

Commentp16

Should private education be abolished?

Robert Redford talks Hollywood, politics, and Lions for Lambs

Interviewp26



For ladies who live the leisurely life
Fashionp20

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VARSITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

Peterhouse crushes student ball protests

» Condemnation of college as students threatened with fines

CAMILLA TEMPLE
Chief News Editor

Peterhouse College have attempted to suppress student protests over the cancellation of this year's May ball.

The protests were sparked by frustration at both the fellows' and the JCR's handling of the situation and were spurred on by national media attention. Protests took the form of a large banner suspended from the chapel, extracts from national newspapers covering the cancellation scattered throughout the college and campaign stickers placed in pigeonholes.

One student said she thought "the protests were good as they showed that the students weren't going to take things lying down. It was definitely embarrassing for the college because it was done at the weekend when there are lots of visitors around."

On Saturday night, students who are not affiliated with the JCR hung a sign from the college's chapel which read "Save our May Ball". This was removed immediately. The JCR President Ben Fisher later forwarded to the college an email addressed to him from the College Bursar, which said: "I got wind of yet another scheme, this time to plaster your beautiful Bar with copies of Varsity. Your constituents should be very, very clear that any action, however entertaining, which causes damage or expense, including banners, stickers, whatever it may be, will lead to the full cost of repair, cleaning etc being charged to your [the JCR's] already pressured funds."

In the forwarded email, Fisher commented to students, "I do not believe the Bursar is joking on this point. I would therefore ask you to carefully consider any such action before carrying it out."

One Peterhouse undergraduate commented, "They're still refusing to talk to the undergraduates, and yet seem to think it's okay to



All of the protesting posters have now been removed

NORMAN BRADLEY

charge us money for daring to be offended."

Stickers which read "Save the Ball" were also distributed in students' pigeon holes during the early hours of Saturday morning. Unconfirmed reports suggest that members of the college authorities went through pigeon holes in order to remove them. Students have com-

plained that this equates to interfering with their personal mail and that it is "unacceptable".

Students put up posters in their rooms in Old Court where they knew fellows would be walking past on their way to the Governing Body meeting on Monday to discuss the ball. The college has refused to comment on claims that bedders

removed the posters from students' rooms without consent. Although two students claimed to have left their bins outside their rooms, the bedders reportedly came later in the day and removed the posters.

The protestor responsible for the posters told Varsity, "If the fellows were willing to talk to us we wouldn't need to do this. It's a way of making ourselves heard."

The University's Proctorial notice on discipline reads: "No member of the university shall intentionally or recklessly impede freedom of speech within the precincts of the university." Unfortunately the Proctors were not available to confirm whether the alleged activities of Peterhouse authorities are in breach of this law.

One student told Varsity that a friend of his had been called to see his Director of Studies, Dr Raffenden, who is also the Senior Tutor, about the possible legal implications concerning a Facebook message he had posted on the wall of the campaign group "Save Peterhouse May Ball 2008". The student posted on the site: "It seems to me the college is behaving in an increasingly high-handed way without ever taking real responsibility for the poor performance recently. When will individual Directors of Studies up their game instead of passing the buck?" He was reportedly told by Dr Raffenden that what he had said was considered "defamation" and could be considered a legal issue. Despite repeated attempts by Varsity to contact Dr Raffenden about these allegations, he has not commented.

One student who wished to remain anonymous because of concerns about the college's disciplinary approach said, "If your two points of contact in college, your Director of Studies and Tutor, are against you, who are you supposed to air your concerns to? Maybe you are not supposed to air your concerns?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

University Nursery fails Ofsted report

EMMA INKESTER
Senior Reporter

The University Nursery at West Cambridge has failed its recent Ofsted inspection, according to a damning report released this week.

The nursery, which provides childcare for approximately 100 student parents at Cambridge University, was judged to be inadequate in all five areas in which it was examined on October 19. This resulted in a complete failure of the inspection and a notice stating that the nursery does not meet the National Standards for Under Eights Day Care and Childminding.

The report detailed how only 15 out of the 26 staff hold appropriate qualifications in Early Years Practice. It claimed that they "fail to consistently follow suitable hygiene procedures", so that "young babies are being put at a high risk of cross-infection". Children are also "not always provided with food which is suitable for their needs", and are expected to eat long lengths of spaghetti with a teaspoon so that "as they are unable to chew the food

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

Interview Adrien Brody and Jason Schwartzman



Letters	8
Comment	10
Idler	11
Reviews	30
The Anorak	37

In Brief

Fight outside nightclub leaves student in hospital

An altercation which took place outside Club 22 on Sunday night left one student in need of hospital treatment. A rowing team approached the club but were reportedly refused entry by a bouncer on the grounds that they were drunk. Allegedly, a rower then spat in the face of a bouncer, who retaliated by punching him, causing a concussion. Witnesses say that when a friend of the rower's tried to intervene, he also received a blow to the head. Although one student is believed to have needed several stitches and an overnight stay in a local hospital, police said that they were not required to intervene as CCTV revealed that the incident lasted "two minutes". One student, however, said he found this difficult to believe, telling Varsity: "he was completely beaten up."

Alex Glasner

Halloween assault on schoolgirl

An assault took place in Cambridge on a schoolgirl aged just 16 last Wednesday. The girl was attacked on Halloween as she walked home along Almoner's Lane in Cambridge at half past five in the evening. A man is said to have engaged her in conversation briefly before following and attacking her. Police say they "would like to speak with anyone who was in the Almoner's Avenue area at this time on Wednesday." They added, "The assault occurred during the early evening when the area would have been busy with people returning home." The girl's attacker is said too have been white, about 5ft 10in, aged between 40 and 50 years old and of a heavier than average build. Anyone with information is encouraged to contact Detective Constable Day at Parkside Police Station on 0845 456 4564

Kate Adams

Jewellery smash and grab on Market Square

A jeweller's on Market Square was burgled on Tuesday in broad daylight. Cambridge Police have not yet caught the three men who carried out the burglary on Mappin and Webb. The men, who are described as black and in their late teens, apparently smashed a window and snatched jewellery before running in the direction of King's Parade. The police are currently looking through CCTV footage for clues toward establishing the thieves' identities.

This recent crime is the third raid on the store in three months. In July, a man armed with a gun used a claw hammer to smash glass cabinets and steal jewellery worth £140,000.

Dora St John



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and proof of student status



LIZZIE ROBINSON

Bonfire Night fireworks on Midsummer Common

Thousands flocked to Misummer Common on a bracing evening to watch the spectacular annual display put on by Cambridge City Council

Peterhouse protesters suppressed by college

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Following these protests and the national media interest, the JCR Committee of Peterhouse has now changed its policy and are campaigning to have the ball reinstated.

Fisher told the student body: "It has become obvious that I have spectacularly misjudged my handling of this situation, and I apologise and accept full responsibility for this." He continued, "the Committee will reverse its position of not acting and will do its utmost to get the May ball reinstated. I hope that you will give us the chance to show you that the Sexcentenary Club [Peterhouse JCR Committee] still has teeth, and can still bite."

One Peterhouse undergraduate said that before this change of direction "the JCR committee were in real trouble. Lots of people were talking about holding a vote of no confidence. Their recent actions have definitely restored confidence in the committee's ability to represent our opinions."

However, sources close to the JCR Committee said that Fisher remains "completely aligned with college authorities. He is very concerned about staying chummy with the Bursar. He should be representing the undergraduate voice to the fellows, not vice versa." Another remarked upon "a worrying lack of leadership in the JCR" and claimed: "most ideas seem to be coming from undergraduates at large rather than the

JCR committee." Another said, "he's in a tricky position, trying to please both students and fellows." Fisher refused to comment further on this issue.

The position of the Sexcentenary Club, Peterhouse's JCR Committee, is further weakened by the fact that they failed to ratify their constitution when it was last due for renewal. As a result, they now constitutionally lack any official power.

The college authorities have made no comment on the matter to the undergraduates. One student commented on the "deep resentment among all undergraduates about the casually dismissive way in which the fellowship deals with the relationship between junior and senior members of college."

Although Fisher was forbidden by college statutes to speak personally to the Governing Body, on November 5 he sent the fellows a letter in which he detailed six different reasons for the reinstatement of the ball.

The letter undermined the academic grounds for cancelling the ball, pointing out that "last year none of the Committee members failed their exams, and the majority of them gained a 2.i". Fisher reported on the meeting to students: "The Governing Body considered the subject at length and concluded that it sees no reason to alter its decision."

The JCR last night held an open meeting to discuss the campaign.

Babies at risk of infection at University Nursery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

some children end up regurgitating it". Furthermore, the report highlighted inefficient storage of milk, which as a result became unsafe for consumption before being distributed to children.

Ofsted inspector Heidi Falconer stated that "children's safety is significantly compromised", despite carers commanding a suitable understanding of child protection procedures and creating a child centred environment. "In addition to providing children with food which has not been prepared appropriately, staff consistently block designated fire exits with play tents and book cases," she said.

Concerning the education provided for nursery age children, the report said that "children do not make good progress in all areas of learning" due to the "lack of knowledge" of those working with them about the ways in which children learn. As a result, they are given "too few opportunities to acquire new knowledge and skills". Staff apparently do not engage the children in conversation during activities, so that they are often "expected to sit without purposeful activity for extended periods of time".

Falconer expressed concern about "negative impact on children's self esteem and confidence" caused by the fact that their "individual needs are not sufficiently being met", describing a situation

in which there is limited scope for children to form close relationships with staff.

The university subcontracts nursery provision to a company called Bright Horizons Family Solutions, which has been blamed for the oversights brought to light by the report. A spokeswoman from the company said: "Whilst we are proud of Ofsted's recognition of parts of the programme at the nursery, we are very disappointed about others, and we consider the overall findings to fall short of our expectations for excellence in our nurseries. We are bringing all resources to bear to make important improvements at the nursery."

A student parent living in a flat above the nursery in West Cambridge told Varsity that, even before the publication of this report, she refused to enroll her child there. "They had babies who just seemed to cry all the time, as if they weren't picked up all day."

The University has stated that it is "deeply concerned by the findings of the Ofsted report, but reassured that Bright Horizons have vowed to take swift action which will be closely monitored. They have "insisted that the nursery quickly reaches the standard of excellence that parents and we expect".

» Student parents: full investigation p6-7

Calamity vases back on display at the Fitz

» Ceramics experts ‘very pleased’ with the results of the restoration process

CAMILLA TEMPLE
Chief News Editor

Three 17th century Chinese vases, which were damaged last year when a visitor to the Fitzwilliam Museum fell down the stairs and collided with them, have been restored and are now back on display.

Nick Flynn, who caused serious damage to the vases as he tumbled down the stairs in January last year, was arrested on suspicion of causing criminal damage, but was

“The sheer size and weight of the vases proved a challenge at times during the conservation process”

not convicted.

The vases smashed by Mr Flynn date from the latter years of the reign of the Kangxi emperor (1662-1722) and are painted in enamels with traces of gilding.

The lidded baluster jar, 80cm in height and weighing 45kg, has now been set up in a specially designed case and is positioned in between two smaller porcelain jars of “yan yan” shape. The vases are together thought to be worth in excess £100,000.

Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum Duncan Robinson said, “We are very pleased with the result of this major restoration project and delighted to see the Qing vases back on display in the museum.

“The risk that sunlight and heat would eventually degrade the adhesive used in their conservation has prevented us from putting them back in the window recess where they were originally displayed, but the advantage of their

new location is that visitors will be able to walk around them.”

Penny Bendall, the Suffolk-based ceramics conservator who restored the vases, said, “The sheer size and weight of the vases proved a challenge at times during the conservation process but I am very pleased to have brought this extensive project to a successful conclusion.

“The emphasis on minimum intervention has hopefully demonstrated that, in the majority of cases, conservation to exhibition standards can successfully be achieved without excessive retouching.”

The Fitzwilliam has launched an interactive feature on its website to accompany the return, with a time-lapse video showing the restoration of one of the vases.

The visitor who caused the smash in January 2006 was originally said to have accidentally slipped on a loose shoelace. He was attended to by staff first aiders at the museum, but was asked by the Institution “not to visit them again in the near future”.

Nick Flynn, 42, from Fowlemere in Cambridgeshire, told the press at the time: “It was just a regrettable accident. I snagged my shoelace, missed the step and crash, bang, wallop there were a million pieces of high quality ceramics lying around underneath me.”

The regular visitor to the Fitzwilliam added that, “seeing they were the prize possession of the museum, I thought they might take a little bit better care of them.”

He said: “I think they are a bit embarrassed at the moment, with them being worth such a considerable amount, and there is no way my pocket will stretch to reimburse them for the damage that I’ve done.”

At the time of the incident police said they had ruled out any malicious intent. However, Flynn was arrested later in the year on suspicion of criminal damage. He was released without charge in June.



Penny Bendall supervises the installation of the vases in their new case

THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

Meningitis students make full hospital recovery

» University says there was no link between the three cases at Trinity and St Catharine’s

KATY LEE
Chief News Editor

Three students admitted to Addenbrooke’s Hospital last week with meningococcal septicaemia have been discharged and the University has confirmed that no further cases of the infection have been reported.

It was revealed on October 28 that a male Trinity undergraduate had the infection, and students at St Catharine’s were informed by the Senior Tutor through emails on October 31 and November 1 that a female first year student and a male in the third year had also contracted meningococcal septicaemia.

All three students were admitted to Addenbrooke’s Hospital, where they were treated until Monday.

A spokesman for Cambridge University said, “We are pleased to report that all three students who contracted meningococcal septicaemia last week have been discharged from hospital and are at their respective homes recovering.

“There have been no further cas-

es but as meningitis is more prevalent at this time of year students are advised to acquaint themselves with the information provided on college websites and to remain vigilant.”

The spokesman continued, “Those who could have been at risk of infection through close contact were identified and treated.”

St Catharine’s College has been working with the University and the Health Protection Agency to investigate whether or not there was a link between the cases. The University has now confirmed that the cases were not connected.

“We’re all very relieved,” said one St Catz undergraduate. “It was pretty scary for a while – the death rate for meningococcal septicaemia is about 20 per cent, and there were loads of rumours going round that more people had it than actually did. A friend of mine went down to Addenbrooke’s with similar symptoms but it turned out to be nothing.

“It’s good to know the students are recovering. Overall I think the college handled it pretty well.”

Meningococcal septicaemia: the facts

WHAT IS MENINGOCOCCAL SEPTICAEMIA?

- ◆ Meningococcal septicaemia is a form of blood poisoning caused by the same bacteria as those that cause meningitis.
- ◆ While meningitis is an infection of the membrane and fluid that cover the brain and spinal cord, meningococcal septicaemia occurs when the damaging bacteria enter the bloodstream and multiply uncontrollably.
- ◆ The disease is much more dangerous than meningococcal meningitis, with a death rate of 20 per cent compared to meningitis’s death rate of five per cent.

HOW IS IT TRANSMITTED?

- ◆ The bacteria normally spread between people in close and prolonged contact by coughing, sneezing and kissing.
- ◆ People of any age can carry the bacteria for months without showing any symptoms.

WHY IS DIAGNOSIS SO DIFFICULT?

- ◆ The disease is often difficult to diagnose because the symptoms can be similar to those of flu.
- ◆ They may develop over hours or several days.
- ◆ Symptoms do not appear in any particular order and some may not appear at all.

WHAT ARE THE KEY SYMPTOMS?

- ◆ A rash occurs in two thirds of cases. It usually starts as a cluster of tiny blood spots resembling pinpricks on the skin. If untreated, these blood spots will join to give the appearance of fresh bruises. If you press the side of a clear drinking glass firmly onto the spots or bruises, they will not fade.
- ◆ High temperature or fever, sometimes with very cold hands and feet
- ◆ Aversion to light
- ◆ Severe headache
- ◆ Aching joints
- ◆ Neck stiffness
- ◆ Stomach cramps

Varsityprofile

» Chris Bagstaff

CAMILLA TEMPLE
Chief News Editor

A recognisable figure in Cambridge, Chris Bagstaff, 36, spends many of his evenings riding round Cambridge on his bicycle, playing music from his Sony cassette walkman and amplifier speakers, which he keeps in a plastic bag hung on his handlebars.

His activities have led, perhaps inevitably, to a considerable accumulation of student apocrypha. Mr Bagstaff is known to some students as Crackly Radio Bike Man, the Cambridge Legend and Rage. Theories abound as to the purpose of Chris' cycling. Some have suggested that his music is a protest and that he wants to bring anarchy back to the streets. Others claim that he never stops cycling. One of the stranger notions is that he acts as a roving, interest-free change bank for the city's homeless community, while it has even been suggested that he is aggressive and should not be approached. Toby Parnell, the creator of a six-hundred-strong Facebook group dedicated to Chris, said that "generations of undergraduates have been fascinated by his mysterious ways and his very unique taste in music".

Mr Bagstaff himself explained

that he cycles around "picking up leaflets and making enquiries about jobs. I play the music for a kind of release. I like to play music to suit my mood. If I'm angry, the music will be angry too."

He is originally from the village of Orwell in Hertfordshire, and lived with a foster family until he was twenty eight, at which point he moved to Cambridge to live in a flat in the village of North Arbury. He has worked as a kitchen porter at Brown's restaurant and told Varsity that he is currently looking for a similar job.

When Varsity interviewed Mr Bagstaff, he was wearing a Marilyn Manson t-shirt, one of his favourite artists along with Black Sabbath, Wasp, Crimson Idol and Man 'O War. He picks out Sick Love Song by Motley Crew as one of his favourite songs, a track his Italian girlfriend Lemeira introduced him to. He says that he hopes they will get engaged in the near future.

Chris attends an adult education course at C-Tech. He says: "I enjoy it and have made a few friends there." He spends many of his evenings, and particularly Saturdays, cycling around Cambridge. "I don't have a particular route, I just know my way around."

» 7

ATTEMPTS IT TOOK VARSITY TO GET AN INTERVIEW

» 10

AMP SPEAKERS USED BY CHRIS TO PLAY HIS MUSIC

» 624

MEMBERS OF FACEBOOK GROUP 'WHAT IS THE TRAMP ON THE BIKE WITH THE CRACKLY RADIO DOING?'



Chris Bagstaff, playing his music around Cambridge

DAVID SMITH

Edit this.

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Lord Levy addresses the Union

» Labour fundraiser would support a limit on political donations

TOM MORIARTY

Lord Levy called for a change in the way political parties are funded in a speech at the Cambridge Union on Wednesday evening.

Levy, who was the key fundraiser for the Labour Party under Tony Blair's premiership and was arrested and questioned in connection with the "Cash for Honours" inquiry in 2006, argued that a cap of around £50,000 should be set on the amount of donations political parties can receive. He also claimed that there should be more state funding of political parties.

The "Cash for Honours" scandal itself remained unmentioned until after the speech when questions

"Bush has never been to Israel or to the Palestinian authorities since he's been President"

were taken from the floor, and a Trinity student asked if he could buy a peerage with a ten pound note which he proudly showed the room. Levy laughed and replied "there's always one". He joked that the money would buy him a couple of drinks in the bar in Parliament, but little else, and admitted that the enquiry had caused a lot of damage to the government and to himself and his family. He later declined to answer a question about the alleged interference of Downing Street in the case, claiming: "I truly have no idea what Number 10 said or didn't say".

Despite being best known for his



Levy was good natured in the face of taunts over the "Cash-for-Honours" scandal

DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

arrest and questioning over the cash for honours scandal last year, Levy was keen to discuss his role as Tony Blair's special envoy to the Middle East and his passion for fundraising.

Levy was sceptical about the peace process, despite recognizing that "in this area, one has to be an eternal optimist". In particular he admonished George Bush's inaction during his first seven years in office whilst claiming to be interested in finding a solution. Gesturing at the crowd, he angrily complained that "Bush has never been to Israel or to the Palestinian authorities since

he's been President of the United States", and added that he felt Condoleezza Rice was not a good enough substitute.

Bush's lack of effort up until recently was, he said, caused by political manoeuvring and attempts to distance his administration from that of his predecessor Bill Clinton. He warned that if the "baton" of US support for negotiations is not passed from Bush to his successor, there would be "no hope" for an agreement in the near future.

He also made clear that, despite being committed to the state of Is-

rael, he was also committed to the creation of a Palestinian state. He later answered a question about the effect his faith had on his ability to work with various Arab leaders by saying 'I don't think one should hide what one is or what one stands for... Just because one is a proud Jew and believes in the state of Israel doesn't mean that everything the Israeli state does is right'. He concluded by encouraging the audience to "stand tall and be very proud of your faith and what you believe in, but also respect and understand what other people believe in."

Tories call for immediate tuition fee review

» But student sceptics say impact of fees is already 'blindingly obvious'

BEN BARATT

Conservative calls for an immediate review of tuition fees and more transparency about what universities offer today's "savvy consumers" have provoked a mixed reaction in Cambridge.

During a speech made at Sheffield University on October 31, Shadow Secretary of State for Innovation, Universities and Skills David Willetts argued that waiting two years for a planned review of fees would be "a waste".

Willetts told Sheffield students that establishing an effective, long-term fees policy would be much easier if the next two years were "spent collecting data, talking to people or analyzing what is happening."

A statement released by Cambridge University has supported plans for a close scrutiny of tuition costs, "based on several years of evidence if it is to provide a thorough insight into the impact of higher fees". The University nevertheless made no calls for the official review to begin before 2009.

The Conservative plans for an urgent review come only a year after the first students were charged fees of up to £3,000 for tuition at English universities. The same year, university applications dropped by

three per cent. But UCAS recently reported that university applications recovered this year to record high of 531,898. CUSU President Mark Fletcher has urged caution. "The 2009 review has been in place for quite some time, and with the timing of the Office for Fair Access agreements it would seem wise to keep the timetable that is already in place," he told Varsity.

Following a protest against tuition fees held earlier in the week at the University Old Schools, a spokesperson for Cambridge Education Not for Sale told Varsity that the group is disappointed with the Conservative proposals. Although agreeing with Willetts that students "now regard themselves as customers", the spokesperson added this was largely because fees ensured they were "paying through the nose for Higher Education". The group is calling for "free education, funded by taxing the rich."

"We know what fees do to higher education, we have been watching it happen for ten years now," he added. "We don't need a government study to tell us what is blindingly obvious."

Willetts praised the UK versions of websites such as RateMyProf.com for providing an anonymous voice to students and providing



Willetts calls university students "savvy customers"

CONSERVATIVE PARTY

valuable feedback to teachers. In contrast, he heavily criticized the National Student Survey, citing reports from vice-chancellors of universities manipulating the conditions under which students

complete NSS forms in order to improve results. Examples included withholding bills and avoiding early

morning starts "too close" to survey time.

CUSU had already voiced its dissatisfaction with the NSS for being "over-simplistic to the point of meaninglessness". In response to Willetts' comments, Fletcher said, "here is yet another criticism for the list!"



Caius

In pursuit of banter

A bewildered historian was ruling the day she ever succumbed to peer pressure this week when a formal swap, located in the customary disreputable curry house, took a decided lurch towards the debauched. Having been persuaded by her small but forceful friend that all the gentlemen on the swap would be the delicious and irresistible young professionals of the future, she was surprised to find herself seated between two portly and altogether unbecoming individuals, both completely and utterly lost to the land of bacchanalia. When the floppy haired scoundrel to her right insisted on mounting his chair in the pursuit of "banter", a polite waiter gingerly suggested he might prefer to be seated. Our poor antiquarian could only look on in horror as the effeminate rogue decided upon exposing his genitals by way of reply.

Hertfordshire

Religious bum-slapping

A devout lady Christian has been caught smearing excrement on the front of her neighbour's house, singing the Lord's Prayer at him and slapping her bottom in his face. Her neighbour complained that neither the dustman nor the postman would approach the house after the evangelist had done her religious and putrid worst. She was reportedly obsessed with her neighbour (whose wife was driven away by the neighbour from hell) and the smearer is reputed to have said that she can "forgive, but not forget". Our spy was impressed by her ability to take the moral high ground in an incident which involved an indecent display of her own rear end. She has also been sentenced for biting a police officer.



Josie Edwards: shit smearer

Manchester

Grauniad Grabber

A highly esteemed and widely applauded national newspaper has been caught red handed stealing from Varsity's very own treasure trove of juicy student titbits. Our spies were appalled upon spotting their own hard graft neatly reworded in Hugh Muir's Diary. And he didn't even ask. Nor, may I add, do we think that he chose our most exuberant tale. Here at Cambridge Spies we pride ourselves on our intimate knowledge of bodily fluids (and solids), and were thus mortally disappointed to be so tamely represented in the national press. The Comment Editor foolishly setting his shirt on fire is hardly the best of what we have to offer. Shame on you, Mr Muir.

News Investigation

Cambridge's unseen

As a damning Ofsted report reveals severe inadequacies in Cambridge's childcare provision, Katherine Faulkner and Emma Inkester meet some student parents who say they need more University support

» What the University says

The University claim that in no way do they discourage applications from student parents. "There is no discouragement to graduate students applying and being accepted, nor to supporting them if they become pregnant during the course of their studies here," said a spokesperson. "Though less common, the same is true for undergraduates here. Each instance is treated individually by discussions between the student and her College."

The University says that the provision made "depends entirely on circumstances" but that "most colleges have flats for students and these often are used for students with families. Other provision such

as child care support, financial aid and so on is also provided and is available as needed through discussion with the student concerned on an individual basis."

But Kerstyn Comley, President of the student-run Families Society, said: "On the whole the provision for student parents at Cambridge is not that great. The general atmosphere is that when you are a student here you're expected to give your entire life to the university. To have commitments outside of it is not looked upon that well."

"The provisions for pregnancy are a little bit undefined. There aren't enough people getting pregnant to make an official policy. When these situations arise the official policy of the University is that they are keen to support students with kids."

She says that whether tangible help materialises is largely dependent on the student's college. "Some have their own family society within them, the most active being Wolfson which has a coffee morning every Saturday morning," she said. "Other colleges are a bit hit and miss depending on the year. My own experience was it took a year before I heard about the Childcare Clerk, Cassie Marks. When you get to Cambridge there often isn't enough support in the early stages, from tutors and so on."

CUSU Women's Officer Elly Shepherd agrees. "Tutor and Director of Studies attitudes vary hugely," she says. "Some have been very understanding, others have definitely not been." Welfare Officer Andrea Walko claims that the university is reluctant to fund

family social activities. "They are funded by CUSU and the Graduate Union, which is a shame because it's hard to find space in our budget", says Walko. She has campaigned to add advice on how to deal with a student pregnancy into the Tutor's guide. She says: "There's no structure at the moment; it's all completely ad hoc and that's the main problem."

Cassie Marks says: "The majority of students with children are graduate students and the majority of those are grad students from overseas. Undergraduate parents are a small minority. We can pass on any information to parents in terms of childcare, or in terms of funding and university services available to them, but we can't get involved in counselling pregnant students. I can just provide the information on

what would happen if they did have kids. I have a mix of people coming to me - most people plan quite far in advance and already have children. They need to know which colleges have family flats available. A lot of colleges don't have any family accommodation at all."

"Five years ago there were no central information service and no central nurseries. The University has been making a concerted effort to improve things but there's still room for improvement. Childcare in Cambridge is notoriously very expensive. People have to think twice about the costs. There are pockets of funding, but it will never be enough to pay for childcare. We try to give people the information at the application stage. We do want to widen access, but they have to know the costs."

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INVESTOR IN PEOPLE

"You can feel very isolated"

Sarah*, 30, is a classics undergraduate who came to Cambridge with a five-year-old daughter and a three-year-old son

"The University isn't that great at supporting student parents. For example, an issue which made my first year really difficult was the library. My college library is very poorly stocked and my faculty library closes at 6 and if you're doing a school run it's very difficult to study in that time."

"My Director of Studies in my first year was awful, completely hopeless. I flagged the whole issue and he was just totally indifferent. My tutor tried to help by getting me access to the University Library which would have been really helpful, but at first they just ignored us, then eventually they just said no."

"In the end my faculty let me borrow some more books but it took till second year and it was such a battle for my whole first year. I know that loads of students had a similar problem. It was only the fact that they had then set a precedent for doing it with someone else that made them agree to it. There's just so much red tape."

"Student parents tend to get pooled and put in the 'mature student' colleges which don't have as good resources. In terms of financial assistance there is a bursary, but it gets paid in the summer term. It would be much better if it coincided with the start of the Easter term when you have to pay your fees."

"As a student parent, you can feel very isolated. By coming here you've lost the support networks you rely on at home, your families and so on. It would be really nice if we could organise shared babysitting or something

with other people in the same position. There is a University nursery, but I wouldn't send my children there. We lived above it and they never took the children out. You could hear them crying all the time; it was actually quite stressful. The staff were there from 8am to 6pm; they must have lost their patience with them."

"There should be better networking facilities for student parents. The University want to distance themselves from anything like that because of any legal issues. An email went round a while ago trying to set up some kind of student parents' network, but the University wouldn't have anything to do with it. Family society events are quite sporadic really and there's hardly anything specifically for student parents."

"There's a family coffee morning at the University Centre, but I went to it once and it's really more for wives of people who are here. The coffee morning itself was when I had lectures anyway. There should be ways of meeting other parents. The college I go to is a mature college and I know there are other student parents because I met one in the summer, but I haven't seen her since."

"I've heard St John's is fabulous for student parents, and I know that Wolfson used to have a formal hall for student parents with a pyjama creche. It's just a bit of a college lottery. For myself, I have no idea where the other student parents are. Even just circulating an email list would be a start."

* Name has been changed

student parents



Arnaud with Domitille

ARNAUD BIZARD

480

Student parents
enrolled at Cambridge

20

Nursery places
reserved for their
children

£7065

Annual nursery fees

“I can’t afford childcare”

Arnaud Bizard moved to Cambridge to do a PhD this year with his wife and six month old daughter, Domitille

“I wanted to go further in the mechanics field but I didn’t want to do a PhD in France because it’s not recognised in the same way as a Cambridge PhD. The living expenses I was quoted before I came here are much lower than what they really are.

The big problem is rent. I was told it would be £600 per term. In fact, it’s £850. I wouldn’t be here at all if a professor hadn’t made it possible for me to study by finding additional funding for me out of the Cambridge European fund.

Without that finding, I would have gone to America. Even so, what I receive is £1,000 short

of what I need according to the University’s own assessment, which itself doesn’t take into account the fact that I support a family.

Most colleges put money into a childcare fund to help families, but Peterhouse doesn’t so we don’t get any money to help us. This means it’s impossible to afford childcare.

The nursery is so expensive that it’s not worthwhile for my wife to work, which is ridiculous. It costs more if your child is under a year, so it would cost about £10,000 per year.

The rent and nursery together is more than I earn, let alone

food and other necessities.

Our accommodation is fine, but very expensive. It was the only flat suitable; Peterhouse doesn’t have family accommodation.

There is a toddlers group every Friday which is organised by the Graduate union. I don’t go because I have to work, but my wife goes and she likes it.

I can’t even imagine doing this as a single parent. It would be impossible. Subsidised nursery places would be a big help. There are things I’d like to get involved in; clubs, or the Cambridge Union for example. But I just can’t afford it.”



Alyssa and her son, Freddie

ALYSSA HOWARD

“I don’t have a student life at all now”

Alyssa Howard, 21, resumed her degree last month having taken a year out to have her son, Freddie

“I found out I was pregnant at the beginning of my second year. It was a surprise for both of us, but there was no question of us not having the baby. I would have liked to have finished my second year but the University didn’t encourage it. I suppose it was fair enough as my due date was around the same time as my exams, but I would have rather had a year off when my baby, Freddie, was born. Having said that, I would have been so embarrassed being pregnant and studying. I would have got a lot of looks and it wouldn’t have been very comfortable.

“Trinity Hall has been hugely supportive. My Director of Stud-

ies and my Tutor in particular have been really understanding, and I’ve been able to take my baby to DOS meetings which has been really helpful. However, the university as a whole could do more.

“Cambridge is a rich university, and I thought that their policy was that everybody should be able to study here, and that money shouldn’t be an issue. But I haven’t been offered financial support or families’ accommodation. Although my partner’s parents help us and my parents help us, we are really scraping the barrel.

“The university should really look at putting some money to-

wards childcare. The costs are enormous; you have to have childcare when you’re at lectures, and to keep a nursery place you have to use it all year round, so you’re paying all through the holidays too. If I had my choice, Freddie wouldn’t be going into childcare, but it will be better for all of us in the long run if I finish my degree. My fiancée and I went to look round the University Nursery in August and we both absolutely hated it. It was appalling. I really felt sorry for the babies in there. They were just rolling around on the floor. I couldn’t stand the thought of Freddie being there. So, although it’s incredibly expen-

sive, we will have to try and put all our money into something else, maybe a nanny.

“I don’t feel like I’m being supported. I get a childcare newsletter every week, which has stuff like who’s selling a pram, but I would like to have someone to talk to who knows my situation or is going through the same thing. At times it’s been difficult. I definitely don’t think there’s enough contact between people. I’m sure there’s someone else in my position.

“I don’t have a student life at all; I’m doing my course, and that’s it. I see the friends I made in first year sometimes but I can’t go out or anything like that. I can’t imagine how

anyone could do a degree and be a single parent at Cambridge. If it had just been me, I couldn’t have coped. Emotionally it must be absolutely draining.

“I could do with more financial support, and other, small things would make a big difference, like having all my essay titles at the start of term so I can plan ahead. I’d really like to have someone who checks how you’re getting on, even just twice a term; someone to talk to specifically about being a student parent. There’s only one university childcare officer and she looks after the whole University. It would just be nice to know of someone in the same boat.”

Saying ‘erm...’ to Tesco

Yesterday, if you were strolling through town centre, you may have been witness to the commercial wonder of a new John Lewis’ opening. Mirrored in its wonder and brilliance a brand new Zara and H&M have also opened their doors just across the street. These bright, new, conspicuous shopping complexes have put darkened shopping holes like Lion Yard to shame, their facades boldly facing up to the eras of tradition built into the walls of Christ’s college.

For a city like Cambridge, growth, progress and change are all tricky subjects. Architecturally the city’s many ancient buildings need to be protected against the brutal modernism of their near neighbours, and in the minds of many who live here, the local and the traditional must always stand up to the multinational and the wildly progressive.

The opening of John Lewis’ appeared, at least from the outside, to be very well-received. But on Mill Road, that multinational and student haven sometimes referred to as the bohemian heart of Cambridge, the possible opening of a new Tesco’s store has raised an almighty clamour. Local traders have launched a fierce and widespread campaign to prevent the onset of “Tescopoly”. For your average undergraduate, restricted to Sainbury’s local, it should be pointed out there are, in fact, three monstrously big Tescos on the outskirts of Cambridge. Tescos on Mill Road is a smaller affair but it’s still put the wind up local traders who anticipate a sharp loss of business.

Let’s remember here that people are not objecting to Tescos on ethical grounds (or at least not exclusively), and to apply a live and let live philosophy or to cite community spirit is hypocritical when many of the multitudinous other shops in the area squeeze their revenue to the limit with high prices and cheap imports. Even Co-Op, Mill Road’s largest supermarket, is displaying “No to Mill Road Tesco” signs inside its store. But while Co-Op may be the supermarket of the ethical shopper it’s unlikely that many of us will feel an obligation to protect it from its more successful rival.

So here’s the choice, “No” to Mill Road Tesco means no to convenience, lower prices and established brands, but it also means “Yes” to local business which - as we all tend to agree capitalism and big business are great evils facing our society - we fully endorse and support... up to a point. The balance tips towards Tescos because we like to shop there. If nobody shops of Mill Road Tescos it will close, but it won’t because we will. When people angrily complain about the new store their anger appears to be directed at the company, however the fate of Mill Road lies with the consumer. Varsity’s grim prediction is that diversity will become prey to convenience, Tesco’s will open and we’ll all go there to buy our Christmas turkeys.

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

An Open Letter from the Students and People of Pakistan

Bismillah Ar Rahman-e-Rahim (In the name of Allah, The beneficent, the merciful) Asalamalaikum, It is with deep regret that Pakistanis all around the world have come to learn about the State of Emergency imposed by General Pervez Musharraf in Pakistan on November 3rd 2007.

The suspension of the Chief Justice of Pakistan, the arrest of key opposition leaders and lawyers, the suspension of Independent television channels and the imposition of an illegal Provisional Constitutional Order amongst various other actions carried out by Musharraf in the last 48 hours, are a crime against the human rights and civil liberties of Pakistani Citizens. Musharraf is trying to make a joke out of our Constitution and our Country. We the Students of Pakistan condemn this State of Emergency that has been forced upon the nation. We call for free, democratic, transparent elections and demand that General Pervez Musharraf should stand down as the Head of State.

We stand firm in our commitment against Corruption and condemn any act of violence that puts the lives of innocent civilians at risk. We condemn all bombings, and in particular suicide bombings. The majority of Pakistan is a peaceful, friendly, vibrant nation and we will not let the actions of a few tarnish the name and image of our beloved Nation and our People.

In relation to this letter, we the Students and People of Pakistan do not support any given political party, but we are united to ensure that all legal Political Parties and activists and Pakistani Citizens are given their full democratic rights.

We request all Pakistani Students and Supporters of Democracy, Civil Liberties and Human Rights, to Unite and raise their voice against this injustice and support our views.

Pakistan Zindabad!
Cambridge University Pakistan Society 2007-08

A department outraged

As a member of that proud and tight-knit department known as the ASNaCs I was outraged, as I know the entire department has been outraged, at the grossly misrepresentative descriptions of our subject published in your newspaper recently. In case you’ve forgotten, I quote - ‘Asnac seems not so much to be scraping the barrel of public regard as licking the underside of it, trying to get back in.’ ‘Every subject is valuable in its own special way... except Asnac.’

Now we are cheerful people and can take a joke as well as anyone else, but this level of mud-slinging goes beyond poking us for liking Vikings onto a whole new, highly offensive level.

Using tables drawn from a survey on what students value, your writer clearly implies that these rankings are measures of the actual worth of a subject. It should be obvious to anyone that the value placed on something by a certain group of people and its inherent actual worth are not the same thing. Asnac is placed below English, History, and Modern and Mediaeval Languages in both vocational and academic columns - despite the fact that Asnac incorpo-

rates this same study of literature, history and modern and mediaeval languages all in the same Tripos.

If the transferable skills of these supposedly more respectable subjects are well known, how does it follow that a subject which incorporates all the transferable skills from each of these humanities is presented as worth so little? In addition to this, Asnac offers Palaeography (the study of ancient writings) demanding a high level of analytic and observational skill, and at a postgraduate level involving scientific disciplines in conservation work on manuscripts.

In my opinion, far from rejecting Asnac as ‘weird,’ it is a subject to be respected: in their choice of degree, students of Asnac show that they haven’t simply picked English or History as a bog-standard Humanities subject that has a respectable reputation. Instead they have gone out on a limb, stuck to what they enjoy and taken a lot out of it, even in the face of the ridicule and discrimination that they may suffer from their fellow-students and indeed your newspaper.
Elisabeth Kershaw, Queens’ College

A sarcastic condemnation

It was heart-warming to see how perceptive we Cambridge students are when it comes to most valued vs. least valued subjects. No wonder we lead the pack when we rank Medicine, Law and Engineering at the top and Theology and Oriental Studies at the bottom. Because we all know that doctors, lawyers and engineers are much more important than say, people who study religion or things ‘oriental.’

Yes indeed, as you noted, we seem to be a bit ‘oblivious to or in denial of the huge economic power of East Asia.’ Not to mention that other rising economic powerhouse in South Asia, a little country called India. But why worry about understanding them, their history, their culture, etc.? After all, they all speak English, don’t they? And if they don’t, tough luck, since we’re not likely to be learning Hindi here at Cambridge, thanks to a little ‘restructuring’ by the University administration of the Faculty of Oriental - I mean, Asian and Middle Eastern Studies.

Oh, and there’s this other little matter that just doesn’t seem to go away. Something to do with Islam, isn’t it? All sorts of people who speak Arabic, Persian and who knows what other languages. Obviously studying those languages or anything to do with theology or religion in order to understand how they think and perhaps to think ourselves a little bit before we launch into major foreign policy fiascoes is of minimal value next to being, say, a doctor, lawyer or engineer. And obviously of questionable academic merit, all that studying other languages totally unrelated to English, French, German, etc., with their funny alphabets and strange sounds. Much more academic to work in one’s own language, isn’t it?

Oh, and I’ve also heard that being a theologian or an orientalist doesn’t pay very well either. Yes, definitely worth putting at the bottom of the list. We are a bright lot, aren’t we?
Mark Dickens , Clare Hall

An irritating truth

The last thing I am going to do is defend the lazy pseudo-journalism

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

letters@varsity.co.uk

in Varsity last week (A Very Subjective Perspective, November 2), but within that there is an undeniable truth that when ignored simply misses the point.



The worst thing is that those who are most vocal about their misinterpretation of the article are also missing a chance. Those voices belong to the students of the subjects ranked by the rest of us as unacademic and vocationally irrelevant.

Yet the truth that Varsity merely revealed on paper is that most Cambridge students know bugger all about other people’s subjects and foster a sense of charmingly geeky arrogance to excuse their ignorance. So, whining voices, when someone next asks you “What’s the point in ASNaC?” or “History of Art? That’s like painting and stuff, right?” be thankful to Varsity for showing that it’s the world that is stupid, not your subject.
Calum Davey, Clare College

‘Calling’ for Intellectual and Vocational Freedom

It strikes me that the many of respondents to your subjects survey (‘A very subjective perspective’) are unclear on the definition of “vocation”. Perhaps if they had one of those useless Classics degrees (as I do) they would have known that its closest Anglo-Saxon synonym (whoops, I have a degree in ASNaC too- how have I not yet imploded from the burden of my own worthlessness?!) is “a calling”. Vocation is from the Latin ‘voco, vocare’, to call, and its English derivation is technically meant to apply to an innate desire to follow a certain path in life, traditionally the clergy, medicine or law- I say “traditionally” because these were about the only occupations that had been invented until the Industrial Revolution.

Nowadays people can feel this calling for all sorts of things: veterinary science, philosophy, automotive mechanics, X-Factor contestant. Say what you will about that last option, but to state that certain courses of study at Cambridge are of lesser absolute value than others career-wise is not merely snobbish but ignorant as well. This ignorance is not entirely the students’ fault, as it is indeed handed down by CU Career Services; on saying I was interested in museum work, I was informed I should become an accountant. Eh? Last time I checked, Museum Curator was a job, and for me it is a vocation.

Heaven forfend that someone with a keen love of learning come to Cambridge (one of the top ranked universities in the world, need I remind anyone) and expect to find intellectual freedom. Apparently we are all meant to bow to social pressure and study one of the *Varsity*-reading-student-approved courses, and then move on to a career that either earns gobs of money in an office or involves lab work, with all other options deemed beneath contempt.
Susan Buhr
Formerly of the Faculty of Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic

Pullman's Daemons

The screen adaptation of *Northern Lights* is released next month. But beneath the surface of this children's classic runs a powerful dualism. **Margaret** and **Michael Rustin** explore the psychological side to His Dark Materials trilogy and suggest that it reveals much about human nature.

Philip Pullman's trilogy of novels, *His Dark Materials*, succeeds in telling a story which is both engaging to children, its original intended readership, and to adults, through its imaginative qualities and its range of reference. In these novels, Pullman took on nothing less than a re-working of the biblical story of Genesis, taking many grown-up readers back to *Paradise Lost* as one of the author's main inspirations.

The stories are interesting in many ways, but our particular approach, coming from psychoanalysis, is in their exploration of the development of its two principal characters, Lyra and Will, who are each aged 11 when *Northern Lights* begins. The power of the novels owes much to Pullman's understanding of the pains and turbulence of emotional growth in young people. It will be very interesting to see if this element is captured in the film version of the first volume which is out next month.

In this article, we are going to focus on one aspect of this developmental story, by discussing Pullman's representation of human duality in the figure of a daemon which accompanies him through life. Lyra and Pantalaimon, her daemon, introduce us to a world in which each character appears in two manifestations and has two voices, a mind in continuous dialogue with itself. Passion and liveliness characterise the ongoing conversation and physical intimacy between self and daemon. What ideas about human beings is Pullman exploring through this device?

To set the scene, we must remind ourselves of the basic facts about daemons. All the human characters in *Northern Lights* possess one. A daemon has the form of an animal or bird, usually opposite in gender to its human counterpart. Person and daemon must stay close, and great anxiety and pain is occasioned when they are separated. Daemons have a quicksilver quality and can change their form at will, disguising themselves and evading any fixed shape, and they take great pleasure in this aspect of their being.

But this malleable character only persists while their human partner remains a child. At puberty, a person's daemon assumes a final form - the white leopard of Lyra's father Lord Asriel or the golden monkey of her mother Mrs Coulter for example. The daemon of an adult lacks the potential for playfulness and fluidity, and no longer represents the as-yet undefined exploratory potential of the child. The powerful flow of energy linking child and daemon is related to the mysterious matter of "Dust" which is of such interest to the scientists and theologians of Lyra's world. An imagined church hierarchy, hostile to the free expression of human sexuality and

feeling, has conceived a plan to free the world of "original sin", to tame and order sexuality through solving the problem of "Dust".

To this end, experiments to separate children from their daemons are in progress, thus eliminating a core element of individual consciousness. The horror this notion elicits in the story makes it evident that Pullman is describing something quasi-sacriligious, and indeed the Bolvanger experimental station has powerful echoes of Nazi medical atrocities. A daemon is something like a child's soul, and without it, as the children subjected to "incision" at Bolvanger reveal, one is less than human. If the link is destroyed, spiritual death ensues.

Here is an understanding of human personality in which there is a necessary dynamic relationship between many parts of the self. The changing form of the child's daemon allows us to imagine the enormous range of feelings and perspectives which add up to the mind of one individual. Pantalaimon can be Lyra's protector, her baby, her spy, her conscience, her memory, and is always her friend with an absolute

"The changing form of the child's daemon allows us to imagine the enormous range of feelings and perspectives which add up to the mind of one individual."

commitment to her above all else.

We suggest that the origin of a relationship of such total reliability lies in the human infant's earliest relationship with mother. A child's belief in a completely trustworthy source of inner support is achieved in ordinary development through the internalisation of a relationship to a loving and reliable parental figure. In Pullman's hands, this conception has been turned into the living form of a daemon, a part of the self that can be trusted to be present and loyal to the child at all times.

The evocation of the lost and desperate condition of Tony Makarios, one of the children who has been separated from his daemon, is one of the most poignant images of *Northern Lights*. He is wandering, searching for his lost daemon, clutching a piece of dried fish as a pathetic source of comfort. His kindly rescuers take this from him, and without this last vestige of

attachment to the source of life, he dies.

However, Pullman is also interested in the idea that the parts of the human personality are not just many and various but are also in a necessarily dynamic and conflictual relationship. The fact that person and daemon are of opposite genders is not only a neat representation of human bisexuality - the mix of "masculine" and "feminine" elements which is in each of us, as Freud described - an idea revolutionary 100 years ago, but now something of a commonplace - but also a way of heightening our awareness that a complete person will be one able to live with the contradictions of his or her own nature. Pullman embraces with enthusiasm the recognition of the complex human condition.

Lyra is a great story-spinner, indeed a great liar, as the terrifying harpies of the underworld she visits in *The Amber Spyglass* don't let her forget. Much of the time it is Pantalaimon, therefore, who keeps her in touch with the truth she is so keen to embroider, evade, or otherwise put to one side. The truth-seeking potential of the mind is dependent on the self's relationship to its daemon, because the two voices ensure that all claims and observations are open to question. A splendid scepticism about what is really true is kept in place by the knowledgeable comments of the daemon who knows all the secrets of the heart.

Inner truthfulness is supported by another of Pullman's good inventions, the alethiometer. Consulting this magical instrument (aletheia = truth in Greek) is a vital resource during Lyra's adventures. We might see this as representing her need to depend on resources outside herself and thus to become aware of the limits of her omnipotence, just as Will has to rely on the "subtle knife" he is given. By contrast, Pullman is clear that one's daemon is limited in the precise respect that it can only give access to one's own qualities. It can contain elements of oneself one is out of touch with and in that way help in re-integrating temporarily lost aspects of the self.

However, not all human beings are aware of the presence of their daemon. We learn how surprised Will's father was to meet up with him for the first time - to become capable of recognising her after his journey to the North. "Can you imagine my astonishment at learning that part of my nature was female, and bird-formed and beautiful?" he tells Lee Scoresby, the balloonist. Indeed Will is to meet his own daemon towards the end of the third volume, but that does not happen until after the momentous climax



of the visit to the underworld in search of Roger, the child Lyra feels she betrayed.

To cross into the underworld, she has to leave Pantalaimon behind. This is a mutually excruciating separation with the possibility of never finding each other again, and

"This is Pullman's credo. He speaks of himself as a realist, not a writer of fantasy. His aspiration is to tell the truth about growing up through stories."

it exposes Lyra to the most terrible discoveries about herself. Without Pantalaimon's wise counsel, she is carried away by her story-weaving and provokes the cruel wrath of the Harpies. What she comes to understand (without either alethiometer or Pantalaimon to help her at this point) is that the stories she could tell to hearten the thousands of dead she encounters are not going to be any use unless they are true. When the stories are true, they can magically enliven and free the burdened spirits of the dead.

This is Pullman's credo. He speaks of himself as a realist, not a writer of fantasy. His aspiration is to tell the truth about growing up through his stories. His concept of "the republic of heaven" is that it is constituted by the way we live our lives in the present, because a daemon "can only live its full life in the world in which it is born". That, of course, is why the children cannot stay together at the end of the story. Their full lives have to be lived in the two different real worlds from which they come, worlds that got mixed up because of the disasters brought about by mistaken human ambition. A person in touch with his daemon is at home with himself, and finding the way home is the conclusion of the children's adventures.

Margaret Rustin is a Principal Child Psychotherapist at the Tavistock Clinic, London. Michael Rustin is Professor of Sociology at the University of East London and a Visiting Professor at the Tavistock Clinic. They are joint authors of Narratives of Love and Loss: Studies in Modern Children's Fiction and Mirror to Nature: Drama, Psychoanalysis and Society, and of essays on the three volumes of Pullman's trilogy.



Here's a teaser: what's the difference between paying next to nothing for a public service and paying nothing at all? For the so-called 'non-political' student union bureaucrat, and any other right-winger who fancies themselves as hard-headed and pragmatic, unencumbered by dogmatic attachments to abstract principle, the answer is straightforward: there is no meaningful difference at all. As usual, however, the Right has it all wrong. In fact, the difference between a free public service and a very cheap paying service is of vital, practical significance precisely because it rests on a matter of abstract, political principle. Bear with me.

In France, President Sarkozy is in the process of transforming the French health system from a free service into a broadly affordable one where the patient pays a small amount. At a recent protest against this policy, a woman remarked to me "It's cheap now, but that's not the point. Once people get used to the idea of paying, the government will find it much easier to raise the price of healthcare". Another put it like this: "Because the amount we are paying is not enough to adequately fund the system, we must conclude that the motive for the current policy is ideological". She could have said exactly the same thing about UK university fees.

It's common knowledge that £3K per year fees are not enough to fund universities properly. VCs reckon you'd need £6K fees to cover wages alone. So why didn't the government do the obvious thing in 1997 and jump straight from having free education to having students pay the full price for an education (probably around £12K)? For the same reason that French healthcare for now remains cheap: the Blairites knew that they could not get away with such a monumental leap. The mainstream political establishment, and majority opinion, were still too attached to the old notion of free education. Before it could introduce a fully-paying system lock, stock and barrel, New Labour had to clear the way ideologically. Introducing fees at an initially low level was therefore a political act par excellence in that it changed the political goalposts of mainstream opinion and paved the way for material attacks. It served to acclimatise people, not so much to the full practical reality of fees, but to the principle of fee-paying education.

Once that ideological threshold has been crossed, it is an easy matter for the government to incrementally increase fees. Had that initial political leap from public service to fees not been made, attacks like top-up fees and the lifting of the cap would have remained politically unfeasible. Until that leap is reversed, further attacks are inevitable. This is why the principle of the matter is more vital than the pennies and pounds of each new hike in fees. If we are to defend students from crippling debt and universities from marketisation, we have to close Pandora's box and discredit the ideological basis that makes these attacks possible. Otherwise we will win one battle only to be confronted by another offensive a few years later. We must win the battle of ideas; we must insist on the principle of free education.



Becca Bright

Your country needs youth

Send our disreputable young to boot camp

On Friday, Anthony Anderson received a three-year sentence for urinating on his neighbour as she lay dying in the gutter. She had collapsed from pancreatic failure. His friends filmed the incident on their mobile phones, one grinning loud shouting, "this is YouTube material". Spurred on, Anderson returned home to fetch some shaving foam, which he dispensed liberally onto her corpse. The incident marked a sad nadir in a social climate of happy-slapping, binge-drinking, and tomb-stoning.

Our politicians do not stand immobile. The ASBO was introduced in 1998, though recent surveys have shown that it has done little to curb antisocial behaviour. This year, the Sonic Teenager Deterrent was unveiled. The sadistic gadget emits an ultra-high-pitched sound, which is heard only by those under twenty, and causes its victims to clutch at their ears in tearful despair. It received police-backing and has been installed across the country. Officials in Scunthorpe, South Lincolnshire, are considering whether to install a fluorescent pink light that highlights acne in trouble spots. Then the Tories jumped into the ring with a third suggestion, David Cameron calling for a more affectionate approach, which formed the heart of his "Hug a Hoodie" campaign.

Yet despite such efforts, the problem remains, and cuddles aren't the cure. This a culture that has exchanged a firm hand

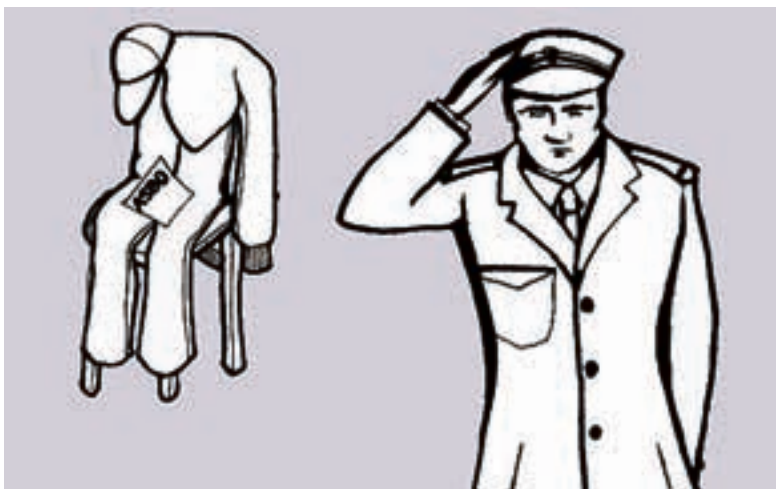
for a limp wrist, a pink light, and a machine that makes a whiney noise. Meanwhile, ASBOs led to interschool competitions – to see which could rack up the most in the despicability charts – and ludicrous prosecutions. A sixty-seven-year-old retired teacher became one of the oldest recipients of an order when she played her classical music too loudly. She was hard of hearing. Last week, a man but four years her junior was handed an ASBO for organising a "rave" on

in 1986, it brings to mind rulers slapping down on wrists, chalk-board-wipers flung at heads, a puff of white smoke, and a cackling martinet of a schoolmaster. We need the corporal without the punishment.

The reintroduction of national service offers a solution. What appears draconian – it has been, after all, a feature of authoritarian regimes like Saddam Hussein's Iraq – in fact makes good sense. Germany, Denmark, and

1950s national service. Run by professional soldiers, the course consisted mainly of marching up and down, polishing shoes, and being shouted at by a scary man. It also included team-building exercises and, true to its reality-tv credentials, emotional evictions. But it demonstrated that a period of intensive training as a means of rehabilitating social misfits back into respectable society has huge potential. While arming disruptive youths who already clamour over possession of a rusty kitchen knife might not seem like the most sensible idea, it is exactly this entrustment and careful training involved that will transform unruly specimens into, well, perhaps not gentlemen, but certainly reformed men, fit for civilisation.

To move from the realm of low-brow entertainment as a source of evidence to reality, take New Zealand. Social workers can sign up those in need of training to the armed forces. Former reprobates are put through their strides with the aim of coming out as well rounded young men at the end of it. And it works. Britain would do well to follow her example. It would result in the development of camaraderie between society's tearaways, accompanied by a respect not just for fellow man, but for themselves, a self-respect so strikingly absent in our disaffected young. The introduction of national service would address antisocial behaviour head-on, and show jobs that there is indeed more to life than spitting out swearwords at students.



National Trust land. Measures designed to tackle yobbishness have taken the form of half-hearted deterrents. They haven't worked. The focus has been on punishment. Its locus must be shifted to prevention and rehabilitation.

Corporal punishment at schools is out of the question. Outlawed

Sweden, nations famous for their mild-mannered citizens, provide a democratic model for a conscription of sorts.

As for whether it would work in Britain, a small-scale experiment has already taken place. Bad Lads Army subjected delinquent youths to a demanding regime based on



Hugo Gye

A rather curious subject

But there's no reason to rubbish ASNaC for that

Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic is a "fruitless labour" and Cambridge's least valued subject, according to last week's survey in these pages. Can this be true? Am I wasting my three years at Cambridge? Are the highly respected senior members of the department wasting their entire lives? It would be churlish to criticise the survey – there is no reason to believe that it does not accurately represent the views of those polled – but, now that the tantrums and mangled copies of Varsity are no longer being thrown around the ASNaC common room, it is time to explain just why other students' perceptions of ASNaC are so wrong.

ASNaC came bottom of the "vocational table" in last week's survey: apparently it is the least useful degree to have in the workplace. Quite apart from the intense pity one feels for those poor creatures who are at Cambridge only in order to increase their earning power, this is an unfair judgment. Of course a degree in Medicine is useful for those intending to be a doctor, but for the ninety-five per cent of us who can imagine no worse fate, the six years spent in earning it would turn out to have been something of a waste. ASNaC, on the other hand, combines the rigorous textual analysis of English and History with the linguistic skills

required in MML: it sounds trite to speak of "transferable skills", but that is what ASNaC bequeaths to its followers. Knowledge of Medieval Welsh or palaeography does not directly help most people to do their jobs, but the skills required to master any of the ASNaC disciplines are useful in any profession.

Far more wounding than ASNaC's poor showing in the vocational table, because more unexpected, was its standing in the table of perceived academic value: 23rd out of 25, ahead only of those perennial whipping-boys, Education Studies and Land Economy. Only someone with no curiosity about our origins, our shared history and our language could deny ASNaC's academic worth. Its disciplinary breadth – combining the languages, literature and history of mediaeval Britain in a way that no other course at any university does – offers a unique chance for the undergraduate to get acquainted with the beginnings of Britain. It could be said that ASNaC deals with the British Isles in the same way that Classics deals with Greece and Rome: Classics is universally highly regarded, yet to place it above ASNaC requires a belief that the civilisations of Greece and Rome are inherently more worthy of study than that of mediaeval Britain. The pedigree of

the ASNaC lecturers tells us much about the subject's worth: all of them are leading scholars in their respective fields, and each would command a senior position in any university's History, English or Languages faculty. To suggest that such eminent dons have taken some sort of 'easy way out' is both preposterous and insulting. It is true that we do not have the comprehensive programme

"Only someone with no curiosity about our origins could deny ASNaC's worth."

of organised teaching endured by medics or NatScis, but like all arts subjects ASNaC rewards independent reading – a lot of independent reading – and to shine in ASNaC is no easier than to excel at any of those subjects generally thought to be more 'hard work'.

There is another factor in ASNaC's favour which Varsity's survey did not address: those reading the subject seem to enjoy it more than many other students enjoy their degrees. The idiosyncrasy of

the subject-matter inspires a passion in its students which is shared by other minority subjects, but which one rarely sees emanating from undergraduate scientists or linguists. The department's small size means that ASNaC is a true community, with a common room always packed with undergrads, grads and Fellows alike. The ASNaC Society is one of the busiest societies of any type in Cambridge, with weekly lunches, film nights and epic pub visits, an annual banquet, as well as trips to destinations as far-flung as Dublin. Being an Asnac links you to a tradition as important as that of any College, something which cannot be said of most subjects.

Being a small and distinctly unusual subject, while being one of ASNaC's great strengths, has certainly not helped its perception among students at large, which partly accounts for its poor showing in the survey. Nonetheless, it is worrying that we are so poorly regarded, and distressing that people cannot see the very obvious academic merits of a degree which investigates the origins of our society. "Know thyself", commanded the Delphic oracle: that is what we Asnacs are trying to do, and we're having an extremely good time while we do it.



I'm fed up with institutional food. It's muck. Several days ago, as a diminutive, grinning Spaniard handed me what was supposed to be the steak and kidney pie that would replenish my waning tolerance after a morning of displeasingly chirpy and filthily erudite supervision partners, I repressed my instinct to launch it straight back at his chuffed features.

I felt like yelling, "What are you grinning about you silly man? Your 'pie' more closely resembles the fruit of an expedition into an aqueous cabinet with a U-shaped fishing rod." In fact, I thought, screw the politeness. "Your food looks like shit. It is shit. Excrement. Mierda." It dawned on me that the faecal foodstuff I so detested was probably not the fault of this miniature Manuel, but rather the manure of mass catering – symptomatic of institutional grub.

The release was instantaneous. I felt like Gordon Ramsay, except weedier and with a better haircut. I would cook myself. My first project would be to receive my girlfriend for an extravagant homemade dose of culinary coitus.

To say that required a thesaurus; to do it, rather more problematically, required a cookery book. Having conservatively opted for Delia's 'Penne aux champignons', I had succeeded in assembling all the ingredients. All, that is, except the 'shallots' – not even the nice Polish gentleman in Sainsbury's knew what they were, although then again neither did he appreciate my witticism that they sounded more like a component of the kit-list of the Outer-Hebridean Neo-Arthurian Institution of Outrageous Neo-jousting (ONION) than the gourmet pasta he suggested.

All I had to do was follow the instructions – it would, I supposed, be just like the 'Ikea' bedside table I had erected years ago with my father, except without the collapsing and traumatic decapitation of Plop, my pet goldfish.

The instructions were, it turned out, about as penetrable as a nun. Yet the muddy gunk masquerading as mushroom sauce paled in calamitous comparison to my decorative candle-lighting attempts. A charred wad of newspaper later, the curtains were burning merrily, and the fire alarm was screeching for the staircase's evacuation. Exasperatedly, I grabbed the pan from the hob – the contents of which now bore a striking resemblance to a photo I had seen of the first testing of the A-bomb (charred devastation with the lingering memory of mushrooms) – and dashed outside, stirring desperately. Only when I was met with the tearful glare of an evacuated essay deadline truant did I realise that I could hardly be a more obvious villain if I grew a square moustache and proposed a wonky high-five.

At this point, I was reminded of my contingency plan. "Hed I fforotten to eenform you zat zees night Germanic themed is?" I interrogated my girlfriend, nervously twiddling the straps of my novelty PVC lederhosen, upon her arrival a frantic half-hour later, as the discreet bleep of my trusty microwave assured me that the frankfurters were hot and ready to be served.



Tom Evans

Games of pain and power

Today's torture is as systematic as that used on Guy Fawkes

The strappado is a torture technique, which was popularised during the Roman Inquisition in the C16. It involves suspending someone from the ceiling of a room by their wrists, dislocating the shoulders of the victim in a particularly painful way and often causing death through asphyxiation or circulation failure. In 1605 it was used on Guy Fawkes in the Tower of London under special orders from James I. In 2002 the same technique was used on British resident Binyam Mohamed while being tortured by the American secret services in the bowels of our increasingly embarrassing ally, Pakistan. They told him that "the law has been changed, there are no lawyers" before suspending him from a leather strap for a week. He was passed through the hands of MI6, who gave him a very sugary tea and tried their hand at comedy: "Where you're going, you need a lot of sugar," they told him.

He was flown to Morocco where he was tortured for 18 months. He was interrogated with British intelligence, beaten by men in black masks and given the Koran doused in petrol. Then the 'first class treatment' stopped and he was hung in the strappado again, naked. The torturers took a scalpel to his chest and penis, cutting him for hours on end. This was repeated at irregular intervals. The next stage was brainwashing. He was put in a cell and headphones were attached to his ears. They played loud music all day and all night for months. Eventually he was flown to Guantanamo Bay for years more torture and interrogation. His American captors have forced confessions and invented narratives entirely disproved by employment records, visa documents, and numerous separate testimonies.

The opinion that torture is the product of individual corruption rather than systematic design is widespread. It is wholly untrue. Nor is our involvement in torture a Heart of Darkness scenario with noble white-man sucked into savagery from below. The torture we export has been intricately designed by the efforts of Americans, Britons and Canadians, and by hundreds of years of medieval brutality. Binyam's case is just one in an ambitious international system of abduction, torture and indefinite incarceration. It operates between

the torture chambers of our allies such as Egypt, Jordan, Morocco and Pakistan (whose torturers have often been educated courtesy of our taxes); the concentration camps in the occupied countries; and CIA operated 'black sites' in places like Poland, Romania, Afghanistan, Iraq and Diego Garcia. Diego Garcia is a British owned island whose inhabitants we forcefully deported to lease the place to the US military.

Nor is our involvement in torture merely indirect. Britain has an illustrious recent history of torture, its favoured techniques coming straight from American torture manuals. In 1976 the European Human Rights Commission published a lengthy report on the use of "enhanced interrogation" by the British

"Britain has an illustrious recent history of torture."

in Northern Ireland in 1971. It concluded that "the combined use of the five techniques [stress positions, hooding, subjection to noise, sleep deprivation and deprivation of food and drink]...shows a clear resemblance to those methods of systematic torture which have been known over the ages". The prisoners were also beaten harshly. A psychiatrist described them as "psychotic" after just a day of interrogation.

The "five techniques" were developed in the post-WWII MKUltra project funded by the CIA. This was an immense, secretive effort to hone mind control techniques, and encompassed studies in American Universities, a Canadian University, British facilities in Sussex, at least one British mental hospital and an Anglo-American centre near Frankfurt where lethal experiments were done on captured Soviet expendables. In 1963 the project spawned the *Kubark* interrogation manual, which concluded that the aim of interrogation should be forcing regression- 'basically a loss of autonomy' - in the mind. Thus the victim would be made to embrace their torturer as a saviour

rather than tormentor. The manual concluded that violence was most effective when threatened, self-inflicted or 'second-degree' i.e. being made to see or hear torture being inflicted on other people; Binyam heard other captives being raped and electrocuted. Threatened violence ought to play on people's particular fears: rats, dogs, rape, drowning, freezing, genital mutilation and harm to ones' family or friends are all common. And in the words of a CIA torture manual from 1983 'a threat should never be made unless it is part of the plan and the 'questioner' has the approval to carry out the threat.' So psychological torture will always potentially entail physical torture.

Incidentally neither is an effective method. The former tends to induce violent and prolonged hallucinations and sensory spasms, delusion, insanity, paranoia, and loss of self from which the victim may never recover. The latter (and this has been known for a long time) tends to provoke resolution and resistance in the victim. If either method does extract sensible information, it is almost always incorrect. The idea that Al Qaeda was linked to Saddam Hussein (unbelievable to those with even a very basic knowledge of the two parties) came from the tortured confession of Sheikh al-Libi.

Behind all the tiny, mind-destroying manipulations of psychological torture is this: the ultimate power relationship. The victim must be completely at the disposal of the torturer in every way, his very being subjugated to the whims of the tormentor. In constructing a torture system the state defeats its own purposes, because the perversions imbued in torturers escalate and spread. This is why it is significant that the photos from Abu Ghraib did not show the actual torture taking place. These were photos of people being 'softened up' for torture; these were casual snaps. Torture spreads from torture blocks to prison blocks to custody to people's houses and public buildings. The violence, confrontation, improvisation and power-hunger that it nourishes and is nourished by make structures of command fragile. So torture is not just the scourge of humanity but also the scourge of the power systems that employ it. From either point of view, it has to stop.



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VIEW



Gambling: the most accurate way to predict election results?

p22

FEATURES ARTS THEATRE FOOD MUSIC VISUAL ARTS FASHION LIFESTYLE LISTINGS



ANNA TRENCI

Where is Cambridge?

The implications of this remain unclear; however, the cabbie agreed that it certainly was the case, responding with a number of aphorisms on the abilities of women drivers. But we shall go where the mathematician could not: back in history and forward in logical science to discover the answer to this internationally confounding issue.

The Domesday Book records that the University was founded with all but thirteen cattle and three wheelbarrows (for transporting dung) in the region of East Anglia, the first statute proclaiming that the village of Cambridge was to be situated no less than "one hundred miles or three days jog from a modish Swedish tailor".

To the chagrin of the current university authorities, it was recently announced that the corporate phenomenon created by Messrs Hennes and the ill-fortuned Mauritz was to open within a brazenly close distance of Christ's College. It seems that Cambridge had unwittingly contravened the conditions of its own foundation.

One local proved the general state of contentment among the public that we will now be able to dress like the rest of the nation with the immortal effusion "Oh my God H&M is open". While the young and credulous scramble over discount scarves and Nu-Rave Y-fronts emblazoned with the alluring inscription "make love not war", the University authorities are faced with a devastating quandary: rename or relocate.

Suggestions leaked to the press indicate that the former idea is favoured. Things like "the University of Cherry Hinton" or "the University of East East Anglia" may sound seductive compared to the other option. The potential locations (stemmed by the startling proliferation of the high-street store) are limited to the rugged outcrop on the teetotal and little-known Hebridean isle of Little Whisky and an industrial estate north of Southport.

So where indeed is Cambridge? This time we've got no answer.

Dearly Departed

Lurking beneath the town we see each day lies a hidden world of Cambridge colleges which have gone missing over the ages, lost to poverty, mismanagement and Henry VIII. **Hugo Gye** took a look at the institutions which have slipped away.

The antiquity of Colleges such as Peterhouse, Clare and Pembroke is well-known, and they are justly proud of having survived from their mediaeval origins right up until today. Yet what of those institutions which failed to make it all the way?

There is a small number of

Colleges which once existed but are now no more. There is something rather poignant in their demise, particularly in a University which seems to value its constancy so much. Yet for the most part these lost colleges rest, forgotten by the students who are now enjoying the submerged fruits of their existence.

The richest, and biggest Colleges that have slipped into the ether are King's Hall and Michaelhouse. The names are evocative, richly suggestive of Cambridge but simultaneously awkward-sounding. They were amalgamated in 1546 to form Trinity, but were previously the oldest Colleges bar Peterhouse.

King's Hall was founded in 1317 by Edward II, while Michaelhouse was founded seven years later by his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hervey de Stanton. King's Hall stood on the north side of what is now Trinity Great Court, which was

Continues on next page

Dearly Departed... Continued from p13

then divided by a main road.

It was a large and very ambitious place: its students often rose high in royal service, and it is thought that the "great college/Men clept the Soler hall at Cantebregre" mentioned in Chaucer's Reeve's Tale is a reference to King's Hall, whose royal foundation would have greatly boosted its standing.

In most imaginations Chaucer stretches back further than Cambridge, but we are part of a continuous tradition lasting close to a millennium. The college ran into a somewhat sticky situation in 1447 when its new patron, the over-enthusiastic Henry VI, decided to subjugate its governance to the Provosts of his twin foundations, King's College and (shame upon shame) Eton College; but King's Hall soon slipped out of those houses' clammy grasp and had returned to its former glory by the sixteenth century.

"Student groups might get cross about Trinity's investments in the arms industry, but the college has a long tradition of receiving money from ethically dodgy sources"

Michaelhouse was a different place altogether: it was founded with only seven members, all of whom were in Holy Orders, and throughout its existence was open only to clerics. Its buildings were situated in what is now south-west of Trinity Great Court, extending out over the present site of Trinity's Backs.

It was Henry VIII, that perennial iconoclast, who brought these Colleges' histories to an end: in 1544 a law had been passed, in the wake of the dissolution of the monasteries, which allowed the king to abolish any religious institution and take its possessions. Henry had King's Hall firmly in his sights.

Luckily, thanks to the mediation of wife number six, Katharine Parr, he was convinced to add to these two Colleges rather than dissolve them, and additionally bequeathed a great deal of former monastic land to create Cambridge's richest College. Student groups might get cross about Trinity's investments in the arms industry, but the college has a long tradition of receiving money from ethically dodgy sources. Parts of King's Hall still stand, most notably in Trinity's Great Gate, but Michaelhouse is remembered only in the Michaelhouse Church on Trinity Street.

Some Colleges were simply refounded by wealthy or

egomaniacal patrons. The obvious example is Gonville Hall, founded by Edmund Gonville in 1348; given that its founder was a parish rector, he had been unable to provide it with much of an endowment, and it struggled on in poverty and mediocrity for two hundred years until the eccentric physician John Caius took pity on his alma mater and refounded the College in 1557, although not before adding his own name, creating the most-difficult-to-pronounce college of them all in the process.

In 1428, a Benedictine school known as the Monks' Hostel was set up just north of the Cam, in order to avoid the corrupting influence of the main student body. Things started heating up in the 1470s, when the Hostel was renamed Buckingham College, after Henry Stafford, 2nd Earl of Buckingham (unfortunately executed for treason in 1483), and most of what would become Magdalene was built. After the dissolution of the monasteries, and the execution of another Earl of Buckingham, the College passed into the hands of the Lord Chancellor, Thomas Audley, who decided to escape the Buckingham stigma by refounding the College as Magdalene in 1542.

In keeping with what now seems a rather aggressive craze for religious college naming (see Jesus, Corpus, Trinity, St. John's), God's House was founded in 1439 on the current site of King's Chapel. The pushy Henry VI soon threw his weight around, however, and forced the fledgling College to the other side of Market Square, where its Proctor and four rather lonely scholars sat in solitude until 1505, when Margaret Beaufort (also founder of St John's) gave it a large endowment. However, she also renamed God's College Christ's College – something of a titular demotion perhaps, depending on your personal religious preferences.

But without doubt, the most interesting of these "lost" colleges is Cavendish. (not to be

confused with Lucy Cavendish). An early experiment in equal-opportunities education, It was the personal brainchild of one Joseph Brereton, who had been inspired by the great headmaster of Rugby, Thomas Arnold, to

"Only a third of Cavendish' students came from public schools, a ratio many colleges today would die for"

dedicate his life to the education of the less-affluent middle classes, who would often be financially and socially barred from the grander Colleges and public schools.

The College attracted a certain amount of investment. The largest donor, William Cavendish (then Chancellor of the University) gave £1000, thereby ensuring that the College would be named for him, rather than for Thomas Arnold, as Brereton had intended. The College was opened in 1877, and tried to attract poorer students by charging only £84 a year, rather than £120 as at most Colleges. Only a third of Cavendish' students came from public schools, a ratio many colleges today would die for. Most belonged to medical or clerical families, although few sons of businessmen or farmers attended, much to Brereton's disappointment. There were in any case very few landowners sending their sons to Cavendish, and the social mix there must have been very different to the rest of Cambridge.

Ultimately, Cavendish College was simply not attractive enough to entice the students it was looking for, and so few students lived in residence that it soon became economically unviable. Brereton had had questionable little financial sense, and in 1887 he abandoned Cavendish to a group of well-wishing dons and a surprisingly benevolent bank; they were, however, unable to save it, and the College was closed in 1892, selling its buildings to the London educational college of Homerton, which moved to Cambridge thereafter.

Unlike the other Colleges mentioned in this article, Cavendish was not simply refounded after a period of decline. Rather, it represents something of a personal tragedy on the part of Joseph Brereton, whose visionary ambition to assist poorer students exceeded his ability to do so.

Cavendish College, with its peripheral location and lack of aristocratic grandeur, was in many ways ahead of its time, and its failure was as much a sign of Cambridge's traditionalist monomania as anything else. Whilst the other losses make for interesting history, Cavendish is the one College whose closure is to be mourned, standing as it did for so much of what we value in our collegiate bodies today.

Statistic of the week
Zombie Parliament**Walking Dead****Lembit Opik, MP**

According to the people of Britain, or at least those who managed to wade through the quagmire of illiteracy which is the BBC website and vote, the most ludicrous rule in the country is that it's illegal to die in the Houses Of Parliament.

And quite frankly, who are we to quibble with that? Although I would say that it's not an unreasonable rule, not only because of the obvious deterrent it provides to would-be suicide bombers and assassins, but also bearing in mind the number of people who used to go to die recreationally in the Houses Of Parliament before the law was passed. Apparently it was in excess of 130 a year, with the bulk of those Members of the House of Lords who simply slipped off the twig during a particularly lively session debating the merits of poverty.

It might sound excessive, but considerably more members of the Marylebone Cricket Club die each year over the five days of the Lord's Test. Their

rather generous policy of letting paying members stay in their seats for the duration of the match even if they're dead, part (but only part) explains the consistency of attendance in the pavilion.

But let us imagine, for the sake of this column, that they rescinded this ludicrous law, making it perfectly legal for people to die in the Houses of Parliament (if nothing else it would certainly free up an already crowded prison system). Roughly 120,000 people die each year in the UK.

If we made all these would-be corpses into Members of Parliament, we would have one of the world's most efficient legislative systems. As they were all on the way out, they wouldn't have to worry about re-election, or their legacy, and so would be free to make as many sensible and rational decisions as they liked. We'd also save lots on cleaning-up death, as Westminster would simply be a pile of corpses.

You heard it here first.
Adrian Dangerhands

Profile of the Week**You've put it online, we've taken it off****Moreed Arbabzadah**2nd Year Classics Phd Student,
Jesus College**Friend count**

746

Selection from favourite books:

Failed Attempts at Comedy and How to Live Them Down by Moreed Arbabzadah, The Lonely Planet Guide to the world's strip clubs, by P. Tooke.

Favourite quotes:

"just to confirm party is going ahead, turn up anytime after 6, in terms of food you're gonna have to feed yourselves beforehand coz we aint cooking. we might do some sausage rolls and buy some pringles or something

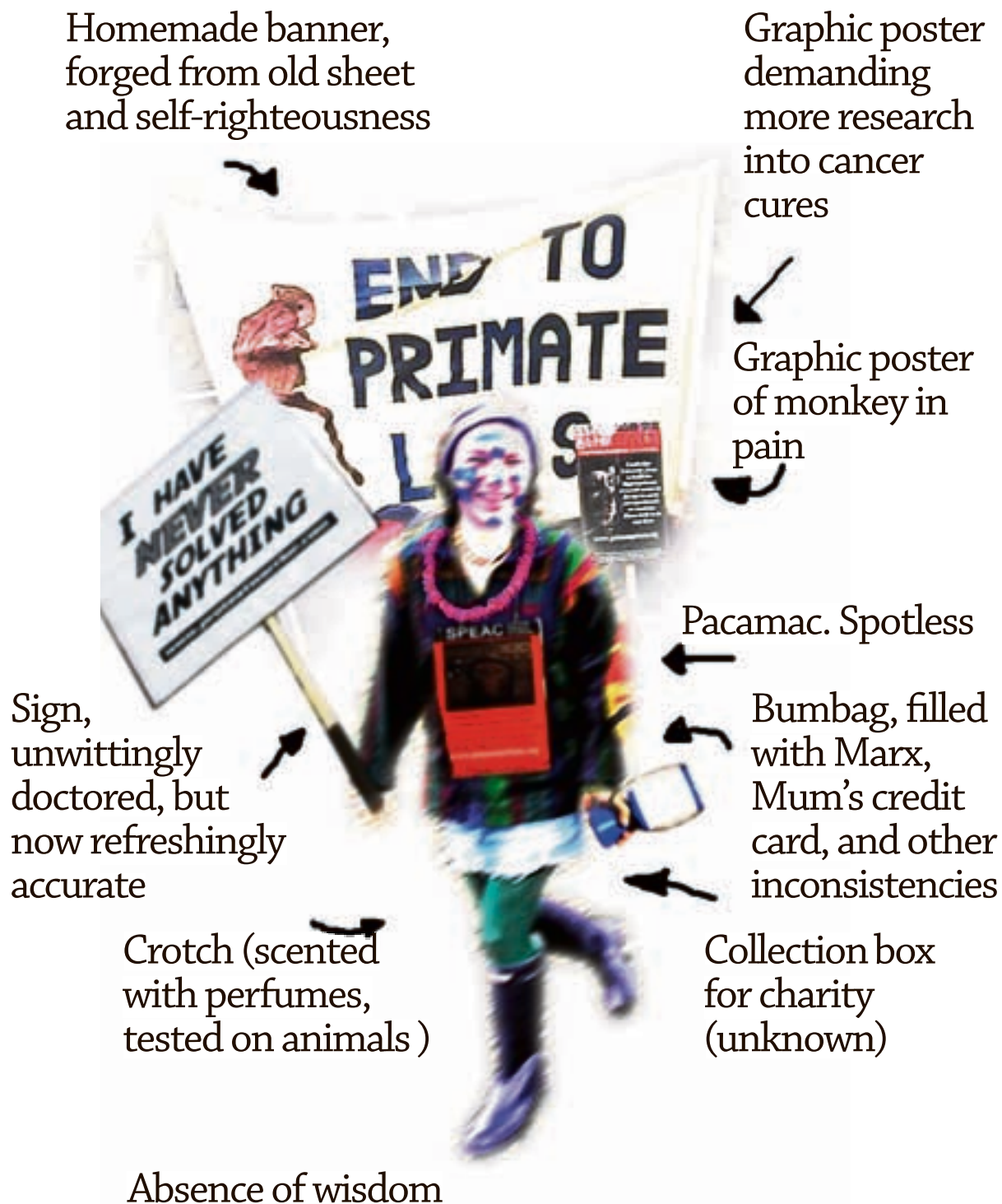
but thats it. hardly dinner is it. unless you're that bird off of hollyoaks who's well anorexic and collapsed last night, which reminds me, i gotta watch hollyoaks tonight to see if the slag died." - Wilse

Inappropriate wall post:

did you pimp out one of your girls to one of my barmen last night? - Steve Barman

Gym-based homoerotic profile**Henry VIII created Trinity**

This is You Kneejerk Activist



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

I never really wanted to be a pirate. I'm not sure anybody does. It often seems to be a career which is handed down to one unexpectedly like Judaism or diabetes. But despite this obstacle, many pirates have gone on to have rather successful television careers, even those, like Blackbeard, who took it up from a young age.

I'm referring, of course, to the likes of Jack Sparrow, Smee, Hook, Pugwash, Charlie Dimmock and Sir Trevor MacDonald, all of whom have swashbuckled their way across our screens for years and years, suffering surprisingly few major injuries in the process. There is a romantic aspect to piracy which you just don't often see, even amidst the cut and treacherous thrust of "Cash in the Attic" or "The Flying Doctors". In fact, I would go so far as to suggest that some of the levels of violence in televised piracy occasionally approach those seen in Midsummer Murders (although not the lairy child murderers one, which was just weird).

Speaking of which, though it's difficult to believe, violence on television is not a new thing. In some ways, this reflects its status as existing in the real world. In fact, the first occurrence of serious human violence on television was in the Quentin Tarantino film "Pulp Fiction", in which there are several instances of men and women being really quite rude to one another, particularly in the scene of graphic torture in a dungeon.

But previous to that, screen violence remained the preserve of the animated feature-length productions of Walt Disney, in which deer routinely died, often sadly, and occasionally a dwarf would bump his head. So it was a bold gesture, during the prohibitive 1990s, for an American to introduce bloodlust and multiple duffings to the visual mainstream.

That said, I myself am getting jolly ticked off with the amount of media coverage being given to Joe Calzaghe, an illiterate Welshman distinguished by his ability to take multiple blows to the head, a position previously held by John Prescott, which is frankly not the sort of company you

want to be in, even if you are a trained boxer.

Why we want to encourage these people to feature on our screens is beyond me, particularly when it means giving up valuable screen-time which could be donated to re-runs of "The Ten Commandments" with Charlton Heston, or the scene from "Any Given Sunday" in the changing room, notable for being the only occasion in which a room full of athletes has been motivated to glory by talk of the "one inch in front of your face", a tactic which was markedly less successful when I attempted it one-on-one with



Depp: Far From Ugly

my Danish girlfriend Leigo after we borrowed the movie from Blockbuster (which led to something of a misunderstanding with the chap at the door about the nature of our membership agreement). Although in hindsight, she's not a professional athlete, so perhaps I ought to have expected it.

But back to my defence of pirates, surely we can all concede by now that Jack Sparrow has cornered the market in fictional pirates based on members of bands from the sixties, despite the best efforts of Hook to look like Sgt. Pepper-era George Harrison, not to mention Dr. Hook himself. The subject of band members who have based themselves on sixties pirates is for another essay entirely, although I would suggest that hip-hop is probably the future, with its proliferation of popular stars keen on treasure, women and improbable piercings.

But I go too far. We do, still, all need a pirate in our lives, and I will be the first to stand in the way of this conclusion.

John Reicher

Cantabulous/ Oxfordire

The Law

Look at the BBC website. It's amazing. Laws made by morons, for the benefit of morons and the amusement of everyone else. Anyone want to go and kill a Scotsman with a bow and arrow? Only in York. And only at night.

John Lewis

Coming to Cambridge. Pretend not to be excited. I dare you. Because when push comes, quite literally, to shove, I'll be in front of you in the queue for some sensible shoes and a dressing gown. Sucker.

Kanye West

Tha-tha-that that don't kill me, can only make me stronger.. Sound advice.



Kanye: Stronger

Bacon

So being fat makes you dead. Eating bacon makes you fat. Neither of which, it would seem, are that chilled.

Bacon: Bad

The Police

Stopping, interrogating and fining innocent students outside Sainsbury's for cycling without lights, whilst there are assaults and attempted rapes in King's and Market Square. Not cool, chaps.

2001

There are good years, and then there are bad years. 2001 was a bad year. I don't really know why, either, other than that I was 14 and rather an awkward child. Best forgotten.



Calzaghe: Not a pirate

When **Ed Cumming** defended the disproportionate success of the privately educated at Oxbridge admissions in these pages, there was a backlash. **Ed Maltby** responded by lambasting an unfair system that undermined a good education as a right and made it into a very expensive privilege. He demanded the abolition of private education. We brought them head-to-head.

On the Sutton Trust: Sir Peter Lampl prefaces the August 2004 report by pointing out that uni-

The original incendiary article

The demand for a radically better staffed and funded system of comprehensive education must be indivisible from the demand for the abolition of private education. You fund one the same way you get rid of the other: cut the £100m a year tax breaks to private schools, and raise income tax and corporation tax to sensible levels. Without these massive subsidies from the taxpayer, watch Eton collapse. And when state education is properly funded and the Great Unwashed are being educated to the same standard as the children of the rich for free, watch demand for private education and private tuition dwindle. The fact is that these proposals

This is the point of socialism: not the abolition of the all the advances and apparatus of current society, but their transformation

Interests: Arsenal FC, Nathalie Buscombe and the novels of William Gibson.

To abolish private education would be to accept an overall fall in the academic standards to the nation. Surely he must agree that our system, particularly at the Oxbridge end of things, should remain aspirational rather than conciliatory? I agree.

private education?

are very modest. What is truly “preposterous” is that, given its eminent feasibility, such a system does not exist already. And the persistence of good education as the privileged preserve of the rich is more barbarous still.

I opened Mr Maltby’s most recent letter enthusiastically, only to be disappointed once again that he appears not to have correctly noted my surname. It is an odd rhetorical technique, certainly, but desperate times call for all sorts of measures, especially when you are setting an archaic, cancerous political dogma against both all human experience and mathematical fact. We might as well get rid of gravity. For Mr Maltby appears to be of opinion that, were private schools to be abolished, there would be enough resources in the UK to raise every school to the level of our current best. Pointing out the corpulent, gushing fallacy of this feels a bit patronising, but here we go:

We cannot but presume that these schools would have to have the same spending per student – these ruthless capitalists have nothing if not an eye for value. And with no competition, waste would skyrocket.

Let us take Westminster. A suitable model of the sort of school my erstwhile opponent would like to close down, not least, no doubt, because I went there. Fees for day boys (the majority of students) are £16,842 a year. Government spending in the UK is, on average, slightly more than £8,000 a year. Enough?

I’ll go on. There are currently roughly 700 students – a turnover of £11,872,000 even before we have accounted for the spending from endowments and properties owned by the school. There are 6,086 secondary schools in the UK. For the purposes of this piece we’ll imagine they all have about 120 students a year everywhere – it’s a good number to work with, it seems to foster a lot of success.

This makes £72bn, purely for the secondary system, when current government spending across the entire education system, including primary, secondary, university and mature education is currently £74bn. Mr Maltby’s £100m from the abolished tax-breaks might, just, cover the bar-tab after the ministers meet to discuss doubling (at the very least) education spending.

Raise income tax? OK. Total income tax revenue currently

stands at about £135bn annually. Saying we need double the current funding (again, a low estimate) we need about another £74bn to cover everything. Don’t know where that’s going to come from. Actually, looking at the figures there’s a nice £90bn expenditure we could simply transfer to education. The surplus might even cover the shortfall from government inefficiency. The only problem is that I would imagine Mr Maltby would have some issues with abolishing the NHS.

But it’s rather crass to speak only about money. From the physical financial impossibility (“eminent feasibility”) of his scheme we must move to another one of those irritatingly finite resources – labour. Our dream school, based on the above model, employs about fifty excellent teachers, who are attracted by the opportunity to teach in an environment for learning, on some of the best pay in their profession. They are superb conveyors of information, with an infectious enthusiasm for learning and a deep care for the general wellbeing of their students. They are able to bring out the best in all students, keeping discipline amongst the unruly whilst simultaneously bringing out everyone’s academic potential.

There are not 250,000 of these people in Britain. And even if there were, Mr Maltby’s system would have to have the best of them evenly distributed around the country. It would be a bit like spreading the Arsenal and Man Utd players evenly around the Premiership. The domestic league might be more competitive, but I’d back Barcelona in the Champions League.

And unfortunately, Britain plays in the world. It can be rather a cruel, unforgiving place, where nothing is in infinite supply. Some have more of this limited supply than others. This argument is necessarily an economic one. Mr Maltby would do well to acknowledge this before proposing an impossible educational solution.

Cummings’ reply above is priceless. For everything else, there’s basic economics.

So, according to his slightly dodgy reckoning, in order to give every child in Britain a Westminster-standard education, we would need to double the education budget. But where could we come by £72bn? Cummings thinks it impossible. Sigh. According to HM Revenue

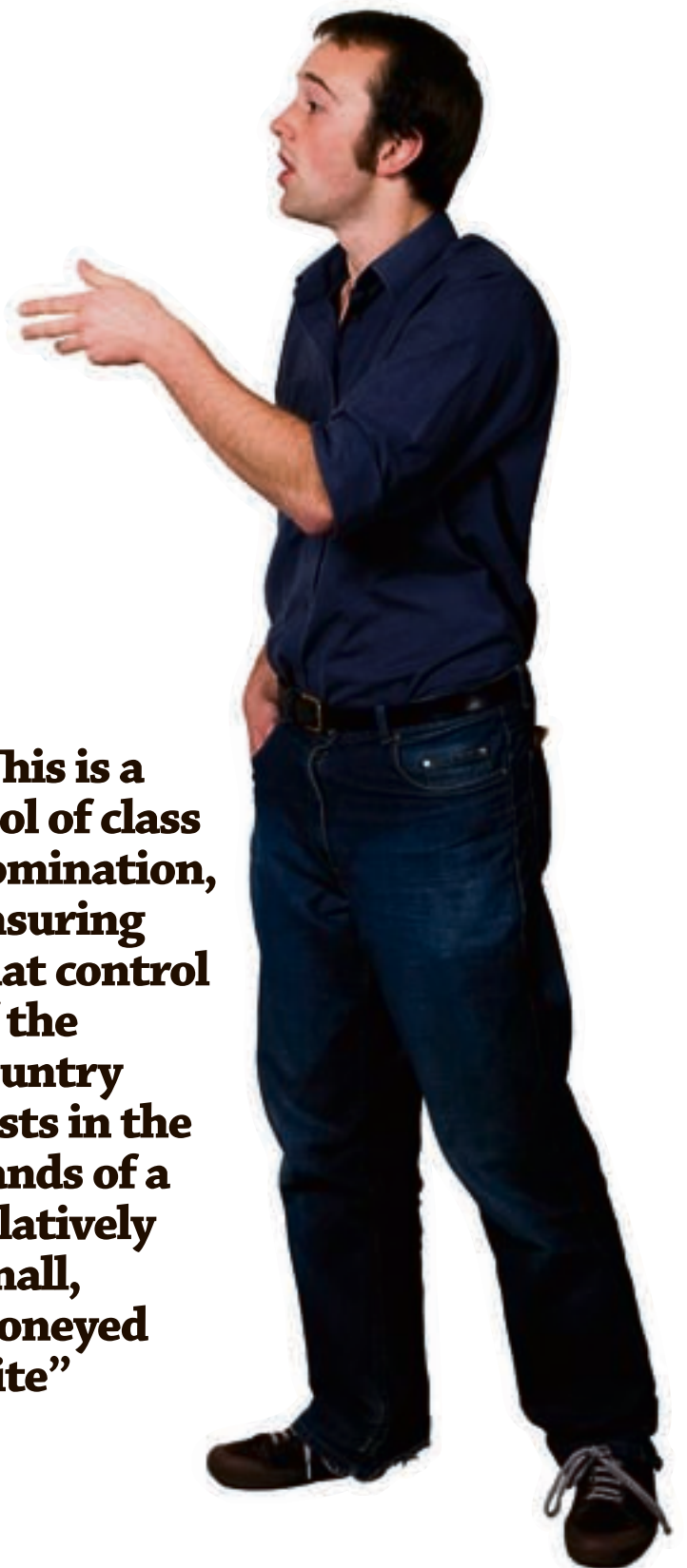
and Customs figures, tax evasion alone costs the treasury at least £75bn a year. Avoidance (legal non-payment of tax) costs at the very least £10bn. At the risk of sounding patronising, Cummings, that’s your target easily met, even before we’ve touched income tax. Of course, chasing down super-rich criminals and closing a few loopholes in tax law in order to provide decent education and social mobility to working class children might seem like an extravagance to some, but I maintain that it is a modest proposal.

Given that corporate and top-rate income tax are now at just about their lowest levels in living memory, there is an incredible amount of untapped wealth available to pour into education if only we broke the political stranglehold of the wealthy elite over the economic life of this country. For as long as working-class organisations are weak and bound by anti-unions laws and parliament is dominated by parties in thrall to the rich, this won’t happen. But economically it is eminently possible, and morally it is imperative.

Furthermore, the market does not ensure efficiency. The market ensures a pell-mell dash to make profit. The two are not synonymous, especially not in education. The BBC reports that for seven years in a row, private school fees have risen by significantly more than double the rate of inflation. In efficient industries, this really tends not to happen. What’s going on? Nothing unusual, they’re just private businesses following a financial imperative to make more money. They’ve discovered that they can charge parents more for the same service. And so radically improving state education in the UK would be cheaper than he has suggested.

As for teachers, in a country of 60 million people, a few hundred thousand bright, charismatic graduates should be very easy to find, especially if we were to raise teaching salaries considerably and improve teacher training provision. After all, we’ve seen that there’s enough money to go around.

As for that £100m “charity” sum, what we spend it on is beside the point. What is crucial is that we should no longer use it to subsidise an infrastructure which stuffs our top jobs and universities with rich dullards; an archaic, undemocratic institution which is a slap in the face to the many thousands of ordinary working-class children whose potential brilliance is going to waste in neglected state schools, sink estates and insecure, underpaid dead-end jobs.



“This is a tool of class domination, ensuring that control of the country rests in the hands of a relatively small, moneyed elite”

Ed Maltby

College: St John’s

Subject: 3rd year, MML

Education: High Storrs, a co-educational comprehensive school. Founded in 1880, on average it sends 0.9% of its pupils to Oxbridge

Lives in: Sheffield

Organisations: Education Not For Sale, Alliance for Workers’ Liberty, Left Tea Party, Ligue Communiste Révolutionnaire

Interests: Marxism, modernism, eating, drinking, folk

THINKING TIME...

...IN THE BATH?



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Clear Difference

The astounding tale of the Custard Coup

They may seem fusty, but some Masters and Bursars lead more intriguing lives than others. They might even be doing so right under your nose. In a story of cronyism, sabotage and custard-slinging, Chief News Editor **Camilla Temple** imagines what might happen if dodgy dealings ever did occur in a Cambridge college. Tom Sharpe could never have thought up this one.

The following is entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons or events is purely coincidental.

The candlelight flickered over the sebaceous faces of the diners in the Dogsboddy College hall. The undergraduates were joyously hurling spoonfuls of whipped cream at each other and port was being served by a shambling man who took secret pleasure in pouring hot coffee on people's laps. The time had finally come for the new Master, Sir Peter Pumpledink, to stand up and make his inaugural speech to the assembled college.

Skinny and corpulent Fellows alike nestled into their gowns for a little nap. An occasional outburst of sniggering interrupted the silence as one especially persistent boy kept unzipping his fly provocatively before a group of titillated girls.

"Never should have let women into Dogsboddy", Professor Roland von Polan belched across the table. The Bursar, Dr Snevell, twisted his waxed moustache and smoothed down his greasy comb-over, more pressing affairs on his mind. He licked his lips, looking forward to sinking to his teeth into the new Master.

Sir Peter Pumpledink cleared his throat juicily, straightened his back and puffed out his chest. This speech was to be a historic moment, the beginnings of a new regime of transparency and accountability, a rule of virtue, a veritable golden era. Things were going to change in Dogsboddy College.

Someone toppled over in alcoholic excitement. Sir Peter began. "We have all been enjoying the pleasure of Dogsboddy bounty on this fine evening", he cast an indulgent eye over the seething mass of paralytic students, "but it has come to my attention", and here a tremor of piety pervaded his tone, "that some of our senior members have been enjoying more than their fair share of this bounty. Under my leadership, a new age will begin here in Dogsboddy College; no fellow more equal than his fellow," here Pumpledink snorted at his own joke. "I know my predecessor, Professor Pervez Crooney, may have had his methods, but under Pumpledink there will be no more favours and indulgence for the chosen few!" He glared pointedly at Professor Roland von Polan.

The Fellows, who had been in that delicious state of almost sleep, woke with a start. The chaplain, ever a little the worse for wear, giggled into his pudding. Snevell sucked in air in

through his yellow teeth. Professor Von Polan shook all of his double chins at once in horror.

At this point, the persistent boy succeeded in undoing his fly and was on the very point of revelation (much to his audience's delight) when Rottwiser, the gargantuan Head Porter, marched him out of hall, the sadistic coffee waiter herding a flock of hysterical girls after him.

The Dean, Cumberland, rubbed his hands together. There would be a succession of cosy chats tomorrow with each and every one of those busty, pert, blonde... he was awoken from his sensual contemplation of the following day's delights by a feverish cry from Pumpledink. "You will no longer grow mouldy in your towers, but will engage with the youth of today, a fresh breeze is blowing through this college, and it is carrying you on its wings!"

The students cheered and stamped, the general notion being that it must be somebody's birthday, and Pumpledink went pink with pleasure. He beamed at the Chaplain. The Chaplain grinned back, thinking it was probably his birthday.

But rebellion was brewing. Later that night, Dr Snevell and Professor Von Polan convened for a venomous gossip session in the Dean's magnificent rooms. The setting was reminiscent of a medieval whore's boudoir; the Dean had got on particularly well with the previous Master. The Dean's support on college matters had been invaluable to Professor Pervez Crooney, to the extent that no expense had been spared on his personal comfort. Crooney's regime had been one of prosperity for the trio, and von Polan's quadruple chins gave a sentimental wobble as he thought back to the port-laced pleasures of board-meetings past.

The rebellion would begin tomorrow, at the Fellows' meeting, and it would be swift and merciless. The windows slowly steamed up as the three of them plotted the downfall of this new and hateful communist regime.

When Professor Roland von Polan waddled into the meeting the next day, he instantly noticed that everything was not as it should be. The mahogany table would usually have been covered with an assortment of Fitzbillies finest: silver platters piled high with Danish pastries, Eccles cakes, sausage rolls, cheesy

croissants and cinnamon buns. But he could see nothing even vaguely edible.

Opening the door, Dr Snevell stopped in his tracks. Pumpledink, red-cheeked and earnest at one end of the table, was flanked on either side by representatives of the JCR committee. The Bursar's upper lip began to curl. "What on earth are they doing here?" he snarled. Pumpledink smiled, "I know it has been customary to discuss all college matters under reserved business, but there is really no need to exclude the students." Here he gave another indulgent smile "we are beginning a policy of transparency".

The word echoed round the room and the fellows broke into a frenzy of hushed whispers. Snevell dearly wished he had had a raisin bun that he could spit out in disgust. Students! In a governing body meeting! This was very near the limit of what he could take.

Ignoring the horrified faces, Pumpledink began excitedly, "Some among you have been doing rather well out of the college for some time now, do not think I have not noticed: choice rooms, high salaries, particularly among those of you who were close to my predecessor, Professor Pervez Crooney. But Pumpledink will change that, he is all for fairness, transparency and equality!"

Some of the more underfed Fellows nodded feebly, but Professor Roland von Polan was having none of it. "What gives you the right to change anything, ever? We have had Fitzbillies buns in this meeting for over one hundred and fifty years!"

The fellows were in uproar, clamouring for the customary croissants, for that was after all the main reason that they attended such gatherings, most of them being partially if not completely deaf (and blind). Someone was immediately dispatched to fetch the buns.

"Please calm yourselves," Pumpledink pleaded, growing more and more flustered by the minute as discontent at the absence of the cake stand threatened to put an end to any business of an inedible nature.

"Perhaps the students had better leave" put in Snevell delightedly. "Yes, yes, off you go, closed business now, confidentiality, named personnel." The students, herded towards the exit under the prodding and persevering thumb of the Dean, looked like children taken out of the theatre just before the pantomime begins.

Pumpledink tried to speak but in vain, for at that very moment the cakes arrived and there was a stampede of gowns as each fellow tried to get his favourite.

Thumping feebly on the flapping papers spread before him, the master tried to regain order. "Gentleman! Perhaps we could take a vote on the proposals?"

"Proposals!" cried Professor Roland von Polan, and hurled a custard doughnut at Pumpledink. The librarian fainted. Vanilla custard splattered across the Master's face, but not before a lemon muffin had hit him hard on then nose, and a volley of cheesy rolls had forced him to retreat under the table. There was a long pause. Sir Pumpledink emerged, golden custard dripping down his crimson cheeks.



"Never," said Snevell in a dangerously quiet voice, "try to impose change on Dogsboddy College". Through his mask of custard, the master went pale. The librarian collapsed in a lifeless heap on the floor. "I think you may find," Snevell continued, "that you have a very

pressing research place to take up". Breathless with fear, the hapless Pumpledink scurried from the room.

Just twenty four hours after his inauguration, Sir Pumpledink resigned his post as Master of Dogsboddy College. The College Press Officer skillfully assuaged the shock of the University, assuring everyone that Pumpledink had always intended to move on, and had simply brought the date of his departure forward slightly, as it happened, to the day after his arrival.

Change did come finally to Dogsboddy College. The modernisation which the excellent Pumpledink had so earnestly pushed for arrived at last. It was, however, of a nature not entirely foreseen by the plotters.

There had been one problem which the Fellows had not considered while revelling in what was later to be christened the Custard Coup. There was no one to replace Sir Pumpledink. Dogsboddy College was left leaderless, afloat in the changing tides of the Cambridge sea. It was not until a large dose of sal volatile had finally brought the librarian back to consciousness that anyone realised the full implications of the coup. Delving into the college statutes, she informed them with no inconsiderable glee that, should no Master could be found to replace Pumpledink, the position would revert to the Chancellor of the University.

Unfortunately Prince Phillip, and his eldest son William, were far too busy opening museums, and so were forced to pass the job on to His Royal Highness Prince Harry, who had virtually nothing to do and was thrilled to take over the running of a body of students; he had little or no conception of what a Fellow was, or why they were strictly necessary.

The college became a new club, "Dogzboddy", with no fewer than twelve different themed bars (one of which, "Revolution", was opened in the Dean's rooms). The Dean was secretly incredulous at his luck; he now had a constant supply of drunken girls pouring into his rooms in their skimpiest outfits. It should be added that Prince Harry remained at "Dogzboddy" College as the longest serving Master in history.



Dress: Sue Ryder (£10), Shoes: Absolute Vinatge (£60), Bracelet: Chanel (£90). *Fur Stole* Fox fur stole: Sue Ryder (£5), Necklace: Miss Selfridge (£20), Rings: Stylists' own. *Full length* Dress: Below Retro (£16), Shoes: Marks and Spencer (£25), *Cigarette* Fake fur coat: Oxfam (£25). Photographed by Ellis Scott, styled and modelled by Andrea Adams



CHAISE LONGUE



The Price Of Victory

The growing industry of political betting gets punters to put their money where their mouth is, and reckons Hilary Clinton is almost a certainty for the 2008 election. **Matt Clifford** looks at the science of wagering on the future.

If you think you know something about politics, you probably think you have a better-than-average idea of who's going to win the next election. Just how sure are you though? Can you say by how much? Would you put a price on it? An increasing number of people think they can, and are prepared to put their money where their mouth is.

Betting on political events is one of the fastest-growing sectors of the gambling industry. On Betfair.com, the largest internet betting exchange, the outcome of the next general election has attracted half a million pounds of bets, more than the average Premiership football match. If you add bets on other exchanges and wagers on international political events, it's a multi-million pound industry. Politicalbetting.com, a web site that hosts daily discussion about political events in Britain and abroad from a gambling perspective, is the most visited political commentary blog in the UK.

But there's far more than money at stake in this new craze. These hundreds of thousands of uncoordinated bets, made by tens of thousands of people who never meet each other, are beginning to change the nature of political prediction. Just as the financial markets aggregate the beliefs of millions of investors to produce a best guess for the future prospects of companies around the world, so journalists, pollsters and politicians themselves are beginning to sit up and take notice of what the betting markets can tell us about what might lie ahead in the world of politics.

This is not a particularly new idea. For nearly twenty years, the University of Iowa has run a market in predictions about the outcome of US Presidential elections. The rules are fairly simple. Speculators buy or sell "contracts" that specify which party they expect to win the election. Once the elec-

tion is over, contracts specifying a Democratic win are worth one dollar if the Democratic candidate has won and nothing if the Republican candidate triumphed. So, if a Democratic win seems highly likely, the contract will trade at a price very close to \$1. If the Republican seems a shoo-in, you'll be able to buy a Democratic contract very cheaply. As there is real money at stake – up to \$500 per participant – the market moves quickly to adjust to relevant news. If Hillary Clinton makes a gaffe or Rudy Giuliani gets George Bush's endorsement, the market prices will change rapidly to incorporate this new information. In theory, the price of each contract represents the chance of its specified party's victory. What's more, it seems to work in practice. In each of the last five US Presidential elections, the Iowa market has predicted the outcome more accurately than either the average of the final week's opinion polls and the judgement of political pundits.

It's only in the last few years, however, that prediction markets have gone mainstream. The Iowa market is small, restricted and narrowly defined. With the advent of internet betting exchanges, the scope for creating wider and bigger markets has ballooned. Punters have always been able to back political parties at the local Ladbroke's, but sites such as Betfair and Intrade have changed the nature of the game completely.

At these exchanges, there is no book-maker: you are betting against your fellow participants. So for every person who believes that the Tories will win the next election,

there is another who thinks he can make money by taking the opposite position. Consequently, Betfair and its competitors act like free markets in information. If I want the best estimate of Hillary's chances of becoming President, I can simply direct my browser to Betfair and see what the punters think (The answer, incidentally, is around 52%. If you think this seems way off, well, there's money to be made).

Of course, information markets are not an alternative to traditional opinion polls, since polling is still one of the most important influences on prediction market prices. However, these markets do help political actors understand how seriously to take a given poll. Is that new 10% lead an anomaly or the sign of a sharp change in public opinion? Research suggests the prediction markets are the best way we have of making a judgement. How much do polls conducted two years before an election matter? Again, the prediction markets provide a good estimate.

In fact, such markets have proved so accurate in the world of party politics, that there have been several attempts to harness their power in other fields. Markets have been created to estimate future Hollywood blockbuster profits and the success of new products within high-tech companies. It's still early days, but so far the results are promising. However, prediction markets have also suffered serious setbacks. Perhaps the most ambitious experiment of all was the Pentagon's attempt in 2003 to create a Policy Analysis Market, which would have allowed members of the public to speculate on the likelihood of future terrorist attacks, coups d'état and assassination attempts. The idea that people – and even terrorists themselves – might be able to benefit financially from loss of life met with outrage, and the Pentagon withdrew funding from the project before it launched.

Nevertheless, enthusiasm for greater use of prediction markets in public policy is far from over. Several American academics, notably the economists Robin Hanson, of George Mason University, and Justin Wolfers, of the Wharton Business School, are working on how such mar-

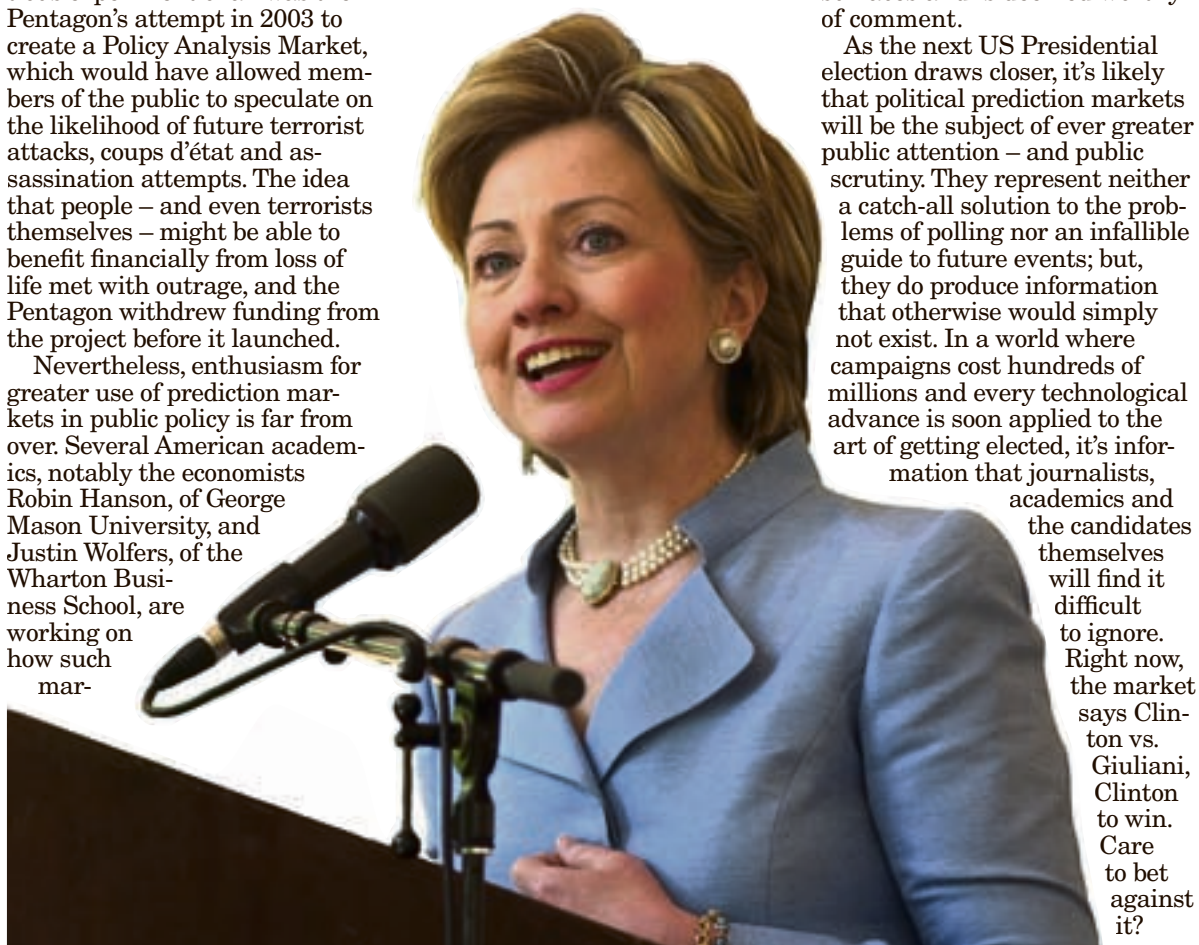
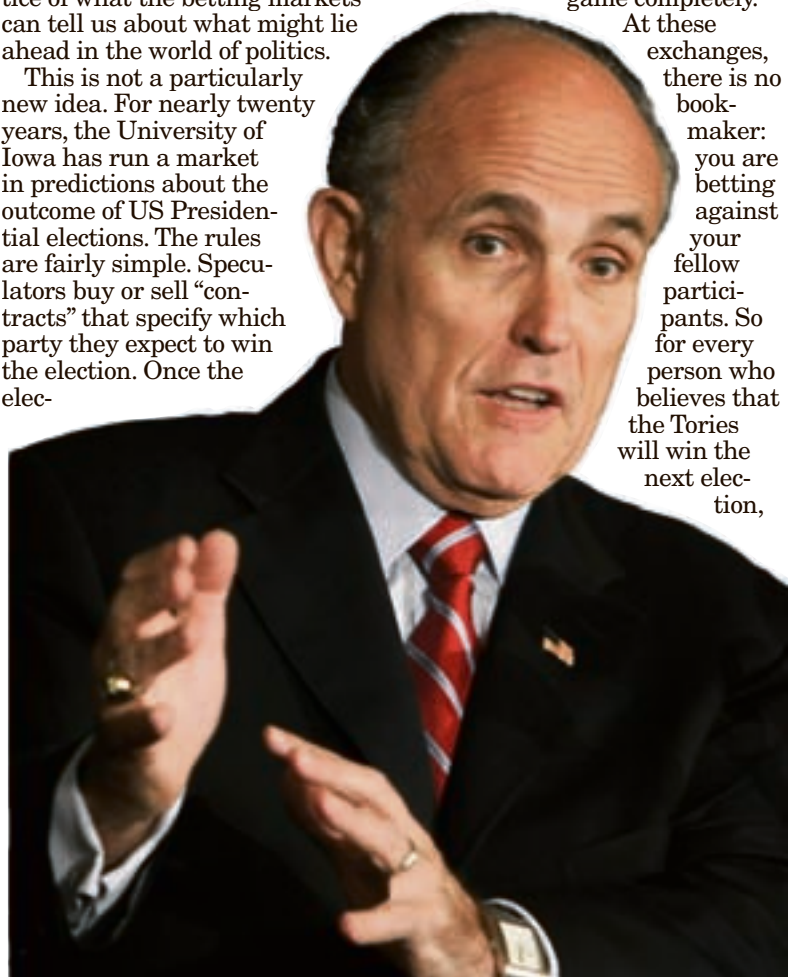
kets might be used to evaluate the expected outcomes of government policy decisions. The idea has even made its way onto the bestseller lists in the shape of James Surowiecki's 2004 book, *The Wisdom of Crowds*, and has been mooted as a means of measuring the success of the American troop surge in Iraq.

It is a little premature, however, to declare information markets a panacea. Politicians may be able to spin away the results of an opinion poll or to summon minions to rebut the pundits, but some believe that political parties have much more insidious ways to deal with adverse prediction market prices. As the Liberal Democrats prepare for a second leadership election in two years, there has been considerable discussion on the blogs of political aficionados about anomalies in the betting prices last time around. Ming Campbell and Chris Huhne seemed the only plausible winners, and private polling put Campbell well ahead of his younger rival among Lib Dem members. Nevertheless, Huhne was backed with sufficiently large sums of money that he was quoted as the favourite on the major exchanges until just before the result was announced. It would be one thing for the markets to have "made a mistake", but Mike Smithson, the owner of Politicalbetting.com and perhaps the most influential person in the British political betting community, has another explanation. He suggests that supporters of Chris Huhne,

aware of the value of appearing the favourite, manipulated the relatively illiquid market by placing large bets in favour of their candidate.

As Campbell was ultimately victorious, it is easy to dismiss such activity as rather self-absorbed silliness on the part of a small group of political junkies. But in a world where prediction markets are given increasing weight, and in which their prices are widely reported in the mainstream press, it is perhaps a worrying sign of things to come. Unlike many of their financial counterparts, most prediction markets are very illiquid. Few people, for example, know or care enough to invest much in a market dedicated to predicting the identity of the next Russian president. It therefore takes a fairly small amount of money to make a no-hoper look like a certainty or to transform the favourite into a deadbeat. Rumours abound, for example, that Hillary's current price is the result of concerted manipulation. This, however, seems unlikely. The US Presidential election market is the largest political prediction market in the world. It would take several hundred thousand dollars to make anyone appear significantly more popular than he or she really is – money that the candidate would surely rather put to other uses and that would be eagerly snapped up by punters who spotted the ruse. It is a testament, nevertheless, to the growing influence of prediction markets that such speculation surfaces and is deemed worthy of comment.

As the next US Presidential election draws closer, it's likely that political prediction markets will be the subject of ever greater public attention – and public scrutiny. They represent neither a catch-all solution to the problems of polling nor an infallible guide to future events; but, they do produce information that otherwise would simply not exist. In a world where campaigns cost hundreds of millions and every technological advance is soon applied to the art of getting elected, it's information that journalists, academics and the candidates themselves will find it difficult to ignore. Right now, the market says Clinton vs. Giuliani, Clinton to win. Care to bet against it?



The contenders: But according to the financial indexes, Hilary Clinton is running far ahead of Rudy Guiliani

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The Darjeeling Feeling

Wes Anderson's highly anticipated film, *The Darjeeling Limited*, hits the cinemas this month. **Greg Buchanan** spoke to co-stars **Adrien Brody** and **Jason Schwartzman** about mystery, spirituality and Kong.

"If we fuck, I'm gonna feel like shit tomorrow," a bruised Natalie Portman whispers. Her lover is okay with this. He doesn't care – he doesn't want to be her friend, he doesn't want to laugh, not there, not now. It is the opening scene of *The Darjeeling Limited*, the latest and best film to date by cult director Wes Anderson. And although it may be billed as a comedy, expect anything but.

The film explores the aftermath of a father's death and the subsequent estrangement of his three sons, played by Owen Wilson (Francis), Jason Schwartzman (Jack), and Adrien Brody (Peter). In the course of their journey towards intended enlightenment, the Whitman brothers travel on board the titular Darjeeling train across India, with daily laminated itineraries provided by a balding company assistant.

Often whimsical and prompting dark self-examinations, Anderson's latest effort is a triumph of emotional range and an adept exploration of what it means to be alive and to cope. Howard Jacobson, novelist and columnist for *The Independent*, has written that "comic writing should never be light. Just because we laugh, it doesn't mean we've stopped feeling the burden of our mortality. Death lies like a curled snake at the bottom of every laugh." *Darjeeling* would seem to dramatise this point of view.

It shines as a prime

example of subtlety over exposition, demanding real thought rather than mindless knee-jerk laughter. The injuries to the body of the ex-girlfriend (played adeptly by Portman), the lack of shoes on Jack's feet, the nature of Francis's accident and why Peter always thought he would get divorced – all these motifs are revealed to the audience piecemeal but never explained outright. Wes Anderson is often criticised in this respect, an occupational hazard for any creative artist but perhaps much more so for the 'auteur' of such films as *The Royal Tenenbaums* and *The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou*.

Critical opinion usually falls into the marmite division of love or hate, yet within his latest fare, Anderson transcends style to present a journey that moves on a deeply emotional level, thrilling not just with sumptuous visual imagery and a killer soundtrack but with real heart, however ambiguous a thing it may be.

"We wanted to make a movie," begins Jason Schwartzman, both co-star and co-writer, "that was a bit more mysterious, more sparse, and which would imply more, so that an audience member could make up their own mind and their own back story for a lot of what they were seeing – so that everyone could go and see the same movie and it would be completely different for each one of them based upon their own experience

ences and their own lives."

Although the writers of the film (Schwartzman, Wes Anderson and Roman Coppola) admit

"the company commandeered the busiest rail network in the entire world"

that *Darjeeling* represents particularly personal experience and emotions, one cast member, indisputably the star of the film, found it a challenge to represent a life he had never known. Adrien Brody, a neophyte joining such Anderson alumni as Bill Murray and Anjelica Huston, is an only child. There is a haunting and wistful line during the train journey where Jack asks his siblings – "I wonder if the three of us would've been friends in real life. Not as brothers, but as

people." Watching *The Darjeeling Limited*, a viewer cannot help but wish they were.

"I think the fact that we were all in such an exotic location and on such an adventure," said Oscar-winner Brody, "gave me a real sense of closeness with Owen and Jason and everybody else and the crew. I felt very much welcome into a very close-knit group. It was very much like being in a theatre company, which is a wonderful environment for an actor."

This kind of simultaneous handcraft and soaring naturalism is a hallmark of all Anderson's productions, with a distinct predilection for enacting scenes as truthfully as possible. The director had courage enough to film *The Life Aquatic* on an actual tiny boat, foregoing the far easier option of a computer generated graphic. With *The Darjeeling*, the company commandeered the busiest rail network in the entire world with a real train. *The Darjeeling Limited*, as crafted by the crew of the film, actually existed and ran the tracks, a feat of realism that deeply impressed Brody, himself more used to the artificial graphics of Peter Jackson's *King Kong*.

"It made our job a lot more exciting and easier in a lot of ways. For instance, the

ship in *Kong* was in the parking lot of the studio where we were shooting it – the advantage was that no-one got sea sick, and we were all able to work and get off the boat, but in order to create a sense of reality we had to, for example, work out a routine where Jack Black would have to pretend to rock one direction and I'd have to start off in another. So there was constantly this other thing that we had to work with. It was pretty amazing to actually be on a moving train in India and actually to be in this very spiritual place. It was a wonderful and rare experience for me."

Brody's last line sums up the entire movie in a handful of words. *The Darjeeling Limited* is a work of art, making very few mis-steps throughout its course. When the film seems long and drawn out, it is vindicated by unexpected cathartic crescendos; when we see the familiar cliché of slow motion, we cannot fail but to be impressed by its effortless charisma. It is a journey, and although it perhaps lacks the sheer punch of such Oscar contenders as *Atonement*, it is one that no audience should fail to catch.





Eliza Apperly and Lucy Whelan visit Swedish 'biological artist' **Henrik Håkansson's** exhibition at Kettle's Yard, and watch him watching nature.

Born in Sweden in 1968, artist Henrik Håkansson has always been something of an imaginative biologist. Consistently interested and inspired by the interaction between man and nature in 1995 he decided to investigate the musical preferences of frogs. Setting up a fully-fledged 'marsh rave', Håkansson blasted out his favourite tracks across a large swampy area and noted that its amphibian inhabitants responded to the tunes with an enthusiasm almost equal to his own. According to his findings, the frogs' croaking actually rose and fell to the music, with a particular predilection, it would seem, for ambient techno and sonic trance.

In the current Kettle's Yard exhibition *Three Days of the Condor*, his first major UK show, Håkansson examines the perpetual nature-culture interplay through slightly more understated and conventional mediums. Focused on the plight of the rare bird species of Spix's Macaw, the California Condor and Gurney's Pitta, the exhibition's three separate audio-visual installations seek to explore the ways in which modern society perceives, portrays and relates to the natural world.

Though some elements of the exhibition are heavy on information over aesthetics and appear

almost like some alarmingly enthusiastic (and not too gripping) school project, it is precisely such obsessive structures of scientific enquiry, understanding and categorisation which fascinate Håkansson with his own essentially romantic view of nature.

"the frogs' croaking actually rose and fell to the music, with a particular predilection for ambient techno and sonic trance"

Convinced that the natural world should be allowed to "represent itself", Håkansson sets these maps, charts and articles of human investigation in sharp visual contrast to raw, unedited film footage of the California Condor and to a large photo mural of the same bird. With its massive dark wing span a lone silhouette against the broad blue sky, even the environmentally sceptical or disinterested must here be

struck by a certain poetic poignancy in the absolute isolation of near-extinction.

Whilst the exhibition does have this soft and romantic core, it is arguably rather inaccessible at first glance. Presented as the raw product of research, the technical nature of the exhibition means that it is difficult to feel close to the subject matter itself. Most of the direct experiences to be had in Håkansson's gallery are to do with mechanisms and apparatus: from the smell of pine from the mock-up hut, to the whirring projectors and visible gaffa tape, it all feels very tangible and lo-fi. All this contributes to Håkansson's poignant documentation of the birds, and relates to a primary point which he wants to communicate: that nature is so unaware of our watching it, yet its very survival is being threatened by our long-term interaction and influence.

Whilst the exhibition can feel more about instrumentation and observation than nature, this treatment of nature in art is a welcome contrast with the contrived and futile attitude towards animals of several other contemporary artists. So many artists - such as Huang Yong Ping, Paola Pivi, and John Bock - have put live animals

inside gallery space; so very few have taken us to the animals instead. The result is not only less forceful, it is less controversial and cruel. Instead, through sincere and honest documentation, Håkansson offers a newly reflective outlook on nature.

Although Håkansson's gallery space does at times make you feel like you're holidaying with Bill Oddie, there is an ambient atmosphere to be discovered. Expect a beautiful visual display and you'll be disappointed, but treat it as atmospheric and thought-provoking art, and you will be mesmerised. The exhibition is only small, but it's well worth a visit - and Kettle's Yard is nearer than you think. And if you reckon Henrik's marsh rave side is more your thing, then you could always visit on the 16th November, when the Camberwell Composers Collective are making their electronic and acoustic sounds in the wild and intimate setting that will be the last night of the *Three Days of the Condor*.

Three Days of the Condor at Kettle's Yard is open until 18 November. Admission free. Also open on Friday 16 November 6-8pm, when the Camberwell Composers Collective will be playing in the gallery from 7.30pm.

Restaurant Review **Tom Evans**

Gourmet
Burger
Kitchen

★★★★★



One of the things that confuses me is posters, printed on normal paper or - more pretentiously - on canvas. The Gourmet Burger kitchen goes for a poster fusion, combining the Michael Caine/Bobby Moore black and white print end of things with colour museum postcard photos of period costumes.

The Michael Caine/Bobby Moore (or *Great Escape*) end of things is the male university end of the poster spectrum, at the sophisticated end of a subspectrum that runs from sophisticated to simple. (By the way, just because you can say "Hello, I'm Michael Caine" in a stupid voice it doesn't mean you can do an impression of Michael Caine.) At the simple end are posters that have pictures of squirrels with balls etc. The spectrum runs through the *Godfather*, *Scarface*, *Rocky*, *Reservoir Dogs*, and other violent films that have peoples' nicknames for titles.

Now don't get me wrong, I love *Rocky*. I love that time when he went up to that surfer and just pasted him right there. I get a little frisson when Peter and the family are in the garden at the end of *Reservoir Dogs II: Lost in San Francisco* and Sassy and Chance have come home but Peter says that Shadow is "old, it was just too far, he's too old" and then Shadow comes panting through the hedge and says "oh Peter" in his low doggy voice. Nonetheless, these posters elicit from me only a tepid recognition and I'm left wondering why they are on so many walls. If I'm getting it wrong and these posters are more about identity than aesthetics, then I wonder what the owner of Gourmet Burger Kitchen was trying to tell us. Perhaps that he is a patriotic gangster and a fan of 18th century overcoats and boots, i.e. Dick Turpin.

If the posters were the background music of the poster world, the food was not the background music of the culinary world. Rather, it was the Slipknot (with the K reversed, K for fuck you) of the culinary world. The camembert and veg burger towered like Babel over the chips.

The satay and blue cheese sauces were chunky and homemade, and the meat in the classic burger was quality. The problem is that once the burger falls apart you may be left eating quite large slabs of cold mushroom, tomato, cheese etc with no bread left to sandwich it in. This being the case, things get a bit heavy and inelegant. And if you're thinking of avoiding this by funkifying your burger up, beware: it also cost over a pound to add a slice of pineapple to the classic burger. It's worth a trip, but maybe ask them not to take the piss with the tower effect.

Return of the Sundance Kid

Anton Yavorsky meets screen legend **Robert Redford** on the imminent release of his latest acting and directorial effort, *Lions for Lambs*, to talk childhood epiphanies and Hollywood politics.

Robert Redford is an iconic figure in Hollywood. And even if his biggest impact as a film star came before our generation, he still remains a household name. At 71 he is still very active as an actor and director, and, outside of his films,

is a champion of the environment and (more importantly for cinephiles?) a strong advocate of independent filmmaking. He was the founder of the Sundance Film Festival, which has since become the largest independent cinema festival in America, and

which takes its name from his famous role in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

At the moment it's his passionate engagement with politics that's grabbing most of the attention, however. Ever since he attained any degree of autonomy in his work, both as an actor and a director, political issues have never been far from his films. This includes his latest, *Lions For Lambs*, which centres on a Republican Senator's new tactic for the war on terror. Away from the film set, Redford is an outspoken liberal and this has got him into his fair share of controversies. He was recently quoted on the Fox News Channel as saying that "anybody with a rational mind, with a sense of decency, is being positioned as a lefty by the behaviour of the extreme right", at which point the Fox presenter declared: "Case closed. Hollywood is far left. People have been saying all along that Hollywood is one big left-wing propaganda machine, using their movies to tap their politics, now Redford's actually admitting it. What took him so long?" Of course it's no secret that Hollywood is primarily left-wing (with only a few notable exceptions such as Clint Eastwood positioned to the right) but it is the accusation of propaganda that would irk him most as he has always been keen to stress that his films are entertainment first and foremost. Fox News went on to make their strongest statement yet: "Redford controls the gate into the movie business for a lot of young people. Didn't he just give them their marching orders? You want to be in Sundance? Make sure you make this kind of film." They were hitting him where it hurts; Redford has always

insisted that the main virtue of the festival has been the freedom of artistic expression, the chance for young filmmakers to finally say whatever they want.

All this was on my mind as I went to meet him for an interview, not least because the Fox News clip was the most viewed Robert Redford video on YouTube, our society's foremost cultural hub. It was somewhat

"When I came to Europe as a young man," he says, "I was very unpolitical. I was only interested in art... and ladies."

of a surprise then, to discover that as a young man Robert Redford was entirely uninterested in politics. "When I came to Europe as a young man," he says, "I was very unpolitical. I was only interested in art... and ladies." I think that it is safe to say that, even before his rise to fame as a film star, his looks made sure that the ladies were very interested in him. One can hardly blame him, therefore, for ignoring the wider world: "I didn't have a clue about politics. I didn't care. To me, in my country, politicians were boring people wearing suits talking about boring things. I took no interest in politics. I was interested in adventure and I thought that my education was going to come through adventure".

It seems that it did. When he travelled to Europe at the age of eighteen, he encountered students of his own age in Paris who, because of the backdrop of the Algerian crisis that was going on at the time, began to challenge him about his country and his politics, and at first he had no response. "They were very active, they were demonstrating in the streets. I didn't have anything to say. I was humiliated and embarrassed." As a result, he began to pay closer attention to what was happening in America, all his information





Applause: Robert Redford acknowledges his costars at the Lions for Lambs premiere

arriving through the lens of another country's media. "I began to read accounts of my country from different magazines and newspapers. And I realised that it was very different from the point of view that I had grown up with. I grew up in California and there everything is fine. Even though I grew up in a lower working class community, still the sun was always shining. Everybody was fine. And I realised that wasn't the way it was in the rest of the world, and that their view of my country was complex."

Another experience that had a profound impact on the young Robert Redford was his encounter with refugees who were fleeing to Austria to escape the Hungarian revolution. He was staying in a youth hostel outside of Vienna when he was asked to make way for wounded Hungarian refugees, and he volunteered to join up with other students to help more people across the border. "For two days I worked with another group of kids. And my experience, seeing that and seeing the suffering, and seeing what people were

doing to fight for freedom...that was the first time that I had experienced that. And so when I came back to America, I was a much darker person".

On his return to his home country, he assumed that his friends would be interested in those experiences, which for him were instrumental in shaping his path for the future, but all their questions echoed his own attitude prior to his travels: "Redford, how were the girls? How was the food?" It was at that point, he says, that he realised how little connection

Americans of his own age felt with current affairs, and this prompted him to "put a critical eye" to his own culture. "I saw how fortunate we were," he says, "I saw how other people were suffering in other parts of the world. At that time, of course, we'd had no attack on our country, so I thought, we are very fortunate - do we appreciate it? So from that point on I became an artist, then I became an actor, then a director, and I wanted to put on film what I had experienced in my own life that told the truth about my own country."

Redford's descriptions of himself as a young man have strong similarities with the character of Todd Hayes in *Lions For Lambs*: a talented but slightly arrogant student who has lost interest in his political sciences class because he's come to believe that nothing is ever going to change in politics anyway, that politicians are all just men in suits who go round in circles. I ask Redford whether he also saw that parallel with the character. "I was him, in a way. Like Todd, I had a certain arrogance, a certain scepticism, a rebelliousness towards authority, as a young man. I can definitely identify with the student." With a lifetime's experience behind him, Redford has now become far more like the professor that he plays in the film, who admonishes the student for his lack of interest: "I now know the dangers of apathy, the dangers of not getting involved. So that was one of the reasons that I wanted to play the part". He smiles and adds, "I thought, this will be interesting, playing a teacher when I was kicked out of school."

The scenes between the student and his professor in *Lions For Lambs* come across as a dual between a young, cocky Robert Redford and his wiser, older, more temperate self. Redford is keen, however, to distance his own politics as much as possible from the film, and after the Fox News attack it's not difficult to see why. "What I feel personally," he says, "is going to be put in the film in a different way than I might personally say it." With the film being centred on very current issues (namely the war on terror and the conflict in Afghanistan) and with Redford's strong liberal politics, that distance is something that is proving almost impossible to maintain in any discussions about the film. Keen to demonstrate my (exhaustive) research, I cite the Fox News comments and ask Redford whether he is concerned at the way he's being labelled. "It used to be disappointing, now I just expect it. It's so predictable how they're going

likes celebrities telling us how to think politically?", "More proof that Hollywood is anti-American". Redford continues, "That's just an unfortunate expectation, it's a sad part of our country, that we have extreme points of view. We're so lucky that we live in a country where we can entertain different points of view, the fact that we don't is depressing."

Redford also responds strongly to the claim that the film is nothing more than liberal

"We are in the entertainment business. And I'm much happier entertaining people while provoking some thought."

propaganda: "The film would have had no traction if it just went straight for it. I don't think that at least American audiences respond at all to propaganda in films. You take a hard line and you're narrowing the audience." He pauses and then declares fervently, "we are in the entertainment business. And I'm much happier entertaining people while provoking some thought. In my films there's always a conundrum, I present different points of view."

Redford points out that it would have been easy to make Tom Cruise's character – the Republican Senator – merely "a moustache-twirling villain", but that instead he gives reasonable and coherent arguments for the continuation of military tactics on the war on terror in *Lions For Lambs*. "I have my own view about him," Redford admits, "But you, the audience, have to decide what you think, not me, and I leave room for you to do that."

Whether that is really the case is certainly debatable, and his critics have been quick to declare that simply presenting different points of view is not good enough if they're not given equal weight. Redford is just as quick to respond: "People say, well he's just a lefty. If I was a lefty, I'd be making the films Michael Moore makes." He has a point. Whatever Fox News might say, Robert Redford is no Michael Moore, and *Lions for Lambs* is not a political manifesto, it's a Hollywood blockbuster.

Robert Redford

Selected Films

1960s: Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid

1970s: The Candidate, The Sting, The Great Gatsby, Three Days of the Condor, All the President's Men, A Bridge Too Far

1980s: The Natural, Out of Africa

1990s: Sneakers, A River Runs Through It, Up Close and Personal, The Horse Whisperer

2000s: The Last Castle, Spy Game, The Clearing, An Unfinished Life, Charlotte's Web, Lions for Lambs

From Canvas

In the second part of **Sam Rose's** guide for first-time art buyers, he explores the range of options for picking up a bargain, from glamorous London galleries and auctioneers to the risky world of internet buying. And the junk shop where he may, or may not, have picked up a Rembrandt.

As far as "friend of a friend" stories go, it almost ranks up there with the time someone took acid and locked a goblin in the cupboard. Abroad the other day a friend of my friend bought a painting in a charity shop, convinced it was something a bit more special than the price suggested. After taking it home and getting out his art books his suspicion was confirmed. The painting was, or at least was a close copy of, a Jasper Johns. The auction house he took it to gladly authenticated the work, and the sale ended up bringing him something close to a million pounds. I would like to say that a beautiful art collection was crafted from the sudden windfall, but I hear that to date it has mostly been spent on champagne, Saville Row suits, and French prostitutes. He was, allegedly, from Oxford.

While speculative art buy-

"The sale ended up bringing him close to a million pounds... to date it has mostly been spent on champagne, Saville Row suits and French prostitutes. He was, allegedly, from Oxford."

ing can be fun, and occasionally profitable, it's no real basis for a lifetime of collecting. It is a common saying in the art world that you should buy what you love, not what you think will make money. This is true up to a point, that point being when you love Jack Vettriano (in which case I suggest you take some time out to repeatedly stab yourself in the eyes with a pencil). Instead, try to find works that provoke a reaction or capture a strong feeling inside you,

while at the same time standing up to some intellectual scrutiny. If you can pick out a reasonably tasteful area of interest (and it could just as well be antiques, or even furniture), then the results can be fantastic. The fact is that everyone will have some sort of collection during their lifetime. By taking an interest it becomes a thing of pleasure, even something life affirming, and not just a collection of fashionable rubbish you paid through the nose for because you didn't know any better.

So how to start buying? After choosing an area of interest, it's wise to assess how much you can reasonably afford to spend.

No one needs a lot of money to buy, though if you have rich parents or a future in investment banking it won't hurt. For those prepared to trust their judgement and extend their student debt, the 'Ownart' scheme run by the Arts Council England offers a £2000 interest free loan to invest in the work of living artists.

I often look at people playing the standard upper-middle class trick of putting their student loan (or Cambridge bursary...) in a fixed high interest account, and wonder why they don't just take the money and buy a safe 'blue chip' print instead. A carefully chosen work would ultimately be worth as much anyway, and rather than an occasional bank statement to look forward to you could have the pleasure of a genuine, quality work of art on the wall. At the end of the day, it's not like their parents won't pay off their loan anyway. For the rest of us, one word of warning: do keep some money in your bank account. I will never forget the dark, dark time when I almost had to pawn my Georgian silver spoons to pay for a few extra nights out.

For those with money, or without much experience, art dealers are a good place to start. By art dealers, I don't mean ones like those you find in Cambridge, but serious galleries with regular runs of exhibitions (where, naturally, everything is for sale). Although you will pay more, the range of works and expertise available around Cork Street in London is fairly unique in



Britain. Whether or not you can afford to buy in these places it's still well worth visiting them. Places such as Waddington Galleries always have a range of museum-quality modern art on display, while the galleries on the surrounding streets can cater

to more international or more old-fashioned tastes. They can be intimidating, but generally they are happy to welcome in anyone who shows an interest. For all they know you could have rich parents, have just started a job, or, like me, have saved up for a very long

time. The first work I ever bought was on Cork Street. Being able to examine the real thing gave me the confidence to judge a similar work (in a dodgy auction) as real, paying less than a tenth of the price for it. And that leaves you feeling pretty smug.

to Cash



As that suggests, the next and possibly best place to go hunting is at auction. The big names (Sotheby's, Christies's and Bonhams) offer some of the best examples of pretty much anything collectable, be it sculpture, wine, or antique toys. While the Bond Street

branches make for amazing places to visit, bear in mind that the more central and expensive locations are probably not the best places to start buying art. The works sold at these venues will be the prestige works meant to demonstrate the power of the auctioneer, and the sales will be packed with men and women seriously intent on buying no matter what. An art history professor here once described telephone bidding on a painting he'd studied for years. Towards the end of a fierce bidding war, the line went dead, and he was left choking into the empty line as he was ruthlessly outbid.

For students, the small branches of the major auctioneers, or one of the hundreds of smaller auction houses dotted around the country, offer the best chance of picking up a bargain. There may be some other "keen amateurs", bred on a diet of crap like Cash in the Attic, but it's unlikely that people will have the passion or the buying power to raise the price of everything beyond your reach. Unlikely as it sounds, it's also worth taking a lesson from the banking world here. The new Art Trading Fund (a hedge fund based around art) buys from sellers suffering from "the three Ds": debt, death and divorce. While this sounds rather unpleasant,

"The new Art Trading Fund buys from sellers suffering from the three Ds, debt, death and divorce. While this sounds rather unpleasant, it can be crucial for any buyer looking to save money"

ant, it can be crucial for any buyer looking to save money. Look out for auction sales of entire estates, or even of old businesses that have shut

down. These are the places where with a little cunning you can pick up 'no reserve' works for as little as £20.

For those who are shy, lacking time, or just lazy, the internet is increasingly becoming a reasonable place to buy. Not only can you browse freely without the need to travel (or have an aggressive sales pitch put your way), but the low overheads mean that online galleries can offer some genuinely great deals. Of these, my pick are the public galleries that produce occasional print editions in conjunction with high profile artists, then offer them at unusually low prices. These include the Serpentine, Whitechapel, and one that I'm keeping to myself until I save enough to buy one of their unbelievably priced limited edition portfolios (if you're keen enough you'll find it...). Even Tate Modern were selling Banksy prints a few years ago, the same prints now worth perhaps double what they were sold for. As far as online dealers go, britart.com and countereditions.com offer a good selection of upcoming artists and YBAs at better prices than any central London gallery can offer. Finally, if you think you can brave ebay, give it a shot. But I wouldn't trust anything unless you are seriously confident about your authenticating skills (and preferably have another print of the same edition to compare it to!). A final note on buying prints - etchings, lithographs, photographs, and anything produced with an interesting process tends to be a good buy. Do, however, always buy limited editions that are signed and numbered, and steer clear of 'giclee' prints unless you really want a signed colour photocopy on your wall.

The bravest place to go searching is amongst new and unproven artists. This is of course the most lucrative if you guess right, but the real appeal here is the potential to own a painting, drawing, or selection of works for what would otherwise get you just a single print. The Royal College of Art and Royal Academy both hold summer and mid-term shows, but other art schools like Chelsea and Goldsmith's can also be worth checking out. If you know any-

one at these schools, try and catch some of the gossip going on, or try and buy up anything unsold by prizewinners. Ultimately though, you're

"I may take it down to Sotherby's one day, but then again they may tell me it's not worth the paper it's printed on, and the suspension of disbelief is far more enjoyable for now"

best off buying with your eye and your heart here. These are works that you can't guarantee will appreciate in value, so you really do need to like them. For this reason it's probably not wise to buy from websites selling this sort of art; it's just not sensible to judge the quality of a metre tall oil painting by a little jpeg image. Finally, for the truly brave (and foolish), go hunting in charity and junk shops. You never do know.

So back to the opening story. On a more personal, and very much more minor level, I am now the proud owner of what I am convinced is a Rembrandt etching. It set me back £20 in a junk shop, where it came unframed with no provenance, and no description. I may take it down to Sotheby's one day, but then again they may tell me it's not worth the paper it's printed on, and the suspension of disbelief is far more enjoyable for now. Either way, a real problem with collecting (if you could call it a problem), is that it takes on a slightly addictive nature. Even with a profit in sight it can be seriously difficult to let go of a cherished drawing, print, or even spoon. To date, however, the biggest rise in value of anything I've ever bought is on a case of 2005 claret. Hard as art is hard to part with, that will be a truly painful one to let go.

An art-ificial life

Lowri Jenkins



There's something about irony that worries me. I'm growing increasingly convinced that irony today has no sense of, well, irony. Gone is the nudge-nudge-wink-wink slyness which made someone like Oscar Wilde so dazzling. Irony seems to have been detached from its own critical sharpness, and become the default tone of our society. We are meta-this and post-avant-that, a culture with so many products and traditions that we can only deal in references, snatched dialogue from films. When Mr Wilde himself told us that "quotation is a serviceable substitution for wit", it seems that we took him at his word. It's easier to take someone else's funny line than be funny yourself. And there are so many too chose from, you can construct a whole identity with them.

Susan Sontag writes that "Ours is a culture based on excess, on overproduction." This over-availability has not only distanced us from our feelings towards art, it's distanced us from real life. Now, our cultural critics inform us, life itself is "art"-ificial. Often we cannot tell the difference between the two.

YouTube embodies the cross-germination of art and real-life: harrowing documentaries sit next to music videos and clips of a Russian bear beating up a chinaman. For artists and nobodies alike, it wields alarming power. Whether we think she's a dippy cow from Louisiana or a bona fide star, I have no doubt that the success of Britney's comeback depends on Youtube, thanks to the revolted fascination surrounding not only her, but the Chris Crocker-related "Leave Britney Alooooooone" videos.

The problem is, because irony has become the norm, I can no longer tell whether I actually value something, or whether I just want to pass it off in conversation. Take YouTube favourite, R. Kelly's Trapped in the Closet: it's HUGE, the Paradise Lost of our ironised times. R laughably thinks he has invented "hip hopera". As a principled person, do I enjoy watching R Kelly threaten to slap an overweight woman with a phoney Alabaman accent whilst singing the words "Bitch say no more"? Not necessarily. But as a louche young ironist, do I enjoy watching him provide his own verb for lines like "oh my god a rubber -"? YES. And I want more of it.

I'm not damning all modern art, nor all modern life simply because we are suffering under the weight of our own excess of throwaway culture. I simply worry that, with too much irony, we are turning into self-referential critics placing the artist under threat: after all, there's only so far "meta"-wards you can go. And I hope we can all see the irony in that.

view from the gods



On Wednesday night I went to see *The Collection* at the Fitzpatrick Hall in Queens. The play was quite good but the theatre was bloody marvellous. This won't be another sanctimonious exhortation to the student body to go to see plays which aren't at the ADC. Don't bother, go just to see the Fitzpatrick Hall.

That anyone wants to put on a play at the Corpus Playroom is beyond me. Only a small percentage of plays should be performed at such a venue, with its absurd L-shape, which gives its audiences a privileged view straight into the wings. One only hopes that the back-stage crew are nice-looking. The Pembroke Cellars is a passable venue, in that it is a room big enough to squeeze fifty chairs into, with black curtains, and a desk outside trying quite hard to be like a theatre.

But we worry about putting on a play anywhere other than the three listed above. For who has ever been to the Fitzpatrick Hall? Who even knows where Queens' is? The latter is actually quite an important concern.

“real nice blue carpets and white walls”

Buy a map. Get to Queens', and ask a porter. They are perfectly friendly. Except you can't smoke anywhere in Queens'. So don't even dare. And don't even think about smoking in the porter's lodge. Otherwise you'll never make it.

Although the torn tickets outside the Fitzpatrick Hall look as though they were printed and cut up ten minutes beforehand by a myopic chimpanzee, they are just tickets. Who cares about tickets other than obsessives and traffic wardens? And lottery winners. But if you can leave your petty concerns at the box office and proceed up the stairs, you'll see the carpets, real nice blue carpets and white walls.

And you go through the lobby into the auditorium itself and you are surprised to see that there are lots of seats - not plastic chairs, mind, real theatre seats, like in the cinema, comfy seats. And there are hundreds of them, so don't worry about not getting a ticket. You can sit anywhere too. There's free seating, which is good if you're a punctual person.

And that's how to get to the Fitzpatrick Hall. So even if you don't want to see *An Inspector Calls*, even if you don't care one iota about the Welfare State, go and see the Fitzpatrick Hall. Smell the seats. They smell like theatre.

The Collection Fitzpatrick Hall

Dir: Joe Hytner

Theatre
★★★★★

Harold Pinter's *The Collection* is a difficult play. It is a short, unsettling vignette; the plot is simple, the focal point of the action (a one night stand in Leeds during which an act of infidelity either did or did not take place) is unseen by the audience, and the play's conclusion is purposefully unsatisfactory. To make for compelling viewing the performers must create an unnerving atmosphere, the intensity of which ought to be retained throughout, without it becoming unnaturally menacing.

With this in mind, Joe Hytner offered up an admirable production. Most indicative of this, perhaps, was that the play was enjoyable to watch. Given the lack of on-stage action and Pinter's characteristic silences, the risk of creating sixty minutes of boring theatre is high. Boring theatre was, in this instance, avoided: the direction was careful, and the ambience created by the performers was appropriately uncomfortable. James Sharpe gave a particularly impressive performance as Harry, a camp, wealthy businessman in the rag trade delivery and his delivery had forcefulness and urgency which was sometimes lacking in that of the other actors.

This was the greatest respect in which the production missed

the mark, and unfortunately it is a crucial one. The audience never find out what really happened that night in Leeds, and it is clear that the actual truth is irrelevant. When asked as to what actually took place, Pinter answered "I'm not bothered".

It is not the job of the performers to try to convince the audience that their



character's interpretation of events is the correct one; rather we should be shown why each character's individual interpretations have a specific emotional significance to them. In regards to this, only Sharpe offered a forceful enough

performance throughout.

Claire Wells as Stella was convincingly nervous, but failed to portray the character's motivations fully enough, and thus failed to convey why Stella's version of the truth held significance for her. Ade O'Brien's depiction of Bill was impressive at times, but he was essentially unconvincing as a "slum-slug" turned gentleman. These minor shortcomings aside, the play would have been a great success had the character of Jimmy (Okey Nzelu) been performed with the maturity, acuteness and force that was so necessary to hold the production together. Unfortunately, Nzelu's delivery lacked weight and failed to create the unnerving environment so essential in his scenes with his apparent love rival, Bill. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of Pinter's *The Collection* is the proliferation of different versions of "the truth". That Hytner's production failed to show why this is interesting constitutes a serious shortfall. That the production was nonetheless compelling and undeniably slick, however, indicates the presence of some serious talent amongst the cast and production team.

Tash Lennard

We were dubious about going to the Footlights Smoker this week; last year's experiences were a little lacklustre, and left us somewhat disillusioned as to the quality of comedy in Cambridge. However, our faith has been restored. Instead of a series of largely cringeworthy acts, we were treated to some of the finest sketches the student body has to offer.

In contrast to the rather cliquey set of last year, there was a range of fresh faces, with a greater variety and number of sketches, and a strong contingent of successful female acts. It opened in fine style, with a

classic Alastair Roberts satire on the Cambridge wooing scene (the backdrop of course being Cindies), through the medium of soulful song, and ended in a hilarious finale by a Jo Brandesque comedienne, musing upon the trials and tribulations of her Essex background. The intervening sketches ranged from those in this vein to the absurd, the farcical and the downright unnerving. They were a mixed bunch, but let's face it, Smokers wouldn't be Smokers without a few dud acts.

The highlight was undoubtedly the sketch of a play performed for radio, in which the

over zealous sound effect men who, despite their many bizarre talents, were discovered to be unable to whistle. The lover addicted to metaphors and similes was also highly entertaining, as he attempted to patch up his relationship with his call centre girlfriend using nothing but figurative language.

Sam Sword gave a characteristically strong performance, as a cynical Aussie having an existential crisis, who tautologically railed against the absurdity of the unreal. We recommend that you book your tickets early for the next show.

Becky Valori & Verity Simpson

Smoker ADC

Comedy
★★★★★

An Inspector Calls Fitzpatrick Hall

Dir: Kat Upton

Theatre
★★★★★

An Inspector Calls, a GCSE favourite, is probably all too familiar to most of us. Having written 2000 words on whether Mr Birling is really the arrogant, selfish snob that he appears to be (the answer is, in short, yes), it is not surprising that some of us have lost passion for J.B. Priestley's classic.

Yet BATS deserved a larger audience for what was, on the whole, a well-crafted, well-acted production. Although Priestley tends to spoon feed the audience a bitter brew of sharp, socialist rhetoric, it is easy to forget how enjoyable this guilt trip is. There is a real satisfaction in seeing Inspector Goole break down the comfortable walls of social decorum that stand between the wealthy Birling family and the real world. When Goole announces the suicide of a young woman at the family engagement party, each character discovers they are in some way entangled in the web of events which led to her death. The audience squirm in delighted unease as the patronis-

ing Mr and Mrs Birling and their daughter's pompous fiancé try to writhen their way out of a public scandal.

At times, the production is visually arresting. The play opens with a clever ironic reversal of the inspector setting the table with glasses and opening the door for the Birlings. A short stylised freeze frame precedes the action, but is not so effective when used in the middle of a scene later in the play. The set, decorated mainly in bold red, echoes the inspector's parting message of social responsibility: 'If men will not learn that lesson, they will be taught it in fire and blood and anguish'.

The cast do a good job in fleshing out the somewhat stereotypical characters. Tempe Nell commands the stage with her thoroughly convincing portrayal of Mrs Birling, a stern, cold-hearted woman. Eric, the Birling's prodigal son, is by far the most complex member of the family. As the characters are plunged into a dark cauldron of

accusations, a tense chemistry builds between Eric and his unloving, unforgiving father. The only character without much stage presence is the inspector himself. It is almost as if he plays the role of the Goole too well; he certainly has a pallid face and a distant, ethereal manner, but at the same time he is barely noticeable. Still, his final speech is delivered with chilling conviction. It is uncanny that the themes Priestley explores in *An Inspector Calls* - recognising yourself as part of a community rather than a social island, taking responsibility for your actions - remain so startlingly relevant over 60 years after it was first written. This reminds us that no matter how the world changes, one thing will remain constant: human selfishness. Although we may get perverse enjoyment from watching the Birling family crumble, this pleasure is almost masochistic. There is a Birling in all of us, but let's just hope there's a Goole in the machine too.

Sophie Sawicka-Sykes

Los Campesinos! Barfly

Live Review
★★★★★

I was really ill the night I was meant to see tweecore (their fab new genre) heroes Los Campesinos!, but did I let that put me off? Did I hell. I'm rock 'n' roll to the core. I eat rock 'n' roll, sleep rock 'n' roll, shit rock 'n' roll.

When I wake up in the morning after a heavy night of drinking enough warm lager to drown Lemmy, Josh Homme, and that husky fella out of Bowling for Soup, rock 'n' roll accumulates in cruddy white patches at the corners of my mouth. I'm bullet proof, and no man-cold (the super-strong

and hugely debilitating mutation of the common cold virus which girls can get) was going to stop me.

So what was good about seeing Los Campesinos! was that they put just as much effort into it as I did. Like a mental orchestra of ADHD sufferers on poppers and pro-plus (not dissimilar from my own chemical condition on the night), they kicked the lack-lustre audience's ass with a selection of songs that I've been listening to and literally raving about for months and months. The only thing that fired the audi-

ence up was the already classic You! Me! Dancing! (I may be using more exclamation marks than are strictly necessary), but the band delivered everything with equal vim and vigour, even providing a dance routine for set-closer, Sweet Dreams, Sweet Cheeks.

For anyone else out there suffering from man-colds (or even pathetic girl colds), I'd recommend a solid dose of tweecore, stat. If only it came with a little double-ended spoon, it would actually be perfect.

Philip Rack

McFly Greatest Hits

Album
★★★★★



Isn't pop music brilliant? I really do think it must be up there with some of humanity's other great achievements (the Moon landings, the Channel Tunnel, the Wonderbra), and if that's the case, then I think a representative sample of it – the selection we'd present to any visiting aliens upon their arrival as an example of our culture – should be McFly's Greatest Hits.

When they first arrived in the wake of Busted, they were just another boy band who didn't look like they could tie their own shoelaces, let alone play their own instruments. A few years later, and they feel more like a rock band with concessions to a pop audience than a pop band with pretensions to being a rock band. But even if they can play guitar/write their own songs, who cares? They're good songs, regardless of which underpaid song-writing conglomerate came up with them (or do they just get machines to do it these days?).

Five Colours in Her Hair comes across like a Monkees for the 21st century. Obviously is the sound of a cheesy disco in heaven, and Transylvania is a genuinely bizzaro-gonzo pop song that I seriously cannot think of any good comparisons for. Even their cover of Don't Stop Me Now isn't that bad (it's still pretty bad). And you might laugh, but Room on the Third Floor is as witty and enjoyable a song on the perils of fame as has ever been written by any serious, credible rock band.

Pop is brilliant. McFly are pop. Therefore, McFly are brilliant. The system works.

Josh Farrington

There has been a tendency with horror films of late to re-tread the same tired old clichés ad nauseam, leaving the viewer with a serious case of déjà vu. There was little reason for excitement, therefore, in the anticipation of David Slade's latest offering, 30 Days of Night. However, against all expectations, this film manages to breathe fresh life into the previously undead vampire movie genre. The plot centres around a small town in Alaska that, every winter endures 30 days without sunlight. A smart and convenient holiday destination, you might have thought, for a group of blood-thirsty vampires looking to get away from the tiring daily chore of sun-dodging. As the darkness sets in, so do the vampires, feasting on the village folk with unalloyed glee. The community is soon whittled down to a small bunch of survivors who must stave off the vampires for 30 days until the sun returns to the town.

At the head of the group are Josh Hartnett and Melissa George as a separated husband and wife, also serving

as town sheriffs. Both give pretty solid performances but, inevitably in these sorts of films, you're not there for the detailed characters portraits. This film is all about the scares, and it delivers them with a punch.

Rather than opting for the sudden loud noises and false alarms that seem to have perpetuated horror films over the last decade, 30 Days opts for a more subtle approach. At first only fleeting glimpses are seen of the vampires in the background as the villagers struggle to comprehend what is happening, but the sense of dread and tension builds slowly throughout until the inevitable face-off begins. And with it comes a satisfyingly large bucket of guts and gore.

30 Days is obviously not a classic film that will live long in the memory but, as a piece of solid popcorn entertainment, it's an excellent way to spend a cold winter's evening. Just leave the lights on.

Ben Grist

30 Days of Night

Dir: David Slade

Film
★★★★★

The Hoosiers The Trick to Life

I did, I confess, judge this album by its rather uninspiring cover. I was fully prepared to be subjected to 11 tracks of stale, lacklustre, aching indie self pity, from a band with a lead singer shorter than your average six-year-old.

Contrast this with their ridiculously tall drummer, who also sports a dubious handlebar moustache, and already you get the idea that they might not be the most compatible of bands. But, despite their various height issues, the Hoosiers aren't actually that bad (let's remember, their appearance doesn't actually affect their music, it's just interesting).

Their opening track, Worried About Ray, is pleasantly melodic and buoyant, one of those songs that you can't really help liking, and the rest of the album continues for the most part in this vein. Maybe there isn't the most exhilarating of contrasts from track to track, but a select few, such as Everything Goes Dark, contain traces of dexterous guitar work and the lyrics of Run Rabbit Run consist of an extended simile of Homeric proportions.

If you like the Electric Light Orchestra, then Goodbye Mr A will inevitably be your favourite track, as it practically plagiarises both riff and name of the aforementioned's Mr

Blue Sky. In reality, the best track on the album that hasn't yet been released is Killer; I know it sounds like a dubious Michael Jackson rip off, but it sounds more like a mix of Black Rebel Motorcycle Club and the Kooks.

I've made this band sound like they have no original ideas or sounds whatsoever, which is probably unfair; the vocals at least are fairly unique. This is really the most we can ask of this album, owing to the present market saturated with similar offerings, and in all fairness Irwin Sparke, Alphonso Sharland and Martin Skarendahl definitely mete out a respectable attempt; it's just unfortunate that the most exciting things about them (apart from the way they look) are their names.

Verity Simpson



albums every right-minded person should own



Blue Joni Mitchell


Blue functions, in many ways, like a cup of tea on a cold day. It warms, it soothes, and it always hits the spot. Written in 1971, during self-imposed exile while Mitchell was travelling through Europe, it is a sad, poetic collection of intimate wonderings about love lost and found. Mitchell's vocals are accompanied by piano, guitar and (you guessed it) Appalachian dulcimer, and she is joined by such musical heavyweights as her then-flame James Taylor, but the songstress sounds totally alone throughout, introspecting as much as is humanly possible and channelling the melancholy she finds into art.

It's always the music we meet at our most self-involved which hits us deepest, and if you've ever felt real love Blue will hit you like a freight train on crack. Mitchell commented that "there's hardly a dishonest note in the vocals... I felt like a cellophane wrapper on a pack of cigarettes. I felt like I had absolutely no secrets from the world and I couldn't pretend my life to be strong". The openness and intimacy of her vocals strikes a chord with anybody capable of strong emotions, and that's why the record is as relevant to the peace-loving, anti-war-protesting youth it was written for as the generations of today.

An interesting aspect of Blue is the way Mitchell communicates her feelings by evoking times and places. She wants to make something meaningful out of her misery, and does it by painting pictures of her life. The iconic River, for instance, starts with a minor rendition of jingle bells recalling a certain Christmas, but is really about a woman whose romance has turned bad and who wants to escape. All the tracks, the moods of which range from infatuated to yearning to compassionate, evince a situation and an individual who feels as real to the listener as they would in flesh-and-blood reality.

The main reason to own this record, however, is its lyrical and musical perfection – the clarity and range of her voice is stunning, and every song is a simple classic. Clocking in at just over 35 minutes, Blue won't take up much space in your CD collection, but will surely enrich your life; the angelic vocals, combined with the dark intensity they describe, creates a beauty rarely found in the manufactured, pretentious industry of today.

Sophie Erskine

	film	theatre	music	other	going out
pick of the week	Brick Lane Sun 11 Nov, Arts Picturehouse, 17.00 Monica Ali's best selling novel is brought to the screen in what promises to be a veritable feelings-fest of emotion and tension. As 17-year-old Nazneen is transported from her idyllic Bangladeshi village to urban London for arranged marriage, she is confronted with discontent, a racist atmosphere, and ultimately temptation. Personally, I always got it confused with White Teeth, but my friends tell me they're actually different books.	Othello Tue 13 Nov - Sat 17 Nov, Corpus Christi Playroom, 19.00, £4.50 - £5 I've never read Othello. It's my secret shame (along with many other, more personal-hygiene related foibles). I've read nearly every other Shakespeare play - even some of the really crap ones like Two Noble Kinsmen, and Hamlet - but somehow, throughout my entire existence, I've managed to avoid reading Othello. Not via any deliberate avoidance strategy, you understand. It's just happened. I'm sorry, alright? And I will make amends, by going to see it when it is on. Like it is. Handy.	Sons and Daughters Barfly @ The Graduate, 19.30, £8.50  Scottish. Brooding. Folky. Murder Ballads. Glamour. Instruments. Band. Music. I'm struggling to find more appropriate words.	An Evening with Tony Benn Monday 12 Nov, Emmanuel United Reformed Church, Trumpington Street, 19.00, £5 (students £3) Benn has claimed there are five questions which you should ask of any powerful person: "What power have you got? Where did you get it from? In whose interests do you use it? To whom are you accountable? How do we get rid of you?" The event is hosted by Cambridge Stop The War Coalition. Go along and listen to a proper political hero for a pittance.	S.U.A.D. presents Krafty Kuts Tues 13 Nov, Soultree, 21.00-03.00 Krafty Kuts is one of the world's biggest DJs. Apparently. But seriously, he has been awarded Best DJ at the International Breakspoll Awards 3 times in a row and he's a world class remixer and producer. Probably means little to most of those who are not in the DJ know, but trust us, it's a good thing. You can book your tickets at www.wegottickets.com , or from Ta Bouche, Cult Clothing and the Union on Friday night. With such a plethora of opportunity, there's really no excuse to miss out now, is there?
	friday 9 Elizabeth: The Golden Age Vue, 14.40, 17.20, 20.00 Lions for Lambs Vue, 15.30, 18.00, 20.30 Black Gold Arts Picturehouse, 17.00	Fame - the Musical ADC Theatre, 21.00 The Zoo Story ADC Theatre, 23.00 An Inspector Calls Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens' College, 19.30	Gary Moore Corn Exchange, 19.00, £25 Man with the best guitar solo (i.e. "constipated-looking") face in the whole music industry. And a bit of a blues legend to boot.	Cambridge MasterPlayers West Road Music Hall, 20.00, £6.50 - £13 Conducted by Tagabo Ilozue, a performance of Gustave Mahler's Symphony No. 2 Resurrection.	Friday Fez Fez, 22.00-03.30, £5 - £7 Generator Kamar, 22.00-03.30, £3 S.U.A.D. The Union, 21.00-01.00, £3 for non Union members
	saturday 10 The Band's Visit Arts Picturehouse, 12.30, 17.00, 18.00 Do You Remember Dolly Bell? Old Labs, Newnham Gardens, 20.00	Fame - the Musical ADC Theatre, 14.30, 21.00 The Zoo Story ADC Theatre, 23.00 An Inspector Calls Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens' College, 19.30	Robin Jones & King Salsa Junction, 20.00, £15 You know they'll never live up to the name.	CUMS 1 performs Tchaikovsky, Liszt and Rachmaninov West Road Music Hall, 20.00, £5 - £10	The Indie Thing Kamar, 22.00-03.30, £2 before 22.30, £3 with NUS, £5 Hed Kandi 'Disco Heaven' Fez, 21.00-03.00, £8 before 22.00, £10 thereafter
	sunday 11 Good Luck Chuck Vue, 12.30, 15.00, 17.30, 20.20 Death at a Funeral Vue, 18.30 Brick Lane Arts Picturehouse, 11.00	During outbreaks of the plague in ye olde London, the theatres were regularly closed down.	Laura Hocking Clare Cellars, 20.00 We've been listening to her MySpace for months. Spiers & Boden Junction, 19.00, £12 What the folk? etc, etc.	Promenade Concert Fitzwilliam Museum, 13.50	The Sunday Service Club 22, 22.00-03.00, £4 - £5 ...is killing Cambridge. You've all been waiting for that one, haven't you?
	monday 12 Elizabeth: The Golden Age Vue, 14.40, 17.20, 20.00 The Birds Arts Picturehouse, 18.00	Whether this was a good thing or a bad thing, I couldn't possibly say.	Sons and Daughters Barfly @ The Graduate, 19.30, £8.50 Rilo Kiley Junction, CANCELLED Lame. This coulda been sweet.	Ruffled Feathers: Birds, Conservation, Culture Kettle's Yard, 10.00 - 17.00 An Evening with Tony Benn Emmanuel United Reformed Church, Trumpington Street, 19.00, £5 (concessions £3)	Fat Poppadaddy's Fez, 22.00-03.30 £3 - £4 Renacimiento Soul Tree, free before 23.00, £3 -£4 after 00.00 Just how many times can this be 'reborn'?
	tuesday 13 30 Days of Night Vue, 15.20, 18.10, 20.50 Lucie Aubrac Arts Picturehouse, 13.30	The Visit ADC Theatre, 19.45 The Triple-Point Revue ADC Theatre, 23.00 Othello Corpus Playroom, 19.00	Oi Va Voi Junction, 19.00, £12 Described by press as "weird". This may or may not be a good thing.	Private Pleasures: Illuminated Manuscripts from Persia to Paris Fitzwilliam 10.00 - 17.00	Wake Up Screaming Kamar, 21.00 - 02.00 £3.50 Ebonics Fez, 22.00-03.00, £2 - £4 S.U.A.D. presents Krafty Kuts Soul Tree, 21.00- 03.00, £6 - £7
	wednesday 14 Elizabeth: The Golden Age Vue, 14.40, 17.20, 20.00 Sicko Arts Picturehouse, 12.15, 14.30, 19.00	The Visit ADC Theatre, 19.45 The After-Dinner Joke ADC Theatre, 23.00 Othello Corpus Playroom, 19.00	Status Quo Corn Exchange, 19.00, £31.50 Hekz Barfly @ The Graduate, 19.30, £5 Hekz are a new NWOBHM band. If you know what NWOBHM is, you'll probably love this.	Art in Context - Scratching the Surface: A Brief Introduction to Cuneiform Script Fitzwilliam Museum, 13.15	Melamondo Fez, 22.00-03.00, free before 22.00, £3 after 00.00 Rumboogie Ballare, 21.00-02.00, £4 - £5
	thursday 15 Beowulf Vue, 15.10, 17.50, 20.40 Hiroshima Mon Amour Arts Picturehouse, 17.00	The Visit ADC Theatre, 19.45 The After-Dinner Joke ADC Theatre, 23.00 Othello Corpus Playroom, 19.00	Red Mock Chili Peppers Junction, 19.00, £9 Boy Kill Boy Barfly @ The Graduate, 20.00, £8 Listed beneath RMCP for a reason.	Peter MacDonald in Conversation with Amit Chaudhuri about his Work CRASSH, 17.00	Freak Off La Raza, 21.00-01.00, £3 Priory: Justin Roberson Fez, 21.00-03.00, £6 before 12, £7 thereafter

CAMsay
Episode 6
Street

THE HOUSEMATES ARE GETTING READY FOR A BIG WEDNESDAY-NIGHT CINDIES

HEY, DO YOU HAVE ANY YOU-KNOW-WHAT?

GREAT IDEA!

KIM HAS ANOTHER CHEEKY LINE WHEN OLGA'S NOT LOOKING...



THE NEXT MORNING

OH NO! WHAT HAVE I DONE?!



Careers Service event



UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

Teaching Event

Wednesday 14 November, 6.00 – 8.00 pm
University Centre (Second Floor), Granta Place, Mill Lane

For undergraduates and postgraduates of any degree discipline – all years welcome

Teaching is one of the most rewarding – and challenging – of careers. This event will help you decide if it's for you. Find out what makes a good teacher, what the profession offers, and the different ways to train. Teachers, the Training and Development Agency for Schools (TDA), and members of Cambridge University Faculty of Education will be taking part.

- Routes to becoming a qualified teacher
- Teachers talk about their experiences
- Faculty of Education - *The Cambridge PGCE*
- Question Time
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It was too painful to watch. As Efficient loomed up alongside the race leader and our selection, Purple Moon, in the final stages of the Melbourne Cup, we knew we'd had it. Still, a respectable second and a draw between Blackburn and Liverpool on Saturday (never has a nil-nil thriller been so satisfying to watch), meant we finished the weekend with a healthy profit.

Sunderland, after failing to end Man City's 100% home record on Monday night, despite a solid performance, entertain arch rivals Newcastle in Saturday's televised derby. It's about time Sunderland won this derby fixture. Newcastle have won the last five derbies, and have lost just once in nine meetings home and away since 2000.

Sunderland, whilst not likely to score as freely as Portsmouth did against the Magpies last weekend, can rely on in-form striker Kenwyne Jones, a £6 million summer signing, to cause havoc against a Newcastle defence that has conceded fifteen in their last six outings. We'll back the Mackems for a rare derby win with a 'draw no bet' get out clause as this week's banker.

In keeping with the derby theme, Aston Villa manager Martin O'Neill will be desperate to make a winning start in his first Birmingham derby. However, he may have to settle for a share of the spoils at St Andrews. Villa have been praised for the vibrancy of their football this season but they are still struggling to achieve a winning formula on the road. O'Neill will have hoped that his team's excellent away form at the start of last season was a sign of things to come but, twelve weeks into the current campaign, Villa are still looking for their first away win. Winnable fixtures at Tottenham, Newcastle and Bolton have only yielded a point each and a similar outcome could be on the cards against a Birmingham outfit who have won three of their last four home games.

On the track, Pippa Greene looks capable of landing the spoils in the November Handicap on Saturday. The race is dangerously open, with any one of about twenty horses in with a chance. But with champion jockey Jamie Spencer on board and a string of recent wins to his name, pre-race favourite Pippa Greene should have what it takes to see off any challengers. Our only concern is with the poor performance of favourites in this race, since outsiders have won the event for the past five years. Just in case this trend lingers for another season, we'll be looking to back Pippa Greene each way.

THE BANKER	Evens
SUNDERLAND TO BEAT	
NEWCASTLE (DRAW NO BET)	£3
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THE LONG SHOT	5/1
PIPPA GREENE TO WIN	
NOVEMBER HANDICAP	£2e.w.
RUNNING TOTAL	£30.12

Women's tennis outgunned

»London Met whitewashed the Blues in a one-sided match

CAMBRIDGE	0
LONDON MET	10

HENRY STANNARD
Sports Editor

Given that the women's Blues tennis team suffered a 10-0 reverse away at Exeter last week, that injuries and scheduling difficulties had left captain Victoria Mackay scrambling to promote her seventh choice player, scarcely fit as she was, to the fourth playing slot of this young team, and that this supposedly home match was played indoors out of town in the soulless environs of the New Generation Sports Club, this game against London Metropolitan University was never going to be easy.

Add to that the fact that London Met, consistent BUSA winners in the men's and women's divisions, is notorious for importing tennis talent from across the globe on sports scholarships that equate to a living wage plus degree for players who have failed to make the grade on

Barclays BUSA Tennis - Premier Women's									
South 2007/08									
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pt		
LONDON MET	2	2	0	0	18	2	6		
EXETER	1	1	0	0	10	0	3		
BATH	1	1	0	1	2	8	0		
CAMBRIDGE	2	0	0	1	0	20	0		

the professional tour, and the task facing the Cambridge girls was nigh on impossible.

Despite what the scoreline may suggest, the Blues played well. Top-ranked pair Victoria Watson and Mackay, pitted against two ex-tour players, were extremely competitive despite their 8-4 defeat. They even managed to break a particularly strong opponent with a powerful serve, with Watson's mobility and doggedness at the net



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Despite the scoreline Cambridge put in a decent performance against a far superior side

proving a constant source of inspiration for the Cambridge duo.

Indeed, they were very much a match for London, with their guile and technique matching the muscle of their hard-hitting opponents. But they were undone by a combination of laser-like precision and raw power, which meant that they were punished heavily for any mistakes made. The scoreline was mirrored in the other doubles match, which saw first-time pairing Marsali Grant and Claire Bush give a good

account of themselves despite similarly experienced opponents.

But it was in the singles competition that the true gulf between the two sides was exposed. The petite Watson fought bravely against London's she-giant of a first seed and, although she was never completely outclassed, the final score was 6-1 6-0. Formerly ranked in the top five British juniors, she labelled her opponent "the best I've ever played", saying "no matter what happened she always had

one more shot than me". Further down the seedings, no individual played particularly badly as Cambridge were simply outclassed by a disciplined and powerful slate of London players, with Marsali Grant the only other player to win a game, fighting fire with fire by stringing together four huge serves.

As is now so often the case in women's tennis therefore, the brawn of London Met muscled aside the brains of Cambridge.

Staffordshire snuff out Blues



JOE GOSDEN

Cambridge Blues struggled against a very strong Staffordshire side

The Men's Blues played host to Staffordshire on Wednesday at Fenners. Coming off the back of a narrow defeat against Warwick last week, the team were looking to raise their game. Unfortunately,

a particularly strong Staffordshire side ensured that they were unable to get much of the ball, and as a result lost 3-1.

For the full report go to www.varsity.co.uk/sport

Captain's Corner

Golf
Tom Woolsey



Tom is doing an MPhil in Real Estate Finance. He also plays for the Rugby Blues.

Experience
I have played golf since the age of about 10 and rugby since mini's. Last year I represented Cambridge golf Blues and also played hooker for the rugby Blues.

How do you find juggling university golf and rugby?
Last year I was able to simply play rugby in the Michaelmas term and then turn to golf in the

Lent. As this year's golf captain, however, I have decided to concentrate on my responsibilities with the CUGC. Having said that I have still had time to play in some rugby matches for the Blues and hope to be involved in some way at Twickenham.

Commitment
We play fixtures every weekend, usually both days and play 36 holes on each day. We also try to practice twice during the week, either at the Cowley Road driving range, our home club - Royal Worlington, or at the Cambridge Lakes nine hole course.

Season so far
We have had a slow start to the season but we are really starting to go well of recent. The guys have been putting in a lot of work on their swing mechanics and this takes a great deal of time to bed down so things should continue to improve.

Inside track on Oxford
Oxford should shape up well with seven returning blues and I understand a few good freshmen, so I am sure we will face a stern test come Royal Liverpool in March.

Twickenham calling

» Wheeler smash and grab try in overtime steals victory for Blues



The Blues took the match in the last kick of the game earning a thoroughly deserved victory

SOPHIE PICKFORD

BLUES TRIES: LUMBEY, WHEELER MURRAY 2 PENS & 1 CONVERSION	18
LONDON IRISH	17

GEORGE TOWERS
Chief Sports Editor

Thus far it is fair to say that the Blues haven't had the dazzling season that they would have hoped for. You wouldn't have thought that their first home win would be just three games before the big one at Twickenham.

But the Blues produced a convincing performance on Monday night and finally showed their pedigree as the backs and forwards gelled together in a hard fought match against a competitive London Irish side.

The first quarter saw the Blues stamp their mark on the match in no uncertain terms. The forwards played the Londoners out of the game up front and provided the backs with clean ball and territory.

Cambridge were rewarded with two Hamish Murray penalties and a slim lead of 6-0. Rich Bartholomew, true to the form he has displayed all season, was devastating in the loose, frequently breaking the Irish line and putting them on the back foot.

The Blues' dream performance was upset in the most violent fashion when a dubious tackle from London Irish forced Sandy Reid to spill the ball and Nick Canty ran in a controversial try for the visitors, which went on to be converted. The dispute arose over the tackle, which the majority of the crowd and the Cambridge players clearly saw to have been illegally put in early. Regardless of the legality, it was without doubt the biggest bang this fireworks night.

The try rattled Cambridge, while London Irish were buoyed by their score, and the rest of the half saw the exiles confidently attacking the Blues line. But the Cambridge defence stood firm and the game went into half time 6-7.

The second half started with a disaster for the Blues: two minutes in and London Irish won an attacking line out just off the Cambridge try line. Following a simple catch the Irish forwards trundled over for a textbook forwards try. The conversion extended their lead to 6-14 and

The Blues can start building some winning momentum

the task ahead of the Blues seemed insurmountable.

So far this season, the Blues have tended, once their heads go down, to lose heart and leak points. What was so reassuring about Monday night was that they came out firing and took the game right back to the opposition. For the first time the fight that wins Varsity Matches came

through and the crowd got behind the home side. A chip through from Murray followed by some in-your-face defence from Reid meant that James Lumby was put in a position to smash through the London Irish defence, taking three men with him as he crossed the line to score. Lumby, who has been out through injury, returned to the Blues side with a big impact on the game, and he was the one who led the charge that eventually brought Cambridge their much needed win.

Following a period of tense play where neither side made much ground, the exiles once again extended their lead with a successful penalty kick. With the score at 11-17 and just minutes to go it seemed that the Blues' solid performance was going to go unrewarded.

Through grit and steely determination the Blues got themselves to within striking distance of the Irish line. Time after time they attempted to smash into a green defensive line, gaining just inches, and with the clock already past 80 it seemed that all was lost, until Joey Wheeler, in a moment of brilliance, burst through to score the most crucial try of this season. With the score at 16-17 it was time for Murray to step up and take a pressure kick at goal, which he slotted, securing the win right at the final whistle.

The victory on Monday, even if it was just by a single point, was vital in the run up to Varsity, which is now less than a month away. Finally the Blues can start building some winning momentum and confidence ahead of the big game at Twickenham. Oxford have had a good season so far having won 7 of 9 matches. Of their most recent three games, however, they have lost two. Some have written off the Blues this year, but Monday's performance showed a side only just beginning to reach their peak.

The forwards shut out their London counterparts while the Backs were strong in defence and probing in attack. Next week's match against Crawshay's Welsh XV will be just as important in continuing this run of form and building the momentum needed to knock Oxford over in a few weeks time.

News from the River



Part of the appeal of the Boat Race is attributable to its binary outcome; one either wins or loses. This past weekend's race, however, offers no such convenience. There are well over five hundred boats competing, composed of both male and female entries, representing rowing backgrounds measured in both weeks and decades. It is a rarity in sport, an event in which a true novice can compete against a World and Olympic Champion.

All things considered, I would argue that Cambridge had a successful weekend on the Thames. The highlight of the event would be the club's top boats in both the coxed and coxless fours events. Now, for those unfamiliar with the term, a coxed boat has an extra person to steer down the course, while in a coxless boat one of the rowers faces the dual challenge of rowing and steering. That's the best I can do at explaining the difference without the benefit of having a picture to point to.

Anyway, CUBC I, the club's first boat, placed second in the Elite 4- (the "-" represents coxless) category, coming in close behind a strong Leander crew composed of British National Team members, and passing Oxford's entry in the process. CUBC II did similarly well in the Elite 4+ (here, the "+" denotes a coxed boat) category, battling Oxford's top boat down the whole course and ending up just seconds behind them. Cambridge's third and fifth boats were edged out by their Oxford counterparts, while the fourth boat unfortunately struck a buoy and had to stop racing despite an extremely impressive first half.

At this point I imagine that most people unfamiliar with the Fours head – or rowing in general – find themselves a bit confused. And they are not to blame. Fall racing, with its massive starting lists and time trial format, rarely allows for a clear and decisive outcome. The crews race one by one down the course, competing against a clock rather than a visible opponent. And the Tideway, with its fluctuating tides and fickle currents, can crush a boat's speed if its steersman is not wary of the proper path. Almost every year, an elite crew will come off the water thinking they had a poor row, only to find out that they won the event convincingly.

So while the objective result is important, the experience of racing the Championship Course – regardless of outcome – is arguably just as valuable. It is an impressive feat for any club to send twenty athletes down the course, even more impressive when each of those athletes has the goal and ability to win their event. The team did an exceptional job dealing with illness – and, subsequently, scrambled lineups – and will take this confidence into the months ahead.

Spencer Griffin Hunsberger

Sports Analysis

BUSA reforms: a threat to Cambridge sport?

SARAH WARREN

The history of British University sport is not a straight forward one. The British Universities Sports Association provides an inter-university championship programme in 49 sports with 151 universities and institutes of higher education taking part. Now, within the next year, the system change, following the merger of BUSA and the University and College Sport organisation (UCS).

The problem inherent to the current situation is the growing disparity in individual universities' objectives for sport. At one end of the scale there are universities like Bath and Leeds Metropolitan, who are increasingly promoting and marketing themselves as sporting institutions. Then at the other end exists the uni-

versities with considerable academic standing, like Cambridge, who successfully turn a blind eye to Wednesdays as being a recognised championship competition day. Cambridge and Oxford's sport administration means that this is an unavoidable situation.

Where most universities operate a system of club affiliation to the athletic or sports union, Cambridge clubs and societies are not technically incorporated into the University. Although the sport syndicate is charged with recognising clubs that serve the student body, it is their general belief that clubs should be able to stand on their own two feet, maintain independence and better serve their members through anonymity.

People have been debating the merits of this system for many years with little change. However, the im-

portant thing to realise is that this difference in administration has meant that Cambridge is now allegedly the only university competing in BUSA without central administration.

Weekly match confirmation emails have to be directed, at great inconvenience to other university sporting clubs, individually to captains rather than through one administrative officer as is the case where clubs are affiliated to the union. The structure of sports clubs at Cambridge means that the predominant unit is the club itself, not only benefitting its BUSA competing members but all of the hundreds of students who play in the club organised college leagues.

Most sportsmen and women who play in one of Cambridge's 28 competing BUSA teams will have become aware of the predisposition

facing them from other universities and this is no more true than in light of the current situation. The BUSA and UCS merger will bring about a renewed excitement, new funding and a new committee and potentially a change in regulations meaning that BUSA could dictate that all competing universities must have an admin officer; this has considerable implications for change at Cambridge.

The appointment of an administration officer would mean the sports syndicate have to fund another position which in reality would better serve other universities than ourselves. The value of the position for individual clubs is questionable and especially so if considered that wages for the position may be deducted from the budget of the development of our much needed Sports Centre.

SPORT



Rugby39
Glory for the Blues in tight contest

Third time lucky

» Trinity crash twice but still beat John's to dominate Uni IV's



All competed well in an event that provides some variation to the rowing calendar and marks the beginning of the competitive rowing season JET PHOTOGRAPHIC

FIRST & THIRD	1st
LMBC	2nd
DOWNING	3rd

ED WILLIS
Sports Reporter

After the excitement of Queens' Ergs, the first major on-river event of the College rowing Calendar took place last week. The pre-cursor to Fairburns later this term, the University Fours got underway amidst considerable interest in rowing circles.

Crews of four, from most of the colleges took part in the event, designed to provide some variation to the traditional eight man races in Cambridge. The four man format asks different technical and mental

questions of the rowers, and certainly leaves them with nowhere to hide, something co-organiser Laura Sutcliffe sees as positive for the development of Cambridge rowing.

As would be expected, the week got off to an inconspicuous start last Monday as races were won and lost in front of empty river banks. The big names in all the categories negotiated the early rounds without too much difficulty though, setting up an intriguing finish for Thursday and Friday.

The final two days did not disappoint, as unprecedented numbers of people came down to the river to support. In the men's competition, First and Third (Trinity College Boat Club) managed to exceed even their high expectations by winning the coxless fours as well as the first and second coxed fours events. The final of the coxless fours provided a thrilling spectacle as First and Third crashed twice, and still managed to overcome LMBC (St John's), eventually storming to a

comfortable victory. Club captain Ming-Chee Chung was delighted with the haul, which he felt was "deserving of the efforts put in over the last few weeks."

The women's final looked hard to call, neither Emmanuel nor Christ's having really been tested up to that point. Early on, Christ's fell behind but were able to quickly move up and take the lead, eventually winning comfortably by a couple of lengths. It was a first ever victory for the college in this competition, leaving cox Chrissie Podesta and the whole crew 'on a massive high from it all.' The Second Women's competition was won by Jesus II, again at the expense of Emma. They took distance off the start and continued to open the gap throughout the race, eventually winning by a margin of 28 seconds.

In London meanwhile, there was some success this weekend for university and college boats at the Fullers Head of the River Fours event, rowed on the same

course as the boat race, but in the opposite direction. The first four of Tim Perkins, Colin Scott, Thomas Llewelyn Edwards and Shane Omara, achieved second place in the Elite Coxless Fours, while the second four came fifth in the Elite coxed event. The Women's second boat finished third in the Women's Senior II event, while the third and fourth boats finished third and fourth in the women's Senior 3, academic category. Some of our colleges also acquitted themselves well, First and Third continuing their success by achieving ninth and fifteenth places in the Senior 3 academic category, while Jesus and Clare II managed thirty-second and thirty-third place respectively.

Things are now set up nicely for Fairburns, where First and Third will look to continue their dominance. They will not have it all their own way though, with Downing looking to avenge their University IV's defeat, and Caius shaping up to be as strong as ever.

Cambridge fail to make par

CAMBRIDGE	4
DENHAM GOLF CLUB	6

PADDY CROFT
Sports Reporter

The Golfing Blues First team suffered a narrow defeat at Denham Golf Club on Sunday, losing to the club's side 6-4. On a fine day, the CUGC's top point scorer, Ruairaidh Stewart, continued his strong play, and with foursomes partner James Whittington, recorded Cambridge's first point of the day with a decisive 4&3 win. The Blues only other point of the morning took a full 18 holes to secure, and was won with a clutch 8-foot putt made on the final green by James Binning, who was able to take advantage of partner Benoit Ramsay's on-target approach shot.

With the score 3-2 in Denham's favour at lunch, the afternoon saw more high quality golf from Stewart who, paired with CUGC Captain Thomas Woolsey, won his second match of the day 2&1. Although Whittington maintained an excellent standard of play throughout the day, and demonstrated some especially fine touch around the greens during his afternoon match, he and partner David Duncan succumbed to a strong opposition whose round of one under par was enough to defeat the Cambridge pair 3&2.

Ramsay was unable to repeat his eighteenth hole success of the morning, losing with partner Chris Robinson one down in the afternoon, but Richard Silveira and Jack Hickmore closed out a tough match with a par on the difficult eighteenth hole to win one up, securing Cambridge's fourth and final point of the day.

On the same day the Stymies, the University second team, were playing in Suffolk at Woodbridge Golf Club. Against a club that historically puts up a very strong side, the Stymies played some excellent golf to only be trailing 3-2 after the morning foursomes. Particularly encouraging was the performance put in by two of the new golfers to the CUGC – Will Woolsey and Iain McNamara – who comfortably beat their opponents 3&2. Unfortunately, Woodbridge's class was evident in the afternoon as they won eight of the ten singles matches ending the match 11-4 up.

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