

VARSITY

May Week Review 19 June 2003



Christopher Trdy

02

May Week

Madness and messiness



Every year at around this time I find myself asking the same questions: why can't Tim win Wimbledon, why does alcohol hurt so much and why didn't I spend more of my time in the UL rather than in a dingy underground club?

Another of my annual May Week mindsets is my Finesse Fantasy. Whilst imprisoning myself in the library for six weeks solid, I managed to construct wild illusions of myself floating around Trinity May Ball in the style of a Grecian goddess; making the boys crazy and the girls sick with envy. In reality, as I lurched and stumbled home, like a cow in the latter stages of BSE, wearing my date's shoes and hitching my dress up above my knees, it occurred to me that I might be slightly delusional. What's more striking though is how this kind of blind belief and optimism seems to permeate our culture. We live in a world where Darius can win fame and fortune, women aspire to the computer-enhanced images in their magazines and the winner of Big Brother is awarded twenty pages of tabloid coverage along with vast sums of money. It's hardly surprising then that we tend to instil belief in our fantasies, despite our past failures and awareness of our current situations. It all comes back to Tim really. Realistically I have about as much chance of holding up the men's trophy as he does, yet this scrawny excuse for an international tennis player still manages to inspire hope in even the most cynical of British hearts, as reflected in the national press. The Guardian supplement rates Henman at a whopping 9/10, oh please, whilst the more realistic Ladbrokes pitches his chances at 10/1. Such is the bitter unpredictability of life. Perhaps in two weeks I'll be eating my words. Or perhaps it doesn't really matter and, like the calculation of odds, it's all academic anyway. Who cares if Henman wins or not, or if I fulfil my inner fantasy? In a moment of pop-philosophy I find myself thinking that the outcome is irrelevant, it's means rather than ends, innit. People all over the country get off on watching reality TV and sporting competitions with British hopefuls, and hoping one day it 'could be them'; I had the time of my life at Trinity, and I'm utterly convinced I had some 'goddess moments' somewhere. May Week is the ultimate time for living out and living in your fantasies. The point is to concentrate on making the most of it, enjoying the moments as they happen rather than sticking to a stringent plan. Loosing sight of your goals isn't necessarily a bad thing.

Ball breaking buzz



It seems that Varsity's article last week on breaking into May Balls inspired a few people to try their luck and have a go themselves.

Varsity sadly cannot take all the blame for these fiascos. Not even the cream of Cambridge journalistic talent could have come up with some of the dirty rotten tricks seen around colleges this week.

Everyone has heard the tall tales of audacious break-ins, the urban legends involving full dry suits and scuba gear, like Arnie in *True Lies*, or sometimes even a carefully aimed parachute jump. To my knowledge no one has pulled a stunt like this to get into a ball, at least not this year. The gatecrashers of Cambridge prefer to use methods of pure finesse. Take the group of girls at John's Ball on Tuesday night. The doormen at John's were met by 2 girls decked out in full dress branded by a well-known smoothie manufacturer and were wheeling a large cardboard box. They said they were there to deliver a last minute batch of drinks to one of the bars inside the ball. Of course they were complete impostors trying to get a free night out. The one hitch in their plan was that just behind the door, protected by the bouncers, was a flight of stairs and their box was far too heavy to carry by hand. It's no surprise really that when the guards decided to take a look in the box they were greeted by three more girls neatly packed in, wearing full evening outfits. What is it about May Balls that makes people go to such lengths to get in? The free flowing alcohol, the headline acts or as much hog roast as you can manage? No, it's the buzz of walking around an event knowing that everyone else there has forked out, saved up or sold an organ for the exact same privilege to you are enjoying for free. As the smoothie girls showed, it's not an easy buzz to obtain and even the best-laid plans can go wrong. Nice try though, and better luck next year.



Mick Heyes

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Photos by Naaman Tamruz



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Editorial

Ballfest

Tim Nixon introduces this year's array of reviews

Well ladies and gentlemen, May week 2003 is drawing to a close. As I write Tit hall, King's and Magdalene are still going strong, and Corpus is gearing up for Friday night, but otherwise the champagne has been drunk, the hog roast devoured and the queues have been queued. For some of you this will be third (or fourth) time around, for others you hopefully now know what everyone else has been talking about since Fresher's week.

If further evidence was needed of the massive inferiority of our friends in the 'other place' we need look no further than our ball timetable. While Oxford tends to space their balls out in a pathetic mincing fashion, we have all of ours in one week. In fact there was massive drama at Oxford this year when 6 colleges planned

their balls in just two days. With 3,600 tickets available on one Saturday night, people feared bankruptcy. I hope no one pointed out to them that this Monday saw four balls in Cambridge, which sold in excess of 5,200 tickets. We're talking a minimum of 1,500 bottles of bubbly, 20,000 bottles of beer and at least four whole pigs. Cambridge knows how to do balls in style.

In fact in total you've spent more than £1.2m on over 13,500 tickets, but while a lucky few will have gone for a heartily recommended Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday treble, others might be wondering just what all the fireworks were about.

To give you an idea of what worked well, which committees 'dropped the ball,' where you should go next year and to help fill in any memory blanks, *Varsity* brings you a review of this year's best balls and events. We sent loyal *Varsity*

	Queues	Food	Drink	Value for Money	Headline Act	Comments
Diablo	6	6	7	8	Big Brovaz	Nice to get out of Cambridge
Emmanuel	6	9	9	8	Timmy Mallett	Down the rabbit hole
Homerton	10	9	7	9	Tributes Galore	A small but shiny ball
Jesus	7	9	8	7	Terri Walker	Good college feel
King's	7	4	5	6	DJ Hype	Banging
Magdalene	7	8	8	6	Blazin' Squad	Pepysian?
New Hall	8	N/A	7	8	Blak Twang	Good comeback
Queens'	9	7	7	8	Terri Walker	Sheer fun
Robinson	8	8	7	9	Athlete	Poor old Lord Whitmore
St John's	3	8	9	8	Mint Royale	Queuetastic -needs stamina
Trinity	7	9	9	9	Supergrass	Pure class
Trinity Hall	7	6	7	8	Space	Where is Pat's jacket?

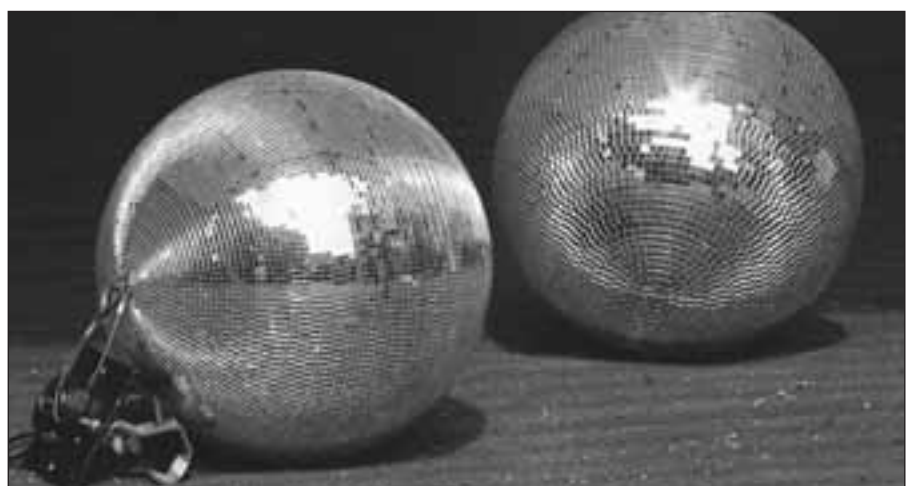
journalists out to almost every event over the last six days with the brief to ferret out the truth from amongst the vodka luges, bouncy castles and bucking broncos. To help give some kind of comparison we're also rating each ball on four criteria: value for money; drink; food; queues and outlining their headlining acts.

On behalf of everyone at *Varsity* I'd

like to thank the Committees of Corpus, Diablo, Emmanuel, Homerton, Jesus, John's, King's, Magdalene, Queens', Robinson, Trinity and Trinity Hall for generously allowing our reviewers entrance to their balls.

And in preparation for next year also to say – come on Clare, you're the odd one out.

The aftermath



Photos by Chris Tidy

Debauchery and decadence

04

St John's May Ball

Tori Flower and Katy Long

The best thing about reviewing John's Ball? Sweeping past the queue stretching half way down Trinity Street and finding our way straight to the champagne.

For the less fortunate, the wait for food, drink and entertainment would be at least a further two and a half hours in what was probably the worst queue of May Week. But the verdict once inside was unanimous: it was well worth the wait.

If first impressions count, the decor at John's was stunning. Huge silk screens were one of the few passing references to the night's Japanese theme, but it was the Lily-bedecked Bridge of Sighs that stole the show. Simple lighting set the scene to perfection. The only incongruous notes were the green lasers in First Court; what were they for?

It was impossible not to be impressed by the pure extravagance of punts filled with Champagne bottles, and the discovery of a gin-and-tonic tent was a further bonus. The drink was still flowing at dawn, and there was no skimping on the quality; luxury was certainly the theme of the night. The food was as plentiful as the drink, and the queues moved fast, but despite some of the best waffles ever tasted, most of the dishes on offer were adequate rather than awe-inspiring.

Secrecy concerning the programme had led many to wonder who would top the entertainment bill, and rumours of Coldplay circulated through the queue. Despite no mention in the programme the hopeful were still holding out for a Big Name Act even as late as midnight, but this didn't materialise, leaving John's without a real focal point to the night. Yet if the Ball suffered from a lack of a central stage, Mint Royale filled in the gap admirably, while The Herbaliser played a good set into the early hours of the morning, guests forgetting dinner jackets and full length gowns as they danced. The only problem was it was all over far too soon, as the event lost steam around the 4am mark, leaving many looking at their watches and heading for bed instead of the survivors' photo.

It is inevitable that John's and Trinity are subject to endless comparisons by those lucky enough to be able to go to both. We can't comment, but among the crowd the general verdict (on the fireworks at least), was that John's had proved itself to be "better than Trinity". On the night, though, the competition seemed irrelevant: it was a fabulous evening in its own right. For, however extravagant a £105 a ticket might be, if you're going to "do" a Mayball, you might as well do it properly. And John's certainly did that.



Eaden Lilley

Magdalene May Ball

Martin Hemming and Becki Pollard

As he slipped into his tails and white tie and waistcoat, she her ankle-length dress, silk gloves and spike-heeled shoes, ominous dark clouds gathered in the Cambridge sky. This didn't bother them too much.

They were full of expectation before their visit to Magdalene's biennial ball to end all balls. They'd perused the promotional literature, discovering that they were to be joining in with the tercentenary celebrations of the death of the college's seventeenth century alumnus Samuel Pepys.

The menu promised sumptuousness in all its five-course glory. Guinea fowl with juniper juice and summer vegetables were followed by Champagne jelly. Coffee and *petit fours* helped guests to quell their hunger and was followed by yet more food in the form of port and cheese.

There was to be none of that horrible, typical student fare of cheesy, tacky excess that the other Cambridge balls offer. In its place, a ball evoking Pepys' England.

He made jokes about plague doctors and great fires. She told him to shut up, saying, I don't think that's what they mean, darling. She was just hoping it didn't rain. But what exactly did they mean?

Well, the promised "glamour of the Restoration" was hardly in evidence as we queued for what seemed like (and probably was) an age against a red brick wall on Chesterton Lane, with no entertainment to sustain us

bar a poetry reciting Pepys impersonator nor refreshments.

Once we were finally allowed in, one and a half hours after the advertised start time, the college's attractively lit gardens offered a welcoming spectacle. We were dry (thankfully) but a little chilly, so decided to warm ourselves with a no doubt ludicrously expensive flute of champagne, before diving into posh cheeses, mineral waters and wines. This was more like it. But were donuts and candyfloss part of a Pepysian England?

The site did seem a little sparse while half of the ballgoers dined early, but soon filled up after the second sitting. Sadly, the admittedly exotic second dining sitting didn't finish until 2am, meaning that many missed the first few numbers of the performance of those archetypal 17th scallywags Blazin' Squad (no, seriously). They were however, surprisingly good, and offered a bit of a light relief from the much of the stuffiness and seriousness of the rest of the ball. Hard to dance to this music in tails and waistcoat though.

Overall, it seemed that the money had gone towards wines with names, and cheeses with grapes, and R'n'B acts with far too many members. If you want to wine and dine and dance Magdalene's a good option.

If you're spending a small fortune on your annual ball ticket, for somewhere a bit more fun, we can think of two obvious candidates. Magdalene just doesn't threaten Trinity or John's on this count. In fact it has quite a way to go. At least it didn't rain.



Martin Hemming

Dancing Queens' and Diablo

Diablo

Tom Walters

Organising a large dance-based event in a venue ten miles from the city was an ambitious but ultimately successful plan.

For early travellers the buses ran very smoothly with no wait to speak of at either end. However, those leaving Cambridge later had to contend with a badly-policed line on Parker's Piece which was open to queue jumping. 'Dress to Impress' was interpreted in some wldly different styles. People's outfits encompassed just about everything

possible including a pair of Jedi and some bizarre Renaissance cross-dressing.

The four dance floors were well-used, but never felt overcrowded. The acts were generally impressive. Big Brovaz and Chesney Hawkes were both favourites with the crowd and Mint Royale performed a beautiful hour-long set. However, a few billed acts were notable by their absence. There was no sign of Punjabi MCs - even on the programme given out on entry.

The comedy tent was the only properly seated area in the event, which was a welcome place to stop after four hours dancing. Much to everyone's delight, the Trailer

of Life was also present to provide food, throughout the night, albeit with prices 40p higher than when they're in the Market Square. Drinks too were overpriced for a student event with a Smirnoff Ice weighing in at a hefty £2.50. With tickets at £37 and drinks at that price, the overall expenditure for the night for many must have been nearing that of one of the cheaper balls.

Although the side attractions left a little to be desired, Diablo was an enjoyable night with some great acts and an excellent atmosphere. The dancefloors were still thronged with happy dancers at 5am as the sun rose.



Tom Walters

Queens' May Ball

Becky Burton and Reggie Vettasseri

The tourist guides tell you that one of the greatest things about wandering through Cambridge is the way in which behind their walls each college seems to form a tiny enclosed world.

Each has its own unique atmosphere and its own unique sense of place. So it is that, even when May Week comes and the colleges are transformed for the various competing balls, no two events ever have quite the same feel. The best play to the strengths of their particular location.

With numerous relatively small courts, lawns and halls, Queens' pro-

vides a particularly good location for a ball due to its amazing potential for variety. This potential was expertly used to the full by this year's ball committee.

Enter into the first court and you find yourself limbo dancing your way towards the first row of drinks. After riding the surf simulator you find yourself in the Mexican area. Turn around and you can be gorging yourself on oysters and sparkling wine whilst listening to classical music. Get up again and you find yourself in the middle of a mock medieval fight. Try and find a quiet corner and you find yourself attended by hand masseurs. Wander some more and you are in a fairground witnessing one of those remarkable sights peculiar to May

Week - girls in fabulous ball dresses trying to retain their dignity whilst being catapulted thirty feet in the air by the 'Flex 'n' Fly' ride. The list could go on. You'll be halfway through the evening, hideously drunk and two dress sizes bigger, and you still won't have found the main music tent. Add to this multitude of entertainments, the relative lack of queues, and Queens' has really created the party atmosphere the ninetieth anniversary committee have been striving for.

In terms of sheer lavishness a ball like Queens' will of course never be able to compete with the likes of Trinity or John's. There was a fantastic fireworks display to rival the best of them, yet

despite the presence of oysters and some excellent cocktails the majority of the food and drink was more bread and butter than strawberries and cream, exemplified by the stall which offered bread and butter alone. Likewise, with Terri Walker as their main act, Queens' lacked a big headline name. However, whilst true decadence is the preserve of the biggest balls, they by no means have a monopoly on what really matters - fun. It was here that Queens' really succeeded. Even when chatting to the most ball-hardened May Week veterans, we never met a disappointed person. In the words of fourth year reveller Iain Hollingshead, 'It was the best Ball I ever paid for.'

05



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not even thought about it yet?
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A double act of pure class

06

Trinity May Ball

Oliver Duff and Luke Layfield

Last year was considered a bit of an année terrible by Trinity May Ball standards. Headline act the Fun Lovin' Criminals didn't show up. Supplies of drink and food ran low - even the fabled never-ending champagne ran out at an early stage.

To top things off guests were drenched by the mother of all thunderstorms in the early hours. And so ballgoers' expectations this year were high: how would the 2003 Committee bounce back? They certainly could not afford similar bad luck and mistakes.

But bounce back they did, and it was a recovery astonishing in its conviction and splendour. Barely a detail seemed to have gone by uncovered.

The problems last year with food and drinks seem to have been rectified. From the sumptuous oysters and the cheeses available early on through fairground food, paella, ciabatta, chilli and the outdoor grill to a continental or full English breakfast before the survivors' photo, the range and quality was comprehensive, catered to suit all tastes. Even the most refined palate could not have failed to be impressed by the beverages on offer; those of us who are less fussy even more so.

And so on to the entertainment. Again the array was what you would hope for



JET Photographie

from a ball of this pedigree. Classical musicians and choristers joined firejugglers in distracting guests during the queue. The fireworks were excellent. Headliners Supergrass were awesome, living up to their reputation as a great live act, and really rocking the crowd. What else was going on for those who don't like their pop or rock? Funk. Afro Jazz. Reggae. Classical. Dancesport. HipHop. Salsa. Blues. And for those still wanting

to strut their stuff by dawn, The Fitz Swing Band were willing to wow.

So what of the lowlights amid the extravagance? Among them had to be the bowel-stirring 'hypnotism' of May Ball slag/veteran Stuart Ashing, "invited back again and again by popular request," he informed us, four times. Hopefully his unenthusiastic reception will prevent a repeat next year. Footlights comedy was surprisingly spo-

radic. A suggestion for next year would be more rubbish bins, as it was sad to see so much litter destroying the otherwise splendid surroundings and décor.

But the atmosphere was cheery and the weather gorgeous. The biggest accolade we can pay the ball committee is that for those who left disappointed it can only be because they didn't have the hours to do everything they wanted to.

Vibrate @ New Hall

Sunday 15th June

For many who had seen the advertising campaign and "Needed Finishing Off" on Suicide Sunday, Vibrate was the best possible way to end the sultry day. It provided a welcome alternative to blazered drinking-society boys and repeats of That Song by R-Kelly.

The billed line-up had a lot of potential (with Blak Twang, Estelle, The Mixologist and some of Cambridge's finest DJs promised) and the price was reasonable, especially in comparison to other similar events this May Week.

The reality of the event was no disappointment. It was evident that a lot of effort had gone into the night: the college had obviously worked hard to regain the good name that Vibrate had enjoyed in previous years. The newly-refurbished Dome was impressive and if it wasn't as packed out as it

might have been, the inexplicable draw of the sweatiest night in the history of Life must be blame. But for those that did venture up the hill, it was well worth it.

Estelle and Blak Twang's sets were awesome and really got the crowd going, throughout a set that lasted well over two hours. The third room, featuring Cambridge celebs Get the Wow had a constantly good vibe and kept people grooving till the close.

New Hall may not enjoy the best reputation in certain spheres of Cambridge life, but Vibrate 2003 proved they know how to throw a good party. With the decline in popularity of King's events, New Hall looks set to rival the college that has provided the tunes for the cool kids of Cambridge without challenge for the past few years. Vibrate was a refreshing night at the end of an oppressively humid day.



Photos by Malika Worrall

Ice, Ice Baby or 80 Days?

Jesus May Ball

reviewed by Navin Sivanandam

As one of the handful of colleges with an annual ball Jesus is in an awkward position.

Competing with John's and Trinity isn't an option, and yet the beautiful grounds and expansive setting demand a similar level of extravagance. Faced with this quandry the ball committee this year created an elegant but, in some ways, subdued affair.

After being distracted by some excellent queuing canapés, we entered the Ball through a screen of bubbles into the central 'Northern Lights' area. Putting on an ice-themed ball in the middle of sum-

mer has to be a challenge for even the most enthusiastic 'Changing Rooms' fan. However, with some understated and well thought-out design Jesus managed to create the appropriate wintry feel. Ice sculptures dotted the court, with the centrepiece being a miniature replica of the Jesus horse. Elsewhere, lighting and fixtures augmented the cool feel.

The ice theme was also evident in some of the evening's entertainment. The feature attraction was the 'ice rink' - a low friction polymer rink. In principle this is a fantastic Ball gimmick. It fits with theme and is both sophisticated and fun. However, in practice the experience didn't quite gel with what we saw elsewhere on the night.

The music for the event had been chosen with care. The headline act Terri Walker gave a charming and dynamic performance; however, the undisputed highlight was Nizlopi in the Chill Out tent, an amazing duo of voice and double bass.

Food and drink were excellent: the Smirnoff Ice held out for the most of the evening and a smart layout ensured there was little queuing, even for the midnight hog roast.

However, the only important question a reviewer needs to ask is: 'Was it fun?' My answer to that is: "Yes, but..." Despite being full of happy faces, this still felt like a college ball - a ball only if shared with a hoard of friends.



Kate Wilford

Homerton May Ball

reviewed by Saalim Chowdhury

Homerton's last ball was remembered for its unplanned 'Pav' mayhem and associated goings on, rather than the entertainments or the experience of the revellers.

I didn't really know what to expect. The tickets were £75, and the college isn't particularly rich, so I couldn't expect a John's or Trinity style affair. Thankfully they didn't try to do this.

Unlike many of the other balls that work to a tight budget, Homerton seemed to realise their limitations, and tried not to

emulate the larger balls. This night it really worked for them.

There were no big names, but the ball didn't need it. When I read through the programme, I was perturbed at seeing a list of three tribute bands as headline acts. Normally when I hear the words 'tribute band', I think of a few hairy old guys who've bought the songbook, and can just about hold a note. These artists were different - they sounded fantastic. In particular Queen B, and Big 10 - Queen and Madness tribute bands respectively - put their audiences into a mild frenzy on the main stage.

The 'Around the World in 80 days' theme was well implemented around the college, with the Hot Air Balloon providing stunning views of the wide variety of entertainments provided. The college looked wonderful. You couldn't help but trip over a different activity or entertainment everywhere you went. Just walking around the college you were absorbed by the open-air performances. In keeping with the international theme of the event, there was a welcome lack of queuing. Apart from getting in, rarely did I have to queue for longer than two to three minutes. This is something from which the

bigger balls could learn.

The night went off without a hitch. Food was available in abundance and of a high standard. However, the drink lacked variety, as, except for the champagne reception, the main drinks available were pints or mixers. The revellers didn't seem to mind, and remained chilled long into the night.

The energy of the ball-goers was the only thing to run out all evening. The quirk of the night was the FT at the end of the evening, which for the most benevolent of Cambridge colleges seems a little peculiar. Would the Guardian or Telegraph have been more appropriate?

07

Careers Service



Summer Recruitment Event

Wednesday 25th June
2.00pm - 5.00pm



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Murder mystery wonderland

08

Robinson May Ball

Jamie Douglass and Jonny Mather

The queuing system for *Decorum?*, the Robinson May Ball, did not inspire confidence.

Not the queue for the Ball itself – we subsequently discovered that they'd roped in a lot of workers in 1920s costume, not to mention a spattering of classic cars and one of the best close-up magicians I've seen for some time, and got everyone into the ball in under one hour – but the queue to get the tickets. It seemed that the committee had decided that they only wanted really dedicated guests. If you didn't want a ticket enough to queue for the duration of a short war, or the span of a girl band's career, then you weren't coming in. Although their efforts to give away the 15,000 chocolate bars that were the unfortunate result of a decimal point catastrophe ensured no one dropped dead of hunger.

All of this didn't matter much. May Balls are – by their very nature – fairly similar. The quality of the acts might not be guaranteed by the ticket price, but the success of the evening depends far more on atmosphere than on gimmickry. This year, Robinson excelled them-



JET Photographic

selves. The college is large enough to support a huge variety of entertainment, which there was, and still remain inclusive in a way that the sheer area of larger colleges makes impossible. A lot of creative effort had gone into the décor and layout.

Just as Cambridge balls are similar, they are also, by definition, amateur in their organisation, but are usually very impressive events despite this. Unfortunately this means that minor irritations are inevitable, and Robinson was no different: the only alcoholic

beverages left after about 3:00 am tasted similar to meths but weren't quite as easy on the throat; the queue for breakfast reminded me of the scenes in Basra when the first aid agencies arrived, and there had been a spectacular cock-up in the production of the map meaning that you had to have a miner's lamp strapped to your forehead and a degree in orienteering just to find out where the nearest toilet was.

Nevertheless this was a terrific ball and, with tickets costing just £73, terrific value. These days £73 buys you a meal for two at a distinctly average restaurant or a ticket to a football match. At *Decorum?* it bought you nine hours of great indulgence and fantastic entertainment. The committee invited us to indulge in the Gosford Park-inspired theme of the twilight years of England's aristocracy 'as the sun sinks on a golden era'. They delivered what they had promised with great aplomb and, as the sun rose on the lawns of Robinson, there was not a disappointed guest in sight. And none of us had been murdered with the candlestick in the drawing room.

Trinity Hall May Ball

Rowan Huppert Ali Blackmore

As a reviewing pair consisting of a May Week virgin and a Ball veteran at this SuperSava event left us with differing impressions of the night.

Compared with its more expensive, slicker cousins, this production was lacking the variety and quality of entertainments and hospitality on offer. However, had a very enjoyable atmosphere.

The headline act, Space, are a decent band with a sizeable following but aren't in the same league as Trinity's Supergrass and top bands at other major balls. They were supported on the main stage by the James Taylor Quartet, a Cambridge favourite, throw-

ing out frenetic breaks over funky beats exciting the crowd with its incessant rhythm. Then, following the event's theme of Déjà Vu, the spotlight shone on ex-Fun house star Pat Sharp, now sadly lacking a mullet and the original twins, Melanie and Martina who, according to Sharp, are 'busy lezzing-it-up together, which is what twin sisters do'. Audience participation and enthusiasm reached a dizzying height, much to the reviewers displeasure. This culminated in the theft of an original Fun House jacket belonging to one of the replacement twins, apparently one of only two jackets left.

As a May Week virgin the setting was quite breath-taking, the lighting was

enchanting and the general feeling was warm and comforting with friendly faces everywhere. The food wasn't great and the variety was a little lacklustre but then at £42 it's hardly fair to expect a three course meal. There were also a wide variety of other entertainments including an inflatable boxing ring with as many people scrapping around the ring as going head-to-head inside the ropes. The ice cream was a welcome refreshment as were the drinks, although again the variety was narrow.

Compared with other May week events the atmosphere was definitely more subdued and the absence of black tie gave the proceedings a far more casual feel. Given the value for money

that the event offered, it was an enjoyable, if limited, party, the bargain price helping to remove the pressure felt by a large investment in a major ball ticket.

The music was one area of the evening which was pleasingly varied, with a second stage showcasing live garage and house artists including the two step masters MJ Cole and Karl 'Tuff Enuff' Brown. In the dining hall cum dance hall the intense African rhythms of Cambridge based Shaker were mixed with local Tit Hall favourites Afrodisiac, providing sufficient musical mastery to please the punters.

All in all, pretty good as an event, but it would have been decidedly thin for a ball, but then you get what you pay for.

Emmanuel May Ball

Tom Ebbutt and Tom Walters

The undoubted success of 'Funk Da Bar' at Emma this year has placed it firmly at the centre of the Wednesday night of many a Cambridge student; and the surprising early sell-out of the College's re-awakened May Ball must be put down part to this inflated reputation.

Though the absence of ents guru Jack Melhuish from the ball committee may have set alarm bells ringing in some quarters, for most of the revellers who queued among the barber shop choristers and the hail of jelly beans the expectation was of nothing but the best from the 'Wonderland' that was to await them once they entered via a sub-Emmanuel Street 'rabbit hole'.

And for a first attempt in four years there were undoubted highs – the drink – in variety, quantity and availability – cannot have failed to please and the appearance of Timmy Mallet mid-



Tom Walters

evening was certainly a welcome addition, as was the early-morning ice skating which was surprisingly satisfying after a few beers. The food was stomach pleasing and varied, the 4am bacon rolls were particularly well-received, and the Casino as always was a welcome descent into everyone's Las Vegas fantasy.

However, there were unfortunately some things that did rankle a touch, the size of the queues being the main area that will require attention next time around. The wait for food and attractions on the rear lawn was sometimes stupendous, notably for the hog roast and, perhaps more understandably, the Motorball. The area given over to fes-

tivities also seemed slightly too large; most people seemed to congregate out by the duck ponds and other areas remained far quieter throughout the evening, particularly the Court of the King and Queen of Hearts.

Considering Emma's reputation the musical offering would have perhaps been expected to include at least a few notable names, but those who came for this would not have been sated. Though the lack of a big headline act was noticeable, and was probably deliberate, what they did have was largely high quality; the 'Dark Forest' bar's offering in particular seemed to be a perfect pitch.

Though perhaps there could have been more attractions, the layout could have been condensed the overall result was one that pleased. The theme worked, the food and drink flowed freely and the entertainment was what is wanted on such occasions. Once refined it should be make wonderful addition to Cambridge's May Week.

We got rhythm, we got music

Selwyn shows the rest how May Week concerts should be done, writes Jonny Sells

I have a thing against May Week concerts. They are often last minute, thrown-together jobs that have a token viola player as the sole representative of the host college. The same old instrumentalists get a bit of sight-reading practice, the conductors get a cheap ego-boost, and everyone goes away feeling that they would rather have just been sitting in the sun.

Fortunately, Selwyn's offering was different. Although it was obvious that some essential hard-graft fixing had gone on, this concert was above all a showcase for Selwyn's considerable home-grown talent.

First up was Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake Suite*, conducted by Mark Galtry, whose swashbuckling style drew great expression from the strings, although there was a touch too much of the bullwhip about it as the Valse rose to its climax. The acoustics of Selwyn's hall occasionally meant that the excitable percussion section were a little overbearing, but it was mostly aided by some finely-sketched woodwind articulation.

Patrick Massey was both sensitive and flexible in his conducting of Dvorak's *Wind Serenade*, forced to cope with the controversial gazumping of a contrabassoon by JCMS. Unfortunately, the individual players came across less well under the closer



Varsity Archive

scrutiny of chamber music, and the *Andante con moto* was spoiled by some careless playing. Massey took this movement with a little more *moto* than I thought was necessary to do justice to its sweet, lilting character, and conversely was conservative with his tempo in the *Allegro molto*. Although perhaps restricted by technical considerations, his interpretation of this difficult piece lacked any daring and

any joy. The more touching moments, however, were well-judged.

Milhaud's irreverent combination of Brazilian dances in *Le Boeuf sur le Toit* uses very imaginative orchestral colours and humorous bitonal melody as weapons against its monotonous rhythms and structure. This piece came off less well partly because its length far exceeded its content, and partly because the riot that it

promised never quite broke out. Waltham-Smith's militarily-commanded forces seemed well-drilled, but in the end were a little too dinner-jacketed.

Finzi's *Eclogue* for piano and strings was a good balance for the generally light fare in the programme. The deceptive difficulty of this tender piece was manifested by some interesting string tuning and ensemble. The decision to place the piano behind the strings was not a good one, but Tim Morgan's expressive range of gestures made for some affecting moments.

The finale of the programme - Shostakovich's second *Jazz Suite* conducted by Alex Soddy - contained the most enjoyable music. Soddy, along with all the conductors here, could have benefited from a podium, but as the piece progressed he relaxed and struggled less to surmount the orchestra. He produced impressively-tight brass articulation and drew the long waltz melodies from the strings with satisfying shape. Apart from the rather ramshackle percussion section this piece and conductor drew the best playing from the orchestra. Ensemble was not always secure, especially at the pull-ups, and perhaps a little more dynamic contrast would have aided the regular dance forms, but the massive sound of the orchestra was pleasingly harnessed to provide a most rousing finale.

09



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Love, Pride and Kissing

10

The London Cuckolds

reviewed by Laura Ashe

Restoration comedy comes with its own advantages and pitfalls, and stands or falls on the strength - and particularly the energy - of the cast.

Andrew Ormerod's production benefits from a perfect setting, and the play has been given something of a facelift in Alistair Nunn's adaptation. Once the rather perfunctory set-up of a trio of husbands, wives and would-be lovers has been established, the pace picks up and with it, the humour. The charmingly excessive costumes suit the egregiously camp atmosphere, and as the characters warm into their roles the interchanges begin to show real spark. Amy Noble stands out as Arabella, raising her character above the realms of caricature proffered her by the script, to create a charming, sexy and determined heroine. Joe Marsh animates his luckless rake

Ned Ramble with a gloriously comic nervous energy, to which Seaton Gordon's amorous drunkard provides a suavely humorous foil. The cast were mostly strong, although at the dress rehearsal I attended, there were still some serious line-learning issues.

The London Cuckolds comes to life with the sequences at the centre of the lovers' intrigues, with the various lovers threatened and cuckolds humiliated in increasingly ridiculous fashion; Alistair Nunn's turn in drag may justify the price of the ticket alone. Not a play to come to for subtle humour or psychological depth - and its commentary on the sexes is appreciably seventeenth-century - it promises a diverting summer evening's entertainment, and is to be recommended.

ADC Garden Show
 Westcott House
 Jesus Lane
 18-21 June, 7:15pm



ADC

Non-Sexual Kissing

reviewed by Zubin Mistry

Non-Sexual Kissing is a post-hang-over antidote of sorts, offering respite through its endearing misfits steeped in the blackest of comedy.

This craftily-scripted Footlights piece managed to charm an audience in the sweltering ADC for two hours through the subtlety of its style and the stamina of its actors.

Non-Sexual Kissing, whose title perhaps refers obliquely to something at the close, loosely connects the strands of the stories of various characters in a block of flats, who range from antagonistic, spitting schoolboys to an amusingly (and brutally) honest couple, from an old invalid on his last legs

to a pathetic Saturday-night loner. The simply effective stage is complemented smartly by a slick projection of an ongoing film from a handheld camera, complementing, introducing and re-introducing the various homes; for instance, while several characters come to comfort and console the geriatric Mr. Hedges, a projection of an apple-munching, cigarette-rolling old man beams out without a smile. And it works a treat, not only functionally, as a filler for scene changes, but generally in keeping with the slightly surreal or at least quirky tone. The music in between and occasionally during scenes is equally peculiar.

Trite as it sounds, the pervading emphasis is on anxieties: the fragmentation of relationships, infidelity, loneliness and all the other accoutrements of our

angst-ridden yet recognisable lives. The able, flexible cast manage more than capably in playing the variegated lot. Jot, in particular, is outstanding, ranging in his roles from the nervously enervated Jeremy, manically preparing for an audition, to the archetypal dinner party ponce, stealing the laughs of other guests.

Altogether, the darkness and depression of *Non-Sexual Kissing* is, strangely, a welcome bout of escapism from the garish glare of summer skirts spilled with Pimms. Yet, vitally, this darkness is attenuated by the trickle of optimism, stemming not only from the comedy, but also from the title itself and the abstruse but prospective closure.

ADC Theatre
 13-19 June, 7:45pm



ADC

Pride and Prejudice

reviewed by Ashleigh Coleman

Having to get out of bed the day after my May Ball to go and see *Pride and Prejudice* felt at first like more of a chore than it turned out to be.

Despite the occasional sense that the whole thing had been hastily thrown together with somewhat makeshift costumes and frequent stumbling over lines, the cast made the most of the beautiful setting of Downing Fellow's Garden and delivered a thoroughly enjoyable performance of the Jane Austen classic. Sitting on garden benches among the trees, it was easy for the few who turned up to watch to really get into the feel of the play and appreciate the scenes both on stage and off, which could easily have been mistaken for a period garden party. The only drawback of the setting was that the lack of wings meant that the movement of the actors offstage often distracted the audience. The acting, however, was strong enough to ensure the distractions did not divert the audience entirely, with particularly good renditions of Elizabeth Bennett and Mrs

Bennett. All in all, sitting in the sunshine watching the play was a very pleasant way to spend the afternoon and the only thing that might have made it more worth getting out of bed for would have been if they could have figured out a way to add in the scene with Mr Darcy in his wet shirt.

Fellows Garden, Downing College
 16-19 June, 3pm



Varsity Archives

Love's Labour's Lost

reviewed by Helene Williamson

The Pembroke Players' production of the difficult *Love's Labour's Lost* is ambitious and frothy in equal measure, set in the 1930s and billed as a Shakespearean musical.

The bizarre transposition of the most 'conventional' sixteenth-century comedy to the world of brash show tunes works surprisingly well, and co-director James Topham is to be congratulated on this intriguing juxtaposition.

The cast are for the most part extremely gifted and cope well with the distinct demands of outdoor Shakespeare and musical theatre. Occasionally, the staging and dancing lets this ambitious vision down, but the energy and sensitivity of the cast and Simon Temple's engaging musical direction of the production ultimately ensure that the audience is swept along.

The play's combination of low-comedy caricature and more emotionally-sophisticated aristocratic characters is brought to the fore by the strict division of the cast. The characterised roles are more than mere comic relief and James Croft and Joe Swarbrick in particular succeed in

presenting the roles of Boyet and Duke Amardo respectively with both enormous verve and likeability, which extends beyond the text's two-dimensionality of the more serious roles. The leads Ben McLelland and Julia Clarke are both touching and the most musically-



Zarif Jabber, zj205@cam.ac.uk

able members of the cast, giving the production a lyricism which extends far beyond the slightly gimmick-based concept. Overall neither a brilliant piece of Shakespeare nor a fabulous musical, but an excellent combination of the two, light-hearted and supported by a talented cast and strong directorial vision.

Pembroke College
 13-17 June, 3pm

Make Mine a Cosmopolitan

King's certainly offered an eclectic and interesting mix for May Week, writes James Sheehan

King's May Week Concert is always a showcase of the college's astonishing depth and range of student musical talent, so I arrived at the concert with high expectations.

With soloists Tim Mead and Annabelle Lawson, and conductors Alexander Milner and Daniel Hyde all on the point of graduating, I was as excited about hearing some memorable performances as I was about the obligatory strawberries and wine on the lawn afterwards. In the end I was disappointed by neither – after all, the quality of both was just about guaranteed beforehand.

The evening began with Bernstein's Chichester Psalms, sung by King's Choir and Voices and conducted by Stephen Cleobury. I was impressed by the precision with which the whole choir articulated the punchy, uneven rhythms of the first part, although some of the more subtle interplay between the voices was lost in the expanses of the chapel. Cleobury's treatment of the lilting, mellifluous melodies of the third part of the work was brisk but appropriate, making the blissful purity of the work's last lines all the more enchanting.

Tim Mead's countertenor solo in the second part of the Bernstein (Psalm 23) was admittedly faultless, and very beautiful, although I was a little disappointed not

to hear one of the boys singing the part. Mead's voice was certainly better suited to the performance he gave of Vivaldi's Stabat Mater, taking us effortlessly through the long melodic lines of the piece, which flowed endlessly from where he was standing to fill the spaces of King's Chapel. Apart from anything else, it was sheer technical prowess and good close accompaniment from an ensemble led by Ashley Grote which kept my attention through what might otherwise have seemed a slightly dogged work, especially in comparison to the harmonic excitement of the evening's other repertoire. The whole work was performed with a kind of condescension which suited the piece very well.

Although still an enjoyable experience, the KCMS orchestra's performance of the overture to Prokofiev's War and Peace, under Alexander Milner, caught my attention much less than the other three. The orchestra produced a full enough symphonic sound, but the balance was not of the perfection we had just heard from the two earlier pieces. The undue prominence of bass and lower brass was partly the fault of the chapel's acoustics, and it was a much shorter choice than the rest of the evening's programme, but the whole piece just seemed to begin, before ending a little while later.



Zarif Jabber

The same cannot be said of the finale of Bartók's Concerto No.3 for Piano and Orchestra. As its title suggests, the piano really is a part of the ensemble in this last of the composer's works, and Annabelle Lawson's skill as a chamber musician was manifest in her close interaction with the orchestra throughout, particularly with the strings. Bartók's orchestration of the concerto is uncluttered, and this was reflected in the strings' patient accompaniment to the roaming piano lines, which left the

soloist plenty of room to sing out, and allowed us to hear the fine balance of tone she achieved between percussion and melody, above all in the work's outer movements. Entries were on the whole very precise, and a sense of beginning and excitement permeated the performance. I thoroughly enjoyed the whole concert, and when the final chord struck, it perhaps came a little too soon, if not unexpectedly. Thankfully, it wasn't quite the end of the evening – I still had my strawberries to look forward to.

11

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Turn good sex into great sex

12

Lisa Goodhead gets down and dirty with five ways to savour the sexy summer sunshine



Sex is always better in the summer. Maybe there's something in the air, or maybe it's just because people are wearing less; whatever the reason, there is definitely an increase in horniness levels, of which full advantage needs to be taken.

We've been doing research to come up with the top five games that people play to spice things up a bit between the covers so that you can use their ideas or build on them to come up with your own sexy games.

Words. This game can be used to inject passion into an afternoon on the grass or even in bed as a little warm-up game. One partner sits behind the other and holds the second close. In this position, sweetly whisper exactly the way you want to be kissed. If the other can do it, he or she gets a point. If not, you get the point. Then switch places. Keep this going until one of you is ahead of the other by two points or until you lose restraint.

Oops I did it again. Ever forget the impact Britney made as she danced about in a cute little schoolgirl's outfit? Us neither. It indulges one of the most common male fantasies and, luckily for girls, is a very easy look to create. Dressing up is also a great way

schoolgirl's outfits either - French maids, nurses, bunny girls, Santa's helpers, headmistresses: the possibilities are endless. Talk to each other too and find out which outfits will have maximum impact. And a little tip: when a girl says she wants a man in uniform she normally NEVER means the school type

Frigidity. This game takes an awful lot of restraint to play well, but leads to the most mind-blowing sex afterwards, so it is definitely worthwhile. One of you needs to take charge, blindfolding and handcuffing your partner.



You are then allowed to do whatever you like to them, making use of props such as baby oil, chocolate sauce and ice cream to play with different sensations. As you are doing this, your partner has to try and remain absolutely still, whilst your objective is to bring them as close to the brink as possible without making them climax. Once your partner has been sufficiently wound up, it's time to swap places so that you get the chance to be teased. If either of you 'peaks' before the game is over, the other can choose to punish them in any way that they see fit. Otherwise, once you have both been sufficiently wound up, you can take the handcuffs off and do all the things you wish that they wouldn't stop doing moments earlier.

Text me senseless. Chances are that over the summer you will not be able to see each other all day, every-

day, unless you are very (un)lucky. Just before you are about to meet up again you need to make sure each other's minds are focused where you want them to be. Maybe start with a subtly sexy message in the morning and as the day goes on, get more and more graphic about exactly what you want to do to them when you next get your hands on them and more importantly, what you want them to do to you. A word of warning about the game though: don't start texting too long before you see each other next or else you are going to end up very, very frustrated. Starting sending suggestive messages on Tuesday for an encounter on Saturday is going to leave the pair of you very wound up by the end of the week.

Have an affair. Recreate the intensity of an affair without actually cheating, to get your adrenaline going and have mind-blowing sex. Make all your plans via e-mail and saucy text messages, but don't mention anything to each other about your arranged date over the phone or when you see each other. Arrange to meet in a restaurant in an area to which you never normally venture as a couple to avoid getting 'caught' making sure that you secure a table away from prying eyes. Ensure that you drink a bit to calm your nerves and build up a bit of Dutch courage; after all, you are doing something that you shouldn't be. After you have finished eating, go back to a hotel with a bottle of wine and indulge in all your most adventurous fantasies. When you leave each other the next morning, make sure that you keep your 'encounter' hush hush; never confess to each other in person, but feel free to keep the affair going through e-mails and arrange another 'infidelity' for some time in the future.



to lose your inhibitions and explore your more daring side as, once you get into character, it is very easy to forget hang-ups. Don't limit yourself to just

Hope you've enjoyed bumming around in May Week as much as these guys!

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Summer Luvin'

Razzle dazzle 'em

Emma Charlton shares her glitter fetish and explains why all that glitters needn't be gold

Self-confessed magpies of the world unite! The sparkly season is upon us once again.

This is by no means meant to be a fool-proof guide to the application of glitter. Instead you might consider it as suggestions from a girl who has had a lot of experience with glitter. In other words, I don't pretend to have the secrets of looking good, rather I'm looking to impart a few preliminary ideas and precautions that you might like to consider. I've been obsessed with all things sparkly since I turned twelve and my mother banned me from wearing mascara. We all want what we can't have and my early make-up ban has mentally scarred me for life. Now I have a collection of juicy tubes that would rival Boots and a habit that borders on obsessional.

Sparkling used to be associated with being a teeny-bopper, an image which I have endlessly tried to cultivate – grown-up disco dolly, diesel jeans, neon belts, teensy tops and lashings of glitz.

Products come arranged in a sort of dazzle hierarchy. The discerning consumer can shimmer sexily, sparkle a little or go for complete all out razzle dazzle – it's a picnic for the magpies among us. You might not think you need to sparkle, but believe me honey, you do.

The subtle shimmer is for first time users, but be warned this is a habit that is inevitably addictive and once acquired may progress quickly to the levels of pantomime dame. I'd start with something sexy to hit the cheeks: go for peach with a twist, or if you are feeling very brave a slightly lighter pink will work. Eyes should also be shimmy shimmery, but keep the tones neutral: beige, brown, peach and taupe. Liner is brown and Urban Decay do an amazing one, the subtlest hint of glitter embed-

ded within. Mascara can be brown too, but only if you have the palest lashes; for everyone else the rule is pitch, pitch black. Gloss is the best part of doing subtle. There are literally hundreds of shades: pick one that is similar to your lip colour and dab on, working from the centre out. You should aim to have the centre of the lip as the peak of glossiness, fading gradually to a natural non-gloss at the periphery. The overall effect here should be sexy, shimmery, shiney. Go easy on yourself, you want to avoid being branded Sweaty Betty or looking like you just survived a colourless oil slick. They say that practice makes perfect and whilst I'm not sure whether this is a universal truism it is one that definitely applies to the art of make-up. After a few misled mishaps you will be on your way to perpetual goddess.

The shimmer option outlined above should be reserved for day. At night you can graduate to full-on glitz. In fact glitzy is a strictly after dark only look, taking it from night to day is like removing a clown from the circus – absolutely not acceptable and definitely not funny. However, at night the world is your oyster, the aim being to draw as much attention to yourself as is humanely possible. Think human disco ball, catching the light from every angle, drawing attention to the surface whilst protecting the identity beneath. I'm rather militant when it comes to applying this much slap.

Start with the face – a beaming highlighter is needed here, glitter optional. Dab on cheeks, forehead, chin and down the central line of the nose. Frame the eye with a neon shade: turquoise, fuchsia pink, or purple, but if it doesn't shimmer don't take it to the checkout. Apply up to the brow bone, then line underneath the eye. Finish by

inking the inside lids with smokey black kohl. Next – the fun part – the loose glitter. Supreme talent is required to get the glitter to stick whilst not removing the colour underneath. Using a cotton bud or your finger, moisten the outer half of the lid, apply glitter liberally, ignoring the fact that some will fall on to the cheeks, this is all part of the disco ball effect. For lips you can go high shine or high glitter, a juicy tube from Lancôme or gloss with glitter from Urban Decay should do the trick. Since this, by definition, is a high maintenance look, be prepared to have the gloss on your person. Regular re-applications throughout the night should, in theory, bring out your inner goddess. Although I suspect the reality will be rather less glamorous, as you stagger to the loo, having given your mate your pint of cider and black to hold, and smurm gloss all over your teeth, I like to work on the assumption that everyone else will be similarly inebriated and no one will notice. From this premise add as many other extras as you like: a gem glued to the inner corner of each eye and a few scattered over the face. Body glitter is good here too, and the glitterbugs from Lush are the only way to add glitter to your torso. Each is a small, perfectly formed half sphere of cocoa butter embedded with several thousand bits of shattered diamond. Stroking over the body provides a dual injection of moisture and glitter.

So there you are, a guide to a sparkling summer. How to find perfection in a pot. Never buy the delusional assertion that natural is best; fabulousness comes both from within and without. Changing what's inside requires effort and time-consuming soul searching; changing the outside is as easy and fun as a visit to Boots.



Do try this at home kids: from golden goddess to road kill. Five easy-to-copy ways to shine.



Lisa Ward

Glitz and Glamour

VARSLITY LISTINGS



FILM

THURSDAY

Arts Picture House

Igby Goes Down (15) 1.00, 5.00, 9.20, The Last Great Wilderness (18) 3.00, 7.10, Drunk on Women and Poetry (15) 2.00, 6.40, Solaris (12A) 11.00, Mullholland Drive (18) 10.45

FRIDAY

Arts Picture House

Broken Wings (15) 12.15, 2.20, 6.40, Summer Things (15) 4.30, 8.50, Brazil (15) 10.50, Igby Goes Down (15) 12.00, 2.00, 9.10, Dark Water (15) 4.10, 9.00, 11.10, Wreckmeister Harmonies (12A) 6.30, Dolls (12A) 12.50, 5.00, Tadpole (15) 3.15, 7.20, Phone Booth (15) 11.00

SATURDAY

Arts Picture House

The Little Polar Bear (U) 11.00, Broken Wings (15) 12.15, 2.20, 6.40, Summer Things (15) 4.30, 8.50, Brazil (15) 10.50, Igby Goes Down (15) 2.00, 9.10, Dark Water (15) 4.10, 9.00, 11.10, Wreckmeister Harmonies (12A) 6.30, Dolls (12A) 12.50, 5.00, Tadpole (15) 3.15, 7.20, Phone Booth (15) 11.00

SUNDAY

Amores Perros (18) & Nine Queens (15) 12.00, Broken Wings (15) 6.40, Summer Things (15) 4.30, 8.50, Broken Wings (15) 12.15, Igby Goes Down (15) 2.00, 9.10, Dark Water (15) 4.10, 9.00, Wreckmeister Harmonies (12A) 6.30, Dolls (12A) 12.50, 5.00, Tadpole (15) 3.15, 7.20

MONDAY

Arts Picture House

Broken Wings (15) 12.15, 2.20, 6.40, Summer Things (15) 4.30, 8.50, Igby Goes Down (15) 12.50, 6.30, Dark Water (15) 4.10, 9.00, Amores Perros (18) 12.15, Dolls (12A) 5.00, 9.10, Tadpole (15) 3.15, 7.20

TUESDAY

Arts Picture House

Broken Wings (15) 12.15, 2.20, 6.40, Summer Things (15) 4.30, 8.50, Igby Goes Down (15) 12.50, 6.30, Dark Water (15) 4.10, 9.00, Nine Queens (15) 12.15, Dolls (12A) 5.00, 9.10, Tadpole (15) 3.15, 7.20

WEDNESDAY

Arts Picture House

Broken Wings (15) 12.15, 2.20, 6.40, Summer Things (15) 4.30, 8.50, Igby Goes Down (15) 12.50, 6.30, Dark Water (15) 4.10, 9.00, Commercial Breaks (East Anglian Film Archive) 1.00, Dolls (12A) 5.00, 9.10, Tadpole (15) 3.15, 7.20

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Questions & Scripts to Sarah Mills, Homerton College, sjm211

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THEATRE

FRIDAY

ADC: (19:15)

The London Cuckolds - A saucy Restoration Comedy by Edward Ravenscroft, £5/4, Westcott House, Jesus Lane, opposite Jesus College.

Anonymous Players in association with Newnham Associates present: (15:30)

Hey Fever - a decadent comedy by Noel Coward. Bring a rug! £3.50-£5, Newnham College, Gardens.

CASCADE PRODUCTIONS: (20:00)
GODSPELL - classic musical by Stephen Schwartz, £7 (£5), Cambridge Drama Centre, .

Fitz Theatre: (17:30)

A May week production of Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream, £4 students, £5 non-

students, Fitzwilliam College, Grove Lawn.

Footlights: (19:45)

NON-SEXUAL - KISSING - Footlights summer tour show, £4 - £10, ADC Theatre.

REDS presents: (21:00)

Jim Cartwright's "Bed". Emmanuel College, £4/£6, The Master's Garden.

REDS presents: (15:00)

Calderon's "Life Is A Dream". £5/ £7, Emmanuel College, The Fellows' Garden.

TAILS YOU LOSE: (23:00)

new play from ex-student John Finnemore, £4, ADC Theatre

SATURDAY

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Footlights: (19:45)

NON-SEXUAL - KISSING - Footlights summer tour show, £4 - £10, ADC Theatre.

MEADS: (13:00)

One-off chance to see Medieval Mystery Plays performed outside, Kings Parade, Outside Kings.

MEADS: (16:00)

EVERYMAN - don't miss this one-off performance! Kings Parade, Outside Kings College.

REDS presents: (21:00)

Jim Cartwright's "Bed", £4/ £6, Emmanuel College, The Master's Garden. **REDS presents: (15:00)**

Calderon's "Life Is A Dream", £5/ £7, Emmanuel College, The Fellows' Garden.

TAILS YOU LOSE: (23:00)

new play from ex-student John Finnemore, £4, ADC Theatre.

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Anyone for coffee?

16

It has recently emerged that the kind of coffee a person drinks is directly related to their footwear. As a queen of café culture myself, having graduated from Café Nero, I soon noticed that the simple pleasure of coffee drinking was inextricably linked to the shoes worn during the act. I left the cup and saucer on the table, and tried to fathom what was going on under the table.

The Americano (1 shot + water)
For those serious down-to-earth
professionals - an everyday
necessity of life.

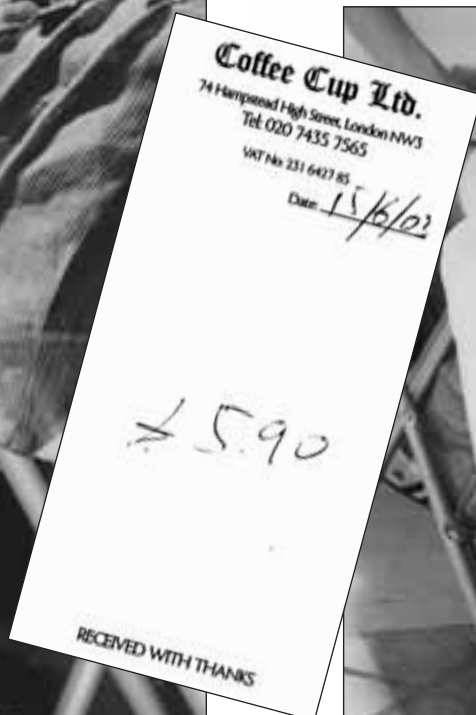
The two Italian brothers Sergio and Bruno Costa founded Costa Coffee in 1971 to have a "Bar Italia" vibe. Here is an example of the home grown coffee shop, run by an authentic Italian family and now boasting 300 outlets in the UK. Master Roaster oversees the roasting of approximately 35 tons of coffee per week.



Photos by Bethia Beadman



The cappuccino is the Cosmopolitan
of coffee, which goes fast-in-fast
with a pair of Manolos.
Exemplified by New York columnist
Candie Fisher who brought the
Cosmopolitan to prominence.



Anne Wintour, New York editor
of Vogue, wears a hard core
heel everyday of her life -
so she claims.
She also drinks espresso.

Café Culture



Turkish coffee is best friend to the red shoes and so it is that singer Jane Birkin describes in *Vogue* how she became possessed with "a devilish spirit that made me want to pull the pins out of my hair and dance in front of 1,500 people" – in which shoes did she dance?

A1 Casbah
42 Hampstead High Street

Transaction # 26994
 Date 15 Jun 2003 13:55:18
 Pad 11111
 Cashier Adel
 Restaurant A1 Casbah
 Table 500 - 1 Covers
 VAT No. 718754114

#	ITEM	£
1	Algerian Caf	3.00
	Service @ 12.5%	0.38
	TOTAL:	3.38

Drink



Louis Hungarian Patisserie may be visited in Hampstead, London, if only to see the cobalt blue Rolls with golden fixtures parked outside by the owner. He can be seen flashing about lady Penelope style with a funny licence plate, wearing Versace and Juicy Couture pretty bling.



Thank You for Visiting Starbucks

The fully sugary frappe found out from the beach because it is the coffee for low coffee drinkers and might as well be pink. Cold, creamy, sugary. This low coffee is marketed at sloopy types and has more than enough.

Take Away

=====
 PTR:1250 Drawer: 2002 REG: 2
 =====
 15/06/03 14:02:56
 =====
 1 T-FRAP RASP, GRANDE 2.65 T1

Starbucks may have 5,900 coffee shops worldwide, with 3.3 billion dollars of sales in 2002 and 62,000 employees, but who would have guessed that Starbucks enthusiast Paul Winter whose goal it is to visit every Starbucks in the world, has set out walking in a pair of Birkenstocks?



Perfect Paradise

Ali Claxton finds her personal oasis while indulging her Robinson Crusoe fantasy

18

Much travel guide ink has been spilled in the attempt to find the perfect beach, the untouched, unspoilt island, and a way to escape civilisation and live in unadulterated hedonism.

Summer looms ahead, and the notion of escaping to some far flung location appeals to many with the desire to indulge Robinson Crusoe fantasies. For most, the islands of Thailand are the destination of choice, but full moon raves and trance parties are not the answer for everybody. It's becoming harder to slip away unnoticed. You think you're onto something only to arrive and find that a mass of dread-locked sixties rejects have beaten you to it, and banana pancakes are being sold at every turn. The search for Paradise can be long and gruelling but the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is so tempting, that I very



nearly dived right in and never came back.

A collection of tiny islands in the middle of the Bay of Bengal, the Andaman and Nicobar Islands lie just off the coast of Burma, yet belong rather bizarrely, to India. They are mostly untouched and uninhabited, with the exception of the remaining tribal people, who live in secreted parts of the jungle, and on a

Sunsets and moonlight swimming make romance a must-have accessory

few forbidden islands. Many of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands have been designated natural park areas, and with exquisite coral and canopied rainforests they are indeed empty tropical paradises. Travellers are either unknowing or too lazy to reach them and a 3-5 day journey in bunk class on a large boat, occasionally without a functioning engine, happily serves to deter the hoards.

Others have found nirvana in the stunning islets of Fiji. Less remote and more developed, many of the islands themselves remain surprisingly unspoilt. For those who fear a lifestyle devoid of drinking water, beds and toilets, many Fijian islands are very well equipped to deal with travellers. There is a risk of being shepherded from one island to another on organised tours, however it is possible to escape the masses. For others, the appeal is not solitude, but the possibility of meeting precisely the sort of travellers drawn to Paradise. Love can be found in abundance, as sand, sunsets, and moonlit swimming make romance a must-have paradisaal accessory. My best friend has recently returned from Fiji with a beautiful Scandinavian 'Viking' in tow. In Fiji and most Paradise islands love and happiness are seemingly on sale but they are frighteningly ephemeral. Her dreams of producing hoards of 'Viking' babies lack the lustre they once had, now back in the smoky, grey surroundings that are London.

Even the most beautiful places in the world have their downsides. Moving between islands in the Andamans involved taking an overnight Indian passenger ferry. Crammed into boiling bunk-class at the bottom of the ship, we eventually managed to slumber on about six inches of dirt encrusted floor space with someone sleeping on my feet, a bottom squeezed against my chest, a foot balanced on my nose and, due to the proximity of the cesspits masquerading as toilets, the faint smell of wee wafting in and out of my dreams. Paradise comes at a price of course. Sand flies and nudists doing yoga at sunrise mar the scenery in the Andaman and Nicobar islands but there is also the very serious problem of balancing the interests of native tribes with that of development. The indigenous Andamanese are thought to contain the world's oldest surviving Palaeolithic people with no contact with the outside world. Their existence is inevitably precious, but fragile. For the

most part tourism in the Andamans affects the tribal people little and the islands open to the public tend to be uninhabited, or inhabited only by settler villages. The Indian government's previous programmes of integration and assimilation, however, have left the tribes permanently altered; numbers have been severely depleted, health affected, and unique cultures adulterated. The only tribal group that have completely withstood outside contact are the Sentinelese, who actively and violently resist all attempts at contact, and, rather unsurprisingly, are the group which has suffered the least. Whilst the government has now issued statements promising no interference with the tribes, the damage is unrectifiable.

For most of those who seek out corners of the world such as the Andaman and Nicobar Islands it's the search for peace and perfection that spurs them on. Smith Island, in the north of the Andamans, is so small it is rarely named on maps and is not mentioned in any tourist guides as being open to travellers. The people who find it are those who have heard the legend through word of mouth. Getting there means catching a ride on an overnight boat, sleeping on the wooden deck and falling asleep under the stars in the middle of the ocean. We paid a fisherman to drop us at Smith Island and as the boat pulled up on the shore, silence fell. Being confronted with Paradise is an incomprehensible feeling and you wonder what you have possibly done to deserve to be on a tiny hidden island, so perfect it verges on the unreal. Bleach blonde sand stretched in a sand bar across the lagoon, leading to an island of dense dark green jungle, and the water was as warm as a bath. A few people were camped out in the trees and we strung up hammocks amongst the coconut palms and lived there, cooking

our food over fires and spending our days doing nothing more productive than collecting firewood and shells. Sitting on the sand and letting the waves lap over you, tiny shoals of shimmering fish swim by your feet and between your fingers. After a languorous few weeks we went island hopping, arriving at another kidney bean shaped island, populated by a few colourful hippies who showed no intention of ever leaving. It is the lifestyle which proves to be so addictive rather than a wish to lie around on beaches all day: complete freedom, detachment, and pure pleasure. Long Island has acquired a reputation for almost mythical beauty and there is an atmosphere of smug satisfaction as you step out onto the sand, and move into a spot where

Those who find it have heard the legend by word of mouth

others have left campfires, and piles of sea shells. We camped with four Israeli men who, carried away by the bohemian atmosphere, forgot to put their clothes on for the entire duration. One evening we went nightswimming in the sea, in the phosphorescence which is just like swimming in stars. The black water is lit and, as you move or swim, trails of twinkles follow your motions in a spellbindingly beautiful way. The camaraderie in Paradise, however fleeting, is unrivalled and is accompanied by the sense that you are sharing the most unique and blissful experiences. The hunt for Paradise will always be on, and it's a long and arduous chase, but once I found it, I spent a month there doing very little, wearing very little and floating in the Bay of Bengal.



Photos by Ali Claxton

Himalayan Heaven

Edwin Nissen describes his trek to Everest base camp, Nepal

Photos by Edwin Nissen



The walk to Everest Base Camp is more of a pilgrimage than a trek, offering the chance to follow in the footsteps of legendary Himalayan explorers and climbers such as Hillary, Tenzing, Herzog and others.

It is a tough personal challenge, involving two-weeks walking at high altitudes, but is a revelatory journey, offering lasting images of remote Buddhist monasteries, irrepressible Sherpas and peaks which seem to have human moods and personalities.

Our adventure begins with an hour-long flight which takes us out of the hustle and bustle, poverty and pollution of Kathmandu, and into a land where the nearest road is a weeks walk away. Transport comes in the form of a tiny twin otter aircraft equipped with two propellers and seating no more than 20 people. Blessed with clear views, we soon have our first glimpse of the icy peaks of the high Himalaya, rearing over the Indian

An island of enlightenment amidst a sea of mountains and ice

subcontinent. Yet in this jumble of towering peaks and deep gorges it is hard to see where we could possibly land. Worryingly, the plane aims straight for the gargantuan walls of one of the largest peaks and it seems our pilot may be on a suicide mission but ahead a tiny village appears, perched above a precipitous gorge. This is Lukla airport: the gateway to the Everest region.

Gasping with relief as we dismount, we are quickly swamped by local Sherpas offering their services as guides and porters. A porter can be hired for less than £5 a day and a guide for just a little more, since in this country the average income is a measly \$200.

Sherpas originally settled in this harsh, high altitude region after crossing over the high passes from Tibet centuries ago. Despite numbering only 70,000, the

mountaineering exploits of Tenzing Norgay and many more, mean that they are undoubtedly the most famous of Nepal's many Buddhist hill-tribes. It is largely through their endeavour and enterprise that the practical aspects of trekking are surprisingly easy. Without the need to carry food or camping equipment backpacks are light and trekking becomes little more than a pleasurable ramble through quaint villages, gazing in wonder at the incredible scenery all around you.

Our first few days are spent walking through an alpine valley beside the frothing and foaming Dudh Kosi, which appropriately translates as "milk river", and then making our first steep ascent up and over the brow of a large hill to Namche Bazaar, the Sherpa capital and the region's only settlement that could reasonably be called a town. We stay here the following day in order to help acclimatise to the altitude; we are already well over 3000m, having started at Lukla at 2700m. By the end of the week we are to reach altitudes of over 5000m and it is important to take acclimatisation seriously. Several trekkers die each year from AMS (Acute Mountain Sickness), which afflict those who rush to high altitudes too quickly.

Walking through the Khumbu valley we pass through forests of birch and rhododendron and then into high pastures where we encounter numerous yaks, tirelessly lugging huge loads up and down the steep trails. Aside from being the Nepalese beast of burden these great, hairy creatures provide an important source of fur and hide, milk and cheese, and even yak steaks – not to be recom-

Huge icy Himalayan castles rear up into the crystal clear blue skies

mended – for the local people.

It is five days since we left Namche Bazaar and the scenery has changed dramatically. From now on we pass through a desolate country of rock and ice. Turning a corner in the valley we are suddenly faced with a sea of rocky moraine which has shards of ice poking through it. This is the impressive Khumbu glacier upon which Base Camp is situated.

Gorak Shep is the highest trekking lodge in the region at 5200m but is still

short of Base Camp. At this altitude, and despite our careful acclimatisation, the air feels very thin and it makes for a very uncomfortable night's sleep. The next morning we are up before sunrise to climb Kala Pattar, a well known 'hill' above Base Camp which, like an island of enlightenment amidst a sea of mountains and ice, offers an awesome panorama as well as the best view of Everest. We reach the summit as the sun rises over Everest and, as far as the eye can see, huge icy Himalayan castles rear up into the crystal clear blue skies.

We journey on towards Base Camp; the Khumbu glacier creaks eerily beneath our feet, a sound disturbed by the occasional thunderous roar of an avalanche in the Khumbu icefall above. Finally, we reach Base Camp, and are met with hundreds of brightly coloured tents in a world otherwise composed of greys and whites. Though dozens of the climbers milling around, waiting for their attempts at the summit will no doubt be successful, a glance up at the towering flanks of Everest above us illustrates what an incredible feat Hillary and Tenzing achieved fifty years ago. Suitably in awe, we turn back for the long walk home.



May Week Fashion

Fashion: Tracey, Lila and Shev **Photographs:** Rowan Huppert **Model:** Kate **Special Thanks:** Andy

Finding a unique ball dress in Cambridge is not the easiest of tasks. A first stop is Monsoon, with plenty of styles and colours to suit all shapes and sizes. For something a little different, The Tailor's Cat on Sussex Street has a large selection of more original dresses. A third option for an individual look, is to piece together your own outfit, maybe a corset from Karen Millen paired with a skirt from Robert Sale.



Above: Silver embroidered bodice, £365, black chiffon skirt, £153, and beaded choker £105 all from The Tailor's Cat.

Left: Asymmetric green chiffon dress, £235, The Tailor's Cat.

Yummy Bummy

Photographs: Rowan Huppert **Model:** Lila

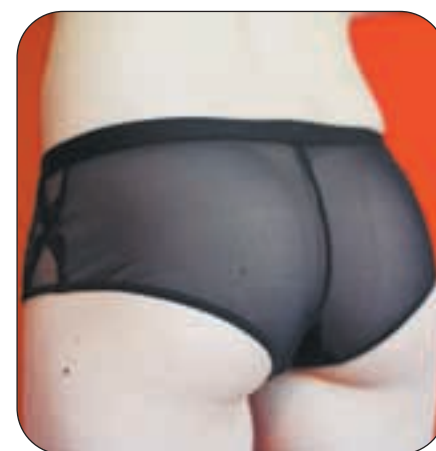
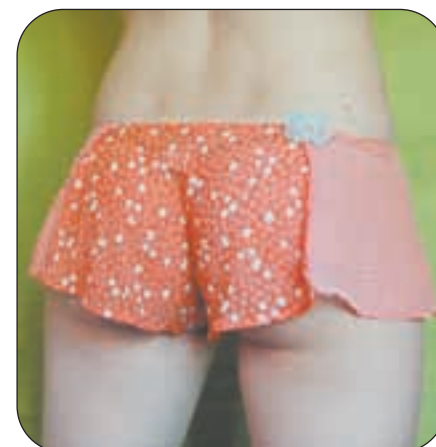
If thongs just aren't your style, BIG pants can work!

From top to bottom: blue/orange shorts, £33, Malizia by La Perla; pale blue lace shorts, £35, Malizia by La Perla; flowered purple shorts, £76, Beau Bra; black shorts, £40, La Perla Studio. All the pants are from, Le Reve Lingerie on Bene't Street.



Above: lilac organza mid-calf length dress, £160, Monsoon.

Below/ Right: layered nude corset, £95, Karen Millen with cream satin full length skirt, £70, Coast in Robert Sale.



Double vision

Mark Baczoni invites you to explore some of his favourite art houses and galleries

22

2 Willow Road

If you're ever in Hampstead on an afternoon and you happen to get bored of the High Street, you could wander down some backstreets to 2 Willow Road, the house of the Hungarian architect Erno Goldfinger.

Goldfinger was a pre-war émigré who made his home in Hampstead and whose modernist style of architecture angered local resident Ian Fleming sufficiently to name a character after him (no prizes for guessing which one).

His house, now a National Trust property, is interesting in itself from an architectural point of view. Built in 1939, it shows how Goldfinger's flexible approach to the subdivision of space allows for both an integrated area for entertaining and the subdivisions of space necessary for the privacy of everyday life.

The house is replete with small, but significant touches. Thus, Goldfinger incorporated grates under the windows to prevent them from steaming up with condensation. Goldfinger also had a

charming collection of modern art, including pieces by Marcel Duchamp, Henry Moore, Max Ernst and Roland Penrose (who incidentally lived just down the road at 36 Downshire Hill at one point), which is on display throughout the house. This collection is interesting primarily because it consists of pieces the visitor may not have seen before, but which are certainly worth seeing (at least once).

There are guided tours, which last approximately an hour, but some may find a tour more restrictive than helpful, as the tours are moved quickly through each room; the urge to pause, thus denied, is strong. The house has essentially been left as it was at Goldfinger's death. The visitor is thus able to enjoy an insight into his life and into the domestic arrangements an architect makes for himself. Willow Road gives you the feeling of walking through Goldfinger's life as he left it. The space is not quite home, and not quite museum. It is, however, a very nice way to spend a quiet afternoon.



National Trust



British Library

The British Library

I'm not sure how many people visit the British Library's new reading room at St. Pancras. In any case, not enough. The reading rooms themselves are modern and functional (and entry is restricted), but there is an exhibition space which contains some of the finest books anyone is ever likely to see. The small, well organised and for once decently lit display of books, each accompanied by a little informative plaque, certainly contains some incomparable gems. The writings of an astounding array of varied cultures are represented here, with topics ranging from the sacred to the mercantile, but there is a consistent richness and beauty to all the displays that cannot fail to pleasantly surprise and captivate at

every new case. There are state documents (including two of the three extant original copies of the Magna Carta), Christian, Arabic, Jewish and Coptic illustrated texts, as well as books and documents from the Far East.

The exhibition includes some very special pieces which serve as a fine introduction to the highest levels of the art of books. I particularly remember a Gutenberg Bible (the first printed book, produced in Germany), the oldest extant copy of the New Testament (which is magnificently preserved in a very simple, but elegant, manuscript), which is over 1500 years old, and a series of fifteenth century Haggadas, unusual examples of richly decorated Hebrew texts.

Books contain much of what human-

ity at one point or another has realised and deemed worthy of being remembered. They are also works of art in themselves, and in fact, much medieval art is found in illuminated manuscripts, some of which are exquisitely rendered, and in their finery little resemble what we would think of as a book today. Books are also windows onto other cultures, showing their treatment of the written word, their aesthetic taste in decoration, the varied use of colours and the changing styles of illumination.

The exhibition serves to challenge the viewer to look at books anew, as works of art. As works of art, they reveal much about the cultures which produced them, and about the central place which the written word has always occupied in human discourse.

The Musée national des Arts asiatiques Guimet, Paris

When my father visited the museum thirty years ago, it was still the exuberantly eclectic collection of the French industrialist and compulsive traveller Émile Guimet. When I set out to find the museum a few years ago, in my father's tracks, I found another place altogether. For a start, it was closed for refurbishment. However, this ambitious redesign project has now finished, and the second time I made the pilgrimage to the Avenue Dena, I was allowed in.

The Guimet has developed from a mere collection and to become a museum in its own right. The collection now seems comprehensive, well presented within the capacious space, and almost too much to take in all at once. Certainly the range of Far Eastern objects, many of them religious, on display here can seem daunting if you arrive with only a general interest in Asian art. I recommend you take in just a little at a time. If you have a particular interest, the Guimet is a good place to indulge it; the

newcomer may get a little lost. However, even if you find the collection overwhelming, the gift shop is fantastic and sells very good incense.



Musée national des Arts asiatiques Paris

Michelozzo's Palazzo Medici-Ricardi, Florence

The small Capella (Chapel) of this fine Palazzo was decorated, on a Medici commission, by the fifteenth-century Florentine artist Benozzo Gozzoli. The chapel is intimate thanks to its small size, and the decoration is illuminating, not oppressive. The whole chapel is exquisitely finished. The floor as well as the wooden seats are beautifully inlaid and polished, and even the ceiling is richly decorated. But it is Gozzoli's series of frescoes of the Adoration of the Magi that really set the Capella apart.

The fine portraits, fantastic Tuscan landscapes and rich animal and bird life in the paintings present a richness of variety that allows of almost endless exploration. The individual walls stand as panels in themselves, but there is an overall narrative rhythm that leads the visitor round from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and from the youngest King to the oldest. The quality of the painting is such that even from very close-up, it retains its amazing quality. The brushstrokes, if taken out of context, almost

whisper of impressionism, but are delicate and precisely rendered, allowing the frescoes to work both on the minor and the major scale.





MAYE
2003

The May Anthologies
have had a makeover

"There's nothing here that isn't intriguing...it's all talent"
Guest Editor Ali Smith

Edited by Jodie Greenwood and Rachael Marsh
Guest edited and introduced by Ali Smith

Available to buy in all good bookshops from 9th June

For better or for worse?

24

Varsity picks four stunning unmissable films and four that will send you straight to sleep



City of God

As everyone who went to see this huge word-of-mouth hit in January discovered, words just aren't enough to describe it. Awesome, enthralling, bravura film making. Impressive stuff from director Fernando Meirelles.



Bowling for Columbine

Documentary film maker Michael Moore investigates America's gun obsession. In turns hilariously funny, moving and deeply disturbing. Worth viewing just to see Moore take on gun advocate Charlton Heston.



Donnie Darko

Richard Kelly's film is evidence that there are still some talented filmmakers around. This remarkable twisted tale of time travel and teen angst is tightly plotted and well-acted, and gets more enjoyable with multiple viewings.



Secretary

This is the type of film that probably had the bible belt barricading typing schools, often reason enough to run to the flicks. But Steven Shainberg's project actually delivers on its promise – in spades.



The Matrix Reloaded

Nothing prepared me for how terrible the Wachowski brothers' sequel would be. It managed to combine dodgy-looking effects with a lousy, nonsensical script and some gratuitous Keanusex all in one stinking, craptastic package. Abysmal.



Maid in Manhattan

This cliché-ridden piece of fluff is sickeningly sugary and obvious. J-Lo is impossibly sweet, Fiennes looks uncomfortable and Fortune cookie philosophy abounds. "What we do does not define who we are."



Dreamcatcher

An alien invasion film in which Morgan Freeman's eyebrows pose a greater threat than the rubber-looking aliens. A waste of time and talent, the film is terrible on all counts. "Evil slips through?" So does rubbish like this.



How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days

Or *How Not to Gag on your Popcorn*. The man who brought you *Richie Rich* tries to turn the tables on the old cliché of the date bet. But instead trips over them and manages to fall flat on its pretty face.

Tom Armitage

Charlotte Smith

Eeson Rajendra

Jess Eccles

Cambridge becomes Cannes-bridge

Tom Armitage previews the 23rd Cambridge Film Festival and looks forward to some top-quality shows

You might find it hard to believe, but Cambridge continues to exist outside of University terms. Yes, even when most of the students are back at home, there's still a city here and the thriving culture that goes hand in hand with it.

And nowhere is that culture more in evidence than between the 10 and 20 July, when the 23rd Cambridge Film Festival hits the Arts Picturehouse. Recently revived, the festival garnered great critical plaudits and has been host to some memorable UK premieres, including, last year, Michael Moore's *Bowling for Columbine*.

This year looks set to be no exception; premieres confirmed include the latest film from arthouse favourite Peter Greenaway, *The Moab Story: The Tulse Luper Suitcases Part I*, the latest spoof documentary from the Spinal Tap crew, *A Mighty Wind*, and perhaps most notably the UK premiere of the latest film by Hayao Miyazaki, *Spirited Away*, which won the Best Animated Feature Oscar. For those of you whose wallets are still recoiling from the

excesses of May Week, there's also two entirely free open-air showings – of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* and *Singin' In The Rain* on Parkers' Piece on July 11 and 12 respectively.

The Miyazaki film in particular is worth a trip – it's a delightful film for

both children and adults, and definitely deserved its Oscar. A few of you might have been lucky enough to see it at Queens' Films in November, but if you didn't, do check it out. And keep your eyes peeled for further information: many films are yet to be confirmed,

and there'll almost certainly be a great selection of repertory and shorts during the festival. Cambridge is very lucky to have such a festival – it really is one of the best in the country – so don't miss out on it if you've got the opportunity to go along.



Photos by Picselect and ImageNet

Film

Sunkissed and sound crazy

Martha Housden explores the mystical quality and summer vibe of the music festival

Music



Malika Worrall

Summer days. When the livin' is easy and the chicks are free.

These are the days when life gets suspended in the haze of sunshine, booze and sun-kissed skin. For students, this is me-time. The chance to do nothing or the chance to see the world. Climb a mountain. Surf the ocean. Believe in magic. Believe in love.

But remember, this is borrowed time. Sooner or later, the real world (your mother) will demand that you return to the rat race of Responsibility. And unless you have fallen in daisy-chain love with a hippy in the fields of

Glastonbury, or found your True Life Purpose in a llama orphanage in Peru, then return you must.

The only remedy during this painful transition is music. While the days may get cold, and the world may seem cloudy, the heat of your summer can live on in your Soundtrack of 2003.

Summer is the season of Music. Everywhere you go rhythms surf over the air, whilst distant beats set the pace of life. There is something about live music and the summertime. Whether at a festival, an open-air gig or an impromptu banjo session, the stuff has never tasted so good.

And even when the summer is over, music can take you back, providing the words to describe an indescribable experience. It can remind you of a Lost Weekend in Ibiza, with that girl, in that bar, with those big 'eyes'. Or help you re-live that festival moment, when your rock hero strummed in the dawn with your favourite track.

The greatest thing about music is that no one hears it in the same way. It is an Ear Whore, open to intimate relationships with many different minds.

Jamming by Bob Marley is my summer song. It takes me back to that one

hot summer's night back in 1999, on a veranda, somewhere in Massachusetts, with someone who melted my heart. The whole world can listen to this song, but no one will know this song the way I do. The memory is mine. Locked in the music and locked in my mind.

But hey guys, let's leave the dreaming till later, because now is the time for living. Just remember to press record on your Summer Soundtrack so these days can live on in the playback of your mind, long after the sun has gone to sleep.

Magic and memorable festival moments



Hannah Forbes Black King's

“Glastonbury 2002. It was an amazing festival, apparently. But we spent most of our time in the healing fields, getting stoned. Getting 'healed'.

A song that reminds me of the summer is *Lady* by Mojo.



Raphael Shirley St John's

“Reading 2002. Slipknot were awful but there was a kind of 'mosh pit chivalry'. After being crushed by a fat hairy bloke, he helped me to my feet and dusted me off.

My fave summer song is *Summertime* by Jazzy Jeff.



Sam Benedict Newnham

“Party in the Park 2002. A moment that sticks out was when Lee from Blue flashed his pasty arse to the crowd. It was nice and pert, but I was too busy looking at Duncan.

Fave summer song is *Girlfriend* by *nsync.



Dan Thorne Robinson

“Creamfields 2002. It had been raining all day, but as Underworld played their final track, *Mona*, a rainbow came out. It was at true festival moment.

My great summer track is *Seven Days and One Week* by BBE.

Tri-umph for Cambridge

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Eschewing the traditional garden party carnage of Suicide Sunday, the Cambridge University triathletes elected instead to take on Oxford in their Triathlon Varsity Match. A string of excellent individual performances from the Light Blues resulted in a crushing defeat for the Oxford team.

The match was held in conjunction with an open Triathlon event organised in Mansfield, near Nottingham. Cambridge underlined their Varsity credentials by grabbing three of the top ten finishing times in a 400-strong field. Henry Brown, belying his preference for long-distance events, finished 5th overall in a very quick 0:46.29. More comfortable on land, Brown thrashed unhappily through the 400m swim before posting a quick bike leg and then, sensationally, the fastest run of the day to finish as top Cambridge performer. Cambridge captain Rachel Horn, continuing her inexorable march to this summer's Hawaii Ironman event, was next, coming in 8th just ahead of Alex Starling (10th). This is the second race that Horn and Starling have raced head-to-head – both times these two triathletes have finished within a whisker of one another. The score is one apiece – watch this space for more, but don't expect Starling to put in an appearance in Hawaii.

With the Varsity Match being decided on aggregate times, Oxford's cause was not helped by the fact that their first contender was slower than the fastest five Cambridge triathletes, Mark Tempest proving that there was 'life in the old dog yet with a strong 26th place and Mike Scott (44th) showing that swimmers can actually compete in land-based events. Brian Pang produced a solid 0:54.04 to finish 79th, Oarsman Jon Alexander did well to make the top 100, finishing in 99th place, while Helen Czerski posted an excellent 1:01.45 – a very good performance in her first triathlon to help secure the ladies' competition.

With Varsity victory and BUSA Bronze medals in the bag, the Cambridge team can now look ahead to an action-packed summer. With the mantle of captaincy now passed onto James Palmer (*jkp23@cam.ac.uk*), Horn will be ramping up the mileage in the build-up to the Hawaii Ironman. Brown heads to Switzerland for an Ironman qualifier that should see him take on the ultimate challenge in Hawaii alongside Horn. For the mere mortals in the team, several Olympic distance (1500m swim, 40km bike, 10km run) events beckon, including the London and Cambridge Triathlons in August.

Buzz Hendricks

Cambridge Triathletes The Final Standings

Rank	Name	Swimming	Rank	Cycling	Rank	Running	Rank
5	Henry Brown	00:07:29	49	00:23:39	5	00:15:21	1
8	Rachel Horn	00:06:08	8	00:24:28	22	00:17:14	21
10	Alex Starling	00:06:25	16	00:24:08	16	00:17:42	34
26	Mark Tempest	00:08:03	78	00:24:49	28	00:17:41	33
44	Mike Scott	00:06:08	7	00:27:09	103	00:18:29	57
79	Brian Pang	00:07:19	44	00:28:02	138	00:18:43	68
99	Jon Alexander	00:08:15	101	00:28:46	161	00:18:32	59
139	Lennard Lee	00:06:29	17	00:30:43	233	00:20:30	159
163	Nick Thornton	00:08:13	97	00:29:09	182	00:21:40	219
217	Helen Czerski	00:08:36	139	00:31:04	244	00:22:05	234
282	James Palmer	00:09:26	195	00:31:01	242	00:26:10	329

Sport

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Head joy for Newnham

Tim Jarratt on all the action at May Bumps

Bumps

So that was May Bumps 2003 and overall it was a classic week of racing with great weather and large crowds. There were the usual pile ups, damaged boats and, in the top divisions, some quite good rowing.

The most exciting division all week was Women's I, which saw some impressive bumps action on all four days. Three crews started on the top bung line. Caius began the week at head after rowing over the previous year, but a surprisingly lackluster performance on the Wednesday saw them taken out by Emma at Ditton Corner. Further back, Newnham made short work of a low-grade Jesus boat and Pembroke bumped Downing.

This term, Newnham assembled an impressive unit stroked by Blue and

Emma to survive and sure enough they were dumped from head outside the Plough. Caius continued to fall and were bumped by Pembroke. Further back Maggie had overlap on Downing who had overlap on Jesus. Coming onto the Reach, Downing just converted before the girls in red, which dashed Maggie's hopes for blades.

Saturday saw the top five row over with Newnham imperious at the top. Pembroke gained significantly on Emma, but could not make them crack. Jesus 'won' their spoons and Catz were also embarrassed as they fell to an overbump by Clare.

Newnham were undoubtedly the fastest crew on the Cam and it was fitting that they ended up with the Headship. Along with their rowing prowess, they are to be commended

the crew had not trialed at CUBC at some point. It was one of the most impressive crews seen on the Cam in ages (reminiscent of the Tit Hall crews of the early 90s for those who've been around too long), but for the spectators it was really quite dull.

Tit Hall went up three places to finish second and Robinson ended up in fourth. Emma, Jesus and Christ's all gained spoons and provided easy bumps for the crews behind them. Sidney and Pembroke both seemed in a hurry to leave Division I with displays of truly awful rowing. Pembroke left first after being overbumped by Fitz on the first day, but Sidney won the mediocrity competition by going down six places overall. Caius II went up four places to finish the week as the highest placed second VIII and safely in the

novices could see them back on the rise next year.

College rowing draws to a close for another year. A few crews are off to Women's and Men's Henley, but for a few months the Cam will be a slightly quieter place. Boat club of the year must be Caius, which ended up with five out of six of the main trophies, but crew of the term has to be Newnham, Head of the River for the first time in 27 years.



Jet Photographic

new CUWBC President Rachel Smith. Whereas previous crews have looked good on paper, but been hampered by the weight of the egos on board, this Newnham outfit was both powerful, technically tidy and above all, fast. This was demonstrated clearly on Thursday when they bumped Caius in the gut, whose coach was clearly impressed, "We started quite well and then suddenly Newnham were on top of us – they gave us no chance."

With Pembroke bumping Jesus, Emma were under no threat on the second day and paddled over the course, but must have felt a great sense of foreboding about Friday's race. No-one on the towpath expected

for their grace in victory, which was demonstrated on Sunday as they went to Caius to pick up the newly inaugurated women's Mays Headship Trophy – a beautiful piece of silverware, kindly donated by alumni from Caius.

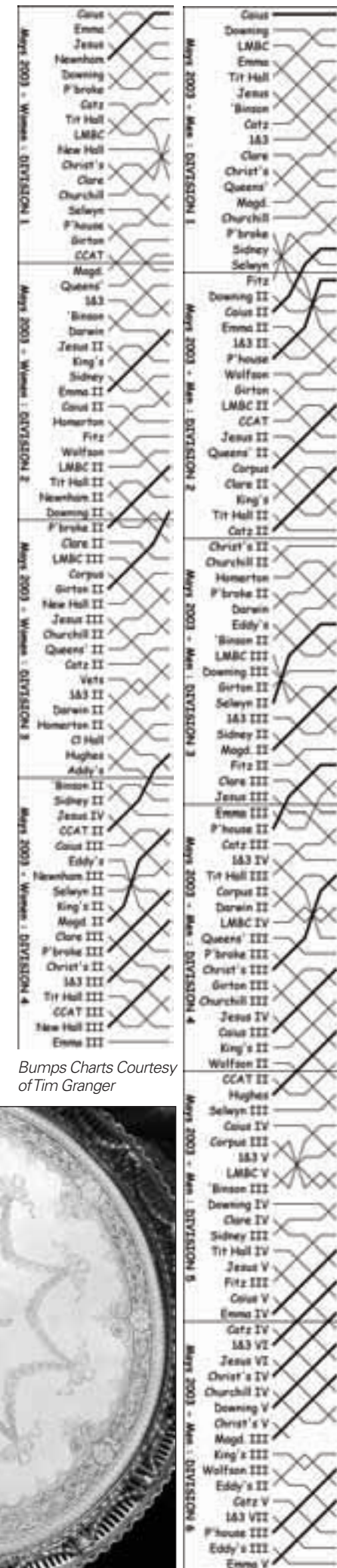
The other Women's divisions saw their fair share of action. Pembroke emphasised their resurgence: both the 2nd and 3rd VIIIs winning blades. Emma II gained blades for the second year running and finished as the highest placed 2nd VIII.

Turning to the men's divisions, there was little excitement at the top with nobody getting remotely close to Caius. This boat contained several Blues and Goldie colours – only two of

top flight. This was a really good crew that, although slightly rough around the edges, was extremely powerful and fast – they put a great many 1st VIIIs to shame.

The lower men's divisions saw many sets of blades and a large number of spoons. Magdalene had a good week as did Peterhouse, but Pembroke and Jesus fared badly. Eddies, devoid of their usual quota of Blues, actually fell by one place.

Jesus as a whole will be keen to forget this year's May Bumps with eight out of ten crews getting spoons while the other two fell by one and three places. However bumps is cyclical and such readjustments occur every so often. An influx of talented and keen



Bumps Charts Courtesy of Tim Granger



Dave Emery



Cathy Vigrass

Bump and grind

Newnham win the Mays headship
See inside for full bumps coverage



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There's an adventure out there with your name on it.

Mike Mcquire at Mount Whitney Camp, Sierra Nevada, California. Photo: Cliff Leight



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