm, Tuesday 22nd until Thursday 24th November

screen



Friday 18 November
Factotum (right) (15): 14:00, 16:15, 18:30, 20:45
Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire (below) (12A): 12:15, 15:30, 18:45, 22:00
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 13:45, 18:15, 20:30
Lost in Translation (15): 22:40
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 16:00
Wolf Creek (18): 22:50



Saturday 19 November:
Factotum (15): 13:00, 18:30, 20:45
Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire (12A): 12:15, 15:30, 18:45, 22:00
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 13:45, 18:15, 20:30
Lost in Translation (15): 22:40
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 16:00
The Precipice (18): 15:00
The Secret Garden (U): 11:00
Wolf Creek (18): 22:50



Sunday 20 November:
A False Student (18): 15:00
Factotum (15): 13:00, 16:45, 19:00, 21:15
Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire (12A): 13:30, 17:15, 20:30
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 14:15, 18:45, 21:00
Persona (15): 12:00
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 16:20



Monday 21 November:
Factotum (15): 4:15, 16:30, 19:00, 21:15
Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire (12A): 13:30, 17:15, 20:30
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 18:45, 21:00
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 14:00, 16:20



Tuesday 22 November:
Factotum (15): 14:15, 21:15



Wednesday 23 November:
Factotum (15): 11:00, 14:15, 19:00, 21:15
Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire (12A): 13:30, 17:15, 20:30
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 11:00, 18:45, 21:00
The Beat That My Heart Skipped (15): 16:20



Thursday 24 November:
Factotum (15): 14:15, 19:00, 21:15
Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire



(12A): Silver Screen 13:30, Silver Screen 17:15, 20:30
Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang (15): 18:45, 21:00
The Night of Truth (18): 16:10, 20:40



St John's
Kingdom of Heaven: 20th Nov, 7pm & 10pm



Christ's
American History X: 13th Nov, 8pm & 10.30pm, £2
Dial 'M' for Murder: 24th Nov, 10pm.



Robinson
Sin City (below): 20th Nov, 4pm & 9pm

exhibitions



Ways of Living
Contemporary sculpture from four internationally renowned artists. Each exhibit explores the relationship between art and life (below).
Kettle's Yard, free entry, 1st October until 20th November



Cambridge Illuminations
The largest and most comprehensive exhibition of illuminated manuscripts including ten centuries' worth from Cambridge collections (right).
Fitzwilliam Museum, free entry, 26th July until 11th December



Coveney: Island Identity in the Fens and Currency in Africa
Two of several small exhibitions in the Andrews exhibition gallery that explore the extensive reserve collections of the museum.
Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, free entry, 19th September Until 1st December



The Real Madagascar
An exploration of the flora and fauna of the strange island of Madagascar, from pre-history to the present day.
Museum of Zoology, free entry, 19th July until 24th December



The Antarctic Photographs of Herbert Ponting
Photographs taken from the original negatives of the intrepid photographer who accompanied Scott's expedition to the Antarctic



Life, ritual and immortality: Eating and Drinking in China
Special display of Chinese bronze, jade and ceramic vessels used for rituals and daily life
Fitzwilliam Museum, 4th October - 3rd January 2006, free entry



Drawn to Africa
Workshops including African fabric painting, Sona sand drawing, Kente cloths and African Indigo dye drawing (below).
Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, selected dates throughout October and November, free

Chocolate Jacques
angular indie with
Matty and his hench-
men, from London club
night White Heat
9-12:30 £4
Clare

Emunah
nu-klezmer
9pm free for members
The Cambridge Union

DJ Rip and DJ Sketchy
hip hop and grime
9-1 £2
King's Cellars

Kamerata
chamber strings from
Kazakhstan
8pm £5
Fitzwilliam

Paul Weller
once collaborated with
Death In Vegas
7:30pm sold out
The Corn Exchange

Live Wire
with Lethal Bizzle, pro-
ducer of grime anthem
the Forward Riddim
9-1 £6
Queens'

Electrosleaze
electro and post-punk
9-1 £2
King's Cellars

CMFC
with Evolution and
General Lee
8pm £4
The Man on the Moon

Motorhead
Lemmy claims to have
bedded 2,000 women,
and was originally in a
band called the Rockin'
Vicars
7:30pm sold out
The Corn Exchange

Sunday Roast
the weekend stops
here, and so does your
dignity
9-1 £4
Life

Acoustic open mic
questionable
9pm free
CB2

The Proclaimers
political Scots
7:30pm £18.50
The Junction

Rick Astley
hits by Sinatra,
Bacharach etc.
7:30pm £22.50
The Corn Exchange

Fat Poppadaddy's
the 'alternative' alter-
native
8-2 £2
The Fez

International Students
Night
pohjanmaan kautta!
9:30-2 £5
Life

The Calling
80's, industrial, gothic
9:30-2 £3
Kambar

Truant
UK hip hop
9-2 £3
The Soul Tree

Top Banana
CUSU's weekly
fruit-market
9-2 £4 NUS
Ballare

Unique
LBG night
9:30-1
£4

World Music
Directions 3
with Rita Ray, Fantazia,
Daphna Sadeh and the
Voyagers, and Rio
Platenses
7:30pm £9
The Junction

Club Goo
with the Chalets and
the Young Knives
9-2 £4
The Soul Tree

Club Hell
with Adequate 7
8pm £6
The Portland Arms

Blindsite Theory
support from AR
8pm £4
The Man on the Moon

L TJ Bukem
has gone from jungle
pioneer to producer of
atrocious jazzy d'n'b
for wine bars
10-2 £9
The Junction

Tantra
support from Charlie
Moor Four
8pm £6
The Portland Arms

Raw Strings
with Warmed Up Cold
7pm £2
The Man on the Moon

Abenlied
with the University
Chamber Choir
8pm £3
Jesus College Chapel



Recruitment presentation for
Software and Hardware Engineers

Thursday 24 November at 7pm
St Catharine's College OCR

Come and find out about our dynamic, three year old, high-tech company where your individual contribution will be vital from day one.

We are looking for outstanding final year students in Computer Science, Electrical Engineering, Maths or Natural Sciences to join our development team.

Salary: £27,000 with a £1,000 bursary for your final term

If you would like to attend, please email recruitment@codian.com

MAYSfourteen

Now inviting applications for:

**Editorial
Committee
& Marketing Manager**

Deadline for applications: **21st November, 5pm**

Now inviting submissions of:

**Short Stories, Poetry,
Non-Fiction
& cover design artwork**

Deadline for submissions: **26th January, 5pm**

THE MAYS is *Varsity's* annual anthology of new writing by students from universities in Cambridge & Oxford, sold nationwide and distributed to every major literary agent.

The editorial committee reads and shortlists submitted work before finally deciding which pieces should be published in this prestigious anthology.

To apply, submit work for consideration or for more info, please contact

mays@varsity.co.uk



Tess Riley reviews Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* at the Playroom



The tension mounts in Chekhov's classic

Theatrical Cherry Picking

Kate Laycock and Rebecca Leigh's *The Cherry Orchard* brilliantly portrays just how destructive it is never being able to forget.

The characters reveal how caught up they are in their memories as we see the old aristocratic class values crumble under regime changes going on around them in late nineteenth century Russia. This production very much focuses on the domestic sphere, without much look beyond the cherry orchard walls, which gives extra force to the haunting sound of the broken string since it cuts into the suffocating world from the outside with force.

The insights that the

domesticity creates – helped by the very good interweaving of audience space and stage – does not mean that we sympathise with these characters. They are deliberately aloof, denying us the ability to pity even the mother who lost her young son, or the man whose brutal peasant upbringing forever haunts him.

However, Firs, the ancient butler played very well by Isobel Marshall, provides a poignant contrast to this; his peaceful tragic outcome comes to stand for all the “beautiful” values that are destroyed for good along with the cherry orchard.

What this production lacked was a better portrayal of a love

story. There are hints of relationships between several of the characters but there was no sense that they actually really bothered; what emotion *was* there was false and slightly crude. The cuts from the original script remove one character who creates an interesting and poignant love triangle in Chekhov's own work that is therefore missing here.

While the focus on the play need not dwell on romantic love, I think this would have drawn the characters together more as a whole, since a sense of unification among the group as a whole was sometimes lacking.

Having said that the play

was excellent much of the time and Thomas Yarrow's Gayev was very funny. The set was unimaginative and would have got a thumbs down from me had part of the fairy lights not fallen accidentally down just at the scene when the world of the cherry orchard is destroying itself; a perfect harmony between stage and acting. So *The Cherry Orchard* does not just bring the house down, it brings the lights down too. Perfect.

Corpus Christi Playroom,
7pm, until Saturday 19th
November, £5.50/4

 www.reds.org.uk

Billy Goat Bestiality at the Playroom

Alex Adams reviews the amateur debut of Edward Albee's latest play *The Goat, or, Who is Sylvia?*

The Goat is good, very good, goat-fuckingly good I might say. I never thought I'd like a play about goat-fucking; chicken sodomizing, horse rubbing, maybe, but goat-fucking? The tension was perfect, the half-pedantic confluent word-play; chimerical and alchemical. And the cast (you see, I told you), delivered it with a studied, fluent, native perfection. The hardest challenge in theatre is inhabiting a role, possessing it with an air of familiarity, moving beyond the bit part in the high school production of *Oliver!* and making something: a person: an idea: live.

Luke Roberts as Martin, the central character, was magnetic: he captured every nuance as ideally as one could imagine, at one moment bullying, another vulnerable, wounded, infinitely

sympathetic, forgetful, abstracted; modulating his voice from the softest of pianissimos to a roar and a bellow, a complex, convoluted, kaleidoscopic character, vividly and sympathetically realized. When Stevie (Amy Noble), his wife, says to him that she did not fall into love with him, but rose into love with him, you buy it, it's real. Noble's acting was marvelous, her piteous whimpers moved, her rapier wit and electric delivery wounded, and her violence shook to the quick, a pitch-perfect realization.

James Banton as Ross, the friend, the 'Judas' of the piece, was plausible and confident, and positively delighted in the vulgarity and squalor of his character's hypocrisy, with the finest American accent of the cast to boot. That leaves only Osh Jones

as Billy, the sensitive homosexual son, whose performance quite made one forget the incongruity of having a father only a year or two older than one's self, and who played his part disarmingly, tenderly, and caught precisely the mode of the child between his parents, half into adulthood, man and boy.

The directors should be congratulated for their unobtrusive staging, the naturalism of the performances they provoked, and so for crafting that piece that it seemed as if it arose of its own accord, and was not the product of a doubtless long and arduous maieutic process. What are you waiting for?

Go see!

Corpus Christi Playroom,
9.30pm, until Saturday 19th
November, £5/4



Luke Roberts discusses marriage with Amy Noble

JAMIE MARLAND

The Brothers Grimm ★★★★★



The *Brothers Grimm*, the much-awaited new film from Terry Gilliam, revolves around the misadventures of Wilhelm (Matt Damon) and Jacob (Heath Ledger) Grimm, who travel across Germany purporting to free villages from witches, ghouls and ghosts but in reality pocketing the money from their fake exorcisms. Finally caught out by the hilarious Delatombe (Jonathan Pryce), they are sent to the village of Marbaden, where young girls are mysteriously disappearing into the forest. Here the majority of the action takes place with the usual motifs of brotherly solidarity, good triumphing over evil and a love triangle with a cold, yet beautiful, leading lady.

The plot, although predictable, still manages to entertain – even if it is simply to laugh at the preposterous twists and turns the story

makes. Matt Damon and Heath Ledger seem to thoroughly relish their roles and give steadfast performances, even if they do ham it up on occasion, giving the impression of transportation to a pantomime in Brighton rather than a German village in the 19th century. Jonathan Pryce and Peter Stormare (as Delatombe's henchman, Cavaldi) deserve mention for providing much of the comedy throughout, yet as the heroine Anglika, Lena Headley is perhaps the movie's major weakness. While undoubtedly gorgeous, her performance is as wooden as the surrounding forest.

The film's odd juxtaposition of black humour and slapstick comedy is suggestive of an attempt to move away from the 'happy ever after' of children's stories while still trying to maintain the watchability factor. I'm still not entirely sure it com-

pletely succeeds in this, *The Brothers Grimm* is nonetheless a two hour romp with a whirl of rich texture and true Terry Gilliam flamboyance in which the audience is transported back into their youth and witnesses a fast-forwarding of childhood bed-time stories. This may have been an effort to appease true Grimm brother fans or give the movie an element of authenticity but throughout the real Grimm fairy tales – *Hansel and Gretel*, *Cinderella*, *Rapunzel* and *Little Red Riding Hood* to name a few – are interwoven with the story. Above all *The Brothers Grimm* is fantasy tale incorporating elements of the historical, magical and just down right bizarre but in true Gilliam style each scene is elegantly composed, and most importantly keeps the audience captivated throughout.

Robyn Hill

Taxing times for British films

These are important times for the British film industry. Waves of anxiety have been reverberating through the film world after proposals were discussed last month concerning reforms of tax incentives for movies made in the UK.

The problem is this: the generous tax scheme initiated by the treasury in 1997, due to evidence of considerable abuse, is set to be re-designed. Films will now have to pass a 'cultural test' in an attempt by the treasury to close the loop-holes in the previous system. This, we are assured, will “promote the sustainable production of culturally British films.” However, many fear these reforms could have serious consequences. One being that US producers, previously attracted by the tax incentives, will decide to shoot their films in low labour cost countries in Eastern Europe. But perhaps more importantly the production of independent home-grown movies could be hindered even further.

Underlying these debates about tax reforms there seems to be a crucial question; what role should the government play in the financing and promotion of home-grown cinema here in the UK? The discussion centres around the definition of “culturally British” movies elaborated in the treasury document published in July. In its emphasis on location shooting and quotas on UK film crews, it is a concern that this “cultural test” goes no way

towards assuring the industry that films that have a difficulty demonstrating clear commercial potential will actually get made. The contention being that these films may still be culturally significant. The implication seems to be that a film is only “culturally British” if it can assure a commercial return.

Beneath its ostensible gesture of supporting local cinema, the recent reforms are characteristic of the failure of the existing system to breathe fresh air into a stifled industry and create the right conditions for the nurturing of real creativity. The press has been quick to look abroad for examples of how things can be different. A recent episode of ITV's *The South Bank Show*, dedicated to the Argentine film industry, showed that even with the economic crisis of 2002 still fresh in

the memory, the popularity of Argentine movies is at an all-time high. The conclusion was that the combination of screen quotas, government subsidies and co-productions with Spanish companies sustained national cinema in the wake of the crisis. This, they argue, helped to maintain screen culture as a symbol of identification and resistance to what was, time of unprecedented decrease in living standards. It implied that this series of initiatives could serve as a model of how to successfully negotiate the requirements of commercial international success and still make culturally important films.

With the number and quality of independent British films in steady decline, the government and Film Council would do well to take these lessons on board.

Ed King



John Maybury's *The Jacket* (2005), an American production shot in Scotland

Don't Rock the Boat

Carly Farthing sees Starsailor at the Corn Exchange



James, Stel, Barry and Ben make up the band Starsailor

For me, Starsailor are much like stag beetles. I can't quite work out their purpose on earth, and their activities hold no great interest for me, but I don't begrudge them their existence and am quite happy for them to inoffensively get on with whatever it is they do. A trip down the Corn Exchange for the Cambridge leg of their 2005 tour proved, however, just how much of a minority I represent. The genuinely rapturous crowd greeted every intro with a roar of recognition, and waved their hands in the air like they just didn't care. Had their soulful singer James Walsh suddenly been smote with laryngitis, the audience could have sung every word for him.

In no sense was Starsailor's a 'bad' gig. Their musical capabilities were evident, with technically perfect renditions of crowd-pleasers such as 'Poor Misguided Fool', 'Silence is Easy' and 'I Don't Know'. The charismatic Walsh – whose voice was on excellent form – makes an engaging front

man, as obviously appreciated by the smitten fans (although you couldn't help feeling that the woman who yelled out "you've got gorgeous eyes" hadn't quite got those 'Alcoholic' lyrics down). Walsh's desire that 'Four to the Floor' turn the Corn Exchange into "one big disco" was perhaps a little ambitious, but with the enthusiasm of the crowd, it nearly got there. 'Alcoholic' itself was ruined by virtue of being shamefully overplayed for the crowd, but the low point of the evening was undoubtedly Walsh's toe-curlingly overwrought rendition of 'Get Out While You Can': written, we were informed, with the Northern Ireland "situation" in mind. "It could just as easily apply to what's going on in France right now," Walsh added hopefully in a bid for topicality, but who cares – whatever this particular political dirge was really about, it was bloody awful. This perhaps encapsulates Starsailor's problem – their popularity rests on their pleasing yet slightly anodyne songs, and

any attempt to acquire a modicum of 'edge' seems doomed to failure.

Ultimately though, the major flaw of Starsailor's set was their failing to pay heed to the golden tour rule – never, ever choose a support act that packs more talent into fifteen minutes than the headliners can manage in an hour. It was the sublime David Ford that ruled the Corn Exchange that night, with his furiously impassioned performance of new single State of the Union showing Walsh et al exactly how agitpop should be done. Unfortunately, Starsailor's safe and inoffensive music couldn't help but seem something of a disappointment after Ford's multi-instrumental virtuosity, and it was his songs that were looping in my head on my way out. Someone should really say something.


www.starsailor.net

album reviews

Rammstein Rosenrot ★★☆☆☆

I'll admit it, I love Rammstein. They make me tingle in my German place (I know its wrong, but I can't help it). However, *Rosenrot* is a bit of an odd album. Coming only a year after the hugely successful *Reise Reise* this work is made up of tracks recorded during the *Reise Reise* sessions and newly recorded songs and the outcome ranges from some of the German industrial kings' best work, to genuinely one of the worst songs ever recorded. Mann gegen Mann is a thrusting and brutish ode to man on man action, and is Rammstein at their best: noisy, homoerotic and provocative. Title track 'Rosenrot' and 'Wo bist du?' are stirring metal anthems, and 'Te quiero puta!' is a hilarious mariachi inspired Spanish sung tribute to South American ladies of the night. Much of this album is great, but then comes 'Stirb nicht vor mir', a duet with Charlene Spiteri of Texas fame. The very idea made me feel slightly ill, and the outcome was much worse. *Rosenrot* is almost ruined by the inclusion of something so terribly terrible, a ballad so bland, Texas themselves could have written it. Minus this one horror, this album would deserve four stars; unfortunately I can't bring myself to be that nice.

Alex Lambeth



www.rammstein.com

Jeffrey and Jack Lewis

City and Eastern Songs ★★★★★

Have you heard the one about Will Oldham beating up a bloke on the train? The latest offering from the singer songwriter Jeffrey Lewis tells tales of the delightful and slightly disturbing in his distinctive comic realist style. A profound contributor to the New York 'Antifolk' scene Lewis' extensive and ingenious lyricism is conveyed well through the rolling lilting melodies and Americana influence. Also a comic book artist, you can sense in the songs a certain influence of art in the snapshots they present: the neurotic artist; mistaken encounters on trains; the experience of moving house.

But wait! We haven't just got dynamic Dylanesque epics in

Truly Johnston

a beautifully broken voice, with accompanying acoustic guitar and occasional banjo – but Lewis' collaboration with his brother Jack injects some tracks on the album with a punchy punk, reminiscent of 'Presidents of the USA' or maybe 'The Dandy Warhols' that contrasts interestingly to Jeffs own more wistful narratives. You can drift off to the fantastical 'Singing Tree', and then spin out to 'Time Machine' or 'Art Land'.

The lyrical density and cyclical melodies may not be for everyone, but *City and Eastern Songs* shows change and variation from Lewis' first album *The Last Time I did Acid I went Insane* (2002) without losing any of the inventiveness.



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'INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT'

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Mong Building, Sidney Sussex College

An introduction to the Investment Management Division. In this presentation we will be covering both Goldman Sachs Asset Management and Private Wealth Management, the history and development of the business, how it is we operate and what we look for in potential candidates.

'THE CHARITY SECTOR'

CANCER RESEARCH UK

Thursday 24th November 2005
6:30pm-8:30pm

Mong Building, Sidney Sussex College

Cancer Research UK will be providing an insight into working for a charity and the session will be a workshop looking at the misconceptions of working for a charity and the reality. The workshop will be presented by two graduates on the scheme to talk about their experiences of the scheme, what their day to day work entails and which departments you can work in. This is a great opportunity to dispel the myths of working for a charity and find out what the benefits are.

'THE 2006 LENT ELECTIONS'



Sunday 27th November 2005
2:00pm-5:00pm

Fisher Building, St John's College

The election for the 2006 Lent Term Committee will take place on Sunday 27th November. This presents a unique opportunity to be part of one of the largest student societies in Cambridge with an unparalleled network of established links in a wide variety of industries and sectors. For further information on the various roles available and how to apply, visit www.cambridgefutures.com.

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Venue Guide:

Clare Cellars

Where is it? Clare College: tucked away behind Senate House, squashed between King's Cathedral and Trinity Hall. The Cellars are directly beneath the college chapel, so on your way in, you get the impression the thumping bass is coming from the stained-glass tinted room of worship.

Why Clare Cellars? Because it consistently has the best student run music events that Cambridge has to offer. The low ceilings and cryptic setting of the cellars make the place atmospheric, dirty, dark, and when people are dancing sweat drips off the walls. They've got a shooter bar and plenty of places to lounge around looking cool, surrounded

by a cloud of smoke. But crucially, the music they put on is in a class of its own.

What goes on? Clare's reputation rests on its ability to pull in exciting names from the worlds of hip-hop, drum and bass, jazz, and comedy. The first Friday of the month is Def Fly & Real, the best UK Hip-hop night in the city by a long way. Sunday nights are given over to jazz or comedy. Every couple of weeks they run a Fat Poppadaddys night, indie dance from Fez. Get to the Cellars before 10.30 if you don't want to queue, and don't forget that Clare is about getting trashed and dancing yourself into the ground to the best DJ's and MC's you will see.

book now:



Nick Cave
Nick Cave used to go out with PJ Harvey. Imagine that: 'I hate you.' 'I hate you too.' 'Kiss me!'

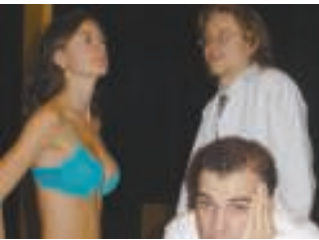
Corn Exchange
Tuesday 31st January 2006



Festen
Coming through Cambridge on the way to Broadway, this award-winning play, based on the Dogme film, follows a Danish family torn apart when the son reveals a dark secret over dinner.

Cambridge Arts Theatre
17th - 22nd April

the essential events of the next seven days



theatre

What the Butler Saw
Rampant libidos, mistaken identities, undressing and cross-dressing in Orton's comedy. Queen's Fitzpatrick Hall Theatre, 7.30pm, Tuesday 22nd until Saturday 26th November, £6/4



Spartacus
Kicking off the Pantomime season, the Footlights present this exciting new comedy, following *Spartacus*' "journey from zero to hero, from slavery to bravery". ADC, 7.45pm, Tuesday 22nd until Saturday 3rd December (except 27th), £6-9



Ghosts
Henrik Ibsen's shocking and powerful tragedy portraying the tortured fate of a woman denied any chance of fulfilment in a male-dominated world. Pembroke New Cellars, 7.30pm, Tuesday 22nd until Saturday 26th November, £5



film & music

CU Philharmonic Orchestra
Programme of Ravel, Schumann and Brahms. West Road Concert Hall, 7.30pm, Sunday 20th November, £4



Factotum
Adaptation of the semi-autobiographical Bukowski novel about dead-end jobs, drinking, gambling and the drive to write. Stars Matt Dillon. Written and directed by a guy called Bent Hamer. Arts Picturehouse, from Friday



Kabhi Khushi Kabhie Gham
Or 'Happiness and Tears'. Rerun of the 2001 Bollywood rom-com-musical centring on the conflict between family life and love. Arts Picturehouse, 8.15pm, Tuesday 22nd November

Pick of the Week

Martha & Mathilda

so fresh and so clean



Fresh from its birthday celebrations when the ADC dusts off its spyglass to the past giants of its boards, in bow the new dwarves performing on their shoulders. A fresher spectacle of acrobatic finesse. This week at the ADC, the Freshers bound onto the stage like giddy lambs in Spring with Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* and Alan Ayckbourn's *Confusions* (main and late shows respectively). A pretty good innings.

Directors Ed Blain and Isabel Quinzanos have made good with *Our Town*, the theatrical outing of a cosy little hamlet in New Hampshire. A meta-theatrical outing in fact, as the sharply dressed and cocksure stage manager, played with striking confidence and emotional range by Lizzie Crarer. The actors rotate constantly and consistently with each new setting of the scene enabling a real achievement of the ensemble, great comic potential and moments of surprising poignancy particularly from Owen Holland and Cat Gerrard. Thorough and fluid characterisation provide a clarity which is testament to careful direction, something evident throughout this production which continually balances dramatic energy with clean stagecraft. The audience follow George Gibbs and Emily Webb (played variously by Owen Holland, Oli Rose, Nina Flitman, Catherine Scott and Belinda Sherlock) grow through their parents' perspec-

tives, finally taking up the mantle of the narrative with their marriage, and their transition from child to parent, from innocence to tragedy. On balance this large cast is talented and, for a play which flirts with the overtly meta-theatrical and the highly naturalistic, they hold the stage with impressive confidence and poise. The repeating lives of the characters are paralleled in the effective simplicity of Clare Butcher's stylised set which makes good use of the space, creating an important sense of perspective although elements of the "Dogville" design felt unnecessary in what was otherwise creative staging. The lighting of this show was very impressive: Rob Mills perfectly echoes and theatrically enhances the soft shifts in mood, making beautiful use of colour without garishness and without detracting from the realism of the imagined landscape. This show was impressive – it felt professional and assured from start to finish, a real triumph for this infant crew and cast alike. So solid.

And now for something a little later. The set of Ayckbourn's *Confusions* immediately leaps off the stage and into the eye – a feast of schoolyard colour which really adds to the mood of the play. *Confusions* is a sort of middle aged Freshers' Week. Exactly what it says on the tin: a diffusion of people, a tangle of crossed wires and their networked relationships. The play

runs through a series of acts as the audience are invited to a peepshow of fragmented lives. No character appears more than once, each telling its own small but perfectly formed story. Again this cast deftly manage a plethora of characters that, although not hugely varied in their portrayal, are still empathetic and believable, contributing the sense of the everyday which is central to Ayckbourn's observational drama. Certain actors were really able to carry the cadences of the writing: mention must go to Sam Hinton, who was an endearing and genuinely funny presence throughout and Catherine Osborne, playing the 34 year old teacher who, pregnant by a man she "doesn't really care for", has finally grown up, gives a truthful and generous performance. Directors Amy Gwilliam and Jeff James have constructed a cohesive whole which, although not strikingly innovative, makes a charming piece of theatre out of what could be dislocated sketches. The production is buoyed up by a lovely soundtrack designed by Richard Stuart which creates a smiling canopy over the acts and encourages the audience to really sympathise with those confused.

We take our old hats off to you.

Our Town, ADC, 7.45pm, £5-£8, until Saturday 19th November
Confusions, ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, until Saturday 19th November

When I was 21

Siobhan Davis

Contemporary Dancer and Choreographer

In what year were you 21 and what were you doing? 1971. I was a young dancer in the London Contemporary Dance Theatre, less experienced than a lot of the other dancers. It was a company just beginning to have a very energetic artistic force.

What was your favourite outfit? We had a lot of fun going to *Biba*. I can remember a very feathery coat that I liked. Most things fell apart quite quickly, and the best part was sitting on the sofas and trying on everything that you couldn't afford to buy and then leaving.

What were your illegal activities? Sadly I don't think I was illegal as I could have been. When we went on tour in the countryside, we went off to see if we could find magic mushrooms.

What were you afraid of? Lack of sleep. There were endless times on one's own being unable to sleep knowing that the next day was going to be a lot of hard work.

What did you believe in? I believed in the Arts as a way of being, it was the best education, but also as a brilliant way of bringing people together. I don't have religious beliefs.

Where did you spend most of your evenings? We didn't finish work until seven, and were exhausted by then, so in London it was a question of having a drink, eating at each others' houses and then doing the laundry. On foreign tour, you'd be taken to something far more glamorous than you could ever afford in England.

What made you cry? My parents not being



well. Wanting to be a better dancer than I could be and getting exhausted in the effort.

What did you eat? A ridiculously small amount. I was tall and thought that I needed to keep pretty refined, so I would eat little bits of anything. Cheese and crackers and salad. Ridiculous. I would not recommend that diet to a young dancer.

What was the most rebellious thing you did? I became a dancer, which at that time had no future. I think I was incredibly obstinate rather than rebellious. All of us were amongst a group of people that didn't have to rebel because we were doing as much of what we wanted as we possibly could.

What was your most political action? I was horribly unpolitical. But I demonstrated against Vietnam. There was a young American at that time in the dance company who had dodged a draft by coming to England, so there was a lot of debate because one of us was in that immediate dilemma.

What did you hope to be? A dancer. But I had just started to choreograph. I made my first (appalling) piece and it fascinated me.

Emily Stokes



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To apply, download an application form from www.varsity.co.uk and return it by Sunday 27th November, at 5pm. If you have any questions, feel free to contact the Business Manager, Chris Adams, at business@varsity.co.uk, or you can email any of the current team using the addresses on the website and in the team list in this issue.

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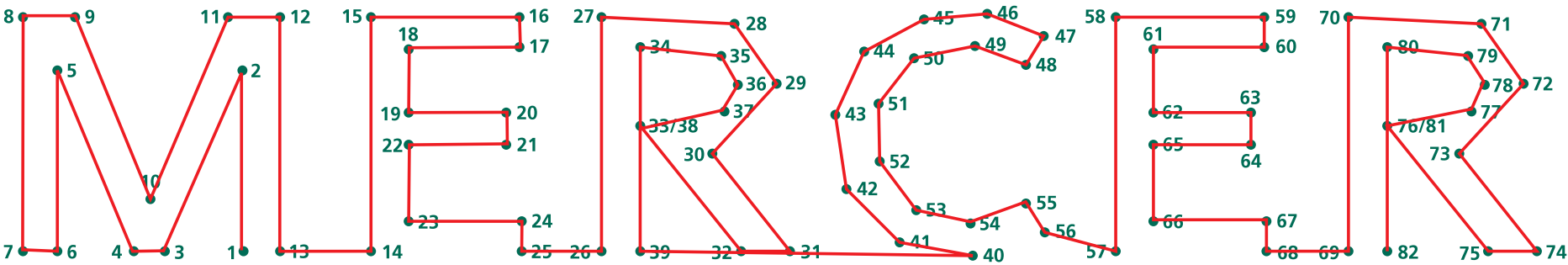
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Caius halt John's title march

Despite leading twice league leaders drop their first points of the season

Adam Bracey

CAIUS	2
ST. JOHN'S	2

Caius put an end to St. John's impressive start to the league campaign, coming from behind twice to deny the leaders three points. St. John's will rue the loss of two valuable points, which offers hope to a number of other college sides. Without a fine individual performance from their captain James Verdon, they might even have slipped to their first loss of the season against the fiercely competitive home side.

Verdon opted to play himself in the centre forward position alongside first-year Ben Gibson, and it was the skipper who put his side ahead early on, sweeping home a penalty after a desperate challenge by Caius goalkeeper Matt Thomas. Caius were competing as well as any of John's opponents in the league this season, but they might well have fallen further behind, as John's went close from a number of set-pieces. The left-sided Ash Simpson was the source of the Caius concern, as his dangerous series of deliveries threatened to put John's in total command. Twice Simpson had Thomas scrambling across his goal with long-range efforts, but Caius weathered that particular storm, and promptly equalised on the stroke of half-time with a penalty of their own. Jamie Corby was manhandled inside the penalty area, and he scored easily from the resulting kick to bring his side level.

Caius were made to wait at the start of the second half, as Verdon led his side out for the kick-off a good five minutes after their hosts. Despite this signal of

intent from Caius, they would have been better served by using the break to organise themselves defensively, as John's went back in front shortly after the whistle. James Verdon scored with a low right-footed shot from the centre of the penalty area. Seemingly on a mission to win the match all by himself, Verdon gave a fine captain's display, powerfully defending corners inside his own penalty box, creating opportunities with intelligent and incisive passing, and causing Caius major discomfort in his new role as centre-forward. With key player Graham Bates unable to dominate the match for Caius and Jamie Corby causing more trouble to the referee than to the John's backline, the away team appeared on course for victory, but they failed to convert their possession into a greater lead. They were duly punished midway through the second half when Bates popped up unmarked at a corner kick to direct a powerful header high into the John's net.

Caius showed an indomitable spirit in coming from behind twice against the league leaders and might be a team to keep an eye on if the top two slip up in the second half of the season. For John's this frustrating will be viewed as two points dropped rather than one gained. Man of the match Verdon explained his decision to play upfront, while remaining upbeat about his side's chances. "I thought we'd looked a little lightweight up front in recent weeks, and I just thought that the combination of my presence alongside Ben (Gibson) would work well, and it certainly did today. The 100% record has gone, but we're scoring lots of goals, something which no-one else in the league is doing at the moment. The league is still in our hands and we're determined to do well."



Caius match St John's in midfield and take a point from the league favourites

MEN'S RUGBY DIVISION 1										
	P	W	D	L	F	A	PD	PTS		
ST JOHN'S	5	5	0	0	141	25	116	20		
GIRTON	5	3	0	2	74	67	7	14		
JESUS	5	2	0	3	52	93	-41	11		
DOWNING	4	2	0	2	61	44	17	10		
MAGDALENE	4	2	0	2	37	42	-5	10		
PEMBROKE	5	0	0	5	37	131	-94	5		
Football Results:										
Darwin 1 - 4 Jesus, Churchill 0 - 0 Fitzwilliam, Caius 2 - 2 St. John's, Christ's 1 - 3 Homerton										

MEN'S FOOTBALL DIVISION 1										
	P	W	D	L	F	A	GD	PTS		
JESUS	4	3	1	0	8	1	7	10		
ST JOHN'S	4	3	1	0	9	5	4	10		
CHURCHILL	4	2	1	1	5	3	2	7		
CAIUS	4	2	1	1	6	6	0	7		
HOMERTON	4	2	0	2	6	5	1	6		
CHRIST'S	4	1	1	2	4	5	-1	4		
ST CATZ	3	1	0	2	3	4	-1	3		
DARWIN	3	1	0	2	3	7	-4	3		
FITZ	3	0	1	2	2	5	-3	1		
TRINITY	3	0	0	3	3	9	-6	0		

Oxford narrowly win Four's Head

Russ Glenn

Last weekend saw the first light-blue dark-blue rowing clash of the year, as Oxford and Cambridge competed against each other in the Four's Head Regatta in London. The race is four and a quarter miles from Mortlake to Putney, over the reverse of the Boat Race course, run in a processional time-trial format. Thanks to last year's stellar performance, the CUBC went into the event defending the top coxless four spot, and only narrowly lost the spot to the top Oxford crew.

Cambridge entered five boats in the grueling event, three of which were coxless, two coxed. Unfortunately, the run up to the race was plagued with injury and illness, leading to some last-minute lineup changes. Cambridge put aside such distractions however, and went to

the tideway looking to build on the success of last year. In the coxless fours, Cambridge's top crew, stroked by British Olympian and twice-blue Tom James (Trinity Hall), laid down a blistering pace, falling to Oxford by only 2.3 seconds over the 19-minute race. The other two Cambridge coxless boats also managed to struggle through the week's difficulties, coming in at 3rd and 7th in their event. Of note, pre boat-race tensions ran high as the seventh place four, stroked by Cambridge newcomer Tim 'Perko' Perkins (Jesus), swapped paint with the top Oxford four shortly after the start thanks to questionable dark-blue steering.

The coxed fours racing was no less exciting. The CUBC's top coxed four found itself in the interesting position of chasing the top Oxford coxed boat, and being chased by an elite British four containing three world and/or Olympic champions, including James Cracknell. Thriving under

the pressure, the four, stroked by Pembroke graduate fresher Jasper Hasell, with rookies Sam Pearson (Jesus) and Don Wyper (St. Edmunds), and Goldie '04, '05 veteran Edward Sherwood backing him up, put together a gutsy race, pushing the pace early and running hard to the line. Though more used to steering the other direction, Pete Rudge (Blue Boat '05, Hughes Hall) coxed the crew to a strong third place – only nine seconds back on the British elite, and a scant one-second behind the top dark blues. Also in the coxed four, the cinematically titled 'Team America' boat of Ian Coveny (Hughes Hall), Carl Dietz (St. Catharines), Spencer Hunsberger (Robinson), Kenrick Turner (Clare) and Joe Ghory (St. Edmunds) raced to top place in the senior 2 event despite having to steer around a flagging Oxford crew ahead of them.

Though not quite the dark-blue scuttling that had been hoped,



Cambridge coxless four in action

Cambridge returns from the weekend having bloodied the opposition. Despite the close loss to the top Oxford four, Cambridge showed great depth and team strength by fighting through the difficulties of the previous week and still "defeating the other place" in the majority of races. Next week is another chance at victory, as both squads travel to the British Indoor Rowing Championships in Birmingham.



THE LOW-DOWN

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>>>Where: Christ's College New Court Theatre
>>>When: Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, from 5-6pm
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>>>History: WingTsun is the version of WingChun created by Leung Ting, who was one Yip Man's students alongside Bruce Lee
>>>Contact: Email mib23@cam.ac.uk or see the website at www.whatakick.com

sport in brief

Rugby Union:

On Monday night the Blues played their second game in four days when they entertained a Leicester Development XV at Grange Road. The visitors came out 37-15 winners with fly-half Ross Broadfoot looking like a star of the future. On Wednesday the annual prelude to the Varsity match takes place at Grange Road with the Steele-Bodger match. Kick-off is at 3pm and tickets cost £3 each.

Hockey:

The University Wanderers lost 3-2 against Norwich last weekend in an enthralling encounter at Wilberforce Road.

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF
SEBASTIAN SCHULTE
UNIVERSITY ROWING

sunday

Fly to Germany to compete in national team trial. It's fun to meet all the guys from the national team, but they seem to be a bit scared of losing to 'the Englishmen'. Without any special practice in the small boat, we finished 2nd.

monday

All my bones and muscles hurt from the competition, so I am letting myself sleep in. After the flight, it feels good to be back in Cambridge.

tuesday

Back to the daily routine. I'm meeting the guys at 6.30 in the gym for a weightlifting session. After practice I head off to Caius breakfast, choosing the full range including four eggs to fill up the energy stores. Meet at Goldie boathouse and go for a 25km row.

wednesday

Bad news - Tom, the president, is injured and may not be able to row in the four. This is quite a shock for us, because we are really confident to win the Fours Head on Saturday. I work until 10pm in the Judge Institute, again.

thursday

I work on a presentation for Friday at which I'll meet with some guys on the British Accounting Standards Board. The afternoon row was very disappointing, but the important thing is that all of us row fast on April 2nd against Oxford!

friday

I get to sleep-in till 7.30! I take the train to London, have my meeting and meet the squad in Putney. As we feared, Tom won't row this weekend, so the crew order has to change.

saturday

The race was awful for our four. We never found our basic rhythm, which made the whole 4 miles painful, Oxford will be beatable on the day, and I'm looking forward to it! After a really enjoyable recovery row on the Thames in the sunset we enjoyed some beers in the local pubs and took the opportunity to relax and not think about rowing too much!

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Football focussed at heart

BBC Match of the Day football pundit Mark Lawrenson talks to Joe Speight

Every football fan does it. You spend the afternoon playing or watching a match in the college football leagues, meet up with a few mates in the evening and vividly reconstruct every moment of drama and tension – the bone-crunching tackle, the twenty-five yard screamer and the controversial last minute penalty which shattered dreams of a title-winning campaign. Yet for the Match of the Day team, this actually constitutes their job description. The only difference being however that millions of people across the country are eavesdropping on their conversation, lambasting the pundits for each criticism of their favoured team and praying that the experts’ predictions of relegation and another season of mid-table mediocrity don’t come true.

This Saturday night ritual has become a part of our national culture, and Mark Lawrenson has been a part of it for the best part of a decade. Having begun his career with his local club Preston North End, a spell which he describe as the “highlight of my career” and then Brighton and Hove Albion, Bob Paisley paid £900,000 in 1981 to take him to Liverpool. He went on to play over 300 games for the Merseyside club before an Achilles injury prematurely ended his career at the age of 30. Despite this the defender highly regarded for his pace and timing in the tackle managed to win five league championships, three League Cups, the FA Cup and the European Cup, in addition to winning 39 international

caps for the Republic of Ireland. He even tried his hand at management with a short stint in charge of Oxford United which he describes as a “fantastic but difficult experience.”

But in 1997 Lawrenson joined BBC Sport as a member of their football punditry team, working for both television on Football Focus and Match of the Day, and on Radio Five Live. He cites the Spain vs Yugoslavia encounter at Euro 2000 where the Spaniards scored twice in stoppage time to win 4-3 as the best match he has commented on, closely followed by Liverpool’s 5-4 victory over Alaves in the 2001 UEFA Cup Final and the Anfield outfit’s win in the Champions League final this year, which was “like nothing I have ever experienced in my life”.

“We are all constantly taking the mickey out of each other”

So when we all settle down in the college JCR at 10.30pm on a Saturday night, what has been going on at Television Centre in London to enable us to sit back and enjoy our weekly fix of goals and analysis? “We arrive at the studio at 10am, with the highlight of the day being the morning bacon rolls and coffee. We’ll then read the newspapers and prepare for Football Focus. I then pop upstairs and do a programme for an Irish radio station between 2 and 3pm, before watching all the games throughout the afternoon. We get told which match we are going to analyse for Match of the Day so I go off and record my piece for the programme, then we hang around for the show which goes out live at 10.30pm. So it’s a fourteen hour day and the main thing is dealing with the concentration levels.”

The on-screen camaraderie between the team of Gary Lineker, Alan Hansen, Lawrenson and more recent additions such as Graeme Le Saux and Lee Dixon is clearly evident, and Lawro admits “we are all at it as much as each other and there is a lot of mickey taking which goes on. If you do anything wrong you get slaughtered and Le Saux’s in trouble at the moment as he turned up late last week.”



Ex-Liverpool and Ireland defender turned pundit Mark Lawrenson

He is quick to point out that he is still lagging behind his former Liverpool defensive colleague turned sofa-sharer Hansen in the blunder stakes though. “We’ve all made numerous mistakes like wrongly predicting teams to go down, but I’ve never had anything on the level of [Hansen’s] “you’ll never win anything with kids.”

And as regards more contemporary matters, can anyone halt Chelsea’s march to the Premiership title in Lawro’s eyes? “No, quite simply. They can change four or five players without weakening their team, and none of the other contenders can do that.” And the battle for survival at the other end of the table? “I was convinced at the start of the season that it would be Wigan, Sunderland and West

Ham going down but I think I’m going to be wrong on two counts. Portsmouth look to be doomed and Sunderland will obviously go, and then probably West Bromwich Albion.” Whether or not these predictions turn out to be accurate, Lawrenson is modest regarding the quality of the BBC football coverage. “Some people probably think we’re good and some probably think we’re crap, but we are still here so we must be doing something right.” And despite his foray into management and coaching, it is certainly something he wants to continue doing. “This is me now I think. I really enjoy what I do – I get to see lots of live matches and visit lots of different cities, and I’ll just ride the wave for however long it lasts and then just disappear into the sunset.



Channel Hopper

By now, you and I, we’ve formed a bond. This weekly 500-worder is important for the both of us, in ways it’s difficult to define. Now, as for what it means to me, that’s none of your business. (We haven’t even had breakfast together yet, so don’t go getting any ideas about keeping a toothbrush in my bathroom. This is just a bit of fun.) On the other hand, I can see why you might feel like you don’t know where you stand. You need some clarity. All right, then. Think of it like this. You’re at a digibox cocktail party. It’s stuffed with wankers, and you don’t know a soul, and you’re worried you’re overdressed. But - wait – there’s a friendly face! It’s the Hopperalooza, dressed up to the nines, bringing you a glass of bubbly. How warm the smile, how twinkly the eye! You feel all tingly. It may be that later in the evening you’ll end up in a drunken clinch in the back of a cab, makeup smeared over both your faces; at the moment, though, the inevitable sexual tension is merely an undercurrent. For now, content yourself with the knowledge that the Hopperalissimus knows the people in this room all too well, and is here as your intimate guide.

Like, that fellow over there chatting with the Babecast girls, that’s Pat Robertson, multimillionaire right-wing televangelist and presenter and lead pulpit-thumper on **The 700 Club**, and I know there are a lot of strange fruit here, but he’s maybe the kumquatiest of them all. The show’s most recent claim to fame is Robertson’s robust message to the citizens of Dover, Pennsylvania, who recently voted advocates of creationism off the school board: “Don’t turn to God, because you just rejected Him... don’t wonder why He hasn’t helped you when problems begin, if they begin. I’m not saying they will, but if they do.” This guy isn’t messing around, the Hopperalamarama whispers in your ear, as Pat makes an audacious play for the last mini peking duck wrap. Your tinkling, silvery giggle suggests you want to know more. So, top three 700 Club Pat Robertson quotes, in ascending order. There are a lot more where these came from. Bubbling under at three is the jaw-dropping 1998 warning to Disney that hosting a Gay Pride weekend would bring about “hurricanes, tornadoes, earthquakes, terrorist bombs” and “possibly a meteor”; at two, only kept off the top spot because it was his good friend Jerry Falwell who said it, Robertson’s response being a mere “I absolutely concur,” is the incisive post 9/11 observation that “pagans, abortionists, feminists, gays, lesbians, the American Civil Liberties Union... you made this happen”; and at number 1, as potty as they come, is Robbo’s recent analysis of feminism as being not about equality but about encouraging women to “leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism, and become lesbians”.

So much more good stuff about Pat, like his run for president in 1988 when he proposed to disband the department of education, and his plea for charitable donations to a company of his which turned out to be airlifting not Rwandan refugees but diamond mining equipment. But I’d better save the rest for pillow talk. Let’s get out of here, sweetheart, and make beautiful digital TV love ‘til the overextended metaphor comes up.

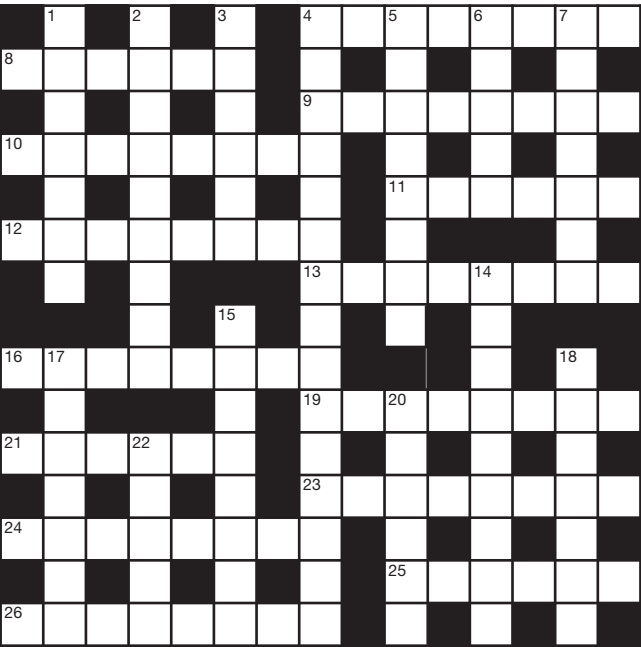
The 700 Club, 8pm nightly, channel 247

Town vs. Gown Boxing Match

Brian Magee

Saturday 19th November will see a monumental clash of power, as members of Cambridge University Amateur Boxing Club don their gloves to bring pain and suffering to a wide selection of “townies” at the Town vs Gown boxing match. This is the perfect opportunity to experience a piece of mafia-style Las Vegas. Think long-standing, deep-set grudge match, with a touch of old-fashioned glamour. Blood and bruising for the boys and bulging biceps for the girls. All within the beautiful setting of the Cambridge Guildhall.

Come along and support your local Cambridge University brawlers, as they dish out some jabs and upper-cuts to our townie neighbours. Grab a ticket quickly and impress your mates with a deceptively different Saturday night out. Tickets are priced at £10 each and are available from Ryder and Amies. You’d be a fool to miss it.



Across

- 4. Prisoners got time after consuming mushroom for ideas (8)
- 8. Speak against article (6)
- 9. Conjuror’s supernatural scotsman (8)
- 10. Formally accuse dolt carrying one backwards (8)
- 11. Skill in writing story books (6)
- 12. Components of a coal cup put together in resort (8)
- 13. Carpenter said to be likely to succeed (8)
- 16. Red wine pet found outside Swiss capital (8)
- 19. Upend open vessel (8)
- 21. Coil lips back around artist (6)
- 23. Bill made out in charge for scholar (8)
- 24. Maker of pure cord (8)
- 25. Spit with hesitation after sideways movement (6)
- 26. Fix firmly in French ditch (8)

Down

- 1. Sailor points to church on leave (7)
- 2. Break down and undo writing of music? (9)
- 3. Keyless confused national not in (6)
- 4. Return to reality by parachute? (4,4,2,5)
- 5. State, for example, in denial (8)
- 6. Shine as a spreadsheet creator (5)
- 7. Coach’s running shoe (7)
- 14. Atmospheric conditions journalist survived (9)
- 15. Churchman finds God first in canal debacle (8)
- 17. After snake, I call endlessly for painkiller (7)
- 18. Judge a terrible mess without the Spanish (7)
- 20. Slip back, lose head, and slip by (6)
- 22. Horseman’s extra clause (5)

© Mathmo

POT BLACK

Instructions: Complete the questions in order from red to black. The answer to each ball is integral to the following question.

- Who scored Argentina’s first against England last weekend?
- From which Italian club did InterMilan sign ‘Redball’?
- In which year did Sven Goran Eriksson leave ‘Yellowball’?
- Who won the Wembley FA Cup final in ‘Greenball’?
- Who sponsored ‘Brownball’ last season?
- Which club’s stadium will ‘Blueball’ sponsor next season?
- ‘Pinkball’ are currently managed by which Frenchman?



For answers to the crossword and Pot Black, contact:

competitions@varsity.co.uk

MEN'S FOOTBALL



Cambridge 1-3 Birmingham

Rich Payne scores but Blues concede three to Birmingham

MEN'S RUGBY



Cambridge 9-22 Samoa

Battling win as Cambridge continue Varsity preparations

COLLEGE FOOTBALL



Caius 2-2 St. John's

John's lose the league top spot after twice going ahead

ROWING



Light Blues fall short

Cambridge finish a close 2nd to Oxford at the Four's Head

Captain's Corner



CLAIRE HOLLINGSWORTH

Women's Football Captain

Last season was very successful for CUWAF. The first team came 5th in our league and we got to the semi finals of both the County and League cups. We also played in a 2 day summer tournament in Cheshire where we were the highest placed University finishing 18th out of 128 teams, playing in the company of teams such as Everton, Chelsea and Leeds United and coming up against numerous England players. On top of all that was our impressive 4-0 victory over Oxford.

Our first team currently play in the Eastern Region Premier division. This is not a University league so allows us to compete at a higher level, playing against teams of the calibre of Cambridge United and Norwich City. We play every Sunday between the end of August and the beginning of April, so we are already well into our season. The disadvantage of this is that we have a period between our graduates leaving and our freshers arriving in which we have to play matches, and this as always, resulted

"I FEEL PRIVILEGED TO CAPTAIN SUCH A GREAT GROUP OF PLAYERS"

in a slightly shaky start, but since our trials and the integration of our new team members we have lost only one game and I have high hopes that things are only going to keep improving. Our second team is almost unrecognisable this year, consisting almost entirely of fresh talent, and they have entered BUSA for the first time and have made a very promising start. As a squad we have improved enormously from last year and the team is rightly aiming high. We are already looking forward to February 25th when we take on Oxford - having lost just 4 of our last 20 Varsity matches and with our squad looking stronger than ever, we feel confident that we can keep up our dominance.

I feel privileged to be captain of such a great group of players and I am really excited about what the rest of this season holds, but for now we will take it one week at a time and hope for a victory this weekend against Barton Rovers to allow us to continue our climb up the league table.



JAMIE MARLAND

Inspired Akinluyi can't stop Samoa

Jamie Brockbank

Spirited performance but international side just too strong

CAMBRIDGE SAMOA	9 22
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Despite succumbing 22-9 to the touring Samoan internationals, the Blues will take consolation from their determined performance in front of a full-house at Grange Road last Friday evening. A crowd of over 2000 braved the wet and wintry conditions and long turnstile queues to witness the South Sea islanders' famous brand of free-flowing physical rugby. The tourists' young development side did not disappoint, showing-off considerable flair to run in four tries.

The Samoans' opening quarter onslaught threatened to overwhelm the students in its sheer physicality, but the Blues held firm in their own 22 through solid defence and Jonny Ufton's long clearances. Manu Samoa eventually capitalised on their sustained territorial advantage in the 20th minute, as the slippery ball was spun out for their powerful

centre to bore his way through the clutches of the Blues' midfield with a leg-pumping carry. Quick-witted support play on the runner's shoulder allowed lock Daniel Leo to open the scoring under the posts, although the extra points were squandered after a farcical drop-kick conversion attempt.

The Blues retaliated with a rare five minute period of pressure on the Samoan line, after gaining a much-needed territorial platform thanks to Christ's winger Dave Akinluyi's first pulsating touchline break of the evening. The forwards' lineout catch and drive was blunted, but the Blues patiently went through several phases before earning Ufton a 26th minute placekick to pull the score back to 3-5, which it remained until a half-time. However, just before the interval, Ufton's scissors move was well-read resulting in a crunching tackle on promising outside-centre Joe Ansbro, who was subsequently replaced by Paul Magee.

The Blues faint hopes of causing an upset after having weathered the

Samoan first-half pressure were bolstered after the restart as hooker Jo Clark's precise throwing found again the soaring former Auckland Blues jumper, John Blaikie. Another thunderous catch and drive sent the pack within yards of the Samoan line, the Blues winning a penalty on the resulting scrum after a blatant offside infringement from the Samoan blindside flanker.

However Ufton hooked his attempt wide of the uprights to signal a reversal in momentum. A breakaway Samoan counter-offensive was only narrowly thwarted as Akinluyi doggedly galloped back the length of the field to knock his opposite number into touch by the Blues' corner flag, in a mirror image of his heroics against Wasps. Such dedication went in vain as the resulting line-out ball sent the Samoan midfield piling over for an ungainly try in the 45th minute. A third try followed minutes later after fly-half Fuimaono-Sapolu sold the flagging Blues defence a slick dummy to earn himself an unopposed run-in. The score remained 15-3 as he

duly hashed his 3rd simple conversion attempt to the heckling crowd's delight.

Cambridge finally responded with Ufton's second penalty conversion in the 53rd minute, but Samoa immediately struck back with their 4th try to extend the lead to a seemingly unsailable 22-6. Skipper Ed Carter, looking far happier restored from full-back to last season's inside-centre berth, earned the Blues a penalty under the posts which they negatively took 3 points from: a strange decision considering the need for a try with just 13 minutes remaining.

Despite a spirited Blues finale and more forceful straight-running out-wide from the lightning-quick Akinluyi, the Samoans held firm to notch a 22-9 victory. Blues head coach Tony Rodgers declared himself pleased with the result, and particularly this season's consistent good form of man-of-the-match Dave Akinluyi, who surely won't be unlucky again this year with selection for the rapidly approaching 124th Varsity Match at Twickenham on 6 December.

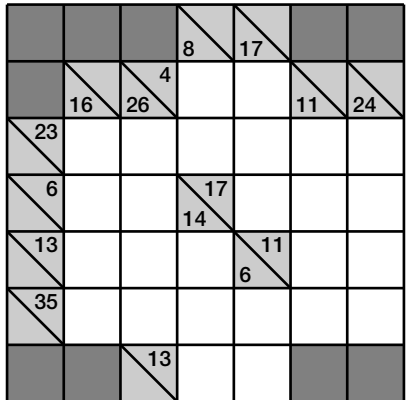
Next Week

Bad experience: Was your Cambridge interview a nightmare?

Email: features@varsity.co.uk

Quick Kakuro

Very Hard

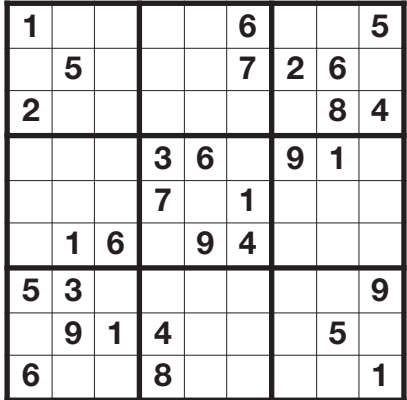


Fill the grid so that each run of squares adds up to the total in the box above or to the left. Use only numbers 1-9, and never use a number more than once per run (a number may reoccur in the same row in a separate run).

Solution and solving aids at www.dokakuro.com

Quick Sudoku

Easy



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

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