

From green Envy to rampant Lust and wobbly Sloth
Varsity takes on the Seven Deadly Sins



VARSITY

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A Good Slating



The members of the 'A Little More Action' slate line up outside the CUSU Offices on Trumpington Street on Wednesday

MICHAEL DERRINGER

»Left-wing "protest" slate stands for election to CUSU

ELLIOT ROSS
News Editor

Nominations for this year's CUSU elections closed at midday on Wednesday February 28. For the first time in recent years a group of candidates are running on a slate system, with six left-wing hopefuls uniting under the banner 'A Little Less Conversation, A Little More Action'. Three candidates have put themselves forward for the Presidency. Daniel Perrett, of Queens College, is running on the A Little More Action slate, while former Jesus JCR President Mark Fletcher and Girtonian Tom Howard are running as independent candidates. There have been no nominations for three of the positions, including the sabbatical post of Ents Manager, and seven of the seventeen appointments are uncontested. In an attempt to boost turnout, which last year dropped to 16 per cent, CUSU

has introduced a system of online voting. Students can vote online from 7am on Monday until 8pm on Tuesday. A traditional paper ballot will take place in colleges on Wednesday. Hustings will go on throughout the week.

The candidates on the A Little More Action slate are running with manifestos that set out identical broad aims, and are printed according to a standardised format. The group aims "to draw together... a broad coalition of groups and individuals who can, collectively, campaign for progressive change in our University". The slate calls for CUSU to support autonomous student movements and to "express solidarity" with specific campaigns such as Campaign Against The Arms Trade and the Cambridge Living Wage Campaign. Every slate member's manifesto makes the statement "We believe in protest".

The group brings together prominent members from a range of liberal campaigning groups. It is thought that

the key figures behind the emergence of the radical new movement are Dave Smith, who narrowly lost last year's Presidential election, ex-Union President and Labour Club Chairman Luke Pearce, 'Education Not For Sale' activist Ed Maltby and outgoing CUSU Democracy Officer Jacob Bard-Rosenberg.

The attempt to repoliticise CUSU was met with frustration by some members of the established student political parties and JCRs. Peter Cui, Cambridge University Conservative Association Vice-President, said "CUSU is not about the left or the right, it's about serving the students of Cambridge". Asked why CUCA did not consider putting up its own slate, he said "We don't see the point of putting up a slate just for the sake of opposing the so-called 'left'". Duncan Crowe, Cambridge Students Liberal Democrats Secretary, said "the biggest problem with CUSU is the amount of apathy towards it... maybe

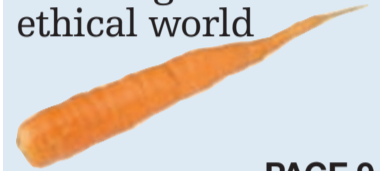
if they got in it would provoke a reaction from the other side. That may not be a bad thing". Sara Lloyd-Jones, former Downing JCR Vice President, told *Varsity* "CUSU works best when it's run by moderate people. If you're too radical then you just put people off... it has to keep appealing to the JCRs".

The slate has also met with a lukewarm reception from students. A second year Classicist said "We've seen this bunch before. All they do is sit around and talk and they aren't even very good at that". A third year SPS student also outlined his fears, saying "The slate's candidates are hopelessly out of their depth. All their campaigning rhetoric is completely irrelevant and I think they will fail miserably in the task of providing the best services to students". Although the slate's Facebook group boasted a membership of 293 as *Varsity* went to print, attempts to find students in support of the slate proved remarkably difficult.

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Varsity presents the first comprehensive Cambridge online film listings service



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Milk and four rickshaws

»Students to break records for land travel from Calcutta to London

EMMA INKESTER

A group of Cambridge undergraduates plans to undertake an expedition from Calcutta to London by rickshaw, traveling ten thousand miles in an attempt to trace the cultural history of the British cup of tea.

"15,000 kilometres, 18 countries, four tuk-tuks, seven Cambridge students, one journey of cultural investigation." This is the billing for the expedition, launched officially this week and set to take place over a period of 160 days between July and December this year. The students will travel on three-wheeled

"the students will travel on three-wheeled motorised rickshaws with top speeds of 30mph"

motorised rickshaws with top speeds of 30mph on a journey to London which will lead them through India, Pakistan, Northwest China, Central Asia, Iran, Turkey and Europe.

The expedition sets out 350 years after the introduction of tea to Britain in 1657 by the Portuguese wife of Charles II. The aim of the trip is to celebrate the quintessentially British beverage by examining its

presence within the cultures and societies of the countries through which they will travel. Team leader Ian Ball describes the expedition as a "living celebration of cultural diversity and national identity through a drink enjoyed in common". "It's about people and politics, religion and society and the interactions of strangers and lives lived in different ways. Hopefully we can capture something of that in our expedition".

The rickshaws will be followed on their travels by a TV crew which will be documenting the expedition for the Discovery Channel. But the team is clear that the trip is no flip-pant undertaking. Michael Pye, head of logistics for the journey, told *Varsity* that "this is not just a jolly, jumping into a tuk to see how quickly we get back. We are not travelling for travelling's sake. However, if we are successful it will be a world record for land distance in a vehicle of this kind". The team describe their emotions as "excited and nervous in equal measure".

The travellers are particularly committed to an investigation of Islamic culture. Meetings have been scheduled with the Muslim Council of Great Britain in order to arrange collaboration and meetings with Islamic scholars in Muslim communities en route.

Representatives from the University of Bishkek in Kyrgyzstan will meet the students when they cross the border and aid them in the first part of their journey as they acclimatise and settle down into the expedition. These links with academic experts are an important part of the team's aspirations for the trip, allowing them to integrate with the communities through which they pass and to



Team members try out a motorised rickshaws

EMMA INKESTER

gain an increased understanding of the different cultures.

Difficult terrain is expected to make this record attempt more taxing, with the team particularly apprehensive about the Karakoram Highway in Pakistan. The British Embassy has agreed to deposit spare tyres along the route in case of emergency.

Team writer Andrew Daynes described the bonding of the students over shared hopes for the trip. But he also made it clear that the group dynamic is one of working relationships, as opposed to friends

going travelling together. Roles within the team are clearly mapped out. In addition to Andrew and Ian, the team comprises mechanic Neil Summers, Hindi specialist Sophie Ibbotson, and Anne Romeo, who will edit the subsequent book.

But before going anywhere the expedition will need to raise £43,000 in sponsorship, and companies are being offered the chance to decorate the rickshaws with their logos in return for financial backing. A final team member is also needed, with the role of artist currently open.

In Brief

Election troubles

It has been alleged that Girton JCR President Simon Burdus' non-democratic policies discouraged potential candidates from standing for President in JCR elections on Monday 12 February. While James Eadington has since been voted in, an unusually high number of students voted to reopen nominations. It has also been claimed that despite the JCR's request for every member to be present to count votes, the only people to actually do so were the President and the Secretary. **Nick Pearce**

Cleaners at Caius given vomit jabs

Cleaners at Caius College have been inoculated against Hepatitis B to protect them when wiping up vomit. Students were warned over the dangers of binge drinking and told that the availability of alcohol would be reduced in the future. In an email sent to students, Tor Garnett, the President of Caius Student Union, said that there had been cases of vomit blocking the sinks and covering the walls and floors before but the situation had never been as bad as it is at present. **Rebecca Lester**

JCR president too stressed to go on

Christ's JCR president Ben Blyth has resigned, citing stress and overwork. In an email to CCSU he claimed that his academic studies had been unable to take the strain, and in an open meeting on Monday night issued a formal resignation. He has been sent over 120 emails of support by students of the college. Vice-President Elie Yoo has stepped down from her position to stand for the post of President in elections to be held next week. **Nikki Burton**

"Defective" fuel sold to motorists

Hundreds of vehicles have been struck down in Cambridge this week as a result of defective petrol. Cambridge mechanics have reported an unprecedented number of faulty engines, with one garage dealing with more than 50 vehicles with similar problems in one week. It has been alleged that Tesco and Morrisons sold contaminated fuel to thousands of motorists across the south and east of England and an investigation by Trading Standards has since been launched. **John Walker**

Bolger death judged accident

An inquest into the death of Daniel Bolger, who suffered a heart attack after falling into the freezing waters of the Cam last year, has recorded a verdict of accidental death. Dr Inspector Chris Mead, who led the investigation, told the inquest that the most likely explanation for Bolger's death was that he had gone to the water's edge to answer "a call of nature". There was no evidence to suggest that Bolger had been the victim of crime or that there had been an attempt of suicide. **James Browning**

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Pickerel punch up

KATE O'RAGHALLAIGH

The Pickerel Inn was the scene of a brutal attack on Sunday night, according to police and eyewitnesses.

A Magdalene student witnessed the incident as he was leaving the pub. "Two men entered the establishment just after last orders, at approximately 10.45pm. They barged in shouting and proceeded to attack a

"making the whole pub erupt into screaming bedlam"

bloke in the pub, punching him into a table full of glasses, making the whole pub erupt into screaming bedlam. It appeared to be the result of some prior disagreement".

Cambridgeshire police arrived on the scene and arrested both men on Magdalene Bridge after threatening them with pepper spray. The eyewitness reported two police cars, a jeep and a van in attendance, after which there was a struggle between the assailants and police,

who allegedly "had trouble restraining the two men".

Musicians playing in the Pickerel during the incident reported a group of men entering the pub around an hour before the incident. They identified four or five men, who "definitely weren't regular Pickerel customers". One musician was able to identify some members of the group from "Pub Watch", a system used by pubs and bars in Cambridge in conjunction with the police to warn proprietors of potential criminals. Reporting this to Pickerel staff, the customer was assured that the people in the group were acquaintances of the landlord.

According to the band, the group of men were "pretty drunk" and disruptive during their performance, repeatedly jumping onstage and singing with them. Customers later reported a "scuffle in the corner of the bar", after which the group were ejected by staff at around 10.30pm. Ten minutes later two of the men returned, "charging through the door, fighting each other and knocking each other into tables".

The Cambridge police report states that two men, aged 26 and 27, were arrested for being "drunk and disorderly, after being seen to attack a man". Both were given fixed penalty notices. The proprietor of the Pickerel was unavailable for comment.

Bombs planted in Oxford college

»Two incendiary devices found at Templeton College on Monday
»Police enquiry suggests animal rights activists were involved



Templeton College Oxford is alleged to have been the object of an animal rights arson attack

SIMON HO

NIKKI BURTON

Emergency services and an Army bomb disposal unit were called to Oxford University's Templeton College on Monday following the discovery of two incendiary devices.

A cordon was put in place around the annexe where the devices were found, the area was evacuated, and police blocked the road leading to the College. An Oxford University spokesperson stressed that these were precautionary measures, saying that "there was not thought to be any immediate danger to the public". The devices had not detonated and no one was harmed. They were removed on the afternoon of 26 February and are being examined as part of an ongoing police enquiry.

The arson attempt was foiled by University security services after an "anonymous communique" was posted on an internet site on Saturday 24 February, apparently boasting of an attack on "the offices

of Templeton College" carried out on 18 February. It is unclear whether the incendiary devices discovered on 26 February had been in place since this earlier date.

The post was published on the Bite Back website, which collates

"These attacks are completely disgusting and have no place whatsoever within a civilised society"

details of animal liberation groups' activities across the country. The anonymous person responsible for the post claimed to represent the

Animal Liberation Front (ALF), and declared, "This latest action is part of an ongoing fight against the University of Oxford and its continuing reign of terror over the unseen victims inside its animal labs."

No individual or organisation has admitted responsibility for the planting of the bombs. Thames Valley Police have confirmed that officers specialising in animal rights activity were dealing with the incident at Templeton College but emphasised that "this is only one line of enquiry".

The ALF was founded in the mid 1970s by leaders of a previous organisation, the Band of Mercy, which at the time, according to the organisation's website, "began to use arson as a potent tool of property destruction". The modern-day ALF website states "[activists] intentionally violate the law in order to free animals from captivity... they also destroy property to prevent further harm done to animals".

Oxford has been a target for animal rights campaigners because of

its ongoing construction of a £20 million animal research laboratory. SPEAK, another animal rights organisation, protested against the laboratory's completion following its campaign to prevent a similar laboratory being built at Girton College, Cambridge. *Varsity* reported last year on a High Court injunction won by Oxford University in May banning animal rights activists from demonstrating within 100 yards of any student residence.

SPEAK have criticised Oxford this week for "the meaningless, horrific and barbaric primate experiments" currently conducted at the university. Speaking to *Varsity*, Mel Broughton of SPEAK said of the incident at Templeton College, "We won't condemn or condone the activities of activists outside the SPEAK campaign". He added, "As a general principle, our prime concern is the suffering of animals, which is currently happening [at Oxford] absolutely beyond doubt."

Iain Simpson, spokesperson for

the Oxford-based group Pro Test, which campaigns in favour of animal testing, told *Varsity* "These attacks are completely disgusting and have no place whatsoever within a civilised society. They are a barbaric, thuggish attempt at bullying. However, due to the excellent work of the police, this type of attack is much, much rarer than it was and more and more criminal animal rights extremists are now in prison where they belong."

A spokesperson for Oxford reiterated the importance of its members' safety. "We take security matters extremely seriously, and continue to work in cooperation with the police to ensure the ongoing security of students, staff and those who work with the collegiate University."

Templeton College is situated in Kennington on the outskirts of Oxford approximately two miles from the City Centre where the majority of the university colleges are based. It is a graduate college specialising in Management Studies.

KGB mapped Cambridge for "world domination"

KATHERINE FAULKNER

Soviet maps made available for the first time this week have revealed that Cambridge was mapped by the USSR during the Cold War, in what experts have described as "spine chilling" detail.

From the beginning of the Cold War through to the early 1990s, the Russian military attempted to map the entire world in what was the most ambitious and comprehensive geographical survey in history. The newly released maps, which were dramatically abandoned in Latvian and Estonian train carriages during the collapse of the Soviet Union, cover over 16,000 square kilometres of the UK, including 103 towns.

Soviets knew the depths of rivers

and ditches in Cambridge, the weight-bearing potential of bridges and the exact width of streets. The Cambridge Regional War Room RSG-4, a supposedly "secret" military bunker, had been marked out by the Russians for potential use. In effect, according to map expert John Davies, "every Soviet leader from Stalin to Gorbachev knew not only where you lived, but how to get there by tank".

In the process of compiling the maps Cambridge was made the target of satellite imaging, spy-plane photography and even espionage over 50 years. Local knowledge in the UK was then converted into military mapping in Moscow.

Dr. Hubertus Jahn, a Cambridge historian, explained that "the strategic value of Cambridge is

clearly the research institutions and think-tanks that are militarily useful. Departments of Chemistry, Physics, Engineering and so forth can all be utilised for defence purposes. Soviet, and for that matter Western, intelligence are interested in much more than just military installations; they want to be able to strike at sensitive points of the enemy". The London Stock Exchange is encircled in blue and marked out as a potential target on the Soviet maps. "A hit there would have destabilised the Western economic system as a whole", he added.

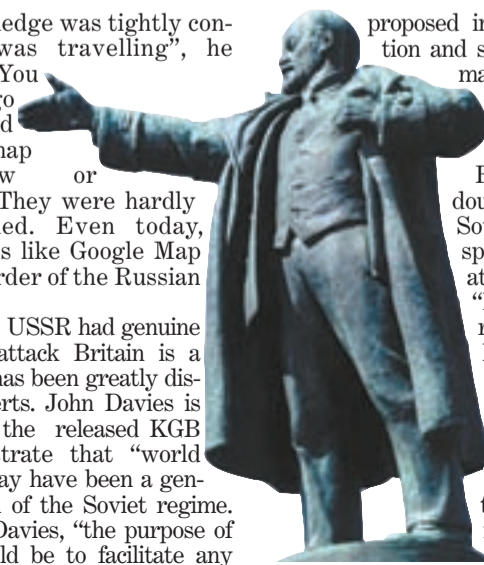
Jahn, who is an expert in twentieth-century Russian history, believes that the maps reveal that the Soviet knowledge of the West was far more comprehensive than vice versa. "In the USSR, geo-

graphic knowledge was tightly controlled, as was travelling", he explained. "You couldn't just go into a shop and buy a good map of Moscow or Novosibirsk. They were hardly ever published. Even today, search engines like Google Map stop at the border of the Russian Federation".

Whether the USSR had genuine intentions to attack Britain is a matter which has been greatly disputed by experts. John Davies is confident that the released KGB maps demonstrate that "world domination" may have been a genuine aspiration of the Soviet regime. According to Davies, "the purpose of the maps would be to facilitate any

proposed invasion, occupation and subsequent command and control of any territory in UK, Europe or world-wide".

But Dr Jahn doubts that the Soviets ever had specific plans to attack the UK. "Mutual deterrence was the key to the Cold War", Jahn argues, "but defence needs to be proactive, hence the collection of information, just in case".





Gonville & Caius

Laughable Leadership

While the competition for the position of GCSU president this week was fiercely contested, there was a nagging sense that one aspiring leader may have been extracting the piddle. Their manifesto suggested, amongst a raft of slightly dubious plans, the burial of nuclear waste under Gonville Court, and the annexation of King's College as "lebensraum". Thankfully the people spoke in favour of another, altogether more suitable candidate, and the college remains safe from cruel tyranny for at least another year.

Bridge Street

A star appearance?

Pulses were sent fluttering down by the Quayside as fading Hollywood heart-throb Steven Seagal was spotted walking towards Magdalene Bridge. High-kicking Seagal, who has apparently described the production of his recent straight-to-DVD projects (such as *Out for a Kill*, and *Today You Die*) as "beyond vulgar", was nevertheless seen trying to go incognito. Perhaps aware of the risk of being placed under siege by his legions of female fans, the star apparently donned a stylish poncho to hide his distinguished features.

St. John's

Fear and voting

As has been reported elsewhere, this year's Cambridge Model European Council was attacked by "model terrorists", protesting against the Common Agricultural Policy. But the full psychological horror of the event can only be imagined with the revelation that one of the masked raiders was CUSU's foremost shock-haired democrat. This is clearly a level of terror unseen before in the United Kingdom, and we can only hope that the University adopt indefinite internment of the culprit. How else will budding bureaucrats be able to sleep at night?

Department of Medicine

Toilet-block tuition

A first year student, availing herself of the facilities following a particularly lengthy lecture, was shocked by what she found in her chosen cubicle. Displaying a shocking disregard for both clinical exactitude, and basic hospital hygiene, she flung open the door to reveal a pair of fellow students experimenting in what can best be described as amateur proctology. While the couple's commitment to evidence-based medicine is admirable, we can't help but feel that some learning experiences are best conducted in private.

"We've seen this bunch before"

CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE

One of A Little More Action's candidates, Chris Lillycrop, hopes to fill the Open Portfolio position as a so-called "Campaigns Liaison Officer". He wants to rejuvenate CUSU's campaign leadership and to "manage and co-ordinate union support for student campaigns". He promised that if he was elected CUSU would support "any campaigns", provided that they did not contravene CUSU regulations. Lillycrop is also standing for a place on CUSU's National Union of Students Delegation as a candidate for the 'Justice for Palestine' movement. He denied any potential for a conflict of interests.

The slate's approach is likely to re-

ignite debate over CUSU's role as a campaigning body. In November 2005, a motion was proposed by then HE Funding Officer Dan Swain at an open meeting that troops be withdrawn from Iraq. Swain is now standing for Academic Affairs Officer on the A Little More Action slate. The same term, moves were made to boycott Coca-Cola on the grounds of alleged human rights abuses in Columbia. The Charity Commission's guidance for student unions states that "a charity cannot campaign on an issue which is unrelated to its purposes, even if its trustees may regard the issue as interesting or important".

At the time, Graham Virgo,

University Reader in English Law and expert in charity law, told *Varsity* that such motions were ultra vires and that were CUSU to implement them it would be acting in breach of the Education Act of 1994, because the issues "do not affect the welfare of students as students". Dave Smith, an influential figure behind A Little More Action, called Virgo's interpretation of the Charity Commission's guidance "a load of bullshit". A Little More Action's Presidential candidate Daniel Perrett feels that the issue has not gone away. This week he expressed concern that "ultra vires has been used to shackle CUSU. It's being used as a political tool".

Perrett intends to adopt an aggressive stance towards the University administrators and has repeatedly expressed his plans to "gatecrash the all-powerful covens of senior bureaucrats". Were Perrett to be elected, his relationship with Pro-Vice Chancellor for Education Melveena McKendrick could be fraught. He told *Varsity* "she is in a bad position" and "she has been pushing for a few untoward things". "She should be doing a few things differently and we intend to make that clear to her". Incumbent President Mark Ferguson's attitude has been that "the best way to deal with the Pro-Vice Chancellors is to get them onside. Overt criticism of members of the University must be a last resort".

A Little More Action's Richard Braude is standing uncontested for the post of Higher Education Funding Officer. Braude emphasises CUSU's role in resisting University fees, insisting that "we have to campaign for free education" and that living grants should be provided for all students, regardless of income. He told *Varsity* that he will attend a 'Feminist Fightback' demonstration on Saturday. "If we can get the feminists to rise up," he said, "the Revolution happens". He revealed that a last-minute meeting on Wednesday resulted in the decision to change the group's campaign colour from red to green.

Last year Mark Ferguson was elected President on less than five per cent of first preferences. Jacob Bard-Rosenberg memorably described student turnout as "fucking disgraceful". Ferguson's defence then was a plea that students "judge my Presidency on next year's turnout". Results will be announced in the small hours of Thursday morning.



Jacob Bard Rosenberg turns his gaze to the candidates at Wednesday's hustings

DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

Mark Fletcher

College

Jesus

Subject and last classmark

Land Economy; 2.i

Experience

JCR President
JCSU Welfare Officer
May Ball President 2007
Trained Peer Supporter

Key Proposals

A co-ordinated rent reduction campaign with JCRs.
CUSU campaigns on issues directly affecting students: smaller subjects, top-up fees and student safety.
Implementation of the Development Planning Committee's restructuring proposals.
Assist Access by providing comprehensive information on financial support available.



Tom Howard

College

Girton

Subject and last classmark

English; 2.ii

Experience

Girton Bar Officer
Spring Ball Drinks Officer

Key Proposals

Increase ethnic minority applicants and launch a nationwide media campaign to publicise available financial help.
Set up an e-mentoring scheme in which current students provide advice to prospective applicants.
Lobby Cambridge City Council to lower speed limits near colleges.
Campaign to keep Cambridge independent.



Daniel Perrett

College

Queens

Subject and last classmark

Classics; 2.ii

Experience

CUSU Communications Officer
Executive Member
Education not for Sale Activist
No Sweat Activist

Key Proposals

That CUSU be prepared to help every student campaign
To tour all colleges in the Easter term.
Pressure for fair rents, the end of fees, the prevention of investment in the arms trade and support for threatened subjects.
Adoption of an aggressive approach to University bureaucrats.





JOE GOSDEN

»Joe Gosden and Jamie Munk grill the candidates on how they plan to deal with fractured teams, bureaucracy and a £400,000+ budget

Organisation and time management skills are usually considered desirable leadership qualities. Turning up half an hour late and sweating profusely, Tom Howard did little to instil faith in his waiting interviewers. In contrast, arriving on the dot of one, beaming and freshly deodorised, Mark Fletcher made his almost boundless enthusiasm immediately apparent. Daniel Perrett, the slate candidate, sidled in and huddled on the corner of the sofa.

This set the tone for the entire interview. At every juncture Fletcher's JCR, May Ball and Welfare experience lent an air of authority to his confident answers. Reflecting on his battle over room rents with the Jesus College authorities this term, he admitted that "you sometimes have to sacrifice a relationship". Although agreeing that CUSU has to co-operate with the University, he did not shy away from the prospect of having to hold senior figures to account and seems to have a solid grasp of the task required of him. Perrett's limited knowledge of student politics was obvious straight away. He claims to understand the problems inherent in "maintaining a solid working relationship with the University", but stands by his manifesto commitment to being "a President who will gatecrash the all-powerful covens of senior bureaucrats". Howard believes that "you have to have a dialogue" but explained that CUSU "can't be the University's bitch".

On many issues there appears to be common ground between Fletcher and Howard, with issues such as street lighting and mental health campaigns featuring prominently. They do offer differing perspectives on the

manner in which the President should lead the CUSU team. Howard believes that the role demands that a concerted effort be made to "sound out the views of real students" although he is unsure how to go about this. Fletcher stuck to the well-tested Ferguson model of compromise and consensus within the executive. When it was suggested to him that he might be seen as endorsing a John Major style of leadership he seemed surprised, but not unduly offended.

Perrett views the leadership aspect of the CUSU Presidency as less important. Repeatedly questioned on his manifesto pledges he somewhat

"look, I'm not asking you to trust me"

surprisingly maintained "I don't think people should trust me". He sees himself as being "the Exec's dogsbody" if elected and, while promising "a little less timidity" in his style, emphatically declared that a 'top-down' leadership structure is "not how you get things done".

While a more pro-active campaigning union is a major focus for all three hopefuls, they each offer different ideas of what this should entail. Perrett's affiliation to A Little More Action, with their emphasis on the process of campaigning, seems to have little grounding in reality. Talking about a demonstration at Sussex University, he

explains that "what it achieved or it didn't [achieve] is immaterial to the fact that students were involved in campaigning". He trumpeted his successes in direct action with the Education Not For Sale 'sit-in' held on the Sidgwick site last term. The demonstration attracted fewer than 50 people and appears to have achieved little in the way of concession from the University.

Fletcher and Howard's proposals are more modest than Perrett's demands for increased student representation. Fletcher admits that his proposals on rent negotiations are less than bold, and concedes that the accusation "vote Fletch, get Ferg (again)" is fairly accurate. He is effusive in his praise of Ferguson's tenure, describing it as "a base on which we need to build". Howard maintains that his rather standard concerns over lighting and welfare are salient campaign issues, while praising Ferguson for "keeping politics out of CUSU".

The issue of CUSUents is a glaring omission from all three manifestos, surprising given that it provides around a fifth of CUSU's revenue and that last year it lost £17,000 through gross financial mismanagement. Under questioning, none of the three exhibit any understanding of how the Ent's programme functions, with Fletcher admitting "I've shied away from it on my manifesto... I don't know enough about it". Little enthusiasm was shown for CUSUents as a high-profile demonstration of CUSU's work and questions on how it can be improved were met with uneasy silences. Perrett did, however, venture the suggestion of "non-alcoholic nights at Cindies".

The President's responsibility as Chief Financial Officer of CUSU came up in relation to the CUSUents debacle. Fletcher cites his experience at managing the JCSU and Jesus May Ball budgets as evidence of his suitability for the role. Howard highlights what he has learnt as Bar Officer at Girton, defending himself strongly against accusations of financial blunders made as last year's Spring Ball Drinks Officer. Perrett had not even realised that Chief Financial Officer was part of the job description, perhaps thinking that the £400,000 budget would write itself. Despite possessing no experience in financial matters, he confidently declares "I have no reason to think I would not be capable".

An hour of discussion left a great many questions unanswered. Perrett's position at the head of a slate that includes several charismatic left-wing activists with considerably more experience than him was the most puzzling. Fletcher's well-rehearsed soundbites give weight to rumours that he has been planning to run since last year. By contrast, Howard's lack of self-confidence, which may be the result of his last minute decision to stand, became increasingly apparent, often undermining sound and constructive ideas.

He calls Mo Mowlam his political role-model while Fletcher's is Barack Obama. Perrett does not have one. He expressed his dismay at leadership in general. The absence of warring Churchills or reforming Peels in their answers was telling. Patriotic last stands and Great Reform Acts may yet be some way off.

Orlando Reade

Political Sketch



A Little Less Conversation, A Little More Action arrives on the Cambridge stage

I found myself meditating, as I bent my steps towards what was arguably the most important political meeting of this academic year, on the questions which have undoubtedly been dogging the dreams of every CUSU member: Was I witnessing the birth of a new era of student politics? Who would rise and who would fall? What was a greenfly doing on my shoe?

As the audience trickled into the main hall of the Cambridge Union, answers began to take shape. Here was a meeting of minds. It was also a meeting of those whose eyebrow-waving and hoary academic laughs betrayed hopes of a return to the chamber in twenty years' time, in a verbose and moist-arm-pitted capacity. The greenfly, I came to suspect, was masquerading as a squashed pea from the buttery in order to gain

"in a verbose and moist-arm-pitted capacity"

entry to the meeting unobserved.

Perhaps most astounding was an unswerving commitment to a unified voyage of visual discovery. This bold cadre had created something new: not just the philosophical revolution of university politics, but a whole aesthetic. The phantasmagoria of colours and textures, the unprecedented subversion of proportional ideas unrevised since the Greeks - this was the real revolution.

Here, floral shirts of black and green; there, a 'petrol-station chic' crumpled red and white shirt tucked in at the waist. Berets daringly purloined from the 'too-pretentious-to-be-cool' basket, khaki trousers with sandals, red tights, tie-dye fleeces, trousers like deflated hot-air-balloons which combined effortless elegance with a laudable thriftiness. The entrance criteria were clear: a receding hairline and sideburns like hibernating rodents. Your correspondent felt his own luxuriant locks to be somewhat redundant in the presence of such exalted company.

The purpose of the meeting was made clear from the start, and was a subject of fierce debate for over half an hour. How far could the projector be tilted before falling over? And could the person playing minesweeper on the computer attached to the projector achieve a record score?

The movement's prophet, Dave Smith, was late to arrive and apparently waylaid by the search for a clean shirt and a possible tussle with some species of carnivore on the road to the Union. After the meeting, as the members filed into Shut Up And Dance, he made the short journey between the gig at the Union and a political meeting at the ADC. The question of any intervening speeches must remain unanswered, as this journalist was asked to leave. An outcry from Cambridge's notoriously interested students is awaited.



letters@varsity.co.uk

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Dear Varsity,

It was with great disappointment that I saw, over successive weeks, the adverts for "Oxbridge Essays" that appeared in your publication. This company, who I am sure most Cambridge students are only too aware of, profits from plagiarism, exploiting the intelligence and increasing student debt of Oxbridge students in exchange for the cash of those at other universities. Of course, they argue that the essays are only to inform the work of the students who pay their exorbitant rates. However, if this is truly the case, why are only original essays accepted? I am sure that all Cambridge students, whose

intelligence is clearly so sought after, are intuitive enough to answer this themselves.

In reality the system at Oxbridge Essays employs is damaging for both Oxbridge students and those who would purchase their essays. Oxbridge students, often already overworked, are tempted by the Mephistopheles of student debt to while away their spare (or perhaps not so spare) time doing the work of others. The recipients of these essays then, submitting this work, both gain marks that do not reflect their own work, and learn nothing into the bargain - except the old adage that money talks.

I urge you to take a more ethical position on advertising in future. The

Atomic Weapons Authority advert of last term was bad enough, but these ads, which damage students at Oxbridge and elsewhere alike, have clearly gone too far.

Regards,

Mark Ferguson
CUSU President

Patrick Leonard
CUSU Academic Affairs Officer

Tell Varsity what's on your mind - each week, the best letter will win a specially selected bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants, King's Parade



Dear Sir,

I was interested to see that the letter of the week of February 16 was submitted by Hicham Kwieder, Chairman of the Mosque Committee, besides whose name was the usual promise of a specially selected bottle of wine from Cambridge Wine Merchants.

I trust that the venerable merchants were able to supply a bottle of alcoholfree wine of suitable quality for our Muslim friend. However this does highlight our community's obsession with a tipple-fuelled lifestyle, one propagated by our student union through the Dionysian antics of CUSU Ents, as highlighted by Jacob Bard-Rosenberg earlier this term, and a matter which I hope will be raised in the upcoming hustings.

Soberly,

Dickie Byron
King's College

Dear Editors,

Could someone please explain why an entire double-page spread is dedicated to a dull, unimaginative fashion "article" whilst Mr Ross's urgently important discussion of slavery and the arms trade is granted a mere third of page 8 (Feb 23rd 2007)?

While I would not wish to stifle the creative urges of those contributors to the arts section, it seems that perhaps more energy should be expended on political and social debate than on vapid, consumerist propaganda, unless, that is, said propaganda was in any way artistically inspiring or innovative, rather than mere narcissistic nonsense. I couldn't care less that 'fashion is going to get a lot more angry, a lot less girly, and finally do some growing up'. However, I am rather concerned about the investment of millions of pounds of this university's, and therefore my own, money in companies that get fat and rich on the horrific pain of others. This is the University of Cambridge, is it not?

Eleanor Sawbridge Burton
St. John's College

Dear Sir,

Like most students (including many Christians) I feel that the CICC campaign has gone too far, especially after contacting their president to find out whether the 12,000 gospels they'd given out were printed on recycled paper - to which he replied that he 'didn't know.' Their poster and leaflet propoganda only add to this unnecessary waste of trees. I wonder whether their God would really want them to go around destroying the planet to get their message across.

I sincerely hope not,

E Scull
Trinity Hall

Dear Sir,

Having recently returned to Cambridge after a prolonged absence, I picked up my weekly Cambridge news fountain that is Varsity, and realised that there is no satire page anymore. "The News King" is gone, the idler is but a slither of a column (and he's been rather too active for my liking in any case) and I am left to console myself with a snippet of a Bishop of Ely.

I was about to press the panic button when I came across the listings page which, while being informative (to a certain extent) is also absolutely hilarious. The Listings editor is a comic genius! The office must light up when he/she skips in to write the page. I was hoping he/she would be revealed to the public so that we could congratulate them but at the same time, there is something magical and mysterious about them that would be a shame to lose.

Yours,

Sally Mudison
Trinity College



"Perfume and incense bring joy to the heart" (Proverbs 27:9). This week one member of our parish has truly tested this statement. A poor young girl from King's was rather shocked to find a bunny-suited male, face-down underneath her favourite tree. Apparently, the hapless young Johnnie had experienced rather too much of a night

out: being thrown out of three separate college bars, and feeling this was not enough of an evening, he then proceeded to partake of the contents of an entire bottle of aftershave. The outfit was left unexplained, for upon questioning, the only comment elicited was "Old Spice wasn't that bad actually".

Elsewhere, one of Cambridge's most ambitious politicians was recently sighted in a central pharmacy, seeking a way to cover some suspicious looking marks on his neck. Apparently, having wined himself to excess the previous evening at the expense of more conservative hosts, our amorous hero let his passion for politics blur his principles. Cross-party relations were forged, and their consummation begun in the romantic location of his college's underground computer room. Unfortunately for our couple, the spectating screens were joined by an innocent historian. Forced to continue elsewhere, the pair eventually leaked insider information, and exchanged love-bites for good measure. Our protagonist awoke with a scandalous pain in the neck, vowing to never again mix party and politics.



VARSLITY

Election-ed Out

The CUSU elections provide an annual opportunity for us all to take stock: students, CUSU members and aspiring candidates alike. Sadly, this year it will take a brave CUSU representative to deny the accusation that our students' union has become increasingly sidelined, with this set of elections arousing a level of interest which has barely registered across the University as a whole.

The fact that the greatest talking point has been provided by the marginal "A little more action" slate, fronted by Presidential candidate Daniel Perrett, serves merely to indicate how meaningless CUSU has become to Cambridge students. The left wing group, one of whose candidates is a member of George Galloway's Respect, is highly unrepresentative of Cambridge students, and that they are being taken at all seriously demonstrates how little of worth is actually on offer in these elections. The group's claim that their slate system "actually works" is an optimistic one, which will surely receive its test on polling day. Moreover, the lack of candidates willing to put themselves forward suggests a serious opposition to Perrett's campaigning mandate, with four of his slate's candidates being unopposed (not that this matters a jot to the average Cambridge student).

Mark Ferguson's tenure has continued a dangerous precedent of CUSU hedging their bets. Rather than mobilising Cambridge, the perceived role of the CUSU President is now seen to be that of providing a safe pair of hands. Ferguson has certainly done that, but in doing so he has allowed the organisation to become wholly disengaged from the student populus. Even a few years ago, figures like Paul Lewis towered over student life. Now, the CUSU President is a near anonymous bureaucrat.

Jesus's Mark Fletcher looks like being another Mark who could well struggle to make any mark at all. But he also seems to be the only candidate capable of keeping CUSU running in any meaningful shape at all. It is lamentable that the greatest attribute in a Presidential candidate is that he has a basic degree of competence, but put up against Perrett, and Tom Howard, a politically inexperienced candidate who "um"ed and "ah"ed his way through a recent interview with Varsity before thanking the paper for helping him to clarify his own policies, Fletcher seems like the only safe option. It is sad that CUSU is so marooned in the Cambridge wilderness that the only candidates who bother to put themselves forward display such an absence of positive qualities.

CUSU has gradually slumped from Charles Clarke's giant to Ferguson's minnow, and our present day David would run a mile at the prospect of taking on any sort of Goliath. The irrelevance of the elections gives CUSU the air of a sleepy JCR writ large. The biggest challenge facing the new President will be to make CUSU meaningful again for Cambridge students. But with the current crop of candidates, the prospects look very poor indeed

VARSLITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

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

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THE Idler

Last year, my girlfriend and I attended a May Ball of some reputation. We shelled out around a substantial amount of money each for this privilege, only to be sorely disappointed by a self-aggrandising display of unnecessary pomp that was all style and no substance. I had expected a lot more, or at least, I had assumed that I wouldn't get so hungry waiting for the food tent queues to die down that I would be forced to join the hoard of guests jostling in front of a burger stall to try and grab a slab of processed beef. Where were the circulating waiters with platters of delicious hors d'oeuvres? Where was the champagne fountain, full of happy, flailing students? Where was Rolf Harris, tethered to a small stool, furiously drawing caricatures? I thought it was rather remiss of a May Ball with such a hefty budget to default on these essentials. They had, instead, a bouncy castle, set up in a cold, isolated field, manned by a greasy teenager who leered at my girlfriend while we bounced uncomfortably. Bouncy castle hire (as I have taken the time to research) is cheap, and, for a May Ball, it represents a tiny drop in a massive financial ocean. Why not have ten bouncy castles, twenty even, the most bouncy castles of any May Ball ever... it's worth considering.

In many of the rooms at this ball (which will remain unnamed) the nearest available drink was tea. I'll repeat, tea - a warm brown liquid made from leaves and water and enjoyed by builders - a drink symbolising pedestrian Britishness and a far cry from exoticism and intrigue. In one tent we were treated to the musical delights of... a jukebox. Put a pool table and a dart board in there and you'd be getting close to a pub, but this fell far short of even that. As I sat, sipping my warm, frothy Pimms and lemonade, and listening to Billie Jean for the dozenth time, I voiced my annoyance to my girlfriend. "I'm thinking of writing a strongly worded letter". "You do that" she said, getting up to dance. If we're going to host such sickeningly elitist and wasteful parties, then we might as well do it properly. No pretty flowers or ornate marquees or cups of tea. Food of all kinds should be piled high in toppling mountains. Bottles of champagne should be available to pour on the floor. Rather than a jukebox, one hit wonders of the 80s should be lined up backstage to perform their songs at the audience's request. The Footlights should be made to simulate intercourse with each other while guests stand around them, pointing and laughing. Shadow from Gladiators should be found, dusted down, and paid to fight pugil stick duels with drunken posh boys, always letting the opponent win. I'm not after a pleasant, well-rounded experience, I want jaw-droppingly elaborate and downright stupid entertainment. I want a ball where tuxedos and gowns are worn only as an ironic nod towards decency as the guests tumble head-first towards chaos and ruin. This might be a little bit too much to ask, but as I once again dole out large sums of money to dubiously qualified May Ball Committees, I can only hope.

Africa on the tracks



HENRY DONATI

Africa is at a crossroads. The heady days of post-colonial independence, and the despots that followed are now well and truly gone.

Idi Amin is fit for reappraisal in Hollywood, Mobutu who ravaged Zaire for 32 years ended his days exiled in Morocco, and Moi, who raided the treasury of Kenya, was forced out of government. But it seems to be a cyclical process; just as an unsteady peace emerges in Sierra Leone, Rwanda and the Congo, Sudan degenerates into more violence, and Zimbabwe rapidly self destructs. Most of the despots may have gone, but the mone-grabbing politicians inevitably remain. Perhaps the time has come to look back at what we did wrong in the seventies, and learn the lessons for the next generation of nation rebuilders.

But we don't seem to be able to do that. Despite the hype generated by "Make Poverty History", there has not been a fundamental reassessment about how we do things. The UN Millennium goals optimistically restate aims that have been iterated almost since the organisation's inception. Economists like Jeffrey Sachs assert that an increase in aid will be the ultimate solution, but we have been trying this for forty years. The aid is directed at conscience-appeasing, rather than cost-effective projects, like the provision of anti aids drugs. Think tanks can talk about grass roots all they want, but perhaps what is needed is a fundamen-

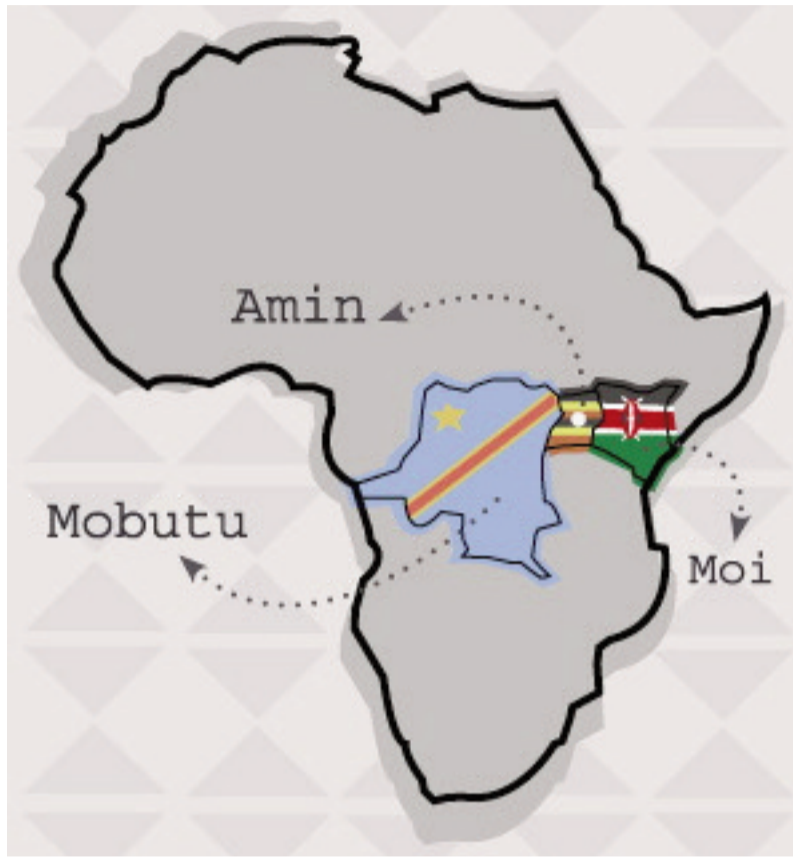


ILLUSTRATION BY PIPPA CORNELL

"Perhaps the big solution is that there is no big solution"

tal rethink about the chain of culpability. Money is apportioned from on high, projects happen, and sometimes they don't work. The NGO moves on to its next plan. After seeing images of starving children, we

appease our moral responsibility by writing a cheque; the directors of the charity appease theirs by apportioning their money somewhere 'needy, and so on until the project doesn't work. If this is the case, it's sad, but it doesn't matter because the intentions were there. We shrug our shoulders and try something else.

But the real world doesn't work like this. If your business is failing, your customers will stop visiting you, the shareholders will pull the plug. In the charitable world, though, if something doesn't work, you aren't held responsible because the good intentions were there, and so you can go

on making the same mistakes again and again without getting punished.

Perhaps the big solution is that there is no big solution. We could plough \$15 billion into aid this year, and do all the planning we want, but the bucket is still going to spring a leak somewhere. An increase in budget isn't going to solve fundamental problems. The areas in the world that have received the least aid, relatively speaking, have had some of the most impressive growths - India, China, South Korea. Some things work, some things don't. Have a limit to your budget and learn what is most important. We need to think small scale, piece-meal; overstated goals help our conscience but not the reality.

We can have some cause for optimism though. Although the legacy of covert intervention in favour of anti-Soviet governments has left great scars through the continent, this is clearly no longer an issue. The environment for propping up despotic dictators as the lesser of two evils has gone. We have to hope that the expansion of the War on Terror will not lead to a similar state of affairs.

Forty years on, the anti-colonial rage has lessened. Countries with movable resources like diamonds or minerals are always going to be more prone to the frenzies of the destructive self-serving, but stability can be achieved, as we have seen in Botswana. Countries which rely on stability to attract income for all from, say, tourism, still find themselves at a better stage of development, however.

As we look at the new generations of democracy appearing, and try to predict the next place in Africa where they will fall apart, with all the humanitarian good we propose to do, there's one key thing we should take away: in life, good intentions are never enough, and it's a hard lesson to learn.

The freewheelin' literary artist



TOM BIRD

In each Cambridge library the exhortation not to deface its volumes is writ large. Yet book graffiti is rife. Students are not so much consciously marking their territory in tomes, as engaging in a variation on the "X was here" found in schools, trains, and public loos. Nor apparently is this phenomenon gang related. I am not suggesting that a Gonville and Caius crew is securing its patch among the Penguin Classics in a bid to achieve a cult status.

Nevertheless, these are no innocent pencilled underlinings or absent-minded doodlings. They are deliberate violations of a code of conduct, predominantly perpetrated by those who wish to inscribe their intellect, wit, or simply misguided benevolence. A marginal problem it might be, but it needs to stop.

On each bibliographic journey through an average reading list, I am invariably met with question marks that signify the inferior powers of comprehension of a previous traveller, arrows that draw the attention to a comical sentence (frequently with the appendage "haha", or more frustratingly, "lol"), and illegible comments that befuddle and make me want to put my own question mark next to them. Which would be ironic. Lol.

Occasionally, such interruptions of my intimate relationship with the original author are welcome. My perusal of a book concerning itself with the bond between Bishop Thomas Coke and the Methodist leader John Wesley was improved considerably by an exclamation mark next to the sentence, "It is thought Wesley came to this decision under the influence of Coke". I am not one to snort at Class A wit. Likewise, in a particularly verbose work, I appreciated a succinct hint at the outset of the first chapter that all was "summarised on p. 68". A subsequent reader had expressed his gratitude by writing, "You're a legend", beneath which was added, in yet another hand, "I concur", as if the original academic philanthropist would check back to see how the tip

was received.

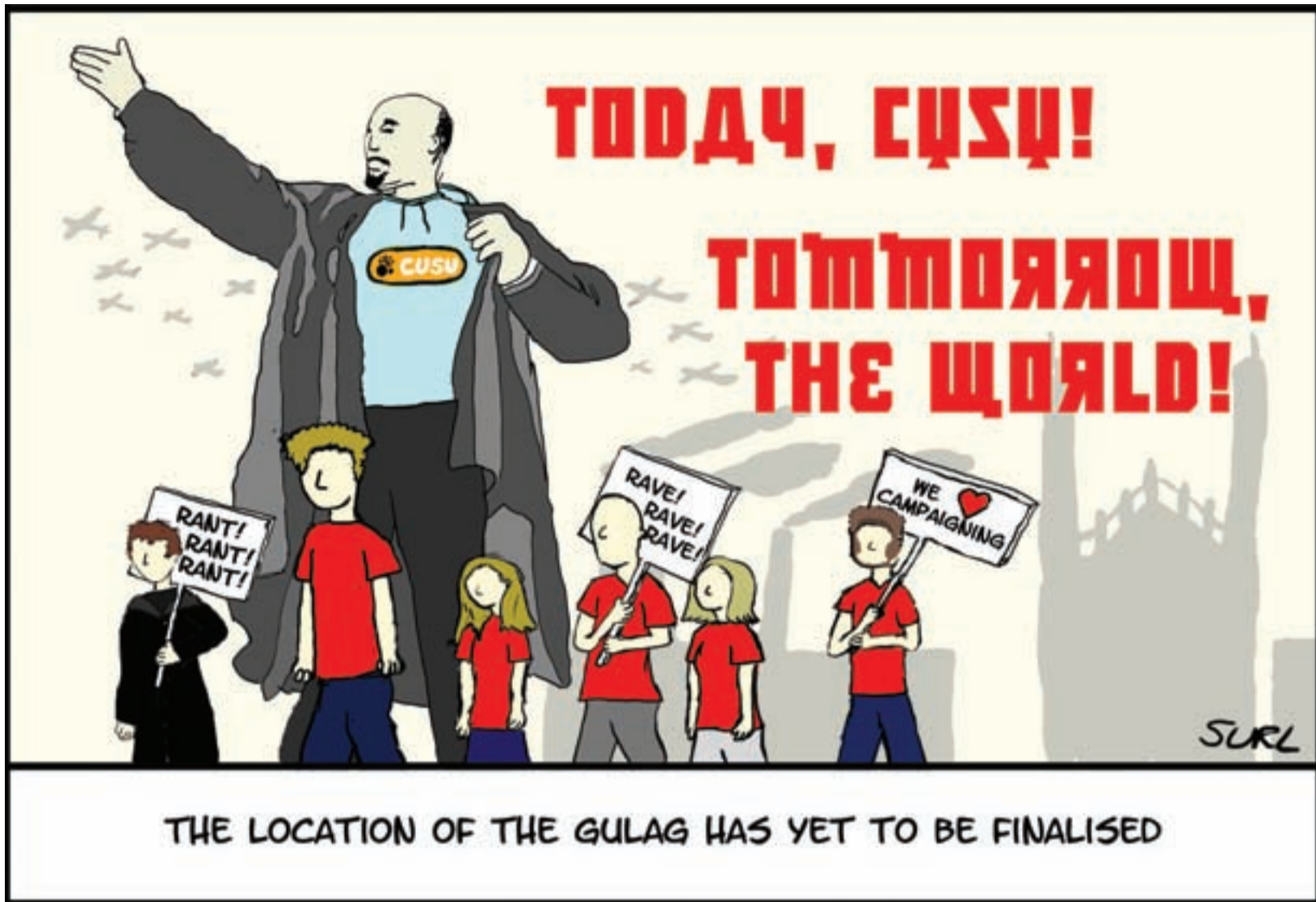
Tony Harper, the Head of Reader Services at University Library, estimates that some 10% of the collection is "significantly marked". And if a pen is used, restoration is difficult: the damage is frequently permanent and the total number of vandalised books continues to rise irreversibly. Neither my cheap, Coke-fuelled laugh nor a little saved time is adequate compensation for what is happening. Resources are being unnecessarily consumed by the need to replace ruined volumes, which would otherwise be spent on new books and improving library services.

Already the UL has become distrustful of its patrons. Bags must be kept in lockers and scrutinising glances follow a student through the security barriers. An exhibition held by Dr Harper a few years ago on this pressing issue suggested that books might have to be searched for marks on issue and return, so that defacement could be blamed on the borrower. But this would take time, cause queues, and do nothing to stop infringements of the rule taking place inside the library walls. Those caught are subject to fines and are liable to lose their library privileges, yet clearly

this deterrent has not had the desired effect.

The impetus for reform must come from the students, all of whom can relate to the treacle-like trawl through highlighted, underlined pages, or the dilemma of whether to trust the anonymous commentator informing you that the content of a certain paragraph is "wrong", when the adjective would more correctly refer to the library vandal in the moral sense. Such marginalia are rarely helpful, necessarily obtrusive, and completely unnecessary. But only from the perspective of the person who encounters this vandalism.

If I want to draw stars, make acerbic observations about the text, or use colours to improve my scholarly experience, providing it's my own book, there can be no complaint. But that proviso is vital, for when reading a library book, a social contract comes into play, and this is what students must realise. Regardless of property rights and officious library regulations, if I agree not to deface books, if you agree not to deface books, there'll be no more defacing of books, and we won't have to face any desperate measures from libraries tired of mischievous markings.



Catalonian Call

ANNA MARTINEZ

Quan l'estranger que ha visitat un país de parla catalana intenta descriure la idiosincràsia cultural de les persones que l'habituen, encara que vulga evitar ser simplista, possiblement esmentarà la mar, la claredat del sol, l'exquísida tradició culinària, les nits inacabables, les llargues tertúlies als cafés, tot el seguit de celebracions i pràctiques culturals heretades dels nostres avantpassats o l'hospitalitat de la gent. Però si hi ha cap cosa que ens distingeix de les nostres regions veïnes alhora que ens iguala en drets i capacitat per a definir-nos és el nostre orgull de ser catalans (o valencians, en el meu cas) i, d'això, tan sols el turista atent pot ser-ne conscient.

Tan sols ara, lluny del lloc on vaig nàixer i formant part d'una cultura diferent de la meua, la britànica, he pogut desxifrar com sóc jo i com és la gent amb qui vaig créixer en relació amb el nostre entorn. I això té varies explicacions: en primer lloc, estic convençuda del fet que només experimentant una forma de viure distinta, un pot arribar a descobrir completament les peculiaritats de la cultura pròpia. En segon lloc, vivint a Cambridge com a ambaixadora de la cultura catalana, gaudisc dels testimonis audaçs i fonamentats que els universitaris tenen sobre la nostra història i el nostre present.

I ací rau tot el sentit de la meua estada a Cambridge per segon any consecutiu. No sols estic vivint l'emocionant repte d'adaptar-me a unes pautes de comportament lingüístiques i culturals que poc tenen a veure amb les adquirides durant la meua infantesa i joventut, sinó que també estic revalorant els meus orígens mitjançant la mirada i la indagació d'uns estudiants, britànics la majoria encara que també d'altres nacionalitats, inquiets i interessats per una llengua i cultures minoritàries com són les nostres.

L'esforç de les universitats valencianes per tal de promoure i donar a conèixer la llengua i cultura catalanes més enllà dels límits nacionals ha donat els seus fruits en l'atmosfera intel·lectual de Cambridge: enmig de tot un gresol de llengües que es practiquen tant formalment com informalment i de convivència de cultures, la catalana no tan sols hi és present, sinó també estimada per tots aquells que hi entren en contacte. Així mateix, gràcies al fet de tenir la llengua anglesa com a punt de referència lingüístic i la cultura com a lloc de trobada de tot aquest ventall de nacionalitats, es produeix un enriquiment bilateral que repercuteix, a posteriori, en la transmissió precisa d'una llengua i d'uns valors poc o gens coneguts a terra nostra. No hi ha dubte, amb açò, que l'entusiasme i el respecte cap a tot allò diferent esdevé una garantia de tolerància, convivència i comprensió del món.

Organic revisited

»Does the ethical food movement really have the answer?



ALEX GRAETSCH

You know it's a sad day when your child looks at you and asks "Daddy, is this organic?" Or so Dylan Moran would have us believe. Is "ethical food" really the apotheosis of all shopping wisdom? Do Fairtrade and organic products really replace the ballot box as the most powerful mechanism for voting with one's shopping trolley? And can we really be sure that using Fairtrade sugar in our Fairtrade coffee benefits anyone in the developing world?

The idea behind "ethical" food (mainly organic, Fairtrade and local produce) is certainly attractive: want to help poor wine producers? Buy "Wildly Wicked White" – if that's not too extravagant for formal swaps – to bash those French vineyards. It may taste of pomace, but surely that's not the point. You're more of an anti-corporate-evil-capitalist-pig inclination? Buy Fairtrade bananas instead of Chiquita. Or get them

from the local market and cast aside all doubts that they may not be grown in the UK. At least that helps third world producers. Right?

The ethical food lobby argues that by buying 'ethical' food, people are expressing their views every time they shop and thereby influencing suppliers' behaviour. What better way to send one's regards to companies and governments who refuse to accept the necessity of change? Sadly, it's not that simple. There are good reasons to doubt the validity of many claims made by the ethical lobby. Changing the world may require the dull processes of politics after all.

What would happen if organic food (grown without using pesticides etc.) became properly mainstream, exceeding the £300m or so mark sold in the UK annually? Besides losing all attractiveness to the ADC-regular, port-sipping elite in this place – and more troublingly for the world at large – growing only organic food would lead to deforestation on a massive scale: crop yields have increased threefold since the 1950s thanks to the "green revolution" – introducing more pesticides – while the total area of farmland has only increased by 10%. You can imagine where the Amazon rainforest will end up thanks to organic farming: in our living rooms, as cheap furniture.

Naturally, post-modern types have long left behind the ADC and their brown paper bags full of Fairtrade Brentford FC footballs from Pakistan in favour of local produce. Surely this will reduce the amount of "food miles", and, by extension, carbon emissions. Unfortunately, that's far from clear: More people driving to markets which

are further away than the local supermarket will in fact result in more emissions. Add to that the fact that growing flowers in Kenya and flying them across the world is 80% less energy-intensive than growing them in Dutch greenhouses and little remains of the ever-so-persuasive arguments in favour of local produce.

How can we credibly assert to be encouraging free trade when the Fairtrade system – by paying producers more money than their products worth – is a subsidy in disguise? Paying a premium for Fairtrade products discourages producers to explore alternative crops, keeping them in the poverty trap. Worse, it encourages new producers to enter the market,

"Changing the world may require the dull process of politics after all"

resulting in a further fall of prices. Non-Fairtrade producers will be hit hardest because they then only receive the (even lower) market price. Having sacrificed life and limb in a Fairtrade coffee tasting, one can see the practical consequences: the artificial subsidies provide no incentive to improve quality, much to the palate's regret.

Presumably, the fact that the "buy local" lobby's aims conflict with those

of the Fairtrade bunch by discouraging first-world consumers from buying third-world products matters little to them. After all, the new local food movement has really just put the brown paper bag over the old protectionist Gollum. Helping poor-country producers through Fairtrade initiatives and simultaneously discouraging buying distant produce is simply not possible. But, maybe it just depends on perspective and Britain really is a developing country worthy of Fairtrade subsidies.

There is no doubt that the intentions of the ethical food movement – protecting the environment, shifting the economic balance in favour of poor producers and helping development – are incredibly laudable. What's problematic is the means by which they are pursued. So what can we do? Concentrating on things that are less fun than shopping but more effective would be a good start: reinvigorating world trade negotiations, introducing a carbon tax and abolishing the EU common agricultural policy should be the most important issues for governments to tackle. A carbon tax will add the cost of carbon emissions to prices and provide the best indicator whether it is better for the environment (rather than farmer's pockets) to buy local produce or Valentine's roses from Kenya.

The popularity of the ethical food movement is evidence of a desire for change, and it is only so long that politicians can resist before hijacking a popular idea. At the end of the day, what will Tony, Dave and Gordon care more about: what you eat or for whom you vote?

May

With ten weeks of revision calling, Varsity looks forward to some summer escapism

Week



Friday

"Like weather, one's fortune may change by the evening". The tagline of this year's Homerton ball surely reveals the college's hopes that this year's ball, *Xian*, will put Homerton, and the hitherto unusual Friday-night slot, firmly on the May Week timetable. Co-hosting the first night of official post-exam revelry are Homerton and Robinson, inviting us to a 1930s Chinese city, the other to a Shakespearean wood.

At Homerton, expect opium dens, fire eaters and burlesque, and a less mainstream collection of acts than you might find elsewhere, although, last year, Radio 1 DJ Scott Mills was an unexpected addition to the Southern Cam, big act. On the other side of the Cam, big act Pendulum will be drumming their way through the midnight groves of *Robinson's Midsummer Night's Dream*. Continuing to be one of the cheapest May Ball tickets in Cambridge, last year was a night of unpretentious fun and, costing little more than an Event, it might be the extra opportunity you were looking for to lose your dinner jacket.



Saturday

Before being let loose for Suicide Sunday, the rowers have to endure the carbohydrate-fuelled last day of the *May Bumps*. Hopefully heralded by good weather, watch the races from one of the marquees lining the banks, a glass of pims in hand, surrounded by a unique collection of striped blazers, and bask in the unique glory of Cambridge past. Caius has been Head of the River since 2002, but that doesn't mean it isn't worth going for a jump and shout, preferably in a floral print, at the bank. Finding one's way to a beer garden afterwards is mandatory, unless of course you are headed to the *Hughes' Hall* ball for a night in Paris. Despite these elegant French delights, however, the evening will probably be remembered for the carnage of the boat club dinners, as the previous fortnight's drinking ban, and probably the name of the teammate opposite, becomes nothing but a hazy memory.



Sunday

The official start-whistle of Mayweek, this is the official day of that Cambridge institution, the drinking society. May Week was originally a pre-examination phenomenon for some last-ditch fun before the revision lock-down. But it is hard to imagine the jelly-fights and more complicated initiation practices of *Suicide Sunday* with exams still on the horizon. Garden parties litter Cambridge, the most famous being those of the Magdalene Wyverns' and the Trinity Hall Crescents'. Boaties and accompanying entourages will probably head to the Downing Tribe's barbeque, this day of the few events that might actually feed you on one of the liquid dieting. Any given patch of green will probably be strewn with vomit-dipped ties and wilted dresses by mid-morning; drinking from Bam is completely acceptable and inebriation by noon is normal. Despite the day, Cindies throws open its doors this Sunday, calling to their hallowed font, and, for those still upright, this night just stave off the hangover for a couple of extra hours.



Monday

Although Monday morning might demand a particularly greasy fry-up and the prolific use of the Facebook detag function after the previous day's antics, Monday evening marks the first of night of the big May Balls; Clare, Emma, Jesus and Trinity will all be jostling for fireworks space and parading their wares for the lengthy queues. Trinity seems to need little introduction. They certainly don't need a theme. A world-class reputation ensures ticket sales are the least of the committee's worries and those not lucky enough to call a corner in Great Court their own beg, bribe and steal the golden tickets. The chosen few will enjoy one of the best firework displays in Cambridge, perhaps through the golden glow of one of the ubiquitous champagne trays circling the rooms. The Ents details will be released a week before the ball, so the rest of us can see what we are missing. However, tucked behind Trinity, Clare will be offering its own delicacies from the turrets of *Chateau Fantaisie*. The seventeenth-century old court is the setting for the extravaganzas of Versailles promised. Selling out in record time, Jesus is building on the reputation it has established over the last few years. *Through The Looking Glass* will use the Jesus grounds for maximum impact, and, if it is anything like last year, you can expect to find Carroll's creations running through the trees. One addition Varsity has been promised is the return of Stevie Starr, the professional regurgitator, just hopefully not post-hog roast. Across town, the final ball in this magnificent quartet will raise its curtain. Emmanuel's *Vaudeville* hopes to bring us the dazzling array of early twentieth-century variety theatre. Comortionists and sword-swallowers are promised in this biennial treat, and the committee are so accommodating that they have even arranged for 30% off suit hire at Moss Bros for their guests. Now that really is service.



Tuesday

Tuesday dawns, but there is no sign of things slowing down for the party-starved exam survivors. The other big-wig of the week, *St John's*, promises a whirlwind tour of the Grimm fairytale canon for those persuasive enough to have eased a ticket from a Johnian friend. Famously, *Time* magazine listed the ball as the seventh best party in the world, and previous Entz include Hot Chip, The Scissor Sisters and the Mystery Jets. *Queens'* is the other sell-out on Tuesday, and one which has nabbed the Kaiser Chiefs in recent times. *Varsity* was informed that the details of the ball's theme are not going to be released before the night, but this element of the ball's mystery didn't stop *Queens'* selling 1500 tickets within minutes of their going on sale to non-College members.

Compared with these two, it would be all too easy to turn one's nose up at *Newnham*. But promising the glamour of the Ritz, and the fizzing swirls of the sixties, *Smoke* is pushing for big acts, big numbers and a big comeback. Their last ball in Cambridge, so perhaps the time is nigh to cast aside the snobbery we hold so dear.



Wednesday

Get out your diaries. The week's peak will demand planning, coordination, and a wide range of outfits. Magdalene's white tie splendour, together with the first Pembroke ball in nine years, seem to guarantee that Wednesday will be one of the most memorable nights in June. *Magdalene* is the only white tie occasion this year, so, if you like your Mr Darcy in tails, this is the ticket you need. Of course, it's sold out. But if you have a ticket, you should expect funfair rides and a rifle range. No doubt you'll be showing the rest of us the photos for the rest of eternity. For us tail-less mortals, Pembroke and Downing have black tie balls. This year, *Pembroke* has decided to upscale their 'black tie event' to the full fanfare of a ball. The theme is *Champagne*, and, if this is anything to go by, the transition to ball should not be a problem. After all, this is the college which clinched Led Zeppelin as an act back in the day. The *Downing* ball will share its maiden voyage with Pembroke. Preened, pampered and more luxuriously dressed, the *Downing* Ball (previously held in Lent Term) debuts in May Week. Celtic runes will adorn the neoclassical columns and guests are assured that the goddess Danu will be overflowing with abundance.

However, if, by this point in the week, your ball dress needs a furtive dry clean, and you are ready to do some proper dancing, of the kind that is impossible in a floor-length raw silk number, you might want to head to an Event. Side-by-side on the Cam, King's and Trinity Hall will each be offering their efforts. *Trinity Hall's London Calling* offers both "the decadence of Mayfair and the downright dirtiness of Soho" whereas *King's Aftermath* will blaze onto the Cambridge consciousness with apocalyptic revelry. The Klaxons and *Shit Disco* this year, and a back catalogue of acts including Ladytron and Shy FX, ensure that the King's Event is the truly alternative affair needed mid-week.

Thursday

Sigh. By this point in the week, a break for blistered feet is on the horizon. No doubt the backs will be strewn with picnics and sunglasses, as Cambridge finally has a chance to breathe. *Sudamore's* will be the obvious port of call for those considering breaking free of the Cantab shackles and heading to the Grantchester in a bikini. However, if more entertainment in our academic backwater is what you're after, head for the swirl of May Week shows, held in every conceivable location across the city. The Edinburgh previews will swing into action, and allow you to talk with an air of superiority when Cambridge moves up north in August. The Footlights' show, *Wham Bam*, is already in the making and, for both the hardened footlights' follower and the novice, it will be a must-week between parties.

Ball Prices

- Clare - £105
- Corpus Christi - £98
- Downing - £94
- Emmanuel - £102
- St Edmunds - £55
- Homerton - £95
- Hughes Hall - £70
- Jesus - £95
- St John's - £240 (double)
- King's - £52
- Magdalene - £250 (double)
- Newnham - £90
- Pembroke - £95
- Queens - £115
- Robinson - £65
- Trinity - £235 (double)
- Trinity Hall - £52



Friday

May Week must end with a bang. Or, at least this is the call of the Corpus and St Edmund's ball committees. *Corpus* is the cheapest central college ball ticket, and always an intimate affair. This year it is breaking free of its tendency towards more traditional themes, such as *Avalon*, asking us to end the week to the sound of Latin American drums. Indeed, using the word "debauchery" in an advertising blurb is certainly a novel, but rather exciting, way to release a ball on the student mob. The blend of English tea and Brazilian coffee that is due at the end of the night and embodies the blend of traditional Cambridge luxury and tropical magic *Corpus* is aiming for. *Eddie's* might be the only May Ball to offer karaoke. It is certainly the only one to suggest "Cuban Caribbean Fancy Dress" as an acceptable alternative to the sacred black tie. The night promises to be fun and unpretentious and, as the cheapest ball anywhere in Cambridge, might be a not-too-frivolous extra to any May Ball week planner.

Features & Arts

The background of the cover is a dark, almost black, space. In the upper right, a bright, glowing pink light source creates a lens flare effect, casting a wide, curved band of pink and purple light across the scene. Below this light, several stylized, semi-transparent silhouettes of human figures are shown in various poses, some with arms raised. The overall aesthetic is modern and artistic, suggesting a focus on culture and the arts.

»Faustian Pleasures. *Varsity* peeks at the Seven Deadlies
P 12-13

»Interview with *Times* food critic Giles Coren
P 15

»Tim Smith-Laing on sensationalists Gilbert and George
P 18-19

»Reviews of *The Good Shepherd* and *Quadraginta*
P 20-21

Cardinal

The forty days of Lent are upon us, so *Varsity* casts a wry glance at seven reasons to feel penitential

Shrove Tuesday has been and gone. Fridges are short of egg, cupboards are bare of sugar, lemon rinds lie moulding, and a bottle of maple syrup lurks sticky-rimmed, waiting for next year. I'm sure we're all rejoicing in our collective self flagellation.

You're not? Well you should be; and it's not just cocoa-based gluttony you should be worried about. According to Pope

Gregory the Great, there are seven ways to pass directly into hell, or at least get an extended stay in purgatory.

The Seven Deadly Sins presumably provided a fun alternative to the seven cardinal virtues, but it wasn't until Dante's epic *The Divine Comedy* that they gained cultural, as well as religious, significance. This has persisted: the last decade saw

the disturbing *Seven* and Razorlight's, ahem, poetic allusions to the various circles of hell. A full history of the symbolism would give even Robert Langdon, so let *Varsity's* guide be of warning. Coming across these characters is dangerous, so say "knickers" to your Snickers, or you too might be forced to eat rats, toads, lizards and snakes for eternity.

Envy

She's here. She's over there. She wishes that she was over there and she wishes that she was here, which she is, which is doubly annoying because it makes her feel stupid. It's obviously not for any particular reason. They're watching her over there and her over there and wishing they were both here, because he's over there where they are and they look like they're having fun. They're not having fun, which is why he's secretly wishing he was over there with them, free of these two over here; they just seem to be annoyed that they're not over in the other there; they don't seem to like it here. She starts imagining a big fence and a little field, so does she, and then he does and then they all do. They criss cross and all the patches are green; greener than here anyway. Nobody likes it here. It's a shame. We could all be having a good time.

Tom Sharpe

Lust

Lust? Sure, I know Lust. Ex-member of the Seven Deadly Sins, the toughest gang of no-good criminals ever to sully the fair streets of Cambridge. I first tangled with them way back in 1308, just after I got my badge, and I have been chasing them ever since. Out of all the gang Lust was probably the dumbest - tough, sure, but he had real problems thinking straight. The others took advantage of him, and he ended up taking the rap for most of the stuff they did. I remember back in the nineteenth century when Anger, Greed, and Pride could walk the streets freely, but if Lust so much as flashed an ankle the law would be on him like a ton of bricks. But times are changing, and from what I've heard he's cut a deal. Lust ain't afraid to show himself these days. Sexual liberation is in, traditional Christian ethics are out. Casual sex is in, genitals are - well, never you mind. Cambridge nowadays is a hot, vibrating bed of desire, and I don't see nobody complaining. Except for the Seven Deadly Sins, of course. They've lost their oldest member.

Adam Kessler

Sloth

"Any wannabe wrongdoer can lust or greed all day, but true sloth requires that delicate balance of talent and total apathy. To be successfully slothful, you have to have ability matched in equal proportion with abject indolence. If you're slumped in front of Hollyoaks with a hangover now, and are thinking, 'yeah, I've got that', think again. Any meathead can slouch in front of the TV. If you want to truly be wasting your time, you need to do something totally and utterly banal. All the time. And when someone uses their talents to achieve something, you have the moral high ground because you can smugly comment: 'I could have done that, but I couldn't be arsed.' Sloths revel in their slothfulness, proud of the fact that all is possible because nothing is attempted. It is the one thing that the high flyers in this world can never have because you can't work at it. You can't work at all."

Henry Donati



Pleasures

Gluttony

Whatever happened to Gluttony? The poor sod went on the Atkins. His mother decided there was only one way to save him: Jeremy Kyle. For a while, he tried out the life of raw veg and a sensible wife called Prudence. But that didn't suit.

Soon it was out with the oral consumption and in with the mental consumption. He began to wake before the sun had risen and rush to the river to slosh a stick through the water with great vigour; to consume large spoonfuls of Keatesian love-sickness, allowing it to flood his senses and take hold of his consciousness. He even started to savour the feelings evoked by needless procrastination in the early hours before a gruelling day of work. Less calories, but still the same dark consumption; the same sadistic pleasure; the same pleasure he loved to hate.

Joe Rinalidi Johnson

Avarice

Avarice is a pretty sorted guy. He's got a job lined up at Goldmans (£36kpa), though he might go with Lynch (£35kpa, but on the plus side they have a pool on the mezzanine).

Avarice once thought up a joke, and it's rubbish. He was having a curry with his girlfriend on Valentine's Day, and instead of asking her if she'd like him to pass the bowl of rice, he said "oi, love. 'Ave a rice! Geddit?! Hee hee! The joke there, of course, being the similarity with my name!" After that very meal (£36.50), when he insisted yet again on splitting up the bill in exact proportion to what they'd each eaten (£24.30/£12.20), she split up with him.

The irony, he told his mates at the Law Ball (£70), was that he'd actually eaten £12.10 more than she had – so his bill-splitting meant she got the better deal even taking into account that she left a ridiculously generous tip (£3.50). Then he remembered that that wasn't really ironic, and that his girlfriend had stopped loving him because he was, and would always be, a tight, greedy, selfish twat. But then he cheered up when he remembered how he had secretly pocketed the £3.50 tip when she couldn't see because she was crying so much.

Tom Kingsley

Wrath

Wrath gets angry. Wrath gets particularly angry when academics call him "Ira", because he doesn't speak Latin. He was by the bike sheds hotly noogying a classmate who stole his Wham Bar. When God invented the word, He decided that "Wrath" be spelt "Wrath" but pronounced "Wroth", just to make Wrath more angry.

Chaucer called Wrath "the fervent blood of Man yquyked in his herte, thurgh which he wole harm to hym that he hateth". In return, Wrath called Chaucer a "twatte". The other sins agreed Wrath should chill out. Wrath's demon is the really famous Satan, but Wrath identifies himself more with the Muppet Animal, as both play the drums with their head and have large eyebrows.

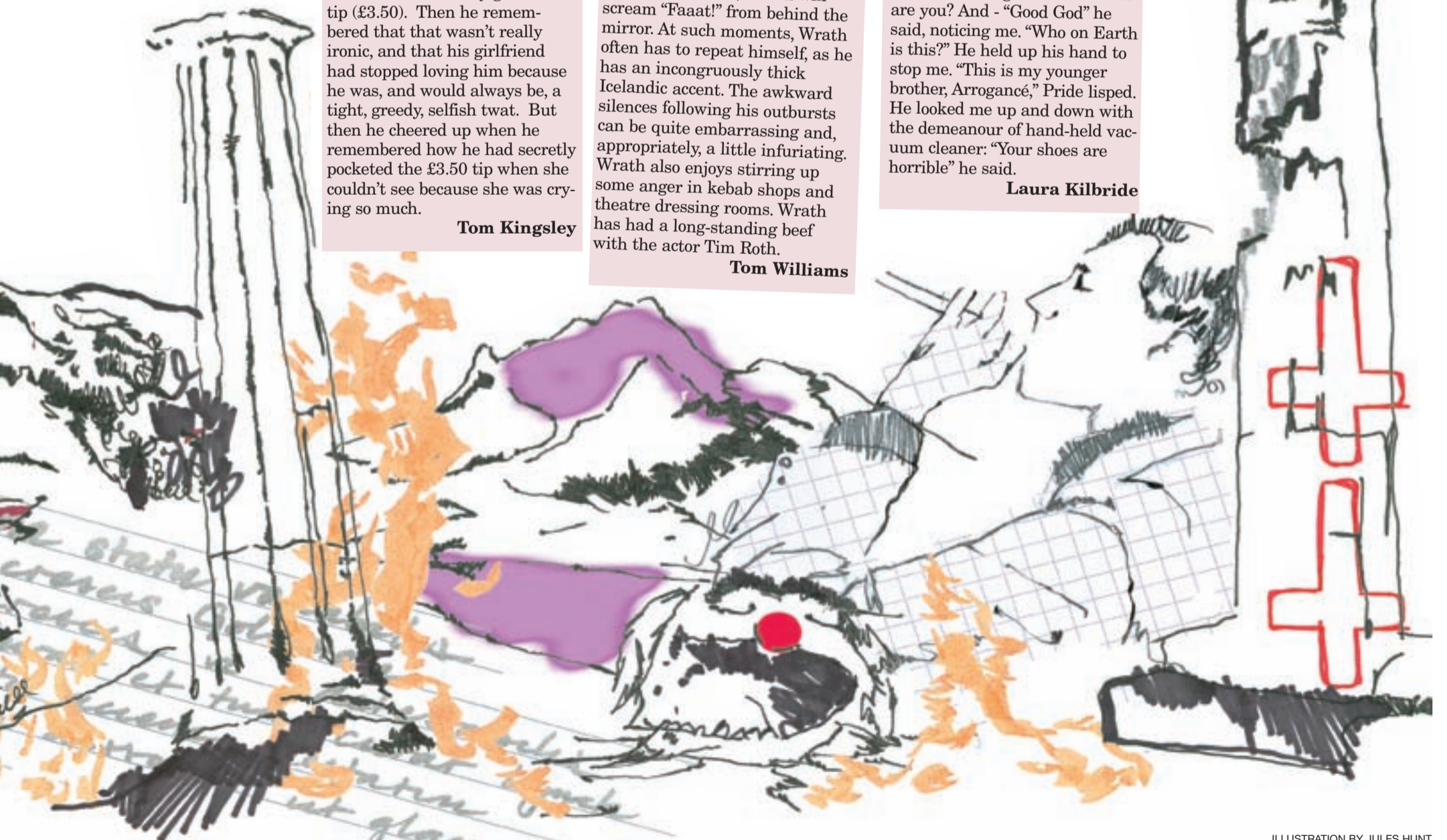
Wrath often hangs out in wedding dress boutiques, making the mirrors bend so that the bride will think she looks fat and hissily throw her shoe at someone. If she doesn't notice, Wrath will scream "Faaat!" from behind the mirror. At such moments, Wrath often has to repeat himself, as he has an incongruously thick Icelandic accent. The awkward silences following his outbursts can be quite embarrassing and, appropriately, a little infuriating. Wrath also enjoys stirring up some anger in kebab shops and theatre dressing rooms. Wrath has had a long-standing beef with the actor Tim Roth.

Tom Williams

Pride

I once met Pride in the pub. "Ah! I've heard of you" I said, holding out my hand. Pride nodded slightly and then, quickly outstripped my whisky and coke by ordering a particularly expensive bottle from the menu, before taking centre stage at the bar, unfolding her long legs the full length of the stool. Conscious of the fact that I had met with so historical a personage, a renowned actress in so many novels, bred a nervousness in me which could only be quelled by the venturing of a compliment. "I do like your shoes," I blurted. Had she heard me? "I do li. . ." "Yes." She smiled. "I know." Silence ensued. Pride was beginning to unnerve me, especially when, turning to trace her gaze, I found only the mirror; or perhaps she was looking towards the door? "Are you expecting ...?" I began, when the slam of both doors reeling back on their hinges announced the entrance of an immaculately dressed man: "Priiide darling!" How the devil are you? And - "Good God" he said, noticing me. "Who on Earth is this?" He held up his hand to stop me. "This is my younger brother, Arrogancé," Pride lisped. He looked me up and down with the demeanour of hand-held vacuum cleaner: "Your shoes are horrible" he said.

Laura Kilbride



From Prada to Primark, **Lucy McSherry** ponders celebrity branding

Knowing the Price of Fashion

Kate Moss, Naomi Campbell, Claudia Schiffer *et al* were the first imitable supermodels. They created a new breed of celebrity, and people became more aware of how fashion transferred from the catwalk to the high street. Kate and her mates were clothes horses for designers both on and off the runway resembled art. Now even if she goes out for a packet of Marlboro lights, Kate's outfit is analysed and replicated by fashionistas all over the UK in a way it would not have been in the early and mid-nineties. If back stage in 1993 she had revealed a desire to design her own clothing line, her agent would have probably laughed in her face. But her line of clothing launches in Topshop this May. So will it live up to media expectations? Rather than the edgy, high fashion of the runway, we want our clothes to declare that we, like Kate Moss, can chuck together an amazing outfit just for the pub. Demand for the Moss 'brand' comes from our desire to convince both of an acute eye for fashion and our supermodel potential.

Recent experiments with celebrity branding, from J-Lo's perfume and Cindy Crawford's fitness video to Elle McPherson's underwear, convince us that

'Nicole Kidman was paid a cool \$5 million to keep Chanel No.5 as the world's leading perfume'

we can now smell, exercise and have sex like a star. It's not only the fashion industry that turns celebs into brands: pop into your local Sainsbury's and you too can own a Jamie Oliver garlic crusher. When the Jade Goody racism scandal broke, the first sign of her celebrity downfall was when The Perfume Shop withdrew her line of fragrance. Even if it had smelled divine (which it didn't) her celebrity brand was in tatters.

Grazia magazine was launched in 2004 as the UK's only weekly glossy. More accessible, cheap and light-weight than *Vogue*, it has proven crucial in creating trends like the celebrity "it" bag. By pointing out the ubiquity of Alexander McQueen's skull scarf, the easily-influenced reader is persuaded to run all the way to New Look to grab a look alike. This

isn't a fashion-obsessed society, rather, it one infatuated with the status of celebrity. In exchange for our individuality we hunt out a look that could have been lifted from *Grazia's* page three, "This week's most wanted." The ever-changing trends and celebrity

brands must be affordable in order to differentiate from the revered designers of the catwalk.

And of course, it's big business. Brand association is why the LA Galaxy paid in the region of \$100 million for the services of an ageing former captain of a persistently underachieving football team.

But failure can come at a price; Beckham was dropped by a well known brand of sunglasses after a disappointing World Cup, in favour of the more "masculine" Antonio Bandaras.

Designers hire the services of particular actresses who "embody the values" of their brands.

And I say actresses advisedly – of the top ten earners, only one is male; Brad Pitt at number eight.

Catherine Zeta Jones manages to pull in more than \$20 million a year, whilst Nicole Kidman was paid a cool \$5 million to keep Chanel No.5 as the world's leading perfume. Even in death, the famous are branded commodities.

ties; the casket attire of the recently deceased Anna Nicole Smith is subject to a legal wrangle that will be decided by a Florida judge.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the vacuous idea of celebrity replication, there has been a recent interest in vintage clothing. And I don't mean Topshop's 'kooky' rail. I mean hunting through Cancer Research charity shops and market stalls for genuine 60s skirts that don't quite fit but look

'This recent version of celebrity branding from J-Lo's perfume and Cindy Crawford's fitness video to Elle McPherson's underwear convince us that we can now smell, exercise and have sex like a star'

quite good with an oversized belt. Those with a genuine interest in fashion as a form of expression relish this opportunity. A reaction to the mass-produced concept of fast fashion, charity and vintage shops promote individuality and self-styling.

Every girl's dream, a private consultation with Jimmy Choo, evokes *Sex and the City's* Carrie Bradshaw and her shoe obsession, as well as the celebrity clients that must have passed through his doors. But the most wonderful thing about them isn't the celebrity status of his couture line but the fact that they are a one-off, a unique work of art that surely will change both your life and your feet.



ILLUSTRATION BY GURINDER BAHIA

ONLINE

➔ **Appealing to the electorate in the French elections and web-friendly politics, by Izzy de Rosario**



The C Word

Zoe Ross talks pederasts, cheeky shags and brain tumours with *Times* restaurant critic Giles Coren, after a heavy working lunch

"Christ, I've made Earl Grey." Giles Coren is struggling with the tea bags, all of a fluster, and perhaps pissed, it seems, after a "boozy lunch" at a restaurant he's planning to review in his weekly column. He's come home clutching a DVD copy of his cycle of new adverts for Bird's Eye. He admits that his childhood self, dreaming of becoming "the Saul Bellow of North London", would have considered journalism rather demeaning, let alone the "cheesy shit" of the television and advertising worlds but that, ultimately, "they offered me loads of money, I don't care. Everything I do is a joke."

That said, there's little doubt that Coren does care – he's certainly not joking when he lambastes Britain's "absolutely moribund literary culture," our national readership's penchant for Ian McEwan-style "beach read" Jackanory, "the same novel every two years." A fantasy Nobel Prize for his first novel, *Winkler*, found form in the "Bad Sex in Fiction" Award, dubbed by Coren as "shameful, posturing shite," judged by "all these old pederasts, these fat, bald, old bollockless men."

It strikes Coren as bizarre that his literary agent pays little attention to his scores

of ideas for fiction, yet is "wetting himself" with excitement at the prospect that he might appear on *I'm A Celebrity...* (which he isn't). Coren also asserts that he has no place in the world of the media celebrity, among the Fran Cosgroves and Callum Bests, and is genuinely confounded by the supposed attractiveness of "a dim, really

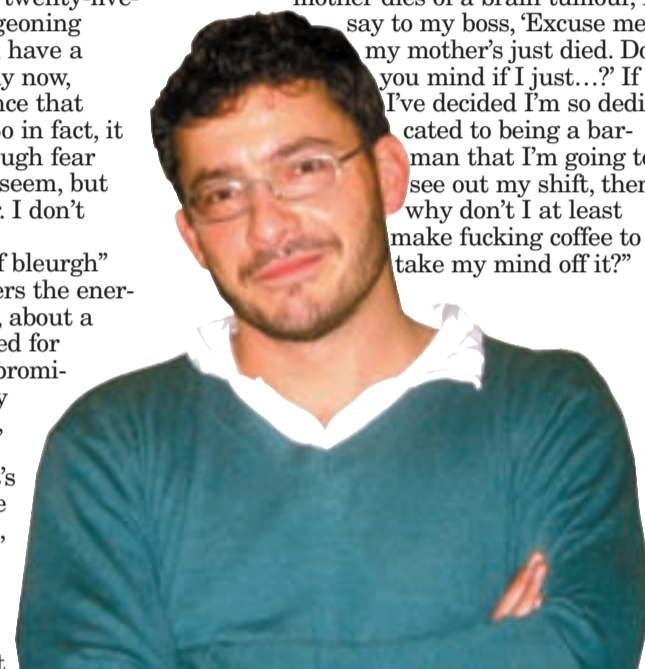
'a good verbal thrashing threw the restaurant's PR team into frenzied panic'

thin, slightly hairy, slouchy bloke with big cheek bones." Admittedly, his disdain is born of "a mixture of contempt and envy", and Coren concedes that "if naked young women were throwing themselves at me, that's a bridge I would cross when I came to it, but it's not been that way." Heedless, then, of David Baddiel's advice to "just fuck loads of 'em, 'cause that's what I did" (hard

as it is to picture Baddiel in the role of rock 'n' roll lothario), Coren opts instead for long-term stability with his twenty-five-year-old lawyer girlfriend. Burgeoning fame dictates that "I can't even have a cheeky shag on a weekend away now, because there's an outside chance that someone might recognise me. So in fact, it makes you more faithful." Through fear rather than principle, it would seem, but apparently this "doesn't matter. I don't care what the reasons are."

As the "boozy, garlicky kind of bleurgh" rapidly takes over, Coren musters the energy to feed me one last anecdote, about a "really shit" restaurant he visited for breakfast a few days ago. As a prominent critic, his opinion evidently inspires not inconsiderable fear, and the threat of a good verbal thrashing threw the restaurant's PR team into frenzied panic. He received letters and phone calls, explaining that "the head barman had just learnt that his mother died of a brain tumour twenty minutes before. Is it true? Who knows, but what sort

of restaurant gets in touch with a critic and gives that as his excuse? First of all, if my mother dies of a brain tumour, I say to my boss, 'Excuse me, my mother's just died. Do you mind if I just...?' If I've decided I'm so dedicated to being a barman that I'm going to see out my shift, then why don't I at least make fucking coffee to take my mind off it?"



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INTO THE GLOO

Liz Bradshaw dons her sunglasses for the day-glo of Nu-Rave and talks to New Young Pony Club about "scenes", drugs and dressing up



Nu-Rave, a phrase bandied about by both enthusiastic teenagers and scornful old scenesters, appears to take many forms: music, art, fashion and even, if the scaremongers at *The Daily Mail* are to be believed, a new brand of synthetic hallucinogens set to further corrupt our Youth. Yet, once you get past the media packaging to the raw materials that make up this so-called movement, it's difficult to find much cohesion beyond the superficial paraphernalia of glowsticks and the latest Topshop range: in fact, those discerning hipsters may well argue that now the media has greedily coined a phrase and sold an image, whatever Nu-Rave stands for no longer actually matters.

In many ways, the phenomenon, if I can call it that, seems to lie between media contrivance and genuine energy in clubgoing kids. How much does a band like The Klaxons really have in common with a band like New Young Pony Club? And, if we're adopting a 'big tent' approach to the issue, what are these bands doing that's much different from what The Rapture have been doing since way back when 'new rave' was but a twinkle in *NME* Editor Conor McNicholas's eye? On the day that the *NME* 'Indie Rave' tour parked its (if only) neon-upholstered bandwagon in Cambridge, *Varsity* sought the answer straight from the pony's mouth.

In contrast to the common perception that Nu-Rave is just an invention of the media, New Young Pony Club seem to define the movement much more in terms of its following: "All the bands that are involved in this tour are definitely part of a movement, but the rave-y aspect has probably got more to do with the drug intake, and the fact that it's a lot of very young people who are being introduced to this culture for the first time." If what these bands, such as CSS, The Klaxons and The Gossip, have in common is predominantly the audience to which they appeal, lead singer Tahita Bulmer attributes this to the fact that here is a group of bands that are "probably more ambitious than the bands that have gone before...I mean, no one on this tour wants to sound like Razorlight or The Beatles or Oasis." Yet when it comes down to what these bands do

sound like, what they have in common is nothing very precise: "I'd say we have more in common with say, somebody like Tom Vek than The Klaxons really, we're much more melodic and reflective and probably not so much 'fall on the floor, let's bang 'em out' as The Klaxons are." In terms of overlap, "Dance influence in indie is what we're talking about, and that's been going on for years," as guitarist Andy puts it.

Indeed, the sense that pervades the whole discussion is that Nu-Rave is really defined in opposition to something, that these bands are united first and foremost by what they are not. They are bands that aspire to do something different from the "massive glut of indie boybands" that have saturated British music for so long: "There's a broader spectrum of influences, a much more ambitious mindset where people just want to make really great music, and they don't care whether it sounds like this person or that person, because it's more important that everybody's doing something innovative, something really fun, something that people can dance to and enjoy being a part of." This lack of self-consciousness and introspection is in many ways a virtue, yet it is contradicted by the media preoccupation

'The lack of self-consciousness of these groups is a virtue; yet it is contradicted by the media preoccupation with creating a movement out of bands whose aim was just to make people dance.'

with creating a 'movement' out of these bands. By trying to turn them into something bigger than the sum of their parts, the *NME* and friends have made a controversial talking point out of a group of artists whose aim was just to make people dance.

Nu-Rave also contains a strong visual element, perhaps evident in fashion most of all. Tahita believes that this dimension to the movement is also part of a desire to be different: "There's a whole fashion part of the scene in London that seems to be spreading out into the country, and there's definitely a cross-pollination between that scene and what's called the Nu-Rave scene, where people are more interested in dressing up, and happy to wear a bit of glittery eye make-up, and just basically don't want to look like their older brothers, who probably went out in a leather jacket and some skinny jeans." But she argues that this is not so much a conscious reaction against something but "more just an acknowledgement of the fact that costume is fun, and it's fun to be glamorous, it's fun to be colourful, and you don't have to go onstage - particularly as a woman - in a sackcloth and ashes to be taken seriously."

Andy probably sums things up best when he argues that any movement that's been created is "just a way to encapsulate a few cool new bands." These bands themselves, as The Klaxons have demonstrated with their Cranmer-like recantation of all things Nu-Rave, don't take this moniker particularly seriously, and neither should anyone else. But not so the critics of the 'phenomenon', nor those who are trying to promote it as the last great hope of British music. Both endow the movement with more importance than it's ever really going to have, because these bands are by their very nature destined to be transitory: they're about getting dressed up, going out dancing and having fun, nothing more and nothing less than that. The energy and enthusiasm of these bands combined with the helping-hand of media hype has enabled them to burst onto the music scene and claim their ascendancy with remarkable speed. Yet this can be both a blessing and a curse. These days bands are playing

Wembley Arena within a year of first appearing on the front page of the *NME*, and then it's only a matter of time before the next 'next big thing' usurps them from their throne and they're left to wile away the remaining 40 or 50 years of their lives in a perpetual, drug-induced, pant-staining malaise - or worse, doing party political broadcasts for The Labour Party. How long Nu-Rave lasts will

'People are more interested in dressing up and just basically don't want to look like their older brothers who went out in a leather jacket and skinny jeans.'

depend on whether the next lot of bands the *NME* decides to grace its cover with offer a continuation or a rejection of this trend, and that remains to be seen. Nu-Rave is just another example of the ambiguous relationship between music and the media; but that shouldn't stop us enjoying it while it lasts.



FANCY A POP?

Last Wednesday gave Nu-Race a day-long opportunity to put its credentials to the test at the *NME* Indie Rave Tour. Sold out and brimming with Russell Brand haircuts, The Junction had a buzz about it that seemed almost jarring in comparison with the typical empty gig/club experiences in Cambridge. On arriving to hear the last couple of songs of New Young Pony Club's set, it was heartening to note that the crowd was already bouncing to the tinny synths and sassy voice of the purple lame-clad lead singer, getting things hyped for the excitement to follow.

The driving bass of Sunshine Underground, and the shift to atmospheric red lighting raised hopes - regrettably dashed. While the first few minutes certainly satisfied the crowd's appetite, as their set progressed it became clear that variety is not Sunshine Underground's strong point. Someone behind me blurted out "Totally nonplussed" in between the banal lyrical swipes of the Mike Skinner-esque front man - not such a bad summary of the crowd's reaction.

CSS, alias Cansei de Ser Sexy (which translates flippantly as "tired of being sexy") enter after a long techie changeover, each



member hidden under a black sheet. A political statement? Whatever; any complex ruminations were deftly bundled to one side by a kicking cover of the 90s hit 'No Limit'. Glo-sticks jerked in sheer adoration of a female-heavy band that certainly show a punky edge that most of their contemporaries lack. Three songs in, and Lovefoxxx, the pooky Portuguese answer to Peaches, announces a love song: "It's called 'Alcohol'" she shrieks.

After this *tour de force*, the crowd were twitching with anticipation for headliners, the Klaxons. An instant crash into the raucous "The Bouncer" with its frenetic riff backing the warning "if you're not down then you're not coming in" let a captivated audience know they were in for a performance to die for. Geometric-patterned sweaters and impressive lighting set the scene for set that fused high-pitched vocals, pounding drumming, and punchy lyrics, ranging from the euphoric "Atlantis to Interzone", to the sinister "Magik" and the surprisingly delicate and lyrical "Golden Skans". An electrifying climax to an electrifying night.

Charlie Espiner



SAY YES

I didn't care for The Klaxons' performance on Wednesday night, but - wasn't it great, playing guitars really fast again and spouting apparent nonsense? Kind of like Slayer changes that could be made so that this whole Nu-Rave thing isn't just the flash-in-the-pan event of the late 00's that the tag will inevitably make it. First, longer songs. If you spk dance spk then don't play songs that aren't dance length. Secondly, why are we just standing around between bands? Give me a DJ to dance to for crying out loud! Everything else is great though - the ridiculous fashion, the onstage lighting (performance at last!), the gravedigging rave classic covers (come on 'Let me be yr fantasy') and the high ratio of girls to guys. Not in a skirtchasing Sunday Service way, in a 'the guys aren't being violent tossers' way. In the end it is all a tad "the stupid people think it's ironic", but 'Atlantis to Interzone' gives me sugar rushes so it looks like I'm stupid.

Sam Blatherwick

NO-GLO

We need to accept that movements are often inventions of the media. Like New Labour, it's the collusion of certain mainstream personalities and editors who have imposed Nu-Rave on us. This isn't in itself detrimental to the concept, but it does mean that I can't really get all that excited about something which has not become known through its own merits or popular fascination. In the end, Nu-Rave is the hangover from a London art scene which died a few years ago about the same time that Le Tigre became well known and electro moved out of Shoreditch and into the provinces. Synths and guitars with some beats in the back - what's the big deal? Yet more regurgitation of an 80s retro fad which was more of a necessary regression than an accomplishment of ironic modernity. Much in the same manner that New Labour can only survive if we choose to ignore its parallels with Thatcherism, we can only put up with the joke that is Nu-Rave so long as we choose to forget how disastrous 80s music really was.

Richard Braude

The Terrible Twos



Tim Smith-Laing on painting's exuberant pairing, Gilbert & George, and the necessity of a little puerile humour in po-faced modern art

My old art-teacher always seemed relatively traditionalist to me, as you might expect of a middle-aged, well-fed, head-of-department at a Church of England school. An oil-painter and ceramicist, and the teller of entirely pointless anecdotes, he had an extremely violent antipathy to any kind of comforting bullshit/avoidance, once asking a student midway through a life-size painting of a naked man, "What are you doing? Where's his cock? If you don't give him a cock, I will, when you've gone home." It was a fair point, anatomically speaking, and my art-teacher pronounced the resulting Indian-ink depiction to be "Much better. No one's going to argue with that." I'd like to say that that was the point when I realised that I genuinely respected him – which I do, now – but back then I just found it consistently funny that his surname was Cockburn.

In fact, I still find it funny, and when I

found out that Mr Cockburn attended Central Saint Martins along with

'Little has altered in the world of Gilbert and George. They still look and dress like the modern-art Morecambe and Wise'

Gilbert & George, I imagined that they would have found it pretty funny too. Because there is something as inescapably juvenile about the works of G&G, the inseparable *gestalt* entity of nineteen-seventies and eighties British

art, as there is about schoolkids muttering 'Cock-burn', and almost suffocating themselves with laughter. From the very start of their career, Gilbert Proesch and George Passmore, having declared each other to be "living sculptures" in 1969, have traded almost exclusively in stating the apparently obvious or juvenile from behind the straight-faced irony of the Gilbert & George image. Early work would see them videoing themselves packing away gin and tonics to the banging tunes of Elgar and Grieg, remarking repeatedly that "Gordon's makes us very drunk", (*Gordon's Makes Us Drunk*, 1972), while later pieces would see self-portraits as nine-foot tall Fates giving their hapless victims two-fingered salutes from either side of a seven metre long canvas (*The Fates* 2005), or find them asking the perennial question *Was Jesus Heterosexual?* (2005).

Indeed, in the light of their first major

retrospective since 1981, which opened at Tate Modern on February 15 this year, the briefest of glances shows that little has altered in the world of Gilbert & George. Still they look and dress like the modern-art Morecambe and Wise, still their favoured mode is the massive and many-panelled photo-collage, still they tend toward the more grotesque manipulations of symmetrical arrangement, still they have a healthy love of the puerile joke. I still find myself smirking, for instance, when I hear the now sixty-year-old George quoted as saying that hoodies are "The only garment, we feel, which combines the qualities of the foreskin and the condom in one piece."

Yet their fundamentally juvenile fascination with swearwords has led them to explore the under-belly of British society. *The Dirty Words Pictures*, the duo's most enduring and divisive work,

Above:
1986's
The Wall
by
Gilbert
& George
Right:
*Death
Hope
Life Fear*

finds them extrapolating graffiti insults, curses and obscenities into a whole exhibition's exploration of the prejudices and tensions exhibited on the walls of 1970's Spitalfields. They may simply be enjoying the chance to plaster 'Cunt Scum' across a gallery wall, but in their ever-perfect matching suits, G&G simultaneously make a case for the power of the deadpan in the face of the crushing ridiculousness of reality. Their work is less about shock – who really finds 'piss', 'shit', 'fuck' or 'cunt' shocking anymore? – than it is about testing the one-dimensionality of our responses to what we see, whether it be spray-painted on the street, or arranged in a gallery.

Of course, testing the one-dimensionality of the audience's response is a trick one can only play for so long – especially when the methods of playing it show no signs of changing either. Gilbert & George may be changing their references, but their suits, pictures and sense of the shocking issue seem to be stuck two decades behind us.

That, however is not to say that the expansions of the juvenile or obscene can't still teach us something about art. If dirty words are a favourite of schoolchildren everywhere, so is the doodle, the biro transformation of a textbook into a feast of sexual positions or gruesome caricatures. The men behind this year's other high-profile retrospective, Jake and Dinos Chapman – prominent YBAs and former assistants to Gilbert & George – incurred the wrath of critics such as Richard Hughes whilst simultaneously gaining a Turner Prize nomination, for doing exactly that. Their textbook, however, happened to be a set of Goya's iconic etchings

The Disasters of War – not photocopies from a catalogue either, but one of the few sets printed from the original plates in the 1930s to commemorate the Spanish Civil War.

Painstakingly "rectifying", as they put it, the faces of Goya's victims and torturers

'Of course, testing the one-dimensionality of the audience's response is a trick on can only play for so long - but that is not to say that the expansions of the juvenile or obscene can't teach us something about art'

into those of cartoon puppies and clowns, the Chapman brothers produced *Insult to Injury*, Goya's eighty prints remodelled for the 21st Century. Having approached the piece a little sceptically, it became clear to me that something important has happened to the notion of 'shock-art' that Gilbert & George seemed to conform to. Whatever the Chapman brothers' back-catalogue may say about their fascination with the conventionally shocking – from their *Fuckface* and *Two Faced Cunt* man-

nequins, to their miniature Nazi *Hell* – the Goya etchings may be the first time they really shocked the viewing public. The outraged accusations of defacement immediately levelled at them showed that if you really want to cause a tantrum in the art-world, you have to hit it where it hurts: in the canon.

If contemporary artists are to be accused of recycling the ideas of nearly a century's worth of 'modern art', the Chapman brothers have taken it all with a literalism worthy of the most obtuse schoolboy in history. But they are more than petulant toddlers scribbling on the cultural landscape and its finest products, they have found one of the few ways left to worry the modern establishment, in all its apparently free-thinking glory. And in doing that, I think they might just have proved that the puerile still has something to say.



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VIEW FROM THE
GROUNDINGSLowri
Jenkins

Mamet matters

The Cambridge stage is a bit of a dirty flirt when it comes to the unfettered, rhythmic coarseness of David Mamet's plays. Angry, hilarious and aggressively poetic, we could all learn a thing or two from both his drama's unabashed diminution of our so-called lives; and his theatrical antidote to over-cluttered sets, under-read texts and egotistical acting.

The groundlings this week have devoured examples of both one of Mamet's earliest, and one of his most recent offerings, performed within a few days of each other. At the end of last week, *Boston Marriage* settled its refined and deviant rump in the Peterhouse Theatre. This riot-in-a-tea-cup about Victorian lesbians (the title as slang thereof) is a comedy of manners about two women who have none. Much of Mamet's sparkle depends on actors hitting the sharp rhythm of his dialogue; at the beginning both leads struggled slightly. As the hour progressed, however, Anna (Jessica Barker-Wren) shone, though at times Claire (Pilar Garrard) could not match her energy, and accent and delivery wavered. Still, with dialogue as beautifully brazen as the flip from ornamentation to "You have fucked my life into a cocked hat!" the comedy bursts upon the audience whether they like it or not. My first reaction to any Mamet performance is always "fuck, the script is amazing"; but *Boston Marriage* relished the teetering between crude and charming.

Fast forward a few days in the week, and back a few decades in Mamet's career, and you arrive at *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, running at the Corpus Playroom until tomorrow. A hilarious and resolutely unprettified look at love and sex in modern times, the intimate studio space of the Playroom thrust the four characters' lives right into the audience; though it would have benefitted from more room to better divide the crowded settings all jostling for position. Todd Bartel's performance as Bernie Lithgow picked up the energy of the script and spat it in our faces. His delivery and gesticulations captured the masculinity and directionless anger of the character; and, as an American, we never had to notice the discrepancies with accent, which was a problem elsewhere. Olivia Potts as Joan was far more comfortable in the scenes on her own than those in exchanges with Deb (Amanda Pooler), where the balance between embittered/alooof and absent wasn't always struck right, but the audience loved it, and, fuck, is the script amazing. *Sexual Perversity* electrified in the moments when the actors' understanding fused together, matching the energy of this sublime playwright.

intercontiMENTAL
ADC

★★★★★



PHOTO: DAMIAN ROBERTSON

The word 'bizarre' cropped up twice in last night's Footlight's Spring Revue, *IntercontiMENTAL*, once in reference

to the inclusion of tigers as a prohibited item at an airport security checklist, the other, an exclamation at the sights of Charlotte Church's visage projected on a screen. In these contexts, 'bizarre' may have been used to neglect the duty of providing a proper *denouement* to the series of sketches which often threatened to leave the audience baffled. But this was actually why the sketches worked so well. It is difficult to relate the extent to which I enjoyed the performance without quoting the numerous outstanding lines.

There was something unpretentious and naive about the scenes, loosely tied together by the premise of covering the whole world. An ambitious aim, but realised in a simple way, with far-reaching locations: the Eskimo (Jazz Jagger) dreaming of Ayia Nappa; an embarrassed adolescent Loch Ness monster; and the role playing of Martians on an 18-30's Earth-style holiday. The theme of travelling was a strong one: two pieces of luggage in baggage handling talk of Disneyland and ridicule an upstart American bum-bag (Sam Sword); the airline pilot who begs to perform the health and safety demonstration; the virtuoso enactment of deep vein thrombosis.

There were moments in which the ideas were bewildering, and certain sketches that the audience (I mean myself) didn't understand at all; though

this doesn't mean they weren't enjoyed. Yet the beauty of simplicity shone through in instances which saw a game of Russian 'spin-the-bottle' end in a stabbing, the rap of the grumpy *pain au chocolat* during a Continental Buffet ensemble or the peculiarly conjoined Siamese geisha twins (Moya Sarner and Frank Paul). There were moments in which the comedy erred on the derivative, such as the pilot reminiscent of the radiologist in *Green Wing*, or the Voodoo doctor who lent slightly too heavily on John Cleese. This should, however, be considered praise, and these moments stood out against the originality of the remainder of the comedy, which should be considered a great achievement. Tarzan's tour of the Vatican, an astonishingly poor imitation Michael Flatley, the under-age wine tasting society ("I love this wine so much I could take it on a weekend to Brussels") were realised innovatively. The performance may have involved an excessive animating of inanimate objects; such a scene was the dialogue between a married couple of specks of sand, and water droplets of the incoming tide. However, these situations lent themselves to the absurdism at which the Footlights seems to be so adept, with the occasional touch of post-modernism ("will you please stop being so comically misleading").

Orlando Reade

The Good Shepherd
Dir: Robert de Niro

★★★★★

Robert De Niro directs. I would only have to say this to sell you the film, but the word count dictates I write more. So, on with the review. In 1961, after a blundered CIA operation agent Edward Wilson (Matt Damon) recalls his service with the Agency, and his failed marriage to Clover (Angelina Jolie). Cutting to 1939, he's a clean cut literary scholar and member of Yale's secret society, Skull and Bones, for America's future governing class. From this world he is recruited into the prototype CIA, graduating from the elitist secrecy of college to the power games of WWII. A younger filmmaker would have over glossed this ambitious project with all the trappings of copious amounts of red lipstick and raincoats, but De Niro's maturity results in a slower, more considered piece. The movie unfolds much like a novel, where power games are played out by poets and dreamers.

Damon commands the camera with a passionately silent performance. A brief romance with a hearing-impaired woman (Tammy Blanchard) is ruined when Edward gets Angelina Jolie pregnant, who is captivating as a woman living in a sham marriage. Her beauty should be jarring in this film, a celebrity pasted into the drama, but instead she takes on a tragic elegance that's human and



almost gawky. Astonishingly in a film riddled with 'big names' from the scene-stealing Michael Gambon to De Niro himself, no egos are flattered and cinematography allows us to count the pock marks on the characters' faces.

If you require a film to sledge hammer you into suspense than this is not for you, especially at a fragmented and self-conscious 167 minutes long. It still succeeds with stunning moments of tenderness. In one scene when Edward and the deaf

Laura dance in a club he mouths to her the lyrics of a song she cannot hear. In another scene a conflicted Edward on a crackly telephone line, far from his family with the sounds of a blitzed London overhead, desperately asks what colour his newborn son's eyes are. These scenes are so fraught with regret and remorse in a way only a director with life experience of 63 years could provide, completing a complex and stylish film.

Sarah Woolley

Yes, I'm A Witch Yoko Ono

★★★

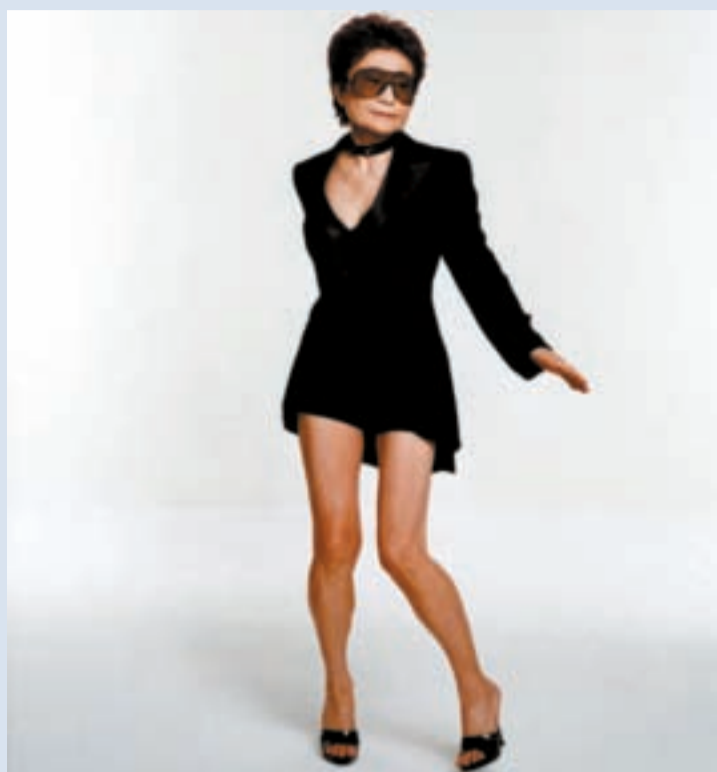
Yoko Ono turned 74 last week, yet she's just so cool that it really doesn't matter. Her reputation is dubious - pop traitor? Tortured genius? Both? It all adds to her bubble of mystique, which this album does little to burst, drawing you in to her work, but despite her raw, hippy emotion, where the risk is that she sounds more like your grandma than a pop star - "remember that you are loved, I love you!" - it's impossible to get too close.

Her image, her voice and her ideas distance her from all categories and contexts, and that is why her age doesn't matter. Her thoughts are still fresh. For such an artist then, and perhaps for very few others, a remix album which so frequently plucks her voice from the original recordings and sets it against new backgrounds works exceptionally well, for there is little risk of excessive intrusion on the part of producers when the music is often little more than a vehicle for "such a cool chick, baby". And on that she's not far wrong.

Whilst in every song on this album the focus is on her fantas-

tic breathless and wavering voice, it is never quite possible to get away from the incoherence that backs her. The quality of the offerings varies immensely, from the awesome interpretation of "Walking on Thin Ice" with Spiritualised's Jason Pierce of which pits crashing guitars reeking of the no-wave scene, so flushed with the New York avant garde that characterises Yoko Ono's work, against the instrumentation of Joy Division's "Atmosphere". But, the very next track with Anthony (of Anthony and the Johnsons) tries too hard to make something of his backing track which sounds more like *Chariots of Fire* than the spacey atmospheres Yoko dreams of.

There are other great songs, such as Cat Power's emotionally rich duet, but this is compromised by the film trailer dross that is Shitake Monkey's effort. The acoustic elements work best in bringing out Yoko's voice and thoughts, like the 'Death of Samantha', and the electronic sections have their moments, but as with Hank Shocklee's 'Witch Shocktronica' the good bits are



often gone sooner than it is possible to appreciate them. This album works fantastically well as a way into Yoko's world, but I would guess not if it is approached by fans of her col-

laborators instead. Her reputation as being more than a touch mad leads too many here to try just a bit too hard to be up to the challenge.

Tom Hamilton



Liz Bradshaw and Richard Braude

← RWD FFWD →

FFWD →
Obstacle 1 @ The Fez, 8/3, £5. A good student representation with the return of Jackson Boxer, the Nice Up DJs and Queen's mess-rock outfit The Lost Boys, plus star quality from DJ Goldierocks and Cam-indie band The Resistance. TeNTs Presents returns with the mixed barrel of indie, electro, synths, converse shoes and slightly long hair - real boys don't go to this, they steal Kamar signs instead (shame on you) and throw up in a bin in Cindies (shame again). A long night of good fun, packed and seething with anti-essay rage.

CUCO, West Road Concert Hall, 3/3, £3 Up-and-coming conductor (do such things exist?) Baldur Bronnimann and Cambridge favourite Tim Dickinson are the stars in this latest in a series of CUCO concerts in association with their new education project aimed at local school children. The orchestra will be holding pre-concert talks, giving free tickets out to local primary age students for open rehearsals and concerts, and going into schools to teach kids about music. And no, this isn't an episode of *Brass Eye*.

← RWD

Twitch @ Niche Bar, 20/2. As usual, the new Tuesday night slot at Niche drew a big crowd, making for a great atmosphere and a suitably sweaty dancefloor, all enhanced by the showing of *Planet Earth* on the big screen behind the bar. Yet as is so often the case, the DJ brought in from London provided a less enjoyable set than the residents, and we were sometimes left desperately searching for a tune amidst what can only be described as pretentious beeping. This club night is still a welcome addition; worth adding to your weekly round of evening entertainment.

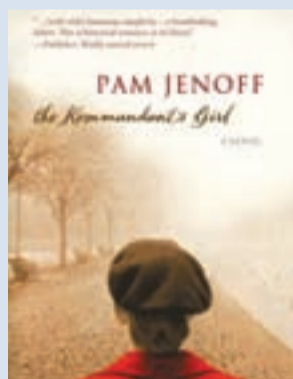
The Maccabees, Soul Tree, 21/2 Varsity did conduct an interview with two of these hooded rangers, and my were they dull. Perhaps I'm overly expectant of stimulating conversation in my short respite from my faculty and the UL. Their songs are quite danceable but their so called original sound is no more than art rock angular guitars with an extraordinarily proficient of Jamie T over the top. More XTC rather than Dukes of Stratosphere; and more a stoned ramble than an ecstatic burst of modernity.

Kommandant's Girl Pam Jenoff

★★★

To those who have seen Verhoeven's *Black Book*, the plot of *Kommandant's Girl* will seem something of a déjà vu. Both heroines are young Jewish women living in Nazi-occupied countries, disguised and given false identities by the resistance. Both become the secretaries and lovers of high-ranking Nazis in order to spy upon them. For both, their relationships with men they should despise become ambiguous. While Pam Jenoff hasn't seen Verhoeven's work, I think she will certainly notice some striking similarities if she does so.

The setting of the novel in Krakow is central to its unfolding. The Polish 'City of Kings', with its magnificent Wawel Castle and Cathedral becomes a symbol of both alienation and survival. The Nazis use it their administrative centre, and yet it outlives them and their regime. Jenoff herself was stationed there as a diplomat for the US and her intricate knowledge of the city is a major asset for the novel, giving it an authentic flavour. The history of the Warsaw ghetto is widely known, that of the Krakow



ghetto less so and Jenoff recreates the life of the ghetto sensitively and convincingly.

Kommandant's Girl does not pretend to add to our knowledge of human nature of the evil lurking beneath the veneer of civilisation. Instead, it is the story of one woman trying to ensure her survival. She becomes 'a foreigner in the place I had always called home' and in the process, a foreigner to herself. Whether or not she is doomed to forever be the *Kommandant's Girl*—to what extent our self-perception is in fact merely a reflection of our circumstance—is the question we must ask ourselves.

Tom Stenhouse

Quadraginta Round Church

★★★★★

On a night when there were, to my knowledge, at least three other high-profile concerts to be enjoyed, it was with more than slight apprehension that I joined the snaking queue outside the Round Church. The quaint prospect of an evening of Renaissance polyphony promised, as one bystander remarked with some irony, to be "a rave indeed."

The project itself endeavoured to combine forty singers, from eight choirs, with each choir singing from its respective corner of the Round Church. The programme commenced with Gabrieli's *O Sacrum convivium*, a motet which required the singers to station themselves along the aisles. I was initially sceptical of this arrangement, sat as I was in a rather out-of-the-way pew. But, in time, I realised that this was to be part of the evening's charm and interest; my inability to see the faces of the singers encouraged me to give my undivided attention as a listener. I attended more closely to the articula-

tion of the singers, and the passing from one part to another of the melodic line.

Pieces by Byrd, Palestrina and Tallis saw a move away from the antiphony of the larger ensemble works, and we were treated to some really sensitive, single-part singing. The unity of expression and balance were particularly impressive in these pieces.

The concert climaxed in a performance of Tallis's 40-part motet, *Spem in alium*. We were encouraged to wander the church, but most remained still, transfixed by the cacophony of moving parts which filled the church's dome. A wordy response to that piece is inadequate. The performance of Tallis's epic was more raw and intimate than the BBC Singers' show at King's Chapel last term. And I loved it. Well done, all - particularly Katie Schofield and James Hurley, the visionaries who turned an idea into a really gladdening reality.

Ned Allen

PICK OF THE WEEK

FILM

Belle de Jour
Arts Picturehouse
Luis Bunuel's exploration of female masochistic fantasies steams up the Picturehouse. The number of willowy bohemes attaining conversational climax over it might suggest self-indulgent continental splurge. Its not. This erotic tour de force, adapted from Joseph Kessel's 1928 novel, is a tensely erotic look at the awakening of the passions of housewife Severine (Catherine Deneuve), as she lives out her fantasies in a brothel while returning to her loving husband at night. Bring a cold towel.

All films showing at Arts Picturehouse unless stated otherwise. Also not all films being shown are listed.

THEATRE

Copenhagen
Tue 6 Mar - Sat 10 March,
ADC, 19.45

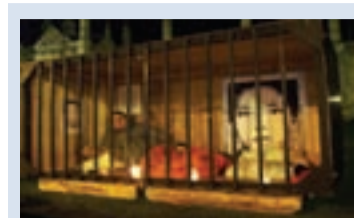


Copenhagen, the odd one out in Michael Frayn's canon - portrays the human dramas and moral conundrums behind the development of the atom bomb

MUSIC

I Was A Cub Scout
Portland Arms, 21.00, £5.50
Frenetic electronica and emotional rock sounds like a recipe for disaster, dredging up unwelcome memories of the ear-nuking faux sincere whine of the Postal Service, and Conor Oberst's more histrionic moments. Luckily, Nottinghamshire duo I Was a Cub Scout forefront their punktronica influences, sounding like much harder American synth-rockers with lesser bedwetting tendencies - think Les Savy Fav and the Dismemberment Plan. These hearts are on some pretty bloody sleeves.
For more, see:
myspace.com/iwasacubscout

OTHER



Amnesty Cage Event
King's College lawn, Fri 2 - Sun 4 Mar
Amnesty's termly event - sign a petition for the release of Indonesian prisoners of conscience Filep Karma and Yusak Package as part of their campaign to end the judicial abuses and political repression perpetrated by the Indonesian government. Or walk past, think smugly about student politics and the sanctity of sovereign states, and maybe write a theatre review.

GOING OUT



Versus VI
Thursday March 8
Kambar, 21.00-02.00, £3
Grime/electro/cynical-indiebeat, shameless this has it all. An opportunity to put all those embarrassed glances at fashion spreads to good use. Wear spandex, put a dayglo clock on your face, scream daintily when you tread in some Strongbow-riddled piss.

FRI	2	Citizen Kane (Caius) 20.30 A Guide to Recognising Your Saints 13.50, 18.45, 21.00 Bamako 18.40 Belle de Jour 14.00, 18.30 Blood for Dracula 23.10 Perfume 23.00	IntercontInENTAL ADC, 19.45 Sexual Perversity in Chicago Corpus Playroom, 21.30 ICE Crystal Maze ADC, 23.00	Live African Dance Music Cellar Bar 8, 21.00, £4 AFRO-TEMA's intoxicating blend of Afro-Latin, Reggae and Mbalax dance music. So you can feel like you are well globalised and wear those beads with pride	CINECAM: 'Working in Film' Graduate Union, 19.30 Six Cinecam alumni now working in the film industry will give brief talks on what they're doing - wine will be available so you can schmooze at optimum efficiency	Shut up and Dance Union, 21.00-01.00, vomit-encouragingly cheap drinks, electro, funk, floaties etc Set You Free to be a vacuous shit Queen's, 21.00-12.45, £2
		A Guide to Recognising Your Saints 13.50, 18.45, 21.00 Bamako 18.40 Belle de Jour 14.00, 18.30 Blood for Dracula 23.10 Perfume 23.00 Notes on a Scandal 16.15	IntercontInENTAL ADC, 19.45 Sexual Perversity in Chicago Corpus Playroom, 21.30 ICE Crystal Maze ADC, 23.00 Cambridge's improvised comedy society construct a gameshow from your suggestions. Democracy, mjah?	Grandscope, Selotape, Sub Pop Sunday The Loft, 20.00, £4 Highly recommended indie/alt/electronica night. power to the town yeah? www.myspace.com/grandscope	CINECAM Festival Screening Queen's Building, Emmanuel, 20.00, £2/4 THE event in the Cinecam calendar. Showcasing shortlisted student films from this year's competition. art art art art art art art art art	Boomslang The Junction, 22.00-04.00 £11. Biggest breakbeat event outside London, with Rennie Pilgrim, Uberzone, and an atmosphere reminiscent of a cock-fight in a giant squat
SAT	3	Little Miss Sunshine (John's) 19.00, 22.00 Crank (Robinson) 20.00 Pan's Labyrinth (Christ's) 20.30, 22.00 Belle de Jour 14.00, 18.30 Bamako 18.40	AUDITIONS: The Merchant of Venice - ADC Mainshow ADC Dressing Room 2, 13.00-18.00 For Easter Term Club Show scheduled for May 8-12 2007	The Bees The Junction, 19.00, £10 nice harmonies and pretty noises from a band so insipid that they make Oasis look like Black Sabbath, and so twee that they often get beaten up by sparrows	CINECAM: Workshop + Q&A Session w/ Filmmaker Giovanna Chesler New Museums, 12.00-16.00 Collaboration with SOCDOSOC & CILF, workshop on sound synching and screening of short films	The Sunday Service Club Twenty-Two, 22.00-01.00, £3 a theodicy is an attempt to reconcile the existence of suffering in the world with that of a benevolent God
		A Guide to Recognising Your Saints 13.50, 18.45, 21.00 Belle de Jour 14.00, 18.30 Notes on a Scandal 16.15 Orchestra Seats 21.10 The Science of Sleep 18.40 Bamako 18.40	AUDITIONS: The Merchant of Venice - ADC Mainshow ADC Bar, 17.00-21.00 If you are unable to make these times, contact director Douglas Morse (dm433) for an alternative	I Was A Cub Scout Portland Arms, 21.00, £5.50 excellent indie-punk electronica Towers of London The Junction, 21.00, £8 arguably the worst human beings ever to set foot in Cambridge	Amnesty International Fundraising Concert 19.30, King's College Chapel, £4 The Kalevala Orchestra and Chorus perform Sibelius' <i>Kullervo</i> and Janacek's <i>Overture 'From the House of the Dead'</i>	Fat Poppadaddys Fez, 21.00 - 03.00, £4 pleasingly generic, like first-year English students calling a night debauched because they drank two beers and shrieked a lot
SUN	4	5 Fingers 13.30 A Guide to Recognising Your Saints 13.50, 18.45, 21.00 Belle de Jour 14.00, 18.30 Notes on a Scandal 16.15 The Science of Sleep 16.20 Vivre Sa Vie 21.15	Macbeth Corpus Playroom, 19.00 The Cagebirds Pembroke, 19.30 Yerma Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens, 19.30 Copenhagen ADC, 19.45 The Changeling Round Church 19.45 The Queen is Dead Playroom, 21.30 Waiting for Guagua Pem, 22.30	CAMFED: Hamfatter, Caimbo, Pilots of the Sixth and Linda's Nephew Campaign for Female Education (CAMFED) fundraiser, 19.00, £5 Pure Reason Revolution The Loft, 19.00, £6, recommended pretty vacant	Frank Auerbach: Etchings and Drypoints 1954-2006 Fitzwilliam Museum, free Showing till June, the complete collection of Auerbach's prints, from his drypoint nudes made in 1954 to more recent etchings.	Precious* LBGT Night Club 22, 22.00-02.00, £3 Between the Sheets The Castle, 20.00-01.00, free liquid DnB, cheap cocktails Kinki Ballare , 21.00-02.00 the liberty of the moderns
		A Guide to Recognising Your Saints 13.50, 18.45, 21.00 Bamako 16.20 Last King of Scotland 16.10 The Queen 16.20 Orchestra Seats 21.10 The Science of Sleep 18.40	Macbeth Corpus Playroom, 19.00 The Cagebirds Pembroke, 19.30 Yerma Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens, 19.30 Copenhagen ADC, 19.45 The Changeling Round Church 19.45 The Queen is Dead Playroom, 21.30 Waiting for Guagua Pem, 22.30 Alcock Improv Jesus, 21.00	U Roy and Junior Murvin The Junction, 20.00, £17 Two of the best and most original voices in the history of reggae - DJ U Roy and roots singer Junior Murvin. Remember 'Police and Thee- ee-eeves'? He did that	Henri Gaudier-Brzeska Kettle's Yard, Tuesdays - Sundays, 11.30-17.00, free Despite the tragic brevity of his career, Gaudier produced a large oeuvre of powerful sculpture about modernity. n' shit like that	Rumboogie is killing Cambridge 21.00-02.00, £3 Melamondo Fez, 22.00-03.30, £3/4 sterilised cosmopolitanism
MON	5	Little Miss Sunshine (Robinson) 21.00 Three Colours Blue (John's) 21.00 Will It Snow For Xmas? 19.10 Period: The End of Menstruation? 17.30	Macbeth Corpus Playroom, 19.00 The Cagebirds Pembroke, 19.30 Yerma Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens, 19.30 Copenhagen ADC, 19.45 The Changeling Round Church 19.45 The Queen is Dead Playroom, 21.30 Waiting for Guagua Pem, 22.30 Medics Revue 2007 ADC, 23.00	Nuclear Panel Discussion Law Faculty, LG17, 18.45-21.00 Your chance to sidestep the emotionally charged rhetoric of hippies calling Lovelock a fascist and Monbiot a tree-fucking pinko www.zerocarbonnow.org	Urbanite Club Twenty-Two, 21.00-02.30, £3 the week, and your social legitimacy, is over Versus Kamar, 21.00-02.00, £3/4 see Hoxton for more. yeah?	
		Little Miss Sunshine (John's) 19.00, 22.00 Crank (Robinson) 20.00 Pan's Labyrinth (Christ's) 20.30, 22.00 Belle de Jour 14.00, 18.30 Bamako 18.40	AUDITIONS: The Merchant of Venice - ADC Mainshow ADC Dressing Room 2, 13.00-18.00 For Easter Term Club Show scheduled for May 8-12 2007			
TUE	6	A Guide to Recognising Your Saints 13.50, 18.45, 21.00 Bamako 16.20 Last King of Scotland 16.10 The Queen 16.20 Orchestra Seats 21.10 The Science of Sleep 18.40	Macbeth Corpus Playroom, 19.00 The Cagebirds Pembroke, 19.30 Yerma Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens, 19.30 Copenhagen ADC, 19.45 The Changeling Round Church 19.45 The Queen is Dead Playroom, 21.30 Waiting for Guagua Pem, 22.30 Alcock Improv Jesus, 21.00			
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WED	7	Little Miss Sunshine (Robinson) 21.00 Three Colours Blue (John's) 21.00 Will It Snow For Xmas? 19.10 Period: The End of Menstruation? 17.30	Macbeth Corpus Playroom, 19.00 The Cagebirds Pembroke, 19.30 Yerma Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens, 19.30 Copenhagen ADC, 19.45 The Changeling Round Church 19.45 The Queen is Dead Playroom, 21.30 Waiting for Guagua Pem, 22.30 Medics Revue 2007 ADC, 23.00			
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THU	8	Little Miss Sunshine (Robinson) 21.00 Three Colours Blue (John's) 21.00 Will It Snow For Xmas? 19.10 Period: The End of Menstruation? 17.30	Macbeth Corpus Playroom, 19.00 The Cagebirds Pembroke, 19.30 Yerma Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens, 19.30 Copenhagen ADC, 19.45 The Changeling Round Church 19.45 The Queen is Dead Playroom, 21.30 Waiting for Guagua Pem, 22.30 Medics Revue 2007 ADC, 23.00			
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GOING OUT



FILM ME UP

Cinecam's yearly extravaganza...

CINECAM Film Screening
Saturday 3rd March 8pm - Queen's Building, Emma

THE event of the Cinecam calendar - a showcase of this year's student films, judged on the night by film industry professionals industry, including Toby MacDonald (dir. Je T'aime John Wayne), Pippa Rimmer (Head of Exhibitions at Future Shorts) Franz Von Habsburg (of Brighton Film), Charlie Phillips (Four Docs

fame) and Josh Newman (award-winning filmmaker). Prizes include: free place at Brighton Summer Film School, £150 Heffers Vouchers and Future Shorts will sign one film for distribution.

Come along to cheer, mug the winners, and deride the winners with unjust schadenfreude.
See 'Other' (above) for more Cinecam events. Or for more: www.cinecam.co.uk

...and there's more

SOCDOSOC presents: Daisy Asquith's 'This Is Me'
Mill Lane Lecture Room 7, 8 Mill Lane, 17.00-19.00, £2. An intimate portrait of a fifteen-year old girl as she falls in love.
www.srfc.ucam.org/cusocdocsoc

COLLEGE FILM LISTINGS
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www.varsity.co.uk/arts





CUT AND PASTE

Varsity Fashion profiles the work of Lucy Minyo, a young designer and Cambridge student, whose clothes have graced the Cambridge catwalk and stage. Here, she explains the concept and inspiration behind her most recent collection:

“The starting point for this collection was Regency tailoring, a period that has always fascinated me, especially in its later New Romantic form. I combined this with my love of abstract form and volume, and a play on structure and material that would link into and rejuvenate the Regency influence.

The clothes hold a silhouette and a theatrical presence drawn from historic excess, yet the material and detailing is firmly modern. Seams are cut clean and raw (no hems or such tricks of the eye), and attached by glue gun or flexible gaffa join. The materials are resolutely unfussy and industrially made, yet they are chosen for their surface quality and their ability to sit away from the body with a little objectivity.

For women, my focus was the bustle form: slightly squared at the back, and a little rounded at the front. I developed this into a bustle-mini in paper toile and reinterpreted this form in a number of materials. The solid approach turned the bustle-form into a drum, the netting building it up from the inside and making its profile a soft haze.

The focus for menswear was the jacket. Regency divides the male body into thirds rather than halves, lengthening the leg and placing emphasis on a small waist and broad shoulder. The jackets were all made from six pieces, a neatly structured back being their prize asset. The jackets bring back structure, play and an aesthetic quality that I strongly feel should return to menswear.”

Photographed by Lewis Jones. Styled by Beatrice Wilford.

HANDBAGS AT DAWN



On Fashion Turbans

FOR

Turbans. The catwalks were full of them. And now it's time for the trend to hit the high street and our Cantabrian wonderland. It may seem absurd but, as Cindy's has become a predictable parade of girls in leggings and little dresses, it's time to make an impact. 'With a turban?', I hear you cry incredulously. Why the devil not? Don't be put off by its proportions, instead focus on the fact that the turban has long been associated with power and beauty. Pop one on your head and meander majestically along King's Parade. Take the look into the evening by embellishing it with a jewelled brooch. To avoid resembling a dinner lady or a land girl, team with perfectly groomed eyebrows and glowing cheekbones, making the turban the pinnacle of your elegant outfit. It lends a certain exotic quality that standard attire prohibits. Boys, follow where the girls lead. Going on a swap? Match your turban to your drinking society tie and cut a dashing figure in formal hall. Particularly recommended if you're lacking on the height front. Go on, be a bit trendy, buy a turban. With one on, it will always be 'heads you win'.

Olivia Johnson

AGAINST

There are certain pieces that fashion editors tote at the beginning of a new season as the surprise fashion statement that we'll all be making in a few months. Then there are pieces we regret ever wearing at the end of the season in a 'What was I thinking?' epiphany. Step forward the turban. Just as you marvel at why you ever wore leggings, parkas or ankle boots, you may live to lament sporting this bizarre headgear.

They may be impressive on the Prada catwalk, but in real life you may well end up looking like you have just stepped out of the shower. Despite its exotic connotations, it is unlikely to do much for the bluish white skin around Cambridge early March, and, unlike many hats which seductively frame the face, the turban unforgivingly exposes every flaw.

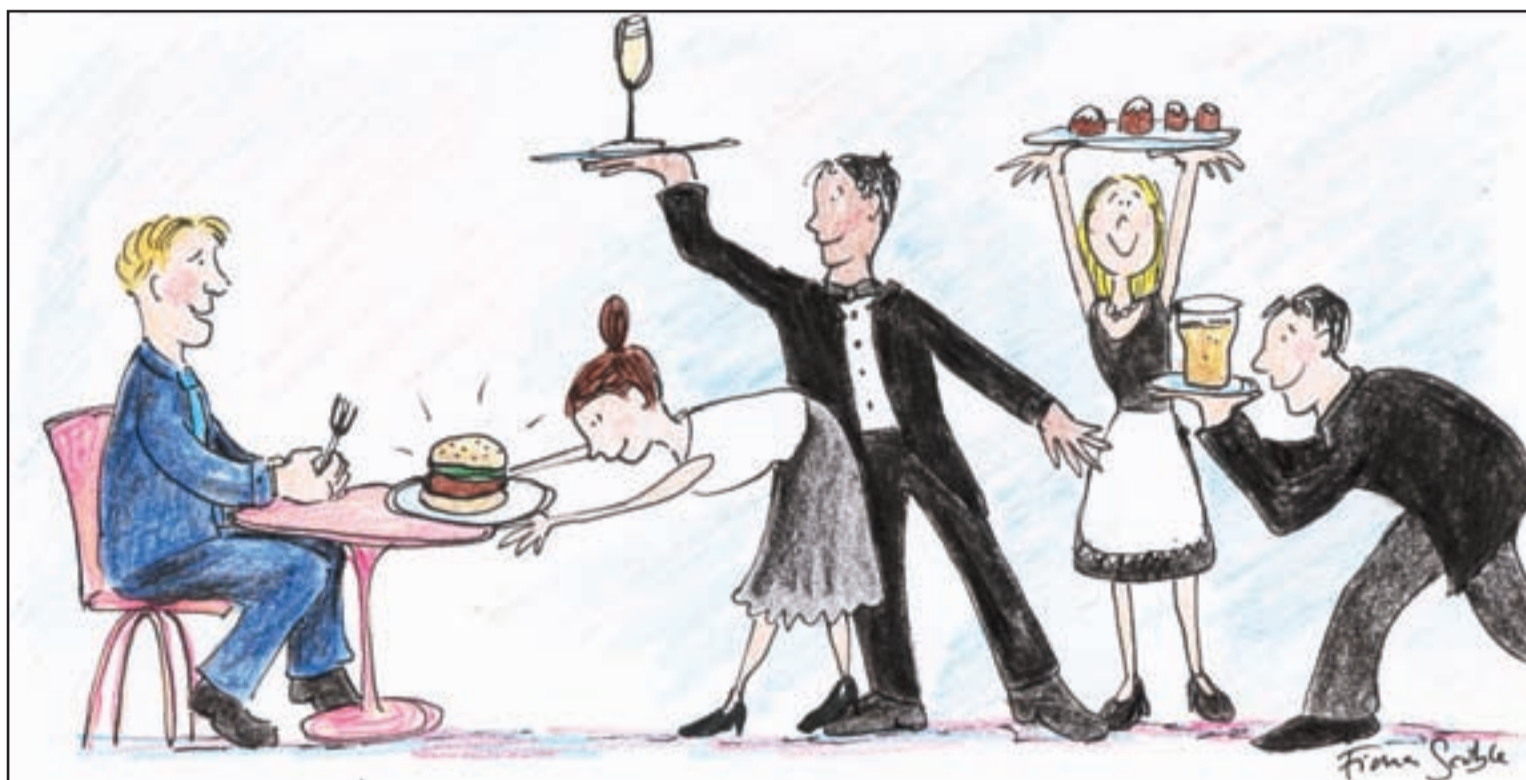
Most people are unlikely to recognise your fashion flair anyway. The call "fashion victim" will probably be bandied about unpleasantly. So, leave the look to the catwalk and have the last laugh.

Rosanna Falconer

is for Editor. Be it

**Applications for the post of Editor of Varsity Newspaper for both the May Week edition and Michaelmas term are invited to contact Adam Edelshain, the Business Manager.
Email: business@varsity.co.uk. Applications close on April 24th.**

Cash Cows



» Forget the Big Mac; **George Grist** gets hypothetical about the ultimate gastro-burger

There are a lot of options if you've got a lot of money to burn - fast cars, luxury holidays and country piles. But, if those lottery winnings ever roll in, and your flight of fancy extends to a tasty meal, then there are a few ways to go about it; one of the most satisfying would surely be to make the world's finest beefburger and chips. Don't get me wrong - this is much, much more than a McDonalds Big Tasty.

First, the beef. It has to be Wagyu beef directly from Kobe, Japan. The cattle are massaged daily and fed on a diet of grain, sake and beer, and not force-fed like your everyday cattle; the beer increases their appetite and makes them more relaxed, which supposedly adds to the flavour of the meat. It's known as the foie gras of the beef world, and really is a cut above your standard; smooth, velvety texture with an exceptional sweetness. It's scored on a 12 point marbling scale, to reflect the fat-to-lean meat ratio; standard, mass-marketed Wagyu would come in at the lower end of the scale, but the most prized beef, straight from Japan claims the full 12 points. So, to pick up a generous half-pound cut of the best Wagyu, you'd need to part with at least £100, and remember to serve it so rare it's still twitching in the middle.

As the burger connoisseur knows, it's all about the toppings. I'd suggest a bit of truffle and a teaspoon of caviar. For the former, you might want to pick up a 2lb 10oz white truffle from Alba, like the one recently sold at auction in Japan for the princely sum of £64,000. Five times more valuable than gold, a few shavings of this beauty would really pack a punch, delivering that distinctive earthiness that the burger really needs. As for the caviar, there's really only one option - Almas caviar from Russia. This white delicacy is

taken from the 100 year old albino sturgeon in the depths of the Caspian Sea, not a fish you're likely to find in your local chippie. At £25,000 per kilo, you may as well get 500g, plop on a spoonful and keep the rest in the fridge.

If the wallet's taken a beating so far, you'll be pleased to know that potatoes aren't ever really that expensive, but the cream of the crop are surely the Bonnotte potatoes from the island of Noirmoutier, off the coast of Brittany. The rain which nourishes them contains natural sea salt, and they are renowned for their sweet, nutty taste and wonderful texture. At less than £6 per kilo, they're a poor man's delicacy - but they'll still make damn good chips, so go ahead and pick up a fiver's worth. The bread's also not too dear - the Poilane bakery in Paris is reputed to be one of the world's best, and a loaf of sourdough bread costs around £20 on their website. But, with your new-found wealth, you may as well hop over to France on your private jet and pick up some freshly-baked stuff in person.

Don't forget about the drinks - a glass of champagne from a six-litre Methuselah of Louis Roederer, Cristal Brut 1990. This enormous, gold-labelled bottle will set you back the best part of £12,000, assuming you can persuade the man who bought it at auction in December 2005 to part with it, and assuming he hasn't drunk any of it yet. For a digestif, how about a tot of whiskey? A bottle of the Macallan Fine and Rare collection 1926 costs a whopping £19,500, and since it is entirely sold out from the company, would only be available from private collectors. Possibly not a drink to serve with Coke and ice. And something sweet? A box of chocolates would do nicely, especially when they retail at £1,500 per pound. Knipschildt's most expensive chocolate, a

truffle made with 70% Valrhona cocoa, costs nearly £150. Let's get half a pound's worth then. This would all be well washed down with a beer - that's right, a nice chilled glass of Samuel Adams' Utopias beer, with a frankly ridiculous world-record 25% alcohol content. It's starting price is around £65 a bottle, but get there quick because there's a limited edition of 8,500 bottles. That's a lot of booze so far, so it might be an idea to wash the meal down with something less potent - a nice glass of mineral water. That can't cost too much, can it? It can if you're drinking Hollywood producer Kevin G. Boyd's exclusive Bling H2O,

'At £25,000 a kilo, you may as well get 500g, plop on a spoonful and keep the rest in the fridge'

which with its nine-step purification process has been served at the Grammy's and the MTV Video Music Awards. On the scale of things, it's not too pricy either, clocking in at around £30 for a generous 750ml bottle.

So there you have it: a slab of Wagyu beef topped with Almas caviar and white truffle shavings in a Poilane sourdough bun, served with Noirmoutier chunky chips. A glass of Louis Roederer Cristal Brut 1990 with the meal, and a wee dram of Macallan 1926 afterwards, alongside one or two Knipschildt dark chocolate truffles. All finished off with one bottle of Utopias beer and one bottle of Bling H20 mineral water. And the price? Only £108,970.

THE RESTAURANT COLUMN



Tom Evans
Charlie Chan

★★★★

Coffee-houses used to be subversive places. In the seventeenth century they were synonymous with atheism and conspiracy; their clientele were the sort to whisper conspiratorially and hunch atheistically over their beanie-brew. So much so that, in 1675, the Crown attempted to suppress all of them and in 1683 the Rye House Plotters used a number of coffee joints to plan a royal assassination. Nowadays it would be considered politically radical for an average coffee-house customer to do a small, smell-less fart on a Starbucks muffin. The places even have expansive glass fronts so that coffee-sipping folk can sit and mindlessly acknowledge the objects that inhabit the world outside. Cat; wheel; tree; paving slab; person; tarmac; rust; window; pole; liquids; yellow lines; hair and other street-dwelling objects. Coffee-houses have made the wretched journey into the feathery bosom of the Establishment. The Rye House Plotters would lament. Or just kill the Queen.

Chinese restaurants are rather similar. I imagine when they first arrived in the UK they packed a bit of punch, fired a bit of spunky spice in the direction of the boiled egg men in the grey suits. We expect no such thing from our contemporary oriental eateries: three butterfly prawns please - plenty of butter, easy on the spunk, we say. Peter Lee disagrees. The seasoned owner of Charlie Chan has his restaurant decked out with floor to ceiling mirrors and cushioned poly-tone blue walls. On weekends they have a live swing band, and the dance floor is open all week round. The restaurant's leaflet boasts of "recessed lighting together with discreet but stunning brass rubbings." Austin Powers himself would be glad for this pad. So he informed me as we sat down.

Their food kept up with this funky sideshow. The spare ribs found a tasteful new home in Chan's marinade and the hoi sin duck was moist without being overly fatty. The oceanic side of affairs wasn't quite so flawless. Prawns in all their guises were a little scrawny, and the seaweed wasn't the cracklingly salty affair that a less compromising Chinese chef might dare to fry. But the lemon chicken was simple and tender without a daunting lemon-curd-like sauce. The dim sum is reputed to be unrivalled and, cooked by that rarest of breeds, a dim sum speciality chef, oughtn't be missed. Charlie Chan certainly serves above average. But the whisperings here are all in moderate taste: don't expect anything that refuses to compromise with the prevailing culinary order.

Charlie Chan, 14 Regent St.

Schools Liaison Officer sought

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD (15) (3h10) (NFT) Daily 17.10 20.50

EPIC MOVIE (12a) (1h50) Daily 21.20
DREAMGIRLS (12a) (2h30) Daily 12.15* (Not Sun)

NOTES ON A SCANDAL (15) (1h55) Daily 19.00

ARTHUR AND THE INVISIBLES (U) (1h55) Sat/Sun Only 11.10

BLOOD DIAMOND (15) (2h45) Fri/Sat/Wed Late 23.20

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*Audio description is available on these performances - please ask at the Box Office for details

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High Fives all round

VARSITY REPORTER

Cambridge	2
Oxford	1

Cambridge's Eton Fives club registered an impressive victory over Oxford in the 2007 Pol Roger Varsity Match, held at Eton last Sunday, stretching their winning run to three years. With Oxford showing a new-found professionalism this year, and bolstered by a number of new players, Cambridge was made to fight hard to repeat last year's 2-1 success. But ultimately, despite Oxford's line being led by national champion Peter Dunbar, Cambridge's strength and depth proved too great for the Dark Blues to overcome.

The match consisted of best of five set games between three pairs from either side, and with Dunbar in Oxford's team, Cambridge's first pair were always going to find victory a tough proposition. Meanwhile, the Cambridge second pair were very in-form and it seemed that, as with last year's Varsity Match, the unpredictable third pair would prove to be the decider.

As the storm clouds gathered and the crowd huddled under their umbrellas, the outlook was ominous for Cambridge's first pair, consisting of new addition Alick Varma and veteran Nick Gill, playing in his fifth and

final Varsity match. Unable to steer the ball away from Dunbar to his partner Kennedy with enough regularity, and with the usually excellent Varma making a number of unforced errors, Cambridge fell two sets behind. Despite a spirited fightback in the third set, the Light Blues were outdone by Oxford's greater accuracy and slipped to a 3-1 loss.

Meanwhile at second pair, Aly Patel and James O' Callaghan faced off against Oxford's second pair, and the Cambridge men soon showed their superior mettle in a match they always seemed certain to win. Despite falling behind in the first set, the undoubted skill of the Light Blues was evident. Cambridge played at a pace that was simply too fast for Oxford, dominating on top step and leaving the Dark Blues incapable of making any serious mark on the game. Unable to move quickly enough, they were forced into too many mistakes in front of the buttress and Cambridge eventually won in straight sets, 12-6, 12-7, 12-7, leaving the match tied at one game apiece.

The match at third pair saw Cambridge field club captain Paul Jefferys and Bobby Friedman, who played victoriously together last year, also at third, pitted against Oxford opponents who were far stronger than last year. But Cambridge's worries were soon allayed as Jefferys and Friedman began to outplay their opponents. After an initially tight start, the consistency of the



Cambridge played at too high a pace for Oxford

JONATHAN FRIEDMAN

Cambridge players helped them to race towards the first set. Relentlessly accurate cutting, which gave Oxford very little chance of winning points on their serve, meant that the Dark Blues were always going to struggle. Meanwhile, Oxford's inability to regularly hit the buttress when Friedman was serving, and Jefferys's unswerving return of cut, gave Cambridge the chance to forge ahead, and they took the first two sets 12-5 12-5. Briefly it seemed that Oxford might mount a comeback, as the tiring Cambridge side fell 4-2 behind in the third, but the Light Blues managed to draw on extra reserves to take 5

points in one service round. From that point, Oxford had no answer, and the third pair and the Pol Roger Varsity Match were sewn up as Cambridge won the third set 12-6, to win the game 3-1 and the match 2-1 overall.

After a year of hard training, it was evident that Cambridge's greater strength proved just too great for Oxford. Despite the resurgence of the Dark Blues', the experience of Cambridge's top six players, with five returning half-Blues meant that they were always likely to record another victory. And it seems that the careful preparation and superior skill paid off.

Varsity Vase



If there's one thing I learned this week, it's that threats really are effective. I put an ultimatum in last week's column to get the quarterfinals played, and lo and behold, two match results are emailed in, and the last quarterfinal between ARU and Pembroke scheduled for this weekend.

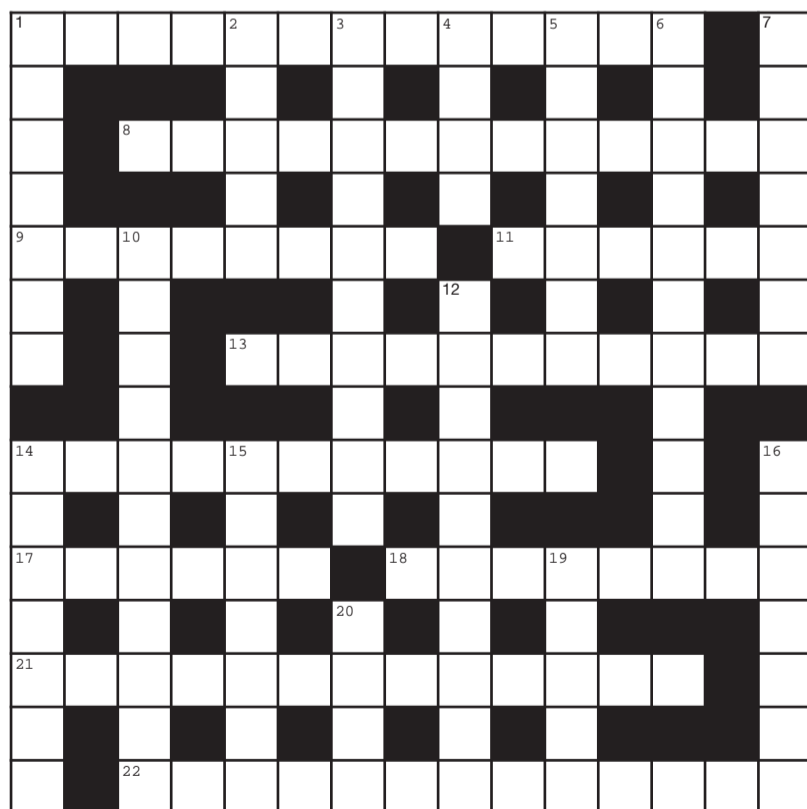
In one quarterfinal Homerton beat Queens' 5-3 and the game had almost everything. It was a competitive match with Queens' starting better and scoring, but Homerton hit back, with Myles Stacey scored a wondergoal from his own half. Meanwhile Queens' had a goal disallowed controversially for offside but had a second one given despite the linesman's flag being raised. Homerton will be meeting their Jesus counterparts in the first semi final, a game that should be interesting after Homerton's Second team beat Jesus Thirds 3-0 in the league.

Meanwhile Catz are also through to the semis, where they'll meet ARU or Pembroke, after beating Girton 3-0 as I predicted. Apparently it was Girton's best performance of the season, suggesting that they've had a dreadful year. To their credit, they have won one game, but losing 13-3 to the Trinity Bruces says it all.

Games and puzzles



Varsity crossword no. 465



ACROSS

- Cross words, as material made up with earlier article causes anger between Monarchs and Musical Tonalities. (13)
- My suggestion: Kill a cicada as mixed lack of

- enthusiasm referred to (13)
- Items kept in 10 but mixed up, roman one, is combined to take all factors into account (8)
- Arrival is hidden, yet I'm Ely's most punctual (6)
- Avid porter a few steps away from where one

- would typically trespass (11)
- Found around marrow, a large wave reveals large vulture, think Sophie (Dahl) and possible next giant) (4,7/4-7/11)
- Chortle vocally on the Internet; Internet engineers' early article is novel (and controversial!) (6)
- Postman that knocks about with Jess too much; then muddled up, learn, of a fatherly approach. (8)
- Nestle test REM. Confused? Emigration which happens (to badgers) when, say, Nestle move in next door. (13)
- Somewhat unhappy member of royal family in crisis over choice of pencil... (2,2,2,3,2,2)

DOWN

- Seagull created by taking 100 from American transfer of money, and most of Brighton's neighbour. (7)
- South American tribe, uses pen content and mixes first murderer(s). (5)
- Using zest, Cilia + I produce slanted text. (10)
- One fast internet connection, man! (4)
- Arouse someone to breathe in? (7)
- Kids can be found watching both small coin and popular cinema (11)
- Aye, doll, I mixed some metals (7)
- Describing the location of pre-confessional gay man into sheets, bedclothes, etc. (5,6)
- Here's a game: take gak, use Citizen's Band, move around slightly, followed by Old testament rivals, or fossils. (10)
- Tony Robinson was this hairless man (7)
- Bat takes Heroin, followed by most of tube, we see a chance for aquatic relaxation (4,3 or 7)
- Playing Endless "open love" (with animals) might result in shortened Johnson? (7)
- Most of Shandy author disorientated at German surrealist. (5)
- Search the salt or end up with quite a high vocalist (4)

©Sludden



COMPETITION

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



© Adam Edelshain

Sudoku

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

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



High performance. Delivered.

Kakuro

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

			26	4	19			
	7					22		
29								
	6							
				7				
6				17				6
			4			10		
						14		
			27					
						24		

Hitori

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

5	7	5	3	6	3	4
6	1	3	2	1	4	7
4	3	4	5	7	6	7
1	5	7	6	3	4	2
4	2	4	3	7	1	5
7	5	1	6	4	3	6
3	4	2	1	2	7	5

Gamblers Unanimous

Joe Powell and Oscar Brodtkin



The 'Bank Job' stung the bookies big time last week with Leon Osman curling in a last minute shot for Everton against Watford to secure the necessary three goals. Reports of students leaving Market Square with wheelbarrows full of cash are so far unconfirmed, but we can assure our readers that there are plenty more winning tips to follow in the coming weeks.

Contrary to popular belief one need not gamble to derive enjoyment from horse racing. The Sheikhs of Dubai are among the most successful owners of top-class pedigree horses in the world, and they can't even bet a penny or drink to celebrate. Owing horses is becoming the fashion for the rich and famous; Burt Bacharach and Steven Spielberg have both had entries in the Kentucky Derby while in the UK it has tended to be footballers on the racing scene. Michael Owen named one of his horses 'Etienne Lady' after the city where he scored his wonder goal against Argentina, but is probably better known for the losses he has racked up. Sir Alex Ferguson, however, is raking it in as part-owner of 'Rock of Gibraltar', who is now at stud charging over €100,000 a pop after a glittering career. Watch out for horses bearing the Brodtkin/Powell colours in years to come.

The 'Porters' Tip' goes back to Vicarage Road for the bottom of the table clash between Watford and Charlton. Their form couldn't be more different, with Pardew breathing new life into a Charlton side who ran out 4-0 winners last week, while Watford looked as dismal as ever when succumbing 3-0 to Everton. £8 goes on at a very tasty price of 2.96 (just under 2/1).

For the 'Long Shot' we travel to Dortmund for the 'European Poker Tour' starting on Saturday, where we think Finn Thomas Wahroos has a decent chance at 200/1 on Betfair. The ex-investment banker came third in the Paris WPT event for over \$300,000 dollars and looks to have just the right game to go deep in Germany. £2 on is little risk for what could be a huge payday.

Serie A is a notoriously tight league but we think we've found a steal for the 'Bank Job' this week. Inter Milan's stars will be too good for Livorno on Saturday so our last £10 of the week goes on them at odds of 1.65 (4/6).

Running total: £40.76

The Bank Job
Inter Milan to beat Livorno
Stake: £12

The Long Shot
Thomas Wahroos to win the Dortmund EPT
Stake: £2

The Porters' Tip
Charlton to beat Watford
Stake: £8

betfair.com

Double-edged victory

»Seconds and Ladies save face with a clean sweep

NOEL COCHRANE

Saturday February 24 saw the centenary celebration of the Varsity fencing match, held at Kelsey Kerridge.

The Cambridge ladies first foil team, comprising Mary Cohen, Anna Robinson and Captain Carmen Pinto-Ward, began with a disappointing 29-45 defeat to Oxford as the Dark Blue's international urged her team to victory despite an initial Cambridge lead at the start.

Next came the Sabreurs, in which Pinto-Ward's precision and speed compensated for a slow start from Anya Jones, steering Cambridge ahead. A commanding finish from Alina Sartogo ended the fight 45-36 to Cambridge.

With scores fairly level, the pressure rested on the epeeists who needed to beat Oxford by seven hits in order to win the women's first overall. International fencer Cohen, demonstrated her world-class status with an innovative assortment of hits and precise use of time to squeeze every possible point out of Oxford. Whilst Ailsa Keating lured her Oxford opponent onto her blade with a rather defensive style, Marti Malaj settled well after a nervous start. Although Oxford's international, star-studded team attempted a valiant come back, it was too little too late; Cambridge won 45-31, and deservedly secured the ladies firsts 119-112 overall.

Meanwhile, the men's seconds simultaneously fenced in three close rounds. Cambridge's epeeists achieved a narrow 42-40 victory whilst the foilists' match was even closer with them winning 41-40 thanks to a good finish from Eaton-Rosen. The sabreurs continued this form to pip Oxford to the post with a score of 45-43, which resulted in an overall Cambridge victory of 127-123.

After lunch the ladies seconds



Cambridge international fencer Mary Cohen in full flight

JOSEPH ROGERS

fought: the foilists edged ahead at the start with a score of 45-43, whilst the epeeists held off Oxford's strong team only to lose 36-35, which was enough to give the Cambridge women's seconds a victory of 80-79.

Following these Cambridge successes, the pressure lay on the men's firsts to continue the Light Blue momentum. The international Cambridge trio showed their prowess, soundly beating them 45-25.

Likewise the foil team illustrated

the immense standard of the Varsity match. Rob Shaw, Dan Summerbell and captain Dom O'Mahony headed the Cambridge attack against an Oxford side who were equally matched on paper. An early Cambridge lead was short lived as Oxford turned it to their favour, before Summerbell, energetically nudged Cambridge ahead again. However, a very strong Oxford attack proved unstoppable making the score 45-23 to Oxford.

The final fight of the day, the men's firsts' epee, would decide the result of the game. The Cambridge team had lost Andy Culling due to rule changes, but retained Chris Greenside, Rob Shaw and Eamonn McGrattan. Early on, Oxford nudged ahead. Despite some strong fighting from Greenside, Oxford built a convincing lead. The final score read 45-24, meaning the Oxford men's firsts had won 115-92, but it was still an overall victory for Cambridge Fencing club.

BUSA Cyclocross

IAN MACLEOD

Cambridge University Cycling Club, not renowned for their hill-climbing prowess could have been forgiven for thinking that the BUSA organizers were smiling on them when they chose Lincolnshire, the flattest county in the country, for the location of the BUSA Cyclocross race this year. After a relatively short trip up the A1, the Cambridge team of Dave Arthur, Gareth Hayman, Thomas Bohne, Sunil Shah and Chris Pedder for the men, and Rachel Fenton, Helen Grote and Julia Shrubbs for the women, braved the February cold to try out the course.

The women's race began and Rachel Fenton made a blinding start just behind the race leaders, which included a national champion. A spill for Fenton set her back for a lap or so, but she picked up the pace towards the end of the race to take third place; earning the first individual BUSA medal for the club this year. After losing her bike, Shrubbs was handed a spare bike by a friendly onlooker,

which she piloted admirably to twelfth place. Grote took tenth place, ensuring that the team took second place overall, just behind Essex University.

Competition was always going to

"Shrubbs was handed a spare bike by a friendly onlooker"

be stiff in the men's race and, right from the gun the field was led by two international level athletes from Leeds and Southampton. Nevertheless, the team put in good performances, with Pedder coming home in seventh place, Arthur following behind in 22nd position, and thereby completing his first 'cross race. Hayman and Bohne came in 33rd and 34th respectively, and the dynamic Sunil 43rd. Sadly, the men did not manage to equal the ladies' excellent performance, coming in a fifth overall.

CAPTAIN'S CORNER

Women's Rugby



Louise Anning

How did you get into Women's Rugby?

I didn't play at school, but in my first term at university I got talking to a lot of rugby playing men who raved about the game. Coming from Wales, I've always enjoyed watching rugby, but hearing about the Cambridge women's team, I went down with some friends of mine to a training session, and have played ever since.

How does it differ, if at all, from the men's game?

It's pretty much exactly the same, the same rules and, of course, full

contact. Obviously the majority of our players are nowhere near as experienced as many men's teams, but the skill level remains high and all the games are very physical. In fact, I'd say it's a more enjoyable game to watch as there's less kicking involved and more open play.

What's your training programme?

We have two skills sessions a week at Grange road, two fitness sessions and either one or two matches a week. On top of that, we normally have a couple of gym weights outings, so it's a considerable time commitment especially for a half-Blue sport!

After all that work, how's your season gone?

With half of last year's team graduating last summer, our side before Christmas was a little inexperienced, and the results reflected this. But we had a January training camp, which the whole team learnt a lot from and since then we've been unbeaten in 2007.

When's your Varsity match and will you win?

We play Oxford on March 10. We haven't played them yet but last year they beat us. However, this season we're hoping that our hard work has paid off and that we'll give them the shock of their lives!

Holding out for a Hero

»Sportsmen's talents lost in the mire of Blu-tacked clubs

OLIVIA DAY

We English love our sporting heroes. Button keeps our dreams alive in Formula One, Flintoff and Pieterse in the cricket, and the entirety of the England football team seem to still be held in high regard, despite all the debauched off-screen rumours we hear tell. Such patriotism has ensured a tear-sodden 'Henman Hill' every year at Wimbledon, despite the fact it has always been apparent he was never going to win the tournament. Recently, perhaps realising this, the turncoat mound in question has morphed into 'Murray Mountain' in order to provide more opportunities for the chino-clad public to gasp and wince at Britain's unforced errors. Yet, Murray, who has frequently exclaimed his distaste at the misplaced "English" tag, has provided sport with one of the few British heroes, and, in doing so, has drawn four nations together. And, in this, the era of global villages, American brands and confused national identity, a sportsperson who can walk on screen with nothing more than patriotism and talent, is pretty bloody inspirational. This is my call for the return of the sporting hero.

The merits of embracing the sporting hero seems to me to be fairly obvious; you might guffaw at the idea that a 2-1 victory could induce pangs of national pride, but, with the national press covering train wrecks, terror threats and hose-pipe bans, reports of Andy Murray's win in San Jose or the One Day cricket wins against Australia help cheer the faces of those who don't even like sport. The same could be argued in the more localised setting of Cambridge. Reading about the Rugby Union Varsity victory last Christmas, or the clean sweep in the pool against Oxford, makes most of us secretly feel a little proud that we're here.

However, despite the similar sense of belonging created by a University win, there are significant differences in our attitudes to sportsmen here that are hard to explain. Personally, my gripe is the way that girls, includ-



Sporting heroes or the social elite? Victorious Rugby Union side celebrates

MICHAEL DERRINGER

ing some of my closest friends, have transformed the Hawks into prizes to be won amid the Cindies' cattle market and, in doing this, have forbidden

"This is my call for the return of the sporting hero"

them from becoming a role model or hero. Last year, there was a chart up in my very own kitchen wall with a list of choice Blues on it, upon which was based a household competition: bottle of bubbly for the girl who sleeps with the most by May Week.

Disgusting, yes. But symbolic of a desire, albeit slightly warped, to climb the ladder of what is ultimately a very small social sphere. In Cambridge, you

can be the Belle of the ball by going out with one of the top Rugby players, which is hardly an unattainable goal when you can meet the whole team every Wednesday night. The mysterious allure of professional sportsmen, in which individual talent and skill might be objectively assessed, has given way to an any-Blues-sport-will-do Blu-tack philosophy.

Now don't get me wrong, I've been guilty of social climbing occasionally myself. But there is a difference between trying to spend time with a group of people whose company you think will be entertaining and trying to sleep with the social 'elite' in order to join it. In all honesty, the Blues should not be considered a social elite at all. They are the sporting elite, and, it is on these grounds that they should be assessed and, if you must, worshipped. Indeed, in making them social rather than sporting figures, their actual skills are demeaned, and they seem to become nothing more than an extended drinking society.

I'd love to be able to read about the feats of the mighty Cambridge rowers and feel an enormous sense of pride when they beat Oxford, or when the footballers win the BUSA league, but to my mind their reputation is tarnished by the scores of other girls that surround them.

Yet, if you are suggesting an alternative scenario where the Blues are kept separate from the rest of us, we would probably end up hating them. Indeed, I'm sure I'd be the first to call them arrogant bastards if they refused to mingle with the other students. How contrary. I guess I am asking the Blues to mingle with the rest of us but choose a life of celibacy, thus stopping the wallcharts once and for all, as well as putting a touch of hero-worship back in our sad and sorry Cantab lives. This of course will never happen, but then, like all dreams, including my deluded plan that Andy Murray will pick me out of the crowd at Wimbledon this June, the best ones are often completely unattainable.

Sport In Brief

Rowing

This year's Lent Bumps have kicked off in style. After 6 years dominance at the head of the river, Caius 1st boat, stroked by last year's Blues President Tom Edwards, were toppled from their pedestal. An extremely strong 1st and 3rd crew, starting in 2nd place, closed down on the headship crew as they came round Grassy Corner. Trinity came to within a canvas after the Plough Reach and moved in for the kill just outside Dittom. Caius, whose 1st boat had not been bumped in over 40 Bumps races, will no doubt hope to take back the headship before Saturday. A strong chasing Jesus Crew, now in 3rd place will certainly push them hard from behind.

In the Women's 1st Division, Clare rode over on Wednesday, followed at a distance by Caius. Behind them almost all other crews bumped out, notably LMBC bumping Newnham.

Lacrosse

Clear wins for both the Women's Lacrosse teams stand them in good stead for this weekend's Varsity matches. The Blues took on University College London in the first round of their BUSA Knockouts having secured first place in their Division, whilst the Kingfishers were drawn against Newcastle II in their plate competition.

The Blues strode on to the pitch confident in their ability to secure a win, but in the knowledge that set moves and midfield transitions needed to be practised to perfection before Saturday. With three quick goals scored off the start, the Blues were able to move into more settled attacking play, working as a team to score rather than securing the fast breaks. A final score of 30-0 testified the strength of this squad as they head into Varsity on Saturday afternoon.

The Kingfishers demonstrated



CLAUDE SCHNEIDER

equal talent, firing 11 goals past the Newcastle goalie, their defence remaining strong as they pulled off a 11-2 win.

Both teams go through to the next round of their respective BUSA League matches, with the Blues facing off against Exeter on Wednesday of next week.

Varsity Lacrosse takes place this Saturday, with matches taking place on Parkers Piece from 11.30am, the day culminating with the Women's Blues match at 3pm.

Cuppers Rugby

This is the third consecutive season that John's and Hughes Hall have met in cuppers, and with seven Blues in their team, the Hughes side looked much stronger on paper than in previous years. The first five minutes of the game were ferocious with Hughes taking advantage of John's ill discipline to go 3-0 up. This proved to be a false dawn as from there on, John's proceeded to dominate all aspects of the game, particularly in the backs.

Late on in the second half Hughes raised their game with a series of forward drives, but a resolute John's defence held them out. Three tries from Jonno Murray, two each from Ovufe Efeotor and Captain Oli Buxton and a rare Rory Holmes try ensured an emphatic 48-3 win for John's. John's will meet Homerton in the semi final, with the winners to play Trinity in the final, after they beat St. Catherines.

Sports Round Up

Upcoming Fixtures

Friday March 1
Women's Rugby v ARU

Saturday March 3
Bowmen, British Universities Team Championships, Edinburgh
Women's Hockey v Bromley & Beckenham, Home, 2pm, Wilberforce Road
Women's Hockey II v Dereham I, Away, 1.30, Dereham Hockey Club
Women's Hockey III v Wisbech II, Away, 11:30, Wisbech Hockey Club
Men's Hockey I v Cambridge City, Away
Gymnastics BUSA Competition, Lilleshall.

Sunday March 4
Women's Rugby v West Norfolk, Away
Cuppers Netball, Trinity Courts 9am onwards
Boundary Run, 24 miles
Blues Rugby League v Nottingham Trent II

Thursday March 7
Women's Lacrosse v Exeter, Home
Men's Table tennis v UWIC, Home

Upcoming Varsity Matches

Saturday March 3
Varsity Lacrosse, Parkers Piece:
11.30 - Mixed
11.30 - Men's 2nds
13.15 - Women's 2nds
14.00 - Men's Blues
15.00 - Women's Blues

Sunday March 4
Varsity Field Events and Relay, Oxford

Wednesday March 6
Women's Hockey, Away, Southgate Hockey Club

Sunday March 10
Women's Rugby, Grange Road, 2nd's 11:30, Blues 2:30

Results

Fencing
Men's Blues v Bristol, won 135-39
Women's Fencing Blues v Bristol, won 135-88
Men's Blues v Oxford Blues, lost 115-92
Men's II v Oxford II, won 127-123
Women's Blues v Oxford Blues, won 119-112
Women's II v Oxford II, won 80-79

Hockey
Cupper's Semi-final, St Catharine's v Churchill, 4-1
Women's Blues v Brighton, lost 3-1
Women's II v Lowescroft I, lost 3-1
Women's III v Ely I, won 2-0
Men's Blues v West Hertfordshire, won 7-2

Rugby
Cuppers Semi-Final, St Catharine's lost to Trinity
Women's Rugby v Leicester, Walkover to Cambridge
Rugby league Varsity match, Cambridge lost 14-20

Lacrosse
Women's Blues Lacrosse v UCL, won 30-0
Newcastle I, won 11-2

Table tennis
Men's Blues v Oxford, won 14-3

Volleyball
Men's Blues v Bournemouth, lost 2-3
Women's Blues v Kent, won 3-1

Tennis
Women's Blues v Nottingham I, won 8-2

SPORT

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Searching out
inspirational sportsmen
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Report
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Dark Blues taste sweet revenge in tight clash

»Light Blues unable to achieve the form of last year's match

SIMON ALLEN
Sports Editor

Cambridge	14
Oxford	20

On Wednesday night, windy conditions greeted Oxford and Cambridge's Rugby League teams when they met at the Harlequin's Stoop. Cambridge were looking to record their third victory in a row, whilst Oxford were thirsty to avenge their 44-0 rout last year.

Straight from kick-off, it became clear that this was not the same Oxford team that suffered that defeat; the Dark Blues were getting bigger numbers to the tackle, and knocking Cambridge back. Despite Oxford's strength in defence, Cambridge soon put together some good phases of play, using their full number of tackles effectively and after only two minutes, the Light Blues were sufficiently near to the Oxford line for Kelvin Donald to dive over for Cambridge's first try. Dave Bulley, the captain and replacement kicker, however, missed the conversion, and the score was left at 4-0 to Cambridge.

Any hopes that Oxford would be cowed by this early try were dispelled as Cambridge suffered bone-jarring hit after hit. After a frustrated Cambridge infringement, Oxford's kicker slotted a penalty to make the score 4-2.

Just as it looked like Oxford were building up a head of steam with possession and territory, Dave Bulley, leading from the front, broke the Oxford defensive line well within his own half, and then had the stamina to run his team's second try home from 70m out. After another missed conversion, with 13 minutes gone, Cambridge led by 8-2.

After the restart Oxford had a good period of possession and used their allotted tackles well, failing to convert dangerous position into points because of the slippery conditions and a strong defensive display from Bulley in the mid-field. Finally, a break came with a dubious Oxford forward pass putting winger Dave Black over the Cambridge line, successfully converting, to draw level.

The game continued at an intense physical level, and Cambridge



Another charging run from Cambridge's Sam Gluck fails to stem the Oxford tide as the Dark Blues win the League Varsity match

MICHAEL DERRINGER

brought on veteran Blue Sam Gluck for his fourth Varsity appearance. Amongst tiring players on both teams, his fresh legs and explosive strength lifted Cambridge's game and strained Oxford's defence. But the Dark Blues had their heads up; dynamic runs from their Dummy halves consistently gained them good ground and stretched Cambridge's defensive line leading to a break just inside the Light Blue half not long before the half-time whistle, putting Oxford ahead at the break by 14-8.

If Cambridge had been somewhat under pressure at the end of the first half, this all changed after play

resumed. Their defence was solid and Oxford quickly tired against it, allowing Cambridge to counter-attack. Some promising phases almost came to fruition until Sam Gluck uncharacteristically spilt the ball in front of Oxford's try-line.

Oxford seemed to have lost some of their precision and fire during this period of the game, rarely completing a full set of six tackles, but still Cambridge could not convert possession into point despite some further strong charges from Scrimshaw and Bulley. The Light Blues were clearly missing their first choice kicker Andrew Wigan, who had injured his

arm before the match, failing to capitalise on their fifth tackle kicks.

Cambridge's hard-work finally paid off after 61 minutes when some good phases of play driving up to the Oxford line allowed Matt Bray to snaffle a try. Bulley this time was able to convert leveling the scores at 14-14.

But, just as the tide seemed to be turning Cambridge's way, Oxford regrouped well. Managing to string together full sets of tackles for virtually the first time in the second half, they showed their pedigree, stretching a tired Cambridge to the limit, scoring and converting in the 69th minute to make it 20-14.

After this last score, the game became scrappier as fatigue set in. Cambridge had a lot of the possession but game-breakers Bulley and Gluck were unable to muster their raging form of the first half. Strong Oxford defence and counter-attack ensured that Cambridge never really threatened their line in this last phase of play. The final whistle blew over two exhausted teams who had given it their all. Oxford's defence and strength countering the high ball had ensured that they had stayed ahead of Cambridge. Man of the match went to Oxford winger Dave Black, himself a former Light Blue player.



The Lehman Brothers Women's Varsity Match

LEHMAN BROTHERS

CAMBRIDGE vs OXFORD
AT CURUFU, GRANGE ROAD, CAMBRIDGE | 10 MARCH 2007

FREE ADMISSION