

VARSITY



**PROTESTS ERUPT AS
CHARLES CLARKE
COMES TO CAMBRIDGE**

**EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW WITH
THE ARCHITECT
OF TOP-UP FEES
PAGE 04**



A sacrifice too far

King's may sell altarpiece amid college cash crises

Brian Little

Colleges across Cambridge are facing accounting crises and mounting deficits, causing them to make drastic cuts, with King's considering the sale of Reubens' masterpiece *The Adoration of the Magi*, currently the altarpiece in King's College Chapel.

A cross-section of Colleges are facing financial difficulties caused by a range of factors, from a drop in Government funding to poor investment performance, failures in proper financial practice and excessive non-essential expenditure. Their reaction, in the words of a University source, "is characterised by a combination of panic and denial".

A Budget Working Party set up at King's to make proposals for reducing the deficit, whose report has been obtained by *Varsity*, has considered admitting "private students" and selling some of the College's most valuable paintings, including works by Picasso and Sir Peter Paul Reubens' 1634 painting. The Reubens, given as a gift in the 1960s under the proviso that it would be "placed on the central axis" of King's Chapel, might fetch up to £40m alone. A sale, however, would incur capital gains tax at 55% and seems unlikely to be allowed.

St. John's College discovered in May after converting their accounts to a new format that there was a £1.2m hole in their annual budget, although it is alleged that some senior members had been aware of the mounting loss for some years. The College Council quickly set out a range of cost-cutting measures; grants were cut for Fellows and students alike.

John's and King's are not alone in their problems. After annual losses amounting to hundreds of thousands



Patricia Kopeckna

of pounds, Churchill College put up its rents by 10% last year, raised its termly KFC by a third, and put up food prices by 20%.

Many factors have played a part in these financial woes. The College Fee, additional money that Cambridge receives to support the supervision system, has been declining in real terms since 1998. The sustained downturn in the economy has led to poor investment performance at many Colleges and significantly increased staff pension costs. Hughes Hall was

forced to inject 20% of its projected surplus into the Colleges' Pension Scheme, and King's must find one million pounds over the next ten years.

Excess and poor financial control appear to have played their parts too. An annual internal report on King's financial situation has been consistently damning. Last year was the first year in many that an external audit of the accounts was complete before this report was written – despite this being a College statute.

Spending on entertainment across

the University is also very high. John's spends over £200,000 on entertainments, and there are rumours of the College squandering thousands on re-carpeting its Senior Common Room. Pembroke spent £171,000 on entertainments last year matching the total University spending on SPS research.

But students argue that they have borne the brunt of the recent savings efforts. At John's charges for network connections have been introduced at £15 per term, library fines and Kitchen Fixed Charge (KFC) raised, and rents

put up so that accommodation at the College is among the most expensive in the UK.

Students at Churchill slept in the corridors in protest at rent rises there, and ninety undergraduates at King's are currently withholding their college bills. Ben Brinded, CUSU President, argues that students should not bear the burden of Colleges' attempts to cut costs: "although colleges must economise across the board, students should not be an easy target for sustaining College excess."

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Got a story?

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The goose killers of St. John's

Sarah Mills

The Canadian geese that have become a John's institution over recent years may consider flying further South this Winter, following threats of a cull. The College has stated its intention to "reduce the population in a safe, humane and legal manner" after complaints that geese are harming academic performance.

The geese began congregating around the backs six years ago. Since then the gaggle has grown in size and they now have all of Third Court and most of Cripps covered.

In addition to this covering effect (the excessive mess) most complaints are focused on the other disadvantages of wide-spread wildfowl. "You'll be woken up systematically from around 5 o'clock in the morning" explained Johnian Suzy Pollard. Disruption continues throughout the day - with particular volume in exam term. Students

escaping to the library find their goose cooked. The disturbance is no less there.

Failed official attempts to deter the geese have included introducing black swans to scare them away and oiling their eggs (preventing hatching).

Many are, however, dissatisfied with the efforts to find alternatives. A spokeswoman for Cambridge Animal Rights described the proposed cull as "absolutely wrong." Other ways of getting rid of the geese might include growing the backs grass longer or using sonic devices emitting imitative distress calls. In any case, Guy Merchant, a world expert in the control of birds, warns that the migratory habits of the Canadian goose may render the exercise futile.

However, most Johns' students seem glad they have not seen the undertail of the geese quite yet. Bodri Wadawadiji commented, "Emma have their ducks. We have geese - they're just not so high-profile".



Oblivious geese wander the backs, enjoying their last days of freedom

Para Kopechka

Two degrees is a degree too far

Sebastian Raedler

Many thought that senseless examination rules died out when students were stopped from demanding bread and ale during Tripos. However, Natasha Razak was prevented from graduating last year as she was overqualified.

Razak had studied a two year law course at Wolfson College, spent several thousands on overseas fees, went through finals and earned a II.1. However, when she reached into an empty pigeon-hole last year, she found she was the only student in her year not to have been invited to graduation. Because she had already re-

ceived a Cambridge masters in Criminology an obscure University statute barred her from graduating.

University ordinances stipulate that no one who has been "registered as a Graduate Student shall be a candidate for honours in any Honours Examination." A similar rule applies to those that have taken a BA. Yet the rules are as technical as they are obscure. Theoretically, one has only "taken" one's degree, when one has been physically present at graduation. The Rugby Blue Duncan Blaikie, currently reading law, got round restrictions by avoiding the ceremony for his Masters in Medicine. Natasha did not get the same option.

Wolfson denies responsibility for the situation. They referred the case to the University Application Committee but it could not help. "We feel very sympathetic towards Natasha, but we believe that we had made the position very clear to her", said Wolfson President Dr. Gordon Johnson.

The invitation letter to Ms. Razak read, "University rules do not allow you to be awarded a BA (hons.) degree following a previous Cambridge degree." However, she claims to have assumed that she could get a degree without getting "honours".

The two main rationales for the old rule are that it ensures that no undergraduate should have to compete

against those more experienced and that it maintains the idea of degrees as a symbol of status creating a hierarchy that cannot be descended. However, CUSU President Ben Brinded commented, "The rules are ridiculous. You should be allowed to get two Cambridge degrees. Just look how many letters most academics have after their names".

Dr. Johnson promised to request that the University reconsider the rules. "This procedure might take time - maybe a year. But... the change could be applied retrospectively."

Natasha has now found a job with a law firm in London. Only time will tell if she ever gets her degree.

Dischordant CUMS resignations

Laura-Jane Foley

World-renowned conductor Stephen Cleobury sensationally resigned from the Cambridge University Musical Society this week. He left along with five other leading figures amid allegations of back-stabbing, factionalism and under-handedness.

Cleobury was informed at a meeting last Friday that he would not be reinstated when the position of conductor comes up for reappointment in October 2004. Cleobury, who has worked with CUMS for over twenty years, is a highly respected name in the classical music world and is the chief Conductor of the BBC Singers.

The decision, which has been met with "shock", was the recommendation of a sub-committee. It proposed that Cleobury should be offered the

newly created office of Conductor Laureate "in recognition of service to CUMS..... in the hope that he will maintain his participation".

However, having heard the committee's decision Cleobury swiftly resigned and this was followed by the

resignations of five key committee members. The resignations, which will take effect from 11th November, mean that the last concert under Cleobury's baton is this Saturday at Ely Cathedral.

In an email to members Cleobury explained his decision to resign say-

ing that that he does not have "the necessary confidence in the way in which the committee manages the business of the Society." He continued to criticise the Society's governance claiming it "has been marred by factionalism and by an absence of basic respect for fairness and common courtesy... and individual rights to privacy".

News of his resignation has received a mixed response. Whilst some are unhappy to see the departure of the famous conductor, others who have experienced his "short temper" are happy at the regime change.

Of the other resignations perhaps the most significant is that of Maggie Heywood, Secretary of CUMS for over 22 years. In an email to members she spoke of the great enjoyment of her work but felt she could not continue after the "appalling" decision the committee made about Cleobury.



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NEWS
IN BRIEF

CASI disbands

This week Cambridge's Campaign Against Sanctions on Iraq (CASI) unanimously agreed to disband. Its members subsequently reformed as Cambridge Solidarity with Iraq. The group's focus has turned towards humanitarian reconstruction.

Free travel

A new, free bus service serving the Sidgwick Site starts operating on Monday 10th November. The Citi 8 bus route runs from Madingley Road Park and Ride site to Addenbrooke's Hospital bus station. Holders of the University Card can travel free.

Tony Martin

Tony Martin spoke to a packed house at the Union on Tuesday. In the hour and a quarter talk Martin claimed he thought of himself as "a champion" and insisted "I personally don't think I've done anything wrong at all". RA/AS

The bare bones of it

A panel to oversee the repatriation of human remains held in Britain should be set up according to a Government report. Cambridge University's Duckworth Collection of aboriginal remains is threatened by the decision.

Gardies motions

CULC, the Cambridge University Labour Club, voted to support Gardies and protest against the termination of its lease by Caius. Almost 4,000 Cambridge students have now signed the Save Gardies petition.

Grad Union

Elections were held for the Graduate Union on Tuesday. The New GU executive now consists of Vice President and Treasurer, Rianna Mohammed, General Secretary, Liz Jackson, Women's Officer, Jane Ding, and Exec members without portfolio Arnaud Bonnet, David Evers, Hua Gao, Tom Illingworth and David Mrva.

Protestors say no to Clarke

Jonathan Wood

Education Secretary Charles Clarke was welcomed to Cambridge in vocal fashion on Thursday by a CUSU-organised demonstration. Some 60 students marched from the Sidgwick site to the new maths faculty, in protest against proposals for top-up fees.

As Mr Clarke viewed the new buildings, protestors lined up with an array of banners and megaphones to greet the Education Secretary on his tour. University Proctors were out in force to marshal the demonstration.

Mr Clarke was president of CSU, Cambridge Students' Union, the predecessor of CUSU, in his time here and protested strongly against cuts to grants when in office. Many students were outraged that he should now be proposing differential top-up fees.

Whilst he was being interviewed by *Varsity* in the faculty, the demonstrators banged on the windows

chanting, amongst other songs of varying degrees of politeness, "O bring back my grant cheque to me" and "Charlie, Charlie, Charlie: out, out, out". Aiming to get their message home to the Education Secretary, protestors unfurled banners and a 'wall of debt' was put up on one of the faculty's sides. Letters from students spelling out their concerns over Higher Education funding were then handed to the Education Secretary.

CUSU had been trying since summer to get him to talk to a group of students. This was finally agreed to but limited to just four students, whose names had to be given in advance.

Ben Brinded, CUSU president and one of the four, said Mr. Clarke was definitely "rattled by what was going on outside. However, he was never going to budge, he was just towing the party line." Brinded argued the government's proposals were "just a sticking plaster for the funding problem, when what's needed is a vaccine".



Students protesting outside the new Maths faculty

Mr. Clarke repeatedly said that students had been polled and agreed top-up fees were the "fairest" way forward. However, nodding at the protestors at the window he added, "obviously some of your colleagues may disagree".

When asked for assurances that the

£3,000 cap on top-up fees would not be raised, Mr. Clarke said he could give promises only for the lifetime of this parliament. This raises the prospect that if top-up fees are introduced in 2006 they could be increased just three years later. A possibility that Brinded said he was "sure is going to happen".

"Most students think it's fairer"

Exclusive: Tom Ebbutt speaks to Charles Clarke

In 1971, with Europe still reeling from the riots of '68, Charles Clarke as President of Cambridge Students Union was one of the many student firebrands of his era. Going on to become NUS president after his time at King's he was never afraid to use unconventional methods to back up his campaigns. sit ins, on topics as varied as the power of proctors and student expulsions, were a standard tactic.

On Thursday, thirty years on, he returned to Cambridge as Labour's Education Secretary, the man in charge of Britain's Universities and the standard bearer for top up fees. No longer

the darling of the Left and now under attack for the nature of the Government's solution to the Higher Education funding crisis, he looks set to have to push them past a rebellious Labour Party in the House of Commons within the next month. In an exclusive interview with *Varsity* he revealed why he still thinks the proposals are right and strongly defended the principle of differential fees.

Despite an anti top-up fees demonstration going on outside the window less than a metre away from his seat, he was unmoved by the feelings articulated so strongly behind his left shoulder and outlined the reason why

he is right to push ahead.

"The question is as I see it, is it fair for a person who hasn't had a university education to essentially pay for an education which allows other people to earn more? There are arguments to be had, I certainly think society should pay the lion's share. Is it fair it fair that the students once graduated should make a contribution to their education? I don't think that's unreasonable."

He is insistent there will be no changes to the proposals before they are put to Westminster. "Will there be fundamental changes to the system we've described? No, I don't think there will be changes". Yet he admits that the one area where he sees a really strong argument to face up to is the fear of debt among low income families. "The fear of debt in those circumstances is substantial and can be dissuasive of people coming to the University". However, he believes that the measures contained within the White Paper – deferred fees and the reintroduction of grants – will go "a significant way" to allay these fears.

But he is sure that people will see the long term benefits of their decisions, "As young people make these

decisions, they also need to look at the income consequences of going to a particular university.... I believe that young people coming to Cambridge are intelligent enough to make that judgement".

But as the whole argument is about the monetary benefits of a university education, shouldn't those who earn more pay more?

"The polling we've done shows that most students think it's fairer to pay your own costs rather than pay other peoples, so that's why we've come to the view we have... most people believe it's fairer to make a contribution for themselves."

Unrepentant he says that, despite the protest going on outside, the majority of students actually support the proposals, as opposed to, for example, a graduate tax.

And what would he be doing if he were Ben Brinded now? "I would be making the arguments, as I did at Cambridge and later as NUS president, that need to be made for a fairer student funding system". I suppose that the real question should have been would he have been outside the window, or around us on the floor.

Full interview at www.varsity.co.uk



Alex Mair

CHARLES CLARKE - THE EARLY YEARS

Some things never change as a 1972 *Varsity* article 'Clarke must go' shows. Charles Clarke, President of the Cambridge Students' Union at the time, was apparently "threatened with expulsion from his college (King's)" after a party at Catz. Expelling Clarke from the University would apparently "be to the benefit of all in Cambridge" according to a letter sent by St. Catharine's to King's. Clarke defended himself saying "in my opinion such victimisation would lead to a strong, and possibly violent, reaction".

"St. Catharine's Disciplinary Committee imposed a blanket fine of £1.25 on all those who took part in the guest hours party...the 40 punished pay £1 for the wilful breach of guest regulations and 25p for noise and disturbance".

John's London rents

Tim Moreton

Fixed charges for student accommodation in Cambridge are among the most expensive in the country, casting grave doubt on the University's claim that costs at Cambridge are "much the same as they would be at any other English university". Average rent plus compulsory charges at St John's and Homerton now exceed even the average London living costs.

A survey, conducted by the Daily Telegraph and Endsleigh, into the costs of student accommodation put London first, with weekly charges averaging £82.13, then Oxford, Surrey and Southampton. Cambridge was not included in the survey, but average rent plus Kitchen Fixed Charge (KFC) at Homerton and John's would put them ahead of the London figure. Even Girton and Hughes Hall are more expensive than anywhere outside London and Oxford.

Amid a raft of measures aimed at cutting its budget deficit, John's has seen a rise of 9.5% including inflation this year. A graduate at the College estimated rents have risen "probably 40% since 1999".

After including Homerton's £15 compulsory meal vouchers (they are "part of accommodation contracts" according to the College), their figures work out at £91.21 per week, more expensive than even St John's.

Figures that *Varsity* has obtained from this year's confidential report on rents by the University Bursars' Committee put the average cost of a room at the median College at £71.40 per week including KFC – making Cambridge accommodation the fourth most expensive in the UK. Since many Colleges require some students to live out, the real financial burden is likely to be higher still.

A major factor in the cost of coming to Cambridge is the compulsory KFC. CUSU Rents and Charges

Officer, James Curran, argued "KFC is just another way of disguising high fixed costs. They are a stealth accommodation charge".

The survey's findings will trouble the University. Ben Brinded, CUSU President, warned "findings show students are debt-averse, and perceive Cambridge to be financially elitist. These alarming increases in living costs are jeopardising access work."

A further cause for concern will be the vast difference between rents at the cheapest and most expensive colleges – a staggering 39% in 2002/03. While facilities and the range of available rents may vary, it seems certain that cost will factor into applicants' choice of College. The only reason that this has not already happened is the secrecy in which the Bursars' committee keeps rental figures.

Rents have risen across all Colleges since a Bursars' Committee 1998 report recommended increasing charges to eliminate the 'room rent subsidy' – the difference between what Colleges spend on accommodation and what they charge. But campaigners argue that rents are becoming increasingly unaffordable.

CUSU's *Fight Against Increased Rents (FAIR)* campaign is holding a public meeting about rent rises on Monday 10th November in the Chetwynd Room, King's College.



Paula Kopecka

Burning bright

Wednesday night saw East Anglia's largest free fireworks event to celebrate Guy Fawke's night. Five hundred kilograms of explosives were set off behind a five ton bonfire. Spectators enjoyed the display both from outside college boathouses and at the fairground on Midsummer Commons. The event was sponsored by the Grafton Centre and organised by Cambridge City Council.

NUMBER CRUNCHING

£82.13	Avg London fixed charge	£171k	Pembroke College Entertainment spending*
£91.21	Avg Homerton fixed charge	£174k	Total SPS department spending on research*
£3905	Student loan (in London)	£58k	Trinity Portraits & Photographs spending*
£4815	Student loan (in Cambridge)	£17k	Magdalene library expenditure on books*
£531k	Selwyn kitchen staff wages*		
£275k	Selwyn payment to college tutors, lecturers and DoS*		

* Figures for 2001-02 from Cambridge University Reporter



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Tim
Stanley

Homosexuality: my friend and the lower classes

Last Tuesday morning I was sitting in my living room tucking in to my breakfast of Gentleman's Relish and Plymouth Gin, when, much to my surprise, my roommate entered and politely asked me to "Turn down the Palestrina love - 'James' is trying to sleep off last night." Naturally I was overcome. Firstly because my room mate and I had established as a golden rule that he should never enter our shared living room, but mostly because I could not fathom why 'James' should be in my chum's bed and not his own.

It was only when the smell of lubricant and Old Spice hit my nostrils that I twigged. My room mate, after several months of swapping Kate Bush albums, giving and receiving facials, and going to Conservative

Association meetings, had finally decided to tell me he was gay. It was only when recovering later with a healthy dose of Bendicks of Mayfair, that I began to ask myself certain fundamental questions: how did I not notice? Why is Cambridge so gay? And was this lack of awareness a challenge to my own manhood?

The reason I didn't notice is fairly straightforward. I simply didn't recognise my roommate's variety of homosexuality. Cambridge has a gay culture of its very own, which is doubtless as inspired by tea, cigarettes and damp weather as it is by history or tradition. Quite simply Cambridge is home to a better class of sodomite. Cambridge is home to delicately ageing professors who float through Cambridge in three piece suits beneath wooden-scaled umbrellas, passing their time in tea

rooms reading Plutarch while sipping dandelion burdock, who open every conversation with the ubiquitous, but always well intentioned, 'Tell me, have you read the Symposium?' These are Cantab's gay aristocracy, for whom sex is a distant, but not dim memory but who, when offered, reply that they couldn't, wouldn't and, due to doctor's orders, simply shouldn't.

Then there are the beautiful nymphs who are to be spotted like wild birds at the Union, CUCA or some other bastion of the British Empire. These people I find fascinating. They are not misogynistic but can find little good use for women, invariably took a year off for depression and nurse either a drink or Percadan habit. Indeed when once lamely offering a half bottle of vodka I had cadged off a beggar to an aesthete as

a birthday present he instantly quipped, 'A half bottle of vodka? Christ, I urinate half bottles of vodka'. In these people is lodged a small shard of the spirit of true Cambridge - a place built for introspection, broad mindedness and well cut suits. Their homosexuality is, like their finely greased hair and nicotine stained nails, a statement of class and elite quality rather than anything so plebeian as a grope.

Thus, it is no surprise that I did not notice my friend batted for the other side. For he really is gay. He wears a goatee and tight t-shirts and worships the wrong Madonna. It is quite simple: homosexuality was mistakenly surrendered many years ago, like so many other great institutions, to the lower classes. How frustrating this must be to the Graeco-Roman aesthete

in corduroy who has to see his sexuality subverted by people who actually want to have sex. Homosexuality is only attractive when it encapsulates loneliness, isolation, and long, cold holidays in autumnal Venice.

As for me, any confusion I may feel is quickly reduced by settling down to watch *The Man with the Golden Gun*. For it is only when in the company of Roger Moore does one realise just how at home one is with heterosexuality. Not that it's bad to be gay. Indeed in my room mate I saw a glimmer of that aristocratic greatness: 'Well,' he said, reflecting on the quality of his lay, 'he was a waiter and, let's put it this way, I was only going to tip him once that evening.' I am pleased to see my friend so astutely putting the English back in to the English Vice.

Vive la résistance! Dan Mayer salutes the new spirit seen in postmen and students alike

In the aftermath of the unofficial postal strikes, one thing is clear: it's the first time in years that BBC news reporters have talked of the strength of the rank and file, and how they were strong enough to force the union bureaucracy to force the post bosses to listen.

Following on from the loss of the Communication Workers' Union (CWU) national strike ballot, Royal Mail boss Alan Leighton threatened to 'turn the union's world upside down'. But it is the world of the bosses that has been turned upside down - by Postman Pat and his black-and-wildcat. This comes hot on the heels of the successful wildcat strikes by check-in staff at Heathrow, and a growing sense of radicalism

amongst trade-unionists.

These struggles are not isolated. They are part of a general swing towards ideas of resistance. They are inextricably connected with the fact that 2 million people marched on February 15th, with the fact that we've got Blair running scared and we know it. And this is the context in which we should view the fact that the NUS Demonstration against fees drew in bigger numbers than ever before. 30 000 students marched against the privatisation and commodification of education, in a lively, vibrant demo, where 'Tony, Tony, Out! Out! Out!' was the chant of the day.

In resisting the bosses, each of these struggles is fed by, and feeds into, each other struggle. And some-

times the crucial battleground can be closer to home than you'd expect. Of course, in the scheme of things, the postal dispute and the plans to give Bush a fiery welcome to Britain in November, with an occupation planned at Cambridge, as well as coaches to London, are the box-office fights of the next few weeks. But fundamental to the neo-liberal ideology of Bush and Blair is that they can always see a market, where others can only see a basic service. And if they are to market everything, then they have to discredit the age-old idea that education is an end in itself, an end that everyone should be encouraged to pursue.

And that means privatising universities, with top-up fees as the first step. But it also means making sure that places like Cambridge remain bastions of the ruling class. It means making sure that Cambridge students are taught not only that they are privileged, but also that they should demand privilege for the rest of their lives. It means charging at least £3,000 for a Cambridge-education. And above all it also means that excess is more important than access. And that is why King's College spends £90,000 per room in its new developments (when advisory bodies recommend £25,000), has a Provost who wants to use formals to 'teach students about fine food and wine', why the fellows don't blink as rents rapidly approach London prices. And that's why John's has

doubled rent since 1999 and is now more expensive than London.

And that's why the success of the coming battle over rent is so important in Cambridge. CUSU's FAIR (Fight Against Increased Rent) have called a meeting for Monday 10th, where students can discuss how to oppose the bursars. King's College is already on rent-strike, threatening to turn the world of the Bursar, who privatised Railtrack, and Provost, who stood for the Tories in 1997, upside down.

The King's rent strikers have been inspired by the rise in resistance in Britain. We have been forced to act because Blair's war spending and neo-conservatism, which provoked anti-war and anti-globalisation demos, forced cuts, which provoked strikes, top-up fees, which provoked the NUS demo, and forced the college to try to squeeze money out of students. But our struggle will feed back into this: because if we can stop the ruling class's project in Cambridge, we can stop it anywhere. If we can strike on rents, we can threaten to strike on fees. The war may be Blair's poll-tax, but Thatcher was brought down by the relatively obscure issue of Europe, and that is what fees can do to Tony. And this is what we can do for the fees struggle.

In a world where you are expected to work 'til you drop because they privatised pensions, three more years in education is a right. And a Cambridge education

shouldn't be a matter of buying your ticket into the ruling class, it should be a matter of getting a good education. And so we find ourselves on one of the many battlegrounds on which we must fight for a better world. Because as well as the decimation of Iraq, the privatisation of the NHS, and the exploitation of the Third world, there is another thing that the neo-liberal project will ensure, that Cambridge is populated by the cream of society: rich, thick, and full of clots.



Pat's no patsy any more

www.varsity.co.uk/comment



King's students vote to strike

Essentially different?

Dani Turner and Magnus Gittins on autism, empathy and the two sexes

Simon Baron-Cohen comes from a family used to causing a stir. Cousin of comedian Sacha Baron-Cohen (a.k.a. Ali G), Simon has just produced a book guaranteed to get hard-core feminists into a tizz. The tall, lanky Trinity professor has written over 200 papers, and it's fair to say that his PhD thesis changed the face of autism research. In fact, autism forms the basis of his explanation for the differences between the sexes. Entitled *The Essential Difference*, Baron-Cohen leaps in right on the first page.

"The female brain is essentially hardwired for empathy. The male brain is predominantly wired for understanding and building systems".

Gone are the days when people pussy-footed around issues of sex differences. "Twenty or thirty years ago, entertaining the idea of sex differences in the mind was probably as sensitive as entertaining the idea of IQ differences between races" he says. In fact, Baron-Cohen is quite open about the fact that this book was five years in the making, largely because the topic was just too politically sensitive in the 1990s.

So what is it all about? On the surface, *The Essential Difference* appears to reinforce gender stereotypes. For example, girls are good listeners whilst boys strive to understand how machines work. Apparently, there are two main types of brains: empathisers ('E'

"Men are faster at repeating a single syllable (e.g. ba ba ba)."

brains) and systemisers ('S' brains). Empathisers are better at identifying and responding to emotions, while systemisers prefer exploring and constructing systems. He backs up these claims with a range of experiments from monkey behaviour, neonatal testosterone measurements and what interests one-day old babies.

Even if you aren't convinced, you can't help but feel that he might be onto something. A reviewer in the *Washington Post* went as far as to say, "this book has explained a good part of my own life to me; it's made men achingly human." So, if you want to understand what makes your mathmo friend tick, then read on.

The most captivating parts of *The Essential Difference* are where Baron-Cohen explores the extreme male brain. Brilliant at systemising, hopeless at socialising, he describes what it is like to suffer from autism or Asperger's syndrome and why sufferers

needn't feel rejected by society. He estimates that approximately one in 200 children have one of the autism spectrum conditions. Most are boys and most are miserable at school. Many are teased or bullied because they do not fit in, or because they have no interest in

"The female brain is predominantly hard-wired for empathy."

fitting in. Society conspires against them, and he explains "there are no help lines for mind-blind people." As one of his patients put it: "People with Asperger's Syndrome are like salt-water fish that are forced to live in fresh water. We're fine if you just put us in the right environment. When the person ... and the environment match, the problems go away and we even thrive. When they don't match we seem disabled."

By contrast, the person with the extreme female brain is well supported, "if you are a system-blind adult and your computer needs putting together ... there are phone numbers that you can ring for technical support."

Baron-Cohen is keen to stress that the book is not a practical help manual to the sexes. Rather he would prefer that his ideas help to "excite people outside academia about current research and get the debate going." And he is fully aware that some of his statements are contentious. Feminists argue that it is very difficult to disentangle social fac-

tors driving the differences between the sexes. He also tries to steer away from politics and gender stereotyping. Concerns of a link between the MMR vaccination and autism have reminded Baron-Cohen that he is in dangerous territory when looking for its causes. In fact, he believes that increases in autism diagnoses are probably due to improved diagnostic techniques.

You also get some useful dinner-party facts. Women tend to have larger left feet and left breasts - as well as a dominant left brain (especially good for languages). Injecting pregnant monkeys with testosterone makes their genetically female offspring genitally male. And best of all, women, when speaking make fewer speech errors, use longer sentences and have better verbal memory than men. Men need not worry, since they, use-

"The male brain is wired for understanding and building systems."

fully, are faster at repeating a single syllable (e.g. ba-ba-ba).

So, what does Ali G have to say about all this? Baron-Cohen doesn't know, "but he does have a copy of my book."

For more info into these studies, visit www.autismresearchcentre.com
The National Autistic Society
<http://www.nas.org.uk>



Simon Baron-Cohen, author of *The Essential Difference*

Autism Research Centre Explained

John Lawson -
Department of Psychiatry

The goal of the Autism Research Centre is to unite scientists, theorists and clinicians to further our knowledge about autism spectrum conditions (ASCs). The cause of these conditions is still unknown but it's clear that the 'answer' is unlikely to be simple. Reflecting this, the research that we carry out is diverse and focuses on many levels.

On the biological level we're currently examining the genetic make up of families that show a diagnosis or traits of ASCs. This involves searching entire chromosomes for anomalies that are shared amongst families with some sort of ASCs but absent in families without the condition. In a similar vein we are investigating whether foetal testosterone levels can predict later social and communicative development and the occurrence of ASCs.

Other techniques are being used to explore differences in brain function between people with and without ASCs. Using such methods like neuroimaging and neurochemistry, we examine many factors such as the perceptual abnormalities associated with ASCs and the way in which our brains respond to different kinds of tasks and stimuli. Cognition - the way in which we think - is a vital to our understanding how these factors lead to the specific types of behaviour associated with ASCs. We are continually refining the conceptualisation of ASCs to reflect the very specific pattern of difficulties and talents involved.

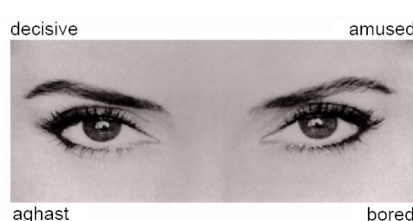
We also have a number of clinical projects underway. One such project attempts to establish the prevalence of ASCs in primary school-age children and to see how effective new tools are in identifying possible cases. Another project has been to develop a software program that helps people with ASCs overcome some of the more specific problems they have with social interaction.

Each of these levels of investigation are like pieces in a huge puzzle. The more we can draw information together the closer we come to fully understanding the puzzle of autism.

The Autism Research Centre was founded in 1997 by Simon Baron-Cohen, Ian Goodyer and Patrick Bolton. It is located on Trumpington Street, and forms parts of the University's Department of Psychiatry.

Reading the mind in the eyes

Try to work out which emotion is being conveyed. A systemising 'S' type brain should find it harder than an empathising 'E' type. Which type are you?





EMPLOYER PRESENTATION

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CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL
6.30PM**

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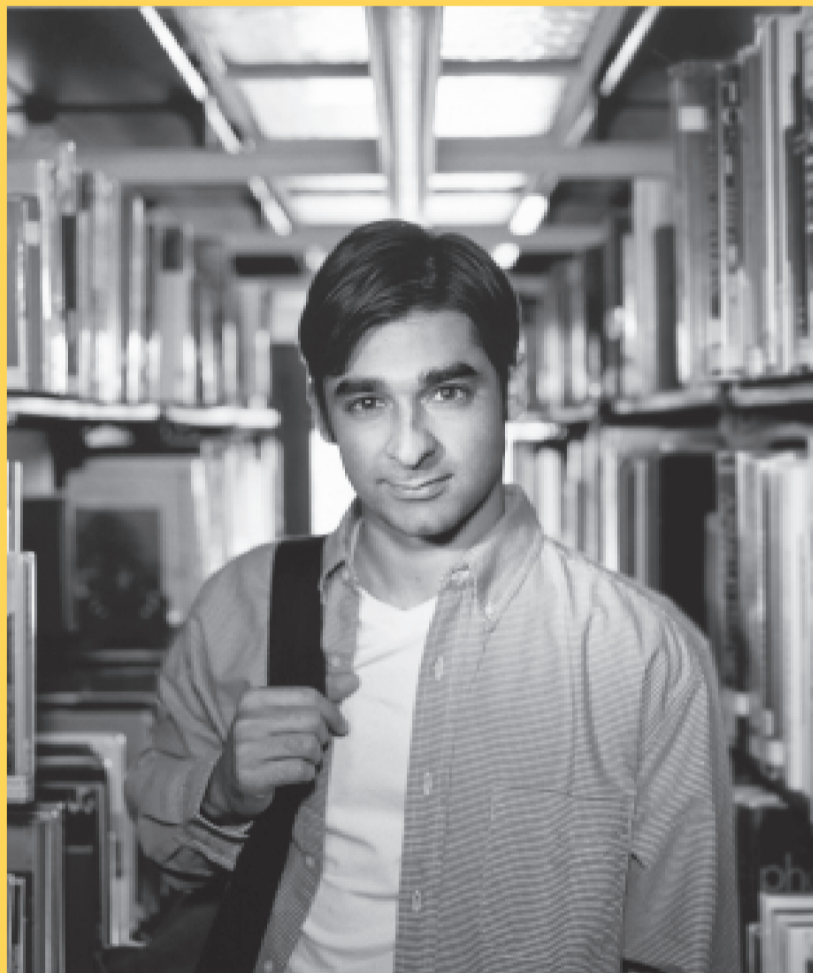
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Time: 4 November 2003 at 18:30 (Doors open at 18:00)

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Please register by email to cambridge.fw.presentation@gs.com stating clearly your year of study.

Application deadline: Full Time 12 November 2003
Summer 22 January 2004

VARSITY

Seriously, not desperately

"In May 1998, as details of the college fee settlement became clearer, [the Bursars' committee] invited the working group to reconvene and advise if further steps should now be taken to coordinate rent policy between colleges towards the elimination of the [room rent] subsidy."

So went the Bursars' report that sparked the 1999 rent strikes, 'Addressing the room rent subsidy'. Since the point at which the College Fee began to be reduced, cutting government education funding to Cambridge, raising rents has been about controlling deficits. Now, accommodation charges in Cambridge are among some of the highest in the country. There is a 39% difference between average rents at different Colleges – so much for steps to "coordinate rent policy". In fact, rent 'strategy' is used by each college according to its Fellowship's needs: so student charges are raised to suit the deficit of the day.

In the short term, individual students and efforts to widen participation will suffer. Cambridge will continue to fail to shake of its image of financial elitism. We hope that Charles Clarke reconsiders maintenance provision and that Cambridge introduces a more ambitious scheme of bursaries. Otherwise, some Colleges may put themselves out of reach to poorer students.

But the crunch will come when Colleges realise that these deficits are too big to just wish away on to students, and that wholesale changes in approach, organisation and attitude are needed if they are to survive the next few years intact. Shared accountability and good governance are key to the Colleges' survival. College walls must be straddled to obtain some economies of scale in catering, maintenance, accommodation and teaching. But there is a fine line between respecting Colleges as seats of academic learning and treating them as businesses with student customers. Colleges should be democracies – but this necessitates open, honest consultation with the whole community, so that the deficit is everybody's business and the budget everyone's to balance.

He's not for turning

Charles Clarke is in no mood to backtrack on the Government's proposals for the reformation of Higher Education funding, that is the one thing that was abundantly clear from his interview on Thursday. As he toured Cambridge's new maths faculty, the message he sent out was loud and clear: we are not for turning.

So if top-up fees are to be introduced, dependent on the decisions of Labour backbenchers, then within two years the system on Higher Education funding will be changed for ever. Some would say for the worse, others would argue for the better. The real question is how can we work to make these proposals fit with the access initiatives that the University and CUSU work so hard to promote – if fees are higher, why will people want to come to Cambridge? The fees are deferred but they are also differential – will people look at cost based factors to decide on the course they choose? The answer is to provide bursaries that match the scale of fees that are going to be charged. Can Cambridge do this? We are far better placed to do so that most UK universities but the money on offer cannot be kept quiet: Cambridge's hidden assistance must be revealed for all to see.

If you want to change Charles Clarke's mind there are two months to do so. If not, we have to work with what is on the table, and we have to be prepared to change our system to match the challenges that we will face.

Just like the Tory elections

Most graduates probably carried on what they were doing this week blissfully unaware of the elections to the Graduate Union (GU), the body that represents postgraduate students at a University level.

The problem is not one of communication from the centre. Graduates were given notice as early as October 14 of nominations opening, in the 'Grad Union Bulletin' email - albeit just below the entry on an ent at the University Centre. The GU's website detailed the process, candidates and arrangements. There was an email with blurbs about candidates, and a hustings meeting.

But it seems that College MCRs, beyond faithfully forwarding emails and paying their affiliation fee, are not interested. Even Wolfson, a graduate College, failed to run its own ballot box. That only one position was contested is symptomatic of this lack of connection with the grass roots. The Graduate Union is an important body, but both its executive and the student media are guilty of failing to coax its constituents away from their research, labs and families. We will try to do better in the future.



The week in words

"Today we showed Charles Clarke what student activism is all about!"

CUSU President Ben Brinded on Cambridge's campaign against Top-Up Fees

"Charles Clarke is a loan shark".

Chant at CUSU's anti top-up fees demonstration for Charles Clarke's visit

"We wanted a free education, we wanted grants not loans and all we got was the Millennium Dome"

Protesters outside the Maths Faculty at the demonstration yesterday

"I realise that the vast majority of members of the Society have been unaware of what a small minority of people have been doing in their name and that this will therefore come as a shock to them".

Conductor Stephen Cleobury on his resignation from CUMS

"I will work tirelessly not to let you down. But I will make mistakes"

New Tory leader Michael Howard giving himself a "get-out clause" yesterday

"I can't be sorry"

Tony Martin at the Cambridge Union this week

"It's simple. You just lock people up"

Tony Martin when asked how he would tackle crime

"I'm useless on quotes"

Ben Brinded giving *Varsity* a soundbite

"They're a feature of college life"

Johnian Bodri Wadawadiji defending his College's geese

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Tom Lane

A modest proposal for solving current admissions difficulties

Cambridge's applications crisis is rearing its ugly head again, despite the much-publicised reintroduction of the written exam. The rumours float around about a centralisation of the interviews process, which would give students 'a raw deal', taking away their god-given right as Englishmen, oh – and women. Oh, and the international students, too, to select which colleges they wish to attend.

The essential problem is that there are approximately three times the number of applicants to places available, and with A-levels these days meaning almost as little as a sociology degree, more and more people are achieving the required standards. It might very well soon be the case – indeed, perhaps it is already even so – that for every open space there are three academically 'equal' students vying for it. In all likelihood they'll all have pretty decent extra-curricular

CVs, too. What to do, then? How to fix this mess and discriminate between the blighters?

Fortunately, I have a certain modest proposal of my own which might resolve this dilemma to the satisfaction of all concerned. My suggestion is that, in the interest of modernisation, entrepreneurial spirit and the ditching of the 'Brideshead Revisited' image, Cambridge's policy should be to follow the lead of numerous premier nightclubs and institute a system of face control, i.e. when confronted with three candidates identical on paper, look up from the UCAS form and pick the best-looking one.

The advantages of this plan are manifold. Firstly, since women are prettier, on the whole, than men, it will help raise the female intake, even if the all-girl colleges were to be reformed, as current proposals suggest.

Similarly, this step will surely encourage more applications from eth-

nic minorities. One thing that puts people off applying to Cambridge is the perception that you need to have fluked at least a five-figure run in the lottery of birth, and have been born into a white, middle/upper class family with an Oxbridge tradition. When it is shown that we have firmly rejected such a system in favour of a fairer selection process, the shame that accompanies an Oxbridge application will diminish.

It will additionally help the city at large. Tourists at present come from all over the world to marvel at our gorgeous architecture – think how many more will flood in when word spreads of our equally magnificent population! The town/gown rift will be healed by their gratitude for bringing more money to the city's businesses, and also for our public relations coup for the Cambridge brand name. Cambridge has already been voted the UK's 8th sexiest city by *FHM* – through this pro-

posal we may yet lift it to number one.

As for the academic side, results will surely go up. It is a universally acknowledged fact that beautiful people are happier than others. In the pressure-cooker environment of Cambridge, depression is sadly rife, and many work hours are lost because of it. A selection of beautiful students means happier students, and happier students will perform better than unhappy ones, who dither away the University's precious time and money.

Finally, since almost all students here go on to become merchant bankers anyway, we might as well have as attractive a student population as possible in order to entertain us during the few years before we enter the ugly world of capitalism.

Okay – you got me. No, I'm not serious. I'm just fuffed off by the latest round of meretricious flyers and orgiastic colour advertisements for

the usual suspects of the investment banking world. This charm offensive, coupled with this year's bout of government insinuation that the only thing universities are good for is boosting your earnings, has become somewhat odious.

On the other hand, looking at my ever-expanding overdraft, perhaps I'm being too sententious, and a merchant banking post is just what the doctor ordered. Still, I never expected to find such a prospect attractive when I arrived here, and knowing people in a similar position, can't help express some sadness over arriving at this stage. What's pushed us into it? Ridiculous arguments, no doubt, such as those above, only loaded with sufficient enticements for us to forget our critical faculties. All universities claim they want to develop these. It might make the world slightly easier to live in if they did the opposite.

Letters

Letters should be submitted no later than midnight on Wednesday, and be as concise as possible. The editors reserve the right to edit all copy. letters@varsity.co.uk

A plea for awareness

Dear Editor,

At last, Tom Lane, thank you (The Israel Palestine Debate needs a Rest, Friday 31st October). I would, however, add to your plea for a novelty check before stating one's own opinion on the Middle East crisis. Surely a personal understanding of the issues involved is essential here, either through someone who actually lives there or at least through one's own experience in the region. Most of us would not presume to pronounce on things of which we are totally unaware of the complexities involved. Why should this be any different?

Name and address withheld.

Missing the point

Dear Editor

Rather than ancient Greek and The Simpsons, a more appropriate parallel with Israel/Palestine is indeed the struggle of black South Africans against apartheid. Mandela and Desmond Tutu have themselves spoken of the racism implicit in an occupation that keeps Palestinians as a subjugated and inferior people. This is not filling some "void" for a "post-colonialist cause" since the state of Israel has not managed to get beyond the colonial stage. I for one am glad that anti-segregation campaigners in the US and apartheid protesters did not 'give it a rest' until justice was done.

Yours, Ben White, Churchill College

Newnham is nice without men

Dear Editor,

Re: Last week's letter from 'Newnhamites Anonymous' and their tortured, socially imbalanced men-free existence. This kind of negative whining does not give a realistic picture of Newnham.

Maybe there are just 1217 undergrads in all-female colleges, but perhaps our postgrads, fellows and alumni love the colleges too. The level of support for women in the university as a whole does indeed need addressing – but by the 28 mixed colleges.

Women's colleges aren't a safety net or university quota-fillers. Newnham provides an atmosphere and facilities which encouraged us to apply. We never considered it a requirement to have men next door – we weren't averse, but we certainly didn't stipulate.

If you need blokes on your corridor to enjoy university, you shouldn't be taking places that other students would quite happily give a limb for. If you're good enough for Newnham, you're good enough for UCL, Edinburgh or Durham, all of which provide men. Newnham is great the way it is, perhaps believing the hype or hating it before you get here is what needs to change.

Newnham is as relevant as it was in 1871. Most universities function without 'Cambridge traditions'. Why not also get rid of Newnham, Mayweek, supervisions and Gardies?

Rebecca Collins, Angela Fitzpatrick, Laura Coats, Jodie Haughton

Gardies prequel

Dear Editor,

I am horrified to hear that Gardies is threatened with the chop! Did you know about a completely opposite decision taken by Corpus Christi College about 10-12 years ago? I understand their estate managers recommended they should redevelop the site of The Eagle for offices but the college said "no", largely - I believe - on the grounds of undergraduate welfare, i.e. they wanted somewhere for their students to enjoy themselves near the college.

Yours sincerely,

Dr James K M Brown

Let's do the time warp again



Iain Hollingshead

MA Cantab pending - life after Cambridge

Kiss FM have recently brought out a watch which tells you at a glance how many years, days, hours and minutes you have left in your life. Adverts for this uplifting concept are littered all over the London underground, leading cynics to wonder if the time displayed on the billboard – 50 years, 4 days and 3 hours – is a bit optimistic for commuters about to step onto the Central Line. Perhaps it is more a reflection of how long you are likely to be down there for.

Naturally, pessimists might frown at a timepiece which constantly reminds its owner of impending doom. But personally, I find the concept rather uplifting. It fits in with all those trite articles on "things to do before you're 30." It reminds you to go out and carpe the diem. There are places to go, people to see, Gardies to rescue. The only shame is that no one has marketed the watch as "The final countdown". It would sell in droves.

Indeed, the franchise could be developed further still. Why not design a watch which explicitly counted down from all sorts of events? "What's the time, Iain?" "Not sure, but it's 120 days, 8 hours and 53 minutes since I last pulled."

Japes aside, the advert inspires two further reflections. The first is that we

now live in a society in which death is the only remaining taboo. Our generation is stubbornly unable to contemplate any sense of immortality. Pick an 'ism - modernism, secularism, materialism – I'm not sure which is the main culprit. Maybe this changes as we get older. I hope so.

The second is the less portentous observation that this watch sticks two fingers up to conventional units of measurement. In a world of deadlines, appointments and Greenwich Mean Time, there is something refreshing about putting it all into the larger perspective of one lifetime on one digital display.

It appeals to the anarchist in every pin-striped dullard. It reminds me of a school friend who was told to use any unit he liked to calculate a maths problem on the speed of a train, and produced his workings in fathoms per fortnight. It makes you want to whip off your tie, perform backflips on the platform and go and smoke camel dung on a beach somewhere in Goa. Either everything matters or nothing matters, and how can anything matter when one look at a watch tells you that you're wasting your time?

Pretentious tosh; forgive me. But it's not every day you discover that you've only got another 19,000 left to play with.

The Ord lifestyle

ISSUE SIX: Drinking. Clubbing. Trousers.



YOUR LIFE. OUR STYLE. MY GAFF. MY RULES.

What are those?

I hear you ask. Well, I'll tell you. They're new, they're for legs, they're 'trousers'



Fashionista Superstar
Piecemeal Approach

David Bowie sung a song called "Fashion". I'm writing an article about it because I can't sing. And when we talk about fashion these days we can't but not talk about 'trousers'. Never one to miss out on some kind of trend, I hit the streets to find out more.

Everywhere I go in Cambridge – and boy do I get around – I see people, men and women sporting 'trousers'. "Trousers?" I hear you holler. Yeah, trousers, would be my reply. They're kind of like a cross between shorts and a long female skirt and, even better than that, they're constructed of a fabric/cloth material.

The ingenious design of these bits of authentic apparel allows the trouser user to conceal his and her legs from other road and pavement users, keeping their pride intact. Bifro, 23, an SPS student from Sidney, agreed: "The unique design of my trousers keeps my dignity warm against this nasty winter chill." The trouser achieves this function by trapping a layer of warm air between the inner lining of the garment, technically known as the residual threshold osmo-jodhpur divide, and the leg region. It's true.

The trouser, from the Latin *trouserare*, meaning to chafe the gusset, was invented and initially found its home upon the hairy bourgeois shanks of the late 18th century accountancy scene. Thankfully, after the realisation in the late 1980s that trousers weren't actually illegal, these largely symmetrical leg sheaths are no longer the reserve of wealthy elites. Today many common stinking Plain Janes and Normal Normans have got them on their lower halves, if not in their wardrobes.

The trouser craze is clearly sweeping the UK and a pair of trousers has even



I was like, good gracious, your ass is bodacious. Getting hot in there?

been spotted out walking in Aldershot.

Top of the range celebrities such as Roy Walker and Mr Chips have been pledging their allegiance to trouser fashion in recent months and trousers have even burst onto the arts scene. "I was just sitting in the cinema watching a motion picture, and suddenly this chap in the row in front attempted the popcorn trick on his ladyfriend, and it actually worked because he was wearing trousers," commented regular reader Handy Hand. "I really love your page," he added.

Business is booming in new trouser retail stores opening up in the sleepy village of Cambridge. Bespoke Taylor, 44, manager of Tommy's Trousers on Bridge Street claimed: "Trousers are fast becoming a way of life. We're selling them to all sorts now. People put money, keys and small animals in the pockets and many models of trouser are soup resistant which is a lot of fun. Ideally I'd like to go home to Crewe and eat my trousers

but their unique blend of synthetic fabrics and certain metal parts in the trouser such as the fly would render that dream mildly dangerous!" he guffawed.

"I never used to enjoy sex," confessed D.K. Newyork, a bespectacled assistant librarian. "But the removal of the trouser in the bedroom adds a whole new dimension to the very meaning of the word 'nookie'. Sometimes I'll ask Valerie to wear two pairs and dim the lights just for the added challenge. I almost wish they'd invent an equivalent for my torso and arms. But don't unzip too quickly. No siree. I'll never be a father again."

So, from accountants to the bedroom, the trouser is a piece of clothing with a history and probably a future. In French, *pantalon* is a word relating to the English word 'trouser', and you'll be panting-a-lot when you come to own your very first pair of trousers. Legs have never had it so good.

A student writes...

A student diary

Day 17 - Hungover again!
By Taff McSmith

God, I was pissed as a criminal last night. Some bastard mate of mine made me down a dirty pint! No seriously, I love drinking.

Was doing some shagging in the JCR on Thursday night... sorry, can't remember what that has to do with drinking except that I was utterly billy bunted at the time. Amazed I got it up! Actually, no I'm not. Anyway, there are few things I like doing more than going out with my mates to the bar and getting utterly rendered.

Coffee! Coffee! That's what my brain was trying to communicate to me this morning, or at least I thought it was this morning – it was actually nearly 17 minutes past 2pm! Mad. Anyway, I remembered I had this article to write and an essay to do before 4. Well, essays are made for binning so I cracked on with this baby.

But the old mob started ringing: "Fella, let's get down the old watering hole and have a few sociables," the mentalist said at the other end. Now don't get me wrong, I like beering as much as the next guy – Christ, it was even beer o'clock – but I was just recovering from a touch of open-wallet surgery the night before and didn't feel up to it. Plus, this baby needed knocking on the head. Not literally of course! Jesus – don't get me started on infanticide. Jeepers, that's the longest word I've tried to spell since I attempted to purchase three of those cinnamon shots at a bar in Amsterdam (in one glass of course) and ended up ordering a cab back to the hotel with my mate's bird! Get involved!! Great times.

Anyway, was out last week with the



My life...

team, had a skinful, and this pipsqueak pushes past me to get to the bar and – get this – ordered a shandy! I soon taught him the difference between a lager tops and some loose head props!! Bosh!

Damn, if having fun was against the law, I'd be doing serious time. I'm not normally aggressive though. Hell, there's nothing I like more than rolling a cigarette (that's right, a roolly) and chilling the hell out with my chillout music collection. I've got some great Ibiza mood shit: I sit-down, de-stress, and generally buck-up. I'd never use that marijuana hash though: cannabis, weed, the old biftas I think they're called. Jazz fags and what-not. I drink to get drunk, not to listen to some 'cool' music and take a trip up to the funny farm, OK? Deal with it. I'd lose my place in the boat for a start.

That's all for this week, dream about me. Somebody get me a coffee.

PS – which muther stole my tickets to see J.T. from behind the bar?

Club scene

Here at *The Ord* we love our nightlife more than life itself, or maybe just more than our shitty little lives that we have to grind through in the daytime bits. See how we 'had it very large' this week...



Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe I've just reached a dance euphoria. Crumbs.



Can I know you?



Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. More. Yes. More. More. More. Yes. Yes. Yeeeeeeeeesssssss!



Excuse me mate, is that your sweat or mine? Oh. It's mine



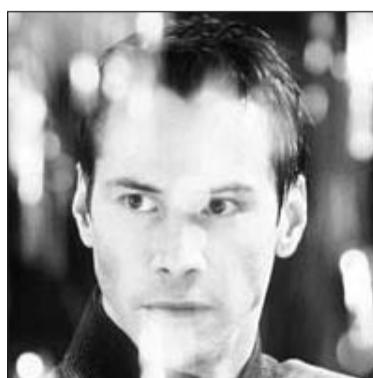
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Everything we do, we do it for you. Email theordinary@varsity.co.uk

/07/11/03/LISTINGS/

Welcome to *Varsity's* Listings pull-out. With our expert's top recommendations below, Listings is your essential weekly guide to what's on in Cambridge over the next seven days.

F I L M L I T M U S I C T H E A T R E V. A R T S



The Matrix Revolutions at Warner Bros. It doesn't matter how awful or ridiculous it turns out to be, you know you'll be there. One of the great cinematic coups of recent years comes to a close this week. See if anything makes sense by the time the credits roll or just count the Agent Smiths. It'll be fun.



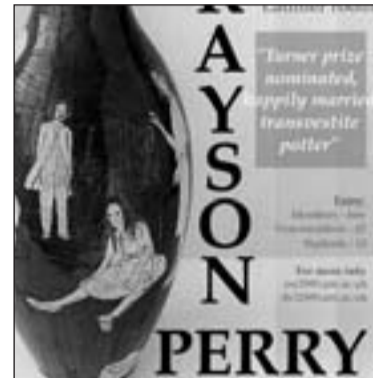
Forget all these high-brow chin-stroking literary events this week and just maybe get away from Cambridge blues by picking up a **book** and make sure it's something you want to read and not something you feel you ought to have read. Make yourself a big warm cup of tea and enjoy the escape.



Rawganics hits the Junction on Thursday with the crown Prince of UK Hip Hop, Jehst, along with fellow Y'n'R record associates plus DJ IQ (UK Young DMC Champion) and Big Dada signings New Flesh, bringing their unique mash-up style, plus Jamaican dance hall styles in Room 2.



On Thursday 13th, Catz's Shirley Society host an evening with **Sir Antony Jay** (writer of *Yes Minister* and *Yes Prime Minister*), a playwright for the screen and comic genius. The night promises to be wholly entertaining. At 7pm in the Ramsden Room. Make sure to get there early because places run out quickly.



Thursday 13th November, 9pm Clare College Latimer Room. The Visual Arts Society presents a talk by Turner Prize nominee **Grayson Perry**. He mixes sarcasm, playfulness and clay to provoke, shock and mesmerise his audience. His work is now showing at Tate Britain. Unmissable.

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Film
Friday
CU HISPANIC SOCIETY: "Últimas imágenes del naufragio". In Spanish with English subtitles. All University members welcome. Sidgwick Site, Lecture Block 3. 3pm.

New Hall: Festival of Indian Films - "The Terrorist".
New Hall, Buckingham House Lecture Theatre. 8:30pm

Saturday
New Hall: Festival of Indian Films - "Bombay". 3pm.
"Hey! Ram". 7:30pm.
Buckingham House Lecture Theatre.

Sunday
Christ's Films: Equilibrium.
Christ's College, New Court Theatre. 8pm and 10:30pm £2.

St. John's Film Society:
Jim Carrey returns to form as he plays God in this comedy.
St. John's College, Fisher Building. 10pm. £2.

Wednesday
Churchill film society:
Lord of the Rings II - The Two Towers.
Churchill College, Wolfson Hall. 7:30pm. £2.

Eastern/Central European Film Club: Revenge (Zemsta) by A. Wajda (2002), Caius College, Bateman Auditorium. 8pm.

Thursday
Christ's Films: Se7en.
Christ's College, New Court Theatre. 10pm. £2.

Phone Booth:
St. John's College, Fisher Building. 9pm. £2.

Friday
CU HISPANIC SOCIETY: "NUEVE REINAS"
In Spanish with English subtitles. All University members welcome.
Sidgwick Site, Lecture Block 3. 3pm.

MISC
Friday
CU Chabad Society:
Welcome the Shabbat with a delicious four course meal.
Chabad House, 19 Regent Terrace. 7:30pm.

CU Jewish Society:
Friday Night Dinner - delicious 4 course meal.
All welcome.
Student Centre, 3 Thompson's Lane. 7:30pm.

Culanu:
Culanu's famous weekly Oneg (party!)
The Culanu Centre, 1st Floor, 33a Bridge St, 10pm.

European Societies:
EUROPEAN FOOD FAIR
John's College, School of Pythag. 7.00

The Design Dell:
a high tea to launch our art house book, Battenburg. Heffers, Trinity Street. 3pm.

Saturday
CU Ballet Club:
Pointe class. 4pm. £0.50.
Intermediate ballet. 2:30pm. £1.00.
Advanced class. 4:30pm. £1.00.
Kelsey Kerridge, Aerobics studio, top floor.

CU Hispanic Society:
The fiesta/party you cannot miss! Hispanic/Latin Music, Cheap Bar open until 2AM! Clare Hall, Anthony Low Building. 9pm. Free for members, £3 others.

CU Italian Society:
FREE food, Franciacorta wine tasting and concert dedicated to Italian Renaissance composer Luca Marenzio (1553-99)
Pembroke College, Old Library. 5pm.

Pembroke College Winnie-the-Pooh Society: 4pm
Elevenses including a little smackerel of something.
Newnham College, Peile 304.

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Hi my name is Steve and I'm 30 years old. I'm looking for a foxy lady between the age of 18 and 23 to share my life and home with. Big tits are essential, and long blonde hair as well. A classy lady. She must be a good cook, and be a patient mother to my 4 boys. Lucky ladies, if this sounds like it could be you please call me on 1800 LOOK 4 LUV

- Name:** Steve
- Age:** 30 years
- Occupation:** Bobcat Operator
- Interests:** Shooting, Poker, Strip Clubs, Heavy Metal Music, Woodwork, Television
- Dislikes:** Fat Women, Small Tits, Squirrels, Posh Restaurants, Small Cars
- Star Sign:** Taurus
- Children:** Four



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Time: 6.30pm

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Sunday

C.U.T.C.C.S.:

Tai Chi Chuan: Hand Form; Weapons Forms; Pushing Hands; Self-defence. Fitzwilliam College, Reddaway Room. 2pm. £2/3.

Palestine Society:

Vigil on international day of protest against Apartheid Wall. Market Square, Outside Guildhall. 2pm.

Monday

Buddhist Meditation Samatha Trust: Introductory course in meditation. rmh1001@cam.ac.uk. www.samatha.org. Pembroke College, N7 Old Lodge. 7:30pm.

CU Jewish Society:

Study with a buddy - explore topics of Jewish learning. Culanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street. 7pm.

CU Meditation & Buddhism Soc:

Meditation with tai chi, chi qong, creative writing, dreamwork. Sidney Sussex College, Knox Shaw Room. 7pm.

Maypole Quiz:

Cambridge's most entertaining quiz, with tickets drinks and cash prizes. The Maypole Pub, Park Street, Upstairs. 8pm. £1.

Tuesday

CU Ballet Club:

Improvers Ballet. 8pm. £1.00. Kelsey Kerridge, Aeoribics studio. 8pm. £1.00.

CU Ballet Club:

Beginners jazz. Fun, lively jazz dancing! Queens' College, Bowett Room. 6pm. £1.50.

CU Chabad Society:

Parsha and Pasta - Come for a thought provoking supper. Chabad House, 19 Regent Terrace. 8pm.

C.U.T.C.C.S.:

Chi Kung: Breathing Exercises for Stress Relief and General Health and Fitness. New Hall, Long Room. 2pm. £2/3.

Wednesday

CU Chabad Society: Kabbalah Course - a beginners guide to the esoteric. Chabad House, 19 Regent Terrace. 8pm.

Culanu:

Drama as a Tool for Self-Development: Workshop with Marcus Freed. The Culanu Centre, 1st Floor, 33a Bridge St, bet. Oxfam and The Galleria. 8pm.

Thursday

CU Ballet Club:

Beginners ballet. Ballet for absolute beginners Queens' College, Bowett Room. 6pm and 7pm. £1.50.

CU Hispanic Society:

Weekly Conversation Evening and Club Night at BALLARE! .Chat, eat and drink the Hispanic way! University Centre, Granta Bar. 8:30pm. Free for members.

C.U.T.C.C.S.:

Tai Chi Chuan: Hand Form; Weapons Forms; Pushing Hands; Self-defence. Fitzwilliam College, Reddaway Room. 7pm. £2/3.

Kick Bo:

Non-contact aerobics using the dynamic kicking and punching moves of Martial-Arts. Christs College, New Court Theatre. 6pm. £2.

Friday

anon creative: 'demolition exhibition' mixed/multi-media artists. The School 1 Coleridge rd, Cambridge, www.theschool.millrd.co.uk. 10am.

CU Chabad Society:

Welcome the Shabbat with a delicious four course meal. Chabad House, 19 Regent Terrace. 7:30pm.

CU Jewish Society:

Friday Night Dinner - Guest Speaker Gena Turgel. All Welcome. Student Centre, 3 Thompson's Lane. 7:30pm

Culanu:

Culanu's famous weekly Oneg The Culanu Centre, 1st Floor, 33a Bridge St, bet. Oxfam and The Galleria. 10pm.

MUSIC

Friday

Afro-Cubism: ten-piece band unleash a blistering improvised cuban-jazz jam session. cafe afrika, sturton street. 7pm. £4.

Newnham Ents:

more acoustic nights with Jeremy Warsley playing live. Newnham College, Newnham Bar. 9pm.

Queens' Ents:

REVOLUTIONS! Matrix theme night- eclectic mix of musical genres. Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall. 9pm. £4.

Trinity College Music Society:

Music by Mozart. Trinity College, Trinity College Chapel. 8pm. £5/£3/£1.

Saturday

Cambridge Music Festival: Kendrick Partington Free Organ Recital St. John's College, Chapel. 1pm. Free. Clare Ents: Rebelation Band & CR2K - Reggae. Clare College, Cellars 9pm. £3/£4.

GCMS:

Hilary Davies flute: Berio 'Sequenza', Heath 'Coltrane', Hilary Davies Sweet' Caius College, Bateman Auditorium. 1:15pm.

Queens' Ents:

RAW @Queens' - The Jehst "Falling Down" Album Tour. Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall. 9pm. £5/6.



TARGET 2015



"One-Day Charity Fast"

And Dinner

Monday 10th November

St Columba's Hall 4pm



Bruce Alimighty, 12A

Sunday 9th November - 7pm & 10pm

Phone Booth, 15

Thursday 13th November - 9pm

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Tuesday 11th November

Getting into the City - JP Morgan

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Thursday 13th November

Financing Change - Operis

There's more to the city than investment banking... Project finance deals with challenges of arranging the huge amounts of finance needed to secure a concession or project. You'll find out about some of the typical problems faced in this sector and will get to experience this hands-on in a case study.

All events are free to members, start at 6.30pm at Sidney Sussex, and include wine and dinner.

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The Cambridge Music Festival:
Alkan at Fitzwilliam:
Ronald Smith piano recital.
Fitzwilliam College, Chapel.
8:15pm. £3 on the door.

Sunday
Fairhaven Singers:
Remembrance Concert:
Britten Cecilia, Lobo
Requiem, poetry - Ralph
Woodward (conductor).
Queens' College, Chapel.
8pm. £8/£6.

Fitzwilliam College Music
Society:
Francesca Thompson
(Recorder) in concert.
Fitzwilliam College, Chapel. 8pm

The Cambridge Music Festival:
Concert performance of
Berlioz's comic opera.
Sinfonia of Cambridge,
West Road Concert Hall. .
7:30pm. £10 in advance
(01223 503333) £3 on the door

Monday
Song Recital:
Nigel Wickens (baritone) &
Ralph Woodward (piano) -
French mélodie.
Clare College, Chapel 10pm.

The Cambridge Music Festival:
Works by Debussy, Ravel and Fauré.
West Road Concert Hall. .
8pm. £8 in advance (01223
503333) £3 on the door

The Cambridge Music Festival:
Festival Nocturne I. Nigel
Wickens performs French
chansons from 17th to 20th
centuries. Clare College
Chapel, 10pm. £3 on the door.

Tuesday
Cambridge gamelan:
Traditional Javanese music
workshop. Music
Department, West Road. 6pm.

The Cambridge Music Festival:
Accentus The leading
French chamber choir sing
works by Poulenc,
Rachmaninov and others.
St. John's College, Chapel.
8:15pm. £8 in advance (01223
503333) £3 on the door.

The Cambridge Music Festival:
Lunchtime Prom I Cello and
piano music by Debussy and
Beethoven.
Emmanuel United Reformed
Church. 1:10pm.

Wednesday
Bad Timing:
Janek Schaefer:
experimental
turntablist/inven-
tor
The Portland,
Mitcham's Corner,
Chesterton Road.
8:30pm. £4.00.

Jesus College Music
Society Recital:
Beethoven Trio
Op. 38: Laura
Lane, Phil
Richardson, Katie Birkwood.
Jesus College Chapel, 9pm.

The Cambridge Music Festival:
Berlioz Messe Solennelle and
Beethoven Symphony no. 2.
University Festival Chorus
and Guildhall Symphony
Orchestra.
King's College, Chapel.
7:30pm. £30-20 in
advance(01223 503333) £3 on
the door.

The Cambridge Music Festival:
Lunchtime Prom II music by
Fauré, Ravel and Smetana.
Emmanuel United Reformed
Church. 1:10pm.

Trinity College Music Society:
Emily Clarke sings German
and English songs. Trinity
College, Frazier Room. 8pm.
£4/£2/£1.

Thursday
The Cambridge Music Festival:
Collegium Regale Members
of King's College Choir per-
form French plainsong, folk
songs and popular tunes.
Great St. Mary's Church. .
8:15pm. £8 in advance (01223
503333) £3 on the door

The Cambridge Music Festival:
Lunchtime Prom III Solo
Violin Sonatas by Ysaÿe.
Florence Cooke, violin.
Emmanuel United Reformed
Church. 1:10pm.

Friday
Bad Timing:
Rephlex Tour: Bogdan
Raczynski + Astrobotnia +
Ascoltare(Tripel)+steve-
sevlitwin DJ.
Electro/braindance from
Aphex-related label.
www.boat-race.co.uk
The Boat Race. . 7:30pm.
£5.00(adv)/£6.00(door).

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The Cambridge Music Festival:
Nuits d'été Britten Sinfonia,
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Music by Wolf, Berlioz,
Wagner and Holloway.
West Road Concert Hall. .
8pm. £Tickets £8 in advance
01223 503333.

The Cambridge Music Festival:
Lunchtime Prom IV Ravel
Piano Trio and Sonata.
Emmanuel United
Reformed Church, 1:10pm.

TALK

Friday
Cambridge Inter-Collegiate
Christian Union:
"MORAL ATHIEST: A CON-
TRADICTION IN TERMS?"
talk and free lunch. all welcome.
Sidgwick Site, Meade Room,
economics faculty. 1:10pm.

Sunday
Culanu:
An Evening of Chasidic song
and stories...
The Culanu Centre, 33a
Bridge St, bet Oxfam and The
Galleria. 8pm. £2.

Monday
Green Party:
"Is trade possible without
debt?" by Stephen Lawrence,
Green Party.
Queens' College, Armitage
Room. 8pm.

Tuesday
C/FEL:
Enterprise Tuesday.
Thinking of Starting your
own Business? .
Lecture Theatre 2,
Chemistry Department.
6:15pm.

Shadwell
The Shadwell Society Announces Auditions
For
August Strindberg's
MISS JULIE
Sat 8th 2.30pm - 5.30pm
Sun 9th 1pm - 4pm
Bateman Room, Caius
Any questions contact Victoria (vs279)

Wednesday
CU Student Pugwash Society:
Prof Joseph Rotblat, Nobel
Prizewinner.
"Nuclear Weapons: past and
present" .
St. John's College, Palmeston
Room, Fisher Building . 5pm.

Thursday
Cambridge Inter-Collegiate
Christian Union:
"The Bible Talks" - explaining
Jesus from John's gospel.
Queens' College, Fitzpatrick
Hall.
1:10pm.

CU Jewish Society:
Lunch and Learn: Beigels,
humous and some food for
thought.
King's College, The
Chetwynd Room. 1pm.

CUJS and Culanu:
Lunch and Learn: Beigels,
humous and some food for
thought.
King's College, The
Chetwynd Room. 1pm.

Friday
Cambridge Inter-Collegiate
Christian Union:
"FAITH: A SUSPENSION OF
REASON?" talk and free
lunch. all welcome.
Sidgwick Site, Meade Room,
economics faculty. 1:10pm.

Cambridgeshire Bird Club:
"Not British Birds" talk by
Mike Blair from Norfolk.
St. Johns Church Hall, Hills
Road, opposite Homerton
College.
8pm. £1 non-members.

THEATRE

Friday
Clare Actors & Cambridge Arts
Theatre:
Love Letters on Blue Paper
Arnold Wesker.
The Playroom, .
9:15pm. £4/5.50.

CUADC:
Under Milk Wood - tales of
the residents of Llareggub
Hill.
ADC Theatre, .
11pm. £3/£4.

REDS:
Pygmalion - Shaw's classic
comedy drama.
ADC Theatre, .
7:45pm. £5 - £7.50.

Saturday
Clare Actors & Cambridge
Arts Theatre:
Love Letters on Blue Paper
Arnold Wesker.
The Playroom, .
9:15pm. £4/5.50.

CUADC:
Under Milk Wood - tales of
the residents of Llareggub
Hill.
ADC Theatre, .
11pm. £3/£4.

REDS:
Pygmalion - Shaw's classic
comedy drama.
ADC Theatre, .
7:45pm. £5 - £7.50.

Sunday
Footlights:
BAR SMOKER - cabaret com-
edy in the ADC bar.
ADC Theatre,
7:45pm. £3.

The Marlowe Society:
SCRIPTLAB: rehearsed read-
ing of Cambridge new writ-
ing. All welcome
Pembroke College, New
Cellars.
6pm.

Tuesday
BATS/Greenworld Productions:
The Greenworld Musical: 21st
century pageantry.acrobatics,
dancing, live reggae.drum
and bass.
Queens' College, Fitzpatrick
Hall. 11pm. £3.

Clare Actors:
presents Albert Camus'
Cross Purpose - a dark
human tragedy .
The Playroom, .
7pm. £5.50 (£4 concessions).

CUADC:
ONE NIGHT STAND - New
Writing in a one night show-
case.
ADC Theatre, .
11pm. £3.

CUMTS:
HOT MIKADO - jazz and
swing spectacular based on
Gilberts and Sullivan's The
Mikado.
ADC Theatre,
7:45pm. £6 - £8.50.

Theatre Auditions

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Theatre invite applications to:
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Deadline: 6pm on Friday 21st November
All applicants and players welcome.
Contact Matt (mhs30) with any questions.

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Deadline November 19th
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CUMTS
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10-4pm Sat 8th Nov
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please contact Amy Dymock on amydymock@hotmail.com
The deadline for formal applications is Thursday 13 November

Wednesday
BATS/Greenworld Productions:
The Greenworld Musical:
21st century pageantry.acro-
batics, dancing, live
reggae.drum and bass.
Queens' College, Fitzpatrick
Hall. 11pm. £3.
Clare Actors:
presents Albert Camus' Cross
Purpose - a dark human
tragedy
The Playroom,
7pm. £5.50 (£4 concessions).
CUMTS:
HOT MIKADO - jazz and
swing spectacular based on
Gilberts and Sullivan's The
Mikado.
ADC Theatre, .
7:45pm. £6 - £8.50.
The Comedy Iceberg:
Improvar - The Iceberg
returns for a week long come-
dy mission.
ADC Theatre, .
11pm. £3/£4.

Clare Actors:
**presents Albert Camus'
Cross Purpose -**
a dark human tragedy .
The Playroom, .
7pm. £5.50 (£4 concessions).
CUMTS:
HOT MIKADO - jazz and
swing spectacular based on
Gilberts and Sullivan's The
Mikado.
ADC Theatre, .
7:45pm. £6 - £8.50.
The Comedy Iceberg:
Improvar - The Iceberg
returns for a week long come-
dy mission.
ADC Theatre, .
11pm. £3/£4.
Friday
BATS/ GREENWORLD PRO-
DUCTIONS:
THE GREENWORLD MUSI-
CAL: 21st century
pageantry.acrobatics, dancing,
live reggae.drum and bass.
Queens' College, Fitzpatrick
Hall.
11pm. £3.
Clare Actors:
presents Albert Camus' Cross
Purpose - a dark human
tragedy .
The Playroom, .
7pm. £5.50 (£4 concessions)

CUMTS:
HOT MIKADO - jazz and
swing spectacular based on
Gilberts and Sullivan's The
Mikado.
ADC Theatre, .
7:45pm. £6 - £8.50.
The Comedy Iceberg:
Improvar - The Iceberg
returns for a week long come-
dy mission.
ADC Theatre, .
11pm. £3/£4.

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Enterprise Tuesday
**"EMERGING
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Founder of Enecsys
Tuesday 11th November
6.15-7.15 pm
(doors open from 5.30 pm)
Lecture Theatre 2, Chemistry
Department

Paradise overlooked

Sarah Chidgey on Guatemala's temples and volcanoes



Sarah Chidgey

"We climbed an active volcano called Pacaya. It is not without risk, but was all the more exciting for it."

I find that many of my friends, despite knowing something about Belize and Mexico, are often only vaguely aware that Guatemala exists. This is a shame because Guatemala has much to offer visitors and the economy would greatly benefit from more tourists.

Since the civil war that claimed more than 150,000 lives ended in 1996, the country is becoming calmer, though there are still occasional outbreaks of violence. For the tourist, however, travelling around Guatemala feels fairly safe and the vast majority of people are friendly and helpful. The Tourist Police have also been introduced into parts of the country as an added precaution.

Most Guatemalans are descendants of the Maya and still practice ancient Mayan rituals, interwoven with Christianity. The women wear traditional woven costumes, corresponding to their indigenous group. They also often carry their loads on their heads, creating a curious sight in itself. Many travellers I spoke to enjoyed their trip to Guatemala be-

cause the Guatemalan culture seemed intact and appreciated the chance to have contact with these indigenous peoples.

Apart from the Guatemalan people themselves, there are the fantastic Mayan temples to visit. Tikal, situated towards the north of the country, was the region's main Mayan city from approximately 400 to 900 AD. It is an architectural wonder, made all the

Guatemala is a country of volcanoes, hot springs and beautiful lakes

more special by its location, right in the centre of the Peten Jungle. This is a fantastic opportunity to see spider and howler monkeys in their natural environment. Colourful parrots and toucans can be seen high above in the trees surrounding the awesome temples. Tour guides are available to teach visitors about Mayan civilisation, including their competitive ball games and sacrificial practices.

In addition to the jungle, Guatemala has many other natural attractions for visitors. It is a coun-

try with abundant volcanoes, hot springs and beautiful lakes. Only about two hours by car from Guatemala City is the town of Panajachel. Panajachel is situated on the edge of Lake Atitlan, a gorgeous lake surrounded by three volcanoes. The town is a great place to buy Guatemalan handicrafts. Markets are another attraction of Guatemala, with many vibrant, colourful weavings on offer.

Perhaps the best place we visited though was the delightful colonial town of Antigua. More than a mile above sea-level, Antigua is full of cobbled streets with Agua Volcano nestled above. There are many places in Antigua to purchase tickets to climb one of the nearby active volcanoes. We climbed an active volcano called Pacaya. This was a chance to do something that would not be allowed in more safety-conscious countries. It is not without risk, but was all the more exciting for it. Though having had

the experience once, I probably would not chance it again! Other trips are on offer that include adventure sports such as white water rafting, horse-back riding and caving. These are often combined with visits to Mayan ruins.

As if one needed any more reasons to visit this unique country, Guatemala is now one of the world's best and cheapest places to study Spanish. Most people study in Antigua but a growing number are also studying in Quetzaltenango. I was also recommended a place to study in San Pedro, which is an island situated on the shore of Lake Atitlan, across from Panajachel.

Altogether Guatemala is perfect for tourists looking for somewhere steeped in culture and history but also prepared for a little excitement. For somewhere with so much to offer it is surprising how little it is considered as a holiday destination. With the political situation much more stable today than in previous years, Guatemala is a country that everyone ought to consider visiting.

Daytripping

Bedford



Bedford Borough Council

Most have heard of it but few know much about Bedford unless they live there, or were posted there on a random voluntary work placement... but that's another article entirely.

The river, the Great Ouse, surrounded by beautiful parkland, has some interesting features including a futuristic looking suspension bridge, not approved of by all residents. On one side of the park there's an interesting mirrored pyramid that looks quite spectacular from a distance, although close up it's covered in graffiti and houses the swimming pool.

The statue of John Bunyan, the honoured celebrity ex-resident of the town, is a useful place for meeting, as is Trevor's Head on the High Street. You know, Trevor... "the white man who did the most for South Africa", so his plaque says. Bunyan leads us to pubs: The dingy-cosy Pilgrims' Progress is one of two Wetherspoons in Bedford, the other being the lighter Banker's Draft. For comfy sofas and bargainous food try The Rose. Clubwise, if you were there for a night, there's Mission in a converted church or The Pad with better music but a rustic interior.

For culture your best bet is Bedford Museum and the Cecil Higgins Gallery. Bedford is unusually cosmopolitan - out of only 140,000 residents there are 57 different ethnic groups. The Sikh Temple is big and the word on the Bedfordian grapevine is free food on a Friday night. The town is surprisingly studenty with the second campus of De Montfort University just out of town.

'Standard' is the epitomising word for Bedford with shops as you would expect in any reasonably sized town. The charity shops outnumber other retail types. Make time for The Salvation Army - great jacket range. For an alternative to the usual chain restaurants there's a little Italian place - Villa Rosa - on a small lane off the High Street which has good coffee and fit waiters.

So don't be put off by ideas of mediocrity - take the bus to Bedford. Yes, it's your bog-standard British town, but with some hidden qualities... At least that's what I told myself during my three month "voluntary" stay there.

Jude Townend

Siberian Chill



Models: Zubin, Pete & Sesugh
Photographs by Francis Fawcett
Styled by Sara & Nicole
Make up by Yves Wu @ Molten Brown Tel (01223) 353 954
(Clockwise) Zubin: G Star Jeans £89 Dogfish, Diesel Jumper £115 Dogfish, Sesugh: Boxing boots £105 Ally Lulu, Diesel Jumper £125 Catfish, Scarf £20 Marks and Spencers. Sesugh: Diesel Cardigan £110 Catfish, Denim Skirt £60 Catfish, Karl Donoghue Mittens £104 Ally Lulu, Boots £45 Top Shop. Sesugh: Jeans £90 Catfish, Poncho £3 Oxfam, Boots £139 Ally Lulu. Pete: Jacket £175 Reiss, Ted Baker Hat £45 Reeves, Gloves £20 Catfish. Zubin & Saisu: as before.

Thong song

Ever since Sisqo sang those hallowed words, 'let me see that thong,' he has given us girls free rein to seriously let our under-vestments hang out. Wherever you go in Cambridge, be it a lecture, out for coffee or even down the street, (think of the fairer sex cycling past), one cannot help but be greeted by an array of thongs. Of course, we shall not berate you for letting them be visible to the naked eye- but please make it be an interesting visual tease. Here are our string inspirations.



Busy Bee
New look £2.99



Winter Snowflakes
H& M £1.99



Lichtenstein Delight.
Top Shop £3.



Little Miss Flirt
Top Shop £3



And now for the fellas.
Tell your partner how you want it:
Suc Mi Pork boxers. TopMan £5

He came, He saw, He clicked

The most candid man behind the camera, Ian Rankin, chats to Nicole Goldstein about life, celebrities and the Queen

He muses with an air of nonchalance that he doesn't want to be remembered.

But yet he is amongst the most celebrated photographers of the postmodern age, and he dedicates his life to creating some of the most memorable documentary and artistic images of contemporary culture: welcome to the contradictory world of Mr Rankin.

I am told I have just five minutes with the man – after all, he is up there in the 'so famous he only needs one name' cartel (think Prince, Madonna). But as ever with Rankin nothing turns out quite as planned.

As he sits chatting to me at the end of another long day at his Old Street art gallery and publishing edifice, *Dazed and Confused* HQ, it quickly emerges that Rankin is a cinch to interview. You ask him a single question and the rest comes pouring out – a performance not unlike a theatrical monologue, swerving unself-consciously from the merits of art-commerciality to celebrity banalities and back again.

The strange thing is that it could all have worked out quite differently. Rankin originally studied accounting at Brighton

“You can see through the image of banal celebrities and those sorts of c*s”**

Polytechnic; but as he once put it himself: "Being in halls made me think that those art students' lives were so much more fulfilling than mine. God I thought at the time, I don't just want to be trying to balance accounts for the rest of my life... Then there was the added bonus that the arty girls were a lot fitter."

Seventeen years later, now aged 37, Rankin has carved out a very cozy niche in both the world of portraiture photography and style magazine publishing.

Anyone would be hard pressed to believe everything he has achieved, but it appears that Rankin has all the credentials to pull off the appearance of being the epitome of all things brutally brilliant. After his stint at accounting, he somehow wangled his way into the London College of Printing where he was to befriend a certain Jefferson Hack, the latter now being partner of Kate Moss and father of her child. The two of them, with the help of a £50,000 loan from Rankin's father, set about creating the hippest magazine of the nineties: *Dazed and Confused*.

The partnership worked a treat: Rankin did the photography whilst Jefferson took charge of the editorial. 'Dazed' celebrated and moulded youth culture in all its glory. It provided a stage for the then unknown designer Alexander McQueen, groups like Radiohead and Pulp, photographers and artists such as the Chapman Brothers and Damian Hirst.

Although he admits that his approach to life and work means never becoming caught up in the past, he can't help but see the early days of 'Dazed' as an age of innocence. And he sells me his idealism just like a Del Boy character.

"I have a lot of love for those days. It was incredible. We were six people with a million different ideas and principles. We argued, we worked damn hard and would end up ratty after a long day; but we never stopped believing. Our approach to publishing was so original and innovative. Nobody was doing what we were doing."

Nonetheless, no matter how much he might dispute it, Rankin is now very much at the heart of mainstream contemporary culture. For a long while he built up a reputation that was anti-Establishment, or so he likes to believe. He dogmatically asserts, "I have never sought approval, I have just done what I've wanted. I stuck two fingers up at them."

But the truth is Rankin has always wanted to be acknowledged by the art world and has worked damn hard to silence his critics. Despite the stance he can hardly be displeased at his recent commission to work for the industry's undisputed style bible, *Italian Vogue*. And let us not forget that it was also Rankin who was commissioned to take the Queen's Golden Jubilee portrait – and you can't get much more Establishment than that.

And he even sounds as if he was humbled by the experience. "I do admire her. I mean I found it interesting documenting her. I could only touch the surface of things but it was still my interpretation. I could be as subjective as I wished."

Rankin can't manage to find a definitive answer to whom he has most enjoyed working with, but then who could, with practically every late 20th century A-list name to choose between, all clamouring for his Midas click. Madonna once refused to have anyone but him photograph her for the front cover of *Q*. You can tell that this geezer loves the fact that, as with his hero David Bailey (who famously got Jerry Hall to take her kickers off), the most beautiful women in the world trust him with their image.

He tells me that it is usually the very latest person he has worked with whom he finds most interesting. And unsurprisingly they are usually of the fairer sex. "Monica Bellucci (the female lead of *Matrix Reloaded/Revolutions*) was very sexually alluring."

Then of course the obvious Damian Hirst pulls off a good show. "He always makes it so good. He is just so alive, that's no joke. He is fearless and goes beyond any set boundaries." Kylie gets a worthy mention too. "She's so up for it even when we are on the 14th shot."

Rankin alone has the words to ease away these icons' insecurities as they face the white light of his flashbulb. "People want to look beautiful. You have to make people look beautiful, but, he justifies with equal passion, "I also try and capture something honest."

Never. Come on, I have to be captivated by beauty because it's my job to capture it."

When asked who he finds sexy, he does not struggle to reel off names as varied as Emily Watson to Bridgette Hall, although he suggests that he should mention his girlfriend in the list. Rankin, for all his bravado, does allow a probing into his personal life.

“I have always wanted to take my art to the people; I know that sounds wankey”

Divorced six years ago from the actress Kate Hardie, he explained once, "I was frustrated about a lot of things... You get to 30, get married and have a kid and you're just a bit angry, aren't you?"

These days he confesses, (unconvincingly) that he has no time to spare for fancy-free living. "I have a kid to support," he justifies, "I really haven't gone in for uncontrollable excesses for a long while."

For Rankin, image alone is meaningless. "Supermodels may have had an image - but it was wrapping paper, because each one of those girls, be it Naomi or Kate or whoever, had a definite personality: they were the real thing. You can see through the im-



Courtesy of Ian Rankin

He came, he saw, he licked; the cat who got all the cream.

And it is this dual passion – the aesthetic fascination with beauty, the analytic fascination with its constructed meaning – which makes Rankin such an interesting artist. In his year 2000 book *Celebritation*, he aimed to unravel the myth of celebrity through images of our culture's stars – but captured, in subversive anti-media fashion, and stripped of their usual glamour.

He has even been credited with formulating an aesthetic of the penis in his 2001 *Male Nudes*, but he does not want to wear the crown for this achievement and shrugs it off. "Nah, I never contrived to do that. I was just trying to take interesting shots, trying to get to the root of things."

Rankin's 1999 *Nudes* likewise offered a deconstruction – this time by featuring photographs of ordinary women who had ap-

“You get to 30, get married and have a kid and you're just a bit angry, aren't you?”

plied to a 'Big Issue' ad searching out nude models of all sizes alongside those of waifastic instant cachet supermodels. Quintessentially Rankinean.

Mr Rankin is well-known for his womanizing tendencies, and rightly so unashamedly proud of them. Beautiful women are there for the taking. "I could never become bored of beautiful women.

age of banal celebrities and those sorts of c***s," he asserts.

It is this no-bullshit attitude to the fashion industry that Rankin so prides himself upon, but it is his pitiless work ethic which allows him to transform attitudes into art.

Already establishing a name for himself in the film world, he was one of the chosen few invited to a private seminar given by art house director Peter Greenway during the Edinburgh Film Festival. But he won't take the avante garde film route because, as he says, "I have always wanted to take my art to the people; I know that sounds wankey, but you know what I am trying to say. I have tried to make it accessible. I mean what is the point in producing work which is totally meaningless to anyone else."

And it is this he strives for. And strive he does. A self-proclaimed control freak, Rankin is well-known for his 'passion' fuelled outbursts. "I won't take a back seat. If things are not right I will actively make them just so."

Oh Rankin definitely revels in rebellious conventions and self-congratulatory drawl. He patently loves being interviewed and Weber's *Charismatic Leadership* is his bible. But you can't touch him. I myself have to pay my respects – I got an hour instead of the five-minute rule.

What more can be said other than that he has the chat, and the stars kneeling before him. A rogue emperor he stands over his ever-expanding domain, controlling all with his all-seeing eye.

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VARSlTY ARTS

Hot out of Café Afrika

Abdallah Meirgani



Within the depths of the Cambridge jungle...

It is ridiculous how narrow-minded most Cambridge students are when it comes to going out. Anywhere near the train station may as well be several seas away and a 15 minute walk has a reputation on par with that of a marathon. It's this unfounded apathetic stigma that deprives the student masses of some of this town's hidden gems. Café Afrika is one of them.

Located within the maze of streets close to the railway line, it's pretty damn difficult to get there any other way than by cab but at around £3 from the taxi rank outside Christ's the journey isn't exactly going to sink

you further into debt despair. Having held monthly nights in Clown's Café and CC's since June of last year, the home-grown collective only recently gained their new permanent home this summer. Since then the venue has witnessed a vibrant wealth of activity. October saw the bold socio-political mixed-media artist, Claire Zakiewicz, exhibiting her work while this Wednesday was the opening of an exhibition celebrating the vitality of Afro-Arab culture by the Sudanese-born painter Abdallah Meirgani.

There are also a range of different nights constantly going on. The H Town Sound's mid-week party hits Wednesday nights, playing Ragga and

Bashment with a fee of £2 after 9pm, while Revelation bring Reggae dancehall vibes monthly, the next one being on the 29th. Saturday 22nd, meanwhile, hosts Salon Darbuka, an Egyptian, Middle-Eastern, Gypsy fusion club night with video projections, dancers, drummers as well as a bazaar. And on the 28th there is an Afro-Brazil Carnival with a Samba band and capoeira. The Café put on a night in conjunction with Amnesty International a fortnight ago and have also had a book reading evening with local author, Rani Drew. Special nights like these just really aren't around anywhere else in Cambridge let alone most other places so wake up and smell the incense and rum and be re-

minded that this place isn't just made up of rapid-fire gossip, shagging your way through drinking societies and a mountain range of work.

Café Afrika isn't some kind of 'gap-year' aristo-crustie wet-dream of a place but it does present itself in stark relief to other venues around town and wouldn't it be refreshing to have the odd night when you didn't collapse at the college bar or get 'forced' to go to that same-old same-old club? There's something here to cater for all from the monthly Afro-Cubism night with live soul, funk and Cuban food to a fortnightly gay Sunday with games, an African supper and diva disco.

As well as possessing a well-

stocked bar, food is also a significant weapon in the Cafe's arsenal for attack on the senses. While it has been known to often offer a variety of world cuisine, African food is the order of the day here with prices outrageously low and drinks prices even lower during Happy Hour. With plans for art and music workshops, lectures, theatre and cabaret to come in the not too distant future, there is a lot of promise here that is already being fulfilled. Can't afford the time or dollars for a weekend away? Jump in a cab and in a matter of minutes escape the pandemonium of the picture-book. It's up to you whether you miss out or not.

Ronojoy Dam

What's Love got to do with it?

Well, quite a bit, as the Playroom gets all loved-up this week...

The choice of the Corpus Christi Playroom to stage Arnold Wesker's *Love Letters on Blue Paper* demonstrates particular discretion, as the venue lends itself to this play: the melancholy of the cast of three amply pervades the entire space.

The Clare Actors' production tells of the efforts of a dying Yorkshireman's wife to communicate her feelings to him through a series of emotional letters, as her pride, built up through decades of marriage, prevents her from opening up to him in person. This play is touching in its simplicity, tenderly chronicling the slow acceptance of the inevitability of one's own death.

Victor, played admirably by Ben

Kerridge, though dying of leukaemia, keeps his condition secret from his wife Sonia (Holly Strickland), opening up a chasm in their relationship: neither can talk about his illness despite it being the focal point of their lives. The only bridge between them is Victor's old friend Maurice (William Billingsley), who reads Sonia's letters, thus communicating them to the audience.

The letters are all read out over the loudspeaker in Sonia's voice, thus giving them a presence separate from the action, which is further enhanced by the reading of several letters during scene changes.

Victor and his wife's relationship was for the most part clinical but warm, Sonia's frustration and con-

fusion at the situation clearly showing through. This is a credit to the two actors, who delivered their lines sincerely and in perfect Yorkshire accents. The play is compelling and draws the audience into the minds of the doomed trio, although the frequent scene changes became tedious towards the end and disrupted the atmosphere somewhat.

Nevertheless, the play finished poignantly, leaving me with an acerbic aftertaste and an empathy with Victor's conclusion. Truly, in the end, there is nothing but "terrible life".

Jonathan Lister

Love Letters on Blue Paper runs every night until Saturday, 8 Nov, 7.00, at the Playroom

The REDS production of *Loveplay* at the Playroom isn't afraid to cover a lot of, sometimes explicit, ground: ten ages, two millenia, and everything imaginable in between.

Despite the name, it isn't lovey-dovey mush: *Loveplay* makes a decent attempt to question what motivates people to come together: sheer lust, curiosity about the 'Empirical Nature of Man' (a wonderful Austen moment from Grahaigh Crawshaw), fear, or simple attraction at a singles evening.

The ghostly noises from the past are also effective, creating an on-going dialogue about the nature of time and existence and the role of convention in love. Barely-audible pre-recordings contrast to the shifting set, costume and language for each scene, and keeps the past 'present' at all times.

The cast make light work of heavy material, and affectionately mock their dilemmas, whilst at the same time reminding us that we share them. The versatility required makes the parts demanding, as does the need to engage the audience, but the cast manage with aplomb. Special mention must go to the amazing Nadia Kamil, who stole the show as wily governess Miss Tilley, although Barney Gough and Sam Yate's tender and adult treatment of 'the love that dare not speak its name' was equally memorable.

A play not to miss, but a word of warning: don't expect to leave feeling love towards fellow men. Indeed, who was it who said they're all bastards...

Amy Blakeway

Loveplay runs every night until Saturday, 8 Nov, 9.15, at the Playroom

Hot, young Virgins

Tuesday's Footlight's *Virgin Smoker* was a sell-out; the crush of students in the hallways of the ADC theatre before the doors opened was almost frightening, and the excitement in the air as the audience took its seats.

There was much teetering on the edge of copyright infringement; to name only two, there was the girl who spoke faux Welsh except for rude words – à la Matt Lucas's entire stand up routine – and the modern interpretation of Snow White that could be attributed to any comedy about slightly bitter single women.

However, it would be wrong to think that the evening didn't showcase much exciting new comedy talent; the most inspired and beautifully acted sketch of the night started with jokes about marine life and finished as a Radiohead video. It was the best

ending since we found out that Bruce Willis was dead.

The best stand-up of the night began with the line 'I've been thinking a lot about Date Rape recently,' and anyone who can make a minute-long rant about rapists funny is surely rather talented, unlike the unfortunate who crashed and slowly burned with a joke about Cot Death. The quality of the stand-up in general was high, with most acts seeming impressively relaxed. There were smooth performances on such topics as pooing in Germany, throwing shapes to car indicator lights and stabbing people with chair legs.

Prerequisite jokes about Virgins and admissions interview memories aside, the new talent seems raring to go: undoubted promise from the next crop of Footlights hopefuls.

Jenna Goldberg

Feeling th' ol' blues

A cold starry night in the Deep South; a black blues player huddled by the side of the road is approached by a well-spoken white man with an unusual proposition. *Cross Road Blues* is a gripping and disturbing play written and directed by David Hall.

The acting is top class. Robert Johnson (Daley Pritchard) is portrayed with real empathy: a man, like all men, who understands the Blues. James Purdon is chilling as the mysterious stranger, mercilessly teasing out Johnson's pain and gaining his trust.

Accents can easily break a play. Less often, but certainly in this case,

they make it. The set is minimal; the action infrequent: the story is told by the characters. The unashamed savouring of each and every word, as well as taking the play right to the home of blues music better than any set might do, realises the potential of the poetic imagery of the script. The choice of words, the phrasing, and the timing, in both monologues and dialogues, is perfect.

My only disappointment is that there isn't more music. The deep feelings of love, loss and wrenching loneliness, which *Cross Road Blues* attempts so well to portray, can only really be found in the Blues.

Emma Rose McGlone



Liz Ellison

Don't do a lot: Doolittle

So many things could have gone wrong. REDS's ADC mainshow, *Pygmalion*, is a period play, put on by Cambridge students, dealing tenderly (but humorously) with tense class and gender dynamics, and – worst of all – involving Cockney accents.

Cambridge students. Cockney accents. You could be forgiven for being

sceptical: but reader, you needn't be.

Director Tom Stammers's *Pygmalion* is a powerful, well-acted and above all *funny* production, that instantly wins the audience to its side. You've all seen the musical reworking, *My Fair Lady*, but credit Bernard Shaw with more than the West End schmaltz and sentimentality provided by Martine McCutcheon. The dialogue is witty and intelligent; the issues dealt with timelessly relevant; and the drama, well, *high*.

The affable Robert Lloyd Parry puts in a virtuoso performance that varies between a Rory Bremner cabinet minister and the Man from Del Monte as the tyrannical Svengali, Mr. Higgins, who means to turn common-as-muck flower-girl Eliza Doolittle into "a consort fit for a King". Amy Noble's delicate portrayal of Eliza, so easy to descend into nudge-wink caricature, cannot be – and is not – flawed. A

mostly excellent supporting cast, notably the delightfully prim Alexa Lamont as the disapproving housekeeper Mrs. Price, and Kirsty Maguire as Clara, adds to rather than simply supports the compelling performances from the leads, and the beautiful set (not to mention the frightfully pleasant filler-music) justifies the long scene changes.

A combination of clever and sensitive blocking and a universally strong cast makes the most of what can be a difficult space for lesser companies, making *Pygmalion* a pleasant and powerful evening's entertainment, with style, laughter and intensity; and not a duff accent in sight. Buy a ticket for this show: you will not be disappointed.

Rachel Grahame

Pygmalion runs until Saturday, 8 Nov, 7.30, at the ADC



Liz Bell

Crazy Ideas From Crazy People

The Raveonettes discuss the merits of B flat major

In these times of uneasy trans-atlantic relations The Raveonettes (on behalf of all Europeans) have kindly condensed the best bits of American pop culture into the 34 minute thank-you letter that is their debut album *Chain Gang Of Love*.

"Well it's mostly the music, y'know", says songwriter Sune Rose Wagner when asked what makes 50s and 60s America so alluring. "We just think it's very good music. Good melodies, good songs. It's very simple really, just good songs." But in truth, it's not just the music. As anyone who's seen their B-movie inspired album cover will know, for Wagner and his icy blonde counterpart, Sharin Foo, it's about the books, the films and the people too. The America of the Raveonettes imagination is a pleasant synthesis of 60s girl-groups, teen tantrums, leather-clad rebels on motorbikes and all the schlock and scandal of a pulp fiction novel.

Wagner is also a fan of beat writer

Kerouac and will admit to his influence on the album. "I used some of his techniques in writing music to add a more spontaneous kind of vibe to it all, where I don't go back and revise or anything, just do the songs in a swift conscious stream and then it's done."

The Raveonettes are a band in love with post-war America in a way that only a European born after 1969 could be. They even have an album track called *New York Was Great*. Is that some kind of ironic statement predicting the end of the New York band scene? Is it fuck. "It's a song about hating to leave New York, 'cause I always thought New York was a great town". If this vision of the Land of the Free seems a little limited, it should be noted that Wagner is also a fan of that other great American poet - Ice T. There's a rather unlikely picture of the two men embracing on the Raveonettes's website. When your influences are as wide-ranging and tastefully selected as these, what need

is there to deny them? "I agree with all the comparisons" says Sune, (which are with varying frequency BRMC, Jesus and Mary Chain, The Shangri-Las and Gregorian Monks) "and that's what it's really all about, just taking all your great influences and re-inventing them"

Which is not to say the Raveonettes lack any engaging European eccentricities. There's something of the Heineken-advertising Nordic hippy in Sune's relaxed speech patterns and favourite phrases, 'good vibes' and 'craazy people'. On a recent dj-ing gig in London his conception of dancefloor etiquette also proved somewhat unconventional. "I don't really care so much about people dancing, that's really my point. I do more of a 50s, 60s kind of thing, more trying to create a good vibe in the room, like a nostalgic kind of feeling which is nice to drink to, I guess." Proof, if proof were needed, that indie boys shouldn't be allowed near decks.

Mercifully, The Raveonettes have also chosen not to exploit the publicity god-send that is being a potentially incestuous girl/boy duo. They don't need to, they've got other tricks up their sleeves like recording every song on the album in 'glorious B flat major'. Now, at least, anyone who accuses them of writing twenty songs that all sound the same can be dismissed as stating the obvious. Impressively (if disappoint-

ingly) Wagner lacks the pretentious bravado necessary to invent some madcap bullshit theories to back up his madcap scheme. "Why did you decide to record your entire album in one key, Sune?"

"Oh I don't know...I guess it's just crazy ideas from crazy people!"

Ellen E. Jones

Double A-side *HeartBreak Stroll/The Christmas Song* is released on Dec 1st



Sorry

Snow Patrol

October 29th, The Boatrace

With a new label, album and member, a more contented Snow Patrol have emerged after a self-confessed "pretty gut-wrenching couple of years". After the gig, Gary Lightbody (guitar, vocals) enthuses "it's a fucking privilege to be on a stage like that!" The crowd themselves responded with no less enthusiasm to the band's obvious euphoria, letting them know that the pleasure was all ours.

The insanely catchy riff from current single *Spitting Games* immediately had the mosh pit in full bounce. It's to the band's credit that the front man is equally genuine in on-stage banter as in singing such heartfelt lyrics as "kiss my eyes, they're black and blue". The superb *One Night Is Not Enough* was performed with wrought emotion, peaking in the chorus' refrain of "It's not me that you love". Gary's vocals soared, over

crisp drums and rock guitars reminiscent of *My Bloody Valentine*. Although songs from previous albums felt a little flat compared with the excellent new material, the band gave an otherwise flawless performance, both entertaining and affecting.

Later, Gary told me that tonight in Cambridge "was definitely up there with the best". When explaining the band's "return from the brink", he laughs and says "even at the gigs where the people aren't smiling, I just close my eyes and imagine a room full of happy people, instead of smashing a guitar and looking like a bit of a dickhead".

Tonight, there was no need to imagine. With a Granddaddy support slot coming up, Snow Patrol had better get used to seeing those happy faces looking right back.

Kate Collier



www.snowpatrol.com

REVIEWS

Busta Rhymes ft Pharell, Light Your Ass on Fire Nov 17th RCA

Given the frequency with which the Neptunes hit the charts, it's amazing that they've got any new ideas left. But they never break their own rule: keep it simple. After crooning with Snoop and Jay-Z, Pharrell drops to a whisper over an intensely percussive beat that'll have your head ringing longer than a deaf man's telephone. Busta's demented, quick-fire rhymes add to the raw energy in this tough, no-nonsense party track. This tune will turn the heat up on the dancefloor, but remember, if you do actually set your ass on fire, only a good spanking will put it out. **Henry Bowen**

Three, Sugababes Oct 27th Universal

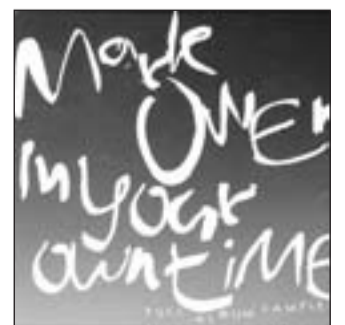
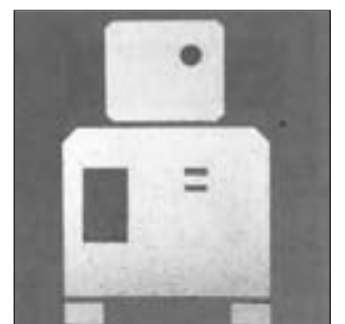
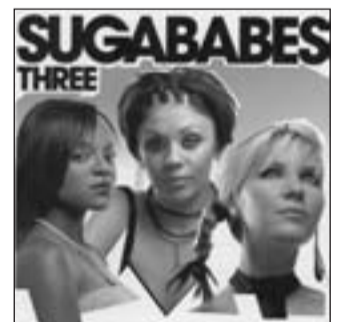
The moodiest threesome in manufactured pop return with their aptly-titled third album. Their previous effort *Angels with Dirty Faces* was such a critical and commercial success as to become a mixed blessing - they come accompanied now by several of the biggest-name writers and producers in pop, but unfortunately can come up with little as impressive, immediate or innovative as their last album. There's no denying that obvious singles like the number one *Hole in the Head* and *Caught in a Moment* are insanely catchy, perfect pop records with across-the-board appeal, but after these tracks, the rest of the album has little to offer. **Charles Corn**

The Bad Plus, These Are The Vistas Out Now Columbia / Sony Jazz

For those who think jazz is all about pipe-smoking and comfortable slippers, prepare to be shocked. *These Are The Vistas*, the debut major label release of this American trio (bass, piano and drums), is at various times soulful, funky and playful - but always with an attitude (and dodgy facial hair) that owes more to rock. Aside from their excellent original material, The Bad Plus effortlessly tears apart and reconstructs tracks from Nirvana, Blondie and Aphex Twin. This is smart, fresh, sharp (evidence of more than a decade of playing together), slickly produced, and definitely recommended. **Alex Mills**

Mark Owen, In Your Own Time Nov 10th MCA

A ten-year trajectory from boyband heart-throb to reality TV "winner", with a best-forgotten stab at Being Indie somewhere inbetween, should by rights have consigned Mark Owen to writhing across the filthy pages of Heat magazine for ever more. But, he's giving it all another try and - whisper it - *In Your Own Time* is a half-decent collection of harmless acoustic pop. Single *Four Minute Warning* sets the formula, while *Head In The Clouds* is perfect for pretending not to like. Of course he's no Thom Yorke, but mercifully, neither is he a Tom McRae, crushed under a deluded sense of his own worthiness. Go on, nick your sister's copy. **Jon Swaine**



Cut it out, Meg

Charlotte Smith on why *In the Cut* fails to deliver

There is nothing clear-cut about Jane Campion's latest film. From the confused plot to the blurred and unsteady camera work, *In The Cut* lacks definition and a sense of purpose.

With its brutal and sadistic murders, it often seems like an inferior version of *Seven*. However it is also an intense tale of repressed eroticism and lust. Clearly Campion intends for there to be a dark and disturbing connection between the two themes, but any insight or revelation is lost somewhere in the grimy streets of New York's seedy underworld.

In fact the most obvious element of the film to the cynical viewer is Meg Ryan's desperate attempt to be taken as a 'serious' actress. Ryan is now approaching a stage in her life in which her trademark kooky and loveable girl-next-door persona is feeling rather forced. Recently she seems to have gone through something of a mid-life crisis, if her sullen arrogance during a recent Parkinson interview and disturbingly inflated collagen-enhanced lips are anything to go by.

In this film Ryan has re-invented herself entirely. Gone are the dizzy blonde curls and off beat



clothes. Instead we are presented with new chic Meg, with brown, straight hair, dark glasses and a plain, sensible wardrobe. Certainly these changes could all be attributed to integrity of 'character', but ultimately Ryan has become a mediocre imitation of Nicole Kidman, for whom the role was originally intended.

Apart from her visual transformation, the other aspect of Ryan's

performance likely to generate most interest is the bleakly graphic nature of her sex scenes. For the first time in her career the actress appears on screen naked.

At the beginning of the film her character, Frannie Avery, a creative writing teacher, lives in an isolated and protected world of words and ideas. Her apartment is surrounded by a particularly beautiful garden and she, like the princess in the tower, appears to

be untouched by the sordid world outside her gates. That is until a body part from an especially violent murder is dumped in her flowerbed and she meets homicide detective Malloy.

Their affair is rooted in lust rather than love and succeeds in revealing Frannie's inhibited desires. A certain disturbing penchant for violence and danger is also exposed; much of Malloy's attraction for Frannie stems from his unpleasant line of work and questionable morality.

Ryan does handle the darker material competently. However, it is Mark Ruffalo as the ambiguous, but likeable, Detective Malloy who really provides the emotional core of the film. His journey from more assured and assertive partner in their relationship to bewildered victim, unwilling to surrender complete control, makes for compelling viewing. Without him, Campion's story would be a highly soulless and cold affair. Jennifer Jason Leigh, as Frannie's half sister Pauline, is also entirely believable. She provides the warmer, more approachable alternative to Ryan's aloof central character.

Campion does succeed in conveying a sense of tension. Her shaky handheld camera lends the film a voyeuris-

tic quality in keeping with the obsessive aspects of the story. Very rarely does she allow a wide shot which might enable the audience to visualise the scene as a whole. Instead we are presented with many intricate shots of blurred and neurotic detail, which become irritating after the initial novelty has worn off. Ironically in a film that professes to be an honest, warts and all account of sex, much of the action takes place in murky, obscured surroundings.

Unfortunately this fragmented visual direction is mirrored in a lack of narrative continuity. The serial killer storyline, which at first provides a suitably moody and relevant backdrop for the edgy love affair, soon descends into unpleasant and sensationalist melodrama, which falls prey to just about every crime thriller cliché.

Campion, then, may have exhausted the themes she explored so well in *The Piano* and *Portrait of a Woman*. There is nothing particularly new or inspiring about *In The Cut*, which ultimately seems a rather futile exercise in violent unpleasantness.

'In the Cut' is on at the Arts Picture House

Making the Invisible Visible

Anna Mackay is impressed by an appearing act

Rowena Bautista works as a nanny for a wealthy employer in Washington D.C., having left her two children at home in the Philippines. She earns the same amount - \$750 a month - as a small-town doctor would make back home. The money enables her to provide for her children and employ a nanny to take care of them, but financial security cannot make up for the heart-wrenching absence from her children.

She has not seen them for two years, and the last time she returned her son, aged 8, refused to touch her. "Why", he asked, "did you come back?" Deprived of a natural outlet for maternal affection, Rowena lavishes her care on the American child she tends, "I give to her what I can't give to my own children"

Rowena is one of millions of women crossing the world to seek better employment (or merely to survive), a trend that has become widespread enough for commentators to speak of a 'feminisation of migration.' *Global Woman* traces the lives of these migrant nannies, maids and sex workers through a series of essays, its stated aim to "make the invisible visible again".

The essays function as different voices, combining economic detail with feminist polemic and personalised, journalistic accounts to create an impressive portrayal of an under-examined problem, searching for answers without oversimplifying the issues involved.

The gap between First and Third world economies has increased drastically over the past 40 years. The IMF and World Bank, set up ostensibly to help underdeveloped economies, have implemented measures that, as far as Ehrenreich is concerned, "turn the hard currencies of the rich countries into gold and the soft currencies of the poor countries into straw", so that a Filipino domestic in Hong Kong makes fifteen times more than a schoolteacher in the Philippines.

The 'brain drain' of academics and qualified professionals that this kind of disparity entails has been well documented. *Global Woman* puts forward the case that the 'female underside of globalisation' they describe performs the emotional equivalent of the brain drain, a modern version of the colonial appropriation of natural resources: "it is as if the wealthy parts of the world are running short on precious emotional and sexual resources and have had to turn to poorer re-



Paola Kopceva

gions for fresh supplies." Enter the Venezuelan nannies, Filipino maids, Thai sex workers, coerced by economic necessity into filling the roles that Western women have for the most part left behind.

Each essay focuses on a different aspect, from Ehrenreich's own experience working as a maid (for a company who boast that "we scrub your floors the old-fashioned way...on our hands and knees") to the social consequences of female migration in countries such as Sri Lanka, where the male's traditional role as breadwinner has been usurped by the sharp rise of female migration. Government-sponsored programs train women to use mod-

ern household appliances such as microwaves, encouraging them to seek work overseas because of the amount of foreign capital it brings back to the country. Are we to lament the ensuing disruption of the social fabric of the family in Sri Lanka, the children left motherless for years on end, or applaud the opportunity globalisation has given to these women to broaden their horizons and gain economic independence?

Sensibly, the essays deny us easy answers, carefully eschewing black and white assumptions about the impact of globalisation on these women. There are, of course, horror stories. Joy Zarembka, writing on 'modern-day slavery' in the US, tells the story

of immigrants working as nannies and maids who have had their passports confiscated and are forced to work 16 hour shifts for little or no money, often accompanied by physical and sexual abuse. Kevin Bales' essay, *Because She Looks like a Child*, highlights the plight of child prostitutes in Thailand, kidnapped from their rural homes and kept as slaves in a trap of poverty, forced to have sex to pay for their board and lodging.

The majority of the essays, though, concentrate on less extreme case histories, so that middle-class, Western readers cannot comfortably distance themselves. As Ehrenreich comments, the feminist movement that encouraged Western women to work conveniently forgot about those who would be taking their place. The book functions not only 'to make the invisible visible again' but also examines the consequences of bringing up children in an environment where they will quickly learn that ethnic minorities exist to do their dirty work. Audre Lorde provides a bitter illustration: 'I wheel my two year old daughter in a shopping cart through a supermarket...and a little white girl riding past in her mother's cart calls out excitedly, "Oh look Mummy, a baby maid".'

Just love me!

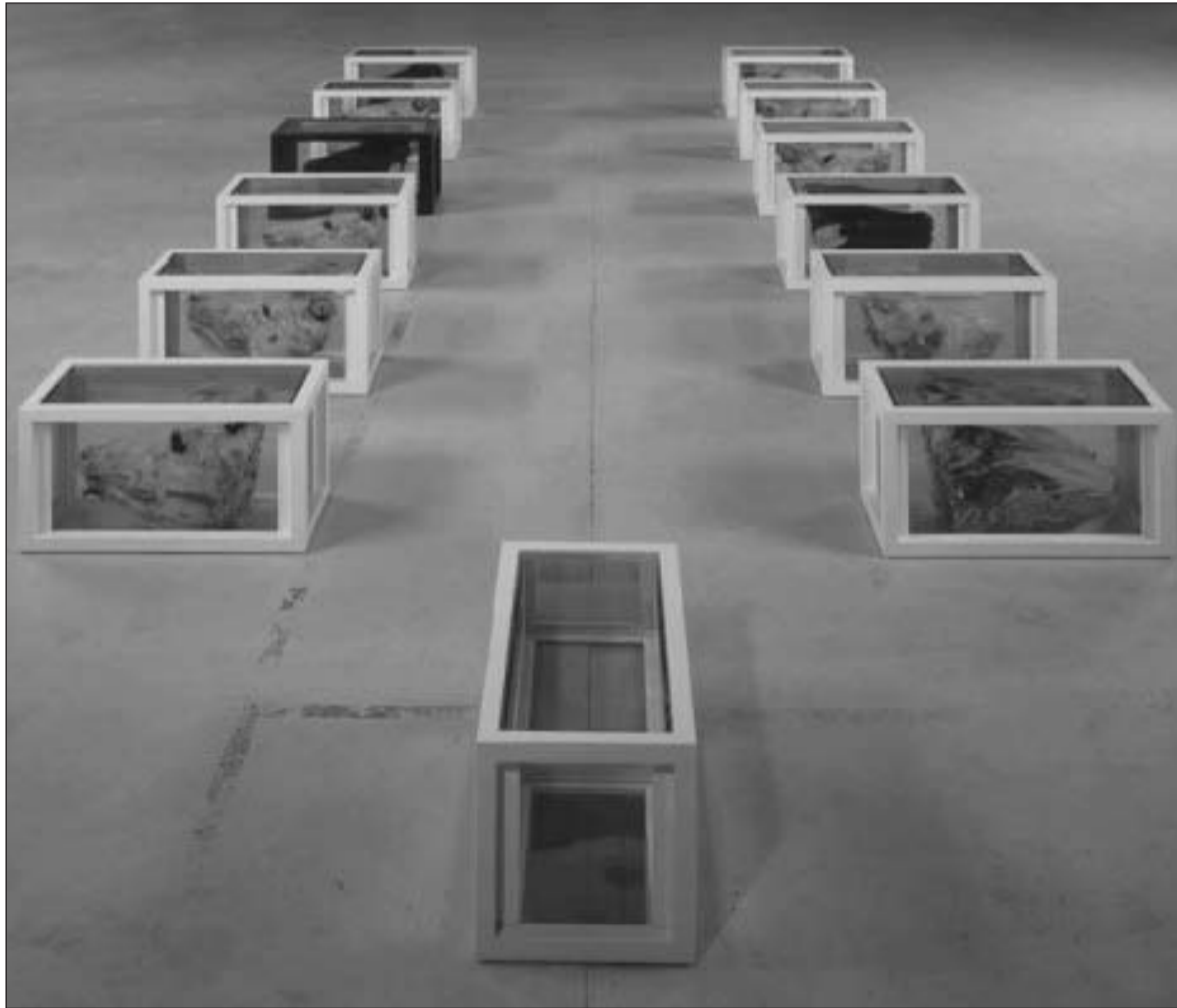
Daisy Leitch falls for Tim Marlow at White Cube

Tracey Emin's blue, fluorescent, handwriting hangs above Tim Marlow's desk at the White Cube gallery in the east end of London spelling out: "Just love me".

Quite a bold statement, but then so is the three-quarter length fur-coat that he takes off to hang on the back of his door, joking that it makes him look like a used car salesman. Marlow makes an immediate impact as the kind of guy who can get on with anyone. Indeed, he professes that his people skills have gotten him a long way - his new employer Jay Jopling became a friend because they were "fellow football fans."

Marlow credits the start of his career to the contacts he made while studying as a postgraduate at the Courtauld, which he thinks is "the best way to get into the art world". After that he began lecturing, writing freelance journalism, and then doing TV and radio because as he puts it: "they were looking for younger voices and I was more than happy to talk". From there it was no looking back. He launched the Tate's magazine and managed the Wilfred Cass Sculpture Park at Goodwood. Now he appears regularly on Channel Four's *Late Night Review* and has just been made Director of Exhibitions at the White Cube - a gallery which has been at the centre of British art, showing the likes of Tracey Emin, Jake and Dinos Chapman, Marc Quinn, Sam Taylor-Wood and Antony Gormley.

White Cube has just shown Damien Hirst's solo exhibition, *Romance in the Age of Uncertainty*, featuring his new work including Jesus and the Disciples and thirteen cows' heads at



Courtesy of White Cube

the Last Supper. Hirst has said in the past that he aims "to access people's nightmares", and I asked Marlow how much further Hirst's shock tactics could feasibly go and whether, by taking on Christian iconography that underpins so much of traditional western art, he might have gone a step too far: "Well, I think Damien is misrepresented. There's a myth that comes from the media that he's purely a shock-merchant."

Marlow understands Hirst's work as having "evolved its own extraordinary language, with dead animals and so forth, which is familiar to everyone, because everyone knows about Hirst's work". Hirst is using this unique 'vocabulary' to dissect and recast traditional subjects, to hopefully make them relevant to a younger audience. But Marlow is not so complementary of all of Hirst's work. *The Cancer Chronicles*, a volume of poems to ac-

company Hirst's dead fly paintings that the artist claims are simply 'long titles' (the 'long title' of the formaldehyde shark was: "The physical impossibility of death in the mind of someone living"), comes under criticism: "If you want my honest view as a literary critic, I don't think they're great... Let's leave it at 'interesting'."

Marlow's focus has always been on the British art scene, but he's quick to highlight that there is a wealth of in-

teresting art going on around the world: "In the West I think we get very obsessed with our own artists, but increasingly what's happening in the East is extraordinary... You think that the British artists are strategically aiming to shock, but I saw the work of two young Chinese artists who got a body from the morgue and exhibited it in a flat as part of the show. They superglued a goose to the floor and watched it die slowly over a week."

So is he planning to bring this sort of art to White Cube in the future, I asked incredulously? "No! I mean really, that's absolutely horrendous to a British audience... But I do want to expand the cross-section of White Cube artists over the next few years, that's why we're showing artists like the American, Chuck Close."

Marlow is never short of an opinion, and I can see why he's good on the TV and radio - his speech has that sound-bite quality. When I asked him what he thought should be done with the fourth plinth in Trafalgar Square he was quick to reply: "I think that Britain in general has too much crap public sculpture. It's something that needs to be addressed... public opinion is important but I don't think that everything should be voted on. You need artists and curators with vision to commission what they perceive as the most interesting art."

Tim Marlow certainly isn't writing himself out of his job there then, but neither does he seem arrogant or self-important. Rather he's charming and happy to answer my questions. I couldn't help wondering if maybe it all went back to that flickering sign - "Just love me".

Cabbie Culture

A new vehicle for art

Taxi Gallery is Cambridge's answer to Installation Art. Located in the front garden of a council house, this site of innovation challenges the traditional notion of an art space.

A quintessential symbol of Britishness, the black cab has been seized upon as a communicative medium before, and was used to advertise last year's Andy Warhol exhibition. Curator Kirsten Lavers, never really attracted by the conventional gallery, recognised the potential of restoring her taxi for the purpose of artistic experimentation.

When asked why she chose this vehicle for art, Ms Lavers responded that it in effect 'Chose me'. Celebrating its first anniversary this month with its Abbey Meadows School project. For Ms Lavers a landmark event of last

year was Laura Robinson's design 'Bound,' where the taxi was covered in string. Neighbourhood interaction is of central importance to the owner, and this exhibition immediately raised discussion as to what was being represented. Interpretations ranged from strangulation to a cobweb.

The gallery's forthcoming exhibition promises to be controversial. Performance artist Elspeth Owen is to take up residence in the taxi which is to be equipped with a webcam link for public viewing. Is this art or another David Blaine? I'm just concerned what the neighbours will think. I'm not sure how the Joneses will keep up with this.

Dawn Tunstall

More information at www.taxi-gallery.org.uk

Stripped Bare

Liz Mallett sings the praises of Fitz Chapel



Fitzwilliam Prospectus

Surely there are better places to think about God and architecture? If you're feeling inclined to sing hymns and mumble your prayers, you want to hear your efforts echoing from Tudor fan vaulting or grizzly Victorian memorials. Isn't it an itching for wobbly tombs and gothic corners which makes people go to church in the first place?

Fitz is having none of that. Built in 1990, the chapel is tribute to clean, modern living. It is puritanical but aiming to please. On the outside it looks like a giant brick chimney. On the inside it is stark, bright and supremely soothing. You imagine the interior of a stylish Norwegian hotel might be similar. You half expect a massage. Twin staircases lead you gently into the main space and you feel like you're walking into a vast shell.

The organic theme continues. Polished wooden planks abound. Everything is curved. There is also a great deal of light. The space behind the altar is a wall of glass. The giant window looks out over a grand old tree and nineteenth century house. Wrought iron chairs and topiarised hedges twinkle on the lawn. But inside it's smart utility all

the way. The sharp, leaf-shaped altar appears to be anchored in place by designer breezeblocks.

The building is self-consciously tasteful. It wants you to think about interior design. This chapel wouldn't be out of place in a catalogue of cutting-edge German bathroom design. You feel the planked floor and rows of chairs should crank aside to reveal a sauna. This is lifestyle religion. The splendid old tree rustles at the window. Relax!

Liz Mallett



Fitzwilliam Prospectus

College Sport Round-up

College rugby's grudge match saw John's beat Jesus 16-8 with tries from Rob Wells and Sion Lewis and two George Humphrys penalties. Both teams followed up with wins, John's running out 45-0 victors over Peterhouse-Selwyn while Jesus claimed a narrow 14-10 win over Downing.

Christ's are putting in a concerted bid for **the mixed hockey cuppers**, demolishing St John's 4-1, with two goals apiece for freshers Alan Druckman and Benjy Torrance. They now take on the Clare team who beat Queens' 2-0. Homerton put five past Selwyn to set up a clash with Corpus, while APU will take on the Vet School, who knocked out Darwin 3-0.

Robinson, who have played the most games, lead the **men's hockey** league on goal difference despite an exciting 6-4 loss to John's, who are poised in second. Emma and Magdalene, both with 100% records, face off today, with Magdalene coming off the back of a 4-0 thrashing of Sidney.

The **pool** league starts this week, with defending champions Robinson taking on Magdalene. This weekend also plays host to **indoor volleyball cuppers**, with St John's the firm favourites.

CUBC revel in first tideway battle with Oxford

BLUES ROWING

Nate Kirk

After a strong start two weeks ago in Boston and Croatia, CUBC went down to London to race in the Fours Head of the River.

The event is only for crews of four people, and is raced over the Boat Race course, except in the opposite direction. There are over 550 boats entered in the event, including everyone from novice rowers to Olympics-bound competitors. CUBC entered five boats in the race, as did Oxford.

The top Cambridge crew was an elite coxed four of Nathaniel Kirk, Andrew Shannon, Steffen

Buschbacher, Wayne Pommen and cox Kenelm Richardson. This crew came second to a GB four featuring Olympic champions Matthew Pinsent and James Cracknell, and defeated a four made up of members of the GB eight and coxed four, including former CUBC oarsmen Tom James and James Livingston. The CUBC four also beat Oxford's coxed and coxless fours by respectable margins.

Another notable result came in the Senior 1 event, which was won by the CUBC coxless four of Hugo Mallinson, Kyle Coveny, Chris Le Neve Foster and Kris Coventry. Other CUBC crews were on terms with Oxford and displayed the potential for a strong squad in this first tideway battle with the Dark Blues.



The elite coxed Cambridge four that came second only to a GB four

Courtesy of JET Photographic.com

Boaties battle for best ergo time

COLLEGE ROWING

Bryan Coll

Teams of excited novices, stressed lower boats captains and vocal rowing supporters all crammed into the Fitzpatrick Hall at Queens' College on Tuesday evening for the annual Queens' Ergs competition.

In a change from the usual format,

this year's competition was held in the evening as opposed to the early Saturday morning start enjoyed by previous years' competitors. College boaties who had made the trip down to Queens' to lend their support to this year's batch of novices were generally positive about the new time slot. 'I think it really adds to the tension', said one Pembroke supporter, 'and at least there's no risk of anyone suffering from a hangover at seven o'clock in

the evening, unlike last year'.

Novices, team captains and boatie anoraks were all suitably impressed by the brand new Concept 2 ergs waiting to greet them when they entered Fitzpatrick Hall. Some competitors were even seen returning to their erg after they completed their 500m stint just to try out the new machines.

Once the pep talks had been finished, fists pumped and high fives completed, the nervous novices clam-

bered aboard that most-hated piece of gym equipment, commonly known as the ergo. Just under two minutes later, they would be dragged off this instrument of torture, breathless and dizzy and dumped (gently of course) in a corner to recover.

The home team were the fastest first and second men's crews. Meanwhile First and Third BC took the honours in the women's event. Full results are available from www.queensergs.com

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James goes for gold 7's Heaven

Olympic rowing hopeful Tom James speaks exclusively from his London home to Shanaz Musafér

How did Trinity Hall react when you told them you were taking a year out?

The Senior Tutor and the Master were very keen and supportive of it, as long as I made sure that I kept on top of the engineering while I was away and I'm prepared to come back a couple of weeks early next year to pick up on the first year which I'll probably have forgotten!

How did the selection process for Great Britain work?

Last summer I went to the last trial in Harsewinkel and my pairs partner James Livingston and I managed to come sixth in the pairs race. That meant we were in the running for getting into one of the boats that went to the Worlds. From then on we went into a pairs matrix where you race against everyone else and you get an individual ranking and from that I managed to beat a couple of people and get the last seat in the eight, which was a bit lucky.

How are the preparations going?

We've just got back from a training camp in Cyprus. That was probably the hardest time in my life. Cyprus is really nice and we stayed in luxury accommodation, but the training was just ridiculous. There were 20k rows, weights and then a 3-hour bike ride. But that's the sort of thing you've got to commit to.

What does a typical day for Tom James at the moment involve?

The training varies each week because you might have a really hard week followed by a lighter week and you might be winding down for an event. But a typical day would be three sessions, where you'd have a water session which would be typically about 24k in the winter, then 50k on the ergo and then maybe a weights session. It's not that different from Cambridge and in Cambridge you're doing a full degree at the same time

What do you think would be a realistic goal for you by the end of this year?

My goal is to maintain the seat in the eight up until the summer and from then to win the Olympics. That's what we expect and what we've got to do as our achievement.

So are the British team expecting a gold medal then?

Well no, we're not expecting, but what the British team aims for is getting as many golds as possible, so everything is directed towards that. All the training you do is for the gold medal. So in the last four years, the eight has been set up to try and peak for the Olympics. We've been getting better and better each year. Last year we came fifth [in the Worlds], this year we came third. We need to make more improvements to get the gold. We've got to beat the Americans and Canadians who are the two crews in front of us. That's what we're here to do.



Andrew Redington/Allsport

And then next year, back to Cambridge, back to the degree, going for a Light Blue win in the Boat Race?

Yeah, I've still got unfinished business! Last year was obviously extremely disappointing but in all honesty Oxford probably did better than us and deserved to win. It sticks with you though and still keeps you up at night, even now. Robin Bourne-Taylor, who is a good friend, is in the GB eight at the moment and he's at Oxford. So I'll probably be racing against him which will make it even more interesting. But that's what I really want to do as well – win the Boat Race. And I've got another three years of it, so one year I've got to do it!

For the full-length interview, visit www.varsity.co.uk/sport.

Alex Drysdale

With the Rugby World Cup in full swing down under, and the IRB World Sevens series fast approaching, Grange Road did its bit for world rugby with the Cambridge Schools 'Rugby in the Community' programme.

The day was a chance for some 40 kids from 4 local schools to be coached by Simon Amor, captain of the England 7's team who finished 2nd in last year's IRB World 7's series. A former St. Edmund's Hall student and two time Blue, Amor has certainly not forgotten his Cambridge roots and spoke of the 'magic' of studying here which is like nowhere else.

Whilst, it is difficult to tell the 5 ft 7 inch Amor from the schoolkids around him, his on the pitch stature has soared to new heights with

coach Joe Lydon describing him as 'inspirational'. Indeed undoubtedly his coming of age was in last year's 4th round of the IRB Sevens tournament when the England team were edged out by New Zealand in a final in which the lead changed hand five times.

Nigel Starmer Smith said of the match 'it was epic, magnificent and a twenty minutes that will long live in the memory'. Speaking to Amor he said that 'you have to go through the lows to ever reach the highs' and incidentally he cites the low point of his career as not making the team for his second Varsity match.

Next week's issue of Varsity will contain an exclusive interview with Simon Amor speaking about his days at Cambridge, ambition to take the World Sevens crown and fate of the current England side down under.



Alex Drysdale

England Sevens Captain Simon Amor poses with the Varsity MMC trophy

Varsity Rugby Competition

Win the complete Varsity Rugby day out

To win tickets to both the Twickenham match and the Official Varsity Ball with the players at Café de Paris, just answer the question below:

What is different about the shirt the Cambridge team wears at Twickenham and the shirt they wear for the rest of the season?

To enter e-mail sport@varsity.co.uk. Closing date: midnight Tuesday. Last week's winner: Alana Finlayson.

The Official Varsity Ball

The Official Varsity Ball will be held at London's Café de Paris on 9th December. Tickets are £20 and include limited free drinks. To apply for tickets or for more information please visit www.varsityball.com

Derby make Cambridge toil

BLUES FOOTBALL

Shanaz Musafér

BLUES 2

DERBY 2

Cambridge's 100% record came to an end as they struggled to a 2-2 draw against Derby at Oxford Road.

Hearing cries of, "Come on the Yellows!" didn't quite seem right, as Cambridge, kitted out in their hideous yellow and green away strip, attempted to recover from go-

ing an early goal down.

Playing their worst football of the season so far, perhaps the frightfully coloured kit put them off passing to their own players as they failed to keep possession for any significant length of time.

Credit to them, though, they came out for the second half with renewed self-belief and immediately started creating opportunities. And ten minutes in, Johnny Hughes' spectacular bicycle kick almost erased memories of the abysmal first half performance.

Almost, but not quite. For their joy at equalising was short-lived as Derby hit back straight away, exposing worrying gaps in the

Cambridge defence to take the lead once more. However, chances continued to flow the home side's way as they hit the woodwork twice and twice had efforts that were painfully near to crossing the line but with no Russian linesman in sight.

The equaliser eventually did arrive when an unmarked Ben Allen powered in a header from a Dave Harding corner five minutes from time. But the celebrations the goal prompted should not deceive the discerning supporter. Cambridge pushed for a late winner but were beaten by the clock and will have to improve drastically from their first half display if they are to be successful in their bid for promotion.

Looking for a challenging, but fun career? You could always visit the careers fair. Or you could go to the pub next door... (The Mill, Thurs 13th Nov, 1pm - 6:30pm)

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BLUES MARCH ON IN CUP



Andrew Sims

Adrian Harbour lays siege to the Ipswich goal and was unlucky not to get on the scoresheet. Cambridge's goals came from Jamie Parker (2), Rob Fulford (2) and Jo Mardall

BLUES HOCKEY

Rajan Lakhani

BLUES 5
IPSWICH 2

Following their 2-1 victory over local rivals Cambridge City the Light Blues went into their third round HA Cup match against Ipswich with renewed confidence. The Blues started strongly, quickly getting amongst the Ipswich players. It was clear that the opposition were there for the taking as they simply could not cope with

Cambridge's hi-tempo strategy. Indeed, a brilliantly executed short-corner allowed Jamie Parker to make more than an amends for an earlier miss and put Cambridge in front in the fourth minute.

It quickly became apparent that Ipswich had not arrived to play in the spirit of the game and concentrated on getting under Cambridge's skin. The umpire was forced to green-card the Ipswich left-back and this would not be the last time he would be reaching for his cards. The Blues unfortunately fell into Ipswich's trap for a few minutes with indiscipline appearing in their own game as Rob Fulford was also green-carded. Due to the consequent losses in concentration, Ipswich had a chance to equalise in the 13th

minute but a quite superb save from Ashley Artaman denied the Suffolk outfit. That seemed to be the wake-up call for the Cambridge team as they took heed of the coach's words to keep control and allow the opposition to talk themselves out of the game.

The style and pace was back in the Cambridge game and they got the goal their play deserved when Fulford finished brilliantly from a short-corner in the 19th minute. Meanwhile, Ipswich were already looking fatigued. However, the Blues momentarily went down a man as Richard Little was harshly given a yellow card while an Ipswich player had received the same punishment for a much more serious foul. Indeed, one player remarked that a certain Ipswich player

had proceeded to use his hockey stick as a weapon. It was no matter for Cambridge though as credit to them Jo Mardall scored an open goal under some pressure just before half-time thanks to some determined work from Jez Hansell. It could have been four just before half-time but Fulford just pulled the ball wide of the post.

A strong, professional performance in the second half was all Cambridge needed to see them through to the next round. And they looked sharp from the start with Fulford forcing a fine save from the Ipswich keeper. From the resulting short corner, Fulford magnificently placed the ball into the top corner of the net, making it 4-0. This half though wasn't to go all Cambridge's way as Artaman lost his

clean sheet due to a decent strike from the Ipswich no.17. Nevertheless, Cambridge's reply was immediate as Parker rounded the keeper in style to put Cambridge 5-1 in front. Ipswich's indiscipline then began to reach new heights as the umpire had to bring play to a halt just to calm Ipswich down which brought a wry smile from all the spectators.

Fortunately, the umpire soon blew for time despite Ipswich continuing to moan at him after the game in what were disgraceful scenes. Maybe if they had put as much effort into their play as they did into their back-chatting, they would have had a chance. Cambridge's cup run continues and they now play Surbiton at home on 23rd November in the 4th round.

John's heap misery on sad Jesus

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Shanaz Musaffer

JESUS 0
ST JOHN'S 4

"Where's the Varsity reporter?" That was the cry from John's captain Mike Gun-Why three minutes into this battle with the old enemy when Alex Ford had just scored to give John's an early lead. Well, she was there and taking note.

In a match which saw some poor refereeing, both sides were clearly pumped up for the occasion, with University players Will Stevenson and Mike Adams lining up for their respective teams. However, while Stevenson struggled to get into the

game, Adams was put in a man of the match performance, creating two goals and scoring one.

Having been responsible for much of the good work in the build up to Ford's opening goal, Adams was again in the thick of things in the 13th minute as he squared the ball for Emanuel Owusu-Darkwa to make it 2-0.

Far from collapsing after such a poor start, Jesus worked hard to get back into the game and thought that fortune had shone on them when John's keeper Mohammed Murphy picked up the ball clearly outside his penalty area. When asked about the incident afterwards, he claimed, "The sun was on the pitch. I couldn't see the line." He must have been the only person in the ground that couldn't. Given that it had not been a goalscoring opportunity though he received only a yellow card, despite chants of "Off, off, off" from the Jesus fans. However,

what is most questionable about this incident is the response that it provoked from the referee: shouting at the crowd to "shut up". Nevertheless, Murphy was substituted at half-time.

The second half also saw a footballing rarity – the introduction of the game's fourth goalkeeper when Kestrel Sam Richardson came on for Jesus for the injured Rory Brown. While the game was a more even affair after the break, John's always looked the more dangerous in attack and a third goal duly came in the 65th minute when Chris Weeks headed home. Adams rounded off the rout to cap a superb individual performance, and to give the game a repeat of last season's 4-0 scoreline.

This win completed a John's double over Jesus, following victory for the rugby side the previous week. While they have bounced back admirably from their opening league defeat to



Shanaz Musaffer

John's scorer Mike Adams is mobbed by his team mates after his goal

Girton, one can only wait and see what the season holds in store for Jesus.

Also in Division One, Darwin beat Trinity 2-0 with goals from Jez Moloney and Geoff Battye. Following a disallowed goal in the first half, Trinity were lucky to find themselves only one

down at the break. However, they had chances to equalise before Battye killed the game on the hour mark.

Darwin now face early frontrunners Downing, while Trinity face a tough Cuppers tie against an in-form Division Three Clare side.