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VARSITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

A-levels could be scrapped in six years

- » Cambridge to assist in development of new diploma
- » Review in 2013 will decide fate of A-levels

CAMILLA TEMPLE
News Editor

Cambridge University is working with the government to design a new diploma qualification that will be offered as a widespread alternative to A-levels from September 2008. If the new diploma is successful, A-levels could be scrapped in as little as six years.

The university has voiced its support for the qualification and has also become involved in its development. From the start of the next academic year, 40,000 students in over 900 schools will be given the option of choosing between A-levels and the new diploma.

Ed Balls, the government Minister for Schools, explained that the Diplomas will "combine an in depth theoretical and practical study of subject areas and a strong focus on English,

Maths and ICT skills, with opportunities to apply their learning in work-related contexts."

Fourteen different diploma qualifications will be introduced over the next three years. Some subjects are to be introduced in September 2008, including Construction and the Built Environment, Creative and Media, and Engineering. Other Diplomas, such as Hair and Beauty, Hospitality and Retail, will follow over the next three years.

The diploma is a separate qualification from the Pre-U, the Cambridge-developed A-level alternative which will be piloted by various public schools from September 2008 and which was designed in response to complaints about the modular examinations and unlimited re-sits of the A-level system.

Dr Geoff Parks, Director of Undergraduate Admissions at Cambridge University and member of the Expert Advisory Board to the Diploma Development Partnership, said: "The Diplomas provide the opportunity to develop new components that address some of the deficiencies of A-levels." He is involved in a group developing an Engineering Maths unit for the Engineering Diploma and says that it "promises to be a better preparation for the study of engineering at university than Maths A-level".

A review of the A-level system will take place in 2013 at which point a decision will be made about whether they are to be continued.

Dr Parks explained that, while the University supports both of the Pre-U and the diploma alternatives, "They are two different qualifications. The Pre-U is a two year sixth form qualification, while the diplomas are a secondary school qualification covering Years 9 through 13. It is conceivable that students taking diplomas could study components drawn from the Pre-U just as they can study A-levels."

Michael Gove, the shadow children's secretary, has reservations about the new diploma qualification. "Diplomas were supposed to be about improving vocational education, not

undermining academic excellence," he told Varsity. "Whilst a new focus on vocational subjects is a good thing, creating diplomas for academic subjects is a diversion which can only weaken the exam system."

He added that the Conservative Party "supports the reform of vocational learning to provide an alternative route to employment, but the new exams announced this week are designed to subvert GCSEs and A-levels. Ed Balls should be concentrating on dealing with underachievement, not drawing up fantasy qualifications."

Balls hopes to create an educational "market" in which a variety of qualifications can compete with one another. He said, "If diplomas are delivering the mix that employers and universities value, they could become the qualification of choice for young people."

He admitted that GCSEs and A-levels were "long established and valued qualifications" and therefore should not be phased out as a result of "any pre-emptive Government decision but instead by the demands of young people, schools and colleges."

Richard Lambert, Director General of the Confederation of British Industry, who will sit on the Expert Advisory Board, responded to the plans cautiously. "The proof of the pudding is always in the eating. Diplomas must meet three key tests. First, they need to give more young people the skills needed for the modern world; second, they must be seen as a valid and worthwhile alternative to GCSEs and A-levels; and third, they must attract young people who are currently turning their backs on the education system."

Concerns have been voiced over the short amount of time available for implementing the qualification. Lambert said, "The government has embarked on a very ambitious plan to roll out this programme in a short space of time. If it is to be successful, the diploma system must be properly promoted to students, universities and employers."



RICHARD GARDNER

Douglas Murray
The 'Michael Moore of the Right'

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The boy who beat the chimes

Sam Dobin has become the third person in history to complete the Trinity Great Court Run in the time it takes for the college clock to strike noon. He completed the 367 metre course in 42.77 seconds, the fastest time on record, outperforming two Olympic champions.

» Full story p3

In Brief

Student threatened with rape

A female student was threatened with rape in Market Square last Saturday evening at 11.30pm. She was cornered by two men whilst walking alone. The CUSU women's officer, Elly Shepherd, told Varsity that the student involved did not wish for any further information to be revealed.

She stressed that precautions should be taken when travelling at night; students should travel in groups, and choose cycling over walking. The incident comes just prior to a weekend of training for Rape Crisis Centre volunteers at King's College.

Emma Inkester

Darwinian celebrations



The University of Cambridge unveiled this week for a major celebration of the life and works of Charles Darwin to take place in July

2009. Darwin attended Christ's College as a student between 1827 and 1831, and the festival will mark the bicentenary of his birth and the 150th anniversary of the publication of his renowned Origin of Species.

Professor Sir Patrick Bateson, chair of the Darwin 2009 Committee, explained that the festival aims to examine Darwin's impact not only on the natural and social sciences, but also on literature, the arts, philosophy and religion. He added that "Cambridge is the obvious place to hold such an event due to its remarkable collections of Darwin's work and specimens."

Emma Inkester

Women in science

A panel of five renowned academics addressed the Cambridge Union on the controversial topic of "Why women are no good at science (and how science stops them from being good)". Professor Simon Baron-Cohen presented findings showing that new-born baby girls prefer to look at human faces while new-born baby boys prefer to look at mechanical mobiles. Dr Yulia Kovas also presented her investigations into correlations between sex and mathematical ability. The panel supported the concept that there were some inherent differences between men and women but universally agreed that the proposition that women were no good at science was "insane".

Sue Kirk

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Cook off goes down a treat

» Indignant students say they never taste gourmet food in hall
» College chefs pull out all the stops to impress judges

ALEX GLASNER

Sidney Sussex has won this year's intercollegiate chef competition, which was held at Girton College on Wednesday. Chefs from each college were judged on their ability to create a starter, main course, vegetarian dish and dessert. There was a separate class for chefs aged under 21.

Among the winning dishes created by Sidney's team of chefs were a melody of suffolk pork, lobster and cromer crab ravioli, scollop tureen and poached pear with pomegranate.

Johnny Bridgeman, one of the chefs from the victorious team, told Varsity that he was "chuffed to bits" about the result. "It was a great bit of team work," he said.

Many of the chefs woke up before five o'clock in the morning to finish their dishes and the judges spent the rest of the morning deciding upon a winner.

There was a special counter for

vegetarians and vegans and visitors were especially impressed by the desserts. One dessert was formed in the shape of a piano and another resembled a top hat.

Food was bought specially from local sources and there was an unlimited budget for chefs to spend on their entry dishes.

Some chefs, however, managed to do well on an apparently small budget; minimalism seemed key for many dishes. Nonetheless, visitors were surprised that the

"It's just ridiculous. When have you ever seen spun sugar baskets in the buttry?"



RICHARD WEST

Food was beautifully presented

food was "so nice to look at" in comparison to the usual buttery fare and responded by criticising their colleges for spending comparatively little on everyday cooking. One student commented that the food was "ridiculous," and that she had never heard of quail, let alone seen it on her college menu.

"It's just ridiculous," said Emma Clutton-Brock, a second year student from St John's. "When have you ever seen spun sugar baskets in the buttry?"

The rules for the competition clearly stated that this must be food that chefs would serve for a fellows' dinner. One chef laughed at the suggestion that he could reproduce his intricately construct-



RICHARD WEST

This delectable dessert bowled the judges over

ed dessert for twenty fellows.

Accusations have arisen that the competition is little more than a farce. Claims that much of the food was raw were supported when one of the dishes was found to contain raw tuna.

One of the chefs said: "I would not eat any of the dishes, not even my own. I didn't even cook the potatoes!" He alleged that many of the dishes were plastic, or at least could not feasibly be what they purported to be.

Graham Hambling, catering manager at Girton and organiser of the competition, denied that any false food was used by the chefs. But he admitted that

a problem with the competition is that the food is not judged on how it tastes. "None of the judges were allowed to actually taste the food," he explained. "The problem is that the dishes have to be brought in very early in the morning, and we can't have people eating food that's been left out so long because of health and safety regulations."

Nonetheless this competition was taken very seriously, and the kudos attached to being the best chef in Cambridge is no small matter, especially when such good looking food is involved. One chef remarked "we have nothing else to do - we do it for the craic."

Peaches snubs Cambridge gay night for MTV party

KATHERINE FAULKNER
News Editor

Peaches Geldof cancelled her scheduled appearance at Precious, the LGBT night at Club 22 on Tuesday in favour of attending an MTV music award bash in London. Peaches Geldof and Fifi Brown's DJ duet Trash Pussies pulled out late on Tuesday after many disgruntled

Geldof was photographed that night at the MTV Music Awards party

clubbers had already paid for entry to see them.

Geldof's manager, Kirsty Williams, told Varsity "The reason for cancellation had nothing to do with Peaches." The decision to cancel was made by Williams herself, "as the promoters who had contracted the event were in breach of contract. I was disappointed to have to cancel, and have offered to re-

arrange the DJ gig for Trash Pussies for another date." She added that Peaches and Fifi had been "really looking forward" to the gig.

However, Geldof and her sister were photographed that night by the Daily Mail at the SKY send-off party for the MTV Europe Music Awards at Bloomsbury ballroom.

Below the article on the Daily Mail website, a student has commented, "So that's where Peaches was. Silly me, thought she'd be at Club 22 in Cambridge, where she'd confirmed a DJ set only a few days ago."

A spokesperson for Club 22 said: "As far as I am aware we were not given a reason for Peaches' absence last night at Club 22. It has since been pointed out to me that according to a Daily Mail article, Peaches attended an MTV party with her sister last night." She added: "The people present last night didn't seem too bothered by her absence in my opinion."

When asked whether Geldof's management had cancelled due to the fact that Tuesday was the club's gay night, Helene Williamson of Precious Promotions said: "We're contractually prohibited from commenting."

Teens stabbed outside KamBar

JESSICA KING

Two teenagers are in hospital after being stabbed in Guildhall Street last Saturday.

Simon Neve, an employee of the nearby Kambar Nightclub, called police and an ambulance after he discovered an 18-year-old boy lying on the floor surrounded by a gang of youths.

He told Varsity: "When I moved towards him the others moved away. I went to move the boy and felt his side was hot and sticky. I lifted up his top and saw at least two puncture wounds where he'd been stabbed."

"He tried to sit up but his mouth was full of blood so I tried to clear it. Someone brought some proper wound dressings and I put pressure on his stomach. When the ambulance arrived they saw straight away how serious it was and took him to hospital."

"It's sickening. I've worked in a lot of places, but you don't expect it in Cambridge. Young kids with knives are a growing problem. It's young local lads who think they're gangsters."

The assailants are believed to have fled the scene in a black

Ford Focus. It is unclear at this time what happened in the run up to the attack and detectives will be taking statements from both victims.

Detective Sergeant Andy Crocker of the Cambridge Constabulary has appealed to anyone who might have seen the attack or what happened in the moments leading up to the incident: "There were a number of people in the Guildhall Street area at the time of the attack and I would appeal to those people to contact police. Any information, no matter how small, could prove invaluable to the investigation."

The two victims, aged 18 and 19, both received stab wounds and were taken to Addenbrooke's hospital with what have been described as serious injuries. Their condition is now reported to be stable.

A spokesperson for Cambridgeshire police said that "a 26-year-old man and a 21-year-old man, both from Cambridge, have been arrested on suspicion of attempted murder and have been bailed".

She added that incidents such as these remain "extremely rare" in Cambridgeshire.

Coe praise for Dobin after Great Court record shattered

» Second year Trinity undergraduate outruns Olympic athletes in historic race

KATY LEE
News Editor

Sam Dobin has beaten the times of two Olympic athletes to become the fastest person ever to complete the Trinity Great Court Run. Competitors in the historic race, which was made famous by its appearance in the film Chariots of Fire, must complete the 367 metre course in the 43.6 seconds it takes for the clock to repeat two sets of twelve chimes.

Dobin's time of 42.77 seconds is the fastest on record and was described by the Dean of Trinity College as "a truly tremendous achievement and a rare moment in Trinity's history".

Baron Sebastian Coe, the chairman of the London Organising Committee for the 2012 Olympic Games and winner of two Olympic gold medals, has offered his congratulations to Dobin. Speaking to Varsity, Baron Coe said that finishing the race before the final chime was "a fantastic and very rare achievement". Coe, who attempted the Trinity Great Court Run for charity in 1988, was generally accepted to be the second person ever to complete the course within the time limit.

Dobin, a second year economist, is still bemused by his success. "It was an amazing feeling," he said. "I can't believe I've actually set the record for it. The only two people who have done it before are Olympics champions. It was just really, really weird." The race is traditionally run by athletically inclined Trinity freshers at noon on the day of the Matriculation Dinner.

But Dobin was able to attempt the Great Court Run challenge for

a second year running since he was forced to degrade halfway through last year due to illness.

"I'd had a really hard push the day before, and the Men's Blues captain had phoned me and told me not to race because it's not good for your joints to run on cobbled ground. I woke up on Saturday feeling a bit stiff, but I thought, I'm in really good shape and it's a really famous race, so let's try it."

Professional athletes have found it very difficult to beat the clock in the past. "The only person to have officially got round it is Lord Burghley

"a truly tremendous achievement and a rare moment in Trinity's history"

in 1927," says Dobin. Whether or not Sebastian Coe actually completed this challenge is highly contested. Dobin may therefore be the second rather than the third person in history to have achieved this rare feat.

After that race a television presenter reported that Coe had finished in 42.53 seconds. But a video of the race apparently shows that Coe was 12 metres short of the finish line when the last chime sounded.

Television commentators claimed that the dying sounds of the bell could be included in the striking time, allowing Coe's run to be claimed as successfully within the time limit. "I

think he was close, but he didn't quite get round in time," says Dobin. "He also cheated because he started in the wrong place."

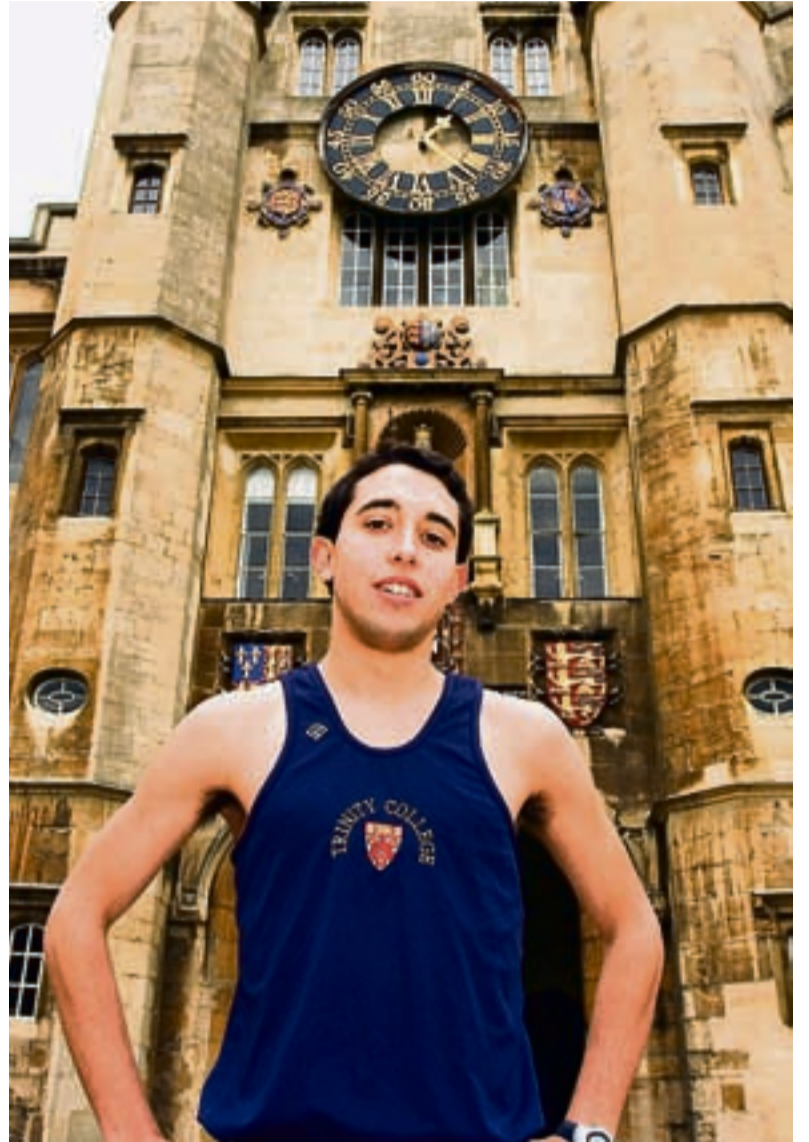
Dobin has sacrificed a lot for love of his sport. His illness last year, which forced him to degrade and begin the Economics Tripos afresh this Michaelmas, was partly caused by an injury to his pelvis he obtained by running.

"Running is a very isolating sport, especially when you're a student. You've got to be really disciplined. I run at six o'clock in the morning twice a week," said Dobin.

Dobin intends to follow in the footsteps of the previous two Great Court Run victors by competing in the Olympics. "I'd really like to be part of the 2012 squad," he said.

Humphrey Waddington, president of Cambridge University Athletics Club, is pleased with Dobin's progress. "CUAC saw his potential when he arrived as a fresher last year," he told Varsity. "He has been running strongly over the summer and his current form shows that his training is paying off."

By a strange coincidence, he also plans to follow the unusual dual career path taken by both Lord Burghley and Baron Coe. Both of these men achieved the multiple distinctions of winning an Olympic gold medal, becoming a member of both Houses of Parliament and chairing the London Olympics Organising Committee. Dobin too has expressed a desire to pursue a career in politics. Last year he was voted the Youth Prime Minister in a competition organised by the National Youth Parliament. "I just hope it's a sign that I'm following in their footsteps," he says.



Sam Dobin is the third person in history to beat the chimes RICHARD GARDNER

Animal rights protestors attack opera



Great St Mary's Church where the opera was held

LIZZIE ROBINSON

» Les Mamelles de Tirésias: there 'are much better things to target than a charity'

CAMILLA TEMPLE
News Editor

An opera performed by Cambridge students has been targeted by animal rights protestors because the performance was raising money for the Breast Cancer Research Campaign, a charity which tests on animals.

Campaigners used a variety of methods to counteract the production's support of the charity. Many of the posters advertising the opera were taken down and stickers criticising the use of animals in research were stuck up.

One activist stood outside the performance handing out leaflets which exhorted the audience not to support inhumane animal testing and claiming that the charity inserts tumors into mice as part of its research procedure.

The comic opera, Les Mamelles de Tirésias, or The Breasts of Tiresias, was put on by members of the University in Great St Mary's Church on Thursday and Friday of last week. One member of the cast called the protests

"sabotage". "it was awful and upsetting," She said. "The opera wasn't harming anyone".

Another member of the student production team echoed her feelings. "We were happy for them to leaflet," he said, "but it was a bit much to sabotage the publicity."

The director of the opera, Debo-

"It was awful and upsetting. The opera wasn't harming anyone"

rah Grayson, said that she "didn't object to the leafleting" but that it was "ridiculous" for protestors to think that this was a good way to gain support for the cause.

"There are lots of better things to target than a charity," said one cast member. Members of the production team, however, did

not think that ticket sales had suffered because of the protests.

In response to criticisms over animal testing, a spokesperson for the Breast Cancer Campaign said that "there are occasions when potentially life-saving research still depends on the use of animals and this is not an issue that we or any of our scientists take lightly."

The charity asserted that "all new medicines, no matter what they are, are required by law to be tested on animals" but that animal research will not be funded "unless it is essential and there is no alternative."

The charity told Varsity: "Wherever possible, our scientists aim to carry out their research on patients, on computers or on cells in a laboratory and many of the projects we fund are like this."

"But ultimately, if they are all working towards the common aim of cutting deaths from breast cancer, they need to explore every available avenue, which might one day lead to new drugs, treatments and cures."

Gaddafi calls Darfur a ‘quarrel over a camel’

MIKE KIELTY

Libyan leader Colonel Muammar al-Gaddafi addressed a packed Cambridge Union on Monday evening via a live video link. Gaddafi spoke for over an hour from his Presidential Palace in Tripoli, fanning himself with exotic leaves during pauses.

He highlighted the changes forced on world leaders by globalisation. “The world now is a village,” he said. He also emphasised the need for African problems to be left alone by foreign powers and voiced his mistrust of “imperialist superpowers like the US and China”.

Gaddafi, who is chairing a major international conference on the political problems in Darfur, claimed that the conflict was a local dispute, and its resolution was best left to the Sudanese government. He said: “You might laugh, but the main issue is about a quarrel over a camel.”

Today’s high oil prices mean that the Libyan leader is commanding currency reserves of an estimated £35 billion, with Libya holding annual oil revenues of £20 billion. But he only mentioned oil in reference to the “imperial interests” of the West. “Everyone wants their share in the region,” he said. “Oil is a dangerous thing.”

Gaddafi argued that nuclear weapons would be useless to his nation. When presented with unfavourable

statements made by U.S. Vice President Dick Cheney regarding Libya’s suspension of its WMD programme, he suggested that Cheney was displaying symptoms of Alzheimer’s disease. “I hope he is not sick,” he added jokingly.

He drew laughter but also looks of concern from the audience as he said, “Are we going to hit Israel with an atomic bomb? No! There are one million Palestinians living in Israel.” He cited his “Little White Book”, which Iranian delegates had made available to Union members, in which he has outlined his “single state solution for Israel and Palestine”. This would involve the creation of a democratic, multi-faith country called “Isratine”.

Union President Roland Foxcroft appreciated the Libyan leader’s frankness and “radically different viewpoints”, even if they were not to the liking of much of the audience.

Gaddafi has been the de facto leader of Libya since leading a bloodless coup in 1969. He has received criticism in the past for the use of violence in suppressing opposition, particularly for the decision by his revolutionary committees to assassinate nine expatriate Libyan dissidents in 1980. He was also widely regarded in the West as a principal financier of international terrorism during the 1970s and 1980s.



Colonel Gaddafi addressed the Cambridge Union via video link on Monday evening

TIM JOHNS

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Watson pulls out of Union after racism row

» Watson resigned chancellorship of New York laboratory after comments
» Union president initially planned to go ahead with talk

HANNAH PRICE

Nobel laureate James Watson has pulled out of a planned speech at the Cambridge Union just after his controversial remarks about the link between race and intelligence prompted widespread protest in the national media and across the university.

Watson, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physiology or Medicine in 1962 and is best known as one of the co-discoverers of the structure of DNA, was due to address the Union on Tuesday but cancelled the talk for "personal reasons". Yesterday, he resigned as chancellor of the prestigious Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory in New York.

Watson's comments first attracted media attention last week when he was quoted in an interview with the Sunday Times as saying that he was "inherently gloomy about the prospect of Africa". He said: "All our social policies are based on the fact that their intelligence is the same as ours – whereas all the testing says not really". He went on to comment that while he would hope everyone was equal, "people who have to deal with black employees find this not true".

Union President Roland Foxcroft had initially planned to go on with the talk, despite mounting pressure to cancel it following London's Science Museum's decision to call off a similar appearance by Watson last Thursday. He justified the decision to continue with the talk "on the basis that he was invited to talk about



CHRIS THWAITE

Junior Penge Juma, the CUSU Black Students' Officer, condemned Watson's remarks

his genetics and his book and not about his views [on race]".

He added, "Our aim is not to upset or offend, but to provide a sensible opportunity for members to hear Dr Watson and question his views." Foxcroft insists that he would have been happy for protests to take place. "The Union respects their freedom of expression," he said.

Junior Penge Juma, the CUSU

Black Students Officer, had organised a large demonstration that would have taken place both inside and outside the Union had the talk gone ahead. Students from both Cambridge University and Anglia Ruskin University had planned to participate. Juma is concerned that Watson's position as a well respected scientist means his controversial views could be seen as acceptable.

"Anything he says, even if it's just his opinion, will be taken as a scientific fact," he said. "Anybody who makes comments that fuel up racial hatred needs to justify them." He added that he was not surprised by Watson's remarks. "The kind of society in which we live is endemically racist," he said.

» Comment p11

Tug of law over ball tickets

» Law Ball denies poor planning after unruly queue leaves students ticketless

KATHERINE FAULKNER
News Editor

The Cambridge Law Society faced angry complaints from students this week over the way in which tickets for its annual ball were allocated. One student claimed that Law Society President Carlo Taczalski, who called Saturday's ticket sale a "highly professional operation", had "physically tugged" him to the back of the queue. The Law Society has apologised for its handling of the queue but have strongly defended the event's organisation.

Despite spending hours queuing, many students missed out on tickets completely. Those at the front were able to buy up to five tickets each, a rule which students have branded "a disgrace." Many were also angry that no preference was given to lawyers. Ball President Michael Hilton defended the rule: "It did not prevent members getting tickets as the vast majority of people booking a number of tickets were doing it for themselves and other members."

Daniel Churcher, a law student at Corpus, said: "When Carlo Taczalski intervened in an attempt to make the queue more orderly, we found that we were led directly to the back of the newly formed line, behind the

many people who had arrived sometime afterwards.

"There was seemingly little regard paid to people's original positions and I was in fact at one point physically tugged by Mr Taczalski towards my designated queuing spot." Another student said Law Society committee members accused him "in a really aggressive fashion" of pushing into the queue. Mr Taczalski has refused to comment directly on the allegation that he was personally involved in crowd control.

Some students say they were told "not to bother" when they turned up at 11, as other students had been there since 9am. The committee claim that they intervened to reduce queue jumping: "It is regrettable that there was some upset in the queue and we apologise to anyone who missed out as a result of this."

But according to Churcher, "queue jumping was exacerbated by the arbitrary organisation inflicted upon us by Law Society staff. There seem to have been major errors of judgement and a lack of foresight on the part of senior Law Society officers. We ended up almost literally at the back of the queue and were, predictably, unable to obtain tickets, having wasted a number of hours."

A Churchill lawyer who also

missed out told Varsity, "Not a single lawyer from Churchill College managed to get a ticket for the ball, despite queuing for two hours. Committee members were being extremely rude, the whole thing was really badly organised and a lot of law students feel most aggrieved that they aren't able to attend a 'law' ball." Victoria Raymond, who was unable to purchase a ticket, told Varsity, "I'm annoyed about it. I think they should give priority to lawyers. Loads of non-lawyers got tickets, but I don't think any second-year lawyers at my college did."

Not all of the feedback has been negative. First year Alasdair Pearce defended the organisation. He accused complainants of "sour grapes" at failing to get tickets and said such criticism was simply "making a mountain out of a molehill". The Law Society have mounted a rigorous defence, pointing out that with a membership in excess of 1000 and just 560 tickets available, disappointment was inevitable.

"Allowing every guest to dine is one of the great things about the Law Ball," they said, "but this does limit capacity to 540, plus workers and entertainers. Membership of the Society stands in excess of 1000, and explains our numerous warn-

ings about getting there early."

"I thought their email was really rude," said one lawyer of the initial explanation that the Law Society gave for the disorder. "They made it sound like it was our fault for not getting there early. But actually the queue system was just rubbish."

The society has since apologised personally to those involved in the altercations in the queue, conceding that, "although demand exceeded our expectations we could (and should) have done better with the queue. Lessons will be learnt for next year."

Carlo Taczalski explained: "it is clear that [the Law Society] is open to everyone in the university. Whilst lawyers make up the vast majority, it also includes those in other faculties with an interest in law, and a few of their friends. Restricting the event to law society members who are also lawyers would both exclude a minority of members and go against the ethos of the society. Being a member entitled you to a £14 discount; this was the perk for being a member."

"It is the very high standard of the ball which both encourages support from top law firms and allows it to compete with the best that Cambridge has to offer. We are obviously doing something right if such a huge number of people wish to go."



Caius

The wet samaritan

An affable member of this prestigious college received a paltry reward for his unquestionable valour this week. Strolling home from an evening's entertainments, he happened upon a sadly inebriated damsel in considerable distress. Resolving to do the honourable thing, and noticing she was fit, the strapping speedo enthusiast good-naturedly hauled the young reveller onto his muscular shoulders and attempted to convey her to safety as fast as his winkle-pickers could carry him.

However, seconds later our samaritan's hair was literally standing on end as it dawned on him that the warm feeling in his chest was not, in fact, merely a growing sense of self satisfaction resulting from his altruism. No, our fresh faced hero had been urinated upon by the same vegetative vixen that he had been magnanimously attempting to rescue.

Happily, however, our spy heard that the tale of his efforts, combined with his irresistably chiseled features, won him the heart of a conscious female later that night, with whom he went on to enjoy a mutually pleasurable soiree, notwithstanding the odour of his shirt. Meanwhile, his first acquaintance of the evening had the dubious privilege of spending a night in Addenbrookes.

Ballare

Podgy smoker takes the piss

A corpulent nicotine aficionado committed a gross act of disrespect this week in the vicinity of this popular nightspot. After exhaling the toxic content of his lungs into the face of an unimpressed bouncer, the scoundrel was told in no uncertain terms that the recent smoking ban would be rigorously enforced inside this upstanding establishment. Any desire to enter this fumeless hole having been definitively quenched, our friend was forced to resort to other means of emptying his bulging bladder. Prospective student clubbers could only look on in horror as, resting his diminutive manhood gently atop the red pleated cord containing the queue, our spherical friend decanted the processed liqueurs he had latterly imbibed onto the pavement below, splattering the shoes of several innocent victims.

Trinity Hall

Romance attempt goes up in smoke

A hapless Romeo made a literal spectacle of himself this week. In a somewhat blunderous attempt to charm a duet of delectable damsels at a party, the opportunist in question leaned casually against a wall in an attempt to show off his toned physique to its fullest advantage. Unfortunately, in so doing, a nearby tea-light ignited his clothes, and our poor protagonist burst swiftly into flames. A young lady was on hand to dull the flames with a blanket but, alas, did not later offer to share her duvet with the singed singleton.

News Feature

Dishing the dirt on Cambridge

» City council finds wide divergence in hygiene standards in restaurants and college kitchens
» Some of the city’s most expensive restaurants among the poorest performers

ADITYA DASGUPTA &
DIVYA TALWAR

Health and safety inspections by Cambridge City Council have found great disparities in the level of hygiene maintained by the city’s eating places, revealing poor standards of hygiene in some of the city’s more upmarket restaurants.

The Council’s “Scores on the Doors” food business assessment scheme also revealed that some of the eateries popular with university students, including those facilities provided by the colleges, have performed poorly.

Food businesses under the Scores on the Doors scheme are given a rating out of a maximum of five stars, based on their compliance with statutory hygiene guidelines. Five stars are awarded for “excellent” hygiene standards and no stars for “very poor” standards.

Inspectors take numerous factors into consideration, including levels of staff training, personal hygiene, pest control, and cleanliness of the premises.

The results of the hygiene inspections reveal some worrying truths about many of Cambridge’s most frequented restaurants. Several establishments received a star rating of two or less, including lunchtime favourites Nadia’s, Dojo Noodle Bar, Nero’s and EAT. More surprisingly, restaurants widely considered to be among the finest of Cambridge’s dining establishments also fared very poorly.

In a survey carried out by Varsity, students expressed a belief that the costliness of a restaurant should correlate roughly with its level of hygiene. The menu prices of Chez Gerard on Bridge Street seemed to correspond with its four star health and safety rating but amongst other expensive restaurants it was clear from the findings that the hygiene standards of Cambridge’s restaurants bear little relation to their menu prices.

Cheaper options such as Wagamama and Nando’s did as well as Chez Gerard, scoring four points. However, Browns restaurant, described by Which? magazine’s Good Food Guide as “an institution on a par with the Bodleian”, was awarded only one star for hygiene for its Cambridge branch.

Nor is Browns the only apparently “upmarket” restaurant in



Jim Garrahy’s Fudge Kitchen came top in the ranking

CHRIS THWAITE

Cambridge concealing poor hygiene in the kitchen. Turkish restaurant Anatolia, Spanish tapas bar La Tasca and pricey Chinese restaurant Charlie Chan were each awarded one star ratings, while even the much cheaper Van of Life trailer in Market Square performed slightly better in the Council’s inspections, receiving a two star rating.

Charlie Chan, which claims to produce “classical Chinese food with freshly prepared ingredients”, defended its one star rating by stating that it had “not received any complaints in the past,” adding: “Our customers always leave happy.”

When asked about the restaurant’s poor hygiene rating, a Browns spokesperson said, “I can’t really comment. I don’t really know too much about it to be honest.” But the restaurant has responded to their most recent inspection results on the Scores on the Doors website. “Since the Environmental Health Officer visit we have appointed a new manager at Browns, Cambridge with a proven track record in food safety”.

Several popular student lunchtime stops scored very well. Tilly’s Lunchbox on Botolph Lane received an exceptional five stars, with Tatties and Peppercorns

close behind with four and three star ratings respectively.

Many students expressed surprise at the fact that Jim Garrahy’s Fudge Kitchen on King’s Parade takes the top spot. But others did not find the results surprising. One Trinity student suggested that “the costliness of a restaurant will probably depend more on location, quality of the food, and number of staff” than hygiene.

Three out of five students de-

scribed themselves as “apathetic” about the cleanliness of the environment their food was produced in. One unconcerned student commented, “I’m happy to eat in one of the poorly rated restaurants as long as there are no visible creepy crawlies.”

On average, college halls and butteries received significantly higher scores than restaurants. No college received a rating of one or no stars, although Darwin and Wolfson Colleges received only two star ratings. “I’m shocked that my college’s kitchen places the same emphasis on health and safety as the Van of Life,” said one Darwin student, while another commented that she will be eating a lot more of her meals at the Fudge Kitchen from now on. At the top of the table, Pembroke, Newnham and Hughes Hall each received five stars.

Ross Goodfellow, Environmental Health Officer at the Cambridge City Council, said, “Restaurants are often very cooperative with inspectors and value the advice given by officers”.

Goodfellow pointed out that the hygiene ratings given to premises represent only the situation as found by the officer on the day of inspection, which might not be representative of the long term food hygiene standards of that particular restaurant.

Over 850 eating places in Cambridge have already been assessed under the scheme. Certain colleges and restaurants, notably student favourite Gardies, have yet to be inspected.

HOW CLEAN IS YOUR COLLEGE’S KITCHEN?



TIM JOHNS

The Van of Life scored an underwhelming two stars

FOOD HYGIENE IN CAMBRIDGE’S RESTAURANTS: THE BEST AND THE WORST

THE BEST

- FUDGE KITCHEN
- TILLY’S LUNCHBOX
- TERI AKI
- TATTIES (TRINITY STREET)
- CLOWNS CAFE



THE WORST

- NADIA’S PATISSERIE
- THE FLYING PIZZA
- THE BUN SHOP
- CHARLIE CHAN’S
- BROWNS



Obituary

Professor Donald McIntyre

» Emeritus professor with a passion for education

MIKE YOUNGER

Head of the Faculty of Education

The education world has been stunned this week by the sudden death of Donald McIntyre (1937 – 2007), Emeritus Professor within the University Faculty of Education, and Life Fellow of Hughes Hall.

Donald had just returned from East Africa, where he had been establishing a new partnership between the University and the Aga Khan Institute in Dar-es-Salaam. Next week he was due in Aberdeen, to explore the potential for a three-way initial teacher education research consortium with colleagues in England, Scotland and Canada. Later next month, he was due to participate in discussion about the further development of the Commonwealth Centre for Education, an initiative designed to impact on teacher education, school leadership and children's learning throughout the Commonwealth.

Such was 'retirement' for Donald, a man for whom tributes have flowed from every part of the world these last few days. A man of Fife, as he described himself, Donald was educated at the University of Edinburgh and Moray House College of Education, and – apart from two years in Hull in the mid 60s – spent his early career teaching in Scotland, predominantly at the University of Stirling (1969-1985).

Inexplicably, though, Scotland let him go in 1986, to a readership at Oxford, where Donald provided the intellectual leadership for a new partnership school-based model of teacher training and education, the Oxford Internship, which was highly influential in transforming initial teacher education in England in the closing years of the twentieth century.

In 1996, Donald joined the Cambridge Department of Education as

Professor, and it was quickly apparent that Cambridge was to be possibly the most substantial beneficiary of his energy and enthusiasm.

In 1997, he assumed the headship of the newly formed School of Education (an amalgam of the Institute and the Department), and he worked tirelessly and vigorously, with Kate Pretty and Tim Everton from Homerton College, to establish the new converged Faculty of Education in 2001.

As its first Head, he led the new Faculty with flair, enthusiasm and vision, and the Faculty, in its new buildings in Hills Road, stands as a testament to his imagination, foresight and determination. He

“He was a man of ideas, an inspirational thinker who represented all that was good and worthwhile about being an academic in education”

was, in the words of the Vice-Chancellor, “an anchor and source of wisdom for the Education Faculty during tumultuous years of integration and growth.”

But Donald's first love was not administrative detail or deadlines. Donald was a man of ideas, contributing to the development of ideas and policy which were to shape teacher education in Britain and beyond, an inspirational thinker who represented all that was good and worthwhile about being an academic in education. Before coming to Cambridge with

a formidable reputation for reforming teacher education, Donald was already a major force in educational research, and his career spans the development of educational research from an embryonic discipline in the late 1960s to its status today as a fully-fledged social science and a major contributor to educational policy.

The first conference of the British Educational Research Association was held in Stirling in 1974 and two decades later he was to serve as its President. He was deeply interested in politics and was frequently consulted both by the teaching profession and by government.

His contributions to the discipline's infra-structure were especially valued in his native Scotland where his achievements were recently celebrated through the award of honorary doctorates from Edinburgh and Dundee.

To Professor Sally Brown, former Deputy Vice-Chancellor at Stirling University and his long-term research collaborator, Donald “was the most profound educational thinker to emerge in Scotland in fifty years. He had an amazing understanding of the engagement of theory, research and practice which in education are so often falsely regarded as separate entities”.

Donald's own research was highly original, challenging and influential. His first major book, *Teachers and Teaching* (Penguin, 1970), co-authored with Arnold Morrison, quickly established him as a leading figure. More than three decades later he was still writing with great insight and lucidity. Recent contributions have included co-authored books on learning from and with teachers, improving learning through consulting pupils, learning without limits and developing school-university partnerships on educational research (SUPER). He also recently completed a major study



Professor Donald MacIntyre

with colleagues of the changing status of teaching as a profession. All were central to his vision of an enabling education which would liberate and empower individuals.

To remember Donald, though, is to remember the man; a man who marched in London in protest against the war in Iraq and vowed that Tony Blair would never push him out of the Labour party. Donald was a man of great intellect, an exceptionally generous thinker, a humble scholar; a man who continued through the fiction of retirement to offer insightful and empathetic support to education departments in universities through the UK, a critical friend

who had the rare gift of being able to blend the two aspects of the role to perfection.

Donald's sense of fun, his humanity and his humility, his love of Scotland and France, and of red wine remain in our hearts and minds today. We shall miss his dedication, his concern for us all, his inspiration and his imagination.

To Donald, all things were possible and so much was achieved. Education is much the poorer for his loss; he was the best and he will be greatly missed by his friends, colleagues and particularly by his family, his wife Anne, their children Jane, Andrew, and Neil, and his grandchildren.

Research opens up Ireland's bloody history

HANNAH GOUSY

A research team led by Cambridge University are digitalising eyewitness accounts of the alleged “massacres” of the Irish Catholic uprising in 1641, an event which is closely related to much of the recent conflict in Ireland.

The project, which was announced on Tuesday to coincide with the anniversary of the rebellion, will make publicly available the testimonies of 3,400 people who lived through the violence.

It is hoped that the data holds the key to providing an accurate description of the bloody events that triggered centuries of sectarian divide.

Professor John Morrill, who is chairing the team, told Varsity that the rebellion was “the key moment in the cycle of violence that produced the modern problems” between Ireland's Protestant and Catholic communities. But he was keen to stress that “there are so many malign myths about what happened, that we want to exorcise memory.”

He expressed a hope that the transcriptions would provide a much more reliable foundation for the way in which the story is told in schools, colleges and in popular histories.

In addition, the team believe that the authors of the majority of the depositions were women, giving the material the potential to uncover the “female voice for this period”.

The testimonies are housed in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and have received little academic attention until recently. But since the Good Friday Agreement in 1998, there has been far more opportunity for collaborative funding for similar projects from both UK and Irish Research councils.

The testimonies will be available for public access within the next three years. In the meantime Cambridge undergraduates will play an important role in road-testing the viewing software.

Students taking the Professor Morrill's course on the Irish Rebellions, taught as a special subject in the Historical Tripos, will gain exclusive access to the material as soon as it becomes available.

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Education plc.

The new diplomas will be criticised. In spite of Ed Balls' assurances to the contrary, they fly in the face of a system which has attempted to use the same methods of teaching for all children, and which has favoured traditional and "academically rigorous" subjects over the vocational options which the new qualification offers.

But the main problem is the government's decision to create an "educational market-place" where qualifications compete with one another for popularity with students and employers. This choice reflects a worrying and ever-increasing trend in politics for every aspect of society to be understood within the framework of a business model. The government views education as a means by which the working population of the future can be tailored to the needs of employers. But the most employable students will always be those who have been taught how to think at a high level and apply their knowledge in new situations, not those who are simply well versed in how industries, such as retail or tourism, work. When set in an academic arena alongside A-Level, International Baccalaureate, and the new Pre-U, a qualification designed with "vocation" in mind will never be able to command the same respect.

The division of secondary education will have consequences which reach beyond the academic and into the social streaming of schoolchildren. The Pre-U is being piloted in the private sector, with Winchester College planning to introduce the qualification imminently, a move which will probably be followed by many more public schools. Meanwhile, the more vocational diploma is likely to end up as the preserve of those with less traditional educational backgrounds, and is less likely to be seized upon by the independent sector. It will be daunting enough for secondary school students to be faced with a choice between A-levels, Pre-U exams, diplomas and IB. To have one or more of these options held tantalisingly out of reach would be worse. If different examination systems become associated with different types of schooling we risk finding ourselves with a burden very similar to that of the failed and unloved secondary modern system. A confused generation of schoolchildren will be forced to choose not only between subjects but between different examination systems which have different names, are marked according to different scales, and, crucially, will inevitably be ascribed different values.

The frightening prospect is not modernisation but segregation. An educational market place would be deeply damaging for students and employers alike. Allowing forces of competition to determine what students study is foolish and short-sighted.

Long before they reach the age of current GCSE students, diploma candidates will be channelled into a separate educational stream. This is not just a case of students being trained up for future employers, but of life-determining decisions made far too soon, the engineering of careers from an early age.

Varsity has been Cambridge's independent student newspaper since 1947, and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge college and to ARU each week.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

letters@varsity.co.uk

View from the Ill-informed Gods

Guy Stagg's lazy remark about Complicité ("View From The Gods", 19th October), cannot go unchallenged: Complicité was the first Lecoq-trained company to achieve popular and critical success in the UK with its unique self-devised productions. Since 1983, Complicité has toured



internationally and won awards all over the world. To call this ground-breaking company's work "cashing-in on the cool factor" is not merely sixth form cynicism, but, more disappointingly, shows its Cambridge-educated author to be ludicrously ill-informed. "Sophie"

Thomas, Coker, and Wazzing into Wine Bottles

Fascinating article by Bob Thomas about Tom Coker and Magpie and Stump. A few points of information:

I was one of the performers that evening, and didn't find 'TC's behaviour funny at all. I felt embarrassed for him, and very sorry for the speakers he kept interrupting, one of whom couldn't get any momentum going at all as a result. Indeed, 'BT's claim that Tom's behaviour was 'of periphery interest' to the evening is a false one – Tom was pretty determined to be the centre of attention throughout – that's why he kept interrupting people (for the record, he interrupted me on fewer occasions than the other speakers).

When I ran Magpie and Stump, in 2000-01, it wasn't drunken or

intentionally offensive. It isn't meant to be drunken or intentionally offensive. It's meant to be funny, and drunk, intentionally offensive people aren't funny.

While we're on not funny, wazzing into a wine-bottle is definitely in the unamusing circle on the Venn diagram.

Yours,
Emma Woolerton

An earnest plea

I am concerned with the quality of features this term in Varsity. Last week's spread on Cambridge's worst buildings looked like it had been pulled from a Cambridge version of Heat magazine - the layout was ghastly and some of the choices of buildings were not 'ironic' or whatever the aim was, but just plain ridiculous i.e Kings College chapel.

There also seems to be a trend at present towards the vindictive: pitching college against college, subject against subject, building against building. Varsity features used to be filled with relevant, insightful and yes, sometimes earnest pieces. Earnest doesn't have to mean boring. At the moment much of the features section is looking like incredibly tabloid [sic] and there are certain aspects which look suspiciously like ones found regularly in other newspapers i.e the social stereotypes annotated picture and the 'going up, going down' piece which is hardly innovative. Oh, and just so you know articles always don't have to be sarcastic, cynical and vindictive to impress readers. Sometimes they are impressed by passionate and skillful writing alone. Too often student journalism falls into this trap but Varsity in the past two years has always avoided this until now.

Also, the online Varsity doesn't seem to have gotten itself up and running yet (despite this being

5th Varsity issue of the term). Articles promised in the paper to be online haven't appeared and theatre reviews haven't been replaced since the summer. Just thought I would point that out incase it had not been noticed by the editorial team. If you don't read the online version, why would you expect the readers to?
Elizabeth Graham, Queens' College

A Preconceived Prejudice?

It's always hard to complain about theatre critics without someone accusing you of being bitter; Varsity reviewers are quite right to print their honest opinion of student theatre, and no one would deny that. However, because I was not actually involved in the play myself, I would like to say two things about Varsity's review of The Tale of Lancelot Sebastian von Ludendorff, without making unhelpful comments about the contents of the review. Firstly, it was a shame that Varsity could not have found a more appropriate reviewer than one who was heard saying loudly in the ADC foyer before the show that she had no interest in seeing this kind of play at all. Secondly, I very much hope that the frustration the reviewer felt when her complementary tickets were not at the box office (which was evident to all of us because of how rude she was to every member of the Front of House staff) did not affect her review.

Yours,
Katherine McDonald
Secretary, Pembroke Players

Letter of the week will receive a bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants

CONFESS TO

the Bishop of Ely



Anything to declare? Sniffed some scandal?

Post your secrets to us or email confess@varsity.co.uk

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Sex differences in mind

Last week **Simon Baron-Cohen** provoked much controversy after declaring that the female mind is not suited to science. Here he defends his findings. But while it is possible to discern trends in the sexes, he says there can be no excuse for prejudice.

The field of sex differences in psychology in the 1960s and '70s was so conflict-ridden as to make an open-minded debate about any possible role of biology contributing to psychological sex differences impossible. Those who explored the role of biology – even while acknowledging the importance of culture – found themselves accused of defending an essentialism that perpetuated inequalities between the sexes, and of oppression. This was no climate in which scientists can ask questions about mechanisms in nature.

Today, the pendulum has settled sensibly in the middle of the nature-nurture debate, and scientists who care deeply about ending inequality and oppression can at the same time talk freely about biological differences between the average male and female brain and mind. These differences are subtle and are to do with the relative proportions of different drives in the typical male and female mind.

The field of sex differences in mind needs to proceed in a fashion that is sensitive to this history of conflict by cautiously looking at the evidence and being careful not to overstate what can be concluded. As we will see, the data actually requires us to look at each individual on their own merits, as individuals may or may not be typical for their sex.

Systemizing is our most powerful way of understanding and predicting the law-governed inanimate universe. Empathizing is our most powerful way to understand and predict the social world. Ultimately, empathizing and systemizing depend on separate, independent regions in the human brain. Systemizing and empathizing are two key dimensions that define the male and female brain. We all have both systemizing and empathizing skills.

This essay concerns itself primarily with those on the extreme male brain end of the spectrum. Individuals who have this psychological profile may be talented systemizers, but they are often, at the same time, “mind-blind”.

The evidence reviewed here suggests that not all men have the male brain and not all women have the female brain. Expressed differently, some women have the male brain, and some men have the female brain. My central claim here is only that more males than females have a highly systemizing, and more females than males have a highly empathizing brain – that is, their empathy is stronger than their systemizing.

What is the evidence for female superiority in empathizing? Studies consistently show that sex differences of a small but statisti-

cally significant magnitude have been found. On average, girls show more concern for fairness, while boys share less. In one study, conducted by Charlesworth and Dzur, boys showed fifty times greater competition than their female counterparts, and girls showed twenty times greater turn taking. Other studies have found that boys prefer rough and tumble; that girls from the age of one year show greater concern for others through sad looks, sympathetic vocalizations, and comforting; and that women are better at decoding nonverbal communication. Women score higher than men on questionnaires designed to measure empathic response. Perhaps the ultimate example of a lack of empathy is murder. Daly and Wilson analysed homicide records dating back over seven-hundred years. They found that “male-on-male” homicide was thirty to forty times more frequent than “female-on-female” homicide.

And the evidence for the systematizing male? The relevant domains to explore include any fields that are in principle rule-governed. Thus, chess and

zontal, as is correct.

The gender differences demand an explanation. One-year-old boys strongly prefer to watch a video of cars going past, an example of predictable mechanical systems, than to watch a film showing a human face. Little girls show the opposite preference. Some investigators argue that, even by this age, socialization may have caused these sex differences. Although evidence exists for differential socialization contributing to sex differences, this is unlikely to be a sufficient explanation. Connelan and colleagues showed that among one-day-old babies, boys look longer at a mechanical mobile, which is a system with predictable laws of motion, than at a person's face, an object that is next to impossible to systemize. One-day-old girls show the opposite profile. These sex differences are therefore present very early in life. This raises the possibility that, while culture and socialization may partly determine the development of a male brain with a stronger interest in systems or a female brain with a stronger interest in empathy, biology may also partly determine this.

“Scientists who care deeply about ending inequality and oppression can at the same time talk freely about biological differences between the sexes.”

football are good examples of systems, but faces and conversations are not. So Jennings finds that boys are more interested than girls in toy vehicles, weapons, building blocks, and mechanical toys. Meanwhile, some occupations are almost entirely male. These include metalworking, weapon making, and boat building. The focus of these jobs is on creating systems. On average, men score higher than women in an assembly tasks; they have superior motoric skills (throwing and catching a ball); and men are better at map-reading. The Swiss child psychologist Jean Piaget devised a task involving a bottle that is tipped at an angle. Individuals are asked to predict the water level. Women more often draw the water level aligned with the tilt of the bottle and not hori-

What are the implications of such research for our view of women in science? This research suggests we should not expect that the sex ratio in occupations such as maths or physics to ever be fifty-fifty, if we leave the work place to simply reflect the numbers of applicants of each sex who are drawn to such fields. The assumption here is that just as if you leave toys out on the carpet and film if boys and girls spontaneously choose to play with the same or different toys, you find that more boys play with the toys that involve systemizing (constructional or mechanical toys, for example) and more girls play with the toys that involve empathizing (caring for dolls, say).

So it might be that we will always see more males spontaneously choosing to apply to work in fields that involve systemizing (science, engineering, auto-mechanics, etc) and more females spontaneously choosing to work in fields that involve empathy (telephone help lines for those with mental health crises, such as the Samaritans).

Of course, the question of how one determines if a person's choice is “spontaneous” or determined by cultural or biological factors is extremely hard to pin down. The study of newborn babies which found that more newborn boys spontaneously look for longer at a mechanical



mobile, and more newborn girls spontaneously look for longer at a human face, suggests biology plays one part in leading to this ‘bias’ in attention to things rather than emotions (in boys) and vice versa (in girls). But this is not to minimize the major role that culture also plays in amplifying such partly innate differences as the child grows up.

There is a need to separate the scientific question (“Are there sex differences in mind?”) from the social policy agenda (“How can we achieve equal representation of women in science, or in any field?”). This is because they can be considered separately. If we want a particular field to have an equal representation of men and women, which may be ethically desirable in terms of equality of opportunity, equality of status, equality of income, or ensuring balance in the work-place, then we need to put in place social policies that will bring about that outcome. In other fields, it will not be necessary to intervene with policy. Medicine is a good example of a science where female applicants now outnumber male ones, probably because it is a science that favours a brain with good systemizing together with good empathy; this brain type is actually more common among females. But mathematics and physics may have little or no role for empathy, and so favour a highly systematizing brain, more common in males.

The research teaches us that there is no scientific justification for stereotyping, since none of the studies allow one to predict an individual's aptitudes or interests on the basis of their sex. This is because – at risk of repetition – they only capture differences between groups *on average*. Individuals are just that – they may be typical or atypical for their group (in this case, their sex). The applicant for the job in your science department may be a woman with a more typically “male” brain, or may be a man with a more typically “female” brain. Which means that to prejudge an individual on the basis of their sex is, as the word “prejudice” suggests, mere prejudice. We need to look at applicants on the basis of who they are as individuals, not on the basis of their sex, when judging their aptitude.

Simon Baron-Cohen is Professor of Developmental Psychopathology at the University of Cambridge and Fellow at Trinity College, Cambridge. He is Director of the Autism Research Centre (ARC) in Cambridge. He is author of The Essential Difference: Men, Women and the Extreme Male Brain (Penguin UK/Basic Books, 2003)



Although it's rather difficult to deny climate change and still be taken seriously (even the Pentagon came around to the idea in 2004), the Right still has one more argument up its sleeve. As per, it's wrong. And not "mistake" wrong, but "lie" wrong. Right-wingers look at the solutions proposed by environmentalists to the threat of climate change (i.e. the wholesale reorganisation of industry with the aim of a 90% greenhouse emissions cut by 2030) and blanche. "A plan for the economy?" they cry, "That way madness lies!" Submitting the economy to a scientific plan, to political ends, sounds like dictatorship. We can, they protest, save the planet without resorting to totalitarianism; we can put our trust in the unconstrained, democratic market to reflect humanity's new needs and desires. None of this planning nonsense.

This old lie, that the market is somehow "free", unconstrained or at all unplanned serves to occlude the influence that business interests have over political life. The economy is subject to a great degree of planning: by governments, state banks and supranational organisations. The basis for this careful administration of the market's chaos is just as ideological as was that of the Stalin-

"A plan for the economy?" they cry, that way madness lies!"

ist economies. Witness, for example, the central banks' response to the recent financial crisis. The liquidity crisis was the inevitable result of the aggressive, risky behaviour of the gang of jackals that makes up Western finance, followed to its logical conclusion. The breakneck games played on the stock trading floor are matters of life and death for millions of wage-earners across the world – but the Bank of England is there to make sure that capitalism can gamble to its heart's content and not undermine its own stability.

It's not a question of whether or not we organise the economy to a political end. It's a question of to which political end we organise it. It's not a question of whether we control the economy. It's a question of who controls it. At the moment, government and industry are in the hands of a ravenous pack of bandit bosses, who simply cannot act but in pursuit of profit: witness the government's absurd plans for airport expansion, which, although extremely lucrative, will make it impossible to meet the government's own targets for emission cuts.

It has been the case for over a century that society's needs would be better served by a democratic model for industry – rather than the desperate chaos of economic activity regulated by the self-interest of a class of gamblers, production should be subordinated to a democratically arrived-at plan, drawn up by those who do the producing. Climate change sets this in starker terms. Either we scrap the market as the principle around which the economy is organised, and break the bosses' hold over government, or runaway climate change destroys everything we have built.



Lowri
Jenkins

A broader issue

Obesity is not just a matter for the health service

If you've been watching or reading the news lately, you might have noticed that, alongside terrorism and the retch-worthy prospect of David Cameron being regarded as a serious politician, the media has been full of health experts and MPs chewing the fat over the issue of child obesity. It is an issue which, despite innumerable tabloid columns and glossy magazines dedicated to super-skinny celebrities or stars with cellulite, is usually swept under the media carpet. And will it ever seriously change? Fat chance.

A recent government-backed study into the problem predicts that the majority of Britons will be obese by 2050. As much as I find it difficult to believe that within the next fifty years we are going to turn into a nation of fat girls/boys and their feeders, there are serious health and social implications which we are reluctant to address.

It seems as if British society finds it difficult to conceive of obesity as a medical problem because instinctively we associate it with just being "fat", a tricky notion that exists in a purely social realm, on playgrounds, in magazines, as an insult or as self-deprecation. "Fat" as much as "skinny", is something which people joke about, which the media slaver over, which is championed or pilloried. Above all, it is a term attached to body-image and self-esteem.

But there is a big difference between being clinically obese and being overweight. Obesity is a medical condition with serious health implications; however, in the minds of most of us Britons, it sits on a sliding scale which begins at "chubby"

and balloons vaguely from there.

It is this blurred association with words like "fat", "overweight" and the structures of image-consciousness which allow us to overlook the fact that obesity means debilitating health risks as well as NHS time and money. Obesity is a medical condition with a social cause, and because of this we don't know how to qualify it. Say "diabetes" and people might look up in concern: say "obesity" and they'll probably mutter something about who ate all the pies.



Undoubtedly, becoming so overweight that movement and breathing is the fault of the eater and no one else. But it is too late to just warn against the actions that lead to the obesity epidemic – it's here, it's happening, it's happening. Encouraging people to eat more healthily and take regular exercise has been

advised for years. Finding the "answer" to obesity isn't the problem: it's the unacknowledged obstacles to lightening the load that we have to worry about.

With this in mind, the problem is not, as so many fattists might claim, wholly a result of laziness on the part of the consumer. It also points to a laziness which is socially encrypted in modern Britain. We live in a society where we are *invited* to be lazy. Given the choice, it seems that most people would rather pop a plastic

ness has become habitual. More kids play computer games than football; most children half my age know twice as much as I do about technology. I can't even find the voicemail function on my mobile.

We live at a time when the appliances we buy are more essential than the job they are supposed to do; obesity is one symptom of the excess of easy-cook, easy-clean, easy-clear attitudes and products which have become endemic to our culture. As we become naturalised to living life with so many accessories, we stop thinking of them as superfluous, and begin to see them as vital.

This easiness for easiness' sake approaches the perverse: isn't there something paradoxical about the Nintendo Wii – a games console which makes you physically simulate the sport that's depicted simultaneously onscreen? If you're going to make the effort to sweat like a moron in your living room, what's wrong with taking the next big step and actually, I don't know, *playing the game itself*. At least in the real thing you don't look like a pixellated member of the Sylvanian family wielding a golf club.

In saying this, I am not "defending" obesity in any way; it is a problem that straddles the line between medical issue and social disease. It simply needs to be viewed in a broader context. If the government, the NHS, and the people of this country don't acknowledge that in the case of obesity inextricably the social and the medical are inextricably linked, we will continue to shift responsibility between the two: and once again, take the easy option out.



Lindsey
Kennedy

We're not animals

Campaigners were wrong to target breast cancer charity

Last week, a Cambridge animal rights group launched a leafleting campaign against a production of *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*, and tore down publicity posters, replacing them with anti-cruelty stickers. It is not unusual to hear of a play being protested against due to inflammatory content – in recent years, Jerry Springer: The Opera and Gurpreet Kaur Bhatti's *Behzti* have each incurred the wrath of religious organisations. But *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* is a comic opera, with no overt political or religious leanings, and the production planned to give all proceeds to an established charity. The objection, then, came as something of a surprise. The issue, however, was not with the content, but with the production team's altruistic endeavours.

Now, I'm a fervent advocate of freedom of speech and peaceful protest. I'm also a staunch supporter of animal rights. But sabotaging a small-scale student production on the grounds that it had chosen to donate to Breast Cancer Research, which experiments on animals, seems to me somewhat excessive – and misguided.

Animal Rights Protesters have a horrendously bad public image. Almost invariably presented by the mainstream media as grubby,

unemployed tree-huggers with a fanatical attitude and nothing better to do, the Animal Liberation Front is far better known for digging up dead grannies and sending death threats to milkmen than it is for the utilitarian principles upon which it was based. As a result, the organisation, and everything it stands for, has become something of a joke, while attempts at rational justification tend to be ill-received by the non-dreadlocked majority.

This is unfortunate, as the place of animals in ethics has long been deemed worthy of consideration. The RSPCA was set up back in 1824 to prevent farm cruelty, whilst Bentham and Mill advocated the legal, as well as philosophical, recognition of animal suffering, which

"grubby, unemployed tree-huggers"

Peter Singer expands, claiming that "all the arguments to prove man's superiority cannot shatter this hard fact: in suffering, the animals are our equals". As in the case of infants or the mentally handicapped,

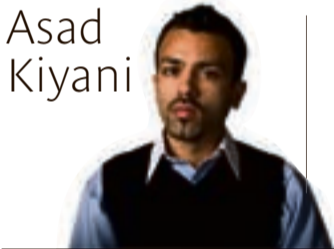
lack of moral understanding should not make animals exempt from moral consideration.

These speculations have filtered gradually into the public consciousness. The anti-fur advertising campaign in the '90s, featuring supermodels including Kate Moss and Naomi Campbell, proved enormously influential, as have cruelty-free brands such as Body Shop and Lush. Fox hunting is now banned, vegetarianism is increasingly popular, Waitrose use only free range eggs, and a reasonable proportion of restaurants comprehend the term "vegan" without the use of a culinary dictionary. Essentially, the problem faced by activists is less that their ideas are particularly bizarre than that these tend to be obscured by the aggressive (and ineffectual) tactics employed by peripheral extremist factions.

Just as the hysterical terrorism of the Suffragettes did more harm than good to their cause, the ALF's approach threatens to alienate supporters and hinder any progression in their favour. Their interference with *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* is just another example of the dismal lack of forward thinking which characterises these protests. Leafleting against vivisection is one thing, but as medical testing on animals is currently a legal require-

ment, attacking a charity whose aim is to alleviate suffering in accordance with government guidelines is unhelpful, and unlikely to attract much support. Perhaps a more logical target for protest might have been, say, cosmetics companies such as Rimmel or Maybelline, two of the few remaining multinationals to test on animals.

For someone who endorses the arguments, but not the actions, this is all intensely frustrating. As it stands, debates connected to animal rights normally descend with predictable alacrity into me resisting the urge to drown myself in my soya milk whilst the other person makes witty comments about the comparative feelings of carrots, and/or tries to coerce me into eating some chicken (which, incidentally, I can't help thinking is about as appropriate as waving your genitals at a nun and asking, "But how do you know, if you haven't tried it?"). Serious discussion is difficult enough without the most prominent representatives of the animal rights movement systematically destroying their own credibility at every opportunity. Resorting to intimidation and shock-factor publicity stunts undermines animal rights, embarrasses would-be sympathisers, and does very little to serve their purpose.



Asad Kiyani

Elementary, my dear Watson

Even objectionable views have the right to be aired

In 1962, James Watson won a Nobel Prize. In 2000, he argued a link between exposure to sunlight and sexual libido. In a series of opinions scattered before and after that lecture, he has advocated genetic screening, saying women should have the right to abort fetuses on the basis of sexual orientation; that a fetus that has the gene for Tay-Sachs disease should be aborted; and, that he would have aborted his own son had he known Rufus would grow up to have severe schizophrenia. Last week, in an interview with the Sunday Times Magazine, Watson said he is, “inherently gloomy about the prospect of Africa [because] all our social policies are based on the fact that their intelligence is the same as ours – whereas all the testing says not really”. In the interview, conducted by a former protégé, Watson later says he hopes this is not the case, but notes, “people who have to deal with black employees find this not true”. Watson’s comments have led to the cancellation of a number of his engagements in the

deny him the opportunity to speak is incredulous. Those who would erase his right to make repugnant statements are as misguided as they believe Watson to be. The fact that he is a Nobel winner gives him no privilege in this regard, especially as the current state of science suggests he is simply wrong. However, the fact that some actually support his proto-eugenics and race-based arguments (even though Watson later said he was “mortified” by his racial comments) is of much greater consequence. This alone demands that he be allowed to speak, if only so others can thoroughly rebut what he has to say. Notwithstanding Watson’s absence, the issue remains alive, as two other Oxbridge controversies coincided with his comments last week. Cambridge Professor Simon Baron-Cohen suggested that women’s brains are less suited for scientific study, and the Oxford Union let slip that it was extending invitations to Holocaust-denier David Irving and British National Party leader Nick Griffin. Baron-Cohen’s comments were immediately condemned in both Varsity and the wider university community. Meanwhile, the announcement of the Oxford list prompted outpourings of protest, calls for the invitations to be withdrawn, and warnings that permitting the speeches would be a “black mark” on the Union. Putting aside the pejorative connotation so casually associated with the word “black”, those protesters who would prevent the Oxford or Cambridge Unions from hosting those controversial speakers are as off base as several of Watson’s former hosts-to-be. No matter how disagreeable their statements may be, denying others the right to speak is fundamentally flawed, and doubly so at a university. The clichés about higher education’s commitment to free expression, vigorous debate and exploring new and controversial ideas have been repeated ad nauseam, but sadly so have the clichéd arguments about denying the right to speak. A protester who prevents a debate by denying someone the right to speak is no better than a speaker who bypasses the debate by calling for violence. The temporary relief of silencing an individual

is eventually defeated by the festering suspicion, resentment and likely equally detestable views of that same person’s supporters. A campaign to silence, as opposed to a campaign to intellectually confront, is simply counterproductive. Ultimately, enforced censorship only leads to deification by martyrdom.

“Merely engaging in the debate does not legitimate controversial ideas.”

Merely engaging in the debate or even providing a venue for it does not legitimate or imply acquiescence to controversial ideas. The debate is just a forum for the complete, precise dissection of those ideas without resort to emotion, political correctness or romantic ideals of things we hope to be true. This is not to re-victimize those who feel wronged by what others have to say. Nor is it to deny the pain, frustration and anger that has been caused. Rather, it is to provide an alternate, more constructive way of dealing with the perceived offences. Using rational argument also avoids the problem of having to define what is objectionable. Instead of playing at thought-police and relying on the vagaries of moral righteousness, people can act as independent, rational creatures. Well-reasoned arguments can still be moral, but carry the added bonus of stripping away the intellectual fallacies of objectionable theories. The respective statements of Baron-Cohen, Watson, Irving and Griffin may or may not warrant some sanction, but enforced silence is not one of them. Save where the speech is a call for violence, the only acceptable form of muting is self-censorship. The best form of self-censorship is the silence that results not from the use of a muzzle, but from the categorical refutation of objectionable statements.

“Calls for censure are flawed and counterproductive.”

United Kingdom, and he has been suspended from his duties as chancellor of the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory in New York. He has since abandoned the tour planned for the release of his new book, and has returned home. Watson’s decision to withdraw from the limelight saved the Union from any awkward decisions on whether or not to cancel an appearance by the scientist scheduled for this past Tuesday. Yet as objectionable as any or all of these statements might be, Watson was well within his rights each and every time he spoke, and calls for his censure are flawed and counterproductive. That Watson made such outrageous comments is hardly surprising; that others would therefore



I really don’t like libraries. In fact, I would struggle to like them less if I were dyslexic, blind and riddled with haemorrhoids. But a library is where desperation has driven me as I seek to resolve my idle predicament of two overdue essays and a looming Varsity deadline. Feeling about as mentally agile as a Neanderthal Philistine on an Omega-3-deprived diet, I have so far achieved little more than the panicked realisation that even if I changed my first and second names to Schlieffen, I would be unlikely to come up with a sufficiently evasive plan of attack. And it would waste time. Not handing in the work, of course, is the easy part. The skill is in the accompanying excuse. Happily, I have a lovingly-honed repertoire so exhaustive that I’m torn between releasing it as a student self-help manual, preceded by a plagiarised chapter on how to boil an egg, and recording it for a ‘greatest bullshits’ album, perhaps with a smiling image of Boris Johnson protruding from the rump of an aggressive-looking cow on the cover. Yet where, euphemistically speaking, the faeces really makes contact with the fan, is in the supervision itself, as increasingly furtive glances confirm that your watch has stubbornly ground to a halt with 52 minutes to go. Meanwhile, academia’s flatulent response to Yoda is scrutinising you noiselessly, sparking the realisation that nodding earnestly whilst staring vacantly at his artfully unkempt beard is not only giving you a headache, but has also ceased to be an adequate riposte to his ramblings. A seasoned bluffer always has an escape route prepared. In terms of time consumption, never underestimate acting as though your morning coffee was spiked with verbal laxative. It is a technique that requires tautological talent and synonym-rich circumlocution worthy of legal qualification for unconditional parrot return. Logically, if you never stop talking, the supervisor will never pose trying questions. Yet perhaps the converse is more potent: the taciturnity gambit. Adopting the most mournful El Greco expression possible, the aim is to conclude the hour having uttered fewer words than the supervisor has letters after his name. A vigorous shake of the head, deep sigh and detailed inspection of footwear should be reserved for when heavily pressed. Arguably the boldest blag short of a feigned epileptic fit is the timely deployment of a sufficiently outrageous statement to knock the supervisor fully off his stride – something he thinks is untrue, but, on reflection, is not quite sure about. Examples include: “obviously, Gladstone’s attitude to the Irish Question was influenced by his secret conversion to Islam in 1882,” or, “it is remarkable, isn’t it, how computer profiling is able to show that the later works of Camus were probably written by Sartre?” No need actually – now I come to think of it, I feel a bout of freshers’ flu coming on.



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adc theatre

adc theatre

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The ADC Theatre invites applications for productions in Lent Term 2008.

We would like to receive applications from individuals and drama groups: previous productions have been successfully staged by both college drama societies and University-wide drama groups. Previous experience is not necessary.

Mainshow and Lateshow week-long slots are available, as well as slots for one night shows - which usually take place on either Tuesday nights at 11pm, or on Sunday evenings in the bar.

Please note that the ADC Theatre is not a funding body for shows, but we may be able to help you to find a society or group who will fund your project.

If you have any ideas you would like to discuss, or would like further information or an application, please contact:

James Baggaley, Theatre Manager
james@adctheatre.com
01223 359 547

Deadline: 6 pm
Friday 2 November
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VIEW



THE YOUNG KNIVES

Varsity meets the trendy beat combo
p24-25

FEATURES ARTS THEATRE FOOD MUSIC VISUAL ARTS FASHION LIFESTYLE LISTINGS



One Question

The central issue

O (R+S)
Mathematical Enigma

Is not the making of a centre-parting in every way the embodiment of Hegel's postulations on dialectics? The sweep to the left: proposition. The sweep to the right: antithesis. The resultant vibe: perfect synthesis, perfect symmetry. The centre-parting is the very pinnacle of the Newtonian ideal, the apotheosis of the ordered universe. And do not presume this cannot be proved by precept: for did not Einstein compromise this virtuous ideal with his so-called Relativity, and did not Einstein have a pretty surrealist barnet?

But who are you, ignorant reader, to presume that mathematics is not beautiful? For who has seen an equilateral triangle (the centre-parting of the triangle world) and not wept? This highly contentious subject, first set out by Leon Battista Alberti in 'Of Haircuts' (1411), concerns not only sartorial issues, but humanist doctrine, geometry and the meaning of life. In four hundred words, we will prove this remarkable factoid.

A fact universally acknowledged is that a mathematician in search of a girlfriend must not have a centre-parting. Why then is Cambridge so 'divided' in this respect? Surely every self-respecting heterosexual is in search of a girlfriend? Wrong. There is a sacrifice to be made; for mathematics, for science, for beauty. For the centre-parting is surely the most symmetrical haircut possible, allowing for several flicks above either ear. Let us not speak of the unspeakable; hair parted at the side displays a fundamental lack of concern for the decorous precepts of sartorial geometry. And in this debate we must ignore that recent phenomenon known as the 'skinhead', for as we all know, the fountain of virtue does not spring from the pores of those of no hair whatsoever (especially the bald). Fact: only infertile soil yields no crops.

We must reconsider the head in geometrical terms in order to understand the clandestine logic of these controversial coiffeurs. The chord which transects the centre of the circle is surely the most harmonious? The next time that you see a centre-parting cutting it's way down King's Parade do not gasp, do not applaud, do not prostrate yourself in front of this perfect and beautiful being, simply fashion yourself an impromptu parting with your hands and several gulps of spittle and follow in the hope that one day the world will be symmetrical.

NeoConscience

Douglas Murray is the Director of the Centre for Social Cohesion and has been branded the 'Michael Moore of the Right'. He told **Sarah Stephen** about the great evils facing Britain, the West's cultural supremacy and the importance of keeping Oxbridge 'unspoilt'

Prior to meeting Douglas Murray, I asked some friends their impressions on the outspoken and controversial political journalist and author hailed as "the Right's answer to Michael Moore". "Evil", "Neocon", "horrible, horrible man".

Accordingly, I anticipated someone fitting the requisites

of Sauron. However, the adjectives were a far cry from the immaculately attired man I found nursing a drink at Clare Cellars, recounting his ordeal on the London underground and at King's Cross. But neither was he the passionate orator seen on Question Time and Newsnight, his rhetorical

skills certainly not a result of debating at the Oxford Union, which he visited only once whilst reading English at Oxford. Although his past visits to Cambridge makes him disagree with the presumption of 'Cambridge types' being more academic, he strongly supports academic excellence being

the sole criterion for entry to Oxbridge, believing that the background of Oxbridge intake has changed detrimentally in the last few decades. "Oxbridge is... among the few institutions left in the country which have been unspoilt and need to be

Continues on next page

NeoConscience... Continued from p13

guarded against social engineering, against being pulled apart from outside”.

After securing a scholarship to sit his A-levels at Eton, Murray spent a gap year writing Bosie: A biography of Lord Alfred Douglas, the otherwise undocumented history of Oscar Wilde's lover. The publication of the biography during his second year at Magdalen marked him as the youngest published biographer. Murray had always maintained a keen interest in politics, but was unsure of his own allegiances until, on coming down from Oxford in 2001, the attacks on New York coupled with the murders of Dutch politician Pim Fontuyn and film director Theo van Gogh permanently coloured his views.

With neo-conservatives criticised as 'liberals mugged by reality', Murray confesses to being a liberal by inclination, but one “mugged quite a few

“Ken Livingstone is one of the greatest forces of evil in Great Britain... he has done untold damage”

times by reality”. He says his outlook on the world is realistic, and that the world can be made better.

“I don't believe in neo-conservatism, it's just that I am one! It is not a set of doctrines, it is just a way of looking at the world...Neo-conservatism as such is simply an attitude which I might have identified years before but which I came to late”. Describing the theory and practice behind the political philosophy in “Neo-conservatism: Why We Need It”, Murray argues powerfully for its place in British politics. Though “not always feeling terribly Conservative” (he voted for Labour at the Ealing-Southall by-election), he laughingly admits that governments are opportunists wanting to stay in power – a point he feels is exemplified by Labour's ingenious espousal of Tory policies.

But he certainly doesn't want his great “enemy”, Ken Livingstone, returning to power, vehemently declaring, “He is one of the greatest forces of evil in Great Britain...he has done untold damage to Great Britain...he has done untold damage to our image abroad”.

Perhaps more controversially, Murray, the Director of the Centre for Social Cohesion, believes that all cultures are not equal, and warns against partaking in such a “charade”:

“That doesn't mean that you have to condemn all cultures that aren't your own. A culture which gives women half the rights of men cannot be said to be equal to contemporary Western culture, whatever faults the latter might have.”

He continues: “A culture which hangs young gay men cannot be equated, and I won't

equate it, with a culture which allows everyone to live their life the way they want to live it”. He perceives Western culture as Judeo-Christian originated, amalgamated with Greek philosophy, thought and culture.

He emphatically denies any link between social deprivation and terrorism, pointing out, “If there were, then the poorest countries in Africa would be growing out terrorists at a rate of knots. But they are not. The biggest stateless population in the world, the Kurdish people, have never resorted to the kind of barbarism being carried out currently in the name of Islamic extremism”. It is a moot point, particularly considering the events of the last week.

Considering spirituality to be a matter of personal conviction, Murray is unhappy with the present relationship between Islam and other cultures, “The presumption is being given, particularly in the West, that only one group of people can feel offence...I think that the Christians have a right to say that, “Actually we don't like you saying that Christ was only a prophet. We are not going to burn anything. Watch us. We are not going to burn down schools. We are not going to shoot anyone. We are not going to massacre clerics of Islam, like religious Christians who have been killed in the wake of the Pope's comments. In my belief, we have to give out the message pretty strongly that we can feel offence too and we take offence and offence isn't a one way street”.

Murray finds the burkha a “profoundly offensive” political symbol with no Qu'ranic justification. “I find it disgusting that men are assumed not to be able to trust themselves enough, not to just see a woman and just rape her because you've seen her. And I think it's disgusting that you'd command women to spend their lives hid-

“Actually we don't like you saying that Christ was only a prophet. We are not going to burn anything. Watch us. We are not going to burn down schools”

den under a shroud!”

He feels particularly that the election of Hamas in Palestine represents an appalling reversal of the peace process, effectively terminating the idea of a two-state solution:

“As long as Hamas are the people in power, the Palestinian people will not and should not get a state. There is no way that land can be ceded in the West Bank to a terrorist entity”. Convinced that the West's “democratic ally” Israel deserves support, Murray justifies his pro-Israel views with a succinct assertion: “Anyone who is sensible is!” “I don't understand the Palestin-

ian cause. I am in favour of the rights of the Palestinian people. I am in favour of the rights of the Israeli people. [For] the Palestinianists that doesn't happen: they are in favour of the rights of the Palestinian people and the Israelis can go to hell.... But [Israel] also acts as a totem in the Middle East among countries that want to wipe it out. In my mind [it is]...a great symbol of the endurance of human spirit against overwhelming odds”.

Referring to certain governments as “regimes” and habitually using “us” and “we” to explain the military interventions in Afghanistan and Iraq,

“I think it's disgusting that you'd command women to spend their lives hidden under a shroud!”

Murray seems to genuinely believe that military intervention, when possible (apart from practical restraints and limits), is the best solution for the annihilation of terrorism and human rights contravention. He reminds me that Zimbabwean President Mugabe was not expected to live for many months, but “sadly he certainly does. He keeps on going on and rolling along”. And by sheltering Osama Bin Laden, the Taliban gave “us” no choice but to “take out the medieval, barbaric regime”.

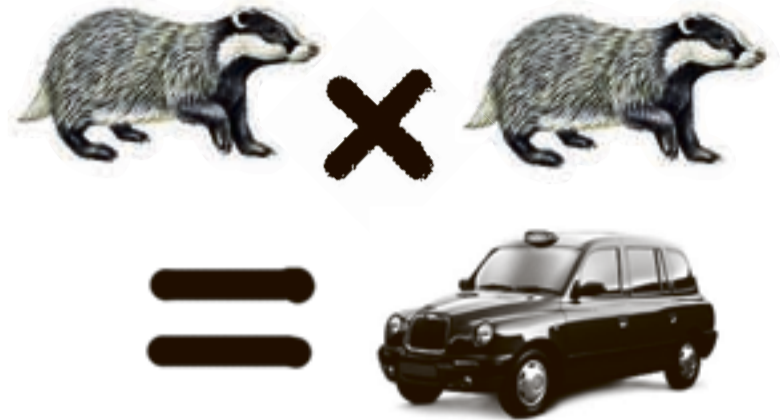
On the other hand, Iraq was the choice made when there was an opportunity to deal with one more country. Judging the Iranian “regime” (“since 1979 the greatest backward force in the region”) to be a manifest menace to Israel and the wider region, Murray explains that the best-case scenario under the status quo would be a nuclear stand-off across the Middle East.

However, the problem of international terrorism cannot be resolved until the “West” and the world becomes less reliant on oil, the main oil producer being the “barbaric...disgusting regime [Saudi Arabia] which has been pumping oil and pumping terrorism, pumping the tools to promote terrorism around the world for decades now”. Despite a war economy needing more capital, Murray paradoxically favours tax cuts and less state intervention, blaming high taxation as the reason for declining philanthropy and believing people to be “freer” when given the opportunity to spend their hard-earned money. No points for guessing his views on the inheritance tax.

But what does the future hold for this impassioned, articulate and bold commentator? “I've no idea, I'm afraid. I wish I did. If 5 years ago, you said that I'd be here I wouldn't be sure. I certainly didn't think I'd end up doing this. It's always impossible to tell, but I've given up predicting”. It is far less certain than many of his other views.

Statistic of the week

Badger Transport



A more self-evidently true statistic this week, in a rare diversion from the slightly more obscure ideas this column occasionally posits. The government announced this week that it wants to cull badgers. Apparently they are fierce, disease-infested and surprisingly strong for their size. It should be obvious to even the most politically sensitive reader that all three of these attributes suggest a wonderfully effective career as taxi-drivers.

However, it is here that the first of our practical difficulties arises - a single badger would be scarcely big enough to tow a drunken anorexic, let alone a drunken rugby player, back to the college of their choice (or Magdalene College, Cambridge) after a night on the “razz”. And if they were feeling particularly fierce, they might maul, and badger maulings are nothing if not *really* quite unpleasant - an old schoolfriend of mine, LeBron, was once rather savagely attacked on a weekend mini-break to Malvern after his stiletto

(don't ask) slipped into a set.

The solution? Simple. Harnesses. And loads of them, potentially even a whole cete. “Cete” is really quite high up on the list of all-time great collective nouns, although on balance it is probably superceded by a woop of gorillas, a journey of giraffes, a storytelling of ravens, a business of ferrets and an ostentation of peacocks. But it's still pretty totally wicked.

But if we're thinking economics (which we ought), I reckon about 10 badgers would pull a solo chariot, and then you might need perhaps 15 if you were taking a lady (or in the case of poor LeBron, an ambulance with a man).

Just think of the advantages! You wouldn't have to tip them, much, they could fight off pikies, they only work at night, and they would happily stop by a kebab shop. Carbon emissions would be reduced, and the government wouldn't have to worry about all those pesky diseases.

You heard it here first.

Adrian Dangerhands

Profile of the Week

You've put it online, we've taken it off

Lucy Ward

2nd Year English Student,
Homerton College

Friend count:

529

Is:

Jade Jellykiss

Disappointing Favourite Quote:

Whilst talking about our Univesity emailing system... “i spent the whole first term calling it Hermés” - Caroline ‘designer label’ Pennington.

Inappropriate wall post:

“Which hand do you feather with?” - Louise Hainsworth

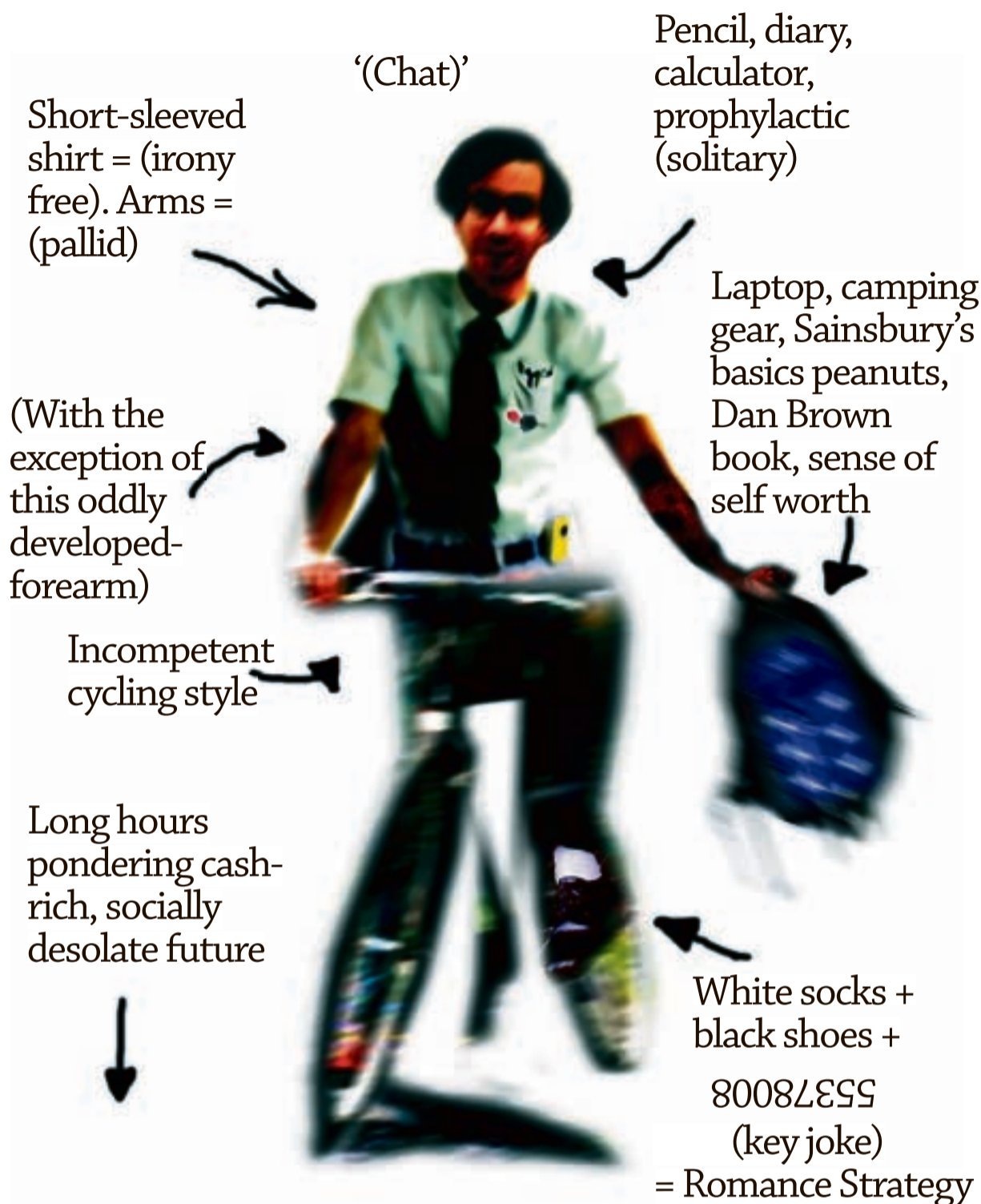
Preponderance of rowing chat on wall:

Severe.

Photo of egg-sucking session, possibly now regretted:



This is You Mathmo Hero



UndergraduaTelly

We watch TV, so you don't have to.

Now there are few things finer in the world (except possibly a traffic warden in mink) than a good piece of nostalgia. We all do it from time to time. We reminisce about the olden days, think wistfully of jumpers for goalposts (although that said in our household, I'll be honest, it was more often than not a Barbour. Or my cousin Camilla's pashmina, which she used to leave for us to craft the illusion of immediate presence whilst she actually went to the swings to smoke and fellate the local toughs), Mother's shepherd's pie and vintage video games.

But the absolute *pits* of nostalgia, rather unfortunately, seem to concern TV watching. I, in common with, quite literally, everybody (except for ASNAC students, art historians, and all the other tired banter "stupid" subjects, etc) at Cambridge was in many ways rather a nerdy child. And not in a cool, geek-chic way. Just a nerdy way.

I liked books. And homework. I was good at school. I was poor at sports. I was beaten up occasionally, particularly during the year between my stopping eating my own nails and discovering masturbation (Year 11, I think it was). I didn't actually watch that much TV at all. And when I did, it most assuredly was almost none of the shows which everybody you speak to here seems to yearn for with a passion which verges (and then infringes, if you happen to pick your moment in *Kambar*) upon the erotic.

I'm referring, of course, to programmes like *Thundercats*, *Captain Planet*, *Thunderbirds*, *Stingray*, *Power Rangers*, *Pinky and the Brain*, *Carmen Sandiego*, *Art Attack*, *Funhouse* and the whole humiliatingly miserable gamut of programmes which were a) ghastly to begin with, b) rarely watched and c) even more embarrassingly awful if you ever try to revisit them. I suspect that some of you have just read the above list and felt a small wave of fake nostalgia, in which case (if you hadn't already noticed) this column is probably not for you.

I mean has anybody ever actually tried to watch an episode of *Thunderbirds* post-puberty? I think it must be more

or less the worst thing you can do, and I once sneezed into an open grave. It is *appalling*. They're puppets. Puppets. Obviously. And the whole thing, which should in theory last between five and ten minutes is somehow, almost mystically, contrived to take up the best part of an hour from your life. It's miraculously, terrifyingly bad, and it forces you to think very, very hard about your childhood. Invented nostalgia ought to make you feel better about yourself, but none of this does. In reality it makes you wonder where the years went; how much more you ought to have practised the piano, how much more football you should have played, how you ought to have established good enough friends and enough self-esteem that you didn't feel oddly obliged to spend a sizeable chunk of your degree



Buchanan: At large

course "bonding" with complete strangers over a shared childhood which *neither* of you ever experienced. It's a social decision right up there with such other highlights as:

"Boy, I sure wish we could take over that Russia. Do you reckon we can knock it off before winter?" And my friend Adrian's decision to go commando the night a barman set fire to his trousers in Leamington Spa.

Get over yourselves, children. We were all raised differently, and now we are, in our own ways, each equally uncool. There can be nothing gained from pretending we were all somehow edgy children of some sort of heroic era. We weren't. Go and talk about Aeneas somewhere else, with some other people, and let the rest of us be.

Aarlarn Cole
John Reicher is away

Going Up Going Down

Obesity

The fastest-growing sport in the UK, in some ways this never really went away



Britney: Fatter than before

Peaches Geldof

Was going to come to Cambridge. Didn't. Went to an MTV party instead. Jolly sensible way to roll, if you ask us.

UK Population

This is, quite literally, true. Though we're not convinced that it quite warranted its 'breaking news' bulletin on the BBC website late on Wednesday night.

England

Wilkinson is a weirdo, Hamilton is a choker, and the pair of them can jog on merrily to regular slot on *A Question of Sport*.



Hamilton: Chump

Bridge Street

Is, quite literally, not big enough for buses, cyclists, and pedestrians to go down at the same time. It is a matter of time before someone is flung inadvertently into a punt (or worse, Subway, or worse still, St. John's)

Library Fines

According to my friend: "The other day I got fined, like, 50p, for handing two books in, like, a day late. It's like, we're students, yeah? If I didn't hand them in for a whole week, that would be like £5, yeah? They're crippling my degree"



Richard Bacon: Vintage

Corpus Christi

At Corpus during the seventeenth century, punishment for infractions were much more severe than merely being sent down. One Master, suspecting an unfortunate student of having an affair with his daughter, Elisabeth Spencer, decided to lock the long scoundrel up in his cupboard. Barbaric enough on its own, perhaps, but he chose the moment to take a long vacation. That his suspicions turned out to be correct would have done little to vindicate his actions in the eyes of his successor, who had, no doubt, something of a shock whilst moving into the Master's Lodge, where the skeleton was eventually discovered having remained in the cupboard for several years. Corpus also boasts to having the ghost of Henry Butts, a Master of the college who saw through several plague years. He hanged himself in some style with a pair of silk stockings on Easter Sunday in 1632, and is reputed to walk the college still, with grey hair and a gash in his neck

The Fitzwilliam

It's not just the university which has been haunted through the ages - the stone lions that guard the Fitzwilliam Museum have been known, on the stroke of midnight, to get up off their plinths and go to drink from the fountain. On other occasions they have been seen going through the doors and into the Museum itself..

King's

According to legend, the Gibbs building was once the home of an old Fellow named Barrett, who used to keep an open coffin in his room. Lying in this helped him to concentrate, he claimed - occasionally he would even conduct supervisions from his curious lectern. But he anticipated his own downfall one morning when he was found lying dead in his own box. The cause of his sudden and inexplicable death remains a secret to this day, but he is said still to wander the corridors at night, awakened once more from his coffin.

St John's

Dr James Wood began his career as an excellent student, and went quickly from undergraduate to legend. Later on, as well as graduating first in his year eventually went on to become master of the college. However, upon his death in 1839 he was apparently so attached to his student days that his ghost returned, where it now frequents O staircase. If you look hard enough, you it is said you can see him sitting under the window where, unable to afford his own candles, he studied by lamp light as an impoverished undergrad. Let it serve as a lesson to all those who become a little too involved in college life...

Cambridge



Cambridge has been haunted for as long as anyone can remember. Ghosts, ghouls and phantoms have roamed our cobbled streets through the ages, and some say still do. There are nights when the Grey Lady of Girton walks abroad and the Fitzwilliam lions leave their plinths to prowl the museum corridors. With Halloween approaching, **Gianna Vaughan** took a trip through the town's ghostly past and uncovered tales of haunting, murdered lovers and walking corpses.



Christ's

At Christ's, in 1847, fellow Christopher Round was in love with one Mary Clifford; "a beautiful, good and very gentle woman" as he wrote. While they became firm friends, she never returned his passion. One night, in a fit of jealous rage, he beat Paul Collier, the apple of his love's eye, to death in a vicious rage. Racked by guilt for the rest of his life, he was never convicted, and since his death he is said to have returned to Christ's, unable to atone for his sin. These days a vision of a tall, portly, elderly man is occasionally seen walking slowly through the Fellow's Garden, taking his time to avoid the pond into which his opponent was despatched. His footsteps have even been heard climbing the staircase to the Fellow's building. The door opens, but the passage is always empty.

Trinity

After a series of students refused to live in them during the early 1800s, fellow Dr Christopher Wordsworth was forced to investigate certain rooms in the college allegedly haunted by a moaning child, whose hands appeared backwards. Trinity is famous for the Society of Psychical Research, and for launching The Ghost Club in Cambridge. Perhaps these groups have kept the spooks away in recent years...

Peterhouse

Peterhouse are one of the few colleges ever to have taken the more extreme step, of having one of their Deans perform an exorcism in a building on the north face of the college. Yet there have been several ghost sightings in the Peterhouse Combination Room in the very recent future - on April 17, 1997, two college waiters witnessed a white hooded figure materialise by the fire place, accompanied by knocking and rattling sounds behind the wood panelling. Others soon began to report similar sounds and sudden drops in temperature. In October of the same year, the figure appeared again and the Dean, Dr Ward, was called out of dinner at the High Table to help. It dematerialised before he arrived but he did report that the room was inexplicably freezing despite being lit by two roaring log fires. After the discovery of his funeral bill in 1999, it is now believed that the ghost is that of Fellow James Dawes who hung himself from the bell rope which used to be in the turret joining the Combination Room to the Hall.

Girton

The Grey Lady of Girton, a certain Miss Taylor, is one of the city's most popular ghosts. During the late 1800s she was seen stalking down the corridors and around the grounds of Girton, particularly the Taylor Knob staircase. However, she was rumoured to have moved from Girton to Abbey Road, to a house which has since been exorcised. It is said the lady was desirous of becoming a student and died soon after being denied a place at the college.

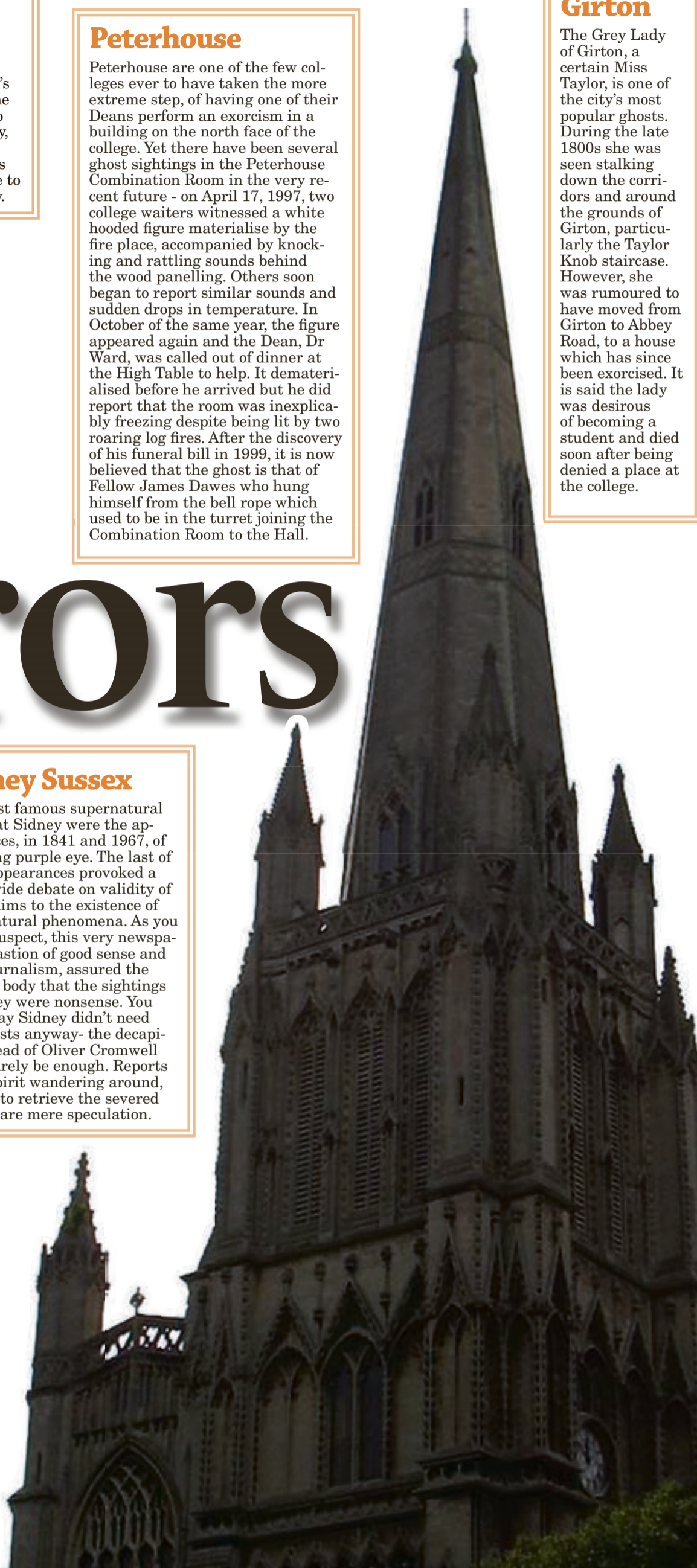
Horrors

Jesus

Perhaps the most horrible tale of all concerns a mysterious sect, The Everlasting Club, which existed at Jesus to create a bridge to the afterlife. In his 1919 publication *Tedious brief Tales of Granta and Gramarye* Arthur Gray mentioned its foundation in 1738 by notorious Alan Dermot. The idea was that the seven members would be Corporeal Everlastings during life and Incorporeal Everlastings in death. At the original meeting in an empty study on G staircase, the rules drawn up stated that, "If any Everlasting shall fail to attend the yearly meeting or in his turn shall fail to provide entertainment for the Society, he shall be mulcted at the discretion of the President." The group continued their 'raucous' and 'unearthly' antics, meeting annually until 1743 when the first member was absent. The minutes for that date, November 2, read "Mulctatus propter absentiam per Presidentem Hen. Davenport," and were signed by all other six members, including the President Dermot. An entry on the next page noted, "Henry Davenport by a canon shot became an Incorporeal member, November 3, 1743." According to Gray, what concerned the other members more than this extreme punishment was that all of this took place almost a month after Alan Dermot had been killed in a duel in Paris. The society continued, bound to meet every year until each 'everlasting' had died in mysterious circumstances, leaving only Charles Bellasis. He had returned to Jesus as a Fellow later in life and on All Soul's Eve, 1766, locked himself in his study in the hope of escaping his punishment for not initiating a new generation into the Society. It was reported that between the hours of 10 and 12 that night a hideous uproar emanated from the room which could be heard throughout the college. The next morning Bellasis was found dead in his chair, head thrown back, eyes wide and for the first time since 1742, the minute book was signed by all seven members.

Sidney Sussex

The most famous supernatural events at Sidney were the appearances, in 1841 and 1967, of a floating purple eye. The last of these appearances provoked a nationwide debate on validity of such claims to the existence of supernatural phenomena. As you might suspect, this very newspaper, a bastion of good sense and solid journalism, assured the student body that the sightings at Sidney were nonsense. You might say Sidney didn't need any ghosts anyway- the decapitated head of Oliver Cromwell must surely be enough. Reports of his spirit wandering around, looking to retrieve the severed noggin, are mere speculation.



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Top of the Hill

The inner workings of the US Senate are not widely known to outsiders. But for **Matt Clifford**, one of a handful of interns taken on each summer, it became a second home. Here he examines the practicalities of running a superpower.



The average cost of winning a seat in the US Senate in 2006 was \$7.8million

As I set off to Washington in June to begin a summer working on Capitol Hill, I knew to expect oversized personalities. Few institutions congratulate themselves quite so often and so warmly as the United States Senate. A quick trawl through The Congressional Record, the American equivalent of Hansard, shows that Senators have described their chamber as the world's "greatest deliberative body" on forty-one occasions in the last year alone.

But what I knew less about was how Congress really worked. How do the radically different wills of 300 million people become expressed in law? The answer, it seems, is a combination of grandstanding personality politics from familiar names and the meticulous and dedicated work of people you've never heard of.

The Senate was designed to be unrepresentative of the American people, a role it fulfils extremely well. Not only does California (population: 36,000,000) have the same number of Members as Wyoming (population: 515,000), but the Senators themselves are far older, whiter and richer than the people they serve. Ninety-four of the hundred members are white, eighty-two are men and the average age is 60. The average cost of winning a Senatorial campaign in 2006 was \$7.8 million. Every Member has spent a lifetime trying to get to where they are now and most are determined to enjoy the power and prestige while it lasts.

I have nothing but praise for the Senator I was working for: he treated every member of staff as an equal, worked as hard as anyone in the office and made an effort to get to know everyone, from the lowliest intern upward. About three weeks into my placement, however, a senior member of staff took me to one side as though to offer important advice. "I hope you're not getting the impression," he told me, "that United States Senators are kind and considerate creatures. They're not. I've worked for four and this is the first who hasn't despised everyone on their staff".

Certainly, Senatorial egos are on full display in their luxurious offices. Almost every Member has an entrance room that is wallpapered with grand pictures of the Senator and news cuttings celebrating his or her greatness. That Senators should develop such a sense of self-importance is hardly surprising. Everywhere they

“this is the first Senator I’ve worked for who hasn’t despised everyone on their staff”

go they are surrounded by the trappings of power, from the grandeur of the chamber itself to the ever-vigilant security details. Although Hilary Clin-

ton, whose office was directly opposite mine, seemed more normal than most of her colleagues whenever I met her. Even on the one occasion that I walked towards her rather too enthusiastically and had to be cut off by one of her man-mountain bodyguards, she was very friendly and smiled convincingly as she wished me a good afternoon.

The most striking feature of the actual work of the Senate is its languid pace. The practice of agreeing the structure of all its debates by "unanimous consent" makes for protracted debates and long delays in voting on controversial measures. Even a single Senator can prevent a bill coming to a vote by placing an "anonymous hold" on its passage. Such a move can be overturned by the

party leadership, but it remains a powerful force for inertia.

The quality of individual Senators' contribution to the legislative process is notoriously variable. There are some who are masters of their briefs, who ask complex and penetrating questions at briefings and whose interventions are respected on both sides of the aisle. Others noticeably struggle. My favourite moment of Senatorial eccentricity was at a committee hearing on child safety on the internet. Bizarrely, among the assembled panel of expert witnesses was Miss America 2007, who has chosen online child safety as the cause she will promote over the next year. Her statement to the committee was competent, but unspectacular. But it was enough to inspire the elderly Senatorial

audience to lavish praise. The committee chairman outdid himself, describing the statement as "one of the most articulate, intelligent and important testimonies I have heard in all my years on Capitol Hill". The speakers who followed, the President of the National Center for Missing & Exploited Children and the Director of the Crimes Against Children Research Center, both received a cursory word of thanks.

It is the open secret of American government that the legislative branch is run almost entirely by twenty-somethings. Each Senator employs between thirty and fifty people and has access to further staff who are assigned to particular committees, and it is these people who perform the critical work that keeps Congress ticking over, from

drafting and publicising legislation, to looking after constituent concerns. Staff display a fierce loyalty to their Member and their party, but they all, whether they serve evangelicals from the deepest south or Yankee liberals from the north-east, tend to have two things in common: while their bosses are usually old and rich, staff are almost uniformly young and underpaid. In my office, aside from the Senator himself, the oldest person was the Chief of Staff, who was still in his thirties. The average age was around twenty-seven.

Salaries for the most junior employees begin at £12,000. Legislative Assistants, who are responsible for huge swathes of policy and often hold advanced degrees or are qualified lawyers, struggle to earn more than about £30,000. But while the youngest staffers are often Ivy League graduates who could easily treble their salaries in banking or consulting, it would be wrong to see their career choice in terms of sacrificial public service alone. Few of my colleagues saw themselves playing out the rest of their careers in Congress. Rather, a few years walking

“Nearly every senator wants to be president one day - and over half believe they will be”

the corridors of power is seen as a pathway to much more lucrative destinations.

Washington is a city of lobbyists. More than 30,000 people, the majority former staffers, work as lobbyists for organisations ranging from pressure groups to huge corporations, able to call in salaries far higher than those available in the Senate. Another common exit strategy is to try to leverage the knowledge and contacts acquired in Congress in industry. The large investment banks in particular are keen to employ those who have gained significant experience in financial policy. And, of course, there are very many who believe that their time as a staffer is just one step along the road to the White House. My Senator once said to me that nearly every Senator wants to be President one day – and over half believe that they will be. The numbers must be similar for Senate staff.

The American Senate, then, is largely populated by people who have either spent the last two decades trying to get in or who will spend the next two planning how most profitably to get out. Yet somehow between them they get the job done. The Founding Fathers of America sought a body that would act as a conservative counterweight to the hot-headed House of Representatives, but also one that could show genuinely national leadership on the biggest questions facing the union. For all its egotism and eccentricity, today's Senate continues to plod forward, one slow and deliberate step at a time.



Top left: Flora wears top, £22, trousers, £25, both Ark Vintage. James wears cardigan, £40, and shirt (just visible), £25, both Topshop. Top right: F wears jumper, £30, Ark Vintage. Bottom left: J wears shirt, stylist's own. F wears shirt, £26, Ark Vintage. Bottom right: F wears dress, £35, Ark Vintage. Photographed by Francesca Perry. Styled by Emma Draper and Iona Carter. Many thanks to CB1 café.



Rip what you sew

BENJ OHAD SEIDLER



Gucci generally appears in Cambridge semantics flaccidly, before the word 'loafer,' or maybe 'glasses.' The two establishments have little in common and could be personified as two women at the same society where the requisite for membership is, simply, 'exclusivity'. Cambridge would be a dowager dressed in an understated Atonement-inspired thirties emerald liquid silk gown that sails behind her as she swans against a backdrop of oak panelling. Her classical helmet (for she worships Minerva), ornate with plumes coloured to match her college stripes, cuts a startlingly graphic and decisive silhouette as she lurks through the shadow of intellectual history on her way to the bar. At the bar, she finds Gucci, a woman unfathomably younger (has it been centuries already?) yet equally authoritative. Gucci is wearing a satin sash belt that seems to think it can be a dress, sliding off her pet yet substantial chest and boxing her hips, as if they were a confection of chocolates, in a colour that could only be described as Brighton Rock pink. Cambridge readjusts her helmet (which she bought to counterbalance the size of her ego, whereas Gucci's only question at the boutique seems to have been, "do my nipples look good in this?") to grimace at the lithe Italian, slinking on her leather club chair like as if to dress it as she herself is clothed. Cambridge thinks to herself, "how exclusive can you claim to be if you let anyone who can foot the bill have you; be it an oil-guzzling Texan, a nouveau-riche Russian and anyone wearing a burka, granted it hangs above a pair of Christian Louboutin heals?" Self-satiated by this classist, racist and lofty remark, Cambridge suddenly coughs uncontrollably, red faced and winded. For clutched amidst a fan Gucci's acrylic fingernails is a gin and tonic, the same drink that the University just choked on. They may have different reasons, but fashion and academia drink from the same fountain of innovation and reinvention.

Both Gucci and Cambridge are old brands, known for quality and highbrow heritage in their respective fields (Gucci dates back to the 1906, which can match Cambridge's age in fashion years). Both are extremely image conscious and rely heavily on homoerotic propaganda for their charm (sultry Gucci men are really just sun-kissed versions of pasty Brideshead boys). Gucci is an important part of Italian identity; Oxbridge is quintessentially British. Crucially, both are questioning their personalities for the twenty-first century, sorting at the shrouds that once identified them, both literally and figuratively, and spring cleaning. So what stays and what goes?

Whereas Cambridge history is one of Senates and Graces, Gucci has a history of murder and design coups. The house was founded by Guccio Gucci in Florence and his six sons took on an illustrious leather goods house known for craftsmanship and turned it into a global mega-brand. Fast-forward until most of the sons have either been killed by one of their brothers or by one of their wives and Tom Ford took the helm

of a flailing company and steered it into the production of fabric metaphors for sex. The slick chrome black Gucci signature style is Ford's signature. Following his departure and a few false starts from other designers, Frida Giannini, a young, lean and perky Roman designer (who used to be in charge of accessories, the brand's most lucrative department) took it upon herself to make Gucci 'Gucci' again.

For this winter, Giannini announced that the Gucci muse was the late Lee Miller, the model-turned-WW2-photographer. She lavished her audience with innovative-looking sweetheart necklines on long silken dresses. The looks were somehow modest, very tastefully bejewelled with diamante brooches and sculpted metal plates perched around a décolletage or on the indent of a hip. These dresses made a media debut on possessed-looking models in the spectacular David Lynch advert for the new Gucci by Gucci perfume (watch it on youtube). It was bold for Giannini to choose Lynch and his challenging purposefully under-polished aesthetic, but it paid off and finally the era of 'fascist Gucci' was upon us, with a purity and power that was slightly unnerving and proposed a new type of feminine with no saccharine.

This spring, however, a two dimensional vision of the 1950s created some looks (in a harsh palette of bee-stripe yellow, sugary pink, black and white) in hard taffeta shapes that looked like something the rat pack might hang out with if they were drunk and willing. The whole idea of womanliness that emerged in the fifties seemed to have lost its relevance (where were the healthy figures?). The Gucci woman became a flat paper doll for a time and place that seemed as monochromatic and dull as the clothes. Giannini, essentially a very talented designer, has yet to find her signature and define what Gucci is.

Amidst talk of access, walking on grass, hookers in lecture halls and top-up fees, Cambridge too will have to examine its own brand identity, or lose stock due to lack of consistency. If Cambridge loses its traditions, be they racist, classist or puritanical, it will, inevitably, fundamentally change. This happened when it first accepted women, and the change has made the University an infinitely more stimulating place. Its feel was challenged and many Cambridge 'types' (like the closeted homosexual that would only 'experiment' if he were in the all-male sanctuary behind college walls) were eradicated. Romantic notions of the present eventually become nostalgia for an irrelevant past. It is becoming as increasingly impossible to see Cambridge as a haven for the privileged as it is to accept a tepid Gucci collection that has neither Ford's sexiness nor Giannini's powerful sensibility. Now is the time for newness, for decisiveness. Now, in a decade that does not even have a proper name, fashion and academia are still in the changing room. It remains a mystery which will emerge in the dour black gown and which will strut out in the miniature fuchsia party frock.

'Optimism is our only hope'

Even in a story as tragic as Zimbabwe's recent history there are two sides. **Andy Ryan** wanted to hear both. So he interviewed **Itayi Garande**, a prominent human-rights lawyer, and then he spoke to **Reason Wafawarova**, a former director of Robert Mugabe's Youth Militia, a group Amnesty International has accused of murdering and torturing political opponents of ZANU PF.

Itayi Garande is a human rights lawyer and the editor of talkzimbabwe.com. Garande believes Robert Mugabe's grip on power is the result of a long-term plan:

"Robert Mugabe should be understood in the context of the whole liberation struggle of Zimbabwe. Mugabe's ambition in Zimbabwe has always been to establish total power - the Unity Accord of 1987 was bent on solidifying his power. The creation of the Executive Presidency and all its powers was meant to guarantee total power. ZANU PF (the governing party) has failed to change party leadership because Mugabe has been blocking that process for a very long time. The factional fighting in the party shows the level of frustration within the party with Mugabe clinging onto power."

He is sure that the West could make a difference. "The West could apply pressure through sanctions. Targeted sanctions are not working. The total assets haul for the last five years was only £172,000 - a pathetic figure by any measure. This is the sort of amount Mugabe loyalists spend on a single vehicle, or on one 'blood diamond' transaction. The UN should do more. UN sanctions are more embarrassing for Mugabe and could potentially hurt the country, but China and Russia could potentially veto such a move. Humanitarian assistance is also needed. The regime does not seem to care anymore how many people get killed, tortured and illegally arrested."

It would be "ideal" if other African leaders put pressure on Mugabe. Ideal, but unlikely. "Many of the leaders are human rights abusers themselves, so it would be presumptuous to think that they could effectively push for change in Zimbabwe. African leaders are still struggling with the 'saviour' mentality - they feel they saved their countries from exploitation, and hence need to be compensated. The Charter of the African Union needs to be revised in order to protect innocent civilians... The Charter was drafted by Heads of States, not lawyers, and therefore guarantees the interests of the Heads of States."

Garande's hopes lie with the Movement for Democratic Change, Zimbabwe's major opposition party. "The MDC has so far presented the greatest challenge to Mugabe. No opposition party in Zimbabwe had ever held more than fifteen seats in parliament. The MDC

did it. It should be remembered that Mugabe also controls the means of violence and repression. The MDC has performed brilliantly within the environment that it operates. Morgan Tsvangirai (the leader of the MDC) definitely has a place in the New Zimbabwe, but he will not go it alone. He is now a seasoned politician with a key role now and in the future. He challenged Mugabe when everybody else feared his brutality. He has stood up against the tyranny and has advanced the cause for a democratic Zimbabwe. All stakeholders will have to come together in rebuilding the country; including those elements Mugabe currently accuses of 're-colonising' the country."

From other African countries comes a mixed record of success. "Zambia is on the right path. There is democratic progress in the country, but corruption and nepotism are evils they are still desperately fighting. There is now relative stability in the country. Nigeria seems to be going in the right direction. The transfer of power from one civilian government to another was relatively smooth. South Africa is a model of peace and reconciliation. The Truth and Reconciliation Commission could be used by many warring

"The entire noble endeavour of Cambridge theatre is reduced to an educated gamble"

factions on the continent as a model. Notwithstanding the fact that the peace process was necessitated by Mandela, South Africa still remains a model for African countries."

He believes that journalism is having an impact. "Today's world is different. The scale

but it is now very difficult to cover up repression. Technology has advanced and stories will filter to the rest of the world, whether Mugabe likes it or not. Journalism will tell the Zimbabwean story."

Garande has faith in the future. "No tyranny exists forever. It would be a shame for the Zimbabwean people to despair. Instead they should start making plans for the aftermath. Optimism is our only hope. The signs of self-disintegration within ZANU PF point to the demise of Mugabe. Some ZANU PF members are now working with the rest of the population in ensuring that there is a smooth transition." He also has faith in Zimbabweans. "They are very resilient, educated and determined to achieve peace in Zimbabwe without resorting to violence."

Reason Wafawarova was a director of Robert Mugabe's youth militia, which Amnesty International accuses of torturing and murdering opponents to the regime.

Wafawarova believes that the explanation for Mugabe's land seizures is historical. He sees them as the result of "the legacy of colonial imbalance." Africa, in his opinion, cannot accept the neo-liberal agenda of the

IMF. "Neo-liberal policies do not resonate with the African peasant population which makes up 70 per cent of Africa's population. This continent's culture is of a collectivist nature and tends to favour social welfare policies as opposed to individualistic market-based capitalist policies."

He blames Western interference for the breakdown in relations between Zimbabwe and the West. "In the past, the neutral position in the internal political affairs of Zimbabwe was the sole foundation of cordial relations between the Zimbabwe government and the West. Sanctions, threats, media campaigns, propaganda and diplomatic wars will achieve nothing; negotiations will. I am of the opinion that the West will one day re-engage Zimbabwe into mainstream global economics with or without a ZANU PF removal from power and this is going to happen in the interest of both Zimbabwe and the West."

For the economic mayhem, Wafawarova blames the IMF.

"The first signs of economic decline manifested themselves immediately after the 1992 launch of the IMF's Economic Structural Adjustment Programme... The life expectancy was 62 in

1992 when ESAP was introduced and it had fallen to 42 years by 1995 when the government began to publicly admit that the the genocidal IMF programme they had embraced was indeed a failure."

He also criticises sanctions, which "have played a major part in the decline of the economy. Mugabe, maybe like Castro, Saddam and Gaddafi, has proved to western leaders that sanctions as a tool to achieve change are a futile exercise, especially if the desired end is regime change." He believes corruption is both a product and a cause of the situation. "The economic crisis has created a culture of unprecedented corruption in the political fraternity, in the police force, the judiciary, the public sector, the private sector and almost all industry, trade and commerce."

He emphasizes Mugabe's popular support. "Mugabe is the third most popular African Leader ever according to the latest opinion poll by the African Magazine. While there is no doubt that Robert Mugabe does not have majority support in the major urban areas of Zimbabwe, for reasons to do with him at one time embracing the IMF ESAP, there is also no doubt that his land reform programme and his anti neo-liberal stance have actually endeared him massively to the rural population of the country."

He admits that human rights abuses have taken place "on a disturbing scale," but says that "it is dishonest to attribute the abuses to the government only. This violence comes in several ways, mainly as inter-party violent clashes, intra-party violent clashes, police-protester violent clashes as well as the alleged security forces' vindictive night raids. Many people from both the MDC and ZANU PF have suffered violence from both their rivals in other parties and from those within their own parties and the courts have many cases to prove this."

Wafawarova believes that Zimbabwe's political deadlock is due to "a culture of intolerance." "The ruling party insists that the MDC is not a home-grown party but a Western poodle while the opposition insists that the ruling party is a dictatorship in total. Both positions create the maximum hate that can ever exist between the supporters from both sides of the divide. If this hate politics is not addressed, it is almost futile to address the question of human rights abuses."



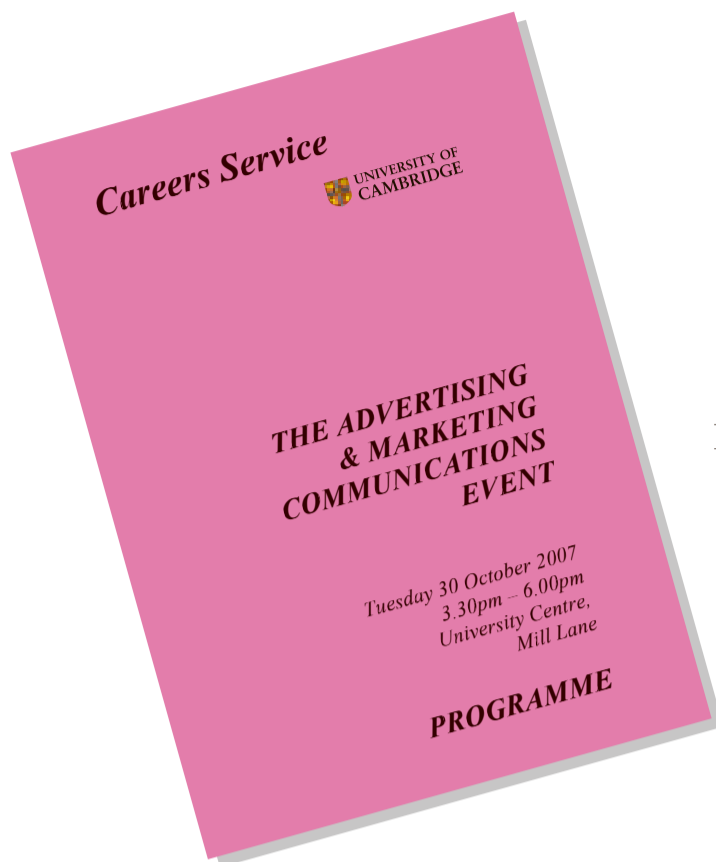
GILES SMITH

of violence in the world might not have increased, tyrannies have always existed,

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Stage against the Machine

As Cambridge theatre attendance continues to wane, **Greg Buchanan** investigates the problems facing student drama societies and asks whether it is wiser to stump up the cash and go it alone

Cambridge theatre presents almost unparalleled opportunities for new talent, whether in acting, writing, production or so on. We have the Marlowe Society's Script Lab, where budding playwrights can test their mettle, the Footlights' Virgin Smokers for comedians, the ADC Freshers' Play where every role from the ground up is placed in the hands of new students, and so on and so forth throughout the entire university. Any kind of theatrical background short of attending stage school or starring in a string of Hollywood movies could not prepare you for all these many wonderful opportunities, but are they real?

Students talk of Cambridge as being a bubble. Somehow, being here, we are cut off from

"The entire noble endeavour of Cambridge theatre is reduced to an educated gamble"

the concerns of the wider world. As stage drama declines on an international level in the face of newer media such as film and television, and with the oldest active theatre in England, the Bristol Old Vic, currently facing the threat of imminent closure, so too some of the smaller college-based dramatic societies are struggling with the problems of financial failure. In a world of comparative financial behemoths like the ADC and Marlowe Society, how soon will it be until this bubble bursts?

In 2006, St John's drama society, the Lady Margaret Players, were left reeling after the sudden withdrawal of their planned *Troilus and Cressida* mere weeks before performance. The director had left citing personal reasons. "We lost our main show of the term as a society only able to afford one," said Laura Bates, then the new President of the company and the person responsible for dealing with the situation. "We had been relying upon the revenue the show would have generated to put on another the next term."

The costs of putting on productions within Cambridge are, apart from relatively modest contributions from college JCRs,



ILLUSTRATION BY JANE HALL

borne from the profits of previous plays. Any kind of disruption in this cycle, any kind of great loss from one term's show that prevents income rolling forward, and the entire year could be lost. In this sense the entire noble endeavour of Cambridge theatre is reduced to the simple economics of an educated gamble, and this is a gamble that some, like the ADC and more wealthy college drama groups like the Pembroke Players, can afford to bear and from which others balk. The debate regarding college theatre then becomes one of definition and purpose – what it could aim towards, and how it could fit into this shifting world of risks.

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me, February's production by the Homerton Amateur Theatrical Society (HATS), opened to a huge critical ovation. Varsity gave the play four stars, with reviewer Elizabeth Davis "moved, frightened and amused by turns", calling the play as a whole "extremely powerful".

However, despite its apparent artistic merit the play represented a loss of over £400 for the company with an average of thirty out of eighty seats filled every night. While this is, in comparison to other plays shown at the Corpus Playroom, a good average, costs ranging from the leasing of rights (approximately equal to the entire amount lost) to hiring out the ex-college theatre caused problems for those involved. A sense emerges from all such examples that the purpose of art here is, against its own will, being diluted in the minutiae of budgets and costs. And in all this, we have to ask the controversial question: who exactly wants to go and see all these plays anyway?

The loss made by Someone Who'll Watch Over Me, as a case study in the workings of collegiate theatre, was compensated by the many other successes of the year for HATS, with such shows as *Anne Frank* and *Romeo and Juliet* more than doubling their initial investments by

appealing to non-traditional crowds. "It's the kind of show that can attract local people too, as opposed to just thespians and drama-student types," says current president Kate Kopelman of last year's *Anne Frank*. "I'm not saying that the only way to have a successful show is to appeal to people outside of colleges, but I do think that some students who go to the theatre go most often to the ADC, so unless you have your show there you can be really limited in numbers if [students] are your target audience. You need to have a show with an edge."

Yet despite the often precarious financial situations behind most theatrical productions, there have been a few plays that have managed to break the mould. Thomas Edwards, director of last year's *Le Misanthrope*, self-funded his play together with executive producer Chris Hunt after having been refused funding by many groups and societies throughout the university. In an example of how theatre can, and perhaps

more often will, fuse together the interests of more similar disciplines, the pair made £400 each in profits after expenditure.

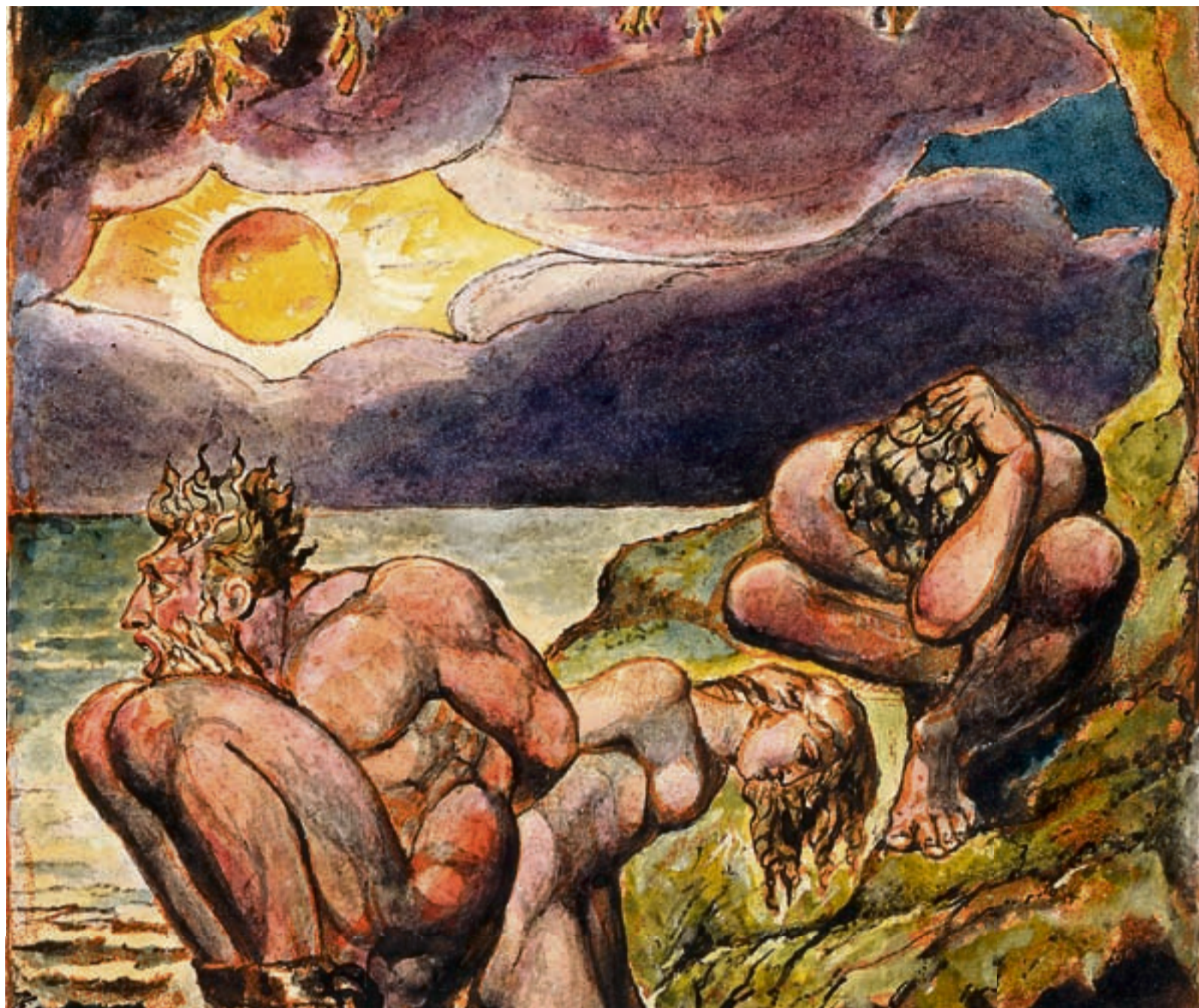
"I think that sometimes finance doesn't enter into your own artistic inspiration," said the director. "But for me, it was an investment on both levels. We chose the play partly because it was pertinent to everyone doing French literature in the first year and some in the second, so we had the support of the faculty who suggested students come along, with some supervisors even taking classes with them. If you are studying theatre you want to study it in motion, and

"I think that sometimes finance doesn't enter into your own artistic inspiration"

so we expanded our audience. Theatre thrives in an intellectual culture, and if theatre is declining generally then we could look to the decline of that culture generally. A lot of people come to a point where there's no longer an inorganic split between what you are interested in personally and academic work, and I think that Cambridge is a privileged environment for that to happen. It ought not to experience the same decline."

Looking towards the term ahead, an entire host of productions emerge upon the horizon, with such fare as the Freshers' Play, *The Visit*, at the ADC, *The Fall of the House of Usher* at Homerton, *Cigarettes and Chocolate* at Pembroke and *Once Upon a Time*, the Footlights pantomime. The actors, directors and entire teams of people involved with amateur dramatics remain as enthusiastic, and in some cases, as talented as ever.

However, as Cambridge University celebrates her 800th anniversary and the student body grows ambivalent towards the once proud theatrical tradition, the problems of yesterday leave a chaotic legacy to the thespians of tomorrow. Whether this is avoidable, and whether appealing more to the needs of particular audiences might help amateur dramatics here escape a national decline, is the key question that faces Cambridge's new talent.



William Blake (1747-1827), *Daughters of Albion* (frontispiece)

The Art of Reason

An Enlightenment exhibition at the Fitzwilliam revisits old favourites and reflects on the museum's heritage. **Sam Rose** goes on a Grand Tour.

The rehabilitation of English art is often taken for granted nowadays. It is easy to forget that with the rise of Modernism, artists such as Gainsborough and Reynolds were more and more regarded as faintly ridiculous (though perhaps Reynolds sometimes still should be). Paul Mellon, an American Clare graduate and lover of English culture, had a great hand in redeeming interest in and study of such art. It feels timely then that an exhibition like this is held in the wake of the Fitzwilliam's tribute to the man last month. It also seems fitting that it should come towards the end of the Directorship of a man who beforehand worked at the Yale Center for British Art, and has done much to research and champion British art in general.

The display aims to show that there is more to enlightenment art than classicising portraits and ancient works looted during jaunts around Europe. The first area contains what to many is the quintessential art of Eighteenth Century Britain, that of the Grand Tour. This journey of cultural pilgrim-

age symbolises the contemporary captivation with the West's Classical past, and was something undertaken by the museum's founder a number of times. Batoni's portrait of Charles Compton is a perfect example of the 'tour portrait', with the Earl leaning on his books and pondering a Classical bust to demonstrate his deep learning and refinement. Reynolds shows this influence in his portrait of the Braddyl Family, a large antique vase serving to demonstrate their links to the classical past, and perhaps also their future aspirations for their son.

Hogarth marks a radical departure, and displays a certain amount of scorn for the reserved works mentioned above. His parodies of contemporary society are often humorous, and often rather unpleasant. They tackle the difficulties man faced in an age of industry and rapid growth, and as such some manage to ring true to this day. In the 1960s David Hockney achieved his breakthrough with series of etchings based around Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress'. Closer to Cambridge, I've heard some suggest that Gin

Lane bears resemblances to a Wednesday night outside Cindies, with the image even featuring on safe drinking guidelines issued by the University last year.

Later works show the slow change in Britain's tastes towards the end of the century. Exploration is dealt with by some beautiful examples of chinoiserie, and a number of works such as Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress* that deal with the ambivalence felt by many towards the slave trade. Gillray provides some typically amusing prints, satirising everything from exploration to the French revolution, while Blake is taken on as the example of the new spirit that will lead to a triumph of Romanticism over Reason. Although not strictly belonging in an exhibition about Britain, a book of Goya's etchings provides a tantalising example of what is to come in Europe, as well as a hint, perhaps, that the golden age of British art is waning.

Upon entering (and having been excited by the exhibition poster), a fair amount of time was spent searching out Joseph Wright's *Air Pump*, before I eventually realised that all there

was to see was the print after the painting. In fact a large number of works were recognisable from the walls of the normal gallery display, or from previous exhibitions. Rather than a lack of initiative on the curator's part, however, this seems to be very much the point of the exhibition. More than simply an exploration of "art and society in eighteenth century Britain", it also deals with the cultural origins of the Fitzwilliam Museum, drawing on works from the collection to reflect the times in which the founder lived. As the Director says, the museum itself is "very much a product of the enlightenment". For those keen on Joseph Wright, his portrait of the founder, Richard Fitzwilliam, hangs proudly at the entrance. For those keen on the Fitzwilliam, the Director is giving a talk next Wednesday lunchtime. I suggest you go.

From Reason to Revolution: Art and Society in Eighteenth-Century Britain. Until January 27. October 31 13.15-13.45 "A Lighthouse on Fire" by Joseph Wright of Derby. Talk by Duncan Robinson, Fitzwilliam Director

liveMUSIC

Patti Smith

★★★★★

IZZY FINKEL

When Patti Smith, high priestess of punk, hits town, your immortal soul had better take note. Smith was in (or near) the city on a brief tour that blessed Oxford and Cambridge as well as London with her punk-rock presence. Careful readers will notice not only that she skipped off Hull but that these are our hallowed old university towns, and from a poem she declaimed about Isaac Newton prancing across the backs ("trailed by apple sauce") to the King's College napkin she brandished as a trophy, she was hardly able to suppress her excitement as she chatted her way through the set.

Too bad then that few students were there to repay the compliment. One member of our party, complaining of the reverential silence, quipped "it's like going to church, but with better music", and indeed the only time they really got up off their zimmer-frames was during a stonking rendition of Gloria ("G.L.O.R.I.A..."). The audience, for the most part, gently swayed, almost as much in awe of Patti as Patti was of the King's cows, lacking the energy to keep pace with the undiminished zeal of their ageing deity.

Smith and her band supplemented the classics with tracks from her new cover album, *Twelve*. Highlights included were the Rolling Stones' *Gimme Shelter* and a Nirvana track – the latter perhaps an ironic comment on the fact that the predominant odour at the venue was not Teen Spirit but rather the stale reek of bikers' underpants. Only once did the crowd let go a bit of nodding-dog style moshing out of its cage, although it may have been more of a "you betcha" response to her version of Jimmy Hendrix's "Are You Experienced?" than any real sign that the rhythm was coursing through them.

The band shared a good deal of the limelight. A number from her long-term collaborator Lenny Kaye was dedicated "to all those girls from Newnham College", to balance the fact that Patti couldn't stop talking about the fellows (or "dem fellas"). They really shone on an instrumental interlude that sounded like African drumming, Jimmy Hendrix, search sirens and Gregorian chanting rolled into one. The most remarkable moments were when she deviated from the lyrics and wove poetry into her tunes. Rendering "the electric guitar is the only fucking weapon we need" in print doesn't quite convey the sardonic delivery, nor does it capture the force with which she propelled a globule of spit (one of many that punctuated her set) onto the stage straight afterwards.

Affection for Cambridge reached its peak when Smith returned for an encore. Having to apologise for bringing up the subject, she proclaimed for the umpteenth time how lucky she felt to be here. She sashayed across the stage to a rather incongruously subdued version of "Perfect Day" to prove the fact, showing that time spent within the three-mile boundary can turn even the most sage of poet/rock-stars a little crazy. Better suited to our situation this far past the station was the jagged closing number, *Rock and Roll Nigger*: Dancing barefoot bathed in a halo of yellow light, the famously androgynous singer looked like Feist but feistier or like John the Baptist - if they made peace-and-love vests in his size.

A cut above

Verity Simpson caught up with Henry Dartnall, tweed-clad lead singer of **The Young Knives** and

If you don't already know about the Young Knives, let me just give you a few salient points. The band includes a member called House of Lords (so called because he's big and decisions go through him, apparently). They hail from the curiously named Ashby-de-la-Zouch and they also often appear clad in tweed. Knowing these facts, I was expecting an enigma, and talking to Henry Dartnall, lead singer and brother of aforementioned House of Lords, an enigma is what I got. The first thing was the upbeat tone which belied his often candid responses. We chatted about touring and the atmosphere of rock and roll

"The Mercury Music Award is a load of rubbish. You have to pay to be considered... how can that be a fair judgement of best album of 2007?"

raucousness and general camaraderie that most aspiring musos like to believe exists.

Well, 24 hour party people they are not, intimates Henry, with his revelation that they've "been on tour with bands where we've thought 'you bunch of idiots' and kept away." He seems groundless, feeling an affinity with neither Leicester, where he hails from, nor Oxford, where he's had a lot of his music experience. He dolefully comments that "we can't really call anywhere home."

His disillusionment is further exposed in his comments regarding their Mercury Music Award nomination, which I had thought was surely a positive accolade. "The Mercury Music Award is a load of rubbish. You have to pay to be considered, and our record label obviously coughed up, but how can that be a fair judgement of best album of 2007, how dare they put their names to the best albums of 2007 when you only consider the people that pay to be entered? That's a load of rubbish in my book. Qualitative judgement



Knives out; as well as forks, spoons and everything else

doesn't seem to come into it."

So why bother? "The reason we did it was because it was a TV performance, and we knew we'd get to be on the telly and that's good for us, a bit like the Booker Prize, and we'd hopefully sell some more records. But the performance wasn't even enjoyable, I think it was awful. We didn't do it very well and it didn't sound very good on TV apparently, and I just thought, 'what was the point in that?' It won't have done us any harm I'm sure, it's not like

it's ruined our career. But I wouldn't recommend it. I don't think people give a monkey's about that as much as they used to anyway."

So with everybody's hopes and beliefs about the Mercury Music Awards thoroughly dashed, what explanation does Henry have for recklessly illuminating the public, and what does he hope to achieve by it? "I hope people are becoming a bit more savvy. You know, they're talking about how TV programmes and radio sta-

"I'd like to just film puffins off the Scilly Isles. But I think you've got to be pretty cutthroat to get into that business."

tions are under attack for their phone-in competitions but that's how it's always worked. And people are getting savvy to all that, how radio stations work, how certain singles get put about. Hopefully that'll spawn a bit more indie stuff, because actually indie has become a bit more mainstream, and that attitude will, sort of through osmosis, seep its way into a much more general attitude towards how people listen to music; we can but dream." And there you have it.

the rest

quizzed him about Mercury Music, puffins and radio shows



But it's not all doom and gloom; reminiscing upon their impromptu stand-in for Zane Lowe on Radio 1, Henry becomes more animated than a 15-year-old groupie at a Kate Nash gig. "That was wicked; it's funny, because you only sort of realise at the time that some people would murder to do this. We tried very hard to be entertaining, so we ended up messing around quite a lot, being as you would if you were trying to break the ice at a party, being a complete twat,

which seems to go down well with people because it's a bit honest." So is this the way forward for him, I wonder? Has his brief foray into presenting given him a newfound passion?

No. "I don't want to be a television presenter just yet, that would be rubbish. It was nice to do as a one-off, but there's a danger of taking people's attention away from the music; I know that sounds like a presumptuous thing to say, because surely you just want

fame at whatever cost, but no. I'd rather be able to continue doing what we're doing until we feel that we've reached the point where we're no longer excited by it anymore, but that point hasn't come yet." I don't want to tempt fate, but I ask anyway if they think this point is a long way off. "You never know, do you, it could just click one week and you could think, 'right, I'm not enjoying writing anymore,' but I hope not,

"I could have done army revues, that would have been good. If only I'd been born in the 1900s"

I hope it comes before we get dull. We don't want to keep churning it all out and become 'dad-rocky.' But then I suppose you'd just change your audience. But I'd hate to feel like I was churning music out to people and not be of interest, that would be awful."

Let's imagine that, god forbid, the Young Knives hadn't made it. Let's envisage that their art-punk sounds, ramified with nostalgic twists, hadn't been brought to the ears of the British public. What would Henry be doing instead of making music? "Still trying to do it. I mean, we've been doing it for so long anyway, I can't imagine having ever got over the fact that I wanted to do it. I always thought about what I should be doing instead of working a crap nine-to-five." Come on, there must be something? Don't disappoint us now Henry. He doesn't. "There are lots of things I'd like to do; I'd like to have done wildlife filming, and other unreasonable things. I'd like to just film puffins off the Scilly Isles. But I think you've got to be pretty cutthroat to get into that business."

Well yes, we all know about Bill Oddie's reputation for being a ball-breaker. "I'd have always been doing something that involved showing off, maybe comedy or something like that (God, that would be horrific), or film-making. We do that kind of thing on an amateur level anyway, you know, twat about a lot. But we're always doing creative stuff. I

could have done lots of things; maybe I could have been a carpenter. I wouldn't have been a policeman. I wouldn't have been in the army. There a plenty of things I wouldn't have done. Unless I could have been in the entertainment corps, like The Crazy Gang back in the 30s, I could have done army revues, that would have been good. If only I'd been born in the 1900s."

But back from the world of surreal impossibilities, and onto the tangible future: their forthcoming gig in Cambridge. How do they feel about playing their new material live?

"It's good to get it to a point where it's actually playable live. We've written all this stuff and taken it into the studio, and the studio have changed bits around and we've got to the point where we're happy with the songs and have got to learn how to play it all again. You know, we've been playing the same thing for two years, and they were all really old songs anyway, because that's how a first album works, and it's quite frustrating to have 14 new tracks that you can't play as well as you could play the other ones. So we feel very much the need to go out on the road; a good 20 day tour will really sort us out."

"We might be doing it bare. Actually, I think that might be illegal. We don't do illegal stuff - we're frightened of the authorities."

"Cambridge is going to be our first gig and I hope we go into it feeling prepared. We want to make sure we don't do a crap first one, because that's a really bad way to start." It's out with the old and in with the new then; but what else can we expect from the bespoke band? "Well, what can be better than putting on the best show we can? But we always try and have something up our sleeves to show off a bit really. We might be doing it bare. Actually, I think that might be illegal. We don't do illegal stuff - we're frightened of the authorities."



Ten questions

Niamh Cusack

What luxury can you not live without?

Lovely soap. To be specific Verveine from L'Occitane. Also, Laughter, a perfume by Space NK!

What advice would you give to young actors?

Believe in yourself and listen to your own instinct while being open to direction and advice. But in the end, follow your own inner voice.

Given the power, how would you change the acting profession?

I would have far more apprenticeships in working theatre companies throughout the land. Fewer drama schools and more learning on the hoof, if that makes any sense at all.

What type of character would you most like to play?

The femme fatale who ruins everyone else's life, while having a ball herself. I've not done a lot of them. My characters tend to die a lot and be a bit sad!

What is your favourite thing about your job?

Meeting new characters, living with them for a bit. Meeting new people and collaborating with them. Being fired by other people's imagination and talent.

How do you spend a day off?

Doing the shopping, walking the dog and thinking how untidy and disorganised I am.

Is there a particular achievement in your life or career that you can single out as that which you are most proud of?

I think being a part of a production of Three Sisters with two of my sisters and my dad was probably the most exciting job I've done.

If you had to go back to uni, what subject would you choose?

Psychology.

One item for which you would return if your house was burning down?

A rug from Morocco which is so beautiful. I bartered very brilliantly for it. But really nothing. As long as I had my men and our dog.

Favourite Three Songs?

A Simple Twist of Fate by Bob Dylan. Secret Garden by Bruce Springsteen and You Can't Always Get What you Want by the Stones.

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Capital Flicks

This year's 51st **BFI London Film Festival** tackled everything from Dylan to Darjeeling and honeybees to abortions. As the Festival draws to a close, **Ravi Amaratunga** picks the best of the bunch.

Much of the of the hype is centered on I'm Not There, Todd Haynes' unconventional journey into the life and times of Bob Dylan. Six actors portray Dylan as a series of shifting personae, from the public to the private to the extraordinary, weaving together a rich tapestry of the ever-elusive icon. Arthur (Ben Whishaw) is the symbolist poet who serves as the film's de facto narrator; 11 year old Woody (Marcus Carl Franklin) rides trains and

channels the spirit of Woody Guthrie; Jack (Christian Bale) is the Greenwich Village singer whose early success as the adopted figurehead of the protest movement is followed by disappearance, resurfacing 20 years later as Pastor John, a born again preacher.

Robbie (Heath Ledger) rides motorcycles, loves women and rises to counter-cultural fame with his performance in a 1965 biopic of the vanished Jack. Jude (Cate Blanchett) is

absolutely superb, definitively shunning Dylan's folk music following and Billy (Richard Gere) imagines Dylan in full retreat from the world as Billy the Kid. This is a conceptually audacious film that works incredibly well. I'm Not There is playful, funny and rooted in deep understanding of Dylan's creative history. Dylan's music is also covered by the likes of Cat Power, Tom Verlaine and Sonic Youth. Simply wonderful, and certainly a highlight of the festival.



I'm Not There

Dir: Todd Haynes

★★★★★

4 Months, 3 Weeks, 2 Days

Dir: Cristian Mungiu

★★★★★



Writer-Director Cristian Mungiu's dark Romanian drama 4 Months, 3 Weeks, 2 Days received Canne's Palme d'Or earlier this year, and this is justly deserved. There is a vivid texture to this excruciatingly tense film, centred around a long night during which Vague Gabita is in search of an illegal abor-

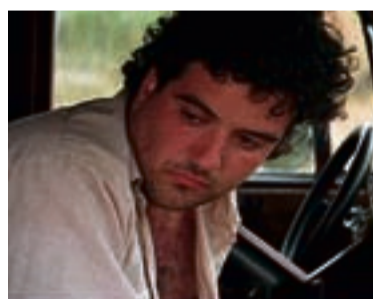
tion, but has been less than thorough in her arrangements with the criminal abortionists. Her loyal friend Otila tries to sort things out, but an agonizing odyssey of desperation and terror ensues, set against grim quasi-Soviet officiousness. There is no sudden crescendo; the whole film is a harrowing series of

events sewn together with a colour-drained effortlessness. Mungiu's gripping arthouse nail-biter is convincing in every way, and one of the best films this year. Though a bit late in the day for the festival circuit, London being one of the last festivals to show the film, you really shouldn't miss out on this one.

Shotgun Stories revolves around an Arkansas family feud between three brothers. Abandoned by their father during their childhood, none of them have proper names, but rather are called, in descending order, Son, Boy and Kid. Things go awry when the brothers visit their father's funeral, attended mostly by his new family, who know little of his past life. The eldest 'Son' ends up spitting on the coffin and all hell breaks loose. Director

Jeff Nichols' eye for the flat, empty landscapes of America's impoverished rural south is reminiscent of Terrence Malik. Set against this, the film meanders, slowly and grimly, through the slow and painful downfall of both families. There are some notable performances here from the likes of Michael Shannon, Douglas Ligon and Barlow Jacobs, playing the three brothers, and newcomer Ligon's performance as the overweight 'Boy' deserves

special recognition. Indeed, the development of these seemingly redneck losers into complex characters is quite extraordinary. Superficially, 'Boy' lives in a car, attempting to run air conditioning units from its cigarette lighter, yet by the end we find a resilient but sensitive man caught in the middle of a feud well out of control. Nichols has created film which certainly doesn't dazzle but somehow keeps you mesmerised rather if not hooked.



Shotgun Stories

Dir: Jeff Nichols

★★★★★

Bee Movie

Dir: Steve Hickner, Simon J Smith

★★★★★



The cinematic horizon isn't all doom and gloom, as shown in the animated offering Bee Movie. Barry B. Benson (Jerry Seinfeld) is your average "Bee next door", who while on a pollen collecting mission for Honex, the bee world's honey-making company, finds himself breaking one of his employers' cardinal sins by talking to human beings. New York florist

Vanessa (Renee Zellweger) saves Barry from certain death when he is caught face down in dollop of guacamole and they soon form a bond. Barry is shocked to learn that humans love to eat honey, and has half a mind to sue humankind through the bee courts for their theft of such a vital natural resource. This is a big change for Jerry Seinfeld (of stand up

and sitcom fame) with his first venture into a crowded market. Produced by Dreamworks, the animation is sharp, the jokes funny and the story just about silly enough to keep you smiling. No doubt it'll go on to rake it in at the box office, but this is a nice little number for those who like only a little sting in their tale.

Co-scripted with Roman Coppola and Jason Schwartzman and filmed in a country far from home, The Darjeeling Limited still bears the hallmarks of a Wes Anderson film. Three American brothers, who have not spoken to each other since their father's funeral a year previously, set off on a train voyage across India with a plan to find themselves and bond with each other. Architect of the plan is eldest

brother Francis (Owen Wilson), covered in bandages after a near-death motorcycle accident. Middle brother Peter (Adrien Brody) arrives smothered in anxieties about having a child with a woman he expected to divorce. Writer Jack, the youngest of the three, is obsessed with an ex-girlfriend, and constantly checks his answerphone for messages. As in previous films such as The Royal Tenenbaums and The Life

Aquatic with Steve Zissou, Wes Anderson offers a quirky insight into family ties with bizarre and hilarious interludes. The chaos of India really adds to the fervour of the brothers bonding session, with a beautiful yet unknown land offering the perfect backdrop to the strange unfolding of events. Another triumph for Anderson, and definitely one to watch as the closing Gala of the festival.



The Darjeeling Limited

Dir: Wes Anderson

★★★★★

view
from the gods

One of the most problematic issues which we face at what increasingly seems to me a crossroads in cultural progress mainly concerns the diminishing boundaries between the different art forms, and between art and reality.

This came to my attention whilst walking around Cambridge, a town not recently noted for cultural revolution, when I realised the extent to which art is happening all around us. The old woman ruminating outside Sainsbury's whilst sitting on a high tricycle, the strange suited young man (albeit wearing trainers) who jerked along to his iPod in front of King's. I wondered whether he was perhaps 'touched'. A friend less prejudiced than myself countered that even the 'touched' may be performance artists. Indeed, that infamous stalwart of our cobbled streets, the cycling homeless man with the radio, is the most obvious example.

These unnerving people all point towards a troubling issue: it is no longer possible to determine what is performance art and what is not. The cycling homeless man is an anarchist, and his daily endeavours along the same route constitute a statement rather than a charming insanity. This should surely merit a room in the Tate Britain this winter, if the room was big enough to cycle around, and the judges of the Turner prize prepared to accept someone who might not be ready to spout pseudo-intellectual justifications to the half-cynical-half-delighted press.

As we approach a fortnight at the ADC which comprises of another adaptation of a children's classic, attractive only to those gluttons for a rather precocious ironic appreciation of their childhood (which, one suspects, probably peaked with Roald Dahl). This is followed by a mainshow of equally problematic artistic potential, one of the most hackneyed musicals of all time (which may have proven to be only too tragically pertinent for those who auditioned unsuccessfully). It is not my intention to criticise these shows in advance; however, it seems that it is the ADC late-shows which are overshadowing their earlier counterparts in diversity and interest. This week's 'Tiny Dynamite', 'Mr Kolpert' and 'Attempts on her Life' all associate themselves with those sacred three syllables for those with an interest in anything which was written since 1956, the Royal Court.

All that remains to be said is that anyone willing to be involved or simply see a play should stop concerning themselves with the title or the number of songs or dances needed to persuade the audience that the mediocre subject matter will suffice.

Nineteen
Eighty-Four
ADC

Dir: Emily Cook

Theatre
★★★★★

Adapting Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* for the stage is an ambitious and alluring challenge. It offers both the depiction of a tyrannous empire's actual and ontological authority within the confines of the stage, and the realisation of inconceivable intellectual and emotional behaviour within the performance of the actors. Not to mention the problems of moustachioed Big Brothers, cavernous ministries and carnivorous rats. It is these challenges which constitute the generator behind this powerful production, and are to a large degree responsible for its strengths and weakness alike.

While the brilliance of the silver screen can claim do to justice to a novel's physical flights-of-fancy, only the intimacy of the stage can really do justice to a novel's psychological depths. Ed Rice as the protagonist Winston Smith embodied the intense inner conflict of physical and vocal hypocrisy, the novel's central concept. He masterfully presented the tragic oscillations of the character: through liberation and slavery, experience and innocence, and most poignantly from excessive love to unbridled hatred.

Strong performances also came

from Cat Gerrard and Dan Martin as Syme and Parsons, automations sipping at the last dregs of their humanity while ignorant of the absurdity of their own allegiance to the state. Jenny



DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

Kenyon gave a sincere and innocent Julia, and yet her chemistry with Winston Smith was never quite convincing. Finally David Walton gave an utterly compelling portrayal of O'Brien, and led the superb interrogation scenes – his commanding restraint contrasting perfectly with the crippled Winston, embodying the suffocating mass of authority against the

fading spark of individuality.

The stage fortified this theme with its daunting symmetry and a palette of soulless beige and metallic greys. This gave the brief distortion of bedrooms an appropriately uncomfortable lack of uniformity, and filtered the compelling monochrome of the final revelation. Disappointingly, the video effects and loudspeaker system seemed comparatively cheap and un-persuasive, not fitting for soviet-style superpower.

The brave avoidance of contemporising touches, the surprising discovery of the comic implications of this paradoxical dystopia, and the brilliant reduction of dense political theorising to the "two and two are five" mantra showed impressive directorial understanding.

While the theatrical re-imaginings were too modest to justify the adaptation of the novel or to reaffirm its significance for the audience, nonetheless, given the adrenaline of the play's momentary gasps of ecstasy and anguish, perhaps the notion of intellectual accountability is better suited to next week's late-night essay crisis than this week's ADC main-show.

Monty Stagg

The play follows the experiences of two men, Anthony (Pablo Navarro-MacLochlainn) and Lucien (Rob Carter), who take a trip down to the sea-side for the summer. There was something unique about the treatment of such an unoriginal situation that one was never even aware of the clichés.

An accident in which Anthony was struck by lightning and the suicide of a close friend cause a tangible tension in their relationship. Lucien is in risk-assessment and Anthony is homeless. The crude symbolism of the former, and the contrast between the two may have seemed too awkward a device, but it was explored with care. At

one point Anthony explains that when Lucien found him licking the pavement, it was not a testament to how debased his life is, proclaiming "I just liked the taste". When a woman arrives to deliver fruit to the men, events from their past resurface and are re-examined. This culminates in an interesting scene in which the conclusion of the story is invented onstage.

The stylised movement provided energy which the play slightly lacked towards the end, and Strictly-Come-Dancing scene changes with irritating muzak had an unnerving effect.

Touches of absurdism such as forks suspended from the ceiling and falling sandwiches added a

crucial texture to the play which privileged the fantastical whilst preserving a close emotional dynamic. One of the greatest successes of the production was that the treatment of the subject matter was not too serious. Moments such as the appearance of fireflies, car headlights, and the cinema scene were playful and very effective.

On occasion the awkwardness which was so necessary early on was too prevalent and the silences too portentous, and the dialogue too consistently loud, but this wasn't enough to detract from this well-acted, well-directed and simply enjoyable play.

Ted Decomine

Tiny Dynamite
ADC

Dir: Kate O'Connor

Theatre
★★★★★Footlights' Virgin Smoker
ADCTheatre
★★★★★

Footlights really do take a risk when putting on a Virgin Smoker: over 20 "comic" acts take the stage with nothing in common except their virginities and the enthusiasm of young hamsters.

Tuesday night's Virgin Smoker proved, however, that sometimes such risks are worth taking. That is not to say that every act that stepped on stage showed the comic promise that perhaps Mitchell, Webb, Cleese, or Sword once showed in their early attempts at being humorous. I do not even mean to suggest that every act was good; members of the packed audience did have the pleasure of viewing some truly appalling comedy. However, the general standard was high and it was a bloody good way to spend an hour and a half.

Most of the twenty acts were reasonably good, but I will share with you my cut for the very best and the worst of the virgins.

Firstly, a general point; ginger haired people comparing themselves to Ron Weasley lacks originality. This was proven by the independently drawn comparisons of no less than three carrot-topped freshers between themselves and said wizard. To be avoided in future, perhaps. Other things worthy of evasion include mocking freshers for not having enough sex (implicitly propounding the unlikely proposition that the comedian himself is having a lot of sex). That all of the above featured very heavily in the sets of two performers gave the show some marked low points.

That these lows were so evident was due only to the exceptional standard of some of the comedians. Pete Riley, in the role of Malcolm Platoon, is well versed in stand up, having once headed up the Durham Revue. His performance made this quite clear: he gave a perfect parody of the aphorism-spouting, 'system-fucking', moronic liberal. Equally worthy of mention was Nate Dern, who read a poem about the kitchen utensils that he is like and unlike. His turn of phrase and American accent (tinged with neuroses worthy of Woody Allen) made this simple but quirky idea a real comic gem. "I am like the toaster. If you stick a fork in me I'll electrocute you" was one of my particular favourites. We will undoubtedly

be seeing these two gentlemen being very funny again in the future.

Abigail, a fresh face hailing from Girton, managed to avoid the pitfalls commonly associated with female stand-ups: she did not talk about periods, relationships, or diets. She did, much to everyone's amusement, talk about zoology. The show ended on a high, with Toby and Celeste offering up a well delivered pastiche of a kids' TV show (the second, but unquestionably the better, of the evening).

By far and large, the performers lost their Smoker virginities smoothly and without embarrassment, which is more than can be said for many who have gone before them.

Tash Lennard

Ian Brown Corn Exchange

Live Review
★★★★★

I've been told that it's a good idea to start reviews with a joke, so here goes: Ian Brown's solo career.

The Stone Roses are an influential, important band, but the world doesn't need its self-deluded lead singer peddling out bad covers of songs mostly written, and made great, by estranged guitarist John Squire. I wanted to enjoy this gig. But much like ketchup-flavoured crisps, or Britney Spears' live comeback (still got love for you, Brit) I knew it was a bad idea from the start.

The first indication this was going a similar way to Miss Spears' VMAs fiasco, was realising that the lighting design was better than the rest of the performances. I could have watched the crazy neon strips on their own: literally and figuratively they outshone everything else. Brown spent most of the gig flapping maniacally or standing amidst his apathetic colleagues. Staring vacantly into the crowd, he looked like a mashed extra from Hollyoaks lost in a Klaxons video.

Despite this, I was the only person not loving it, and the mid-set rendition of 'I am the Resurrection' encouraged crowd surfing, showers of pints and roars from everyone around us. The song sums up Brown's current career: one man trying to survive by resurrecting 'classic' material that will fill the beer-soaked Ben Sherman masses with enough drunken nostalgia to forget that the songs no longer sound good anymore. 'I am the Resurrection' can still sound brilliant - on record.

Brown finished on two more classics: Fool's Gold and F.E.A.R., both incredible pieces of song writing, both massacred by his complete inability to stay in tune or use any real words. He changed the lyrics to Fool's Gold until they resembled a soup of mumbled cack; do not even get me started on F.E.A.R. The strings, that are looped on a frigging computer, were more competent than he was. At least they kept in time.

Sorry, Ian Brown fans. I really

would have liked to have been converted. I have a problem with acts trying to cash in on their former greatness. The retroism and doe-eyed nostalgia of the contemporary music industry is allowing once-mighty old rock'n'rollers to jump on the band wagon, reform and bleed impressionable cool-hungry fuckers like us dry. Brian Wilson was undoubtedly a genius, if a nutcase; now he is outshone by his backing band. Led Zeppelin want to go

on tour despite the fact that John Bonham, possibly the greatest drummer of all time, is very much dead. Debbie Harry, once the most beautiful woman in the world, now plays biker-dykes in films about crystal meth addiction.

Watching Ian Brown spend an evening mostly failing to sing songs that he mostly failed to write makes me want to listen to the Stone Roses. Not for a sentimental reminiscence of better days, just to check whether they might have been good in the first place.

Lowri Jenkins



Les Mamelles de Tirésias Great St Mary's

Opera
★★★★★

Surrealist author Guillaume Apollinaire wrote Les Mamelles de Tirésias in 1917. Everything is alienating, everything is senseless, everything is funny. Breasts are balloons for bursting, babies are "conceived" of anything to hand, Zanzibar inspires clowns to a shoot-out. In 1944, composer Francis Poulenc took his contemporary's work and set about blending it into an opéra bouffe. Literary concerns ("blood from an inkwell... A brain that stops him from thinking... A tongue made for spouting drivel") lie alongside those musical - pianos and violins flying around and self-referential calls to "Sing!" This gem was performed by CUOS last week in Great St. Mary's. Le directeur sang from

the pulpit, the choir from the gallery. The aisle acted as runway for bounding clowns, crudely caricatured "French" moustaches, and women in the triumphant throes of sexual rebellion. Perhaps the orchestra partially hidden beneath the gallery was a bit of a messy compromise, but their sound was strong and spirited, and reached us without distortion. The singers were invariably impressive. Husband (John Robb) and the gendarme (Gareth John) made a charmingly absurd couple, Robb's tenor firm, and ascending appropriately at the policeman's lecherous advances. The futile duelling of clownish Lacouf (Gerald Beatty) and Presto (John Barber) joined the orchestra's dirge-like tones with

great irony. The lead female/male part of Thérèse/Tirésias was sung by Ruth Jenkins. My choral co-spectators estimate she reached a top D-flat, and she did so with an easy, bolshy subtlety which is rare anywhere, let alone in a university church. Spinal shivers made the cold church colder whenever she sang her unremittingly demanding part. Jenkins never conspicuously faltered in her vertiginous ascents and descents. To boot, her face, her gesturing limbs, her gravity, possessed imperiousness, audacity, and great beauty; her voice had all these in vivacious abundance. Here's hoping she runs as fast toward an operatic stage as her lungs can carry her.

Eleanor Burton



Roisin Murphy's first incarnation was as the singer in Moloko, best remembered for their hits Sing It Back and The Time Is Now. Then came Ruby Blue, her first solo album, which was well received but a commercial failure. It was a collaboration with Matthew Herbert, who brought a wide array of instruments and samples and reinvented her as an experimental pop star.

As soon as her second album

Overpowered begins, riding a synthesized, farting bassline, it becomes clear that Murphy has chosen a more electronic approach. Collaborators this time include members of Bugz in the Attic and Groove Armada, and while they may lack Herbert's pedigree, they are better at playing to Murphy's strengths. The album is a tour through much of dance music's history, and Murphy always sounds comfortable, whether playing house diva on Let Me Know or eurodance siren on You Know Me Better. Her vocals are given more space, and they impress more than ever. She sings with a new exuberance, especially over the chunky synths of Movie Star, and reveals emotional depth on slower tracks like Primitive and Dear Miami. Murphy rescues female singers from the anonymity they often experience in dance music. Despite the importance of the collaborators,

her personality comes through clearly, and manages to unite the album's influences. The most prominent of these may actually be disco, when tracks like Checkin' On Me complement the electronic effects with strings and horns worthy of a Quincy Jones production.

The album drops off very slightly towards the end, unable to maintain the rush of its earlier tracks, but it's far more consistent than most contemporary pop or dance albums. Despite its tributes to music from the past, it manages to be inventive and, crucially, every song boasts a strong melody. The album sometimes brings Madonna to mind (the synths on Footprints bear a great similarity to those on Holiday) but the comparison favours Murphy. She's raised the bar high, and Madonna would do well to follow her example.

Daniel Cohen

Roisin Murphy Overpowered

Album
★★★★★

albums every right-minded person should own



The Queen Is Dead The Smiths

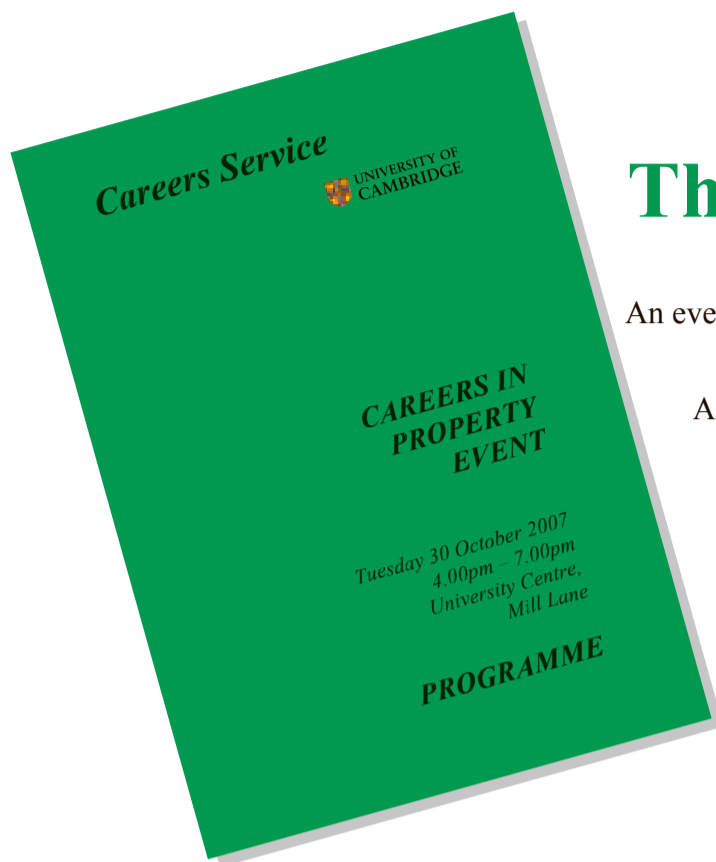
The Smiths were a phenomenon. In just four years they produced six albums of the highest quality and churned out timeless singles like This Charming Man and How Soon Is Now? with the utmost ease. While the albums Hatful of Hollow (a collection mostly of B-sides, better than most bands' greatest hits) and Meat Is Murder are classics, the band's apogee came in their 1986 album The Queen Is Dead. Opening with a brief snatch of the 1916 standard Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty, as soon as the title track's thunderous drums break through and Morrissey's half-heard ethereal call of *I don't/Bless them* floats over the music, the listener can look forward to a work which stretches the definition of what 'indie rock' can be. There is witty music-hall in the form of Frankly, Mr. Shankly, an invective against a former boss which includes the immortal couplet *Oh, I didn't realise that you wrote poetry / I didn't realise you wrote such bloody awful poetry*. There is classic 80s miserabilism in I Know It's Over and Never Had No One Ever, although when done this well it can be almost life-affirming. There is sunshine pop from the unlikely sources of Cemetery [sic] Gates and The Boy With the Thorn in his Side, almost like the Beach Boys if Brian Wilson read Yeats. They're all wonderful songs, but the triple crown of the album consists of The Queen Is Dead, Bigmouth Strikes Again and There Is a Light That Never Goes Out, three of the greatest achievements in the art of popular music. Each one is a caustic yet love-lorn poem set to an intricate arrangement performed by a guitarist, bassist and drummer who play as if with one mind, and sung by a unique voice. Morrissey's world-weary persona may have been lapsing into self-parody ever since, but on The Queen Is Dead his emotional power is shocking. There Is a Light That Never Goes Out, a paean to death sandwiched between the jaunty Vicar In A Tutu and Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others, was the pinnacle of the Smiths' achievement; yet the whole album stands as an example to the generations, emblazoned with the declaration that This Is What Music Should Be.

Hugo Gye

Careers Service event



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	film	theatre	music	other	going out
pick of the week	Grave of the Fireflies Sat 27 Oct, Old Labs, Newnham Gardens, 20.00, free This week, the Newnham Film Society bring us a tragic picture following the lives of a young boy and his little sister as they struggle to survive in Japan during World War II. Brutally powerful and beautifully produced, it's another incredible dose of anime from Studio Ghibli (also responsible for the brilliant Spirited Away, Princess Mononoke, and Howl's Moving Castle). It also manages to be one of the most touching war films ever made. Disney who?	The Fall of the House of Usher Tues 30 Oct - Sat 3 Oct, ADC Theatre, 23.00, £4 - £6 Everyone likes a creepy gothic tale involving incest, catalepsy, premature burial and mental disorder (especially incest - a bizarrely recurrent theme in most of the books I choose to study), and this production of Steven Berkoff's adaptation of Edgar Allen Poe's story promises to deliver them in spades... Spades of dry earth piled one-by-one atop your coffin as you frantically scrape at the lid! Anyway, it'll make a suitably halloweenish night's entertainment - just buy a bag of Fizzy Fangs from a local non-specific supermarket and you're ready to go.	The Young Knives Fri 26 Oct, The Graduate, 19.30, £10  As our interview proved, underneath the staid tweed of lead-singer Henry Dartnall, there actually lies the beating heart of a ferocious... bird-watcher. Oh well. Apparently the tweed is being phased out anyway, leaving nothing but the art-punk tunes you all know and love.	Concert by Trio Mediaeval: Folk Songs Sat 27 Oct Trinity College Chapel, 19.30, £6 - £16 Trio Mediaeval, three Scandinavian sopranos who have soared to the top of the classical music charts in recent years, return to Trinity Chapel, where they decided to turn professional. Their programme includes traditional Norwegian folk songs, hymns and medieval ballads, and is accompanied by Birger Misteregg, a specialist on Norwegian percussion. Wow. I managed to write this whole piece about Scandinavian women without making a joke about 'Norwegian wood'. Damn it.	Duplo and Pins+Needles Present Rocknroll Gypsy Electro Grime Wed 31 Oct, Kambar, £2 before 11, £3.50 after, happy hour till 11. I thought that the title of this event would fill up the box, but no. So, some more words about Duplo and Pins+Needles Present Rocknroll Gypsy Electro Grime (in the unlikely event that the name of the event, unlike a popular wood-stain treatment, doesn't do exactly what it says on the tin). There will be rocknroll, there will be gypsy, there will be electro, and there will be grime. Also, it is presented by Duplo and Pins+Needles. Nice.
	friday 26 Sicko Arts Picturehouse, 13.40, 16.10, 18.40, 21.10 Bowling for Columbine Arts Picturehouse, 23.10	Nineteen Eighty-Four ADC Theatre, 19.45 Tiny Dynamite ADC Theatre, 23.00	The Young Knives The Graduate, 19.30, £10 Knives Out (we wanted to use that as the interview headline, but it wouldn't fit).	Carol Bernstein - Paintings and Prints Clare Hall, 9.00 - 17.00 Lunchtime Concert Kettle's Yard, 13.10 - 13.50 Showcasing the best in student musical talent.	The Get Down Soul Tree, £4 before 22.00 Friday Fez Fez, 22.00-03.30, £5 before 22.30, £7 thereafter Generator Kambar, 22.00-03.30, £3
	saturday 27 Grave of the Fireflies Newnham Gardens, 20.00 Sicko Arts Picturehouse, 13.40, 16.10, 18.40, 21.10 Bowling for Columbine Arts Picturehouse, 23.00	Nineteen Eighty-Four ADC Theatre, 19.45 Tiny Dynamite ADC Theatre, 23.00	Republic of Loose / Godfather The Graduate, 19.30, £5	Trio Mediaeval Sing Folk Songs Trinity College, 19.30 - 21.30, £6 - £16 World famous trio of Scandinavian sopranos perform traditional songs.	Instinct Soul Tree, £6 before 22.00 The Indie Thing Kambar, 22.00-03.30, £2 before 22.30, £3 with NUS, £5 Liquid People Fez, 22.00-03.00, £6/£8
	sunday 28 Sicko Arts Picturehouse, 13.40, 16.10, 18.40, 21.10 Volver Arts Picturehouse, 12.00 The Counterfeiters Arts Picturehouse, 16.20	Footlights Bar Smoker ADC Theatre, 19.45	The Proclaimers Corn Exchange, 19.00 How far would you walk? Go on, how far? Huh? Huh?	Francis Davison, Collages and Jack Shanahan, Drawings Kettle's Yard, 11.30 - 17.00	The Sunday Service Club 22, 22.00-03.00, £4/£5
	monday 29 Sicko Arts Picturehouse, 13.40, 16.10, 18.40, 21.10 The Counterfeiters Arts Picturehouse, 16.20	Who even likes the fucking theatre anyway?	Los Campesinos! / You Say Party! We Say Die! The Graduate, 20.00 You! Me! Dancing! I freakin' love this band!	Masaaki Suzuki and Carolyn Sampson West Road Concert Hall, 19.30, £14 - £27 Another Bach-attack.	Fat Poppadaddy's Fez, 22.00-03.30 £3/£4 Renacimiento Soul Tree, free before 23.00, £3/£4 after 00.00
	tuesday 30 The Witnesses Arts Picturehouse, 14.15, 18.45 The Queen Arts Picturehouse, 13.30	James and the Giant Peach ADC Theatre, 19.00 Mr Kolpert ADC Theatre, 21.00 The Fall of the House of Usher ADC Theatre, 23.00	MC Lars / Last Letter Read The Graduate, 19.30, £7	Birkbeck lectures - Inventing the counter-reformation: religion under Mary Tudor Mill Lane Lecture Rooms, 17.00 - 18.30 Lecture by Prof. Eamon Duffy.	Wake Up Screaming Kambar, 21.00 - 02.00 £3.50 Ebonics Fez, 22.00-03.00, £2/£4 Kinki Hogwarts Witches and Wizards Party Ballare, 21.00 - 02.00, £2/£3
	wednesday 31 The Counterfeiters Arts Picturehouse, 16.20 The Witnesses Arts Picturehouse, 14.15, 18.45	James and the Giant Peach ADC Theatre, 19.00 Mr Kolpert ADC Theatre, 21.00 The Fall of the House of Usher ADC Theatre, 23.00	Tonight, why not listen to a CD instead? Bright Eyes is good. Very good.	CU Wine Society Presents Joseph Perrier Champagne Emmanuel, 21.00-23.00, £10, book online at www.cuws.co.uk	Melamondo Fez, 22.00-03.00, free before 22.00, £3 after 00.00 SUAD! Halloween Soul Tree, 21.00 - 03.00, £4
	thursday 1 Sicko Arts Picturehouse, 13.40, 16.10, 18.40, 21.10 Once Arts Picturehouse, 12.15, 21.20	James and the Giant Peach ADC Theatre, 19.00 Mr Kolpert ADC Theatre, 21.00 The Fall of the House of Usher ADC Theatre, 23.00	Beverley Knight Corn Exchange, 19.30, £22.50 The Mules / Eugene McGuiness The Graduate, 19.30	Lunchtime Talks Kettle's Yard, 13.10 - 13.50 A talk about endangered birds. I know. I know.	Spoonfed: Shy FX Fez, 22.00-03.00, £6/£7 Freak Off La Raza, 21.00-01.00, £3

More Film...

Sicko
Fri 26 Oct onwards, Arts Picturehouse, 13.40, 16.10, 18.40, 21.10 (times may vary)

After the thought-provoking study of Bowling for Columbine, and the dubious polemic of Fahrenheit 9/11, Michael Moore moves on to the topic of healthcare - the patients vs. the pharmaceutical business. Expect emotive music, grainy montages, and all his other classic techniques. Cheap and politically simplistic film-making for idiots, and I'm on his side.



More Music...

Los Campesinos! / You Say Party! We Say Die!
Mon 29 Oct, The Graduate, 20.00

Yes, it's an excitable grammar love-in as the multiple exclamation mark boasting bands come to Cambridge. I don't know much about WSP!YSD!, but I do know that LC! are just about the most brilliant thing I've heard all year, and they haven't even released an album yet. If you gave sour sweets a few guitars and a tambourine, it'd sound something like this.

Queens' Ents A&E

Sat 27th Oct
Queens' Fitzpatrick Hall

If you lost both legs in a car accident, you might think that a hospital was the best place to go. But you'd be wrong - emergency cheese at Queens' this weekend would be by far your best bet. Dress like a doctor, a nurse or a disease, and arrive early because this one is perennially popular. Drinks are dirt cheap and eminently quaffable, and the music will be literally the stuff of legends. Expect, once again, absolute carnage.



Restaurant Review

Tom Evans

Bruno's Brasserie

★★★★★



It has always been a nagging ambition of mine to eat my way through the presents given in The Twelve Days of Christmas. I'm not doing too bad. I once killed a dove by accident when I was playing a game of Shoot the Dove in my better years - I ate it with the gang. If I ever get married (the odds are stacked against me) then I promise I will make my wife buy me five gold rings under the pretence that I have jealous fingers so each finger needs one, then I will eat them all right there in the church before I even kiss her. The geese a-laying will be harder, because it is always hard to eat an animal as it gives birth. Case point: cats. The swans a-swimming I can manage. The others are all fairly human (maids a-milking, ladies dancing, etc), but you can't make an omelette without breaking some eggs.

While it wasn't served in a pear tree (for which I dock a star), the partridge at Bruno's knocked one more culinary day of Christmas off my list. Apparently the partridge is meant to symbolise Christ because in Luke (13:34) Christ expresses his sadness over the fate of Jerusalem thus: "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How often would I have sheltered you under my wings, as a hen does her chicks, but you would not have it so..." This doesn't satisfy, because just as a hen is not a partridge, a partridge is not a hen. They're just different things. And a hen in a pear tree would be chaos. A nice song is immediately spoilt.

With the exception of my guest (who embarrassed me by trying to drink his pistachio ice-cream from its espresso cup) nothing at Bruno's spoilt my evening. The stroll across Parker's Piece to Mill Road made a Bruno-sized hole in my stomach. The food is quality brasserie stuff, sometimes cooked with a certain spicy flair courtesy of the first chef, who came from South Africa (and recently returned there to some acclaim). Wee sea beasts are often served in smaller portions than one might hope for, so the decent serving of squid was more than welcome for starters. The duck for mains came in tender chunks, and though the all-important partridge turned out to be a little dehydrated, the beautifully cooked sweet potato and broccoli quenched its thirst. The £10 two-course lunch menu is definitely worth a try, as is a gander at the party rooms for-hire at the back of the joint. Go there soon before Mr Tesco moves on to Mill Road and has his wicked way with the whole area.

Can I get a table please...?

As **Anna Wood** discovers, for a selection of Cambridge 'celebrities', playing the Cambridge card isn't always quite enough...

Professor Hawking

The Savoy Grill, London



ANNA WOOD: Hello. I was just wondering if you had a table for two at 8pm tonight please?

SAVOY GRILL: Um, I have something at 9.

AW: Sorry, I forgot to say that I'm calling on behalf of Professor Hawking.

SG: Sorry I don't know who that is.

AW: Professor Stephen Hawking, the great physicist. He really needs a table at 8.

SG: Has he booked with us before?

AW: Sorry, I'm talking about Professor Stephen Hawking. Of 'A Brief History in Time' fame. He's been working on the basic laws of the universe. He's not asking for the world. He wants a table at 8. Is that really too much to ask? He was awarded a CBE in 1992 and he should be knighted any day now.

SG: Sorry I'm afraid there's nothing I can do without a contact number.

Professor Alison Richard

Le Caprice, London



AW: Good morning, do you have a table for two at 8pm tonight please?

LE CAPRICE: I can do you something from 6 until 8.

AW: I'm afraid that's no good. I am calling from Professor Richard's office.

LC: Yes, but I'm afraid we're fully booked.

AW: No, that's Professor Alison Richard's office, Vice Chancellor of Cambridge University.

LC: Yes, but I'm afraid I'm still fully booked.

AW: Yes, I understand, but she holds honorary degrees from Peking University, China, the University of Antananarivo, Madagascar, York University, Toronto and the University of Edinburgh, and in 2005 she was appointed Officier de l'Ordre National, surely that deserves a little recognition? Does education count for nothing these days?

LC: I'm very sorry but I can't overbook myself.

Germaine Greer

The Gordon Ramsay Restaurant, London



AW: Hi, can I make a reservation for two tonight at 8pm?

GORDAN RAMSAY'S: I'm afraid we're fully booked.

AW: Did I mention that I'm calling for Germaine Greer?

GR: I don't think so (snorting) but let me double check...Oh, we're actually fully booked.

AW: There's nothing you can do at any other time? I'm calling on behalf of Germaine Greer; she did write The Female Eunuch.

GR: Yes, yes, but whilst we're all big fans, we still only have 14 tables. We book 2 calendar months in advance.

AW: Yes, but I've been on hold for over 5 minutes; I find it inexcusable that you can't find a table for Germaine. She's a very important client; she's been on Celebrity Big Brother!

GR: I can double check with Jean-Claude when he comes in.

AW: You can't do another time?

GR: I'm afraid not.

Varsity Food & Drink Editor

The Ivy, London



AW: Hi, can I have a table for two at 8pm tonight please?

THE IVY: I'm afraid I have nothing free at the moment.

AW: It's for the Food & Drink editor of Varsity Newspaper; they're planning to run a big feature on where to eat out in the capital.

TI: I'm afraid I can't do anything at the moment; we could maybe put them on the waiting list.

AW: No I'm afraid a waiting list just isn't going to work for him, his schedule's really tight.

TI: You'd need to call back later I'm afraid.

AW: No, I don't think you quite understand. It's for the Food & Drink editor of Varsity Newspaper; V-A-R-S-I-T-Y. He really needs a table at 8. Have you not heard of Varsity Newspaper at all?

TI: I'm afraid I haven't but my director will have. We're more than happy to put him on the waiting list for tonight though.

How to... throw the perfect dinner party

Dinner parties are notoriously difficult to get right. In literature they are often the scene of intellectual snobbery and slight, whilst in soapland, the characters usually end up embroiled in full-scale slanging matches, often with the revelation of some long-hidden secret (I'm pretty sure that the "You're not my mother!" "Yes I am!" Slater episode in 'Enders' is followed by some kind of food and family get together).

To avoid disaster, it's best to plan in advance. The most important element of a successful dinner party is the guestlist. Being a third year, I've managed to wheedle out the more boring characters in college to surround myself with a splendid group of witty and intellectual beings. If, however, you have not yet achieved such dizzying heights of social perfection, it's time to do so. Think back to all the events you've been to in the past year and then think of all the times the people who were around at the time. Those are the people you want to annihilate. Immediately.

As long as the company's good, people won't mind too much if the food's not up to the highest standards. It's worth making an effort though, if only for your own smug satisfaction. Don't overstretch yourself –

it's no point planning an elaborate four course meal if you only have two hobs. Also, be sure to cook within your range; go with tried and tested rather than something that has the potential to be a disaster on the night. Be sure to check out any dietary requirements of your guests too – being a veggie, it's pretty annoying to turn up somewhere and realise you haven't been catered for.

The ambience is crucial – above all, it is essential to ensure that the music fits the

mood. For all that the Sainsbury's Christmas Catalogue might tell you that Katie Melua makes perfect dinner party music, it is important to remember that she does not.

Katie Melua is never permissible in any circumstances. EVER. The music should be interesting – Amy Winehouse/Winebox and Rufus Wainwright are perfect, not only because their music will lend a certain drama to proceedings but also because they are interesting personalities. Katie Melua will never stimulate any discussion other than how boring she is. Winehouse and Wainwright will probably start conversations as varied as drug abuse, beehives and gay sex.

Otherwise, the ambience of the event is largely down to decoration. Unless themed,



the decoration should be restrained, nay, even classy. Candles are a must in Cambridge, as they serve to illuminate the beautiful mahogany panelling of the rooms (unless you reside in Robinson, in which case it's likely you reside in some brick shithouse of a hellhole). Dress the table well – don't use those placemats that your Mum bought in BHS in the '80s and palmed off on you before you left – pop down to The Pier and buy some new ones. Nobody likes to see their meat and two veg slapped down on some outdated floral monstrosity.

If, once your guests have arrived, it feels like it's not going to plan, you have a few options. If it's a problem with the food, put your hand in your pocket and order a mass takeout (it'll probably be better food anyway). If it's the ambience, turn the lights down a bit lower (it'll make those BHS placemats a little bit harder to see). If your guests are a bit boring, encourage some kind of row (above all, your party should be interesting). Kat Slater or Katie Melua? I know whose dinner party I'd rather go to.

Joe Fowler

AUNTY AMY

Solves your problems

Dear Aunty,

I just started Cambridge this year, and I've made loads of amazing new friends and I'm feeling really happy and great about myself. The only problem is that I've really changed since school, and now I'm starting to worry that my home and uni lives aren't really compatible. I come from a small village where there's just one pub and lots of goats, yet now I'm going clubbing twice-weekly (alternating Cindies and Club 22 - mental!), wearing pashminas and just really living the highlife. My friends from home are coming up next weekend for my birthday and I'm worried about what they'll think of the new me and how they'll fit in. My new friends here are super cool and seriously into drinking and lads and stuff, and my old ones really aren't at all. Over my gap year, I went travelling to poor countries and really grew up: I got more into fashion and tried weed and lost my puppy fat (there was a lot: my nickname at school was Huge Dog Girl). What do I do? What will my two groups of friends make of each other?

Desperate Helen

Dear Helen,

AHHHHH!!!!!!

No, it's not really that bad; I've just been reading about someone else whose situation is much worse than yours. Really, you've not got much of a problem at all. (Though, it's funny, I do definitely really feel for you, perhaps it's just become instinctive with me now?)

Having dissimilar, maybe even incompatible, groups of friends is really very normal. We all meet lots of people at different points in our lives and within different contexts. Just imagine how much this will all increase as you grow older. Try not to over-stress about your birthday problem in itself: think of it more as a tip of the iceberg.

It sounds to me as though you love and relate to both groups of friends

in different ways.

They might not all mix, but that's ok. Enjoy it! Variety is so spicy! My friend Sophie (she's so nice, Sophie) started going sailing at the weekends for a while in year 9. We didn't like it because it didn't involve Ribena and vodka mixes or baggy trousers and ugly boys. But that was her choice and there's no accounting for others.

Now, one day (maybe a Friday?), she decided to have a lovely party and invite us as well as her sporty friends. It was a huge-big disaster. No one got on at all. They talked about the sea and we called them "The Rubbish Sailors" and I lost my house keys. But afterwards, we had a chat and she explained that we were all her friends and she liked us all for different reasons. She told us that these reasons reflected her varying interests and the sides of her personality and that we should just accept this and that I should stop drawing attention to my keys dilemma and start thinking about someone else for a change. And so everything was smoothed over nicely.

I'd try a similar tactic on your birthday. Tell each group separately that you're really excited that they're going to meet your other friends. Say that you don't think they're much like each other, but that they've got you in common and that you think this should be more than enough to gel them or at least get them all a bit tacky. And then try to remind them that you're an interesting person with varied tastes and friends to match. Say this last bit in a large pretentious voice to make everyone listening feel small and therefore more inclined to agree.

But just please don't invite me as I really hate awkwardness.

Best wishes my love!
Your Aunty Amy

Amy Hoggart is the KCSU Welfare Officer.



ALEX ENGLANDER TALKS TO

MADAME LE CLAIRE



Dear Madame Le Claire,

I'm really keen to get in on the Cambridge am-dram scene, but there are so many good people and it's really competitive. Also, I don't have much acting experience. Have you any advice?
WP, Peterhouse

Real thespian talent is in fact rather thin on the ground in Cambridge and a little back-scratching should get you at the centre of things. And don't worry about being an amateur; you may surprise yourself. During her youthful gap-year in Boston, my sister Colette was at an international academy and was roped in to the am-dram society. Despite being most inexperienced, she managed to pull off Two Gentlemen of Verona without a single prompt. Quite a feat, especially as she still had to work through Twelve Angry Men waiting in the wings.

Dear Madame Le Claire,
I live on an all-girls corridor and have to maintain the pretence of looking immaculate 24/7. When I get up early for a 9am lecture I tend to have triple-glazed eyes and hair like Hiroshima without the symmetry, and so I check that the coast is clear before setting off. Yet the girl opposite always springs out of her room just in time to catch me. She has perfect hair and makeup, a Mary Poppinsesque sunny disposition, and not a garment out of place. I think I hate her - is this wrong?
LKR, Homerton

Not really. She obviously gets up at 6am just to get ready, so revenge seems to be in order. And not just the usual techniques of defecating in her slippers and shoving pieces of caesium between the bristles of her toothbrush. No, you must actually sneak in and adjust her alarm clock, before waiting outside her door in anticipation of a flustered and chaotic emergence. As a finishing touch you may like to invite the rest of your corridor to witness her shame. Your final victory will be secured as you watch them systematically disown her as a personal friend, because frankly darling, you all sound like a bunch of complete bitches to me anyway.

Dear Madame Le Claire,

A good friend of mine is a college RAG rep, and continually pestering me for money. I do like to give to charity, but I can't help but think that she's making frequent and unfair demands on my pocket. What should I do to let her know what I think without appearing inappropriate?
TU, Sidney Sussex

Stop being such a meanie. I'm sure that your friend isn't asking for your bank details, and your letter to me has clearly been written with a Schaeffer pen. Though you may want to remind her that charity begins at home: whenever I find myself in need, Monsieur Le Claire is invariably able to raise and give at will.

Dear Madame Le Claire,
I can't get my wrinkle out/It's a proper sin/The more I try to get it out/The further it goes in./I can't get my wrinkle out/It's a proper doer/Can't get it out with my little bent pin/Tell me 'ave you got a skewer?
KK, Emma

No, but dear sister Colette has a dainty little brush with plenty of juice for basting.

Dear Madame Le Claire,
I recently took to riding a bicycle around town. As a rather well constructed gentlemen, I find the saddle dreadfully uncomfortable. To avoid feeling as though I was being struck between the legs with a crowbar, I started to lean forward with my rear hovering above the saddle. After some overenthusiastic peddling, this resulted in a horrible imbalance, and I was hurled into the cyclist in front. Any solutions?
GF, Clare

This may not be as awful as you think. Monsieur Le Claire's cousin, Emile, met his future partner when they were both in the Tour de France. In a moment of frenzied excitement he rode his front derailleur right into her pannier rack. Though if you don't want to ride 'croupe en l'air', then keep your rear block in place, hold fast to your butted tube and, perhaps, purchase a cushioned seat.

CAMsAY Street Episode 4

LATER THAT DAY...

IT'S CAL... I THINK HE HAS FEELINGS FOR LEE. WHAT CAN I DO?

HI JEN, ARE YOU AROUND LATER? I REALLY WANT TO TALK.

ME TOO. SEE YOU LATER.

THAT'S AWFUL! BUT KIM... I THINK I'M PREGNANT.

NO!! HAVE YOU TOLD LEE?

THE THING IS, IT MIGHT NOT BE HIS...

SHOULD I TELL LEE? OR MAYBE DR PRETTIE? AND WHAT'S GOING ON WITH CAL?

SHOULD I CONFRONT CAL? WHAT IF I'VE TURNED HIM GAY?

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(Not Wed)

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Fri-Sun 13.00 Daily 15.30 (Not Tues/Wed)
Fri/Mon/Tues 18.00 20.30

RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (15) (2h)
(NFT) Daily 21.20* Fri/Sat Late 23.40*

THE DARK IS RISING (12a) (2h) (NFT) Fri-Sun
10.00 12.30

NANCY DREW (PG) (2h) (NFT) Fri-Sun
10.20 12.40

SURFS UP (PG) (1h45) Fri-Sun 10.40

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Results

Football

Men's Blues 5-0 Loughborough III
Men's II 5-2 De Montfort IV

Men's College Division 1

St Catharine's 2-0 Darwin
Trinity 2-0 Caius
Christ's 2-3 ARU
Fitzwilliam 1-1 Jesus
Churchill 1-4 St John's

	P	W	D	L	GFGA	GD	Pts
ST CATHARINE'S	2	2	0	0	10	1	6
TRINITY	2	2	0	0	4	0	6
ARU	2	2	0	0	6	3	6
JESUS	2	1	1	0	2	1	4
CHRIST'S	2	1	1	1	6	3	3
ST JOHN'S	2	1	1	1	4	5	-1
FITZWILLIAM	2	0	0	1	1	3	-2
DARWIN	2	0	0	2	0	3	-3
CAIUS	2	0	0	2	1	5	-4
CHURCHILL	2	0	0	2	2	12	-10

Men's College Division 2

Downing 3-0 Trinity Hall
Girton 5-0 Churchill II
Kings 1-1 Selwyn
Homerton 4-3 Sidney
Pembroke 2-2 Kings

	P	W	D	L	GFGA	GD	Pts
DOWNING	2	2	0	0	10	1	6
GIRTON	2	2	0	0	8	2	6
SELWYN	2	1	1	0	4	2	4
HOMERTON	2	1	0	1	5	6	-1
KINGS	2	0	2	0	3	3	0
PEMBROKE	1	0	1	0	2	2	0
LONG ROAD	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
SIDNEY	2	0	0	2	5	7	-2
TRINITY HALL	1	0	0	1	0	3	-3
CHURCHILL II	2	0	0	2	1	12	-11

Men's College Division 2

Downing 3-0 Trinity Hall
Girton 5-0 Churchill II
Kings 1-1 Selwyn
Homerton 4-3 Sidney
Pembroke 2-2 Kings

	P	W	D	L	GFGA	GD	Pts
DOWNING	2	2	0	0	10	1	6
GIRTON	2	2	0	0	8	2	6
SELWYN	2	1	1	0	4	2	4
HOMERTON	2	1	0	1	5	6	-1
KINGS	2	0	2	0	3	3	0
PEMBROKE	1	0	1	0	2	2	0
LONG ROAD	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
SIDNEY	2	0	0	2	5	7	-2
TRINITY HALL	1	0	0	1	0	3	-3
CHURCHILL II	2	0	0	2	1	12	-11

Hockey

Women's Blues 18-0 ARU
Women's II 3-2 Loughborough IV

Men's College Division 1

St Catharine's 1-2 Jesus
St John's 2-1 Cambridge City
Caius 1-2 St Catharine's
Emmanuel 1-6 Cambridge City

	P	W	D	L	GFGA	GD	Pts
CAMBRIDGE CITY	2	1	0	1	7	3	4
CORPUS CHRISTI	1	1	0	0	4	3	3
ST JOHN'S	1	1	0	0	2	1	3
JESUS	1	1	0	0	2	1	3
ST CATHARINE'S	2	1	0	1	3	3	0
CAIUS	2	0	0	2	4	6	-2
EMMANUEL	1	0	0	1	1	6	-5

Men's College Division 2

Clare 0-2 Sidney Sussex
Churchill 0-1 Downing
Robinson 7-0 Jesus II
Churchill 5-1 Clare
Downing 4-1 Sidney Sussex

	P	W	D	L	GFGA	GD	Pts
DOWNING	2	2	0	0	5	1	4
ROBINSON	1	1	0	0	7	1	6
CHURCHILL	2	1	0	1	5	2	3
SIDNEY SUSSEX	2	1	0	1	3	4	-1
QUEENS'	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
CLARE	2	0	0	2	1	7	-6
JESUS II	1	0	0	1	1	7	-6

Rugby

Women's Blues 31-0 Harper Adam
Blues 12-33 Leicester Tigers
LX Club 13-19 Army

Men's College Division 1

St John's 26-7 Downing
Girton 12-13 Magdalene

Fixtures

Basketball

31/10 Mens Blues v Warwick, home, 16:00, Colville Road.
31/10 Women's Blues v Oxford Brookes, away.

Football

31/10 Men's Blues v Coventry, home, 14:00, Fenners

Hockey

31/10 Women's Blues v Oxford Brookes, away.
31/10 Women's II v East Anglia, home, 12:30, Wilberforce Road.

Men's College Division 1

28/10 St Catharine's v Cambridge City, 15:00, Leys School.
31/10 Jesus v St John's, 13:00, Catz Astro.
31/10 Emmanuel v Caius, 14:30, Catz Astro.

Lacrosse

31/10 Women's Blues v Exeter, home, 13:00, Queens College Sports Ground.
31/10 Women's II v Warwick, home, 14:30, Queens College Sports Ground

Netball

31/10 Women's Blues v Birmingham II, home, 16:00, Haverhill Sports Centre.
31/10 Women's II v Loughborough III, away.

Rugby

30/10 Men's Blues v Esher RFC, away.

Men's College Division 1

30/10 Homerton v St John's, 14:15.
30/10 Magdalene v Jesus, 14:15.
30/10 Downing v Girton, 14:15.

Men's College Division 2

1/11 Trinity Hall v Pembroke, 14:15.
1/11 Trinity v St Catharine's, 14:15.
1/11 Peterhouse v Caius, 14:15.

Modern Pentathlon

27/10 Novice Varsity Match, home

Table Tennis

31/10 Men's v Brighton, away.
31/10 Women's Blues v Oxford, 16:00, Fenners.

Tennis

31/10 Men's Blues v Loughborough II, away.
31/10 Women's Blues v Oxford, 16:00, Fenners.

Badminton

31/10 Men's Blues v Bristol, home, 16:00, Colville Road, Cherry Hinton.
31/10 Women's Blues v Cardiff, home, 16:00, Buntings Path, Burwell.

Fencing

31/10 Men's II v Staffordshire, home.

Games & puzzles

Varsity crossword no. 472

Across

1 Proceed and shoot (4)
4 Clumsy and inappropriate bow capsized boat (5)
7 Like a conditional statement of disbelief (2,2)
10 Holding old lady endlessly beneath sunken warship (8)
11 Somehow made OK to manage

(4,2)

12 Father to knock with a constant flourish (6)
13 Leave during visit (head first!) to member of tribe (8)
15 Artist's work, that is (4)
16 They are now pronounced in church? (3,3,4)
18 Second attempts on record for

Sampul, Hestia, and Bayeux (10)
21 Christmas ain't no 'eaven (4)
22 Atosto, atosto, atosto, atosto, atosto, atosto, atosto...(8)
24 French one takes the lead following a river -- everybody goes (6)
25 Two cardinals in 21 returned and assassinated songwriter (6)
26 Greeting with "it's nil" about his belief! (8)
27 Decline and fall (4)
28 Tied as pictured (5)
29 Champion drives in a certain direction? (4)

Down

2 Sophocles' work is awfully banal and thesipy (6,5)
3 St. Mary's College (9)
4 Common disease, transmitted sexually by meat (7)
5 Common trivia in a strangely optimistic phrase? (4,6,5)
6 Homer's reason for abdication? (7)
8 Foster's doctor? (3,2)
9 Loud novelist's drivell (5)
14 Posh person 'e knows, apparently with money, might be this? (6-5)
17 Carol's fellow was 14 about 20's meal? (9)
19 Edward held reign, it's said, to be cultivated (7)
20 Acidity in teens, unusual for a boy (7)
22 Attention-seeker directed drunk? (5)
23 Copper to start a dance (5)

Set by Carrowkeel

ACROSS: 1 STEM, 4 CRASS, 7 AS IF, 10 BELGRANO, 11 MAKE DO, 12 PARAPH, 13 VISIGOTH, 15 OPIE, 16 MAN AND WIFE, 18 TAPESTRIES, 21 NOEL, 22 OSTI-NATO, 24 EXEUNT, 25 LENNON, 26 NIHILIST, 27 DROP, 28 DRAWN, 29 SIDE
DOWN: 2 THEBAN PLAYS, 3 MAGDALENE, 4 CLAPHAM, 5 AMOR VINCIT OMNIA, 6 SIMPSON, 8 SEE TO, 9 FROTH, 14 TOFFEE-NOSED, 17 WENCESLAS, 19 TRAINED, 20 STEPHEN, 22 OILED, 23 TANGO

rotations

COMPETITION

Win a pair of tickets to the Arts Picturehouse
Re-arrange the letters by rotating the discs to create six separate six-letter words leading in to the centre. Email your answer to competitions@varsity.co.uk

Body Parts

Sudoku

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

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

Kakuro

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

Hitori

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

Last week's solutions

Gamblers Unanimous

ED PEACE &
NIAL RAFFERTY

They say all good things must come to an end, and so it was on Saturday when Rio de la Plata sank into the Newmarket mud without a trace, taking with him our hopes of a fourth consecutive winning long-shot. Things looked to be going from bad to worse with 45 minutes to go in Newcastle's match with Tottenham on Monday night, as neither side looked capable of scoring the three goals necessary for us to collect on the banker. We needn't have feared, however, for Tottenham's customary defensive capitulation was just around the corner.

For the first time this season our attention turns to the Championship. Barely a week goes by without QPR on the telly, and we can probably expect to see more of them now that they can count on the likes of Naomi Campbell among their celebrity fans. Their 1-1 draw with Ipswich at the weekend suggests that caretaker boss Mick Harford has at least steadied the sinking ship, but a trip to the Valley this weekend looks a tall order. Charlton, unbeaten at home so far, have also been ruthless against the division's lesser lights, winning five of their six games against sides in the bottom half. The Addicks aren't much of a price to win the game of course, so backing a game full of goals looks a better bet.

This week's racing selection takes us across the pond to New Jersey, where Europe and America's finest horses will be battling it out in the Breeder's Cup. The Irish raider Dylan Thomas, looks to be the one to beat, and we'll be backing him to clinch the spoils ahead of his American competitors. The four year old has already chalked up a number of impressive victories in some of Europe's most prestigious races this season, so he shouldn't find the quality of this race an issue. Our only concern is that he gets there in one piece and shakes off the effects of any jet lag by the time he lines up to do battle on Saturday.

We head back to the Premiership for this week's long shot, where United will entertain a struggling Middlesbrough. A clean sheet should be a formality for United: the goal they let in at Villa Park was only the third league goal they have conceded all season, and they have yet to concede at home. Boro's attacking line also looks considerably less formidable following the departure of Viduka and Yakubu. Middlesbrough have already conceded 18 goals in ten games and Rooney, who has rediscovered his shooting boots of late, looks certain to help United to a routine win.

THE BANKER Evens
CHARLTON V QPR
+2.5 GOALS **£4**

PREDICTION 5/4
DYLAN THOMAS TO WIN
BREEDERS CUP TURF **£3**

THE LONG SHOT 5/1
MAN UTD V BORO
MAN UTD TO KEEP CLEAN
SHEET PLUS ROONEY TO SCORE **£2**

RUNNING TOTAL £32.17

Tigers too strong

»Blues score two tries but bad start proves decisive



The Blues were initially overwhelmed by a strong Leicester side, but fought back in the second half

BLUES 12
LEICESTER TIGERS 33

GEORGE TOWERS
Chief Sports Editor

With just five games remaining before the Varsity Match and following on from a heavy defeat to Saracens last week, the Blues had a point to prove against the Leicester Tigers on Monday.

The visiting team got off to a dream start, after a clean reception from the kick-off they ran three quick phases of play before sending Matt Cornwell through on the break. Some quick rucking from a dynamic Tigers pack and they notched up the first try of the game.

Things didn't improve from the restart as the Leicester side scored

a textbook try from a left-wing overlap. Ian Humphreys slotted the conversion and Leicester went ahead by twelve points.

Having suffered during the opening stages of the game, the Blues regrouped and fought back. Some excellent performances from John Blaikie, whose experience shone through, along with Trevor Boynton and the flanking pair of Astbury and Malaney, lifted the side and managed to take the game to Leicester. During an intense period of forward play, right on the Tigers, 5m line, the Blues were unlucky not to come away with any points.

Having been denied points from tight play, the Blues opened up their game via some explosive running from James Wellwood, who was held up just short of the line. Richard Bartholomew made up for earlier mistakes by crashing over the line to score Cambridge's first points of

the game.

The second half saw both sides miss penalty attempts on goal and a period of stalemate as both sides refused to give a yard in the hard fought contest. However, the slight edge of the visiting side told after sixteen minutes when a Tigers flanker sneaked through to score their final points of the game. With a commanding lead of 33 points to 7, it was down to the Blues to claw their way back into the game.

Continued pressure finally produced the goods for the Blues as a chaotic tap penalty taken by Andy Wheble, just metres out, gave Joey Wheeler a try and dragged the score up to 12-33. Despite the scoreline it was a solid effort from the Blues; once they cut out the careless mistakes they looked a formidable outfit, so hopes remain high for the Varsity Match, which is now fast approaching.

Parkside relays gala



SOPHIE PICKFORD

On Saturday evening the Parkside pool played host to the relays gala. Hoping to build on a whitewash at Varsity last year, the Cambridge swimmers were looking to put in a strong performance so early in the season.

Cambridge's swimmers suffer from the lack of a university pool, forcing them to hire water time at both the Leys School and Parkside. However, this hasn't stopped

them producing some impressive results.

The Swimming and Water Polo Club is a vibrant club, thriving as more and more take to the water for both leisure and sport.

The next fixture is a first team tournament to be held on Saturday, which will take place at Bishop's Stortford College, where the team hope to continue on from a solid performance at the gala.

Captain's Corner

»Ice Hockey
»Chris Hurn



Chris is a 3rd year English student at Pembroke College.

Experience

I started playing Ice Hockey for my local Oxford City club when I was eight and continued in progressive age groups until I left school. I joined the Cambridge team in my first year and I was actually captain last year as well.

College Rugby

CONTINUED FROM BACK PAGE

For the first time, Girton heads started to go down and it began to look as though Magdalene might wrap the match up, but this feeling did not last for long. Some bold and gutsy play by the Girton forwards, particularly the back row, put the side on the front foot again, and it was only the ever-present Magdalene defence that kept them from scoring around the fringes of the ruck.

After 15 minutes of similar pressure, both teams began to show signs of fatigue and injury: bodies were strewn all over the park and handling errors started to creep into the game. With 7 minutes to go, Magdalene finally broke and Girton's Andrew Welsh drove over the line near the posts. Weston was not going to miss such an easy conversion, so for the first time his team took the lead at 12-10.

A lesser team than Magdalene would have given up at this point. Whenever Girton got the ball they were content to punt the ball back into their opponents half to gain territory and run down the clock, but Magdalene kept coming back at them, led by some impressive link up counterattack from the back three. Desperate attack and defence from both sides ensued but it seemed as though Girton would retain their composure as the last minute ticked down, but in the last play of the game, Girton's desperation to close out the game led them to give away a penalty. Despite being well outside the twenty-two, Magdalene's kicker Jez McCann slotted it home to seal a dramatic victory for his team and an agonizing loss for his opponents.

After the game, Magdalene's captain Matt Tighe proclaimed himself incredibly proud of his team, especially their defensive performance and vowed "Magdalene are in the first division for good now and we're out to make a mark." With performances like that against teams of the calibre of Girton, this looks like being the case.

Schedule

We train every Sunday night at Peterborough ice rink and we also do dry land fitness training sessions twice a week in the mornings on Parker's Piece. We normally play matches every other week on Friday nights.

Facilities

Cambridge doesn't have its own ice rink, so we have to travel quite a long way to Peterborough every week to train. There's currently a campaign to raise funds for a ice rink in the city but such a project would cost upwards of £10 million and current funds already raised are still a long way from reaching that target. We've been in consultation with the University about having land allocated to us in North West Cambridge but this is a long term plan.

Inside track on Oxford

Oxford are not looking as strong as they did last year, we however have the strongest squad since we last won the Varsity match 3 years ago, and the squad is very committed this year. I'm hopeful for a Varsity win.

The Blues' next match is against the Peterborough Eagles on November 7.



A computer generated image of the proposed sports centre for Cambridge

JOHN BARROW, HOK SPORT

Still nowhere to swim

» 115 years of sports centre struggle against university body

HENRY STANNARD
Sports Reporter

It is Friday afternoon, and the Women's Blues Lacrosse team are training for their upcoming BUSA league fixture. Only they don't have a set pitch, so they have to rent Trinity's pitches. But they cannot use them for training, so today they're on Jesus Green avoiding dog walkers and their leavings on a pitch marked out by cones. Their captain, the England-capped Alex Carnegie-Brown, sees the situation as nothing short of ludicrous that last year's winners of the Southern Premier League, a team that represents "the peak of British university lacrosse" should be reduced to practising in an area where vagrants regularly interrupt play. They could, of course, play on a synthetic surface, such as those on Wilberforce Road, however with only two in operation, and as yet no floodlights, it remains an impossibility.

If some may deem lacrosse a minor, unnecessary sport that does not need its own pitch, despite its full blue status, then consider swimming. There is documentation dating back to the nineteenth century which argues for the building of a university pool, with an article in the Cambridge review of 1892 stating that "when it is remembered that a swimming bath is now beginning to be considered as a necessity in most of our large public schools, it seems strange that we are still without one".

Henry Gomersall, current president of CU Swimming and Water Polo Club, declares that the facilities they are currently paying for, courtesy of The Leys School, for a princely £18,000 per annum are "rubbish" and that last year's whitewash in the Varsity Match was achieved "despite rather than because of the facilities we use". He also claims that the growth of swimming, not just in terms of competition but also for personal

fitness, within the university is inhibited, since members have to pay hefty subs and can only swim in university training sessions, and admits that every year "there are people who do not take part because they cannot support it".

Even Cambridge's current gym facilities have been described by current Blues captains as, "abysmal" and "woefully inadequate". There are no windows and no effective air conditioning, which leaves the air, in the words of Ice Hockey captain Chris Hurn, "viscous". A visit to the inappropriately named PE "centre" at Fenner's is like stepping into a Secondary Modern from the 1970s. This not only impacts on the superstars of Cambridge sport, but anyone in the university who wants an up-to-date exercise regimen. College gyms are, by and large, orientated towards rowers and weights, and other gyms in Cambridge cost up to £5 per session. Tony Lemons, Director of Physical Education, admits that "the world of exercise

port for their planned rink in West Cambridge, despite a proved economic sustainability plan which would see the facility eventually yielding a profit to the university. We currently do not even own our own sports hall, which means that clubs such as Fencing have to pay to use Kelsey Kerridge, whilst competing with Cambridge residents for access.

Compare our situation to our rivals across the Fens. Oxford have a cluster of single-purpose, centralised pitches for university teams at their Parks Complex, a ten lane pool, a modern gym, a floodlit water-based astroturf and a sports hall.

Plans have been afoot to build a Sports Centre in Cambridge since before today's current undergraduates were born. The current design, to be built as part of the ambitious "West Cambridge Masterplan" was finalised in 1999, and has been ready to go ever since, with planning permission granted for a second time this year, after the time period of the original had elapsed. Costing £50 million in total, it will incorporate a large multi-purpose sports hall, an Olympic sized swimming pool, tennis, squash and fives courts, as well as a gym the size of an aeroplane hanger. The first phase, costing £20 million, will be to build just the sports hall, gym and changing facilities, will be ready two years after sufficient funds are allotted to the project. It will provide a central base for sports, currently lacking in Cambridge, from which the colleges and indeed every member of the university can benefit.

The desire of some factions within the university to hand over said funds, however, must be called into question. Since the plan for the centre was first accepted, the university has completed sixteen major building projects, with dozens more in progress, or in the pipeline, for the near future. The PE department has spent years delivering a sustainable and modern plan to the university, has recently

successfully lobbied for its inclusion in the Octocentennial Appeal, and has even passed over to the Development Office names of potential benefactors to the project.

However, a visit to the appeal's website allows the potential donor to give to any number of listed institutions, including the ADC Theatre, the Fitzwilliam Museum and Kettle's Yard, but nothing sport-related, even though it is one of the listed aims of the campaign to improve sports facilities. Whilst Mr. Lemons was unwilling to put a date on the project's completion, Gomersall was "extremely doubtful that it will be finished within ten years, given the current climate."

Indeed, there are many cases of Dons, and undergraduates, who consider sport to be an unhelpful sideshow to 'The Quest For A Respectable II.i', and still believe the myth of the 'lazy Blue' who matriculates for three years of partying before departing to coach at a minor public school. Nothing could be further from the truth, with sportsmen frequently coming out on top in tripos, not least a certain Sam Mendes, who gained a first in English, a blue in cricket, and later the Academy Award for best director.

As Mr. Lemons says, "we're not trying to build anything unusual here" - a sports centre is now a necessity not only for universities, but even for most schools. It is frankly a damning indictment of how Cambridge has focussed on providing simply an academic rather than an all-round education for its students that the most basic of provisions for exercise that would benefit countless students are still lacking. It is not too much to expect that any member of a globally lauded institution such as ours should be able to exercise in a modern gymnasium. A £50 million one-off expenditure should therefore be seen an absolute obligation to ensure that our collective *mens sana* remains in *corpore sano*.

News from the River



This past week was a testing week in every definition of the term. Six days full of the sort of workouts that most people try to avoid. These weeks are dreaded, yet essential, and as I write this I can only imagine the heat I will receive from my teammates for the innate hypocrisy in praising a week of testing that I did not complete due to illness.

It started last Sunday, which, like most Sundays preceding it, and most to follow, involved two 5km race pieces in the morning, followed by a long recovery row in the afternoon. Being Sunday, this was followed by a third training session at TwentyTwo, which although slightly more, let's say, "informal" than the two prior, was no less difficult, judging by some of the moves guys were throwing down on the dance floor. Good effort all around.

Anyway, back to the point. Monday was a day off, but in the spirit of making this week sound very difficult, I would argue that it was a hard day off.

Tuesday morning was a normal lift, followed by an on-water row that afternoon. In two weeks time we will be in London contesting the Fours Head of the River; an annual spectacle featuring over five hundred crews from around the world. Thus, most rows during the week were in search of successful Fours Head combinations, which, as the name suggests, requires four men per boat rather than the traditional eight necessary on Boat Race day.

Ah, Wednesday. Wednesday morning played host to one of our coaches' favourite weapons of analysis, the 30-minute test. Kip McDaniel, one of last year's winning Blues, once wrote an article detailing the unique discomfort of the test. He expertly summed up the ten-minute interval between rows as, "the loneliest time of your life". There is no one to see you through when your legs start begging you to stop. Although this point may be debated: in the States I trained with a member of the Mexican National Team, who told me the Virgin of Guadalupe talked him through such remorseless times. She has yet to offer me her assistance.

Thursday and Friday saw a return to typical training sessions, but the real fun was patiently waiting for Saturday morning.

2k day. For the rowers reading this, no more explanation is necessary. For those who stumbled on this article by chance and are still reading, I apologize, but there is not much I can do to describe just how miserable these are. I would like to claim that it's like giving birth, but this would be ridiculous, having never given birth, nor intending to, yet I imagine it would be a different sort of pain. Let's leave it at that. Not a good time for anyone involved.

And I can imagine that the only thing worse than 2k day (well, actually, we've concluded there are many things worse, including child birth) is throwing up in your toilet while the rest of your teammates test, knowing full well that you will have to make it up on your own in a week's time. But I won't, as I will have the Virgin by my side.

Spencer Griffin Hunsberger



News from the
Parkside Relays
Gala
Page 38

The narrowest win

»Penalty in dying seconds seals victory for Magdalene



Magdalene's pack proved stong at the breakdown and defensively solid at the fringes despite Girton's pack size and weight advantage

GIRTON	12
MAGDALENE	13

SIMON ALLEN
Chief Sports Editor

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
ST JOHN'S	3	3	0	0	47	13	12
MAGDALENE	3	2	1	0	29	23	10
GIRTON	3	1	0	2	91	33	6
JESUS	2	1	0	1	25	6	5
DOWNING	3	0	1	2	13	57	4
HOMERTON	2	0	0	2	10	83	2

Even though they have just been promoted to the first division, Magdalene College Rugby has a lot of promise: based around a core of very experienced players, they have already stamped their mark on the top division with a couple of good opening results. However, this ability would be tested all the more in their match on Tuesday against Girton, a team who mauled Homerton 73-5. It promised to be a

close contest and turned out to be an absolutely classic game of rugby that went down to the last kick. Despite perfect handling conditions, both teams started off relatively defensively, preferring to kick for territory than put the ball down the line. Girton started to gain the advantage in this aerial game, helped by the strong positional kicking of their scrum-half Alfie Weston. Yet, despite repeated periods of Girton possession near their opponent's try-line, tenacious and gutsy Magdalene defence denied them points. The veteran Rugby league Blue Sam Gluck showed off his love of the physical side of the game by repeated fringe tackles and turnovers. Girton started off with the majority of possession and territory in the match, but it seemed as though they lacked the clinical precision to convert this pressure into points; Magdalene however, did not display such characteristics. Midway through the first half, they started to make their mark on the game in terms of possession

and territory: Magdalene's fly-half and captain, Matt Tighe seemed to have the measure of his defensive opposition and repeatedly caused problems for Girton. His jinking, tricky runs in the ten channel stretched the defence and with

Girton 12-13 Magdalene
Girton Scorers
Tries: Russell, Welch
Conversions: Weston (1)
Magdalene Scorers
Tries: Bence, Gluck
Pens: Mccan

good support from his pack and quick hands down the back line, Magdalene scored through centre Matt Bence. Girton would not be competing at the level that they are if they weren't able to adapt their game and going 5-0 down certainly seemed to galvanise them into playing a more flowing game; keeping the ball in hand and making the

most of their powerful and heavy pack, led by Captain Andy Russell. They immediately took play deep within Magdalene's half and despite continual big try-line tackles, Girton's pack eventually heaved over the line in the corner to level the scores. The tight angle might have made Girton's kicker Weston miss the conversion, but this might have also been to do with the profuse amount of blood pouring from his nose at the time. Half time saw the teams level, but Magdalene responded immediately after the break. Sustained pressure and possession prompted gaps to emerge in the Girton defence. Magdalene's breakthrough came through Sam Gluck, who was fast emerging as a match winner. Showing a surprising turn of pace from a man of his size, he came out of the back row to crash through the centres and his momentum proved enough to carry him over the line. Magdalene resumed the lead at 10-5 after a missed conversion.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

St Catz win SuperCuppers

ST CATHARINE'S BROOKES, MILLS, GALEK	3
BRASENOSE	2

KEVIN FLETCHER
Football Correspondent

St Catharine's welcomed Brasenose College Oxford on Sunday for the inaugural Oxbridge Football Supercup Final, both sides having won their respective cuppers finals. Brasenose College travelled en masse to Cambridge hoping to be the first name on the soon-to-be-made trophy. The game started off fairly evenly, with a couple of decent chances for either side. Brasenose opened the scoring after twenty minutes when Catz conceded possession just outside their area, the away side swiftly doubled their advantage moments later, punishing some indecision at the back. St Catharine's had a few chances to grab a goal late in the half but some competent goalkeeping ensured they went into the interval on the wrong end of a two goal deficit. Despite trailing at the break, the mood in the dressing room was upbeat and the home side came out for the second half resurgent and quickly pulled a goal back through a well-placed Colin Brooks header. With Catz throwing everything forward for an equaliser and Brasenose retreating deep into their half, it took a moment of individual brilliance from Dave Mills to force the game into extra time. Mills connected beautifully with an overhead kick to lash the ball into the back of the net with five minutes of normal time remaining. Just as in the Cuppers final, St Catharine's came out the much stronger team in the additional periods, and after only a couple of minutes of play, a miss-hit Pete Galek cross cruelly sailed over the opposing goalkeeper bringing Catz a decisive lead. Some solid defending in the dying seconds gave St Catharine's the win in the inaugural Supercup. Brasenose were magnanimous in defeat, joining the Cambridge boys for a few drinks in the pub, but trudged onto the coach back to Oxford bitterly disappointed. It was a thrilling game with which to mark the start of the Supercup, and the competition promises to grow in profile and prestige next year.

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