The archaic nature of the Cambridge disciplinary structure revealed in a major Varsity investigation



LITERATURE

The rise of the graphic novel >>PAGE 20

ACTIVISM



Security compromised at Cambridge Colleges

»Intruders arrested but not charged

NIKKI BURTON & TOM PARRY-JONES

College security has come under renewed scrutiny, as two intruders were arrested inside Cambridge colleges in the early hours of Sunday morning. At Emmanuel College, a man was detained in "J" staircase following a police chase using a helicopter and dog squad. At Churchill another man was arrested for suspected burglary, having entered a number of students' rooms. Despite the location of the arrests, and the scale of the police response, both men were later released without charge.

Police have connected the intruder at Emmanuel with a brawl at the Regal public house earlier in the evening. The pub's manager, Sarah Hemingway, told Varsity how a large group of people from "out of town" were causing trouble on Saturday night, when one of them kicked in a window at the front of the pub. A doorman apprehended the culprit and began to march him to a cash-point to pay for the damage, but the man escaped when other members of the group threw chairs from the balcony at a second member of the door-staff.



The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947 | varsity.co.uk | Friday October 6 2006 | Issue 641

PAUL BARKER Police entering Emmanuel College's "J" Staircase, photographed on a student's phone

One doorman was hospitalised after receiving concussion.

Shortly after midnight the police were called to deal with the incident and began to track a male suspect in connection with the accusation of criminal damage. The suspect scaled a wall into Emmanuel at 12.21am and found his way to the Emmanuel House area of the grounds. Once there, a student apparently took him back to their room, thinking that he was a drunk and disorientated fresher.

In the ensuing minutes multiple police cars, including a dog squad, were sent to the college and a police helicopter was scrambled. Alarmed by the searchlights, students attending a Fresher's Week party began to **CONTINUED ON PAGE 2**

Richard to prioritise student teaching

JAMIE MUNK Chief News Editor

In her annual address to the Regent House on Monday, Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard pledged her determination to reamme the importance of equcation" within the University. Undergraduate teaching "demands our attention", she informed the assembled congregation.

Her speech, entitled "The Well-Educated Undergraduate", called on academics to support her in a "dual mission" of shaping Cambridge into a university of excellence in both research and teaching. "The activity of teaching is threatened", she told the Senate House, criticising a mindset amongst both academics and the compilers of university rankings, where

teenth century assertion that "to discover and to teach are distinct functions", arguing instead that "at its best, teaching invigorates research". The problem of teaching in a research-led university like Cambridge is not, in her

"research is accorded higher status".

Richard refuted Newman's nine-

view, a lack of talent on the part of academics. Instead, she contended, "teaching makes diminishing professional or economic sense in the eyes of a growing number of academics". As a solution, she urged the University to "ensure that teaching is properly recognized in staff remuneration and taken seriously during consideration for promotion".

The Vice-Chancellor's emphasis on undergraduate teaching has made a good impression on the CUSU Executive. "It's good that the Vice-Chancellor has identified this as an

issue", President Mark Ferguson told Varsity. He noted "Sometimes the University can seem like a research institution with teaching attached". CUSU Academic Affairs Officer Dave Ewings concurred, saying "I

completely agree about getting the But he disputed teaching right. Richard's praise of the unique role of Cambridge colleges in ensuring breadth as well as depth in undergraduate education, another key topic in her speech. "Students cross academic boundaries all the time", she argued, going on to describe college's as "hothouses for unstructured learning". Ewings instead sees "an important contrast between the academic education offered by college's and a lack of "life education". The system of bedders, porters and buttery food "mollycoddles students", he told Varsity.

Both sabbatical officers see the reform of the supervision system, celebrated by Richard, as a priority in improving teaching. Ferguson, although praising the supervision sys-tem as "an incredible asset", noted "a lot of supervisors don't have any signiflevel of training не added, "We'd like to see full training".

Notably absent from a speech otherwise concerned with undergraduate issues was any mention of the debate surrounding top-up fees. Richard, although alluding to "shortfalls in the funding of undergraduate education", made no acknowledgement of the fact that her speech on the first day of the new year coincided with the arrival of freshers facing annual fees of £3000 for their education for the first time. Ferguson commented, "I was sur-

prised to see no comment about vari-

able fees". In contrast, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Dr John Hood, in his Oration on Tuesday openly admitted "an increase in fees is inevitable if we are to sustain the exceptional quality of the student body and the educational experience we offer".

AMY HOGGART

In Brief

Freshers' Fair



ALEX CONSTANTINIDES treated.

Degrees Comparison

The Quality Assurance Agency (QAA) has released a paper claiming that the current system of awarding degrees is unfair and an inadequate way of comparing students. It will add weight to the proposal that students only achieve a fail, a pass or a distinction. The QAA pointed out that final degree marks depend on rules deter-mined by individual institutions and universities, providing no consistent criteria to compare degrees between universities. Peter Williams, Chief Executive of the QAA, said that the classing of degrees under the current system "reflects also the marking practices inherent in the subject or subjects studied, and the rule or rules authorised by that institution for determining the classification". Matt Rowlands

College buildings win awards

The Cripps Building at Magdalene College and the Ward Library at Peterhouse have both won awards from the Royal Institute of British Architects (RIBA). The Cripps Building won in the education category, while the heritage award went to the Library. Freeland Rees Roberts Architects designed both successful buildings. **Gabriel Byng**

Student's attacker killed

A man who attempted to murder a Cambridge student in 1997 has been shot dead in Glasgow's Bridgetown area on the same spot. Thomas Longstaff, who had served a ten year sentence for the attack on Sean O'Connor, was murdered on Monday evening. The attack occurred amid sectarian violence in the city, where O'Connor was an ardent Celtic fan. Detective Chief Inspector Bob Law is appealing for witnesses. "Inquiries into this incident are at a very early stage", he said, adding "we are trying to gain as much information as possible about the circumstances.' Gabriel Byng

»Are new under-18 freshers sufficiently catered for in Cambridge?

Prodigies: Past and Present

Jeremy Bentham:

Went to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1760, aged 12.
Took Bachelors and Masters degrees in six years.
Went on to become a jurist, philosopher and player in the development of Utilitarianism.

Ruth Lawrence:

Hum Lawrence:

O-Level and A-level Maths age 9.
Joined St. Hugh's Oxford age 10 (1984). Gained 2 degrees, a DPhil and Fellowship by 1994.

expressed frustration that "17 yearolds at other colleges had no problems or particular attention paid to them", and recounted an incident in which her photograph had been circulated amongst the college "Ents Team" so that she would not be served alcohol at parties.

CUSU President Mark Ferguson's said that it is "the prerogative of each college to have different policies on students who are under 18", but added that CUSU "urges those colleges who allow students under 18 to attend allow them to play a full role within the college". Jane Hughes, from the National Association for Gifted Children, told Varsity "Whilst a few young people under 18 might be able to fit into undergraduate culture, generally we would recommend delaying entry to university until the age of 18" because "most children, whether gifted or not, develop asym-

Alexander Faludy:

Severely dyslexic.
Won a place at Peterhouse, Cambridge in 1997 age 15; youngest Cambridge undergraduate of the twentieth century.

Sufiah Yusof:

• Educated at home until she took a place at St Hilda's, Oxford, age 13 in 1998.

• Ran away to work in a hotel after taking her end of year exams.

metrically. They may be far ahead of their age peers in a curriculum subject but behind in sport or team playing, social and emotional development or art appreciation."

A brief survey of the admissions policies at other universities revealed a wide disparity in attitudes toward what St Andrews described as "a grey area in the law". St Andrews itself does take undergraduates under the age of 18, whilst at Durham, the policy is to turn down any younger applicants regardless of merit. Oxford, who "refuse to discriminate on basis of age", are "pleased to deal with the welfare problems" arising from the admission of younger students.

nagty.ac.uk

Top Up Fees: KCSU's big protest

Welfare of child

students under

question

During the last week Varsity has

been made aware of the admission of a number of students amongst this

year's intake who are under the age of

18. The presence of these students,

often dubbed "child prodigies" and

technically still classed as children,

has raised serious welfare issues in an

institution geared almost entirely toward the education of adults.

study a science-based subject.

Attempting to explain the lengths

that the college had gone to in an

effort to accommodate the girl,

Varsity was told that the fresher was

for the most part "being treated nor-

mally", living in halls of residence and

attending supervisions. Careful con-

sideration was apparently being paid



Ten protesters, two bikes and a lonely CUSU banner. King's College Student Union No Top-up Fees Rally failed to yield the expected hoards of protesters on Thursday morning despite a concerted campaign of flyering and facebook invitations.

Security breaches

CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE congregate outside on the lawn. A number of onlookers reported that shortly afterwards the fugitive was led by police from the staircase and arrested - not for criminal damage but for obstructing a police officer.

Despite the commotion, students at Emmanuel seemed unfazed by the arrest. One told *Varsity* that it was "quite an amusing event" and that people cheered as the suspect was removed from the building. A third year student called it "probably the most exciting thing that will ever happen in Emma". With the atmosphere apparently undampened, the party is reported to have continued once the police departed.

Later the same night at Churchill College, an intruder gained access to the college and entered three student rooms before waking a female second year. He told the student that he was "trying to find the exit", and escaped. She immediately reported the incident to the porter on duty and upon returning to her room with him and two handymen, the intruder was found hiding on Staircase 42. He was detained by staff and subsequently arrested on suspicion of theft. The man had allegedly taken a mobile phone from a sleeping second year's room; it was later discovered, apparently discarded, in the college grounds.

All of the students involved had left their doors unlocked, and the open plan layout of the college made access easy. It is unclear whether the man was actually trespassing on Churchill College property as he had been befriended by a drunk student earlier that night. Police and the porter-onduty reprimanded the student and the College Dean was later informed. Security at both colleges is generally considered to be tight. At Emmanuel, major entrances are locked with a Corkey system, and CCTV aided police in Sunday's arrest. But the steel gate at the rear of Emmanuel House can be easily climbed over. At Churchill, despite the disadvantage of its open layout, CCTV is installed throughout, and there are locks on both bedroom and

"He told the student that he was trying to find the exit"

staircase doors. Dr Alan Findlay, Senior Tutor at Churchill told *Varsity* that Churchill has plans to introduce a card-operated locking system. "If people don't lock their bedroom doors at night, they lay themselves open to the risk of such intrusions", adding that the college will "encourage our students to be more circumspect in befriending strangers".

Despite the days of police time spent on the separate arrests, in both cases all charges have been dropped and the suspects released. The owner of the missing mobile phone at Churchill was unimpressed, commenting, "After waiting for such a long time at the Police Station, it is annoying [the arrest] has come to nothing".

Similar concerns have also been raised about the way in which 17 yearold freshers, arriving after their Scottish Advanced Highers, are treated. Although unable to discuss the details of this years' intake for legal reasons, *Varsity* was able to speak to the Senior Tutor of one female "child prodigy" who had been admitted to

and bedders.

"a watch was kept over her" and that she felt she had been "singled out" by the college authorities, particularly in relation to the consumption of alcohol. Although admitting that she believed the college was right to be taking account of the licensing laws, she

to details such as her room's proximi-

ty to bathrooms, as well as "what their neighbours are like". Most

importantly, anyone mentoring this

person "must be CRB vetted", includ-

ing college family members, tutors

necessity of such measures were

bought into stark relief by another

young female student. Speaking

exclusively to Varsity, she told of how

Yet the problems posed by the

Newsdesk Tel: 01223 353 422 Email: news@varsity.co.uk

Girton bans alcohol after freshers' drunken mayhem

»College bar closed and freshers' ent cancelled by Senior Tutor



Students at Girton toga-up (and down) to get into the ent's Greek theme. Guinness hats were strictly optional.

NEWS REPORTER

Freshers' week at Girton got off to a chaotic start last Sunday at the col-lege's Greek themed ent. Paramedics had to treat one student and drunken revellers seriously damaged college property. As a result the Senior Tutor, Andrew Jefferies, has closed the bar for at least a week and cancelled the final freshers week ent planned for today. An email he sent to the student body stated that "college will not tolerate the misuse and abuse of alcohol...The level of drunkenness and alcohol-induced damage occurring in the last two days is totally unacceptable and must stop."

The night's events are unclear but

the college has been awash with speculation. One student said that she saw "a guy being taken out to the ambulance in a wheelchair...he looked to be passed out". It is rumoured that he then came round and lashed out at a paramedic, resulting in a formal complaint to the college.

Another student spilt a bottle of red wine over several items of furniture in the expensive Pear Trees area of the college, the "Honeymoon Suite" but has since accepted full responsibility and agreed to pay the cost of having it repaired. No other student damage has been reported and Simon Burdus, the JCR President, confirmed that he and his team did not find any breakages during a full sweep of the college after the ent.

As a result many students are mys-tified by the college's decision and angered at the lack of information from tutors.

Despite repeated attempts by Varsity to get a statement from Mr Jeffries on whether or not his reaction could be considered proportionate, he refused to comment on his decision.

One second year student condemned the decision as "a total overreaction...grossly unfair to the freshers," while another said, "I think college could have dealt with this with less drastic measures." Freshers have voiced annoyance because the majority of the trouble was caused by second and third years. One said that he felt "let down" and believed that the Senior Tutor should "punish the per-

petrators rather than the whole college." He went on to say that the decision "hasn't ruined freshers week but has put a bit of a dampener on it." Tom Howard, the JCR Bar Rep, also commented that while he sympathised with the reasons behind Jefferies decision, he felt that closing the bar would penalize those who use it as "an open, non-pressured, sociable space.'

Burdus, however, fully backed Jefferies' decision, explaining the need to "show freshers how to drink responsibly". He was keen to empha-

"The level of drunkenness... is totally unacceptable"

sise that Girton has had a "really good freshers week...if anything these events have brought the year closer together". Since Sunday all freshers week activities held within the college have been alcohol free, with only soft drinks provided.

Jimmy Appleton, the JCR Vice-President and President of the Freshers committee believes that these events have nonetheless been a great success, "The freshers have been fantastic...they've shown that you don't need alcohol to have a good time.

Girton Ents have a somewhat chequered history. The Spring Ball was marred by a conflict over security, with Appleton telling Girtonians "forget any sad little ideas about getting in for free - its not gonna happen...when you get cauught we'll be taking a tidy £100 out of your bank account" before threatening to "feed offenders to the University rottweillers". There was also a serious sexual assault reported in May Week 2005 in the aftermath of an ent.

Ashley Aarons on the NUS **Extra** confusion

I felt prompted to respond to the piece in last week's Varsity covering the NUS Cards issue: the situation is far less compli-cated than it was made to

appear. The current situation is as such: students can have three cards, the Cambridge University Student's Union card, the NUS Extra card and the University card.

The CUSU card is free to all students and identifies it's owner as a student, a member of their college, a member of CUSU and a member of the NUS. This therefore works as in identity card and provides discounts available outside the NUS extra scheme.

The NUS extra card (also an ID card) is completely different. Costing £10 it is primarily a discount card, providing a large number of savings. It is not expected that all students will

necessarily purchase it. The difference between these two is added to by the existence of the University card; provided to all Cambridge staff and stu-

"That NUS cards exist is out of CUSU's hands"

dents. It, however, does not

identify its carrier as a student. Current CUSU policy is opposed to the NUS Extra Card. However, although it is producing its own alternative, great lengths have been gone to in an effort to let people know the difference between the two. Twenty thousand NUS Extra card application flyers have already been ordered and are

aready been ordered and are avail on request. The current card system may not be ideal, but there are a number of factors at play. The NUS have changed their system (despite much opposition) and the fact that NUS Extra cards exist is out of CUSU's hands. The existence of CUSU cards is supported by a large number of recent motions at CUSU council within the last academic year, a body on which every college has a voting representative. There are a number of possibilities for

improving the system that will hopefully be discussed both openly and extensively during the next academic year.

Syd Barrett memorial takes a stand

JOHN WALKER

An Australian Pink Floyd enthusiast is leading a project to build a memorial to former band member Syd Barrett in Cambridge.

Barrett founded the band in 1965 and won fame for songs such as "Jugband Blues" and "Bike". But he became increasingly unable to cope with the pressures of life in the band. He left Pink Floyd in 1968, following a breakdown caused by psychedelic drugs and lived out the rest of his life in a modest house in Cambridge. He died earlier this year.

Dion Johnson, the head of Astral Piper, the New Syd Barrett Appreciation Society, suggested the memorial and has had his idea approved by Barrett's family. He is

seeking planning permission from Cambridge City Council to build a tall sculpture of Barrett that will appear in silhouette against the midday sun.

"one day, we can all gaze upon it one by one"

The project was conceived after Barrett's death in early July 2006 and Johnson and his society are relying on donations to meet the costs of any sculpture. They hope a memorial can be built on green space somewhere within the city.

Mr. Johnson said, "Visiting this monument in Cambridge one day, we can all gaze upon it one by one. It truly will be a timeless project for future generations to wonder upon and pay respect to Syd Barrett". The Council's

Historical Environment Manager, John Preston, said "I am not aware of anything like this having come forward to my department". He added, "A monument like this would be welcome in principle and situating a memorial in a significant place for its subject is desirable. However, the impact on other significant places and buildings must be considered".

Dion Johnson can be contacted at theastralpiper@yahoo.com.au



Syd Barrett on stage in the 1960s

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Roll me up a laptop

AMY RUSSELL

Cambridge engineers have developed new metal structures that could be used to create roll-up laptops within a few years. A team headed by Dr Keith Seffen, at the Department for Engineering, has spent four years developing a range of "morphing" structures, for use in products potentially as diverse as reusable packaging, self-erecting tents and even computer screens.

The material can adopt several shapes without the need for complex parts or sophisticated manufacturing techniques, and is highly durable. The result will be that of a "memory" of a shape being imparted into the metal.

The team drew its inspiration from slap bracelets that transform from a straight strip into a coil around the wrist. The metal sheets, made from copper alloys, "snap" from one shape into another; for example, from a flat sheet into a bent or twisted structure or a coil.

"If you think of bending a ruler," explained Seffen, "when you bend it you are changing its shape and also the stress within the structure. The shape and stress are interconnected, the more shape changes, the greater the stress become, until eventually the object fails." The team's breakthrough is that they have found a means to make the shape and the stress "inter-

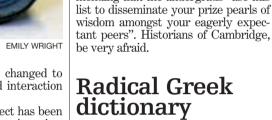


Dr Keith Seffen demonstrates his morphing structures

act" with each other in a positive way. When the new material is bent, the stress reaches a midway point and then forces the structure into a different shape, rather than breaking it. And without the need for hinges, latches and locks, Seffen believes that the "basic assembly of a project" could be produced "very quickly" and at "very low cost".

The material has the potential to be used in the creation of shells of vehicles such as cars and aircraft. Using the material, the aerodynamic profiles of such vehicles could be changed to alter agility, handling and interaction with airflow.

Although a similar project has been undertaken before in America, Seffen's team is the first to have produced something that could be applicable in a commercial environment. He commented that the current exploration of the structure's application in "just the start of things" and that they are "hoping to expand into a world class research centre for this type of research".



The publication by CUP of their "radically new" Cambridge New Greek Lexicon brought hoards of well-heeled Freshers to the Sidgwick Site for 'Greek Week'. Eight years in the making the new lexicon is the brainchild of the Classics Faculty's Professor Diggle. Eagerly sipping her skinny latte with her Buttery chums, one bright-eyed young fresher told *Varsity* "it'll be like a study aid sent down from Olympus". Indeed.

On Campus

Enraged historians from around the

University have been pouring out their

rage at the faculty's fresh-faced. The

hapless newbies had mistakenly been

sending their e-mail addresses to the faculty list for the last few days. But

the patrician restraint of their histori-

cal elders has finally snapped. One of

the first off the mark was long-haired

socialist Reuben Bard-Rosenberg but

his contribution was modest in compar-

ison to the interestingly attired Theo Middleton. The King's second year

treated the list to the wise words "you are all lemmings", pleading for them to "stop this madness", before recom-

mending that the undergrads "use this

Lemmings for

historians

No Lily, but a King-sized brain

King's undergraduates, shocked by the notable absence of supermodel Lily Cole from the Matriculation Photo, have instead spent their time trying to identify the genius in their midst. New Natsci Nicole Atack, who hails from Essex, gained a formidable 10 A grades at A-level. Whether this feat is adequate compensation for the loss of the model to the populace of King's remains to be seen.



Cross Campus

Derby dons' red card discipline

A new behaviour management book by University of Derby academics has recommended the use of yellow and red "referee" cards to curb unruly classroom behaviour. 101 Essential Lists for Managing Behaviour in the Early Years, written by a team of educationalists, is described by the university as a "must-have" for Primary School teaching. Aside from football pitch discipline, the authors suggest using "aggression cushions" and calming cushions", as well as adapting toilet rolls to become "behaviour binoculars", to scan the room for bad behaviour. One of the writers, Simon Brownhill, has described the success of using the toilet rolls as "amazing".

Not particularly manic street preaching

To complement the NUS national antitop up fees campaign the extremely radical members of Cardiff University Students Union have penned a quick ditty. The Welsh warblers' tuneful rendition of David Brent's "Freelove Freeway," - cunningly retitled "Free Love on the Fee Way," - promises "to set the campaign trail alight" according to one activist. Opinion was, however, divided with one student telling *Varsity* "it sounds like James Blunt on valium". The NUS march is on Sunday October 29 from Malet Street, London.

Durham drops beany bombshell

Unhappy at their baked bean packaging, a team of engineers at Durham University took it upon themselves to spend their summers redesigning the humble tin can. Rather than simply containing dinner, the can now also provides a pan, a spoon and stove as well as fuel and matches. Designed to be used in disaster areas the can costs a mere £1.30 to manufacture and after heating its contents has enough fuel left to boil 4.5 litres of water, enough to sustain someone for two days. Soon to be seen floating in a canal near you.

It ain't half dangerous here, Mum

Fresh-faced members of Reading University were treated to a "Crime Reduction Lesson" by Thames Valley Police during freshers' week. Concerned that for many "this was the first time that they had flown the nest," the new recruits offered advice from "if you hear footsteps behind you, turn and look" to "when you go home make sure that you have your keys ready to open the door". Stressing that they "weren't trying to frighten anybody," the police nevertheless advised students to "run towards a busy place" if they thought that they were being followed. Anyone in need of further valuable advice was advised to contact the police station directly.



News Investigation

6

Cambridge: a disciplined system?

»College disciplinary authorities do not adhere to their own regualtions »University disciplinary and complaints procedure "archaic"

JO TRIGG & ALICE WHITWHAM

The collegiate system is lauded by Cambridge for the benefits it offers in terms of teaching and welfare. But with 31 colleges comes 31 different sets of regulations, punishments and disciplinary procedures. Gaining access to these regulations under the Freedom of Information Act, Varsity has this week revealed the huge disparities in the ways that colleges discipline their students and the contradic-

University Discipline Definitions

• Proctor: A Formal representative of Regent House. They ensure exams are properly con-ducted and oversee discipline and public order within the university. Two proctors are nomi-nated every May by colleges determined by an organised rotation and then serve for one year from October 1, assisted by **Deputy Proctors and two Pro-Proctors**.

• The Constabulary: University Constables have all the power of a constable within five miles of Great St Mary's Church and assist the Proctors, acting on a reactive basis when disorder or demonstrations are expected. They also help with security and crowd control at university ceremonies. The 20-30 constables include the **University Marshal and Vice-**Marshal.

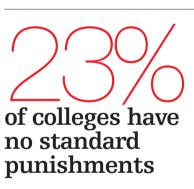
tions between regulations and reality as practiced by Deans and Senior Tutors.

The similarities between college disciplinary procedures are few. Each college has a Senior Tutor or Dean who deals with disciplinary matters, and each threatens students with a similar selection of punishments, including warnings, fines, being banned from formal halls or other college occasions, rustication (being ordered to leave college accommodation) or in the most extreme cases, being sent down. But here the similarities end; the severity of the punishments and the offences to which they are allocated vary hugely.

One of the most marked differences between colleges' disciplinary regulations found by *Varsity* is that of the quality of guidelines provided. Even basic comparisons between college regulations are problematic as the information provided for students varies so widely. Whereas colleges such as Newnham provide a detailed list of individual fines incurred by damage to college property, seven colleges responded to Freedom of Information requests by stating that punishments are determined on a case by case basis. At these colleges there are no set punishments for offences.

Where punishments are comparable, Varsity has uncovered some vast differences. The majority of colleges punish for unauthorised parties in college rooms, but opinions on what con-stitutes a "party" differs. Whereas having six or more people in a room may endanger you with disciplinary action at Sidney Sussex, you would need four more people and alcohol to incur any punishment at Queens'. And having deliberated what classes as an offence, allocating the appropriate

the maximum number of offences at any college last year





have once again been

credentials

somewhat compromised by its city

sponsorship, doesn't seem to be going

down too well with the punters.

Reports from the achingly trendy

launch party included the sniffy com-

ment "this looks like something that

besmirched by sto-

ries doing the

rounds on the

Cambridge scene.

📌 tain new maga-

It seems a cer-

zine, whose indie

were



The Proctors and University Constabulary assembled for their annual

punishment throws up yet more pitfalls. The maximum fines threatened in college regulations range from £150 at Selwyn to £500 at Sidney Sussex. At New Hall, disconnecting a fire alarm could cost a student £30, but a penalty of up to £250 can be imposed at Robinson for "interfering with equipment relating to fire detection or control".

When asked whether these regulations could be standardised across the University, college authorities were sceptical. Keith Grange, Dean of Selwyn, stressed that "Each case should be judged on its own merit as there are almost always extenuating circumstances". He told Varsity, "There may be an argument for guide-lines, but I think standardisation would result in injustices being done". Terri Apter, Senior Tutor at Newnham, was similarly reluctant to standardise. She argued "different circumstances require different actions".

But these fellows also showed a reluctance to adhere to their college regulations, of which their students are fully informed. Despite Selwyn listing fines for both minor and major offences in its regulations, Grange told Varsity that he tries not to impose fines on students, describing this form of punishment as "not appropriate". Instead, he prefers to give offenders community service, as in one case pro-filed by *Varsity*. And despite Newnham providing a very exacting

hadn't issued from the mouth of a con-

But for those who tried to escape to

more exotic climes, recriminations have followed. A certain lovely lady

who has been known to hang out close

to Po Na Na's has discovered the neg-

ative effects of allowing louses into her

bed. Close contact with these tropical

creatures (not known to be pit-

dwelling) has resulted in an unfortu-

nate attack of scabies. Watch out for

this one lads, she could really get

tributor...

list of college rules, Apter claimed "I don't like to punish, I just want to cor-rect what's wrong".

Independent of this array of college regulations and discretionary practices, the University also has its own disciplinary system. Regent House, the University's governing body, is formally represented by a team of six Proctors. Within the colleges though,

"if we still have handcuffs, we don't know where they are"

Proctors have no official disciplinary influence. They can accompany stu-dents when they see their Senior Tutors, with the Senior Tutor's permission, but punishments, such as the decision to send down a student, must be made by a college.

The role of Proctors, and the 20-30 strong team of University Constables who assist them, is to maintain discipline within a five mile radius of Great St Mary's Church. Within this area, the constables have all the powers of regular policemen, and until the 1960s

000 Varsity Asks

So how much of a Cambridge rebel are you anyway?

- a) I've been put on the Senior Proctor's speed dial list.
- b) My bedder took all morning to clear up the vomit.
- c) I occassionally take a shortcut across the college lawn.
- d) I don't even know who my Senior Tutor is.
- >> Poll results on page 31

The bishop's ears you get through the door". Snobbery under your skin. that wouldn't perhaps surprise those And, lest the freshers feel left out of familiar with the "scene" – if only it

this unholy mess, complaints have been emanating from King's about a condom left outside the library which, upon a failed attempt to kick it, splayed a clear substance onto the person's shoe. For practical reasons one can only assume it was a separate incident to the lesbian tryst conducted for the benefit of a certain choirboy whose demeanour bears more than a passing resemblance to a root vegetable...



photograph. The police force for the modern university?

undertook regular street patrols. Their roles since, apart from ceremonial oaccasion, have been mainly to assist the Proctors in cases of disorder or demonstrations.

Former Proctor Dr Elisabeth Leedham-Green told Varsity that the Proctors aim at "the prevention of trouble and protection of free speech". For instance, while Proctor she was present at animal rights demonstrations in order to both protect University buildings and to prevent students from "doing anything silly". She also noted that it was always preferential, if students were breaking the law in any way, that the Proctors and Constables "get them before the police do". Under the current system, students can be punished both by the university and the police. But Leedham-Green did confess "If we still have handcuffs we don't know where they are!"

Proctors have authority only over junior members of the University. Any complaint against an undergraduate is put before the University Advocate to decide whether a charge will be brought. A minor offence will be referred to the Summary Court, which has the "power to impose fines not exceeding £175 and to order pay-

Case 1

As JCR President, Thomas* intervened on behalf of a student who had invited friends to Selwyn, but not signed them in. Whilst drunk, one of the friends threatened a Porter. The Dean ordered the student to move out of college, banned him from the bar for one year, and forbade him from ever having guests. Thomas highlighted the unfairness of holding him responsible for another's misconduct. Thomas, describing the punishment as "a huge overreaction" appealed to college authorities and the punishment was reduced to 40 hours service in college and a ban from the bar for the rest of the year.

Ewings: CUSU is "not there to get people off"

ment of compensation not exceeding £250"; a serious offence is dealt with by the Court of Discipline. The Court has the power to impose sentences including rustication, degree suspension or deprivation, or may order "payment of compensation". Anybody appearing before a University court is offered free legal advice and representation by the Faculty of Law. But Leedham-Green stressed the proctors' preference for "sorting things out" at an informal level.

The only means by which students can make an official complaint within the University is by using the Complaints Procedure, which is broken down into three stages rising from college to University level, depending on the seriousness of the complaint. Within University procedures and regulations, the Complaints Complaints

Case 2

John* and his uncle were drunk during the college's designated quiet period. In response to a porter telling John's uncle that he should know better", the latter replied, "What are you? A failed traffic warden?" John was banned from the bar for a week and put under a curfew as punishment for the offence. The Dean told John that he wanted to make an example of him to the rest of the college. John felt the punishment was unjust as he was given no opportunity to defend himself. He commented that the general attitude of the college to disciplinary matters

is harsh.

* All names have been changed to protect the identities of the individuals involved.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

Procedure has attracted particular criticism from the CUSU Executive. Mark Ferguson, CUSU President told Varsity that "as intelligent as Cambridge people are, some of the complaints procedures are very complicated". He criticised the entire svstem for being "a little bit archaic".

Harriet Boulding, CUSU Women's Officer, raised specific concerns about the panel which assesses the complaints, describing the number of people on it as "too limited" and implying that they are not properly trained to deal with such complaints. She added "At the moment no such panel is organised in a way I'd like to see".

Although reforming the Complaints Procedure Panel is being treated as a "long term project" by CUSU, they are happy to help students dealing with the disciplinary or complaints procedure. Although Dave Ewings, CUSU Welfare Officer, stressed that CUSU are "not there to get people off", he explained to Varsity that CUSU are happy to take on a case and see how they can help. "We will do our best to get people through the situation and explain the options to them" he said. Leedham-Green praised the union, saying "sometimes they [CUSU] are very good indeed".

Case 3

On visiting a friend at another college College, Ed* was stopped by university constables on suspicion that the bike he was unlocking had been stolen. They did not believe that he was a member of Cambridge University, something which Ed believes was owing to his appearance, having just had his head shaved at the barbers. He was accused of carrying a fake university card, which they wished to confiscate. Ed was forced to show the constables his bike registration at his college's Porter's Lodge after the incident and it was only then that they realised their mistake.

Cancer researcher targets Huntingdon suppliers to ease conscience

LUCY MCKEON

A cancer research scientist was jailed last month, following a one-man sabotage campaign against three companies linked to a Cambridgeshire animal testing lab.

Dr. Joseph Harris, 26, who was set for a "promising career" in research into gastro-intestinal cancer, was sentenced to three years on September 20 after causing over £25,000 worth of damage. Harris felt he was in an "increasing moral dilemma" as his beliefs about animal testing conflicted with his work in molecular biology. He was reportedly galvanised into action after his girlfriend left him due to experimentation on animals by those in his field.

In an apparent bid to ease his conscience, Harris targeted suppliers to nearby Huntingdon Life Sciences, Europe's largest contract animal testing lab. The suppliers themselves were not directly involved in animal testing. Over a two-month period, Harris attacked companies in Nottingham Bicester. and Northampton, where he spray-paint-ed graffiti including "This company

kills babies," glued locks, slashed tyres and flooded one building. Harris also daubed "ALF" - the ini-

tials of the Animal Liberation Front, a non-violent animal rights group - on one wall. The court heard, however, that he did not belong to any specific organisation.

Yet Harris was apparently involved with another animal rights group: SHAC (Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty). The SHAC website listed Huntingdon contacts, providing Harris with targets. These have now been removed as the group no longer

deal with the lab.

Greg Avery, SHAC's Press Officer, confirmed that he had met Harris "several" times at annual Animal Rights International Gatherings in Kent. Avery said Harris was "just another campaigner". Harris is supported on both ÅLF-affil-iated and SHAC websites, where his

"beliefs about animal testing conflicted with work"

prison details are given, and letters of support are encouraged to be written.

Avery described Harris's sentence as "over the top, obscene... there was nobody on the premises. You get more for GBH". Harris was the first person in Britain to be sentenced under new, tougher sabotage legislation, introduced to protect businesses. This law, introduced last year, established "interference with contractual and similar relationships with the intention of harming an animal research organization" as an offence. This, Avery explained, may have affected the length of Harris's sentence; "As soon as you have an effect in multi-national companies, these things take effect".

Harris is a graduate of Nottingham University, having conducted research there and at the Queen's Medical Centre in Nottingham. Both institutions declined to comment as he was not employed by either at the time of his arrest.



The damage done by Joseph Harris



Jacob Bard-Rosenberg

Do mention the war

The importance of respecting JSoc's diversity

srael's incursion into Lebanon was probably the most notable global event over the summer break. My email inbox, usually laden with spam, was filled with an influx of reports, links to newspaper articles, and advertisements for protests.

The conflict troubled many Jews. Hezbollah's anti-Semitism came as an assault, not only to Israel as a state, but to Jews internationally. Could the Israeli attack be seen as an attempt to defend the global Jewish population, and what sort of attack would be justified by such reasoning?

The Jewish population of Britain is a plural one. Many Jews are non-Zionist, some are anti-Zionist, while many feel a strong relationship to Israel, but are critical of its actions in the last few months. There are also the hardcore who defend every one of Israel's political and military moves. Superimposed on this diverse community is Cambridge University Jewish Society (JSoc). Whilst only a proportion of the Jews are members, many more are on this organisation's

"Jewishness is not an immutable set of imperatives"

mailing lists (as a result of signing up at the Freshers' Fair, or other events). On the whole, JSoc seems to align itself with the most religious (often more right-wing) elements of the Jewish community, so its attempts to act as the representative body of all Jewish students at best conceal and at worst stifle the diversity and wide range of political ideas within the community.

I was shocked last week by an email from Rabbi Ori Fish, last year's Jewish Chaplain in Cambridge, proudly stating that he had been fighting in the North with the Miluim (reservists). Attached were two photos of him wielding a machine-gun, and one of him with his young family. My initial reaction was one of disgust. How could he glorify his role in a conflict that has led to the internal displacement of 1.2 million Lebanese citizens, the murder of over 1.000 civilians, and the use of cluster-bombs throughout southern Lebanon, making it impossible for some people to return home?

Sending such an email doesn't only defend certain political acts, but is

itself a political act. It suggests that there should be no regrets over what happened in Lebanon, and that performing such a service for Israel is something to be glorified. It implies that the life of Rabbi Fish is worth more than the lives of others – does he really think that the Lebanese don't have young families too? It suggests the Jewish community of Cambridge should support his actions and be thankful for the risk that he is

taking. I asked myself what could justify an email like this. It wasn't justifiable on religious grounds. The Ten Commandments don't read: "Thou shalt not kill unless thy neighbour kidnaps a soldier in thy neighbour's territory," or "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house unless thy neighbour fires Katyusha rockets". The reasoning was entirely political. These were politics of nationalism and imperialism. Political engage-ment is no bad thing, but it is a gross oversimplification to demand that our politics is defined by our Jewish identity. To define or reihify it is to undermine the diverse character of the Jewish community.

JSoc exists to provide services and a social base for all Jews in Cambridge who wish to become involved, and as such should be inclusive. There is no doubt that emails such as this one that undermine inclusivity. I, for one, feel excluded knowing that such material is freely sent around without any criticism. I cannot be part of an organisation that justifies murder in the name of defending the global Jewish community. 'Jewishness' is a diverse and evolving identity that should reflect all those who identify themselves as Jewish, not an immutable set of imperatives. The assault on Lebanon cannot be justified simply as a defence of the 'Jewish People'. CUSU has a no-platform policy against racist organisations, and I fail to see why the Israeli Defence Force, who freely engage in mass murder and ethnic cleansing are not one of the organisations refused a voice.

We must fight not only against the politics that Ori Fish's email defends - that of illegitimate military action, but also the dangerous tolerance of propaganda that allows such an email to be sent. A true understanding of any situation can arise only through open debate, based on dynamic arguments rather than static identities. It should not attempt to impose the political ideas of those in power on an entire community, and which does not glorify the barbaric actions of a rightwing Rabbi/soldier in the name of defending the global Jewish community.



U-turn if you like?

Death becomes him but old cows won't leave him alone



 , along with all other kind folk, was saddened by the death in September of Steve Irwin, croc hunter extraordinaire and endless fountain of
 enthusiasm-bordering-on-

craziness. Good old Steve had a kind of culthero status in England and the US, or so I hear - I grew up in Australia, and was welcomed with many references to Australia's greatest ambassador during Fresher's Week last year (along with the obligatory convict – and Ashes –related comments). I was surprised at how well-known he was outside of Australia - because within the land of sea and sun he was by no means a popular figure.

by no means a popular figure. People knew of him, but before his death he was treated with a mixture of bemusement, embarrassment and outright antagonism. And yet, when he died, his death was the major newspiece for days – there were tributes in every paper, special editions of TV current-affairs shows, and footage galore of teary-eyed children placing flowers at the gates of Australia Zoo. Any negative sentiment against him – like the kind that built up after the almost-feedingbaby-Bob-to-a-croc incident quickly disappeared. And then along came Germaine Greer.

Good old Germy – she really can be counted on to put in a crotchety mean-spirited comment wherever one is needed. If Steve and Germaine had ever met in real life I think he'd have snuck up behind her ('Crikey! Take a look at this one!'), tackled her and sent her back into the river along with other scaly creatures. Her article in the *Guardian*, claiming the animal world had taken 'rightful revenge' on Irwin triggered a massive outcry in Australia and overseas - one Sydney newspaper even sent her a Hannibal-esque muzzle in the post.

I can't help wondering whether the anger against Greer was really just because she was one of the few who resisted the temptation to perform a huge somersault in judgement when Irwin died. Though everyone else was eager to re-write their opinions of him, Greer went ahead and published a damning article critiquing his invasive style of documentary-mak-

"before his death he was treated with a mixture of bemusement, embarrassment and downright antagonism"

ing. The lady was not for turning, it would seem.

The thing is, had her article been published before his death, it barely would have registered in the public consciousness, but once we decided he was an all-round good guy, a Wildlife Warrior – anything said against him was an outrage.

Public opinion can be tremendously fickle when it comes to its view of certain characters. When the aurora popularis is blowing in the right direction individuals are transformed from demons to angels, or vice versa, in an instant.

Take the saga of Kate Moss. OK, she was never really an angel, but once those infamous Daily Mirror photos of her appeared she was branded a dirty junkie and a horrible mother, monikers much worse than anything that came before. She swiftly lost a bunch of contracts and retreated from the public eye giving many cause to predict her downfall.

But it wasn't long before Moss undoubedly with the help of some slick PR - won back those contracts, appeared on the covers of French Vogue and became the comeback girl, who ventured down the wrong road once but cleaned herself up in the kind of rehab centre only very rich addicts can afford. And all this happened in the space of less than a year.

If opinions in the media can change as suddenly as this, how much credi-bility can they have? Admittedly, I know very few people who model their own opinions on what the tabloid media have to say (such a person would verge on the schizophrenic, I imagine: 'Angelina Jolie is such a beautiful, wholesome woman - no, wait, she's a dirty rotten homewrecker!'), and some of the stuff written, spoken or aired in the media is meant to be taken lightly. But all this leaves little space for honest opinion that is consistent over time. I'm not saying Germaine Greer should be applauded, but I do think it's important for things to be published that countervail whatever mainstream opinion dictates at the time, even if they incur the kind of wrath Greer did.

So, to all those journalists out there, take a deep breath, stop hyperventilating and come up with stable views and opinions on important issues – like whether or not Brad and Angelina will last the year.

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eing a college parent has numerous advantages compared to the real thing – at the very least there's no pocket emptying beyond that obligatory first pint. What is more, you get to shock your real parents with the news that not only did you get married last term, but you are expecting a kid in October.

However Cambridge's new fledglings share something rather sinister with their biological counterparts, the first effects of which became obvious in a seemingly innocent email before the start of term.

The JCR Freshers' Officer, ignorant of what he was about to cause, sent all of us nervous soon-to-be-parents an email asking us for a description of ourselves and our Cambridge experience so far which he could pass on to our children. He added 'try not to spend more than half an hour on it'.

Half an hour! I was done in two minutes flat – a whole year in two sentences – with most of that time spent agonising over whether regular attendance at Cindy's counted as an achievement. In the last year had I filled the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run? Clearly not. Bloody kids – something had to be done.

A common sight in many affluent town centres is the bearded, greying man in a flashy, fast car (normally with no passengers). For a moment I felt jealous of these men – at least their mid-life crises could be solved with a quick swipe of a credit card.

Given my entire student loan could only get me a six year old Ford Fiesta, I was left with two options.

Time to grow up?

Fatherhood changes you

The first was to take up some fulfilling new activity and the second complete denial. The former choice seemed more hard work but ultimately worth it. This left me with the question – what on Earth could I do that would make me feel as if I had made the most of uni?

Glancing down the list of Cambridge societies and sports I was surprised to find many I thought I might like. However as I pondered more closely each interesting new society or extreme sport I had yet to try a distinct feeling of annoyance came over me- none the activities truly suited what I wanted to do with my remaining two years.

The problem was that I decided not to do these things last year for one very good reason – I didn't really want to. The things I did want to do I was doing already. The trouble is a bit of casual sport, formal swaps and Cindy's is not particularly original, nor will it light up a CV. Or make my children excited at the prospect of meeting me, for that matter. But hey, I'm not especially bothered.

The arrival of children has not, after this reflection, been too bad. Time spent so far at Cambridge has not been used to do worthy but dull things, nor things that 'ought' to have been done to make more exciting reading.

By remaining stubborn and finding good excuses not to do the right thing I have, despite these new appeals to my parental sense of responsibility, stayed a teenager – long may that continue!



VARSITY The Well-Educated Undergraduate?

Alison Richard's speech on Monday argued that the University's primary focus should be on teaching rather than on research. She also raised the idea of broadening the range of subjects offered in the humanities tripos. We are fortunate to study in an institution that seems generally sensitive to the fact that there are as many different ways of learning as there are of teaching. New students at Cambridge will be overwhelmed by what is expected of them, but also perhaps pleasantly surprised by the freedoms they are given in order to fulfil their academic potential. We can often decide how we learn; depending on our subjects, some of us choose whether we attend all, some or no lectures at all. We can choose whether we want to learn aurally or from a book. Some people have nocturnal study habits, and we don't all work with a perfect consistency through the term. Oxford University announced this year that it would monitor individual students' attendance at lectures and supervisions, making a certain level of attendance compulsory. Here, however, we are still given the choice and we are therefore allowed to play to our strengths and find out our weaknesses.

It seems, however, that there is a rather tricky balance here. On the one hand, we are given a responsibility to take advantage of our freedom and to forge a reputation for ourselves as people who want to learn, rather than as students who find knowledge thrust upon us. This responsibility gives us the opportunity to silence the critics who accuse us of drinking away our student loans, or watching the goings-on in Ramsay Street more avidly than our academic progress. On the other hand, as *Varsity*'s investigation into college discipline procedure this week shows, there are times when the University will clamp down hard when students push certain boundaries.

This week's events have shown that we often miss opportunities to use the freedom that we have been given in the most constructive ways. It might seem unfair that Girton closed its bar this week due to drunken antics, but it really does feel a shame that so few students were present at the protest on Thursday morning outside King's, and it is likely that this turnout didn't represent a lack of student dissent. I hope that those who stayed away weren't too busy nursing their hangovers.

On Life and Style

To present such an extensive Lifestyle section in a student publication might to some seem both indulgent and even pretentious. But *Varsity* would like to defend its apparently extravagant use of column space. Cambridge students in particular seem to live by the old adage, 'work hard, play hard'. But sometimes playing soft can be beneficial as well. You don't have to live on baked beans to live cheaply. Explore Cambridge's local shops, and cook yourself some good, simple food. For under twenty pounds, you can leave the CB postcode behind. Burst the Cambridge bubble as often as possible. You'll enjoy the hard graft all the more knowing that you can.

VARSITY The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

Varsity has been Cambridge's independent student newspaper since 1947, and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge college and ARU weekly. Varsity is proud to be the holder of numerous student media awards and a vast number of alumni now working in international media. Varsity also publishes *BlueSci* magazine, *The Mays*, and an online edition at *www.varsity.co.uk*, and broadcasts weekly on CUR1350.

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Ethics Girl Tess Riley

ince last week was sex. I thought I'd take drugs this week. It's cocaine I'm particularly interested in. Cocaine has many parallels with sex. Sort of. Coke is a stimulant that causes a feeling of exhilaration and decreases appetite; sex is an exhilaration that causes a feeling of stimulating appetite. The former requires snorting, the latter induces snorting; in both cases, the entrance of substances into the body is fairly likely unless your line's not drawn well or you don't withdraw well. Either way, you're fucked.

My parents. Emerging from the hippy generation with Sandie-Thomlike flowers in their hair, they lived in an age when the Beatles ruled the world, orange and brown were colours invented for the sole purpose of colouring carpets, and smoking weed was a social norm.

Flash forward forty years to my own school days. Taught from the age of five to "say no to strangers" and "look left, right, and left again", I was petrified of taking aspirin in case it became a 'habit'. Coinciding with this era of increasing warnings, however, there has been an inversely proportional rise in the use and trade of illegal narcotics. And it's no longer just weed that floats one's boat.

Ninety per cent of the world's cocaine is grown in Colombia, where peasant farmers rely for survival on the income from the coca leaf. No longer controlled by drugs barons, the cocaine industry is fought over by two armed groups, the Marxist guerrillas (FARC) and the right-wing paramilitaries, who fight over land and manufacture sites.

To combat the cocaine 'laboratories', Junglas (Jungle Men) – an elite anti-narcotics unit funded and trained by the USA – scours the Colombian rainforest from artilleryloaded helicopters. Landing in areas suspected to be manufacture sites, the teams blow up drugs factories and spray coca fields with poison.

But how effective is this? It is the sharty-dwelling farmers who this destroys, not the paramilitaries, guerrillas, and corrupt government officials helping export the drug across national borders.

Ironically, the country funding the

vides Colombia with its primary market. Indeed, North America remains the biggest single market for drugs worldwide. Moreover, while officials say that 'Plan Colombia' – to combat cocaine production – is working well, the fact that cocaine is more readily available than ever before, and with a falling street-price, suggests that something is not right.

Junglas is the same country that pro-

Meanwhile vast swathes of the Amazonian rainforest are being deforested to make way for coca leaf plots that deplete the soil, destroy natural habitats, and remove the carbon-dioxide-absorbing trees.

So what is the answer? The destruction of coca farmers' livelihoods should not be an excuse to continue the illegal production of dangerous narcotic substances. But while the market for cocaine thrives, there will always be people willing to meet that demand. In the developed world, we are continuously faced with choices about how we choose to spend our time and our money. Personally, I choose sex over

drugs. As an Ethics Girl, I know it's much better for the environment.

varsity.co.uk/discuss | 06.10.06

Turn to page 31 or lift up Arts and Features for more discussion

'Banning the Rentals does little to address the issue of students' alchohol consumption'



»Post from Paris »Letter of the week



Alicia Spencer-Joynes

am not a flâneur, or rather I am not a flâneuse. I do not wish to stroll around the seediest parts of Paris to discover "authentic" life in its purest, filthiest form. I'm in a minority.

Each year, Quentin intrepidly sets out for Paris to experience sex, violence and rebellion. This involves posing in cafés pretending to read Baudelaire. He stares, deep in thought, at passersby, oblivious of these petits *gens* with their petites *vies*. He smokes (but never inhales) countless Gauloises. Each year, he makes a pilgrimage to his favourite street artist, whose canvases depict morose parisiennes against the backdrop of the city's exquisite architecture. Quentin buys one, and tips the artist generously.

He walks purposefully to the banks of the Seine, takes a knife from his coat pocket and cuts his newly acquired painting in two. He hurls both sections into the murky river with a small triumphant yelp. This Quentin has done every year for the past five years. He explains: "in Paris, you've got to go a bit mad, let out the tortured artist in oneself...destroy some art so the spirit of creativity never gets complacent."

I came to Paris because Cambridge University told me I had to. I'm too poor to install water purifying systems in Guadeloupe, too cynical to preach in rural Africa, and apparently unemployable. I came here with an Erasmus grant and an accidental place at the Sorbonne. On my first nighttime foray into the Parisian underbelly, I went to the supermarket at half nine and bought nine limes. Thereafter, I tried to recreate the womb-like security of Cambridge. I stayed in my studio and watched Grey's Anatomy for three whole days.

I didn't trash the Louvre, nor drink blindness-inducing amount of absinthe in a cellar bar in Montmartre. I'm acclimatising to life post-Cambridge - inching slowly away from the narcotizing comfort and routine of Cambridge life where people collect your post, cook your meals, and even care if you don't hand in an essay. The MML department lied to me: it's not all one big adventure. It's hard work. It's trying to speak to people you don't know and who aren't interested in you, in a language which is a stranger to you. Even going into shops I know I'll make a fool of myself - ask for some bread only to be presented with a dead beaver.

The authenticity of my life here in fact depends on doing normal, everyday things, becoming someone who takes living in Paris for granted - even with all its art and grandeur and people who rather inconveniently speak a different language. At this point, Cambridge is not in another country, it is in another world.

Tomorrow I might venture out for a walk around my arrondissement. If I spy any starving street artists, I might buy a painting. If I happen to see a young man dangling a painting over the Seine, I might be tempted to push him in. You don't need to destroy art in Paris – the art is in learning to live here.



Dear Sir,

I can't say that I felt any sympathy for the Rentals while reading Gabriel Byng's report on the college's

response to last summer's events. Robinson will indeed be a much pleasanter place without a 'society' which epitomises many of the negative stereotypes with which all Cambridge students are tarnished. So a big pat on the back to Dr Guild for doing something that should have been done long ago. I would however like to ask what Robinson College is planning to do with (something in the region of $\pounds1300$) that they raised in fines. Excuse my cynicism, but I can't help but think that this money will disappear into the college's back pocket. Banning the Rentals and Girl Fridays, while looking good for the college, does little to address the underlying issue that too many students depend on excessive amounts of alcohol. At the very least they should consider donating this money to an organisation such as the University Counselling Service or Alcoholics Anonymous.

Alternatively they could use it to expand the college's effort to discourage excessive alcohol consumption, which at present consists of a single letter before the start of May Week and an odd letter of complaint when there's some sick outside the SCR.

Yours sincerely,

Alex Corbishley

Robinson

Tell Varsity what's on your mind - each week, the best letter will win a

specially selected bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants, King's Parade

»And the rest...

Dear Sir,

Ashley Elliot's column on volunteer tourism reveals him in many ways to be the very thing he attacks: an idealist who thinks he knows everything just because he has travelled a bit. Just because he saw corruption while working with the UN and in his experiences with volunteer tourists does not mean that all such charitable travelling is a bad thing. First, he seemed to expect that he would be working with a group of ascetics, not with real people. He was shocked that the charity workers did not live with the people they helped, apparently failing to reflect that this is the usual situation whenever there are rich and poor people. One rarely sees members of the House of Lords living in housing projects. If some decent conditions were not on offer for the charity workers and volunteers, in all likelihood no one would volunteer at all. Even a little help would be better than no help. He is further dismayed by the corruption of some officials and companies he

dealt with in Africa. He does not consider that when you help people, you have to deal with the situation on the ground, no matter how distasteful it is. Generally, the corruption is at least part of the reason why people need help. Like most idealists, now that he has been disillusioned, he rejects the possibility of helping others, preferring to sink into de facto isolationism. Rather than finding a solution, he just suggests giving up and going home. The current framework of international welfare may not be great, but it is better than nothing.

Sincerely,

Michael P. Gallen St. John's

Dear Sir,

The participants in your symposium on the Lebanon conflict neglected to mention some crucial facts. Worryingly, the greatest ignorance

sidekick. Edward Mortimer spoke of 'progress on the Shebaa Farms', which as you tell us is land occupied by Israel and claimed by Lebanon. The Shebaa Farms are recognised by the UN as part of the Golan Heights, Syrian land which Israel occupied in self-defence in 1967. Lebanon, and Hezbollah, only began making a fuss over the land when Israel withdrew from Lebanon in 2000. In other words, the Shebaa Farms are a pretext for Hezbollah continuing hostilities with the Jewish state. 'Progress on the Shebaa Farms' ought therefore to mean Syria finally recognising Israel's right to exist. In return, Israel will then give back the Golan Heights, just as it gave the Sinai back to Egypt in accordance with UN Security Council Resolution 242.

Eddy Rogers

Fitzwilliam

Dear Sir,

was displayed by Kofi Annan's own First of all, congratulations for the

first issue of the term; aside from your teeth-gnashing mistake on page 2 (Can I check that the main text tells the truth and that we are in fact second place in the rankings?) the paper has a professional appearance and talented writers.

I was hiking around Homerton's many miles of boggy ground when I stopped for game sandwiches and whiskey; my laughter at Tess Riley's excellent exposé of "Green Sex" from Japan vastly improved the long walk back to college.

Can I add that if Owen Saxton's scrutiny of Facebook profiles (page 4) is taking over his (presumably rather important) day job, I declare myself happy to trade places with him? I'll enjoy his generous salary, and he can enjoy many more pleasant hours on said web-based program. He can even check my profile to gauge my suitability for the post...

Jeremiah Scrote

Homerton

Way Back When: Varsity Archives »November 24th 1951: Battle in the »December 1st 1951: All Quiet on early morning the Backs



n 'affair of honour' is to be settled with pistols on Trinity Backs next Thursday morn-ing at 8.45. It arises from a gift sent by a gentleman of Trinity to a lady of Girton. An acquaintance of the lady's, also at Trinity, came into

possession of a note addressed 'To my lady', which should have accompanied the gift. He demanded an explanation, which was not forthcoming. After an exchange of letters it became apparent that there was only one way of settling the matter. The protagonists, although formerly good friends, now only bow coldly when they meet and communicate with each other through their seconds.

The challenger still considers he has a right to an explanation. But the writer of the note, when asked yesterday if he considered himself the offending party, said: "No, I do not think the other gentleman has any absolute right over the lady. I shall defend my honour to the last." He added: "it is a great pity that our ship of friendship has been wrecked upon these rocks."

The lady as yet knows nothing about the affair. Efforts have been made to keep it from her. But she declared vesterday: "I am distracted by the rumours I have heard."



cold early morning on Thursday, ten Press Thursuay, photographers, a from reporters from London and a crowd of about seventy waited to see a duel. It might have been the first public duel of the century.

The duel had been called off because of the nation-wide publicity it had occasioned. After an exchange of letters, the offending party had apologised, and a reconciliation was effected. An understanding had been reached, whereby the honour of both parties was respected.

A friend of one of the rivals told a reporter that the evening before there was every intention of carrying out the contest. "One was going to lie down and bleed like a pig," he explained. He was extremely disappointed at the latest turn of events. He had risen at 7.30. "The earliest I have got up since leaving the Army," he commented. "You can rest assured there will be a lynching after this" he said. In the '30s, the Editor of "Varsity Weekly" was challenged

to a duel by an American under-Television Newsreel, graduate. The police intervened.

10

Features

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MUSIC P24 Queer as Folk: the return of a genre

PROTEST OR PRIVILEGE?

Student Apathy

-Yrotectec

To the Barricades!

Cambridge should be more than just the anteroom to fortune, says Imogen Walford

here's a genocide in Darfur. War in Lebanon. Chaos in Afghanistan. And all while climate change seems ever more irreversible. Do you give up on it all and head back to the library? Or do you try to make a difference?

Giving up time to protest can seem pointless, particularly when "only" a student. But being politically involved doesn't have to be about opposition, just about engagement.

Why are Cambridge students so apathetic? It's not that people in the University aren't politically aware; students can get their Hutus and their Tutsis the right way round and know their Janjaweed from their Mujaheddin. But they don't do anything about it. Our apathy is not a lack of interest; it's a lack of passion.

Look at CUSU, voice of the student body. They decided last year not to take any official stances on extra-Cambridge politics. This is understandable: it might have offended those who were for the Iraq war if their university was campaigning against it on their behalf. But CUSU have also been noticeably silent on student political issues. It's been left up to King's students to protest against top-up fees this week. And in Cambridge's rare moment of political protest two years ago, against the closure of the architecture department, the Socialist Workers' Party logo was the most conspicuous on the banner outside Senate house.

Is CUSU out of step with the student body? Sadly, it seems not. The famous King's red bar is airport lounge cream: the hammer and sickle bears the inscription 'In memoriam'. A quick trawl through the Facebook reveals that Cambridge students haven't set up any groups containing the words

Rwanda, Darfur or Chechnya. There's a grand total of 17 members of the CU Palestine Society. Political passion might not always manifest itself via a Facebook group, but even so it's embarrassingly low. Sitting in our Ivory towered bubble, in a

cushy consumer society, with a centrist domestic political arena, it's easy to justify a 'me-me-me' attitude. It's not just that Cambridge students aren't running off to Africa to give out medicine; they're actively joining GlaxoSmith Kline or Goldman Sachs in search of a bonus.

A Cambridge degree is not just a "don't pass go" card into a high-paying job. It could be an opportunity to question your beliefs, take a stance and maybe even make a change for the better. Or at least take 'apathetic' off your Facebook profile.

What Barricades?

British student politics has always been more about the ballot box than banners, as Ed Blain discovers

ineteen sixty-eight. Paris burns as students take to the streets, fighting running battles with the police and inspiring nine million workers to strike against Charles de Gaulle's autocratic government. In Czechoslovakia university students are central in the brief opening up of the Prague Spring; hundreds are killed. wounded or exiled when Soviet troops crush the movement. In Cambridge, Varsity breathlessly reports the latest:

'The Red Flag fluttered over King's Chapel for two days this week, having the distinction of being the only political gesture recently to have any impact. No one knows who put it there and the minute it was noticed it was taken down. So much for gestures.

Student protest has never been much in vogue in Britain, and is rarer still at Cambridge. This is partly because we very

rarely suffer oppression or in Britain because they are unnecessary.

In Iran students are forced to take to the streets because they have no other option open to them. In Britain they know from experience that a letter to a newspaper or their MP is less risky and often more effective. We may deplore top-up fees, but we have to admit that they are nowhere near as polarising as living under an Islamic theocracy

When Cambridge students do try to excite mass protest, the result is a farce because they lack a cause important enough to unite the university. The Great Sit-In of '69 saw 450 students occupying a hall on Mill Lane. Their demands were not World Peace or an end to the Vietnam War, but a central student bar and the removal of spikes from college walls. No wonder they were evicted after a few days by a bunch of counter-revolutionaries who wanted to use the room for music practice.

active support of only a small number.

A common explanation, put forward by Imogen Walford above, is that the breakdown of polarised politics since the late 1980s has created crushing student apathy. But *Varsity* polls suggest this is not the case.

In the late sixties, a time that in the folk memory seems the heyday of student activism, almost half of Cambridge students considered themselves politically apathetic. This week a similar poll asked students whether they would vote in a general election tomorrow. More than two thirds said they would. Perhaps a hundred votes in the ballot box may be more effective in the long term than a hundred marchers in King's Parade. The activists may be moan the lack of sit-ins and soap-boxes in today's Cambridge. But it seems that with their passing the silent majority is more willing to make itself heard.



Top-up fees are with us, applications are down 3.5%, and only one College JCR bothers to protest. Imogen Walford, Ed Blain, and Tess Riley ask: Where has all the passion gone?

NUMBER CRUNCHING

18,000Students at Cambridge3,584Amnesty mailing list

600 Cambridge Students Against the Arms Trade mailing list
100 per cent of Freshers don't know the difference between CUSU and the Cambridge Union Society

per cent of second and third year students still don't know the difference

t 21-years-old, Joss Garman has been arrested over twenty times. A serial young offender? If so, why is he on a platform at the prestigious Edinburgh International Book Festival

2006 amongst the likes of Harold Pinter and Seamus Heaney? I met him in London two weeks later to find out.

I first knew of Joss Garman when he participated in a climate change debate I attended this summer. His passionate engagement with the subject, combined with factual accuracy, makes him precisely the kind of person to encourage others to take an interest in what even Tony Blair calls "the biggest threat facing humanity".

threat facing humanity". I was surprised to discover that Garman is an undergraduate, going into his final year at SOAS The School of Oriental and African Studies, in London. For many students approaching their final year, their biggest worry is a looming dissertation. And how to fold a Walkers crisp packet into a perfect triangle.

Garman, however, barely bats an eyelid when finals come up in conversation. He is more preoccupied by the current global destruction of the planet. I am relieved to hear that he does not believe it is too late to combat climate change. And if it were? "We can't just sit and do nothing. Now is the time to act, not tomorrow".

into NATO HQ in Brussels in a day of action to banish US nukes from Europe. Yet, he is a charming, polite person to talk to and, as the winner of an Anne Frank Award for Moral Courage for his campaigning work, he is clearly willing to put his metaphorical money where his mouth is and that deserves some respect.

10

Garman is wary of suggesting that being arrested is the only way to go about making a difference but he does not exclude illegal activity as part of a solution. When he broke into Northwood Military Headquarters in London (the control centre for Britain's nuclear weapons), for example, the property damage he caused he justifies by looking at the wider picture. He was "acting to prevent a greater crime – the threat of illegal and indiscriminate nuclear weapons of mass destruction." In court, the judge saw his point, praising Garman and co-accused for their "moral courage," before convicting them anyway.

His arrests have not held him back. Garman works for Greenpeace two days a week and writes articles for publication, most recently at George Monbiot's new site, www.turnuptheheat.org. His latest venture is clearly the one he is most fired up about. With housemate, Rich George, Garman is the co-founder of Plane Stupid, Britain's first national direct action campaign group opposing the unsustainable growth in aviation, with the slogan "Bringing the Aviation Industry Down to Earth".

As the UK government encourages rapid growth of this industry through tax breaks and airport expansion, Plane Stupid could not be 'taking off' at a more appropriate time. It is part of the recent resurgence in campaign groups that believe that direct action is the most efficient way to bring about change. Direct action has featured widely in the media recently following the Day of Action against Drax Power Station. Garman believes that since the GM crop trashing of the 90s, the radical green movement has remained fairly quiet but there is now a massive 'we're back'. As far as Garman and co are concerned, waiting for governments to implement policy change will be one wait too late.

If Garman is willing to break the law to fight for his beliefs, does he consider himself

a pacifist? "Yes. Property damage isn't violent and neither, necessarily, is breaking the law. Direct action simply means physically preventing something from happening – be that war, climate change or pollution."

So where does this impressive attitude come from? Garman was brought up in a "beautiful part of Mid-Wales" and educated at his local comprehensive. An avid Gerald Durrell fan, his first involvement with Greenpeace was a result of his love of animals. Who inspires him now? "Primarily other activists who are willing to put their liberty on the line", including those he worked with on board the Greenpeace ship, *Esperanza*, to stop imports of illegally logged Indonesian timber. Monbiot also rates very highly in his books.

So how much does this impact upon his personal life? "Something like this becomes your life – the people you know and the people you care about are involved in some way or another". Apart from his close friends, other SOAS students are not aware of what he does in his spare time. For him, university is a side-activity while he gets on with

combating climate change, luckily not alone. What advice he would give to Cambridge students interested in the same issues? "Not everyone is going to chain themselves to something, although they should! Whatever choices we make, we should always be thinking about the impact it has on climate change. It's the only thing that matters anymore. Everything else just fades into insignificance."

Garman is far from being sanctimonious. Like most students, he likes pubs, traveling (not by plane) and Radiohead. But, antinuclear, pro-Al Gore, and receiving texts from his house-mate about Tony Blair's downfall as we chat – it is the morning after seven members of Blair's Government have resigned – Garman is also exceptionally aware of what's going on in the world around him.

Where does he see himself in ten years? Stupid question. Plain stupid, in fact. "I imagine I'll still be working on climate change – it's not going away". Not only is he hopeful, he's realistic. That makes him one hundred percent more down to earth than the aviation industry.



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Science



Bestselling author **Simon Singh** speaks to **Ling Low** about science and sensationalism.

Singh writes about big, important things. His books tell of passions strong enough to consume individual lives. They trace human responses to the world over centuries. His stories involve monarchs and priests and the dreams of boys. His books are about the pursuit of truth. Above all, they are about science.

Singh was just nine years old when he realised that he wanted to be a nuclear physicist: "Bizarrely, I actually remember this moment with clarity. As a kid, I wanted to find the smallest particle in the world or the biggest galaxy or just do whatever scientists do, because there seemed to be nothing more exciting than discovering something new". Having completed his PhD at Cambridge University, however, and feeling that he would never be the one to make the "big discoveries" that scientists dream of, Singh drifted into TV and a job on Tomorrow's World. Since then, his career has led him on a winding path through writing, broadcasting, theatre and investigative journalism. "But throughout, it's about science, and communicating science, and getting people as excited as I am about it," he tells me.

Now an established writer, as well as one half of a touring theatrical show, Singh is one of the reasons that people today know a little more about "whatever scientists do", as well as what mathematicians do. His book Fermat's Last Theorem, which tells the centuries-long story of how a mathematical problem came to be solved, was the first mathematical book to be a UK bestseller. The increase in awareness and interest is in part due to Hollywood films such as Proof and A Beautiful Mind, but overwhelmingly, it's down to people such as Singh himself, enthused with the importance of mathematics to our existence. "Mathematicians try to understand this abstract world of numbers

and geometry and they go on adventures that take them to territories that other intellects dare not enter; and they're brilliant and tragic and have rivalries and dedication and passions and obsessions that match any artist. Twenty years ago, no-one knew these people existed."

But if there is now greater understanding of science and maths among the public, it has coincided with several other things: the lack of science teachers in schools, for example, and the drop in students choosing to study it. Singh is horrified by this. "In the last twenty-five years, the number of people doing Physics A-level has halved. That's gobsmackingly shocking. Because those people would have gone onto become engineers, inventors, pioneers. And we just don't do that anymore. Britain is not a country of scientists anymore. We've given up on it". He compares the situation with that in India, a country that is bursting with science and maths graduates. Singh feels that the British government is not facing up to the educational collapse. He adds that Cambridge, as an institution with influence, is also not using the leverage that it could. "It's a shame that Cambridge doesn't do more".

A problem, too, is that our modern culture is jaded about the amazing capacities of science. Singh points out that there is nothing for us which could equate to the dramatic changes made in the Victorian era through their inventions. "Steam trains, telegraphs, radio – these were shocking discoveries that changed what we thought might be possible. Now it feels as though nothing is impossible." An outcome of this is the media's attempts to sensationalise science which would otherwise not be newsworthy. "When science gets really big, then it gets given to the front page journalist and that's when things go wrong, because what those journalists want is a great story, and they tweak the story. That's really irresponsible and dangerous". He cites the MMR vaccine as an example: having been depicted as dangerous by tabloids, mothers might be swayed from using it to protect their babies' health.

There is a great contrast between this blindly simplified sensationalism and the scientists, philosophers, priests and ordinary people who feature in Singh's books. Giving their lives to the gradual unravelling of the universe's science, they form the human history behind equations and facts which we now take for granted. The human struggle to understand is at the core of Singh's writing. Like Fermat's Last Theorem, The Big Bang, Singh's most recent book, blends historical narrative with technical explanation; showing not only how the most significant scientific idea of all time works, but contextualising it in a long and compelling heritage of attempts to understand. Thinking of Richard Dawkins, who, while speaking out against religion, stated bluntly that "all that matters is truth", I ask Singh if the pursuit of a solution, or truth, can be more important than the truth itself. In response, he makes reference to the Riemann hypothesis, hotly debated in con-temporary mathematics. "Let's imagine that one day, God writes across the sky, "Riemann hypothesis is true". You would want to know why it's true – you would want to know the reason, the proof, the argument. It's that interconnectedness of reasoning which is enlightening: not just the answer."

Simon Singh will be lecturing in Cambridge on October 31st at the Cambridge University Scientific Society.

For a chance to win a copy of Simon's latest book, The Big Bang, decode his cryptic podcast at *varsity.co.uk*

UNDER THE LABCOAT Oliver Jones

There is a character in the Marvel comic universe that has changed his identity almost as often as his socks. Henry "Hank" Pym is a biochemist who, through the discovery of the mysterious Pym particles, becomes Ant Man, with the ability to shrink down to the size of an ant. Over the years Hank has also had a number of other costumed identities including Giant-Man, Goliath, and Yellowjacket.

Like Hank Pym, I'm a biochemist. Unlike him, I haven't yet discovered a way to give myself superpowers. Although exposure to substances commonly found in laboratories, such as radiation/chemicals/electricity (and various combinations of each) has given many superheroes their abilities in the comic book world, I can't stress strongly enough how dim a view the Health and Safety executive take of trying to replicate such effects (and don't even get the animal rights lobby started on radioactive spiders). So, for now, I am content with my day job, doing research in a field known as metabolomics.

Metabolomics can be defined as the analysis of thousands of naturally occurring small molecules (metabolites) that are the products of cellular metabolism, such as sugars, fats and amino acids. It can be used to give a 'snapshot' of the physiology of a cell, or tissue, and to assess how it has changed from normal as a response to disease or exposure to pollution. Indeed, if Ant Man or the Avengers actually existed, the technique could probably be used to show what fea-

"Like Hank Pym I'm a biochemist. Unlike him, I haven't yet found myself superpowers"

tures of their metabolism were responsible for their superpowers.

Metabolomics actually has quite a lot in common with Hank Pym. Like him it is known by many different names and is variously referred to as, metabolomics, metabonomics and metabolic profiling. In addition, like Dr. Pym, who was a founding member of 'Earth's Mightiest Heroes', the Avengers (along with the Hulk, Iron Man, Thor and the Wasp) metabolomics is a member of a greater whole, namely the science of systems biology. Just as the Avengers had a rotating membership of heroes dedicated to fighting evil, systems biology has a wide membership of 'omic' sciences, dedicated to analysing the components of living organisms in their entirety.

Although a relatively new player in this field of study, metabolomics has already had considerable success in a variety of areas. These include studies on drug toxicity and even medical applications, such as the diagnosis of coronary heart disease without the need for invasive techniques such as angioplasty. All by simply looking at changes in metabolite levels.

This all points to an exciting future. But wait... my science sense has started to tingle. This tells me that either there has been an explosion in the lab (a distinct possibility) or that we have run out of space this week. But join us next time, science fans, for more adventures in the marvellous world of metabolomics. Metabolomics away!

Science Headlines FROM BLUESCI.ORG

»Alternative Energy Poised for Take-Off

Speakers from academia and industry argued that alternative energy sources such as wind power are now commercially viable, or very close to it, at a conference last week. Podcast at bluesci.org. **Michael Marshall**

»Indecisive River

The course of the River Nile changes more than previously thought, sweeping rapidly across its valley at rates of up to 2-3 km per thousand years, according to new research. Previous interpretations may have been misguided. **JK Hillier**

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Lifestyle

SHORT BREAKS FOR CHEAPSKATES





Propositioned before we'd even reached Sainsburys, we knew we were in for an afternoon of unexpected delights (the town crier's number now being safely lodged in the back pocket of Lowri's skinny jeans). The barely-there fare of £2.80 for a return to Ely provided another perk.

After a breezy fifteen minutes on the train, we arrived to the glorious sunshine of Ely and the spectacular sight of the cathedral peeking over rooftops and verdant slopes. It seemed the kind of place where the biggest threat could plausibly be a Borrower stealing your shoelace. However, a brief dalliance with the seedy underbelly of Ely followed, when we discovered an empty bottle of Tesco Value Dry Cider littering the Jubilee Gardens, home of the "much-revered" (according to Tourist Information) Ely Eel. Natalie's voice was not without a hint of relief when, on reaching the town centre, she cooed "It's been too fucking long since I've seen a Woolworths". The upsetting presence of a Starbucks nearby received a less glowing appraisal. Thankfully, though, the town's

true gems still lay undiscovered. Ely Cathedral dates back 1300 years and the Stained Glass Museum (entry £2.50) is magnificent. This was followed by a trip to Steeplegate Tearooms, where with a view of

THE LOCAL RECIPE

Pan Fried Ostrich with a Blueberry Sauce

Bisbrooke Ostrich Farm,,Market Square £3.30 per 150g steak

Serves 2

- 2 Ostrich steaks of about 150g each. a stock cube – either chicken of beef. 200ml of water Small handful of blueberries, either fresh or frozen 125ml Red wine
- 25ml Balsamic vinegar
- Small knob of butter (optional)
- Splash of cream (optional)
- Olive oil Salt and pepper

Start off with the sauce as it takes longer than the meat. Pour the water into a saucepan and add the stock cube. Place over a high heat, stir and reduce down until the volume of stock has dropped by about half. Add the wine and balsamic vinegar and reduce again until you have roughly 150ml of liquid in the pan. This should take no more than 5 minutes over a high heat. Add the blueberries to the sauce and remove from the heat.

Now for the meat. Season each steak with salt and pepper on both sides and pour a couple of glugs of olive oil into a frying pan. Place over a high heat and let it heat up for a minute or so. Fry the steaks for about a minute on each side for rare and ninety seconds for medium rare. Once cooked remove them to a plate to rest while you finish the sauce. Empty the contents of the saucepan into the frying pan you used for the ostrich and heat it up so it starts bubbling. Now you can add the butter or cream if you want a richer sauce. Pour over the steaks and serve with potatoes of your choice and seasonal veg.

Recipe by Alex Rushmer

After graduating in SPS, Alex decided to set up a website based on the premise that the average cook book is used only twice. Just Cook It' tailor-makes recipes to your specifications, and charges you per recipe, not per book. **www.justcookit.co.uk**



the cathedral, we enjoyed scones, cake and tea for under £6. The cherry atop all of this has to be Natalie's adoring rendez-vous with Mr Oliver Cromwell at his house downtown (again, the photo probably says it better). Sauntering back down the hill to the sta-

Sauntering back down the hill to the station, we mused on what was truly a wonderful and whimsical afternoon. Though tongue was often wedged firmly in cheek, Ely is a breath of fresh air: it is a real, not twee, provincial 'English' town, where Cambridge worries seem far more distant than a fifteen minute train journey. We arrived back with shoulders several inches lower and a cosy desire for more tea and cake.

VARSITY WINE VIRGINS

The Reds

The girls who wouldn't know their Bordeaux from their Blue Nun are back, and this time, they're tackling a case of the mean reds, though perhaps not with quite the same elegance as Holly Golightly...

Formal hall corker for under a fiver: Venezie Merlot, 2005 £4.75 Mr Cambridge Wine Merchant: "Light bod-

ied, primary fruit flavours: raspberry and vanilla. A blend from thirty different vineyards, but friendly enough." **VWVs:** "For what I buy in Sainsbury's I

think I'd rather pay the extra 75p and get this. It looks pretty...in fact, so do you Mr CWM"

Dinner Date: Les Perles de Méditerranée, Syrah 2003, £7.50

Mr CMV: "Rich, silky, sweet spice. It has all the peppery, earthy flavours you get with a Syrah. The complexity of this wine is impressive: a smokey bacon, lingering woody flavour." **VWVs:** "Yummy! It smells like Haagen Dazs ice cream, which makes it clearly superior in quality."





Martha and Matilda Ta Bouche ★★★★★

Despite its French moniker, the range of food and wine at Ta Bouche (it means 'your mouth' if you are not au fait with Français) is mostly comprised of Mediterranean cuisine, with nachos and a ploughman's spread thrown in for good measure. This fairly chilled-out bistro is tucked away behind Borders and next to Fez and B-bar. Ta Bouche is a versatile eatery, serving coffee, cocktails and a full lunch and dinner menu throughout the day. By night, the bar is always lively and, despite being very central, low-level leather and collaged walls feels a world away from the pickled intensity that college walls often possess.

Despite deciding during the course of our meal that we should use these outings as a forum for carousing with men, we arrived together. It was the first day of term, and we sat gently perusing the Reporter until, a large glass of midday wine later, we realised that it was the second day of term and we didn't have time to plan. We sampled the D'Istinto (Merlot and Chardonnay respectively, £12.95 per bottle); the white, though a little sweet and flowery for a medium-dry, was not altogether unpleasant for a house wine and the red was full-bodied with quite a high tannin count. Ta Bouche boasts a wide (if predominantly Spanish and Italian) wine list and a comprehensive bar of spirits and cocktails. The cocktails are well-made and happy hour runs from 6pm til 9pm, Monday to Thursday. When push comes to

shove, however, the bar beats the kitchen. Moving like any self-respecting bairn from liquids to solids, we indulged in three courses. The 'special' starter of wild mush-rooms on granary toast, drizzled with a balsamic and pesto dressing was little more than a glorified sub-section of a fry-up. The soup had a nice consistency; tomato, basil and rocket, with granary bread. The main courses repetition of the balsamic drizzle (something of a signature it would seem) was enough to mask a dry and meagre salad. A lemon and thyme sauce in what can only be described as a pork-cup was very small, and dry, and unendearing, particular-ly as the potatoes nestling near it were virtually inedible. Martha's cheeseburger was again small, pretty charred, and dwarfed by the coagulate mass of cheese sitting on its face. The mash was dry, salty but fortunately without sauce. Heavens for small mercies. Moving swiftly onto pudding - apple pie and ice cream had a stodgy texture which again left a fair bit to be desired. By now, soured by the food and sickened by the fact that term had left us behind like old maids in sauce, we felt jaded by the expense of our meals (starters range from £4 to £6, mains from £6 to £9, desserts £5)

A disappointing meal aside, we are habitual patrons of Ta Bouche and would recommend the halloumi salad with couscous and the toasted sandwiches. Ta Bouche is a lovely place for a drink and a nibble, in a genuinely inviting and gently trendy bar, and shouldn't really be treated as anything more.

Fashion

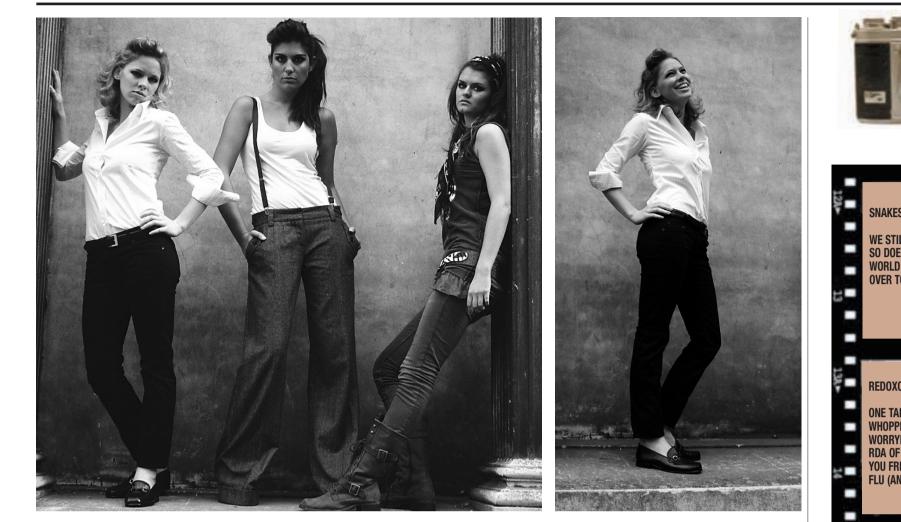
JEUX DE RÔLE...

Tailoring is the sartorial extension of the Greeks' ideal form. It irons out the body's imperfections, disguises its bulges and lengthens its lines. It creates a perfect physical geometry.

ates a perfect physical geometry. So girls sport masculine looks while boys experiment with skinny jeans- a trend usually associated with the fairer sex.



Shot at the Fitzwilliam Museum. Photography by Debbie Scanlan. Styled by Rosanna Falconer and Olivia Johnson.



THE SKINNY DEBATE

We've witnessed skinny jeans worn by Kate Moss, her boyfriend, and now the average Joe on the high street. *Varsity* fashion felt moved to debate the wearability of the trend for boys.

FOR

Boys, be plucky, embrace with gusto this brave new denim concept, narrow down and go skinny. Girls will love a boy who breaks with his habit so get out of those baggy, loafer skimming Gap specials and don a pair of edgy skinnies for a longer, leaner silhouette. Even skater boys, long term advocates of the shapeless floor skimmers and those responsible for the low slung, boxer-revealing baggy look, are changing and favouring the tapered phenomenon. The narrow fit better displays their agility on the boards. If you follow suit, skinnies have the potential to highlight that toned tushie of yours as you stride manfully up to the Sidgwick Site. Notice that the conservative Saville Row tailors have been infected by the slender shapes of rockstar glamour. Let the look take you into the evening with the skinny suit. Trim, waif-like, dandyish? You will pull off the look with aplomb. You others? Work off the muffin-top, tone up the beer belly and then clamber into those pipelines: revel in the rock-kid undertones. Enjoy the Pete Doherty indie look and laugh as your very own Kate Moss slips her hand into yours. **Olivia Johnson**

AGAINST

Skinny jeans are aptly named. They attempt to avoid potential fashion crimes by dictating to their wearer just the look he needs – he must be skinny. And we're talking so skeletal he's giving the size 00 models a run for their money. Just look at their most famous exponents – Pete Doherty and Russell Brand – the definition of heroin chic. Or is it shriek? But boys, don't go skinny. Jeans are a fashion staple, a basic piece of everyday casual. Are they really the best item with which to prove your sartorial cool?

They unforgivingly expose every part of the leg which, even when donned by thin indie types, can just give too much information. It is without doubt time to move on from the low-slung, underwear exposing jeans that so enrage mothers. But the skinny is an extreme too far. As the trend originated from womenswear, follow the chic woman's solution and choose the straight leg. You won't need to spend all week in Glassworks or to drink reduced calorie beer. Now wait with trepidation for the latest jeans trend – high-waisted baggies...

Rosanna Falconer

RUGGER-BUGGER TRIES THE TREND

Evan Hughes, Prop of Cambridge Rugby League; President of Trinity Field Club, and general 'lad about town' recounts his skinny experience.



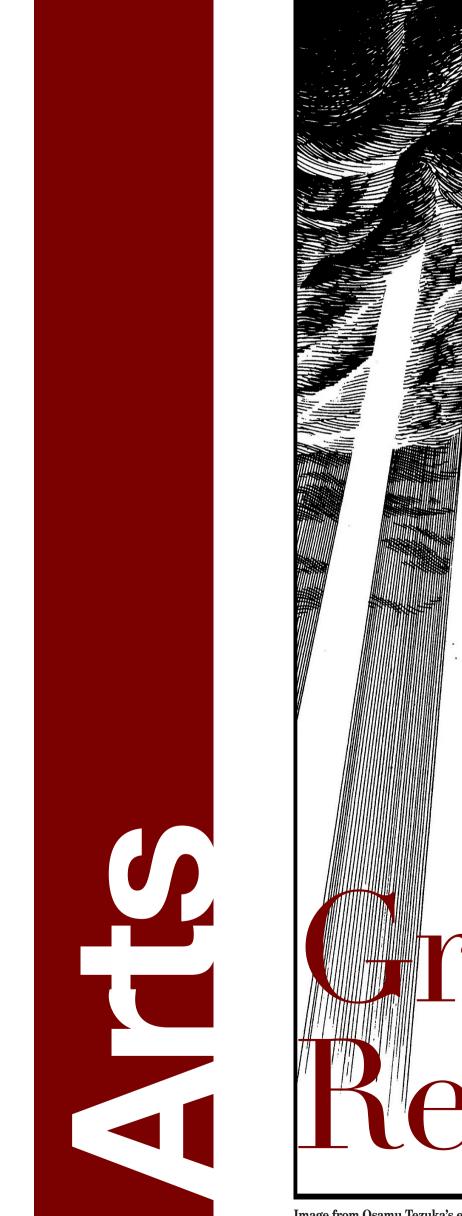
As a fashion guru myself, I'll never know why I was convinced that two months at the Glassworks gym would entitle me to wear skinny jeans. Being only just on the fun side of fat, the skinny jean look is probably not going to help me pull loads in the 2006/7 season. I was glad that the original skinny jeans provided were in fact too large for my perfectly sculpted and classical thighs. But this only served as a sad reminder that I have even less chance of scoring a Blue this year than I do of scoring in these ieans. I was pleasantly surprised by how good I looked in skinnies, but are these jeans for the safe 'lad'? Sitting down in them proved 'constricting', so to speak, which for mutes like myself is a big concern – our 'ball skills' are very important to us. I can see these jeans making any grinding on the Cindys dancefloor impossible and at this stage I imagine the jeans will be coming off imminently.

Laters,

E.E.HUGHES



Arts Front



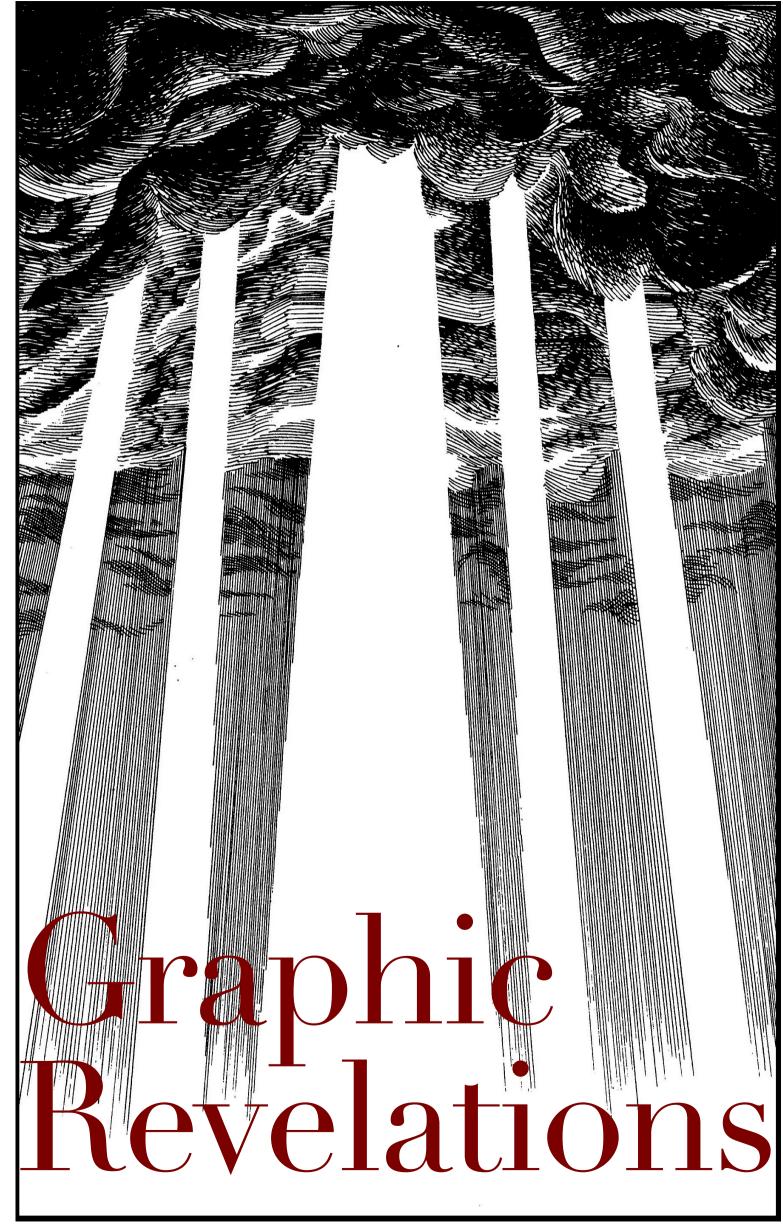


Image from Osamu Tezuka's epic series of Graphic Novels: Buddha which chronicles the entire life of the religious leader

realism important issues.

Three new releases, including Osamu Tezuka's Buddha and a an illustrated version of the events of 9/11, have dramatically widened the scope of the graphic novel - beyond just heroes and villains. Andy Wimbush profiles a developing genre.

nce upon a time, serious people didn't bother reading graphic novels. That small square of carpet near the "Humour" section of Waterstone's was populated by lonely geeks and bored children. This point is made clearly by the comic artist Dan Clowes in his novel Ghost World. Enid, his protagonist. is happy to peruse the videos and sex toys in Adam's II, a bluemovie emporium, but she's constantly looking over her shoulder, terrified that someone might spot her, as she flicks through the racks of the local comic book store. These days comics are receiving mainstream attention. The resurrection of the superhero film has sent hoards of acrobatic men in tights straight to our cinema screens. As rights are quickly snapped up for the latest CGI leotard, Hollywood producers have

discovered darker, lesser known graphic novels for their films, as witnessed by the recent Sin City and V for Vendetta adaptations. Even the underground comics are surfacing in celluloid. Clowes' Ghost World was filmed in 2001 by director Terry Zwigoff (who had already made a documentary about the father of alternative comics, Robert Crumb). In 1994. Clowes and Zwigoff teamed up again for Art School Confessional, another comic adaptation, while Crumb's friend, the comic writer Harvey Pekar, moped onto the film reel in the critically acclaimed American Splendor. But even Hollywood's beatitude can have its downside. I often wonder how many audience members bother to read the comics that inspire the movies. If comics are treated only as storyboard for films, the medium has little chance to mature. What's more, the film producers seem only to be interested in the extreme ends of the character spectrum: the superheroes on one side and the antiheroes on the other, ignoring the subtle traits of character that lie in between good and evil. As a result, adaptations of Graphic Novels seem polarised between outlandish fantasy and a gritty kind of angst-ridden

This year, however, witnesses the publication of at least three books that could change all that. I hesitate to call them "Graphic Novels", since all three are based on factual events. "Comics" is hardly a better description. The most audacious of my trio is The Illustrated 9/11 Commission Report by Sid Jacobson and Ernie Colón. Doing precisely what it says on the tin, the Report is an attempt to bring the findings of the 9/11 Commission to a wider audience. It's a brave move on their part, since more than a few readers might question the suitability of the medium to its subject. Indeed, the drawing of United 93 passengers vomiting blood is perhaps (and here you'll excuse the pun) too graphic. Whatever the reaction, the book's existence confirms that the remit of the "comic" has expanded to encompass more

2006 also sees the first English language publication of the seminal graphic work, *Buddha* by the late Osamu Tezuka. This epic, eight-volume story has all the historical milestones of the life of the Indian prince Siddhartha Gautama, the man who became

the Buddha. While the life of an ascetic doesn't sound like fertile ground for a comic strip, Tezuka has created a classic of the genre. The black and white illustrations convey the beauty of northern India's landscape, juxtaposed with the poverty and suffering that Siddhartha finds there. The story itself is consistently moving and often very funny. It is very fortunate that Tezuka takes a distinctly Rabelaisian approach to his religious theme, constantly forcing the sacred and the profane to jostle within his panels. Yet the abundant humour never threatens the gravity of the books' philosophical concerns

If comics are allowed to mature even as they undergo mainstream scrutiny we are likely to see even more varied and exciting explorations of the medium. As already mentioned, comics possess more than a passing resemblance to storyboards - for example the comic artist Adrian Tomine has often been praised for the way that he sets up his panels like a film director, working out where to place the camera - but again, it would be a shame to see them as embryonic movies. Not all artists choose to be as figurative as Tomine. One need only look at the incredible, but sadly defunct, weekly comic Leviathan by Peter Blegvad to see what is

possible when an artist refuses to pin down his style, constantly shifting it each week, to match his mood, ideas and resources. Blegvad's comic, about a baby and a cat, also had a metaphysical brilliance in its subject matter. At once referential and iconoclastic, the strip was able to flirt with philosophical ideas that seemed at odds with the illustrated context. Yet Blegvad, for all his humour, showed us that comics can and will be employed in the service of more heavyweight ideas. The popular series of *Introducing* books has given us an initial taste of cartoons in the service of philosophy. I eagerly await the first book of popular science or critical theory that comes with speech bubbles.

So my advice to the shy student, who's still hiding behind the rack, is to stand up, proudly, and look around. As comics get bigger they'll start to occupy a less embarrass ing shelf space in the bookshops, and as countless more are published by unsigned artists online, it would be a shame to miss out on what the future might hold.

www.varsity.co.uk for a review of The Illustrated 9/11 Commision Report SO



A series of panels depicting a lesson from the Buddha



James Drinkwater on Mozart and Muslims

This November, Cambridge plays host to a month-long festival of concerts and events focusing on the commony assumed connections between Mozart, Maths and Music. However, it would seem that more dangerously political associations are troubling the composer's legacy in his quarter-millennial birthday year, than the minutiae of his quintuple counter-

It is strange that the director of the recently-axed of the Deustche Oper production of Mozart's 1780 opera, Idomeneo, Re di Creta felt it necessary for the eponymous king to introduce representations of the severed heads of Mohammed, Buddha Jesus and Neptune to the action. In the opera, Idomeneo, surviving a fierce storm returning from Troy, vows to sacrifice to Neptune the first man he sees when he reaches shore: this first man fatefully turns out to be his son Idamante. From this inversion of the Abraham-Isaac obligation, arises the conflict between man and a highly mythologized divinity out of which the opera manages finally to effect an enlightened resolution. Throughout the libretto however, blasphemy, in its modern, atheistic sense, never emerges as a persistent theme, not least because the powers of divinity through nature (be it storms, or sea-monsters) are so readily apparent.

Importantly, there never were any substantiated threats to the Berlin opera house from any pseudo-Islamic activist. Rather, a patron of the performance afterwards rang up the police merely suggesting that aspects of the production might be changed to forestall any protest, Islamic or otherwise. This is no great clash of civilisations, as it has been amplified by Angela Merkel and the German press, but a failure of Western post-modern aesthetic theory to find a full enough justification for its own artistic eccentricities, an insecurity manifested in aggressive rhetoric about 'democracy' and 'freedom of speech'. Frankly – who cares about some radical rendering of this opera? We come to hear Mozart – a liberal, empathic Mozart, a Mozart who can make us pity even that reprobate Don Giovanni – not to find attached to his works some half-baked reactionary constructions in papier-mâché

And yet this controversy belies what is rather a more substantial history of references to Islamic culture in western music. Mozart's opera after *Idomeneo* was *The* Abduction from Seraglio, a vernacular comic singspiel capitalising, in musicologist Taruskin's words, on 'a great Viennese vogue for "Oriental" (or "Turkish") subject matter in the wake of the unsuccessful siege of the city by Ottoman Turks in 1683.' Turkish percussion also beat their way through Beethoven's Choral Symphony, and, are imitated in the famous 'Rondo alla Turca', again by Mozart. The rony therefore is not so much that 3 million Muslims (mostly Turks and former Yugoslavians) now live and work peacefully in Germany; rather the fact that at a time when the Pope, in his role as academic (and one who, because of the nature of his appointment, is allowed to speak for all Catholics without any form of peer-review) is facing criticism for his own medieval beliefs in the survival of Christendom whilst preaching some watery form of inter-faith dialogue, when Mozart had already come to terms with these issues of cross-cultural interaction 225 years earlier.

Arts: Folk Music





The Local Folk

Dickie Byron offers a perspective on the Cambridge Folk Scene

That infamous cold wind that breezes over straight from the Urals has stirred up plenty of folk music in Cambridge over the years. The Cambridge Folk Festival is the biggest in the country, Nick Drake studied English here before being sent down, and The Broken Family Band are the definitive British alternative Country group. The setting of the river, the pristine gardens, the cobbled streets and the ancient buildings has, for many years, proved a stimulating idyll for Cambridge folkies. Like the range of types you find wandering around Strawberry Fields, Cambridge has produced it's fair share of acoustic oddities.

Jen Rouse of folk band *Enid Steals* has long been one of Cambridge's New Folk stalwarts, remaining oblivious to the sway of other musical trends that regularly sweep through the University. She, like many others in Cambridge, has rejected the new wave and electro styles touted by trendies wearing ripped trousers and tshirts. The city, it seems, is filled with folk musicians like her who continue playing in their own musical vein, despite swimming against the current of student popular opinion.

rent of student popular opinion. Songs in the Dark at Clowns, established three years ago, is the perfect showcase for Cambridge Folk artists. It provides the nocturnal flip side to the frippery of the day; a blackened retreat full of candles, exposed beams and captivating performances. True to the values of Folk music, the musicians who play there are rarely fussed about press coverage and "getting on", they simply congregate to share their music.

I'm not a folk romantic, per se, I just have an appreciation for a genre that goes against fan mentality. When you experience a con-nection with someone's music, it ceases to matter what cultural affiliations the music has. Being signed or unsigned, on the way up or on the way out, are ideas we are, unfortunately, accustomed to caring about. Think of punk. It originated from the wonderfully simple concept of just picking up a loud instrument and playing it which ever way you could without attempting to be particularly good, or successful. It's the attempt, rather than the product, that counts, and certainly in the University folk music has caught the interest of those who enjoy hearing the unadulterated sound of an instrument. Loud thrashings and rock-star pretensions usually stay within the boundaries of town gigs, while college bars and even club nights have much mellower and quieter pretensions.

Another regular on the Cambridge folk scene is Hamfatter (currently his shows are to be caught outside Cafe Rouge on Bridge Street) a man who has been peddling his troubadour songs in the city long before our generation of students arrived here. A true folkster, he has not so much a fan base as an ever-increasing group of friends and sympathisers who can hum his tunes and sing along with the choruses. Last year's *Soul Treat* saw an all-audience rendition of *John Peel on my Phone*, Hamfatter's ballad about his lost chance at the big time. Hugo Shepherd is another musician, and a current student at the University, whose warm, lilting tones on the guitar have endeared him to Cambridge folk appreciators. His performances, though self-effacing, are deeply enjoyable and imbued with a sense of humility that many

"I'm not a folk romantic, I just have an appreciation for a genre that goes against fan mentality. When you experience a connection with someone's music, it ceases to matter what cultural affiliations the music has." other perfomers lack. Simply being traditional, English and a good guitar player is no substitute for modesty and personality.

These subtleties of performance are something that the discerning Cambridge audience does not fail to pick up on. In fact it's our rare level of interest in Folk that regularly brings back renowed musicians such as Nanci Griffith, Martha and Rufus Wainwright and The Handsome Family to perform at The Corn Exchange and The Junction. It seems that folk runs deep in Cambridge's veins. Folk is a strand of history that has nothing to do with colleges and students; it's entrenched in the local mindset, and will continue to be after long after our degree years are over. Nick Drake may have been and gone, but a fleeting visit from a folk legend is not what makes Cambridge a folk town.

In the end it seems obvious that our shared criteria for judging folk music should not focus on guitar picking and strained vocals; far more important is the attitude of the performers. If you live in a community like Cambridge, with all its inherent eccentricities, the people who provide the soundtrack become part of its social fabric. There's something comforting in that. Perhaps the answer to the infamous Cambridge stress problem is just to open up your ears a bit and listen to the weird and wonderful music of those you know - there's nothing queer about it.

"Stuff Happens"

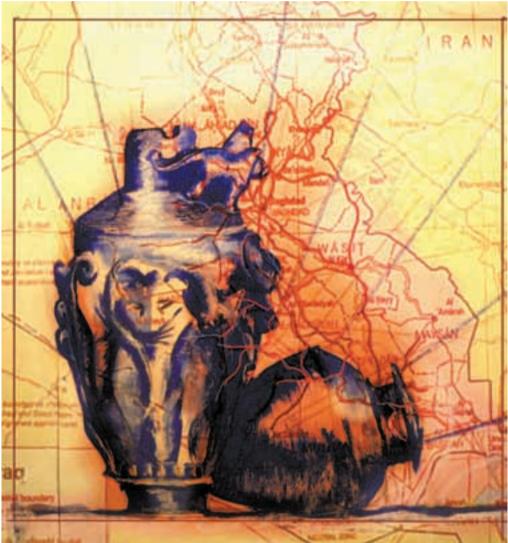
"Stuff Happens" was **Donald Rumsfeld's** response to the issue of looting in Iraq. Now stolen artifacts are being sent abroad and sold on ebay, -the funds linked to Iraqi insurgents. As part of an exclusive investigation, **Jonny Yarker** assesses the cultural cost of war against Saddam.

The image of Iraqis destroying the statue of Saddam Hussein on April 9th 2003 became an instant icon of American propaganda. Days later, it was more pictures of shattered statues that shocked the world; the artefacts of the Baghdad Museum, left dismembered throughout its looted galleries. The western press was outraged at the "cultural rape" of a nation and on April 19th, American troops finally intervened to secure the museum: ten days too late.

The fact that troops weren't immediately sent to guard the Baghdad Museum is symptomatic of the US military's disregard for Iraqi heritage as a whole. The abuses continue, unchecked and unremarked upon. But there is a more sinister truth. Increasingly the evidence suggests that the trade in looted antiquities has become a major revenue for insurgents and is helping to fund their continued resistance against Coalition forces.

In 2003, after the media storm surrounding the Iraq war had died down, a group of academics went to the country to assess the impact of the invasion on the archaeological infrastructure of the country. Heading the American delegation was Professor McGuire Gibson of Chicago University. He describes the vast, destructive impact of the war in no uncertain terms. "Since the invasion, looters have attacked 20 sites in the south of the country amounting to their complete destruction. They include the city of Isin, which was the capital of Babylonia, Umma (an early Sumerian kingdom), Umm al-Aqarib, Adab (another early kingdom), Zabalam, and Shuruppak." Sizeable chunks of history have been levelled to the ground. Because, according to Gibson, Iraq is the "place where civilization first developed (ancient Mesopotamia) it is of prime importance not just for Near Eastern history but for world history." It seems extraordinary then that the American occupation proceeds with such flagrant disregard for the archaeo-

logical significance of the territory. "I gave the military the locations of more than 5,000 sites in Iraq that were of international importance" Gibson reveals exclusive-ly to Varsity. "It became clear to Iraqis very soon after the taking of Baghdad that the US had no interest or ability to stop the looting. But this fits with the incompetent preparations for the aftermath." If the Pentagon was given specific information by the head of the American Research Association in Baghdad, how did they manage to misuse it so disastrously? I asked Colonel Matthew Bogdanos, the US Marine placed in charge of repatriating looted objects from the Baghdad museum and the public face of the coalition's attempts to prevent the loss of cultural objects from the country, whether he had any knowledge of this list. "The fact is we couldn't possibly guard all these sites; if the international community was prepared to send troops perhaps



we could [have brought] the situation under control." Bogdanos is a New York district attorney in civilian life and speaks with sincerity about attempts to initiate an amnesty for looted articles and his work with UNESCO and Interpol. But even Bogdanos is aware that the situation is out of control: "the difficulties of international law make the situation impossible to police."

It seems evident that despite being notified by Gibson of these 5,000 sites and their importance, the US administration failed to adequately take heed of that information. In 2003 Defence Secretary Donald Rumsfeld clarified the official view of Washington when he said of the problem, "stuff happens." But the problem is more deep-rooted than just the loss of some broken statues. As Bogdanos points out, "there is proof that money made in the illicit trafficking of cultural objects is funding terrorism."

So what could have happened to the 13,500 catalogued objects from the Baghdad museum which are now lost? Bogdanos is keen to stress the 3044 objects they have managed to recover in raids and through his amnesty, but the majority are still unaccounted for.

Bizarrely, ebay has now become a tool in the recovery operation. A brief search through items for sale reveals a number of cuneiform tablets and cylinder seals that are evidently Iraqi in origin. Keen to see how easy it was to purchase a small part of the "birthplace of civilisation" I contacted one of the vendors about a cylinder seal from 4,000 BC Mesopotamia. Recently a similar seal from a legitimate collection of antiquities made \$10,000. My \$2.50 would be a bit of a bargain. In his e-mail the Syrian, who will "ship internationally, except Israel" was keen to offer me some of his more impressive stock. Bogdanos is adamant: "antiquities slip through the Jordanian, Syrian and Iranian borders and then to private collec-tions in the west or far east." He blames dealers and collectors in the art and antiquities world for this free trade in stolen objects as well as the "open port" policy of countries like Switzerland who are a complicit part of the problem. "The provenances are supplied usually by dealers in Europe or in Lebanon {and} Jordan. Everyone involved, including scholars who authenticate objects for dealers and collectors, knows the provenances

CRISIS IN FIGURES

13, 515: Objects looted from the Baghdad museum.

3,044: Objects recovered.

155: Objects currently on ebay which originated in Iraq.

\$60,000,000: Estimated yearly trade in stolen antiquities.

5,000 years: The age of the Mesopotamian artefacts being looted.

\$100,000,000: Amount of money invested by Saddam Hussein in Iraqi archaeology.

\$2,000,000: Amount of money pledged by the US government to protect Iraqi architecture.

are fraudulent, but they give a cover for the high-end dealers in London, Paris, New York and to the collectors to say they took the papers in good faith." Gibson is in agreement, "If one country would put one collector in jail, alongside one "high-end" Madison Avenue dealer, it would hinder the trade."

There is an irony in the fact that ebay has, perhaps, become inculpated in funding terrorism, but a greater irony is that Saddam Hussein, the figure whose effigy was torn from its roots during the occupation, was a great protector or Iraqi antiquities. In the seventies he poured money into archaeology, promoting Iraq's remarkable national heritage whereas now the under-prepared, overstretched forces have no way of stopping the looting. When Saddam's statue was toppled in the revolt against an evil dictator, with it many of Iraq's important historical objects were wiped from the face of the earth; an archealogical disaster not just for Iraq, but for the international community. This was, and continues to be, a military disregard for cultural worth that it is simply not possible for Rumsfeld to brush off.

Arts People



Andrew Motion's In the Blood) is described in a near-stage whisper

25

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Reviews: Booker Prize Special

With the announcement of this year's Booker Prize winner due on October 10th, Varsity examines the odds for the main contenders.

The Night Watch - Sarah Waters

Rather surprisingly, the first thing I did after finishing *The Night Watch* was close the book, turn it over, and start it again. I found this novel so captivating it begged for another read straight away.

One of the most remarkable things about this excellent novel is that it ignites a spark of curiosity in the reader that is never fully quenched. The story concerns four main characters who are connected in more ways than is first apparent. One rudimentary thread binds them from the outset; they are all sharing the experience of living in London during and after World War II. Life is difficult, frightening, and confusing; but Waters does not shy away from the undesirable but realistic truth that life during the war was also exciting. Often, the characters do not look forward to a time when the war is over; instead, they consider with tredipation the changes that will occur in peace time. What will happen to them: where will they work, where will they go, who will they be with? Waters shows us that the danger of the time breeds a sense of fragility and desperation of spirit; however, as we see both sides of the war, we realise that what rises out of the chaos often ends with the war itself.

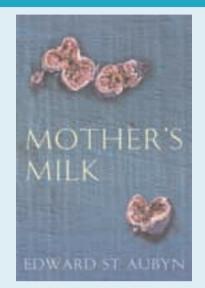
Waters spins her tale in bits and pieces, shooting backwards and forwards in time and allowing us to peer over the shoulder of different characters episodically. This dizzying approach to story-telling could easily become irritating, but Waters approach is more sophisticated than that. Instead she manipulates this device so that we are offered tantalising glimpses – a view from a window; an illicit meeting between two lovers; a noisy, crowded prison dining hall – always just enough to capture our attention while leaving us longing for more.

Drawn into the busy, disorientating worlds of mid and post War London, we are stimulated by the prospect of playing detective. We soon realise that the four characters must be connected; the task that we then set ourselves, gathering clues to make the puzzle pieces of their relationships fit together, forces us to engage with the novel on another level. Reading *The Night Watch* is therefore deeply satisfying. Even the more horrific elements of the subject matter (and I'm trying not to give too much away here), such as abortion and suicide, are handled so skilfully that, though we are moved, gripped, and shocked by it, we still feel compelled to turn the pages.

Yet Water's resists the urge to turn *The Night Watch* into an exercise in schlock thriller chic - using its evocative setting as sly window dressing. Without crassly parading the broader issues at stake, *The Night Watch* subtly shows that the phrase 'peace time' is a misnomer; the end of a war does not always bring personal peace. We are instead disturbed to discover a fondness for life during conflict not often expressed in literature.

> - Alexandra Finlay Reviewer's Odds: 4–1 Ladbrokes Odds: 5–4

Check out varsity.co.uk for reviews of Kirin Desai's The Inheritance of Loss and Kate Grenville's The Secret River



Patrick Melrose, the protagonist of St Aubyn's previous *New Hope* trilogy, returns in *Mother's Milk* with his wife, Mary, who has openly abandoned her relationship with him in her determination to be the mother she herself lacked in childhood. In trying to "hack through the dead wood of her own conditioning, through the overcompensation, through the exhaustion and the irritation and the terror, through the tension between dependency and independence" Mary desperately seeks the "instinct for love" at the root of parenthood. It is this "instinct" that shapes St Aubyn's *Mother's Milk*. Parental influence in all its complexity dominates all the relationships, from the child Robert's envious longing for

Mother's Milk - Edward St Aubyn

the "blending together" he watches between his mother and infant brother during breastfeeding, to the "poison dripping from generation to generation" that Patrick is determined not to pass on to his sons. St Aubyn's lucid, cool, and in some respects, blunt, prose details Patrick's increasing reliance on drugs and alcohol to enable him to survive, Mary's devotion to her sons, Robert and Thomas, and the subsequent erosion of her own identity, and at the other end of the family spectrum, the increasing senility of Patrick's mother Eleanor. His portrayal of the Melrose family is at times bleak and tormented, seeming to embrace the inevitability of the Larkinesque cycle of family fuck-ups. Yet in all its bleakness St Aubyn's narrative is incredibly profound, at times scathingly witty, and deeply sensitive in his exploration of his characters and their individual psyches and idioms. His characterization is distinctly aural, focusing on individual uses of language as Robert and Thomas develop their own voices mingled with echoes of their parents, and Eleanor gradually loses her faculties for communication following a series of strokes. Realistic without being pessimistic, St Aubyn por-trays a family in all its dysfunctional glory, while examining the emotionally bruised individuals within it, each struggling with the "instinct for love" they cannot control and desperately seeking not to hand on the misery they themselves have felt to the next generation.

- Nell Pearce-Higgins Reviewers Odds: 3–1 Ladbrokes Odds: 5–1

11 year-old John Egan is convinced that he has a rare talent: he can tell when people are lying. As his family life changes and he finds himself isolated at school, this sensitivity becomes an obsession.

Pivoting on John's unusually close relationship with his mother, *Carry Me Down* is an exploration of focussed, claustrophobic love. John's character is key to the book's fascination: combining innocence, resentment and stubborn obsession, he deals with pain through cold analysis. He is resourceful, lucid, yet emotionally atrophied, and so persistent that he becomes frightening, like a combination of Norman Bates and Peter Pan, refusing to grow up.

Hyland has a deft touch, dealing with the story's most shocking moments, as well as those of tenderness, with concise, evocative prose. John is so vividly conjured that he is almost stifling, and the spare, unflinching language can be brutally affecting, such as in one scene in which he watches his father drown a kindle of kittens. The writing is stark yet subtle, the tension held at teethgrinding levels, and the characters drawn with a perceptive understanding that pinpoints how and why we lie.

Yet the story left me cold. Set in Ireland in the early 1970s, it gets much of its power from its shock value, covering domestic violence, poverty, depression, repressed homosexuality, public pant-wetting and kitten death in one resolutely grim volume. There is a welcome smattering of humour, and it is not without warmth, but by the end I was gasping for release.

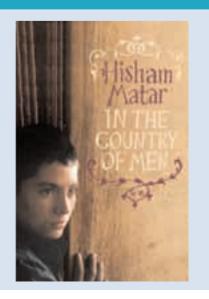
Hyland is a compelling, confident writer, forcing us to empathise even as we writhe in discomfort, but I wasn't sure what her point was. It is as if harsh subject matter is somehow thought to validate itself. The result is memorable in its intensity, but the source of John's more disturbed characteristics was left curiously ambiguous, and one



ly to make him more freakish. I was left with an impression of gratuitous grime and squalor, scrabbling for deeper meaning. Nevertheless, *Carry Me Down* is an

Nevertheless, *Carry Me Down* is an excellent character study and a gripping evocation of dysfunctional love. If you like tense, disturbing reads with a psychological bent, you'll find this abounds with vicarious horrors.

- Rebecca Varley-Winter Reviewers Odds: 5–1 Ladbrokes Odds: 6–1



Hisham Matar's first novel, *In the Country* of *Men*, works on two clear levels. The first is that of national and international intrigue, the tale of the bravery and dangers of counter revolutionary action in Qaddafi's Libya. The second is far more intimate and personal, the story of one young boy's inability to understand his country's political make up and his infantile, insatiable love for his parents.

We see the changing face of Libya through the simple yet precise narrative of nine-year old Suleiman. During his father's many disappearances from the household, disguised as business trips but in fact part of his work for the underground conspirators, his mother falls "ill", drinking illegal "medicine" bought illicitly from the local baker. Suleiman's father is ten years his wife's senior and, drunk and lonely, the boy's mother spends the night curled next to her son, mumbling the story of her forced marriage and the wedding she refers to as "that black day".

The "men" of the novel's title again refers to two distinct camps. Strange men follow Suleiman and his mother home from their shopping trip, remain staked outside his house and appear on national television, interrogating his former neighbour, a university professor. Yet this "country of men" has a different resonance when viewed through the character of Suleiman's mother. Her reliance on the men of the novel – her own father originally, Suleiman's father, her husband's male friends, even Suleiman himself - and her complicated, yet ultimately loving relationship to the man she was forced into marrying, shows us that Matar is here giving life to a section of Libya's popu-

lation which had little independent voice at the time of the revolution.

In the Country of Men - Hisham Matar

It is tempting to speculate that Matar's place on the Booker shortlist is politically motivated, and *In the Country of Men*, with its discussion of Islamic society, democracy and dictatorship, undoubtedly has contemporary relevance. But what makes the novel deserving of such recognition is the power of the simple voice it presents. At times the voice of Suleiman borders on the uninteresting, but his nine-year old eyes have the ability to make incisive comment about the brutal injustices of politics and the difficulties an individual has in finding his place in both the family unit and the wider world.

> - **Jennifer Thomson** Reviewers Odds: 9–1 Ladbrokes Odds: 8–1

Reviews

The Footlights National Tour Joe Thomas on being funny on the road



I rubbed my arm again. It was really hurting now. I couldn't believe I'd signed up for this lark. What was I thinking? I'd heard about the Footlights National Tour from my friends, and I basically signed up as a joke. I literally couldn't believe it when I got the part – much less that it was the main part, and that I was to be put on an aeroplane and treated like a prince (the Footlights are not known for doing things by halves).

I'd moved to London with my fiancée, trying to start a new life. Our wedding was so perfect – she loved it. After the big day my fiancée started working nights at a local pub, while I spent all day sitting at home, wracking my brains. I just couldn't think of anything to do.

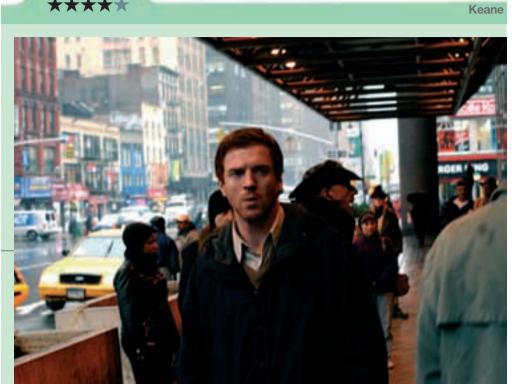
I had two weeks to say my goodbyes and then I had to leave. It seemed incredibly heartless. In hindsight, it isn't heartless. Tradition is a thread that connects us to our ancestors, and anybody who doesn't realise that has obviously never served.

The National Tour is the pinnacle of the Footlights years. Like everything in Cambridge, the Footlights Comedy Club is big. Try taking eighteen of the liveliest talents in Britain and putting them in a room together, then press play. The results are often unpredictable. Many of the bunch are insatiably competitive. Basically, if you're a quitter, then we've no time for you – Sorry.

The local people were amazing – having an old fella stop me in the street in Manchester and give me a run-down of his favourite sketches was really humiliating, and made me feel so stupid. It almost didn't matter that he'd got two of the sketches the wrong way round– we can't all be on the Footlights National Tour I suppose.

It wasn't always easy. It was a long and painful road, and I felt like there were people laughing on it, trying to stop me. There were days when I felt I couldn't carry on. The real low point came on a Thursday. She'd gone to church (her mother is Russian Orthodox) and I bought a massive chicken. I couldn't eat any of it. I felt so stupid. My friends were amazing. They just laughed and said I shouldn't blame myself. They even made a grave for the chicken. I'd been such an idiot.

At the end of the tour, I walked down the corridor, shaking people's hands. I couldn't stop laughing. I'd finally made it. After all the horror of my degree, I'd finally made it. Simon bought me a massive bouquet of tulips. He was just standing there at the top of the corridor. His face burst into a smile. "You did it". He stopped the taxi because he wanted to show me the sunset. He was right. My face burst into a smile. "You were right all along!". I wanted people to know how happy I was, but Simon was the only one there.



Independent writer-director Lodge Kerrigan's third feature opens in a noisy, crowded Manhattan Port Authority bus terminal. William Keane (Damian Lewis) frantically asks passers-by whether they have seen his daughter, Sophie. It soon transpires that her abduction happened months earlier. As his search drives him into the sordid world of booze, drugs and casual sex, we are even led to wonder whether it happened at all. Either a tragedy has driven this man to madness, or madness has caused him to imagine a tragedy. This ambiguity is a gripping one.

Film

The raw and jerky camera work suggests an improvised, documentary-style realism, but the film is in fact a three-part drama. After William has searched alone for his daughter, he meets and forms an undefined relationship with Lynn (Amy Ryan), while the final half hour of the film is concerned with his interaction with Lynn's daughter, Kira (Abigail Breslin). *Keane* provides us with a riveting portrait of a man on the brink of despair, poverty and insanity. But at the nadir of his existence, William's involvement with this little girl allows him to discover friendship and responsibility in a heartless world.

The camera watches Keane's face at every moment, searching for every flicker

of pain, confusion and torturing paranoia. The unsteady style of direction allows us to at times share in William's panic and disorientation. The sheer hostility of his environment - a cocaine alley at night, the clinical glare of urban lights, the dismal grey walls of an inner city school and a grimy club toilet - further conspire to build up the audience's impression of his intense psychological isolation. Kerrigan's confident deci-sion to use very little music contributes to the film's stark and austere realism. It also adds to our awareness of the disturbing and all-consuming nature of William's internal world. It is only when he tries to banish from his head those voices which so violently alarm him that the Four Tops' I Just Can't Help Myself blares conspicuously from the bar's speakers. Lewis' perform-ance throughout is magnificent, as he communicates the volatile but vulnerable

nature of the mentally ill. Kerrigan's film succeeds as a drama of both heart-stopping suspense and psycho logical subtlety, with an accumulative emotional resonance and authenticity all too rare in contemporary American cinema. Dark, gritty but compelling; no wonder it has enjoyed an extended run at the NFT. Go see.

Alice Whitman

THE CRITICAL LIST

The best of the week

SCREEN

The History Boys Released on October 13th.

Perhaps there have been enough depictions of Northern boys coming good, but this adaptation of Alan Bennet's play might be the film to break the mould. Probably not. Expect thick accents, meaningful silences and jokes about masturbation. Filmed in John's, Trinity Hall and Queens.

VISUAL ARTS

Rodin Exhibition

It's a slow start for the visual arts in Cambridge this term, but this Kettle's Yard exhibition is still worth a look. If you have time, pop around the back to the house.

WEB

www.varsity.co.uk

A cheap plug, but have a look at all the pretty colours. It's like the 60s but better organised.

MUSIC

The Lemonheads

Evan Dando brings out a brand new album. Perhaps he'll finally stop being a quirky, highly-paid open-micster and produces some great, original material. For a change.

The Killers

New outing from the Killers. We love them. Will they break America? No.

GOING OUT

Shut up and Dance. Friday's at the Union.

Shut up and go. Ha. Ha.

And the rest...

MUSIC

David Hasselhoff Jump in my car EP

He's still living off his days in Nightrider. Its so outrageous you can't help but love him.





In this production of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, the stage design complements the vibrant performance of the CAST. Despite the minimal set, this show is anything but monochrome. The colour scheme works well, and the sparse stage and stark contrasts are most effective. All aspects work together to make this complicated play comprehensible and unpretentious.

Dan Martins' portrayal of Malvolio exudes absurdity, frustration, and indignant indignity at every turn. At one high point of the action, Malvolio seduces the audience through a delicious display of bizarrely erotic hand licking, his entire body recreating his frustrated sexual and hierarchical ambition. Martins' is both a tremendous and flamboyant performance, and certainly not to be missed.

Malvolio's absurdity provides the springboard for the shenanigans so delightfully performed by Sirs Toby Belch (Ade O'Brien), Andrew Aguecheek (Thomas Yarrow), and their accomplice, Maria (Frances Stevenson). All three of these debauched musketeers are riotously entertaining. The electricity between them is a delight, particularly their well-directed caterwauling. Thomas Yarrow especially excels, thanks to his exquisite comic timing and delivery. His cries of "Pistol him! Pistol him!" bring to mind a squiffy Bill Nighy, whilst the more tragic aspects of his character are hinted at with admirable sensitivity and pathos.

The professionalism of these actors is more than matched by Spencer Hughes as he commands the stage as Duke Orsino, masterfully capturing the character's blend of ridicule and arrogance. Spenser breathes new life into some of Shakespeare's most famous and clichéd lines- a feat not to be ignored. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of Phil O'Farrell's portrayal of Feste the jester. It seems that in this instance, Shakespeare is funnier when he is not trying to be. Phil's musical interludes however, do bring panache and flair to the show.

The two leading ladies - Rebecca Pitt (Viola/Cesario) and Laura Bates - give good, though not faultless, performances. Laura's command of Shakespearian verse is formidable; she speaks it beautifully, naturally and clearly, and undoubtedly shows significant talent in her role. There were moments, however, when it felt as if she was just going through the motions. Rebecca was convincing as Viola, even though her delivery of iambic pentamenter was not wholly convincing throughout. Her monologue upon the discovery of Olivia's love for her was truly touching, and her nervous desire as Cesario was well done and amusing. The fight scene was also a triumph. There could, however, have been more disparity between her rep-resentation of Viola and Cesario, and her scenes with re-discovered twin brother Sebastian are not as commendable. Their moment of reuniting does not strike quite the right chord, and the Sebastian did not seem to ease into his performance during the course of the play.

This is a classy, generally well executed and often amusing production of a classic play, and you should go and see it. If you don't manage to make it however, at least try and use the word "clodpole" in a sentence today.

Moya Sarner





No-one likes big-time remixers. They stir up images of horn rimmed spectacles and wankstains on laptops. But

Kieran Hebden has long avoided this with a reputation for diverse remixes that don't shy away from occasional populist touches. This, the first disc of two, is a selection of Hebden's own favourite projects. Opener, Lars Horntveth's *Tics* is a promisingly schizophrenic burst of microbeats and glitchy whirs . Much of what follows adheres to a similar template.

Standouts are more well-known tracks with vocals Hebden can work around- a remix of Radiohead's *Scatterbrain* from *Hail To The Thief* buries Yorke's vocals in an FOUR TET- Remixes

appropriately dystopian wash of beats, clicks and dissonant brass.

Working from a sturdier base, Bloc Party's elegant (or wincingly cloying) So Here We Are is turned into an elegiac post-apocalyptic swansong, or the soundtrack to a crude group hug on a drunken night out. But these are unrepresentative.

Hebden's talent is best shown when mixing jazz, techno and hip-hop on the more diverse pieces. See, for example, his reworks Madvillain's *Money Folder* and Bonobo's *Pick Up.* So; boundlessly atmospheric, but as with much of Hebden's work, this isn't dancefloor fodder, unless you're seeking the perfect soundtrack to a night out in a zerogravity airlock.

Was Yaqoob







Given that Beck has chosen to include fun adhesive stickers in the packaging to his new album, you'd be forgiven for

thinking that he was feeling light-hearted. Don't be fooled: his mischief's all but gone. At some point between 2004's *Guero* and the present, Beck got the blues.

Guero and the present, Beck got the blues. The return of Nigel Godrich as producer can hardly have helped improve the mood. Godrich is best known for his work with kings of gloom, Radiohead, and the second half of the album carries this signature mark. Tense electronic soundscapes and otherworldly vocals dominate tracks like *Movie Theme*, whilst on *Horrible Fanfare/ Landslide/Exoskeleton* the music almost veers into post-rock territory with a thirteen-minute stretch of ominous space-sounds BECK- The Information

capped by an excerpt from the shipping fore-cast.

The Beck trademarks- funky beats, languid white-boy raps and jaunty acoustic guitarare all still present, but even in the most upbeat songs there's an underlying soberness. The first half plays like his early work rediscovered in light of some bad news. The exception, *Nausea*, nods back to the *Guero* singles, but sits oddly within the muted atmosphere.

However, surprisingly enough, this new mood suits Beck. The music no longer sounds like it all might just be one big in-joke, and, as ever when he's at his best, Beck's managed to forge a coherence from the mess of genres. Occasionally, this pushes through the melancholy to produce moments of uplifting beauty.



The crucial aspect of this concert was the period of study from which the performers had emerged to give their week-long tour, Cambridge as their third stop. The International Musicians' Seminar, based in Prussia Cove, Cornwall, is a conference of established professionals and promising young instrumentalists and ensembles, with individual masterclasses each April preceding an autumn chamber music season.

It is exciting to hear that musicians such as virtuoso violinist Chloë Hanslip, and the Sacconi String Quartet (from the Royal College of Music) can come together for intensive preparation of a small number of pieces. Too often, chamber music collaboration can be the consequence of the whim of successful, though perhaps isolated, international virtuosos, with too little time to devote to the complete group integration which such music requires. This was certainly not the case on Wednesday – with all musicians acutely sensitive to balance and sonority, not least the 19-year-old Chloe Hanslip, always an equal contributor to the Mendelssohn and Chausson works on display.

Imogen Holst's 1982 String Quintet modest in comparison to the examples in this genre by Mozart and Schubert - was nevertheless an ideal vehicle for the demonstration of the Sacconi Quartet's complete unanimity of tone and spirit (not to mention the seamless addition of cellist-mentor Christoph Richter). Holst employs the five instruments in many permutations (cello duet, viola solo, violin accompaniment). Her use of all instruments in the treble clef, in close modal clusters is most forward-looking, a more silkily-seductive texture than when the same forces are closely combined by composers such as MacMillan and Tavener, with their brand of aggressive religiosity. A

Chloë Hanslip and friends. West Road Concert Hall.

teasing economy of vibrato rounded the work off as an auspicious overture to the evening.

Unfortunately, the next item, the Piano Trio in C minor, Hanslip taking the violin, is in ways a disappointing work from Mendelssohn's pen. The first movement has a most prosaic development section, and not one, but two formally redundant codas, to say nothing of the routine sequences and figurations which strugglingly propel the argument. Hanslip was never less than passionate in the work's defence, and operated in near mirror symmetry with Christoph Richer, Ian Brown duly making light of the somewhat perfunctory keyboard writing. The 'gondola-song' Andante and muscular Finale made for a more healthy competition between the performers, and this was greatly appreciated by the sizeable audience.

If Mendelssohn had been below-par, Chausson, in his Concert for Violin, String Quartet and Piano, was exasperating. Overlong, self-involved, amorphous Romantic decadence - heavy work made of ephemeral material. Indeed, during the Finale, the quasi-orchestral Sacconi strings look somewhat wearied by the continual cadential interruptions (the programme apparently chosen by Steven Isserlis, the ISM director). But again, faultless playing, and a most promising outing for Miss Hanslip and the Sacconi Quartet, from both of whom we look forward to hearing much more.

James Drinkwater

www.varsity.co.uk for an accompanying profile of Chloe Hanslip

Twelfth Night: ADC

Listin	S	1 THEATRE	CONCERTS		GOING OUT
	Keane		Goo Goo Dolls	EXHIBITIONS	The XFM Remix Tour
PICK OF THE WEEK	Arts Picturehouse Damian Lewis stars in this tense picture about a man who loses his daughter at a New York Bus Terminal. Lodge H. Kerrigan writes and directs.		Never sonic pioneers, its been a long time since the Goo Goo Dolls played anything edgy. But this is a fine opportunity to catch some slick and mildly emotive AOR. Even if it is somewhat redolent of Mondeos.	Unify 72 King Street The Unify shop on King's Street stages regular exhibitions by exciting young artists. Pop by this week for a great fashion exhibit.	Eddy TM, The Infadels, Evil Nine, My Luminaries headline this one off party at the Soul Tree, with other rooms given over to local talent.
	Brick 8.30pm Caius Films An Inconvenient Truth 8.45pm Keane 8.45pm Hard Candy 11.15pm Matrix 11pm Clerks II 11.50pm Vue	Twelfth Night 7.45pm ADC Footlights presents Niceties 11pm ADC ICE Out of the Box 2pm Kings College Keynes Hall	Jo Caulfield 8pm The Junction Charles Siem Classical Violin 1.10pm Kettle's Yard Goo Goo Dolls 7.30pm Corn Exchange	Fitzwilliam Museum This big museum shows an enormous variety of exhibitions. Showing for all of October:	Naughty 9pm-12.45am Queens' Ents
S _{AT}	An Inconvenient Truth 8.45pm Keane 12pm, 2.30pm, 6.30pm Hard Candy 11.15pm Matrix 11pm The Death of Mr Lazarescu 3.10pm, 6pm	Twelfth Night 2.30pm & 7.45pm ADC Footlights presents Niceties 11pm ADC	Boomslang 10pm The Junction Elvis That's The Way It Was 7.30pm Corn Exchange		Heaven & Hell 9pm-12.45am Queens' Ents
	Easy Rider 7pm, 10pm St Johns Films FREE Memoirs of a Geisha 6pm, 9pm Robinson Films Keane 12pm, 2.30pm, 6.30pm The History Boys 11am	The Trouble with Asian Men Company behind East is East tackle multiculturalism. 7.45pm Cambridge Arts Theatre £10	Imogen Heap 7.30pm Corn Exchange	Chasing Happiness: Maurice Maeterlinck. The Blue Bird and England. Showing from Oct through to 7th Jan.	The Sunday Service Launch Club Twenty-Two Vicars, tarts and cheese
Mon	An Inconvenient Truth 5,9.15pm Echo Park L.A. 3pm, 7pm Keane 12.45pm, 3pm, 7pm The Departed 12pm, 3, 6 & 9pm Zidane: A 21st Century Portraight 1pm, 5pm, 9pm	The French Lieutenant's Woman Story of forbidden love. 7.45pm Cambridge Arts Theatre £10	Public Enemy Hip Hop 7pm The Junction Familie Floz Mask Theatre 8pm The Junction		Crowd Control 9pm- 3am Soul Tree NUS discount on entry before 11 Belly Dancing 8pm The Union Bar
TUE	An Inconvenient Truth 5pm Echo Park L.A. 3pm Keane 12.45pm, 3pm, 7pm The Departed 12pm, 3, 6 & 9pm Whiskey 1.30pm The Last Laugh 9.15pm	Closer 7.45pm ADC Smoker 11pm ADC	Paul Carrack 7.30pm Corn Exchange Seth Lakeman 7pm The Junction	Rodin: All About Eve French sculptor Auguste Rodin's profound realism and beauty encapsulated in two life-size bronzes and one smaller piece. Kettle's Yard until 19th Nov.	precious* Launch Party 10pm-2am Club Twenty Two dan@preciouspromotion.co.uk for limited guestlist
WED	An Inconvenient Truth 1.15,9pm Keane 11am, 3pm, 7pm The Departed 12pm, 3, 6 & 9pm The Quiet Revolution: Chinese Village Self-Governance 6pm Whale Rider 4.30pm	Closer 7.45pm ADC The Gently Progressive Behemoth 11pm ADC	St Petersburg Symphony Orchestra 7.30pm Corn Exchange The Lemonheads 7pm The Junction		The XFM Remix Tour Soul Tree www.xfm.co.uk Rumboogie 9pm-2am Ballare
Тни	Chariots Of Fire 7.30pm, 10.30pm Christ's Films An Inconvenient Truth 3,7&9.15 Keane 12.45pm, 3pm, 7pm Beau Travail 5pm The Departed 12, 3, 6 & 9pm	Closer 7.45pm ADC The Gently Progressive Behemoth 11pm ADC	NME Rock N Roll Riot Tour 7pm The Junction	Unify Street fashion. Graphics. Photography. Yeah. On King Street. Exhibitions change monthly.	Coming up on Friday 13th Shut Up and Dance! Launch Night 9pm-1am The Union



BOOK NOW

Koko, Camden

For one night only, Dita Von Teese, self proclaimed 'queen of Burlesque' will taking a break from her glamorous gothic mestyle to wow the crowds at Camden's Koko. Everyone loves a Teese, and she is sure not to disappoint. Expect a hybrid of Victorian restraint wear and 1950s pinup, served Bettie Page

style. Though perhaps more famous for her mariage to goth maestro, Marilyn Manson, Dita's shows are not for the faint hearted. This woman oozes sex appeal and is a born performer. 'Titilation' takes on a whole new

Dita Von Tesse meaning: less fabric, more flesh. Call her brash and vulgar, but the Mistress wil have you begging for more. As a founding member of the Burlesque revival, she is not to be missed. Who knows when she will come UK side next- and when she does it will probably be for another slick Vivienne Westwood ad campaign.

Don your brothel creepers and slick your hair like Johnny Cash, or cinch in your waist and paint your lips a vampish red. Then head off to a decadent night at the mercy of the Queen Teese. I bet you'll be jealous of Mr Manson afterward .

15th Oct £25



The band- not the computer programming language- will be heading to King's Cross mid November. Cancion De Ser Sexy ves, that's what it stands for) are definitely set to be a 'hot hot' ticket. If you like electro/indie baselines and Peaches style lyrics- then this one is for you. With songs like Art Tit, and words like 'Music is my King Size bed'- these sex brained Brasilians know how to hit you where it...pleasures?

14th Nov £8.50

CSS

Scala, London

Cambridge Crisis: answers to your problems

»'My neighbour shows her enjoyment of sex in a very vocal manner'

Dear Varsity,

I have a rather embarrassing problem, and I'm not entirely sure who to turn to. My problem involves my next door neighbour, who has a lot of male company and shows her enjoyment during sex in a very vocal manner. I find her screaming delight uncomfortable and embarrassing to say the least, and it is really stopping me sleeping. I have tried the 'usual' tactics,

turning music up, coughing loudly and even some gentle knocking on the wall, but it does nothing to cool her ardour. I spoke to her briefly about the issue, but she brushed it off, and despite several further comments on my behalf, she maintains that it isn't a real problem, and just turns it into a joke. I don't want to make it into a big issue, especially as I am still at the stage of making friends and really don't want to make an

enemy. I am loathe to approach Accommodation about the problem, but it has reached the stage where her nocturnal (and daytime) activity is causing a real problem, interrupting sleep and work.

Please help!

Laura

Dear Laura,

It does seem very early in the term for your neighbour to have made quite so many male friends but I can readily see that she is causing you an environmental health problem.

Fortunately there are several things you can do. Maybe you can persuade her that she really ought to go outmore? Perhaps you can get her invited to some all-night parties that take place somewhere else? Could you persuade her men friends to take her back to their places?

It is probably illegal to put bromide in her coffee but there is one last resort you could try...

There are some particularly enthusiastic handbell ringers in Cambridge at the moment who think nothing of ringing bells for anything up to 17 hours without a break. You could arrange a temporary room-swap with some of them. The rhythmic monotony of their activities is guaranteed to have her pleading for a truce on any terms you offer. Peace will be restored.

I will happily make the arrangements if you wish.

Frank King The University Bellringer

Laura,

This is a common problem, though not pandemic, clearly; there seems to be one noisy irritant else for every silent cringing somebody (mathematically impossible -I admit - given that everybody seems to be a cringer these days and nobody, by most accounts, is a noisy doer of the deed).

As with eczema, there's no real solution, but there's a few things you can try which might help. Doctors and GPs like to prescribe chemicals for this sort of thing but usually, under these circumstances, medicine ends in crime, or murder (which is both a crime and a bad thing). So here are some organic alternatives:

• Record yourself faking an orgasm (or a death, or anything else that's annoying to hear), then leave it playing on repeat at full volume every time you leave your room.

• Record your neighbour having a real orgasm and do the same.

• Next time you hear the tell tale moans, saw a very indiscreet hole in the wall, as ostentatiously as you can (perhaps whistling while you work), then either film the culprits and threaten to sell the footage on ebay if they carry on, or say, 'emm... please could you stop that,' and do a strange and disconcerting dance which fails to conclude your plea in any congruous way.

Fight fire with fire. Shag loudly and often in revenge.Find a photo of your neighbour's

face at its most hideous (photoshop it if necessary to accentuate blemishes, scars, rashy dry patches near the ears), then enlarge it a hundred fold and stick it to her a door with a note saying: 'when you climax, you look like this.' At the crucial moment, the haunting image will float eerily into her head and she'll lose all momen-

Concise

»Across

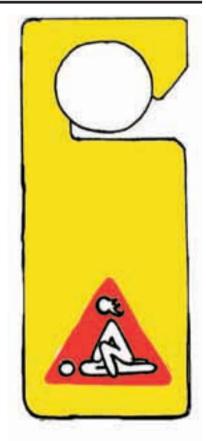
Crossword

tum, sinking silent, shaken and forlorn back to the depths of her messy, but disappointed mattress. Possibly she will transfer the image to her partner's face, which will make her scream, but that's a small price to pay for a whole term of relative quiet.

All the best, Tom Sharpe, Footlights

Ok, on the face of it this is rather an amusing situation, but if it is interfering with your work and sleep it is just as serious a problem as loud music or any other noise disturbance... This is certainly not the first (or even the second) time someone has come to me with this problem.

Usually the first thing to do when you have a problem in college is talk to your tutor. They usually have years of experience dealing with all kinds of problems. However, if you suspect that your tutor doesn't even remember how to have sex let alone advise you on this matter, then talking to your peers might be an easier option. Every college has a JCR and MCR. They will be able to suggest an appropriate course of action, which may include having a quiet word with your noisy neighbour and reminding all students that they should respect the people they live with and keep the noise level to a minimum. If this fails to do the trick, you would do well to suggest to your welfare officer that a campaign in college encouraging students to maintain their corridors as work and sleep friendly places. Remember, you should not have to



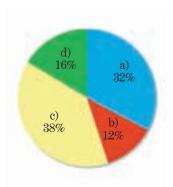
put up with anything that has a negative effect on your work and welfare. Your college and your neighbour should understand that. Good luck!

Love Sam and Harriet (CUSU Welfare and Women's) If you are interested in being a writer, subeditor, illustrator, production assistant or a member of our newly relaunched online team, please email business@ varsity.co.uk, or come to our squash to meet us.

The Varsity Squash ta bouche 10-15 Market Passage Sidney Street Tuesday 10th October, 8pm Cocktails half price

Varsity.co.uk: Poll Results

We asked: How much money will you be blowing this freshers' week? a) Entire loan. b) <£300 c) £100 d) Under £20



Vote online today: varsity.co.uk

Games

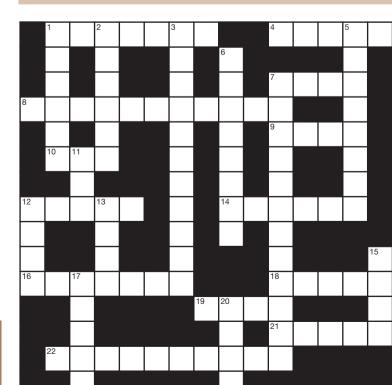


1) Wolk like (6)

- 2) Cut (6)
- 3) Luddite (11) 5) Fraudsters (8)
- 6) God of Wine (8)
- 7) Carousel (5-2-5)
- 11) By way of (3)
- 12) Hit (4)
- 13) Stylish (4)
- 15) Swirl (4)
- 17) Distress (5) 20) Stem, bullrush (4)

Give milk (7)
 Instruct (5)
 Bare, simple (4)
 Curmudgeon (11)
 Sleep (4)
 Night before (3)
 Tardy, slow (5)
 Bars, billets (6)
 Pacify (7)
 Egg-shaped (5)
 Asian language (4)
 Crazy (5)
 Waugh novel, ____ Revisted (10)

Do you want to write our crossword next week? Write to *discuss@varsity.co.uk* Varsity crossword no. 454



Careers Service events



For undergraduates and postgraduates of all degree disciplines. All years welcome.

CONSULTANCY EVENT – TUES 10 OCTOBER 2006, 1.00-6.00pm

Accenture Analysys Mason Group Arthur D. Little Ltd Bain & Company, Inc BearingPoint Ltd Booz Allen Hamilton Boston Consulting Group Capgemini UK CHP Consulting Corporate Value Associates CRA International Credo Deloitte Detica Limited Diamond Ernst & Young IBM United Kingdom Limited LECG L.E.K. Consulting LLP Marakon Associates Mars & Co McKinsey & Company Mercer Management Consulting Mercer Oliver Wyman Monitor Group OC&C Strategy Consultants P A Consulting Group Parthenon PricewaterhouseCoopers LLP – Strategy Group Roland Berger RSe Consulting Sg2 Spectrum Strategy Consultants Stroud and Company (Europe) Ltd Watson Wyatt LLP ZS Associatesand others

BANKING & FINANCE EVENT – WED 11 OCTOBER 2006, 1.00-6.00pm

ABN AMRO **Baillie Gifford** Bank of America **Bank of England** Barclays Bank plc **Barclays** Capital **BDO Stoy Hayward LLP** Bear Stearns International Ltd BlackRock **BNP** Paribas **Cambridge Associates** Capital Group of Companies Capital One Bank (Europe) plc Citigroup CQS Management Ltd **Credit Suisse** D E Shaw (USA) Deloitte Deutsche Bank

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- Time: Drop in anytime between 6.00pm 8.00pm
- Location: University Arms Hotel, Regent Street, Cambridge
- Sign Up: To guarantee your place and gain fast entry into the event, register online in the 'Events' section of www.db.com/careers

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You may also attend our careers presentation at Kettle's Yard on Thursday 12 October at 6pm for a 6.30pm start

If you would like to attend our careers presentation, please email recruitingeurope@mow.com

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Applications are now open to edit and design THE MAYS 15. Deadline for Applications: October 16

Email business@varsity.co.uk for details. guest editors:

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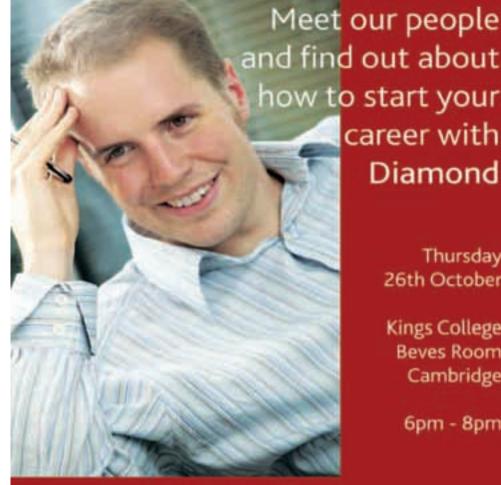
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Thursday 26th October

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Kings College **Beves Room** Cambridge

6pm - 8pm

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UBS is a leading financial services firm. This interactive lunch session will give you the chance to speak first-hand to many of our recent graduates about life and opportunities at a financial powerhouse.

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KETTLES AND CAREERS



Tuesday October 17th 2006 6:30pm - 8:30pm Mong Building, Sidney Sussex College

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MANAGEMENT DIVISION

DEMYSTIFYING THE INVESTMENT

Thursday October 19th 2006 6:30pm - 8:30pm Mong Building, Sidney Sussex College

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This announcement was brought to you in association with:



Embarrassment Grows as Cantabs remain pool-less

»Swimmers and polo players are desperate for a University pool



The University water polo players compete in Calella, Spain, where the facilities put ours to shame

SOPHIE PICKFORD

In 1892 the Cambridge Review observed that "a swimming bath is now beginning to be considered as a necessity in most of our large public schools." "Consequently", the article continues, "it seems strange that we are still without one." This astute commentator of 114 years ago could, sadly, just as well have been writing this week, for the travesty continues -Cambridge University has no pool. Bath has one, and so do, amongst others, the Universities of Oxford, Nottingham, London, Loughborough, Warwick, Bristol, Southampton, Bradford, Aberystwyth, Chester and De Montfort, but somehow the gleaming spires and hallowed halls of our internationally renown establishment

have yet to house such a facility. To be fair to the University, plans for a multi-million pound sports centre

including a sports hall, squash and tennis courts, 50m pool and sports science centre are underway; architectural models have been built, a site chosen and fundraising has begun. But, as with the fabled Cambridge rowing lake, this has all been going on for rather a long time and a new injection of enthusiasm, publicity or perhaps more importantly, money, must be the order of the day. In the meantime, the University swimming and water polo clubs continue to use the Leys school pool for most of their training, one of the University's less fine traditions stretching back to 1906. Parkside is sometimes used, though the prohibitively high costs of hiring out this cityrun pool along with its limited availability severely restricts its use by the student-run University club. Every year thousands of pounds of student subs are being spent on booking these facilities, money that would surely be better spent running the University's

own pool.

The sports complex envisaged by the powers that be would place Cambridge at the very top of its field in the country in terms of sporting facilities. Shockingly, the UK houses in total only nineteen 50m pools, with a mere two in London, a statistic put into sharp relief by Paris, which alone has twenty. The 2012 Olympics will result in a further 50m facility for London, but often buildings erected for such large events result in the closure of other, smaller pools for financial reasons.

The Cambridge University pool would become a focal point for swimming and water polo in the east of England, hosting major competitions and providing a cheap means of exercising for the University population as a whole. Even with a city leisure card the price of a single swim at Parkside is £2.20, an amount similar to that of a college canteen meal. On a more tech-

rently train in a pool that is too short, too narrow and too shallow" must primarily appeal. Efforts are being made to fund-raise, and for that we are grateful, but the dominance of individually wealthy colleges and the virtual absence of a centralised, powerful body makes raising money for these sorts of projects extremely difficult. In Oxford's case it was an individual donor Lief Rosenblatt who finally came up with the millions of pounds necessary for a pool. Such fairy godfathers do not always appear, however, and as one of the world's leading Universities,

nical note, a 50m pool would provide

the opportunity for water polo to be played double-deep. Currently play-

ers are forced to scrabble around in a pool that is both too narrow, too short and too shallow, trying desperately not to touch the bottom, a particular

embarrassment when teams visit for

matches. It is a mark of the dedication of University swimmers and polo players in the face of these adverse conditions that teams regularly beat

Oxford in the annual varsity matches

Yet, these are not the arguments that will ultimately win over the

University, and it is to them that we

and reach the BUSA finals.

"Players cur-

Cambridge should take more immediate, personal responsibility for the building of this facility. Its absence suggests that Cambridge takes little interest in the well-rounded scholar, something that will only increase the rate of the 'brain drain' to the States and to other UK universities. Perhaps it is this more academic argument that the University will finally respond to.

Sports Fixtures and Trials

Hockey Matches Saturday 7th October, Dereham vs. the Men's Blues and Spalding vs. the Wanderers.

Swimming Trials Saturday 7th October, 6-8pm, the

Leys School pool.

Women's Water Polo Trials Sunday 8th October, 11am-12.30pm, the Leys School pool.

Men's Water Polo Trials Sunday 8th October, 12.30-2pm, the Leys School pool.

Women's Football Trials Saturday 7th October., 2pm-4pm at Fitz sports ground, Oxford Road.

Freshers' Fun Run Sunday 8th October, 2.30pm onwards, Wilberforce Road.

Rugby Union Match Tuesday 10th October, Blues vs. Bedford (away match).

Women's Hockey Trials Friday 6th October, 1pm-3pm and Sunday 8th October, 10am, Wilberforce Road.

Men's Hockey Trials Friday 6th October, 3pm-6pm. Pre-

season training starts September 7th, Wilberforce Road.

Canoeing Sessions Saturday 6th October, 12pm-3pm

on the river starting from the canoe club sheds. Pool session from 2pm-3.30pm, Leys School pool.

Athletics Introductory Session

Saturday 7th October, 1pm, Wilberforce Road track.

Women's Netball Trials Saturday 7th and Sunday 8th October, Trinity Field Courts.

Revolver & Pistol Club Session Sunday 8th and Monday 9th October, Elizabeth Way Range.

Smashing Stuff

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

Lange, with another epic singles win, reduced the deficit to two before Tassell again showed why he was undefeated all year, annihilating the Oxford no. 1. Meanwhile, Murray had lost another close singles and Cole had made light work of the Oxford captain, bringing the tie to 8-7 in favour of the dark blues.

Whilst May and Zavadov had struggled in the singles, they then found top form in their doubles, taking out the Oxford third pair. Tassell and Lange succumbed to the sturdy Oxford second pair, whilst Murray and Goswami enjoyed a momentumwin over the Oxford first pair. 9-9.

By this stage, with so many close matches, and various complaints from local residents about the noise levels, it was already 7.15pm. Old blues arriving for the Varsity dinner were not disappointed to witness one of the most exciting rounds of doubles in Varsity history, while their meals were put on hold.

Murray and Goswami, now playing with new found confidence, trounced their opposites, giving Cambridge the lead for the first time in the whole two days. Tassell and Lange again found themselves in trouble, facing two match points at 1-5 in the third set. Miraculously, the Cambridge boys showed immense fighting qualities, winning six games in a row to get the vital eleventh rubber.

In his winner's speech, May saved his biggest thanks for his team mates, congratulating them on a victory in what he described as the most fiercely contested match he had ever been a part of.

Basketball team in winning streak

TERESA DENNIS

The University basketball teams have had highly successful seasons of late. The men's blues, who play in BUSA Midlands Division 1A, have recently won the BUSA Shield and have won two out of three of the last Varsity matches. Last season they came second in the league to Birmingham, who made it through the play offs to promotion. This year they hope to bring the Varsity title back to Cambridge. The Lions (men's second team) had a fantastic season, despite a new squad, narrowly missing out on the league title by 3 points in the last minute of the deciding match of the season against Worcester 2nds. They also managed to twice set new team records for most points scored as well

highest points differential.

With a relatively new team and a new coach, the women battled hard throughout the season, eventually ending up a comfortable second place behind our long term rivals Oxford. Having suffered close defeats by Oxford in the league, they were determined to win at Varsity in Oxford, but narrowly lost as Oxford maintained their phenomenal unbeaten record. The highlight of their season came in March as they charged through the BUSA Trophy tournament and took a very satisfying victory in the Final against Cardiff.

If you would like to play a part in this year's team, the men's trials will be held on Fri. 6th October from 19:45-23:00 and the women's on Sat. 7th October from 17:45-20:00. Trials will be held at Kelsey Kerridge.

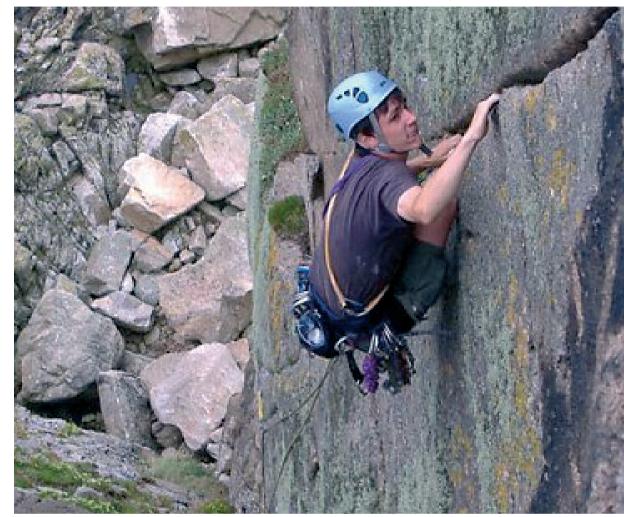




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Cambridge Climbers Live a New Type of Fear

»CUMC mountaineers scale peaks in Bolivia, Greenland and the Alps



Alex Gaastra of Cambridge University Mountaineering Club clings for dear life to a rock face

MILES TACKETT & HELEN MORT

'I rack up underneath the tree in the base of the corner. A few easy pulls see me sharing its ledge. Initially I make upwards progress, bridging up the corner on good but worn holds, until I reach an impasse. The next moves look tricky - the footholds are there, but the handholds are small. I start to look for gear, but the rock is smooth, with no obvious cracks. I move up hesitantly, then reverse back down, and repeat this process until somehow I pull on one of the small edges, and get my feet on the jug hold. Now I'm really stuck, having made moves I'm too scared to reverse, with nothing between me and the ground, holding onto some small holds under the bulge to keep in balance...'

It's hard to describe the thrill of climbing unless you've had the experience Andy Morris descr1ibes in the above quote, taken from his article 'A New Type of Fear'. Only fingertips and tiny footholds keep you from the ground and you must trust the rock you cling to entirely.

Perhaps you're afraid. Perhaps you've just emerged through the mist, climbing two hundred feet above a winding river, on a piece of limestone immortalised by the leap of faith of a 17th century Royalist outrunning his persecutors during the Civil War. Either way, you'll be exhilarated. It's that feeling that keeps Cambridge climbers pushing their limits to scale higher peaks in more remote corners of the world year after year. Established over a century ago, the University's Mountaineering club has a prolific and proud history, from George Band's first ascent of Kangchenjunga in 1955 to Martin Moran's non stop traverse of the Alpine 4000m summits in 1993. The spirit of George Mallory (Magdalene), who was last seen "going strong" for the summit of Everest in 1924, continues within the club today.

This summer, climbers from CUMC led expeditions across the world. In Quimsa Cruz, Bolivia, members Ronan Kavanagh, Alan Dickinson, Tom Stedall, Moira Herring and Sam Hawkins climbed eight routes, of which some were first ascents from a base camp 4600m high, a real achievement.

'I've made moves I'm too scared to reverse, with nothing betweeen me and the ground'

The club has a proud tradition of pioneering first ascents. In summer 2005, for example, eight CUMC climbers successfully led new routes on rock and snow in

Kangerdlugssuaq, Greenland. Back in Europe this summer, club climbers scaled the Matterhorn and faced hurricane winds on the Auguille de Midi ridge in Chamonix, whilst others explored the little known Valle de Mello in the Italian Alps.

CU Mountaineering Ĉlub will be holding a meet for freshers in the next few weeks, and weekend trips throughout the term to the Peak District, Wales, Scotland and maybe even further afield. For more details check out our website at www.srcf.ucam.org/cumc.

Bluffer's Guide to Climbing

Climbing is all about jargon. If you don't know a crimp from a karabiner, you could end up betraying yourself as the novice you really are. But for the determined bluffer, ignorance is no obstacle. Kid yourself you're a grit fanatic with our handy introduction to slang, but don't think it'll save you half way up Everest...

Flash

Flashing doesn't mean exposing yourself to a field of sheep and half a dozen bemused climbers on a day out in the Peak District. In fact, 'flashing' a route means climbing it on the first try without ever having touched it before. Be careful boasting about how many you flashed last Sunday when you're down the pub...

Friend

A spring loaded piece of equipment placed in the rock to protect against falls. Should your climbing partner stop halfway up a route and protest that he or she really needs a friend, don't let go of the rope and rush up with tea and sympathy.

Jam

Sounds more exciting than it is. Jamming involves no music, just sore knuckles. It means to place your hand in the gap between two slabs of rock in the absence of any good hand holds. But it still sounds cool to announce you're about to iam...

Manky

A piece of protection that is questionable; it may or may not hold a fall.

Screw

Another piece of technical equipment that could trick the novice into a nasty misunderstanding. Be careful how you react on the mountain to a call for a good screw.

Wigged

The feeling of an extreme adrenaline rush that follows a tough ascent or long fall. "After the crux, I was wigged."

Varsity talks to Hare & Hounds' Claire Day



Claire Day talks about her role as the first female captain of the Hare and Hounds.

What got you into running?

My brother used to go along to the local athletics club's training sessions, and being an adoring little sister I followed him and started going too. 10 years on I'm still running and he hates it! What's been your greatest moment

in the sport so far? When I won Cuppers last winter.

Wandlebury is my favourite course by miles, I love it there. Have you ever come close to giving

it up? I've had times when I've cut down due to other commitments, but running's the perfect sport for just fitting it in when you want to and doing as much or as little as you like.

What are your hopes for Hare & Hounds this year?

To win all our Varsity matches and be competitive against the big names at BUSA. We've got a great intake of freshers this year and loads of experienced runners too.

Who's your sporting idol? Paula Radcliffe. The year she set the marathon record, she was not only the quickest British female, but also

quicker than all the British men! **Do you think women are well represented in university sport?** I think the Women's Blues Committee is great and in fact a lot fairer than the male equivalent. Men have been at the uni centuries longer than women and that's why it's their sports that have the famous history behind them. Haw do you stay metiuntad?

How do you stay motivated? The more I run, the more I can eat!



SPORT 06.10.06 Climbing

varsity.co.uk/sport sport@varsity.co.uk

CAPTAIN'S CORNER

Orienteering



ALEX COPLEY & ELSPETH INGLEBLY

Orienteering - the thinking person's cross-country.

Orienteering involves using a map to navigate around a course as fast as you can, usually in a forest, a park, or on an open hillside. Think of it as a cross-country race, but with nobody telling you where to go, and almost always with much nicer scenery.

Getting away from the fens

People are usually attracted to the club by either a love of running in beautiful places (and because they're bored of flat Cambridge), or the desire to test their mental and physical stamina in one of the most accessible "adventure easily sports".

Let Them Eat Cake

When it comes to training, a typical week usually consists of one hard session (either interval training or a long, fast run), and one more fun session, often with tea and cakes afterwards!

Racing

The club is currently in strong form, having won the men's individual and men's and women's team titles at the Varsity match last lent term. We built on this with a good result at BUSA, coming 6th overall.

How to get involved

Come along to our next get together and meet the team. Then we'll have some tea and cake and maybe a sly glass of wine before running to the hills.

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Ace Blues edge past Oxford in thrilling Queen's Club finale

Interview

Claire Day

page 39

»Close contest in Kensington ends in a win for Cambridge

Expedition reports

page 39



R J Lange battles it out against Oxford. He won his opening singles game despite facing three set points

Cambridge	1 [.]
Oxford	1(

PADDY MAY

The men's Varsity tennis match was contested on the lawns of The Queen's Club in Kensington in late June, where

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the light blues reclaimed the Doherty Cup from Oxford in what old blues described as the most exciting Varsity Match in 50 years. After two days the Cambridge boys eventually won by the narrowest possible margin. With Paddy May of Selwyn and

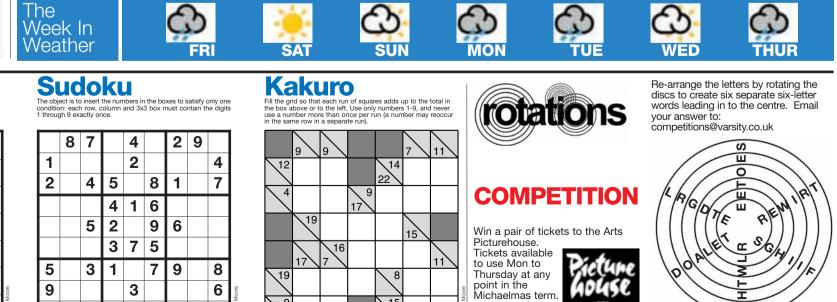
Kirill Zavadov of St Edmund's losing their opening singles matches, Cambridge spent most of the two days trailing by a rubber or two. However,

with a heroic singles win from RJ Lange of King's, in which Lange faced three match points in the second set, and comprehensive victories from Jon Tassell and Ben Cole, the tie was all square at 3-3 after the first round.

Cambridge soon fell behind again, when Tassell and Lange suffered a shock defeat at the hands of the Oxford third pair. Meanwhile Murray and Blaise Goswami had fallen victim to a

very strong Oxford second pair. In the first round of doubles it was only May and Zavadov who salvaged another point in a tight three set match against the Oxford first pair.

The following day, the competition was again intense. Cambridge found themselves 7-4 down, with Oxford needing only four more matches to retain the Doherty Cup. CONTINUED ON PAGE 37



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