



VARSITY

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Student accused of drunken assault

»St Edmund's student sent
down by college
»Previously arrested at
May Ball this year

ALICE WHITWHAM
News Editor

A male student at St Edmund's College has been sent down after allegedly assaulting a member of staff on college premises. The student is purported to have been involved in an incident on Wednesday 8 November at around 8am.

The police received a phone call reporting the incident from St Edmund's Dean, Dr Michael Robson, at 8.29am that same Wednesday, a Cambridge Constabulary spokesperson told *Varsity*.

A St Edmund's student, who wished to remain anonymous, told *Varsity* the following day that the alleged assault, which was of a sexual nature, was committed against a member of the college's cleaning staff. He also reported that the assailant went on to verbally abuse a second member of the cleaning staff who had arrived on the scene a few moments later.

When *Varsity* contacted the second member of the cleaning staff, she described him as having been in a state of drunkenness. The first, who wished not to be interviewed directly, had informed her colleague that he had been carrying a bottle of vodka at the time. She also described how he had told the first member of staff that he was going to follow her up to the bedroom. She

told her colleague that he went on to grope her buttocks from behind.

The second member of staff was informed of the incident immediately afterwards by the first. She admitted that she had initially been frightened of what might happen if she walked across the room. "I didn't avoid the Combination Room but I was frightened and don't know what I would have done had he touched me", she said. She continued that she nevertheless entered and wished the student "good morning", to which he replied "Show us your arse". Turning away from him in response, she told of how he shouted, "Well fuck you then". He only ceased his verbal abuse, she added, when a male member of staff approached to see what was happening. Neither of the women intend to press charges.

St Edmund's Master, Paul Luzio, declined to comment on either the alleged assault or the disciplinary action taken by the college against the student. He said "All that I'm going to say is that I'm not going to comment on individual cases". He added that in any disciplinary situation "we would always follow our Statutes and Ordinances".

Police have confirmed that the same student had been arrested last summer on suspicion of carrying out criminal damage at the St Edmund's May Ball on June 23. This



St Edmund's College, where the incident is alleged to have occurred

JOE GOSDEN

has been corroborated by the member of the cleaning staff who spoke to *Varsity*. She stated, "The same student was arrested after the May Ball for launching stuff out the window". A second year St Edmund's student expressed their surprise that "he wasn't sent down at the May Ball".

When questioned as to why the student was allowed to return to

Cambridge after his arrest, Luzio again stated his wish not to provide a comment on individual cases. He stated "We want to treat all students and staff with respect". He added, "We're going to follow our procedures if it's necessary to do so". When pressed by *Varsity* on his refusal to discuss the matter at anything more than a theoretical level, he said, "I'm not going to confirm,

deny or say anything".

Students at the college articulated feelings of unease following the incident. A second year Natural Scientist confessed, "I used to feel safe in college but now I'm questioning that". One first year added, "Once I get within college perimeters I would assume I didn't need to worry. Perhaps I should be more on my guard."



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In Brief

Lover allegedly torches car

A 29 year old drainage engineer faces trial at Cambridge Crown Court, accused of setting fire to his 48 year old girlfriend's car. Christine Marriott claims that her younger lover set light to her black Saab after she refused to leave his bungalow in Orwell, Cambridgeshire. Maskell denied starting the fire but expressed his irritation. "She came round for sex... she knew it and I knew it". **Cat Moss**

All girls at Ely after 1000 years

The first performance of evensong by Ely Cathedral's new girls' choir took place last Wednesday. With a thousand years of all-male singing behind it, the cathedral's introduction of female voices has ruffled some feathers. Dr Peter Giles, of the Campaign for the Defence of the Traditional Cathedral Choir, told the BBC "we are sacrificing a wonderful, ancient tradition of men and boys' choirs for political correctness". **Tom Parry-Jones**

Fez attack photos released by police

Cambridgeshire Police have released CCTV images of two men they want to speak to, in connection with the assault of a 21 year old man in the Fez Club on October 29. The victim suffered serious injuries to his arm and face when he was set upon by two men, shortly after he left the toilets in the venue. Detective Sergeant Mark Barker urged anyone with information to call Crimestoppers on 0800 555 111. **David Brooks**

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International immiscible

»New poll reveals that foreign students do not mix on campus

TOM WOOLFORD

A Council for International Education poll has shown that most foreign students do not mix with their British counterparts. The poll of over 600 students from 87 different countries in 25 further education institutions in the UK has revealed that while 8 out of 10 were satisfied or very satisfied with the support they received from their institution, only 27 per cent said that that British people were among those that they mixed with most often.

The findings have prompted a variety of responses from members of the international community in Cambridge. Nina Marinsek denied that the findings were true of the Slovenian community. "We're too small to really form a contingency", she said, "all the Slovenes I know are well integrated within the community here".

Cambridge". Louis Caron did not think the findings reflected on his fellow postgraduate American students. "American students? Yeah, they mingle. Many of my friends are British," he said, "but half the graduate students are international; England is an island".

But Jussi Kajala, President of the Scandinavian Society, said "international students in Cambridge tend to mingle more with other internationals, especially at the undergraduate level," adding that for Scandinavian students "it is obviously easier for us to mingle with the British than for, say, Asian students since our cultures are more similar". Kelvin Chiu, President of the Chinese Society was "not surprised by the findings. A significant proportion of our

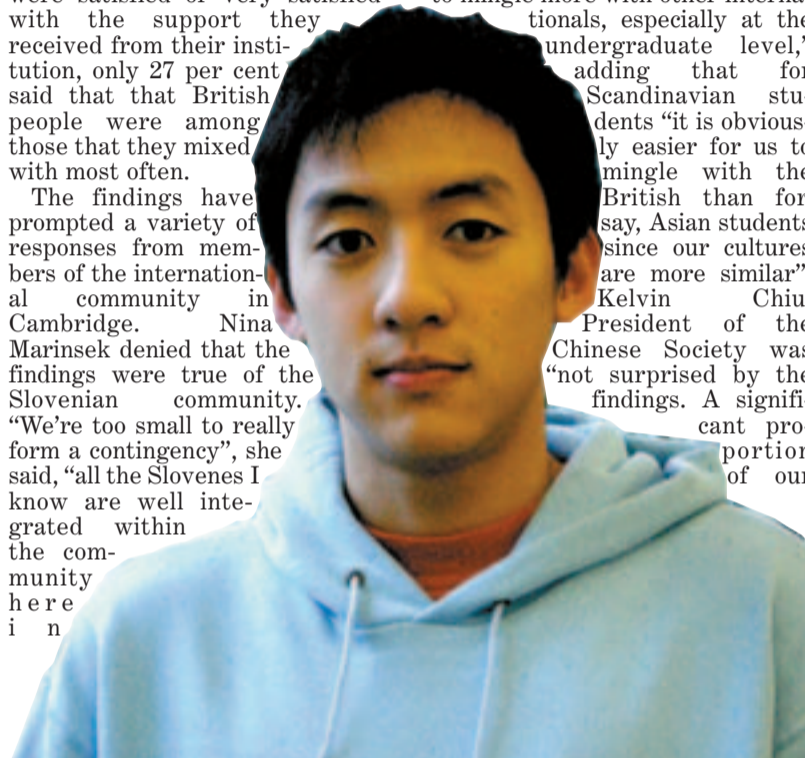
members do not mingle well with local students," he explained, attributing the findings to a "clash of cultures" that causes international students to "retreat back into their comfort zones".

Various JCRs are working to improve integration. Wu Hong King, Queens' College International Officer, admitted "it is true that Asians can often be spotted together," but denied that international students intentionally avoided the British, instead supposing that "like attracts like". He

minority". Their relative large number, he said, enabled them to form their own societies and thus "form a totally separate cultural and social group". "Most Chinese students," he explained, "do prefer coming to the events of these societies to mingling with British and other international students".

Kelvin Chiu, however, claimed that the Chinese Society does not retard integration, since "most of our members would have struggled to settle in with UK locals anyhow". Without the Chinese Society, he added, its members would have formed "even smaller cliques with people of their nationality", instead of being challenged to integrate into the wider community through joint Society events. Beng Beng Ong claimed that the Malaysia Society serves to "help integration by reaffirming one's cultural heritage and beliefs," leading its members to perceive themselves as "a unique person with something valuable to contribute" in "this global marketplace of diversity which is the University".

CUSU International Co-Chair, Ben Yeoh, said "we believe not mixing with British students is not a problem, it's a choice". He explained that CUSU's role, however, was in breaking down barriers to full interaction with British students, and mentioned its success in running free English language workshops as part of its ongoing efforts to improve conditions and resources for overseas students in Cambridge.



CUSU International Co-Chair Ben Yeoh

EMILY WRIGHT

"mixing with British students is not a problem, it's a choice"

has planned a "homestay programme" in Queens' to promote integration through "prolonged contact". Jan Stejskal, TCSU Overseas Welfare Officer, said "Trinity overseas students seem to have very little problems with mingling with British students", but explained that the college's international events were now being marketed to British students to promote further interaction. He added that "the only real problem we have encountered so far is the Chinese

Engineering for any and every situation

JOHN WALKER

Engineering students at Cambridge are undertaking practical training for the provision of international humanitarian aid.

A group of 24 engineering students recently took part in a three-day course at Clare Farm near Cambridge, designed to give them both the practical knowledge and the



Students receiving practical training needed to cope with emergency situations

skills that are required in development and emergency situations such as refugee camps. Students took part in a number of different exercises, including the construction of mud bricks, essential for the building of emergency shelters.

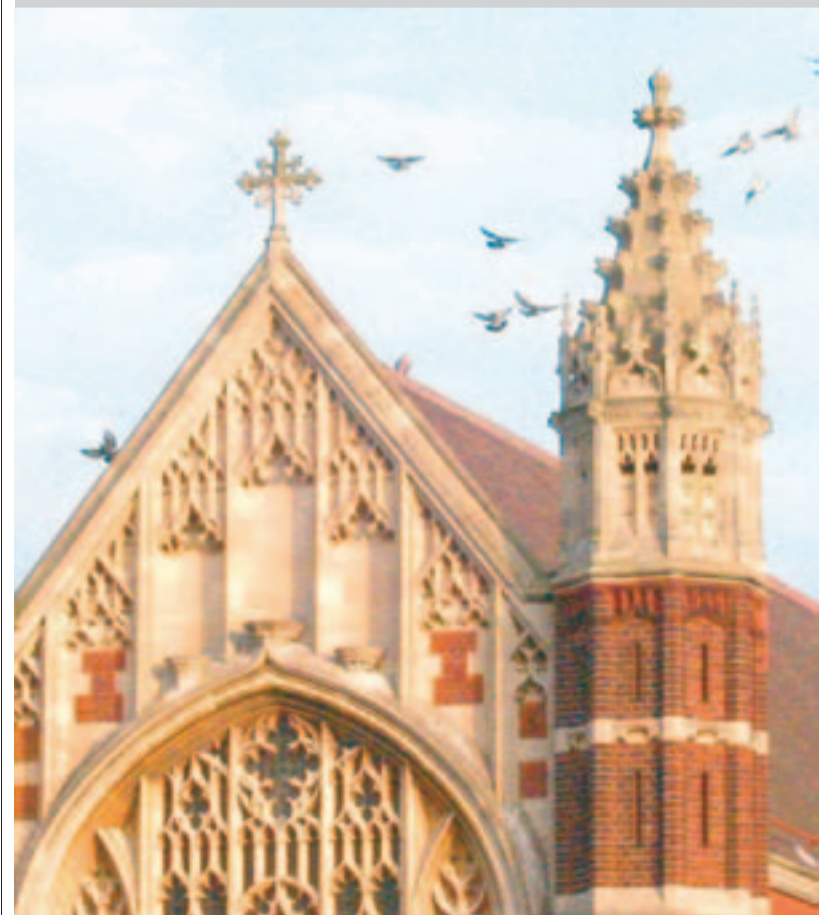
The event was run by Registered Engineers for Disaster Relief (RedR), an organisation that provides engineering personnel for worldwide humanitarian programmes.

Engineers can comprise up to 40 per cent of humanitarian workforces. Andrew Lamb, Trusts Officer for RedR, said "If you don't have an engineer or two or ten working in a refugee camp, people will die". He added "People on the course appreciate the chance to quite literally get their hands dirty. Training events give people a lot more confidence to go in to international development work."

As well as receiving training in practical skills, students were given advice on the psychological impact of visiting disaster zones by nurses and professional engineers. Ian Steed, manager of the Humanitarian Centre in Cambridge, said "Even at a basic level, people may go through a period of cultural alienation when visiting unfamiliar environments... this is amplified in a refugee camp environment".

John Heelham, a fourth-year engineer, told *Varsity* "For me, and for others on the course, this has been a life-changing experience".

Anyone for pigeon pie?



MIRANDA HOWARD-WILLIAMS

A pigeon has been recently making so much of a nuisance of itself in Selwyn College's magnificent chapel, that the Dean has been forced to take swift action. A falcon is to be brought in this weekend to put an end to the problem.

After-school French

»Majority of French students come to Cambridge with skill-levels too low to meet lecturers' demands

»No one scores top marks in the *Varsity* French test

LIZZIE MITCHELL
News Reporter

80 per cent of first year French students are being streamed into remedial classes on arriving at Cambridge, a statistic which highlights the vast disparity between the demands of the MML syllabus and those of French A-level examiners.

This figure emerges at a time when the subject is attracting fewer students each year in schools. In a *Varsity*-set test of basic grammar and GCSE-level vocabulary, issued to first-year French students this week, no candidate scored anything approaching full marks, with one student (male, privately schooled) simply scrawling "too hard" across the paper before walking out.

While state-educated males topped the results table with an average of

"we never had to do this at school" complained one student

43 per cent, privately-educated girls scored an average of just 31 per cent. Of the 34 students who completed the questionnaire, only three understood the construction *ne ... pas que* (not only), while six were able to decline a verb in the regular past historic. The majority of participants declined to put their names to their work. "We never had to do this at school", complained one student.

Professor of French and Neo-Latin literature, Philip Ford, blames the "change in the late 80s from O-level to GCSE", and A-level exams "which reward expression and creativity but not grammatical and spelling accuracy". The response of the French department has been the institution of a diagnostic test at the beginning of Part IA to stream students into classes for extra language tuition, as well as a full program of grammar teaching being available to all students.

Professor Ford has also criticised the lack of literature in A-level examination curricula. "It is completely artificial to say that literature isn't a part of French culture; you can't open a French newspaper without coming across literary references. A-levels are cutting out a whole register of language." Asked whether an A-level syllabus should be aimed purely towards continuation of the subject at a higher level, Professor Ford said that the "recreational use of French should be a spin-off" from a course targeted towards the analytical and the literary.

In recent years there has been extensive debate on whether A-levels are getting too easy, with the 2004 Tomlinson report suggesting a major overhaul of the system which would include the introduction of A+ and A++ grades to distinguish between the brightest candidates. The Qualifications and Curriculum Authority (QCA), whose job is to maintain qualification standards, told *Varsity* that "the purpose of the A-level is to equip students with the ability to go on to further study if they choose to do so," but said at the same time that "requirements have moved on" and that there have been "changes in theories of education" which have rendered old teaching methods obsolete. The QCA stressed that its primary role is to ensure that

adequate light and ventilation. Concerns were also raised over the dangers from radiation generated by

Proposed flats "Stalinist"

a mobile mast on the nearby police station. Alan Baker, Committee Chairman, described the proposed flats as "Soviet style, Stalinist". Baker told *Varsity*, "I don't think the application provides appropriate liv-



Je ne sais pas! A student takes *l'examen français de Varsity*

MICHAEL DERRINGER

it does not "devalue the qualifications that have come before".

These issues at the top of the academic scale come against the backdrop of a sharp decline in the number of students taking languages in schools. A survey by the National Centre for Languages has suggested that in only 21 per cent of comprehensive schools now make GCSE level languages mandatory. The number of students taking French at A-level has almost halved since 1996 and this year Cambridge saw a 6.7 per cent drop in MML applications, with a 14.3 per cent drop nationwide in those choosing French. Last month, an investigation was launched by the Government to explore ways of reigniting interest in modern foreign languages in schools. Lord Dearing, heading the investigation, told *The Times* that to appeal to students, languages need to be contextualised and placed within a "vocational framework", words which suggest a curriculum moving ever further from the demands of the Cambridge trips.

L'examen (the exam)

Translate into English

Chauve
Maussade
Douanier
Feuilleton

Il venait d'entendre la différence entre une tasse de café et une tasse à café

Give the gender of

foie
grève

Give the passé simple of

plaire (3rd sing)
manger (2nd plu)

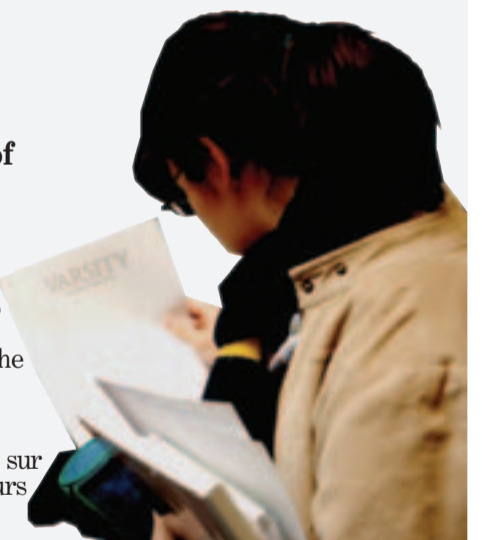
Translate into French:

The best book I have ever read was about French verb forms

The man who did it was the same one I said had done it

Translate into English:

La grêle ne tombe pas que sur ceux qui n'ont pas fait leurs devoirs



"Soviet style" fire station plan crashes and burns at Council

JENNIFER THOMSON

Plans for a new Cambridge fire station have been rejected after one Cambridge City Councillor branded the proposals "Stalinist". Cambridgeshire and Peterborough Fire Authority's application to demolish the existing Parkside Fire Station was rejected by the planning committee by five votes to four. It had hoped to replace it with a new building, to include 131 flats and a restaurant or café, with additional car parking.

The City Council claimed that the scheme would result in overdevelopment and that some flats would lack




Cambridge's current fire station

JOE GOSDEN

ing conditions for light, air quality and the size of accommodation. We need more detail on the location and mix of affordable housing."

But the Council's decision was far from unanimous, and Councillor Sian Reid praised them as "imaginative". John Andrews, managing director of Revurban Developments, had informed the committee that "High quality design was of paramount importance to us. The scheme provides vital facilities ... it is a positive contribution to townscape and design quality, affordable housing, provides the first car club in Cambridge and together with your officers, I recommend the scheme for your approval." Tom Carroll, chief

fire officer for the Cambridge region, expressed his regret that attempts to initiate change had failed. He said, "The decision to reject our application has serious ramifications for the future of the fire service in Cambridge. The existing fire station is bigger than we need, leaving unused space. It is not energy efficient, has high maintenance costs and no disabled access." He went on to emphasise the benefits which the new fire station would have brought. "The proposal we sought would have provided a brand new fire station at no cost to the taxpayer, allowing us to continue to deliver our service to the public from a central and easily accessible location."



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Pitt Club under pressure from Council

»Tension rises between UPC and their Pizza Express tenants

MARY BOWERS

The future of parties at the University Pitt Club (UPC), a private members' club on Jesus Lane, has been brought into question after a series of complaints were lodged with Cambridge City Council about late night noise levels. Licensing restrictions have already resulted in a rise in bar prices, allegedly leading to a drop in the numbers frequenting the club this term.

Complaints were made concerning late-night parties in July and at the start of this term. An Abatement Notice was served by Cambridge City Council against Jesus Lane Pizza Express, who own the licence to the building. Manager Ana Boricic was forced this week to demand that music be restricted to a small stereo, and played only during restricted hours.

In addition, bar prices have increased since Pizza Express began selling alcohol to the UPC this term. A spokesman for the Club said "not all members are happy with the increase". Boricic was more willing to elucidate, suggesting that demands for further discounts on food and alcohol from older members were putting strains on the relationship between the restaurant and the UPC. "It's an old gentleman's club, with old traditions and they can be quite demanding", she explained. "It can be difficult

trying to run a business with them on top of us."

The Pitt Club, which has attracted many illustrious members since its foundation in 1835, remains shrouded in rumour and mystery. The Club has always attempted to maintain an air of secrecy about its activities. The UPC, named after Prime Minister William Pitt-the-Younger, cherry-picks its members predominantly from public schools. Although it has a reputation for exploiting privilege, the UPC has

"University Pitt Club a shadow of its former self"

recently been dogged by rumours of financial difficulty. The Club, which owns the neo-Grecian 7a Jesus Lane, sold a 25-year ground floor leasehold to Pizza Express in October 1997 for £125,000. Since then the restaurant has occupied the ground floor, previously the home of the Hawks' Club, with a separate entrance for UPC members. In addition, the Pitt Club has refused to buy its own alcohol licence, despite pressure from Pizza Express to do so. The UPC has



7a Jesus Lane, the home of the University Pitt Club

EMILY WRIGHT

remained tight-lipped about any financial difficulties leading to these decisions.

While a club spokesman commented that "parties will be quieter in the future", others have begun to voice concern that the UPC has long been in decline. Cambridge University online encyclopaedia Janus describes the University Pitt Club as "a shadow

of its former self". Boricic suggested to *Varsity* that since the increase in bar prices and the restrictions on playing music, the Pitt Club had been "less busy". Party-goers had previously "been quite loud and stayed quite late".

Varsity has also learnt of the sudden closure last week of the 7a Jesus Lane basement nightclub, Po Na Na.

Synthetic biology success

TOM PARRY-JONES

Biologists and engineers from Cambridge have returned laden with prizes from this year's International Genetically Engineered Machine competition (iGEM), after the 37 participating teams from around the world met for a jamboree at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). The Cambridge team was recognised for their contri-

buton to the Documentation, Presentation and Poster categories, with the Grand Prize going to the University of Ljubljana, Slovenia. Between them, the three British teams (Cambridge, Edinburgh and Imperial) took a third of the awards on offer.

The iGEM competition is a flagship event in the emerging field of Synthetic Biology, an area which has sparked great debate in the scientific press and has been dubbed

"Life 2.0" by the Economist. iGEM ambassador James Brown, a member of last year's Cambridge team, explained the significance of the science as the "next stage for genetic engineering". Rather than making small changes to existing organisms, which Brown called little more than "dog breeding", synthetic biologists split genetic components into isolated parts, or "BioBricks", that can then be built into a biological machine like Lego. The details of the parts are kept in an "open source" registry, and those at the forefront of the discipline hope to avoid the proprietary patented fate that has befallen the pharmaceutical industry.

This year's competition showcased what can be achieved when the disciplines of Engineering and Biology are bridged. The Cambridge team's project involved designing two populations of differently coloured bacteria who would battle for dominance of a plate. Yet the practical benefits presented by the field were also apparent from other entries. Students from Princeton worked on growing stem cells into specific kinds of tissue outside the human body, whilst the MIT team changed the smell produced by E.coli bacteria from that of faecal matter to the far more palatable mint or banana.

There has been much hype surrounding the field of Synthetic Biology, and Brown argued that recognising its full potential is a "long way off... five, ten, fifteen years". But as evinced by this year's iGEM, which attracted three times more universities than 2005, he was adamant that "it's happening".

Chester-Nash "stabbed 24"

NIKKI BURTON

A former Cambridge resident accused of murder told three teenage girls he had stabbed 24 people, a court heard this week. Gary Chester-Nash denies the murder of Jean Bowditch, 59, in Cornwall last October. The woman's body was discovered with nine stab wounds to her torso. Chester-Nash was arrested by police on the same day for stealing sandwiches and later linked to the murder.

The girls who gave evidence were befriended by Chester-Nash and later "got drunk with him". Chester-Nash reportedly "said he had stabbed 24 people, two of which were near fatal. He told us he had stabbed one person in the stomach and pushed him off a cliff." The trial continues.



Gary Chester-Nash



Mill Pond

Fun and frolicking down by the riverside

Happy-snapping tourists at the Mill Pond last Saturday were treated to the overexposed sight of a group of naked rowers parading by the river. Going to investigate, our spy was greeted by two drunkards wearing only deer stalkers and their birthday suits. They kindly explained that they were members of UCL Boat Club on tour and were conducting initiations as a part of their Cambridge stop. Our spy was, however, forced into retreat after being accused of visible physical attraction.

St. Catharine's

Miaowing silenced by a good deaning

A few members of the Aristocats drinking society have had their catawailing silenced after some rowdy behaviour last weekend. Coming back from a night out at The Junction with a group of non-Cambridge friends, the festive felines decided to take the party back to the otherwise peaceful St. Chad's hostel. The less than perfect pussies were deaned, and will not be able to attend formal hall for the rest of term.

Trumpington Street

Anyone got the clap, then?

Cambridge is bracing itself in preparation for the sight of hundreds of sheepish-looking lotharios snaking their way down to collect their CUSU brown envelopes, currently stacked up in Trumpington Towers. The enclosed Chlamydia testing kits will be discharged next week to a local JCR, and will be available at the scheme's launch at departmental sites next Wednesday.

Bombay Brasserie

An encounter of the pants down kind

An arty group of drinking society ladies out on their first outing didn't quite know what had hit them as they swanned gracefully into the Bombay Brasserie on Wednesday night. The Eight Easy Pieces, looking forward to a night of charming conversation with a group of gentlemen from the Hawks' Club, were confronted on entry by the sight of a pair from another swap enacting a mock-copulation, pants down, in the middle of the restaurant. One of the innocent Pieces admitted "we were all pretty shocked - it was 8.30pm on a weeknight".



Participants in the iGEM competition, from above

News Feature

Old, rich, landed and loaded:

JO TRIGG

The relative wealth of Cambridge colleges has long been a matter of rivalry and dispute. A *Varsity* analysis of the most recent college accounts shows that Trinity College is the wealthiest by a considerable margin. Despite not publishing the value of its fixed assets, the figure by which the colleges have been ranked, Trinity's wealth has been confirmed to be at least 100 times greater than that of St Edmund's, the poorest college. The estimated financial endowment of Trinity, a figure which alone would make up only a part of the fixed assets sum, is almost £200m greater than the total fixed assets of St John's, the next wealthiest college. Homerton was the only college that did not release any figures at all in last year's university accounts.

The fixed assets of a college are long-term assets which comprise the combined value of their investments and their tangible assets. These tangible assets are made up predominantly of the value of land and property, causing the amount of land and property a college own to have a enormous influence on their relative wealth. Older colleges benefit from having had a longer period of time to accumulate land and property, as well as the fact that the age of their buildings often lends wealth as a result of their listed status. This would appear to explain why each of the top five wealthiest colleges was founded before 1550, while each of the bottom five colleges was founded after 1880.

Modern colleges, which dominate the bottom half of the table, are more likely to rely on income generated by conferences. Whereas Fitzwilliam earned £409,000 from conferencing accommodation, income from freehold land and buildings totalled a mere £114,000. Gonville and Caius, in comparison, earned £146,872 from conferencing accommodation, but gained £2.4 million from freehold land and buildings.

There are, however, anomalies. Churchill College, founded less than 50 years ago, has been ranked tenth, above seven of the more traditional "old" colleges, those founded before 1600. The college receives income from three subsidiary companies: Churchill Conferences Limited; The Moller Centre for Continuing Education;

and the construction company Churchill Residences Limited. It also benefited substantially in the 2004-2005 financial year from donations and benefactions amounting to over £16m; four times the amount received by Trinity in the same period.

Ranking by fixed assets is only one way of comparing the wealth of colleges, it is important that the size of the student body be considered. Dividing the total fixed assets by the number of students, Trinity remains the wealthiest college and St Edmund's the poorest, but the smaller colleges take on greater financial significance. Corpus Christi and Peterhouse, both with a high total of fixed assets, rise to third and fourth places respectively as a result of their small student bodies, pushing larger colleges Jesus and Trinity Hall further down the table.

Varsity's analysis of the fixed assets per capita figures reveal a scale ranging from £572,851 to £19,120 per student. But college bursars were adamant that a college's wealth did not affect the quality of a student's education. Dick Taplin, Downing College Domestic Bursar, said "Frankly, I do not believe that wealth would, in general terms, affect the quality of the education received, since there are so many other variables, including the fact that the student selected the college (rich or poor) in the first place, and so probably feels more comfortable in their college". A statistical analysis carried out by *Varsity* revealed that there was no correlation between Tompkins Table ranking and college wealth.

Furthermore, ranking colleges by wealth is subject to difficulties. Trinity College Senior Bursar Dr Jeremy Fairbrother pointed out that "Many colleges' fixed assets, because they are ancient listed buildings, are actually an economic liability, because their maintenance costs so much". In the light of this statement, fixed assets may be considered a "dubious" measure of wealth because they do not represent the expendable capital available to a college.

Although colleges at the bottom of the table may lament their poverty, for the most part, the influence of differences in wealth are likely to be restricted to visible displays of wealth and financial bonuses such as travel grants and formal hall subsidies.

Trinity

Approximate Financial Endowment: £700,000,000

Insured value of land: £266,500,000

Expenditure: £5,274,937

Trinity College is well-known as the richest of the Oxbridge Colleges. Allegedly the third-biggest land owner in the United Kingdom (after the Crown estate and the Church of England), it has holdings in the Port of Felixstowe and Cambridge Science Park. College accounts reveal that Trinity spent £378,570 on staff allowances and gifts and £3,975 on Fellows' desserts between July 2004 and June 2005. But Trinity is also very charitable with its wealth. In the 2004/5 financial year, it donated a total of £4,153,624 to no less than 22 different trusts and organisations including Macmillan Cancer Relief, Papworth Hospital Heart Failure Clinic and the University Library.



St John's

Fixed Assets*: £504,109,000
Insured value of land: £191,539,000
Expenditure: £1,737,719

Foundress Lady Margaret apparently left all her money to John's and her silver to Christ's.

Jesus

Fixed Assets: £236,404,421
Insured value of land: £208,000,000
Expenditure: £10,306,690

Borrowed £8m from the Royal Bank of Scotland in order to invest in more diverse properties

Trinity Hall

Fixed Assets: £172,354,243
Insured value of land: £109,234,420
Expenditure: £7,039,038

Paid to maintain the London-Cambridge road in the 1800s, providing milestones with the college crest.

Corpus

Fixed Assets: £172,218,402
Insured value of land: unknown
Expenditure: £6,953,274

Corpus is exceptionally wealthy in silver, being the only college not to sell its silverware during the Civil War

Peterhouse

Fixed Assets: £171,887,000
Insured value of land: unknown
Expenditure: £7,833,000

During the 1970s recession, rumour has it college fellows ate the deer from the Deer Park to cut formal hall bills.

*all figures quotes are for the financial year July 2004 - June 2005. Homerton's accounts are not submitted to the *Reporter*.

Cross Campus

The best of the rest from around the country

History in the Highlands

The public have been invited to participate in a debate at Dundee University, to coincide with the BBC's new series *Scotland's History: The Top 10*. The noble aim of the project is to try and find the most significant event in Scotland's past. The event is expected to remain civil until the first mention of the film *Braveheart*.

Students urged to roll then rock

The Department of Health is launching a £4 million campaign to encourage 18 to 24 year olds to engage in safe sex when out on the "pull". The television advert shows courting couples with "the name of an STI... clearly displayed on their clothing or jewellery". If only real life was so simple...



Lonely landlord gets company

A west London houseowner has spoken of her solution to solitude. Heather McCauley, 58, told the *Guardian* that in 1984 she'd "ordered some students" from a local university, and has been providing free board to young scholars ever since. She added "Everyone has jolly happy lives here".

Student sentenced for bigamy

A student at the London College of Communication has been convicted of bigamy, and sentenced to a total of 20 months in prison. Zita Savage, 26, claimed that she was forced to marry the three men in question by a crack gang, but her argument seemed to hold little sway on the judge.

the haves...

Caius  <p>Fixed Assets: £127,401,607 Insured value of land: £173,864,007 Expenditure: £8,411,183</p> <p>Originally called Gonville Hall, until it was rescued from financial ruin by Dr John Caius.</p>	Newnham  <p>Fixed Assets: £90,287,969 Insured value of land: £77,200,000 Expenditure: £8,747,714</p> <p>Keeps £104,518 in wine stock, originally located at 74, Regent Street.</p>	St Catharine's  <p>Fixed Assets: £68,797,000 Insured value of land: unknown Expenditure: £6,065,000</p> <p>Nearly merged with King's in 1880 for financial reasons.</p>	Wolfson  <p>Fixed Assets: £47,307,000 Insured value of land: £57,595,932 Expenditure: £4,295,000</p> <p>Changed its name from University College in 1973, in recognition of a donation from the Wolfson Foundation</p>	Robinson  <p>Fixed Assets: £24,863,000 Insured value of land: £65,464,000 Expenditure: £5,373,000</p> <p>Originally founded on £17m donation by David Robinson, one of the largest donations ever made to Cambridge</p>
King's  <p>Fixed Assets: £126,561,000 Insured value of land: £153,000,000 Expenditure: £12,872,000</p> <p>Recently spent £226,000 refurbishing the Provost's Lodge.</p>	Downing  <p>Fixed Assets: £86,798,000 Insured value of land: £92,791,298 Expenditure: £6,980,000</p> <p>Downingites maintain they would be considerably richer had they not sold the Downing Site to the University.</p>	Christ's  <p>Fixed Assets: £66,602,000 Insured value of land: unknown Expenditure: £5,848,000</p> <p>Spend £4,584 a year on master and fellows' entertainment allowances.</p>	Fitzwilliam  <p>Fixed Assets: £43,509,000 Insured value of land: £71,735,000 Expenditure: £5,443,000</p> <p>Makes £17,000 a year from their launderette at £1 a wash.</p>	Lucy Cavendish  <p>Fixed Assets: £24,323,000 Insured value of land: £30,347,593 Expenditure: £2,523,000</p> <p>Originally founded 1950 for women who were not fellows of any college.</p>
Emmanuel  <p>Fixed Assets: £110,350,941 Insured value of land: £96,385,000 Expenditure: £7,651,370</p> <p>Amongst Emma's tangible assets are recorded £161,500 worth of pianos.</p>	Magdalene  <p>Fixed Assets: £73,763,845 Insured value of land: £104,600,000 Expenditure: £4,736,687</p> <p>It is generally believed that the college is poverty-stricken and actually owned by St John's.</p>	Sidney Sussex  <p>Fixed Assets: £64,952,747 Insured value of land: £114,000,000 Expenditure: £5,274,937</p> <p>Most valuable asset is purportedly Oliver Cromwell's head, buried under the College chapel.</p>		Hughes Hall  <p>Fixed Assets: £18,483,546 Insured value of land: £35,091,250 Expenditure: £2,053,404</p> <p>Initially founded at the Cambridge Training College in 1885 with only fourteen students.</p>
Churchill  <p>Fixed Assets: £105,978,346 Insured value of land: £87,648,603 Expenditure: £7,779,971</p> <p>Owns three companies which provide much of its income.</p>	Clare  <p>Fixed Assets: £70,707,000 Insured value of land: £89,000,000 Expenditure: £6,370,000</p> <p>Has £12,453,000 in scholarship funds and £433,000 in travel grants.</p>	Queens'  <p>Fixed Assets: £57,310,511 Insured value of land: £96,000,000 Expenditure: £6,402,994</p> <p>Has known five Queens as patronesses including the Queen Mother and Elizabeth II.</p>	Girton  <p>Fixed Assets: £42,127,000 Insured value of land: £77,882,436 Expenditure: £7,144,000</p> <p>Spent £144,000 refurbishing the JCR corridor toilets.</p>	Clare Hall  <p>Fixed Assets: £10,579,203 Insured value of land: £17,970,176 Expenditure: £1,395,486</p> <p>Received £372,951 from "partner universities in South Korea and Japan".</p>
Pembroke  <p>Fixed Assets: £103,991,180 Insured value of land: £89,300,000 Expenditure: £8,747,714</p> <p>The college steward has reputedly promised to leave a large sum of money if the college keep daily formal hall.</p>	Selwyn  <p>Fixed Assets: £69,992,285 Insured value of land: £65,189,679 Expenditure: £4,802,320</p> <p>Ann's Court, completed in 2005 was named after Ann Dobson, one of the principle benefactors.</p>	New Hall  <p>Fixed Assets: £52,852,893 Insured value of land: £49,246,015 Expenditure: £4,483,291</p> <p>Offers free formal halls every week to graduate students.</p>	Darwin  <p>Fixed Assets: £33,160,032 Insured value of land: £25,968,127 Expenditure: £2,241,859</p> <p>Built on land owned by the family of Charles Darwin.</p>	St Edmund's  <p>Fixed Assets: £8,381,224 Insured value of land: £14,656,500 Expenditure: £23,266,000</p> <p>Noted for its recent contributions to Blue Boats and Varsity Rugby.</p>

...and the have-nots

Varsity Asks

So how much do you cost your college anyway?

- The Bursar has my bank details on the wall
- I have a marvellous collection of formal hall china
- Last winter we were forced to burn the furniture
- The Master still owes me that tenner from last year

Vote online at varsity.co.uk



The Bishop of Ely

After a remarkably non-libidinous week in the diocese, it seems that Cambridge's mojo has returned... in a sexually progressive format... Reports arrive concerning a certain diminutive young woman of our acquaintance who has been indulging in regular trysts with a rather pretty young 'straight' boy. Imagine her surprise when she discovered that the very same young man had been simultaneously engaging in

relations with a very close, and male, friend of hers. While this might have been a cause for consternation or cessation of friendship in more conservative circles, the two plaintiffs decided to remedy their differences by, appropriately enough, doing each other...

In a mirror-image reversal, it seems that a self-styled intellectual historian and discerning homosexual of our acquaintance may be in the process of making a forced conversion to heterosexuality. We have reports that two of his female friends last week decided to take pity on his lack of success with his own sex and introduce him, jointly, to the delights of the female body. According to stairwell eavesdroppers

of the first calibre, he expressed reservations initially, but before long was up to his knuckles in love. Amor ex fictum, as our classically-minded colleagues would say.

Finally, a scandal in the making is developing in quarters very close to the Bishop. An ecclesiastical colleague of ours was overheard enthusing about a newly-bearded and shaggy-maned student, telling a close acquaintance that he was the sort of guy whose 'head you would like to rag back as you take him from behind'. So keep your ears pricked for screams of frustration from your local House of God. Never let it be said that we at the Bishop shield our own....

Editorial

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Comment

Comment editor: Lowri Jenkins
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VARSITY

Sickening Talent

It has the same power to divide and enrage Cambridge students as a serious political debate. It's always accused (sometimes with good reason) of being nepotistic. Many people despise it, a few love it and a few more spend far too much time thinking about. What is it? The *Varsity* 100 of course; back for another year of dubious glory. At the beginning of Lent term, readers will once again be treated to its plentiful smorgasbord of "talent"; of which the necessary use of quotation marks flags up the essential problem, which plagues the list every year; how can "talent" actually be defined? When a national newspaper prints a "talent" list it is a lot easier to accept their definition because the journalists, and other figures who compile it, seem qualified to do so by merit of their obvious successes. *Varsity*, being a student newspaper, can't really establish this mantle of authority on its own so we enlist the help of a panel of professionals (academics, journalists, politicians) whose opinions seem more reliable.

But aside from the fairness of the 100, why print it in the first place? Last year's 100 neatly sidestepped the difficult issue of whether it was a "power" 100 or a "talent" 100 by suggesting that it was a list of the "people who define Cambridge". This doesn't really sugar the pill. Saying that you're defining a place through its people is another way of saying the list picks itself, which is untrue. Ultimately someone has to make those decisions and the accusing finger of elitism cannot really be pointed anywhere other than at the *Varsity* team. Furthermore, the *Varsity* 100 is not really a self-constructing entity; the list defines importance as much as "importance to Cambridge life" supposedly decides the list. It is not an organic creation, but rather a culmination of the opinions of a few people about a few other people. The descriptions "cliquey", "exclusive" and "elitist" all apply.

But the *Varsity* 100 exists, not because we enjoy making people good or bad about themselves, but because of demand. Most other Universities don't have a talent list, perhaps because no one would really care if one appeared. Cambridge, however, has a habit of constructing "celebrities". For some this might seem an alien concept, but if you start to move in certain circles the hazy concept of University "fame" (or infamy) will begin to appear. *Varsity* is a student paper, and as such we attempt to reflect the widespread views and interests of our readership. We don't purport to have any agenda. If we didn't feel there was an interest in the *Varsity* 100, we wouldn't print it. But we think there is. It's a strange occurrence in Cambridge, but students like to know where the power lies; they like to point out who's going to be the next big thing; they like to celebrate talent in a way that is partly respectful and partly resentful and the *Varsity* 100 facilitates these feelings. So, get voting online for your favourite thespian, athlete or general polymath right now. Let's not be shamefaced about this. No more so than our tripos examinations, this is a highly dubious, competitive and subjective way of categorising people and a standard fact of Cambridge student life.

VARSITY The Independent Cambridge
Student Newspaper since 1947

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

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Izzy de Rosario

You've got mail But you're better off ignoring it

Aside from being one of the very few people who did not respond to the notorious "Illegal Immigrants" email with derision, Ellenor Bland was tripped up by the seemingly insubstantial nature of email as a medium. Formerly one of the Tory councillors for Calne, Wiltshire, she was suspended from the Conservative party after being reported to the Commission for Racial Equality by the Lib Dems, for forwarding an email containing the so-called Illegal Immigrants Poem. Her defence (aside from the staggeringly predictable "we have friends who are Asian") was that it was "childish and churlish for anyone to make something big of this". Emails are treated as though they are less revealing about the sender than a letter or a phone call, because they are so convenient and so comparatively cheap. They are also (or consequently) not particularly memorable, with the exception of the well written and those from people we care about or about topics we care about. Other than that, they just clog up Hermes; the most trivial of all being the forwarded email, in all of its glory.

There's the e-Petition: a well-meaning attempt rendered essentially pointless by its form. Its information is rarely collated and is unreliable: I mean, it would not be particularly difficult to generate a large number of false email addresses. According to the social activist, Michele Landsberg, "all email petitions are a

complete waste of time and cyberspace". A professional lobbyist has echoed this, adding that, "One letter still counts as 100 constituents speaking". If you care enough, buy a stamp and write a letter: an e-Petition will affect nothing.

Most frequently, forwards have no pretensions of utility at all. I can't imagine people feeling deeply moved when they find out that knowing



ILLUSTRATION: RACHEL HARDING

every plotline from *Saved By The Bell* makes them a Nineties child, or that the embodiment of true love is when your boyfriend kisses you on your forehead. Yet they keep on coming. These emails are more trite and reductive than the printed message in a Hallmark card, and only

make an impression because of their persistence. Which, presumably, is the reason why so many of these meaningless titbits are chain emails, determinedly fighting extinction with the threat of ten years bad luck or the promise of instant good fortune.

Finally, there are politically minded time-wasters, including the kind favoured by Ellenor Bland. A sample of that fateful forward: "Britain crazy! They pay all year/ To keep welfare running here." Of course they may be well-meaning attempts to inform, much like the e-Petition. However, regardless of the content, assuming that your friends share the same political perspective as you might be interpreted as downright offensive. It's clearly not as easy as it seems to be sure of who shares your views, or even your sense of humour. Despite being an active member of a political party, Ellenor Bland managed to irritate someone enough for this ridiculous email to be passed on to the Lib Dems.

Essentially, if an email comes from your account, it is representative of your sentiments, if not your words; Mrs Bland's plaintive defence, "I didn't write it", is irrelevant. Endorsing a view by sending on the email renders these words your own. Emails that exist solely to be forwarded rarely ever say anything worthwhile, or entertaining, let alone possess any redeeming feature that means they should be forwarded to everyone if your address book. But they are not simply a waste of time; they are a waste of your words.



Jamie Munk

What not to wear Stash: a sartorial and social curse

Picture the scene a year or two into your Cambridge life. Looking round your room, there are a few Penguin Classics mugs, a semi-sizeable collection of formal hall china and maybe a sorrowfully empty gin bottle in the corner. These all nonchalantly contribute to that impeccable "student look" you've cultivated.

And wait a minute, what's that rearing its ugly sleeve out of your laundry basket? It can't be! But yes, how predictable: the ubiquitous "hoody", branded with your name and the logo of some spurious society you can't remember being part of. Like countless generations of sportsmen, thespians, and society members before you, you have unwittingly been sucked into the cult of "stash".

Stash has dubious appeal. Who would want to walk into the UL with their name plastered on the back of an ill-fitting t-shirt proclaiming "MC Lagermeister"? Yet it is everywhere round this little town: in the library, jogging along the backs, strolling down King's Parade. Cambridge is full of the stuff.

I must confess, I am a failed stasher. A naive first year, I walked through these same hallowed cloisters, wide-eyed with amazement at the bright hues of nylon. Blue Medical Society hoodies, purple

splash tops, pink polo shirts; it's all pretty dazzling. Needless to say, I only succeeded in getting "MUNK" plastered on the back of a sombre black t-shirt that was slightly (now definitely) too small for me.

"We are all conscious of how we appear to the outside world and in this town you can't avoid being judged"

Stash definitely has a certain *je ne sais quoi* about it. But to me this is less a kaleidoscope of names and colours, more the stagnant whiff of muddy Cam water it exudes. Strolling late into that morning lecture on Renaissance humanism, stash announces "I'm really busy and important, just look at my back: I was 'DIRECTOR' of that play you didn't come and see last week because you were sat in the library crying into your essay". It smugly notes "Yes,

I'll be queue-jumping at Cindies later because I was in the blues tennis team 2005. Look, it even says it across my backside."

Hang on, I hear you cry! Surely wearing my Cambridge University A Capella Society body warmer is no different from defining myself by any other sartorial choice, be it the converse and skinny-jeaned indie look, or the classic boatie toff's up-turned collar? We are all conscious of how we appear to the outside world, and in this town you can't avoid being seen and judged. We cultivate a particular look with whatever we wear, so why should stash be dismissed?

It is because stash is a status thing. While fashion-statements portray your personality and allow you to look your best, a boat club hoody neither looks stylish nor says anything about you; and from personal experience, it will shrink in the wash. But in the hyper-competitive bubble we inhabit for three short years, stash allocates its manifold wearers with places in the pecking order, whether a lowly JCR Services Officer or full-blown Union Society Honorary Secretary. Like a modern revival of the long extinct practice of hat doffing, random items of stash are the nuts and bolts of the Cambridge social hierarchy.

So freshers, what are you waiting for? On your marks, get set, dress...



ILLUSTRATION: PIPPA CORNELL

Andy Wimbush

Caught in the act

Soul-selling and the importance of being earnest

There's an amusing refrain you hear in Cambridge about "selling your soul". This nifty bit of folk wisdom considers a career in management consultancy to be the ultimate Faustian pact. It is uttered particularly often in circles of thespian types, urging their friends not to give up on dramatic dreams, as if treading the boards was some kind of beatific stairway to heaven. No one ever questions this. No one asks why the average career in the dramatic arts should be considered morally superior to a city desk job. Why is it not considered possible to "sell your soul" to RADA, LAMDA or anywhere else?

I don't think many of us still hold onto the pious old notion that Art (whatever that is) can make us better people. But surely, says the thespian, theatre can alert us to the plight of our fellow human being! Look at some of this term's shows so far: *Blasted* demonstrated that the horrors of war can be closer than we think. *In the Blood* showed us the difficult lives of inner city single mothers. *A State Affair* reminded us of how drugs can wholly obliterate young lives. We certainly left the theatre with these worries in our minds, but did we do anything? Were we ever encouraged to? Occasionally you'll

see ADC staff rattling collecting tins after the main show, but that's where it stops. Furthermore, did the cast of these shows suddenly become aware of the issues behind their plays? Did they do anything? I'm not sure we can easily answer any of those questions with a resounding "Yes".

I should point out that, according to my housemates, I am a thesp to the very core. Much of my time at Cambridge has been spent in rehearsals; the theatre makes me very happy indeed. Recently, however, I've gained another label from my friends. Thanks to my fondness for organic vegetables and an ever-present worry about how humanity is messing up the planet, I've been branded a "hippie". Every thesp knows that when you're given a new role to play you might as well enter it with enthusiasm and these days, it's pretty easy to method-act your way into hippiedom. So, I went off to London for that Demonstration against Climate Change. I signed a pledge promising not to use aeroplanes. I don't drive anymore, except to pick up my granny for lunch. I switch off lights with fanaticism. I've avoided Sainsbury's, started shopping at the market and get organic food delivered from local farms. The transformation is almost complete.

I was surprised, however, when

my hippie persona suddenly demanded my thesping skills. Last week, I participated in a small protest against short haul flights. Before we began, I was handed a stack of flyers. I immediately realised that the endless hours I had spent publicising a play on Edinburgh's Royal Mile were not wholly useless.

"I don't think that many of us still hold onto the pious old notion that Art (whatever that is) can make us better people"

You see, there are many ways to make people take flyers from you and thespians know all the tricks. Clutching the stack of paper in one hand, I adopted my best actor's (insincere?) charm and sunk my voice into courteous,

enthusiastic publicity mode. "Good morning sir, information about climate change? Thank you very much, have a good day." (And if you compliment them first, you get even better results.) Had our intrepid band of hippies the stage charisma of some of the ADC's more colourful members, we would have got rid of many more leaflets and convinced far more people of the dangers posed by the growth of the aviation industry.

My example is, of course, pretty trivial. I'm not really suggesting that Sir Ian and Dame Judy should restart their careers as street fundraisers. But my broader point is that aspiring actors would do well to step back and wonder what it is about their chosen career that makes it important, even noble. I've no doubt that there is a certain nobility to be found: after all, representing humanity on stage or on screen is an important job. But let's not lose sight of why we might be doing theatre in the first place. What are we trying to say? What are we trying to achieve? Why is it necessary? If we can't answer these questions, or if the answers are too closely aligned to our own self-gratification and love of success, then we should be very worried. Mephistopheles will have snatched our souls for the very cheap price of a round of applause.

Ethics Girl

Cubicle encounters



So, I'm standing in a loo queue in the Kamar when it rings. It belongs to a girl who's in one of the cubicles. I would have let it ring and called back later, after the pull-up-tights-skirt-down-emerge-from-cubicle stage. (Boys, you have no idea.)

The girl in the Kamar did not. And, far from answering with "Yes, I'm walking through a very echoey tunnel," she hollers "Lizzie, how are you? Yeah, fine. I'm just on the loo." What do you say to that? I don't know what poor Lizzie's reaction was, but she can't have been too put off because lady-on-loo proceeded to tell her all the latest gossip.

Their mate's boyfriend got drunk and slept with another girl. Mate got upset so kissed other girl in revenge (eye for an eye and all that). He found this kinky, she went shopping with his credit card, now he has flu, she's got a new microwave and they've all got herpes. I mean herpes, a subject that's on everyone's lips (ahem). We're all a little confused by this stage.

This Kamar event made me think. We've all got choices. Bare-bottomed cubicle girl had the choice to answer her phone, Lizzie had a choice to put it down on discovery of callee's location, I had the choice not to listen... intently, and her mate's boyfriend had the choice to use condoms, not sleep around, and purchase something more ethically friendly than a microwave. Honestly!

Choice is important. As British citizens, we are fortunate to live in a democracy with just civil rights. In crude contrast are the totalitarian states – often in the poorest countries – ruled by dictatorship. Unfortunately, however, and perhaps ironically, developed nations' freedom of choice has allowed detrimental and irreversible damage to the planet. Driven by the desire to make continual economic growth, prosperous nations have favoured lower prices over higher quality. The image of clothes strewn across the wasteland that is Primark, trampled by scavenging shoppers stuffing voluminous piles of garments into cheap, plastic baskets, represents all too well the horrors of complacent conspicuous consumerism.

We have a decision to make: the greatest choice of all. Either we let things carry on and limitation will be imposed upon us by increasingly draconian legislation or, the choice comes from within. Solutions to issues such as environmental damage and social injustice do not, should not and cannot lie in the hands of governments alone. It requires us to accept a simplification of our domestic, working and travelling lives whereby we value quality over quantity. Far from being a process of de-evolution, this will provide a union of personal happiness, ethical justness and environmental survival.

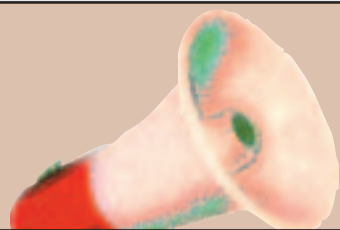
At the moment, we still have a choice. Let's keep it that way. After all, the more ethical our decisions, the less likely we are to get herpes.

Tess Riley

Right to reply

Do you have something to say?

email comment@varsity.co.uk



Discuss

Discuss editor: Catherine Hall
Email: discuss@varsity.co.uk

Turn to page 23 or lift up Arts and Features for more discussion



» Post from Paris



Alicia Spenser-Joynes

I am not the fashion police, nor am I particularly well dressed. Nevertheless, it would be a lie if I denied that the most perfect ten minutes of my entire first year was following in the wake of a girl in matching tweed knickerbockers, waistcoat, heels, beret and cape strutting her stuff across the Sidgwick site. Rubbernecking at fashion victims is a vice I'll never give up. The problem in Paris with this wonderfully bad kind of bitchiness is that everyone seems so chic.

It's time to debunk a myth. The French are not the most stylish people in the world. Anyone who says otherwise has clearly never travelled on the metro. Of course, there are those that manage to turn themselves out pretty damn well, but – and trust me on this – there are also those that get it oh so wrong. There's the grannies who sit on the metro in all their finery – evening dress from the mid-80s, layers of blindingly bright eyeshadow, heaps of rings, necklaces, brooches. The scarily high heels they wear are surely extra dangerous when hip replacement surgery is a plausible eventuality. Hair in shades of orange, violet and pale green, backcombed to death and twisted around itself to perch not so daintily atop an aging crown is popular. Yet, they pull off their eccentric look with pizzazz.

It's not that the French are actually all that chic, it's just that, on the whole, they radiate self-confidence. As a fellow student of mine sashays along in her orange flowery velour capri pants and towering bouffant beehive, she exudes a certain *je ne sais quoi*. She projects, apparently effortlessly, what she wants us to see, what she herself wants to be, so convincingly that people not only accept her style but compliment her on it. She looks fabulous because she believes she looks fabulous. It's a trick that every stylish person, French or otherwise, uses.

So I've developed a newfound respect for the outlandishly attired. I salute them as they have the guts to choose who they want to be every time they put on a piece of clothing. Perhaps I, like a certain cohort of Sidgwick fashionistas, just need a lesson in image projection from our French friends to be able to stalk the streets in style. It certainly would save a lot of time trying to accessorise my clothes in the morning.

» Letter of the week

“It is not surprising that people appear to have double standards concerning smoking and binge drinking”

Dear Sir,

I found Joe Hunter's Comment 'Smoke Signals: There's no smoke without ire' disturbing in its equation of smoking with a rebellious attitude, and unfounded in its implication that the student who chooses not to smoke is choosing conformity over individuality.

We all know that smoking causes lung cancer: this fact has been parroted to us for so long that one has to

ask what you're doing in Cambridge if you don't already know it. Most of us are also aware that binge drinking causes cirrhosis of the liver, potential alcoholism, and other (social) problems. But these problems are being publicised relatively recently compared to the dangers of smoking, so it is not surprising that people appear to have double standards concerning smoking and binge drinking. Joe suggests that decades of anti-smoking campaigns have not worked “to any significant degree”. Yet he apparently

contradicts himself in his next sentence by conceding that smoking is a “relatively small” presence among young people! Does he expect perfect obedience to authorities telling us how bad smoking is for our health?

I sympathise with the apparent animosity that Joe must encounter as a smoker. But there is of course the argument that Joe's smoking passively affects others around him, whom he hasn't consulted to ask whether they want to have several minutes

shaved off their life expectancy or not. Joe (currently) has a right to smoke, just as others have a right to find his smoking habit objectionable.

Thomas Ling
Emmanuel College

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



Dear Sir,

I read with interest Jacob Bard-Rosenberg's article 'Charitable Misgivings' (*Varsity*, 3rd November 2006) in which he suggests that “...giving to RAG instead of any other

campaign then suggests a lack of political priorities, and a belief that the importance is located in the donation rather than its effects.” Sadly this view is not only highly cynical, but shows a rather fundamental misunderstanding of the way in which RAG works.

Around two thirds of the money raised by RAG comes from charity street collections. Our student volunteers give up many hours of their time to stand on street corners with buckets, in some cases raising many thousands of pounds over the course of the year. In these cases, donors know exactly where their money is going at the point of donation and can judge whether or not to give based on the merits of the cause being supported.

The remainder of the money is raised through events for the (admittedly apolitical) RAG Appeal fund. This is distributed according to a democratic ballot of RAG reps. The ethos of the RAG ballot is maintained each year,

and has remained more or less unchanged since RAG's inception in 1959. This attitude to charity fundraising is vital, since many of the charities we support would be almost impossible to raise money for were we to stand on the street with buckets or run specifically-targeted events, because they are either unfairly stigmatized (as with certain mental health charities, for example), not well known or quite simply small. RAG's apolitical untagged fundraising is vital for small local charities whose volunteers are often elderly, unwell or disabled.

RAG provides a pragmatic way of supporting a wide range of causes. Hot air and vacuous rhetoric may well make one feel righteous; sadly they do little to cure cancer, prevent child abuse or support and protect the vulnerable in our society.

Yours faithfully,
Simon Sprague
RAG President 2005-06, RAG
Central Treasurer 2006-07

Sir,

I wish to voice my concern at the casual use of the word 'Übermensch' in Matthew Richardson's Comment piece, 'Learning our Lesson' on 'the perils of privileging research over teaching' within the University (*Varsity*, 12.11.2006). In an otherwise thoughtful and thought-provoking piece the thoughtless and tactless casting of 'Darwin, Thompson, Watson and Russell' as 'superior beings' was surprising and offensive.

This is no mere matter of pedantic political-correctness, but rather indicative of a growing tendency to pepper Comment with pseudo-intellectual jargon strikingly inappropriate to the matter or argument at hand. I hope a lesson has been learnt and that the normal high standard of editorial decision-making will not be further eroded.

Yours sincerely,
David Marusza, formerly of
Corpus Christi College

Way Back When: Varsity Archives

»May 12th, 1989: Wot a sizzler! - Council ban on fried onions



Hot dogs are losing their appeal following a Council ban on fried onions. Cambridge County Council's Public

Health Committee took the decision on 21 September of last year following complaints against the hot dog stands by shops and pedestrians. The complaints varied from accusations of obstruc-

tion of the highway and unfair competition to unhappiness about litter and, above all, odour.

The ban was not enforced until March of this year and it has apparently made a noticeable difference to trade. Roger, who sells hot dogs in the centre of town, said: "It is a problem and does affect us financially. We have lost custom because people have the idea that a hot dog is not a hot dog without onions, and because we no longer have that beautiful smell pervading which attracts customers."

Eric from "Benetton", one of the complaining shops, was not so convinced of the delights of the bulbous vegetable's odour. "It was horrible, it was disgusting", he said. "It was smelling up the whole shop, and onion does not exactly have a very social smell, especially not for a clothes shop."

In the neighbouring clothes shop, "Snob", one sales assistant said "I like it!" and another that she never noticed it, while at Thornton's chocolate shop, also next door, "It didn't make any

difference, really" was the consensus of opinion.

All four hot dog stands in Cambridge have been affected and the operator of one of them is now preparing a petition to the Council which most of his customers sign. Roger said, "When I tell people that the Council has banned onions they all laugh. If public opinion had been sought I'm sure it would have come out on our side." It would seem that, once again in Roger's words "The vocal minority have really sold everyone short."

But from a caravan in the market place a strong smell of onions still emerges. The woman who runs the food stall is aware of a ban on fried onions but not a recent one, "I've been here twenty years and frying onions has always been banned," she said.

She achieves the smell by boiling the onions, which gets around the regulation but has the same effect as frying. Roger pointed this out and concluded "I really don't understand why we can't fry onions here."

Features & Arts

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A Burning Issue

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» *Varsity* gets a sneak preview of the new Bond movie

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Climate Crisis

As part of a *Varsity* climate change forum, **Tess Riley** discusses CO2 emissions with two of the world's leading environmentalists, whilst Cambridge students express some of their own concerns

Tony Juniper



Tony Juniper, Executive Director of Friends of the Earth England, Wales and Northern Ireland, has been an environmental campaigner for almost twenty years. Recently his work has concentrated on The Big Ask campaign, which calls for new climate change laws that would force the government to make year-on-year cuts in carbon dioxide emissions. Progress was made when, this October, a new Climate Change Bill was announced, backed by over 400 MPs. Environment Secretary David Milliband said the Bill would put the Government's CO2 targets into statute and establish an independent body – the Carbon Committee – to work with the Government to reduce emissions as well as creating enabling powers to implement the new emission-reduction measures required.

“It is important that we all do our bit to tackle climate change (see foe.co.uk/living) but the scale and urgency of the problem requires government commitment and leadership at a national and international level. Friends of the Earth's The Big Ask campaign asked the government to commit to reducing UK carbon emissions by 3 per cent a year to avoid the worst effects of climate change. We must ask the government to demonstrate this commitment to take urgent action with a Climate Bill. Only then can we credibly put pressure on the global community to follow this example.

As students, you have the opportunity to play a key role in developing our understanding of the world we live in. You will shape the world of the future. Cambridge University has a deservedly excellent international reputation. You have the opportunity to lead the way in showing how we can all live more sustainably.”

George Monbiot



In George Monbiot's latest book, *Heat – How to Stop the Planet Burning*, the investigative journalist exposes the corporate campaign to deny man-made climate change. The book confronts us with one of the biggest challenges the world has ever faced: in order to prevent the planet from warming by two degrees, we need to reduce global carbon emissions by 60 per cent in 24 years. In the richest nations, that means a cut of 90 per cent.

This figure is daunting. However, Monbiot's aim in *Heat* is to show how this can be achieved, and why we need to get on with it now. I met Monbiot the day before *Heat* was released and talked to him about his work, and his hopes and fears of the celebrity status of “green”.

“There is a great danger of green issues turning into a fashion. That's exactly what happened in 1991/92, around the time of the Earth Summit. The enormous surge of interest in green issues became a fad very soon and hasn't arisen again for 15 years: I just hope it doesn't become too cosy now.

Our big problem is the individualisation of society. We're constantly being told to take responsibility and act like individuals but with something like climate change you just can't do it. We need a really powerful lead from government; the government setting up a framework in which carbon emissions can be cut, investing in new infrastructure, new technologies, and producing regulations that mean carbon cuts apply to everybody rather than everybody else.

There's very little we can do by ourselves. We have to get political; stop being consumers and start being citizens again. That means we must put an enormous amount of pressure on government to force them to force us to do the right thing.

While we can fly between London and Edinburgh or wherever, people will. Increasing numbers of them will. It just shouldn't be allowed. You're killing people doing that. Flying kills. Carbon emissions are already killing people around the world and they're going to kill a lot more – tens of millions of people at least. Just for the sake of a marginal amount of convenience. That's simply not acceptable.”



A glacier melted due to the effects of global warming. Image taken from the film, *An Inconvenient Truth*

Lianna Hulbert



Lianna is a third-year geographer at Corpus Christi and is group co-ordinator of the Cambridge People and Planet group.

For me, climate change is the most important green issue. I could campaign about people's right to water, about refugee issues, about plummeting biodiversity or disease epidemics. But all of these issues are bound up with the question of how much carbon we emit. The Stern report on the economic impacts of climate change was welcome but economics is not the real issue here. It's a moral one. Cutting carbon emissions could save tens of millions from starvation; from displacement; from the wars that are destined to break out over dwindling natural resources.

Too often, the problem of climate change is reduced to buying energy-saving light bulbs at home and switching your computer off standby. I can claim full marks on all that. So far, so good, in terms of personal smugness.

I felt I was doing my bit. Then, this summer, I worked in a London office, a pretty average office where all the computers are left on overnight, nothing is recycled, and the watercoolers not only chill water, but dispense hot water in case boiling a kettle is too much effort. Walking back after a night out, I saw office blocks throughout town still lit up at midnight. Suddenly I realised that all my efforts to reduce my carbon emissions were achieving very little. The energy I save annually is probably outweighed by what one average-sized office wastes in three days. Suddenly I felt very insignificant.

I looked up the statistics. The commercial and industrial sector is the overwhelming contributor to carbon emissions in Britain, producing nearly half of all CO₂, before taking into account transport emissions. Domestic emissions account for 24%. Personal energy efficiency is just the start of a much greater, necessary change in the way we use energy.

Scientists tell us that many islands and low-lying regions are going to be entirely submerged and natural hazards will increase incrementally. One million species could be lost by 2050. Drought and famine will be increasingly common. Moreover, the poorest, who release the least CO₂, will suffer most. The richest 20% of the world's population, who release 90% of its greenhouse gases, will be relatively cushioned. How terribly ironic. We have to stop thinking about climate change as just an environmental issue – it's a social justice issue.

Will Horwitz



Will is a third-year Psychology student at Emmanuel. He spent the summer volunteering with an HIV/AIDS campaigning organisation in South Africa.

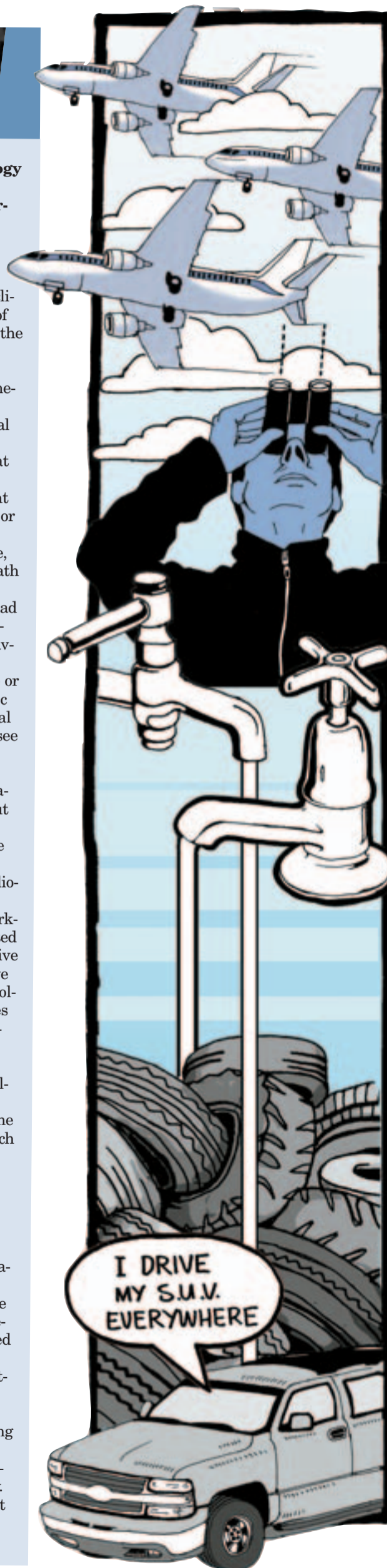
The debate over the science of climate change is over. The scale of the problem is enormous. Even the most conservative credible estimates of its possible impact require that we implement immediate change if we are to avoid devastation on an environmental and human level. Yet I am still uncomfortable with the idea that we should prioritise climate change. Yes, it's vitally important but I don't feel these issues can or should be hierarchical.

If we prioritise climate change, are we not consenting to the death of millions of people suffering from AIDS or civil war? If you had to choose between combating climate change or providing life-saving drugs to your mother, what would you do? It's not about one or the other: we need take a holistic approach to environmental, social and political issues if we are to see positive development.

More practically, development and climate change are inextricably linked; if we do nothing about climate change, our attempts at development will be offset by the devastation it causes. Equally, development is essential to ameliorating the impact of climate change. Countries where the working population has been decimated by AIDS, or where most people live on less than \$2 a day, do not have the money to invest in the technology that the developed world sees as fundamental to combating climate change.

The Stern Report accepted the need for leeway in allowing developing countries to continue increasing carbon emissions in the short term, allowing them to reach a stage where reducing them is feasible. For example, a sudden dramatic increase in air taxes would devastate the small economies of countries such as those in Southern Africa, whose main exports are fruit and vegetables. Alternatives to this way of trading must be developed for the sake of these countries but immediate changes must be approached with caution.

Climate change, tackled correctly, will provide an opportunity to bring about positive changes which directly benefit people living today as well as future generations. It is one of many issues facing us in the twenty-first century. Luckily, addressing them does not have to be a mutually exclusive exercise.



Apathy Lad

Why bother being green?

Want to save the environment? Want to protect our planet's precious natural resources? www.justgive.org has some advice for you "Flush the toilet less often – if you cut flushing in half, you'll save up to 16.5 gallons a day. Plant short, dense shrubs close to your home's foundation to help insulate it against cold... Don't buy products made from endangered animals – better still, switch to a vegetarian diet because raising animals for food consumes vast quantities of natural resources, including water, land, and oil."

But, if I'm honest, I just don't care all that much. I like to flush my lavatory as and when required, rather than letting it all pile up just for the sake of nature. I'm not planting short, dense shrubs close to my home's foundation because that would involve a trip to the garden centre and, frankly, I'm sceptical as to whether a few bushes would keep me toasty in the cold winter evenings – unless I chose to use them to stoke a nice roaring fire. Endangered animals? Pish. If I want a toasted Siberian tiger baguette, I'll be having one, thanks very much.

Vegetarian? There isn't a snowball's chance in hell that I'll be sacrificing my Big Mac for the sake of global warming.

Next to this article there's probably another one describing the merits of following advice like that offered by *just-*

» Endangered animals? Pish. If I want a toasted Siberian tiger baguette, I'll have one

give.org, and before all you budding environmentalists go "Greenpeace" on me and smear my door with horse manure, I'll admit that mine is a losing battle. If we don't start respecting the world around us soon, there won't be much of an environment left to respect. Being green in a considered and rational manner is certainly the way forward and I hope that for every disrespectful, lazy cynic like me there is a hoard of slightly crazy eco-warriors compensating for my inaction.

But how many of these eco-warriors, I wonder, make environmental gestures just to heal their own guilty consciences and to fit in with the trendy, forward thinking green movement? How many people will leave things to mellow in their toilet bowl and eat organic bean-wraps, but drive in people carriers and take breaks in the Maldives? While my cynical attitudes may have drawn little green gasps from some readers, I doubt that the prospect of a short break on the continent thanks to Stelios' rock bottom prices regularly elicits the response that it should. So, from now on whenever you buy your "eco" this and do your "green" that, please make sure that you're acting consistently and considerately, for the sake of our planet and the wellbeing of future generations. Not just to tick the environmentalist box inside your head.

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CAMBRIDGE FUTURES ELECTIONS



est 1976

Saturday 25th November
Time: tbc

Green Room, Gonville & Caius College

Want to find out more about the Cambridge Futures society and how it works? Interested in hearing about how past internships went? For those who are considering internships in the summer, come to the Networking event to talk to some of the past summer interns and hear all about their experiences in some of the largest banks, law firms and more! Also, for those who may be interested in joining the Cambridge Futures committee, come talk to the committee members to find out about what we do as elections will be coming up soon!

We will be holding elections for the Lent term committee. The positions up for running are as follows:

Vice president (sponsorship)
Head of Operations
Operations officers x3
IT

If you would like to run for any of these positions, please contact the president at president@cambridgefutures.com, stating name, college and position that you'd like to run for. For more information about how the committee works and what each position does, feel free to browse the website, email the current committee members or come to the Networking Social next Tuesday 21st November, as all our committee members will be there.

To book a seat at any of our upcoming events or to simply find out

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Mitchell & Webb

Alison Pearce talks to the minds behind *Peep Show* about Footlights, performing onstage and which one of them is funniest

Comedy duo David Mitchell and Robert Webb have become household names thanks to *Peep Show*: the innovative Channel 4 series that is entering its fourth series this year. But despite their comedy status, there is a slightly nervous atmosphere in the air as we meet in the lobby of The Cambridge Arms Hotel a few hours before they go on stage for their stand-up show *The Two Faces of Mitchell & Webb*. “Meet my new Husky” announces Webb, as he points to the enormous, padded duffle coat he is carrying. It’s certainly one way to introduce yourself. Perhaps this is preparation for a cold reception.

Mitchell and Webb met through the 1994 Footlights pantomime, which was written by Webb. Their humour ranges from highbrow social satire to slapstick vase-smashing-over-head sketches. Highlights from their new show include Numberwang! – a game show where contestants win by shouting out numbers at random according to non-existing rules, Sir Digby Chicken Caesar, a tramp character who crusades for truth, and a sketch involving lecherous snooker commentators. *Peep Show* is a marvel to watch, but away from the cutting-room and voiceover production team, how do Mitchell and Webb fair under the stark scrutiny of the live spotlight?

What did you learn from your time in Footlights?

RW: There weren’t rules, but things people said were important: like you mustn’t do any TV parody.

DM: And changing words to pop songs – that was absolutely the thing you did not do. If you change the words to a funny song, you change the tune as well.

RW: Of course, we realise now, that’s exactly what we’ve done in some of our work. You leave Footlights and get to relax in a way.

How are you feeling about performing back in Cambridge again?

DM: We were terrified we were going to slip in lots of local references –

RW: Ten years old – and wrong.

DM: Is Gardies still going?

RW: Yeah, I checked.

How comfortable are you about acting on stage?

RW: You read a lot about actors who do it because they want to disappear into the role they’re playing. Which is a load of bollocks quite frankly. They still want to be on stage with loads of people hanging on their every word.

DM: They flatter themselves that acting is an art form in itself rather than an interpretative skill. As a craft, it is good that



Mitchell and Webb relax before their show, *The Two Faces of Mitchell and Webb*. From 14th September BBC2 will be broadcasting their new sketch show series *That Mitchell And Webb Look* on Thursdays at 9.30pm.

people can act well. But really the art is in the writing. I think actors are rather insecure about that because they know that essentially if you’ve got the right script you can go on and if you say it audibly then you’ll be fine whatever happens, and that feels disconcertingly easy. So actors like to go to hell and back, transforming themselves and thinking things through, and tell themselves that this makes all the difference. But in truth, everyone liked that joke or found that sentiment moving not because of you as an actor, but just because it is well written and conveyed audibly.

How have you found adapting your TV and radio scripts for the stage?

RW: It’s tricky when you’ve got a radio script and want to put it on stage.

Sometimes it feels awful, just a forced product where the new visual element feels really unnatural.

DM: In TV you never know whether the script is funny because you’ve done it and everyone involved likes it. In *Peep Show* there’s never that moment of hearing anyone laugh because it never gets played in a studio. So being on stage again is weird in that way.

Where do you get your ideas for sketches?

RW: Things that annoy us mostly, like daytime TV. You write sketches when you have to. There’s a necessity, a deadline, so your brain clicks in.

DM: If I had to write a sketch today I’d be stuffed – but I don’t, so it’s fine.

When you are writing a sketch, do you play the characters out as you’re creating them?

RW: Whatever character we are writing for, we’ll both do both of the voices at each other, depending on where we are in the script. We act at each other...

DM: ...and then try and type it. The turn of phrase that first pops into your head is often the best, and quite difficult to recapture.

Which one of you is the funniest?

DM: Well, it would be a bit grim if we both thought Rob was. I mean hypothetically... If I thought I was second best in my own double act... I mean who wants to work with someone better than them? “Someone who is good but a bit worse” –

I think both of us think we’ve got that.

RW: [quietly sips cappuccino]

What would you do if you were invisible for a day?

RW: Have myself arrested so I wouldn’t cause any harm.

DM: I quite like being visible.

Making It Up

With the arts world currently enjoying the buzz of spontaneity, **Michael Chilcott** revels in the freedoms offered by improvisational jazz...

Jazz

“Jazz education is ridiculously conservative” says Alex Hawkins, pianist in The Convergence Quartet, which features amongst its other members American masters Taylor Ho Bynum and Harris Eisenstadt. “It teaches you how to sound like a certain accepted category of ‘legitimate’ artists.” Hawkins is part of a thriving improvisation scene in Oxford led by the Oxford Improvisers group, of which Dominic Lash, the Convergence Quartet’s bassist, is a founding member. The group sees improvised music as really pushing jazz forward into uncharted territories. “Actually, this conservatism [in jazz education] is entirely contrary to the improvisational spirit of the masters,” argues Hawkins, “Every great restructuralist has developed the jazz language, and there is not a single jazz great who did not do something new.” The way to continue the tradition, then, does not lie in imitating old masters like Coltrane, Parker and Rollins; it lies in adopting their exploratory spirit.

Free improvisation is essentially a music in which there are no rules, no idiomatic prescription and no limits on what is acceptable. “It is a music of ‘freedom to’ – freedom to play what we want, rather than ‘freedom from,’” says Alex Hawkins. “Freedom from” introduces a new set of restraints. If I were to say it’s freedom from harmony, Western rhythmic constraints, or conventional instrumental techniques, that would be a set of limiting conditions of the music. Freedom in a true sense is the freedom to act according to the general vibe of the moment, not according to any preordained charter.”

This is not to say however, that the music is necessarily some sort of chaotic free-for-all. The performance of free improvisation in a group setting can be compared to having a conversation – if you went to a dinner party, for example, only to spend the evening talking without stopping and throwing food at other guests, you would certainly not be invited back. The free musician is in a constant state of listening, analysing and reacting to the music that he hears around him. British bassist John Edwards described in an interview with Dominic Lash the concentration required for free improvisation. “I’m

usually really thinking quite a lot. I do a lot of listening. I’m very aware that I think about what I’m going to play, and what’s going on and how I can sort of fit in with that, or complement it, or pull it in another direction, or try and push it this way...”. This creates a feeling of co-dependence within an improvising group – all players are essentially at the mercy of each other, and the music gains its shape and form from the interaction within the group. “No instrument has a dominant role over any

» “No instrument has a dominant role over any other; we are all equal; it is a very socialist dynamic.”

other; we are all equal; it is a very socialist dynamic.” says Hawkins of the interaction involved in improvisation. “It’s very intimate in that sense – any given performance can only emerge from that particular group of players: it is a living music, rather than a repertory music.”

The idea of the music as organic is an important one for free improvisation, and

although there are undoubtedly numerous extraordinarily beautiful musical moments committed to tape in a studio, it seems that the best way to experience improvised music is in a live (read living) setting. Watching The Convergence Quartet play in Cambridge last week, it became clear that in an improvised performance, the audience member is engaged in a process not dissimilar to that of the artists themselves, and the relationship between artist and audience is a key part of the live experience of improvisation. As Hawkins points out, “Just as the improvisational dynamic is altered by the dynamic between the players, so is it altered by the dynamic between players and audience, in the same way that a painting is different when mounted on different coloured walls.”

In a sense, free improvisation is the ideal mode of self-expression. You aren’t bound by rules or prescription, but are instead allowed to go wherever your imagination takes you. This unlimited expression and the sheer unexpected nature of free improvisation is a profound and exciting thing to witness as audience member or performer; so, in the words of Thurston Moore of Sonic Youth, “...do yourself a favor and seek some of this shit out and free yr fucking mind and yr ass will surely scream and SHOUT.”

...while **Catherine Spencer** considers the current enthusiasm for devised work on screen and on stage

Performance

Improvisation in drama is hampered by a slightly skewed reputation. More often than not, the mention of it brings to mind a few cringey drama games – the kind which form the basis of many a GCSE theatre studies course, and seem to involve either excruciating role-playing exercises or a lot of derivative leaping about. Even when improvisation techniques aren’t being used by a bunch of teenagers who think drama is a way out of thinking for an hour or so, they are often dropped very quickly at the start of rehearsals, used as ice-breakers and warm-ups before being left by the wayside. There is a world of difference, however, between the use of improvisation as a game and as a tool central to the rehearsal process. This latter approach is being increasingly adopted across theatre and film; in fact improvisation has a far more pervasive influence on the performing arts than slick final productions might appear to suggest.

In the theatre, its new lease of life is linked to the increased prominence of devised work. Companies like Improbable and Kneehigh Theatre, which create pieces

from the experimentation and interaction between company members, have broken into the mainstream with performances at the National Theatre. Kneehigh has received particular acclaim for its productions of *The Bacchae* and *Tristan & Yseult*, but perhaps the group which has received the most sustained attention is Complicite, whose feted production of *Measure for Measure* was recently revived at the National. Complicite’s way of working is particularly interesting; as their decision to stage *Measure for Measure* indicates, they do not draw a rigid boundary between devising works from scratch and the production of what might be considered “straight” plays.

Founder Simon McBurney has stated that every play is “ultimately in the hands of those who perform it”. This ethic underpins every production, whether the inspiration is a story, an image, or a play by Shakespeare. Kneehigh and Complicite stress the importance of collaboration; actors are encouraged to contribute everything they feel is relevant to the work in hand, to keep scrapbooks, to cover the studio walls in things they find. Improvisation techniques are an important part of this complete integration by which actors come to own a production.

Asking questions, getting people to talk,

react, create stories and express ideas without reliance on a text provokes actors to make important decisions about their performance. It can also be a deciding factor in the shape of that final performance, helping to decide what works and what doesn’t. The terror which improvisation can inspire is precisely because it makes not thinking impossible. Improvisation allows for creative experimentation, but more importantly it helps a cast acquire confidence and flexibility. Whilst devised work could not happen without improvisation, it has an equally important role in many productions, ensuring that no text is taken for granted.

Improvisation in the theatre, even in devised work, usually has a less prominent place in final performance. In film however, the mode of production allows for it to be retained to a slightly greater degree. Directors such as Ken Loach and Lars Von Trier allow space for improvisation during filming, whilst in projects such as *Funny Ha-Ha*, and *Before Sunrise* and *Before Sunset*, the film develops from prior interaction and exploration. *Before Sunrise* and its recent follow up *Before Sunset* retain a particularly strong sense of improvisation in the final cut. The dialogue between Ethan Hawke and Julie Deply is naturalistic; stories do not link up, there are repetitions and stutters, a noticeable lack of beautiful phrasing, a certain awkwardness is apparent in their interchanges. The film demonstrates how improvisation can knit subject matter and performance, their unstructured dialogue enabling an accurate portrayal of two strangers who meet on a train. It also shows how improvisation forces performers to concentrate on human detail, as everything they do must come from themselves.

The ability of improvisation in the devising process to achieve these various effects is cited by those behind *Something About Life and Music*, the one piece of completely devised work appearing on the ADC stage this term. The show draws on films such as *Before Sunrise*, to create a piece developed from the collated experience of the cast, taking songs chosen individually as springboards into dialogue. It promises to be something very time specific, formed as it is from the actors own stories and experiences; it is also, inevitably, a gamble, but gambles are often as interesting where they fail as where they succeed. Devised theatre is still relatively rare in Cambridge drama – with luck this won’t be for too long.

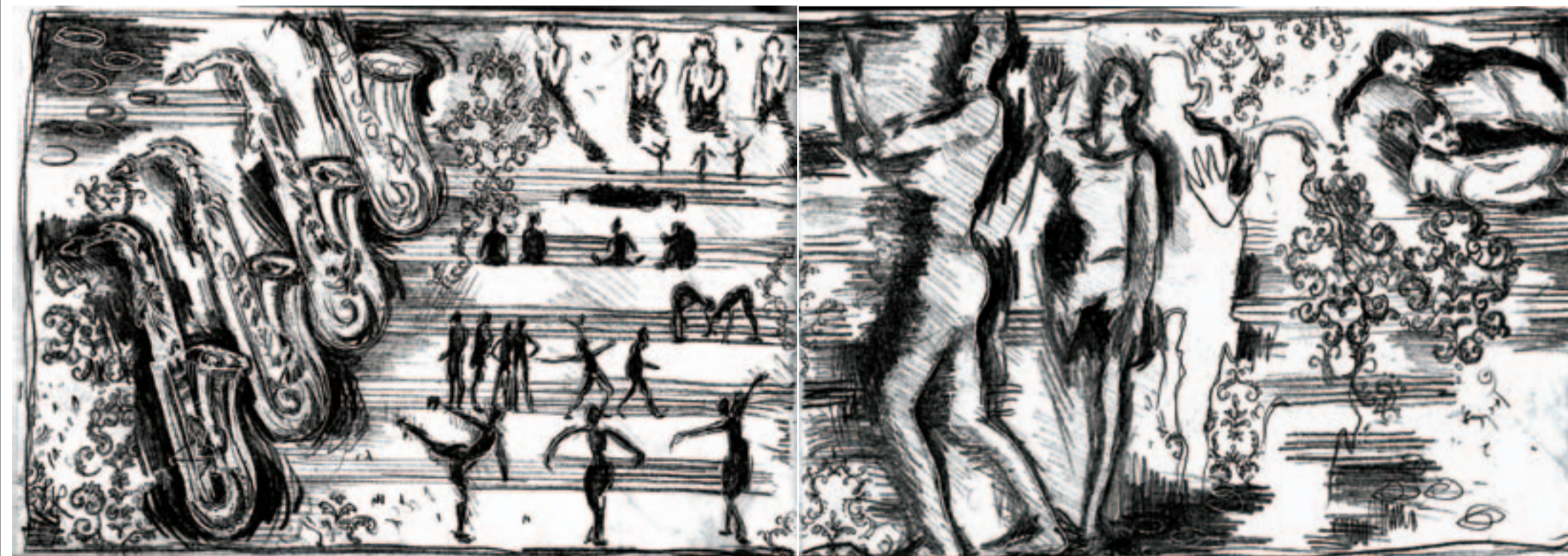


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBIN RUDD

THE ARTS COLUMN



Rhiannon Easterbrook
On Art and the Welfare State

It’s often disappointing when a favourite band split up. However, when Billy Childish’s mod-punks The Buff Medways – providers of many a great night out during my teenage years – played their final gig to the interest of relatively few people, I didn’t feel too down. You see, I’m certain Billy Childish will carry on; this is because that’s what he does and what he has done since the late 70s and it is precisely why *The Guardian* called him “Britain’s greatest cultural asset”.

Despite several expulsions from art school, undiagnosed dyslexia and a hugely troubled upbringing, he has produced a body of work consisting in up to 3000 paintings, more than a hundred albums, four novels and over forty volumes of poetry, with the result that he has attained both iconic and influential cult status.

Yet, in sharp contrast to his devoted fan base, which had included such figures as Kurt Cobain and, bizarrely, Kylie

» The *Guardian* called him “Britain’s greatest cultural asset”

Minogue, his work, which is sometimes challenging in its emphasis on honesty and substance, is unfamiliar to many. It is widely felt that today’s Arts world is subject to the constraints of the market place, with a premium placed on commercial success, an attack levelled at every medium. Some wonder, then, that Billy managed to commit so much time to the creative process when faced with commercial unviability. Forced to choose between spending his time labouring and making his work more marketable, moulded by those with business interests, his brilliant work would neither have had such power nor caused such pleasure. So, thank goodness for the dole, from which it is well documented that Billy spent more than twelve years benefiting. With the abuse and neglect he suffered, he was always going to be an outsider but the Welfare State, which has allowed many to hone their craft, helped him use his status constructively. With some of his financial concerns alleviated, he was free to actively pursue artistic endeavours without regard for fashion, as his involvement with the notorious Stuckism movement shows. Ironically, his stubborn retrospection made him the father of the revived garage rock scene.

We all know how subjective Art is and that even geniuses may be overlooked: just consider Tolkien’s many rejections. Let’s just hope that the Welfare State continues to be an unofficial patronage system by giving others with integrity the chance of creating wonderful art, however few lives it ultimately enriches.

Interview

Ross Noble

Olly Riley-Smith talks to the Perrier Award nominee about hair problems, calcium dependance and his global aspirations

Ross Noble has been performing stand up since he was fifteen. Fifteen years on, he is now regarded as one of the UK's finest comic talents. Having been nominated for the esteemed Perrier comedy prize in 1999 he won the Time Out award for best comedian in 2000. He is currently touring with his show *Fizzy Logic*.

How did you enjoy the show tonight?

It was good, but London audiences are always a little bit polite. I've just been touring all around the regions, and at certain nights people just lose their shit and are like "aaeeeuughh", but in London everyone's kind of [putting on a grand, Dickensian voice] "right, we're going to the theatre". Good fun, just people freaked out tonight and were a bit like "whoa there" when I talked about stuff that was a little controversial.

You don't often do stuff that is so potentially racy, as you did tonight, about religion.

The thing is, I do stuff that walks a fine line, but 'cos I basically talk bollocks, nobody ever notices. When the whole Iraq thing was building up and I was going "this is nonsense", everyone was like "oh he's just pissing about talking about nonsense".

Does that annoy you?

Not really, I just talk about what I think's funny. That's what's funny – the fact that, I can basically slag off all major religions and talk about having sex with children, and people are loving it, going "yeah, that's comedy".

Do you have any tips for people in Footlights?

It's funny actually, 'cos comics have got a weird attitude towards Footlights. It used to be that people from Footlights would come out of Cambridge and then, because their friends had become TV producers and channel controllers, there's a slightly odd thing in the comedy community where non-university educated comedians who have basically left school and either gone straight into stand up, like me, or done shitty jobs and then get into stand-up, who view Footlights with suspicion. I think that's kind of changed now, but there's a bit of a history of that of going "these people have gone on because they're university chums". I think that for every Peter Cook and Steven Fry it produces, it probably equally produces someone who never bothers going any further, and ends up working in the civil service or the city or something. But Peter Cook is the greatest comic mind the country's ever produced, and of course, you've got all the Python lot too, and that's not to be sniffed at.



The globetrotting Ross Noble, widely considered one the country's most exciting comedians. Pictured here working the "sexy Jesus" look.

Student comedy can be a bit hit and miss though.

You never can tell. The last time I played here, they had a thing called the Hackney Empire New Act Competition, and I saw a guy come on who totally bemused the audience. He did this act called the Mudjahadeen Touring Theatre Company, came on in a fez and pretended to ride a camel, went "Yehhahahaheyweeyah" [makes call-to-prayer sort of sound]. You could tell he had something, but the audience just didn't get. I remember thinking at the time "What is he doing?" That was Sacha Baron Cohen. People used to stare at me the whole time, I think that's the thing with comedy, but if you stick with it, you do your thing, then you reach your goals.

Have you got any plans for the future? Film, TV?

I'm about to go off and do a 30,000 km motorcycle ride in Australia, doing gigs at night. I'm on the same bike that Ewan Macgregor was on for *Long Way Round*. It'll be like *Long Way Round* meets Sunday Night at the London Palladium. That really excites me more than when people ask "Do you want to do a sitcom?", or reality shows. Why would I want to go on I'm A Celebrity, sitting in the garden of a hotel, when I can spend five months motorcycling around the whole of Oz?

Has anyone ever patented any of the stupid products you come up with in your shows?

No, but they should. Somebody did give me a "meat on the face" toy that had a string on it.

There are four pints of milk and some Edam cheese in the fridge, is that your rider?

Yeah, I have a major calcium problem. If I don't eat all that Edam all my bones just turn to dust, I'm a big skin bag of dust, and I have to be beaten like a rug.

Is your hair a benefit or an inconvenience?

It depends what I'm doing. If I'm entering a sexy Jesus competition at a holiday camp or pretending to be a King Charles spaniel, while escaping from the police, then it's a benefit. If I'm trying to pass myself off as a Hari Krishna – drawback.

How much of your show is improvised?

It depends really, it's very hard to say how much is improvised, because when I'm doing stuff that I've actually done before it's obviously stories. It'd be like I'll tell a particular story repeatedly on a tour, but how I get to it and how I tell the story differs every night, and I add little things each time, it really all depends on the night.

Casino Royale

Dir: Martin Campbell

★★★★

As soon as my mother suggested whisking me away from the law books for a Bond weekend in London, the reflection of the Armani shop window could already be seen glinting in my eyes. Street, Bond Street was of course my initial thought. Bond, James Bond seemed somehow less appealing. What seems like the millionth in a series of bog-standard Bond-saves-world-gets-the-girl-and-they-all-lived-happily-ever-after never really provided any competition with a sultry little dress and maybe even some shiny new stilettos.

With a, quite frankly, boring name like *Casino Royale*, is one really expected to be inspired? My only experience with cards is Snap and, maybe when living a little more dangerously, I stretch to Pairs. The thought of a Bond film based entirely around a card game was hardly the stuff

» A blonde Bond is like a ginger Cinderella: just wrong

dreams are made of.

Furthermore, with Craig David, or whoever he is, playing the legendary hero, this was adding up to a recipe for disaster. For me, Daniel Craig, whatever his talents, stood no chance of ever being more than a mere pretender. This blonde-haired, blue-eyed, body building wannabe reminded me more of my seven-year-old cousin's jungle edition Action Man doll than of an agent worthy of 007 status. A blonde Bond is like a ginger Cinderella: just wrong.

There is a "but" and this "but" is by no means tiny, pert and perfectly curved. It's the biggest, fattest "but" and one you wouldn't want landing on your lap. Despite all my scepticism and a sub-standard opening scene, this film is without a doubt the best Bond film in a very long time. Craig not only surprised me, his performance blew me away. It suddenly became clear why he has already been signed up for the next few films. He brings a deeper, more pragmatic and very much multifaceted Bond to our screens. This portrayal of Flemming's hero takes the whole Bond franchise in a darker, grittier and far more engaging direction. Judi Dench is, of course, brilliant as ever, so much so that I didn't

even miss Downing's very own John Cleese as Q. Eva Green is the voluptuous Bond Girl, and, as she so rightly puts it herself, for once the girl "is not just a bimbo in a bikini". Don't get me wrong – I enjoy the scantily-clad hottie bouncing down the beach in slo-mo on horseback just as much as the next girl, and fear not gentleman, you still get exactly that. The much welcomed difference is that Vesper Lynd is much more sophisticated, combining beauty, grit, mystery and intellect in perfect measure – sure to keep the feminists happy.

The love story is one of the best features of this film. And yes, Bond actually utters the "L" word himself – and I don't mean "laid". I'm itching to tell you how the story ends, but let me just say instead that this is no conventional Bond.

The disappointing aspect of this film is that the main plot lacks sharpness. Based around a big Casino game, Bond comes face to face with euro-villain Le Chiffre, played by Mads Mikkelsen, and must face off with him in a high-stakes game in Montenegro. Bond's mission is to clean Le Chiffre out, thus siphoning off global terror's funding. Sounds bland? That's because it is. Despite the filmmakers' attempt to bring the issue of terrorism into the plot, there is no real sense of this.

If you're looking forward to gadgets and gizmos aplenty, you're probably going to be disappointed. This film moves away from ballpoint pens that turn into parachutes and goes back to basics. This lack of boys' toys actually adds to the film. There is, of course, the standard share of sleek super-motors, including a stunning Aston Martin – but even then I'm sure Bond doesn't get his use out of it before it is propelled through the air in a record-breaking seven spins.

The greatest features of those classic Bond movies are those archetypal comic moments, particularly Bond's smooth one-liners. In this aspect *Casino Royale* doesn't disappoint. I also guarantee that watching Bond getting his balls "scratched" with a rope will never be so well done again.

Nadia Manzoor

With special thanks to Mr. Michael Wilson for kindly having Varsity at the Cast and Crew Preview screening.



Online

» You like films, eh? Read the review of *Scenes of a Sexual Nature* by Sarah Woolley

James Drinkwater on the perils of page-turners

Judging by the positive critical appraisal of director Denis Dercourt's newly released film, *The Page-Turner* (described as a "deliciously elegant and very French psychological thriller"), it seems the choice of subject wasn't that bizarre after all. For although it's hardly a viable professional occupation, the ideal page-turner combines acute sensitivity and timing. They judge exactly how far the pianist is reading ahead of the notes they are actually playing; they are the model of discretion on stage and, though musically-trained, make not the slightest intimation of disapproval

of the performer's technique or interpretation during rehearsal and recital. Likewise, there are numerous

» If the turner is a woman, upper body endowments can interfere with the pianist's left hand

things that can go wrong, sometimes with embarrassing results. Physically, the turner's clothes, tie or, worst of all

(if a woman), their upper body endowments can obscure or even interfere with the pianist's left hand (though the reverse is possible, I suppose). The turner also must balance not sitting too close, but being able to read the notes of the score clearly. Then, there is the threat of becoming too absorbed in the whole thing and forgetting to turn. Here the performer's prompting comes into its element: firstly the slight nod to stand, then the assertive nod to turn, and finally the exasperated nod indicating to turn immediately because we're already half-way down the next page! However, much of this

may be pretty redundant if the turner has fallen asleep.

But, if score sabotage is now in vogue, vulnerabilities become opportunities. Why not try some of these out on your college organ scholars: suddenly turn Jewish, that is, backwards; hum along, adding your own counterpoint, or fill out the bass with extra octaves in your sparer moments; or just nod when they nod and, equally vigorously, say "I agree – this really is excellent: I can't wait to see what's next up your sleeve!". The latter's particularly good with Dupré.

Reviews

THE BOOK CLUB



Andy Wimbush

On *Foucault's Pendulum*

It is a well known fact that human beings are superstitious creatures. We touch wood, we walk around ladders, we half-believe our horoscopes. But Umberto Eco's *Foucault's Pendulum* is a novel that mines the depths of our superstitions like never before. A bunch of jaded book editors decide, as a joke, to make up an elaborate conspiracy theory. They ensure it has all the main ingredients of an occultist's wet dream: the Knights Templar, Caribbean mysticism, the Holy Grail, ectoplasm, Kabbalah, Mary Magdalene and (of course) Mickey Mouse. But the joke eventual-

» Having suffered through a stream of Da Vinci nonsense, we can laugh even harder than when the novel was first published in 1988

ly catches up with its creators when people start to believe the bogus theory. Never underestimate the powers of human superstition. Today, having suffered through the glut of Da Vinci nonsense, we can laugh even harder at Eco's hilarious novel than when it was first published in 1988. And yet, it's often unclear who the butt of the joke is. As I tried to digest all of the esoteric religious history, I wondered if Eco wasn't laughing at me for taking it all far too seriously.

If you have the stamina to get your head round the book's labyrinthine plot, you'll find yourself greatly rewarded. *Foucault's Pendulum* is an exhilarating intellectual rollercoaster through a wealth of obscurantist information, from the ridiculous to the sublime. The plight of the characters, stuck in world they have created yet can barely understand, is often very moving, yet never far from sardonic comment. This is a beautifully written, exhaustively researched and absurdly comic novel. In a just world, *Foucault's Pendulum* would be a best-seller and Dan Brown would still be writing shit self-help books.

Online this week

» "If, for you, jazz is musical masturbation then this kind of performance will seem like self-indulgence of the grossest kind"

Matt Lomas reviews the legendary jazz pianist, Keith Jarrett in his first European concert in over a decade

The Prestige

Dir: Christopher Nolan

★★★★

Christopher Nolan, director of the refreshingly gritty *Batman Begins*, returns with this occasionally bemusing but never dull offering, featuring a stellar line-up which includes Christian Bale, Hugh Jackman, Michael Caine and Scarlett Johansson. The same talent is deftly applied to a complicated and fast-moving plot, and the result is rather good.

Bale and Jackman play Robert Angier and Alfred Borden, two aspiring magicians in Victorian London who meet when working as plants in the audience of a successful magic show. After a tragedy occurs during one show, sparking great enmity between the two, they attempt to sabotage and out-do each other. Cue much chicanery and double-crossing as their deep rivalry becomes a quest to perform the greatest magic trick ever.

Credit must be given for the novel way in which the story is told. Nolan uses multiple timeframes that can be confusing at times, but which elevate the film above the status of mere magical romp. Although such methods may not be altogether original, it is rare to see a period drama told in this fashion, and rarer still to see it done so well.

The suspension of disbelief, we are told, is often essential to the enjoyment of drama, but the genius of this plot is that right up to the final

moments, we are still not sure whether this suspension is required. The final resolution left a niggling feeling in this reviewer's belly, but the fact that I was still caring, and keenly so, after more than two hours of endless twists and turns, is a fine thing.

Bale and Jackman turn in solid performances, while Michael Caine reprises his "Alfred" role from the *Batman* film. Johansson turns up in a curiously non-descript role, looking stunning, but unfortunately failing to rise above the ordinariness of her character. She turns up so suddenly, you hardly realise it's her, and when you do, your enjoyment of the film is none the better for it.

The Oscar for "Most Bizarre Cameo" of the year must surely go to David Bowie, appearing as the inventor Nikola Tesla. Adopting an entirely unconvincing east European accent, Bowie adds some not necessarily unwelcome, though perhaps unintentional, hilarity to a film which is otherwise a serious and intense piece of work. These quibbles are minor, however. *The Prestige* is a very good film, well worth a watch simply for the experience of Nolan's masterful story-telling.

Henry Cook



Krapp's Last Tape

ADC

★★★★

The outlook is bleak in Jeff James's production of Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape*. Krapp has spent his life repeating, reminiscing and regretting: "Thank God that's all done with anyway" could be Krapp's motto. Everything in the play is a repeat of a previous event: Krapp is listening to an old tape of himself, rewinding at will so that we get some phrases twice; he eats two bananas, in exactly the same way and through the absence of artifice we are reminded that the play itself has been rehearsed and repeated many times.

Everything is monochrome in Krapp's world, the stage is strewn with white boxes, Krapp's desk is almost bare and Krapp himself is dressed in only black and white. Nothing has any importance attached to it any longer, except that is, for bananas. Tom Secretan creates in Krapp the epitome of a wasted and futile life – from the awkward, stooping gait of an old man to the slight twitch around the

mouth when concentrating. The futility of Krapp's life is nowhere captured better than when he eats his banana – Tom Secretan rips the skin off with the eagerness of a child opening a Christmas pres-

» Well-judged restraint and moderation make the most of Beckett's writing and Secretan's masterly performance in this production.

ent but then, as if unsure how to proceed, just lets it hang limply from his toothless mouth.

Jeff James uses well judged restraint and moderation to make the most of Beckett's writing and Secretan's masterly

performance in this production. Nothing interferes with Beckett's words or ideas. His final line of "Not with the fire in me now" is made to seem too pathetic even to laugh at: he stares, watery-eyed into the space in front of him, looking in short, like the last person in the world who would have "fire" within them.

No matter how much Krapp tries to distance himself from the speaker on the tape ("Thank God that's all done with anyway") James and Secretan work to the utmost to undermine his words and it is testimony to their success that the audience comes away without being able to clearly remember whether some lines came from Krapp himself or the tape. We're left with the inescapable impression that nothing has changed and, more than that, nor is it likely to: "Be again, be again. All that old misery."

Elizabeth Davis

Yo La Tengo The Junction

★★★★★

Live music at large Cambridge venues is so often disappointing. If desperation had pushed you to the brink of nearly going to see the Automatic in October, then I would have highly recommended Yo La Tengo as an antidote to the Fifth Week Blues. A warm, dreamy, guitar-noise pop session provided something of a catharsis to counter the cold weather, dullards, Starbucks, the £3.50 pints that the Junction specialises in, and any other pet hates you might harbour. They really were that great.

Not enough people seem to have discovered Yo La Tengo. Even with over twenty years making lush guitar music, their three date tour of the UK arrived at Cambridge without any fanfare. This was fine by me, as there's always something deeply satisfying about enjoying something that other people are missing out on. The gig, designed to promote Yo La Tengo's new album "I Am Not Afraid of You and I Will Beat Your Ass", was filled with spectacular psychedelic guitar highs, and beautifully longing piano lows. Despite it having been six years since they were last in Cambridge, the three-piece soon made themselves at home with opener "Barnaby, Hardly Working", complete with droning feedback and somnolent vocals. Though Ira joked with the audience about being intimidated by playing to the intelligentsia, it certainly didn't affect their performance. The undoubted highlights were the ten-



minute long guitar freak out, "Pass the Hatchet, I think I'm Goodkind", and covers of Adam Ant's "Ant Music" and Sonic Youth's "Bad Politics".

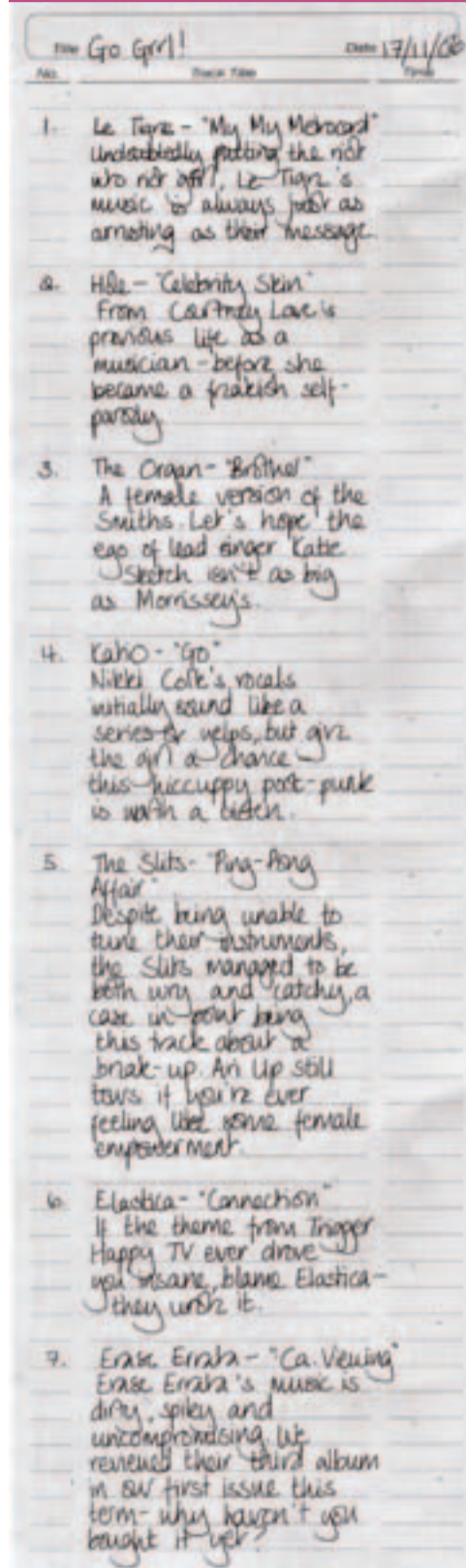
Instruments were often swapped, and vocals shared between lead singer Ira Kaplin and his drumming wife, Georgia Hubley, but the performance never suffered. Matador, the band's record company, have described the band as "...restless. This is not because they're contrarians, but because they're artists". I would argue that Yo La Tengo see themselves as both. As with other bands that have been around for so long, they're professional

and sincere as artists, but aren't going to stop playing different instruments just because other people think they should. Speaking to Ira after the gig, he talked about their love of covers and flexibility: for the band, creating music together is an even and equal process. For the fact fans, the band produced a psychedelic version of the Simpson's theme tune for the episode where Homer rediscovers his hippy heritage. I say, here's to another Summer of Love.

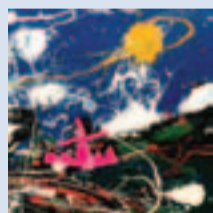
Brian Cantwell



MIXTAPE



The Idiots are Winning ★★★★★ James Holden



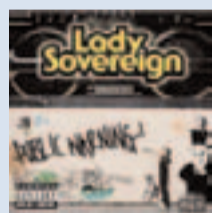
My love affair began when I first heard "Lump"

on a mix album. It scratched itself along my eardrums and ravaged my brain with its pitiful wailing. Live sets of Holden's summer tours recorded by fellow lovers surfaced on the web and were carefully transferred to headphones. About ninety minutes into one the stuttering beats captured me, the pulsating throb and constant turning of the rhythm entranced me. Just as "Lump" had done before; I was reduced to a wreck. I sat by a pool all holiday painstakingly scanning for this perfect sound. I was anxious to know who it was

and when I returned home discovered it was the very same man who had captured me before, all those months ago. And now this. He was there, with little or no warning, his CD was sat in HMV and the whole goddamn thing started again. This is an absolute masterpiece, it tosses and turns, it never stays still. There are no standard techno tracks with their careful gradual changes; this is the sound of someone brutally fighting against a computer to bleed out everything that he wants from noise. Yet it fails to exclude the casual listener, somehow bridging the gap between dumb and intelligent. There are no lyrics to any of this music, but the tracks provide more words than you will ever want.

Sam Blatherwick

Public Warning ★★★★★ Lady Sovereign



The rise of Lily Allen was always going to leave Lady

Sovereign in a twist, but whereas the tabloids won't be frothing over Lady Sov this Autumn as they were for Keith Allen's princess offspring, she'll still be the subject of similar prissy indie bickering thanks to her success stateside. Last month she was the first ever British artist to be Number One on MTV's TRL. People shouldn't moan about how many songs from the album have already been released as singles – what does it matter? I'm willing to bet a good proportion of those who voted "Love Me or Hate Me" to TRL top spot didn't have a clue what

her previous internet releases have been. This album has its flaws, but its main problem is simply that it doesn't pause for breath. At times the sound is overwhelmingly punchy, but hey, that's modern pop music. The best pop albums though, are punctuated with ballads (which isn't Sov's scene.) Grime's best albums didn't have this problem as they were darker and knew when to hold back on the poppy intros and massive choruses. In leaving the restrictions of this scene behind, Lady Sovereign needed something to prevent the over-excitable side of her songs from grating over the whole album. Despite all this, received in small doses she's exactly the kind of pop star we need.

Steve Kenans

Online » Fresh Talent: ADC Freshers' play *The Permanent Way* reviewed

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Know someone smart? Successful? Business-minded? Artistically brilliant?

Varsity are looking for 100 people to feature in the first edition of Lent Term.

Have your say.
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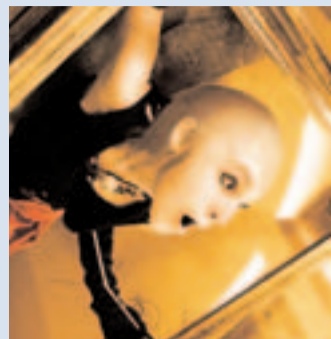
Listings

PICK OF THE WEEK

FILM

Breathless
Arts Picturehouse
Thu 23 Nov, 17.00
A Bout De Souffle – Godard's greatest, is the soggy biscuit of many a Goldsmiths tosser. But don't let that put you off – anyone can claim this anarchic and liberating film for their own. The swaggeringly cool Jean Paul Belmondo steals a car, kills a policeman and gets distracted by Parisian pleasures. His girlfriend Jean Seberg is the epitome of 60s radical chic. The jump-cuts and improvised tracking shots will dazzle you. It'll make you want to leave Cambridge and never come back. All films showing at Arts Picturehouse unless stated otherwise

THEATRE



The Bald Prima Donna
Corpus Playroom, Tue 21 - Sat 25 Nov, 19.00 By Eugene Ionesco. Pioneering Theatre of the Absurd. Ferocious satire of bourge banality. That's us.

MUSIC

OBSTACLE 1
Sunday 19 Nov
Fez, 21.00-01.00, £3.
A new live indie/electro/dance from the makers of the noble Kambonanza. A load of upcoming indie rock talent is coming to Cambridge despite you all being rubbish. The much-feted Jeremy Warmesley will be bringing his warble-pop, Headland and AfterChristmas will make you dance to post-rock and the New Therasas will make you weep. Nat Slater, Eric Denton, Neil Ogden, Sketchy and Panic will be DJing while you pretend to dance. The dignified Sunday night alternative to drinking Reefs till you puke radioactivity in front of a bunch of total shits.

EXHIBITIONS

Rembrandt and Saskia
Fitzwilliam Museum
Tue 14 Nov - Sun 11 March
To celebrate the 400th anniversary of Rembrandt's birth, the Fitz is displaying its outstanding collection of his prints – primarily of his wife Saskia, either as herself or as a model for other subjects. Rembrandt's oft-remarked upon psychological depth is present here, especially where he charts his wife's illness. You can even buy a postcard from the shop to send your mum so she thinks you do stuff like this all the time rather than eating Weetabix with chilli sauce and talking to your wangle.

GOING OUT



NOTORIOUS
Kambar, 22.00-02.30, £3.
A load of DJs dressed in jumpsuits play synthpop, death disco, chart classics and alternative favourites. It'll be like one of those cheese nights at Queens but without the existential pain and accidental concentration camp chic, and with more cider and idiot-savant robot dancing.

TUE

Gypo 14.45, 19.10
The Page Turner 16.20
Children of Men 20.20
The Prestige 17.45, 20.30
Requiem 17.00, 21.15
Hero 22.50

Abigail's Party Corpus Playroom, 19.00
The Permanent Way ADC, 19.45
Iphigenia at Aulis The Friends of Peterhouse Theatre, 20.00
Dogg's Hamlet ADC, 23.00

Soft Machine
Junction Shed, 19.00, £15
Boo Hewardine + Holly
Lerski Boathouse, 20.00, £7
CMF – The Art of Fugue
Clare Chapel, 20.30, £10

5 Rhythms Dance
Improvised dance lessons, Junction, 19.45-22.15, £12
CU Palestine Film – Soraida
Chetwynd Room, King's College, 20.00, free and shrill

Set You Free Queens, 21.00-00.45, £4, 90s cheese, 2006 hell
Jazz at John's Party John's Fisher Hall, 21.00, Black Shabbat headlining, classical jazz-rock-funk-shaggin'

SAT

Gypo 14.45, 19.10
East African Shorts 15.00
The Page Turner 18.50
Children of Men 20.40
The Prestige 17.45, 20.30
Requiem 17.00, 21.15

Abigail's Party Corpus Playroom, 19.00
The Permanent Way ADC, 19.45
Iphigenia at Aulis The Friends of Peterhouse Theatre, 20.00
Dogg's Hamlet ADC, 23.00

Rachel Untank
Junction, 20.00, £11
Left Side Brain
The Portland, 20.00, £5

Stella Dina's Compendio: A tribute to Federico Garcia Lorca
Free, 4 Nov - 3 Dec. Solo exhibition at New Hall. Politics and Art. Makes you very attractive

Latin Fever Queens, 21.00 - 00.45, would still cost too much if it was free
Live Music at Kings
King's, 21.00-01.00, £2, Samba for Carbon Health Week

SUN

Requiem 17.00, 21.15
Shooting Dogs (Christ's) 20.00, 22.30 £2
Munich (Robinson) 21.00
Dr Strangelove (John's) 19.00, 22.00
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45

Dracula
Downing Fellow's Garden
20.30, £5

Amy Winehouse
Junction, 19.00, £12.50
Birds of Wales, Redbeat, Dead Letter Society & The Underground
Man on the Moon, 20.00, £5

Figures on Fabric
Fitzwilliam Museum
An exhibition of beautifully done English 17th Century needlework. Take that real world

The Sunday Service
Club 22, 22.00-02.30, £4
"Commando theme" god is not in favour of this service
Obstacle 1. Fez, 21.00-02.30, £3, real boys don't do this

MON

The History Boys 13.50
Gypo 14.45, 19.10
Requiem 17.00, 21.15
The Page Turner 16.20
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45
Children of Men 21.20

Hard Times
Arts Theatre, 19.30, £10
Dickens' sharp social satire receives a chunkily bourgeois update. Brown's before mjah?

Back Beat Percussion Quartet West Road, 19.00, £10. Based on Hawking's *Brief History of Time*. No I don't know what the fuck it all means either

Is current policy on climate change doing enough?
Keynes Hall, King's College, 19.15, with refreshments
Speech by Associate Director from the Carbon Trust

Notorious
Kambar, 22.00-02.30, £3
Dancing in wee
Fat Poppadaddys
Fez, 21.00 - 02.00, £4
Pleasingly generic, like a wank in Ikea

TUE

Paisa 13.30
Gypo 14.45, 19.10
Das Boot (Caius) 20.30
Requiem 17.00, 21.15
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45
Nosferatu 21.15

Bald Prima Donna Corpus Playrm, 19.00
A Doll's House Emma Queen's Bldg 19.30
Diary of Anne Frank Homerton, 19.30
Something about Life & Music ADC, 23.00
King Lear Pembroke New Cellars, 19.30
The Blue Room Fitz Hall, Queens., 23.00
Faust/Footlights Panto 2006 ADC, 19.45
Dracula Downing Fellow's Garden, 20.30, £5

Akira the Don
Portland Arms, 20.00, £5
Beverley Knight
Corn Exchange, 19.30, £21.50
The Bomb Factory ARU
Kudos Bar, 20.00, FREE, mate

George Monbiot - How to Stop the Planet Burning
Union Chamber, 19.30, members only. Monbiot – the smart-casual face of environmentalism

Precious* LGBT Night
Club 22, 22.00-02.00, £3
Pigeonhole your sexuality!
Dancing in the living room
Because there's nothing better to do. Pathos, free

WED

Rabbit Proof Fence 16.30
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45
Il Postino (GU 17, Mill Lane) 19.30, £2
Requiem 17.00, 21.15
Children of Men 21.20

The Bald Prima Donna Corpus Playroom, 19.00
Antigone Robinson College, 19.30
Diary of Anne Frank Homerton, 19.30
Alladin Panto Tit Hall Theatre, 19.30
King Lear Pembroke New Cellars, 19.30
Faust/Footlights Panto 2006 ADC, 19.45
Dracula Downing Fellow's Garden, 20.30

The Good Shoes
The Soultree, 20.00, £5
Shoes are probably the best thing about them

Literary Circles: Artist, author, word and image in Britain 1800-1920
Fitzwilliam Museum. Make yourself feel better about browsing facebook

Rumboogie
Ballare, 21.00-02.00, £3
Pretty much indefensible
Versus
Kambar, 21.30-03.00, £3
Electro, industrial, floaties

THU

The Page Turner 14.30
Breathless 17.00
The Prestige 18.00, 20.45
Spun 21.00
Children of Men 21.20

The Bald Prima Donna Corpus Playroom, 19.00
Antigone Robinson College, 19.30
Diary of Anne Frank Homerton, 19.30
Alladin Panto Tit Hall Theatre, 19.30
King Lear Pembroke New Cellars, 19.30
Faust/Footlights Panto 2006 ADC, 19.45
Dracula Downing Fellow's Garden, 20.30

Union of Knives
The Loft, 20.00, £8
Nine Below Zero
Junction, 19.00, £22
White Label Music Night
Portland Arms, 22.00, £6

Can Science be communicated through the media?
Pharmacology Lecture Theatre, Tennis Court Road, 20.00, Dr. Raj Persaud argues for the death of fun

Duplo
Kambar, 21.30-02.30, £3
Indie/gypsy/vom, cheap drinks
Urbanite
is killing Cambridge. Still
Soultree, 21.00-02.30, £3

BOOK NOW



King Lear
Tue 21 Nov - Sat 25 Nov, 19.30, £5
After countless adaptations of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, Pembroke Players have taken one for the team by tackling one of Shakespeare's most brutally tragic plays. *King Lear* is stripped down to its bare essentials. No music, no wanky lighting, just a couple of chairs and a gloomy venue so intimate you can see the whites of the actors' eyes. (Or, in one case, the red globules of blood from where his eyes have been torn out). A play not about decadent aesthetes, moral

monsters or the heroic, but rather about what happens when people are placed under intolerable pressure. A bleak meditation on power, greed and betrayal, on public misjudgement and intensely private grief. There's no interpretative dancing, floaty fabrics or pretty colours, just madness and despair. It'd probably be best to ignore the conclusion of Lear's loyal Kent that "All's cheerless, dark and deadly". Have a stiff one afterwards. King Beer. Shakesbeare. Help me.

BOOK NOW
Nina Nastasia
The Junction
Sun 26 Nov
19.00, £9

Lacking much of the extravagance of Newsom, Banhart et al, Nastasia's smokily rich new folk is nevertheless wrenching, and well worth weepin' over.



Cambridge Crisis: answers to your problems

» “There is only so much throwing up in bushes that I can do”

Dear Varsity,

I am a member of a notorious drinking society, and despite loving being part of it, it is creating a problem that is affecting my health, social life and academic work. Whilst I really enjoy the formal swaps, and have made a lot of friends in the group, I am a lightweight when it comes to alcohol. I

can't hold as much drink as others in the society, and as a result I'm always the first throwing up or passing out. I have tried the usual ideas of lining my stomach before a heavy night etc, but I still always end up the first drunk, and there is only so much throwing up into bushes that I can do. I always feel awful the next day, facebook is littered with photos of my

embarrassments after excessive drinking and I'm always the loser when it comes to drinking games. The other guys know this, and to some extent I'm targeted as an easy source of amusement.

I don't want to leave the society or lose my friends, but at the same time I, and my liver, can't keep up! The morning after a heavy night I

always feel so terrible that it is clearly affecting my work, but I don't want to lose face and be the only one not drinking on formal swaps or nights out.

Any suggestions would be gratefully received!

James

James,

You seem to enjoy the society, despite the problems you have mentioned, so leaving it altogether is probably not an option. Instead, the best approach you can take is to change the way things happen inside the group. Many people in drinking societies are lightweights, it's just that some people can mask it better than others. Instead of maniacally gorging yourself on drink from the start of the night, take your cue from others who seem a bit more controlled and paced about what they are doing.

Have a measured approach to your social life which enables you to set aside a certain night as one which you know will be 'big'. Allow yourself some recovery time the next day to let your liver wind down a few gears and sort yourself out before you can think about getting back into your weekly routine of work.

Enjoy your drink when you are out - don't set out to get smashed, and give as good as you get in any games.

If the other guys who know you are not a hard drinker are really your mates, then they will probably want to make sure you have as good a time as them, not humiliate you in front of other people. If they seem intent on making you the loser in all their fun, then you would do well to consider what you are doing with them in the

first place - forfeit your dignity to no one.

Dan Anderton
Bears Drinking Society

Dear James,

To help people out one needs to dig to the real heart of their problem. It would be of no benefit and indeed would be unloving for a doctor to cover up a patient's cancer and just let it grow fatally bigger while they just prescribe treatment for the external symptoms.

The Bible claims that mankind's big problem isn't simply mistreating our bodies and minds by drinking too much or mistreating others around - no, these are all just symptoms of a deeper problem. We have all rejected the God who made us and who gives us good things. We ignore him and don't thank him and think we know best how we should live. So just as the worst thing that a child could do to their father is to tell him that they don't want him to be their Dad anymore, so we have all done the worse thing in acting to show that we don't want God to be our God. The just God will, if we keep pushing him away, go away and take away the very life he gives us.

That's the true problem; here's the only solution.

“Christ died for sins once for all, the righteous for the unrighteous, to bring you to God.”

Jesus, the only perfect person, died in the place of those who deserve death, so that God can be just and yet forgive us. Hope that helps.

Barnaby Montiero
CICCU President

Dear James,

Sorry to hear about your plight. I would have to say in situations like this there is only one line of action to take and that is to follow the theory that practice makes perfect. Set yourself and your liver a training plan and soon you will be a heavyweight like everyone else. Remember when designing your training plan start small and work your way up. Drink a couple of pints a night to start with then soon you will be able to down a bottle of wine before starters with ease.

As with all exercise regimes, for this to be successful you need dedication and determination. Before you begin, compile a scrap book of all your most embarrassing drunken escapades (if you can't remember any, which is fairly likely, I'm sure your fellow drinking society members will be more than willing to remind you). Then every time you think that you think of quitting, you can be reminded of what quitting will lead to.

If you really feel you can't stick to the plan, don't despair. Being a

lightweight isn't all that bad; think about all the money you save by getting trolled after a single glass of wine. Every drinking society has a lightweight so just think; you're saving some other poor person the indignity of it all. So just sit back, allow people to get you drunk (as long as they're paying) and enjoy being the centre of all drinking games! Cheers!

Catherine Carter
Boat Club Captain



ILLUSTRATION: JULES HUNT

Corrections and clarifications

» The front page article in *Varsity* Issue 645 (“Ents Manager loses crowd control”) included a photograph of the Sunday Service clubnight, earlier on in the evening and before the majority of customers arrived. We would like to clarify that though the headline referred to the CUSU night Crowd Control at Soul Tree, the photograph and caption were of the Sunday Service at Club Twenty Two. Club Twenty Two has expressed concern that this could lead to a misrepresentation of what is in fact a highly successful and busy night. *Varsity* agree that this was misleading and apologise for any inconvenience caused.



A reveller among the 600-strong crowd at last weekends' Sunday Service. The night featured special guest Marcus Patrick

It is *Varsity's* policy to amend all significant errors as soon as possible in the digital edition on varsity.co.uk and in the archives. Please email any errors to corrections@varsity.co.uk noting the issue and page number(s). Or telephone the business manager on 01223 337575 between 9:30am and 5pm Monday to Friday.

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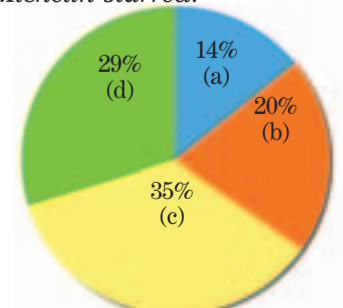
» Mary Bowers enters the mind of the Mighty Boosh's Julian Barratt

» The all-new daily editor's blog

Varsity asks: Poll Results

We asked: So how much of a happy college eater are you anyway?

- a) My friends have taken to calling me the buttery buffoon.
- b) So where is this Sainsburys place anyway?
- c) Brunch every Sunday sorts my hangover right out.
- d) My corridor kitchen is Michelin-starred.



Go to varsity.co.uk for games solution and to vote in our poll

Games

Cryptic Crossword

ACROSS Set by NENWES

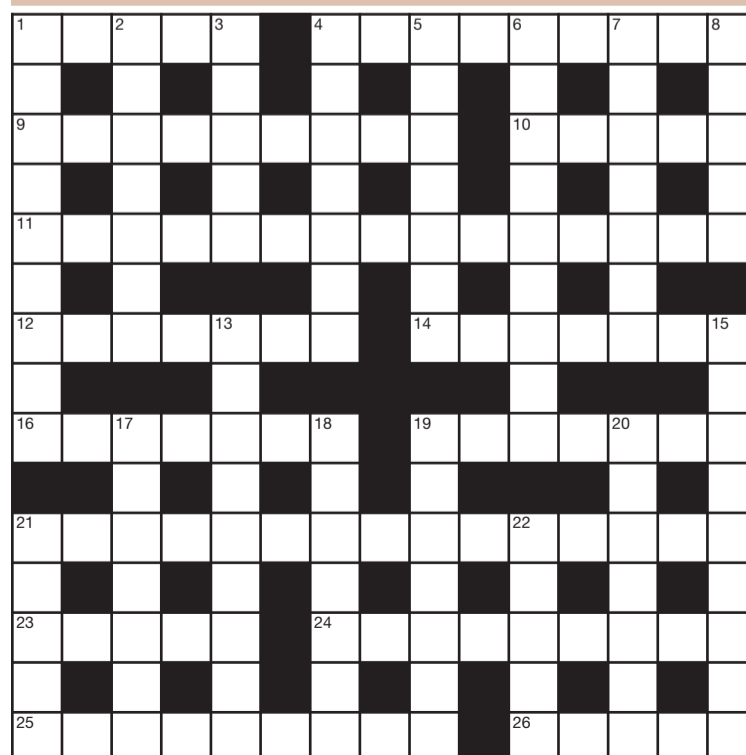
- 1. Twelve dozen in Eden oddly fascinated (9)
- 6. Craving David first aspired (5)
- 9. Lord to return — wait for him in the theatre? (5)
- 10. Blatant about fifty-one not noticing (9)
- 11. 11+13+27+5. Everyone joins in and the production is cancelled — it's turning Nicholson grey (3,4,3,2,4,5,4,1,4,3)
- 12. Celebrate in verse some transcriber Hymenaeus (7)
- 17. Nearby gunshots flustered a writer — and is his fruit ticking? (7,7)
- 21. I'm super, changing referees (7)
- 23. Maybe tore and stared at something returning swiftly seaward (7)
- 25. Country notes watersheds (9)
- 26. Article spinning net is concerning (5)
- 28. Wayward yet loving, being elderly (9)

DOWN

- 1. For this meal you need these, and

- a boy? (3,5)
- 2. Ego deludes content mathematician (5)
- 3. Member of tribe got shot or destroyed (9)
- 4. Breathing equipment made from leek tips — snore sorted out (7)
- 5. See 11 across
- 6. Fly somewhere west of Brighton, right? (5)
- 7. Repel pony, scattering flammable gas (9)
- 8. Cleaner is something particular, perhaps, to the queen? (6)
- 14. Condemn in sudden movement following academic — worry not (4,5)
- 15. High flier has no project within changing area (9)
- 16. Bizarre story about three cardinals forming Shropshire town (8)
- 18. Make slit nor hole in nose (7)
- 19. Philosopher composer Alban's up next (7)
- 20. Just let flow, timeless, in the Punjab? (6)
- 22. Drink, to a degree, equals dance (5)
- 24. A tribe — nice one, strangely (5)

Varsity crossword no. 458



Fashion

Fashion editors: Rosanna Falconer and Olivia Johnson
Email: fashion@varsity.co.uk



Gabriella wears coat, £70 to buy or £30 to hire at Vintage in Vogue, The Old Chemist Shop Antiques Centre. Dress, £12 at Primark. Beret, £12 to buy or £3 to hire at Vintage in Vogue. Tights, £6 at Marks & Spencer. Shoes, £65 at Nine West.

Andrea wears coat worn as a dress, £50 at Anna.

Styled by Rosanna Falconer & Olivia Johnson.

Photography by Debbie Scanlan.

With thanks to Philly Millward.

Better Bolder

» Do away with dull tones and classic shapes and embrace the new maximalism. Stand out from the crowd: play with structured volume, luxuriate in rich fabrics and finish with an extravagant hat

HATS ON / HATS OFF?

For:

There's something about hats. Sophisticated yet whimsical, a good hat has the potential to make us feel like we are living in another, more romantic age. Pull one on and walk differently, stand a little taller, push the shoulders further back, stride into Market Square in an altogether more prepossessing manner. A hat gives that nonchalant air of confidence, attracting the eyes of those around. Girls might turn and look on in envy; boys might suddenly rush to unlock your bicycle. There's an element of allure and mystery about a hat, and something sensual too. The way a loose lock of hair might tumble down from the hat's restraints, or the way hats playfully hide the features whilst simultaneously emphasising them – eyes glitter meaningfully from under a brim, cheekbones become more defined, the jaw line more pronounced.

A fanciful image? Of course, it depends on the hat in question. It's definitely not about that juvenile purple fleece number with the exploding pompom. So raid Mill Road, pop to Red Lion Street: whether a winter slouchy beanie from the high street, as sported by the likes of Keira Knightley, or a glittering, vintage evening cloche, something is bound to catch your eye. Just remember, those who wear hats stand heads above the rest.

Olivia Johnson

Against:

Hats just aren't what they used to be. Once considered the essential addition to any chic woman's or suave gentleman's ensemble, they have now become an instant display of eccentricity. This is excluding the practical bobble hat or baseball cap used as protection against the elements. We're talking a Justin Timberlake inspired trilby, an as-seen-on-Keira Knightley grungy beanie or, we dread to think, a work of "art" precariously perched on top of the head, à la Sophie Anderton with her "O2 Millenium Dome". Anderton wore this blatant piece of advertising to Ladies' Day at Ascot: the hat wearers' mecca and the day on which the worst-dressed of any particular year invariably come out to play.

The traditional rule of etiquette for all hat wearers is that it must be removed indoors, a rule Cambridge students ignore as any glance around lectures and butteries will tell you.

Avoid the confusion of etiquette and avoid the "edgy" pigeon hole into which people will inevitably place you. Extravagant hats can make an outfit, but all too often break it. If you have the confidence (or downright arrogance) to pull off this bold sartorial choice with the required panache then go ahead, I take my hat off to you. Or I would if I were wearing one.

Rosanna Falconer

FASHION PHOBE PULLS A HAT TRICK

Ed Cumming likes conservative fashion and a conventional way of life. He breaks out by experimenting with millinery

When I was born my head was one of the thousand biggest recorded in the UK. Drawing any sort of attention to it has never been a priority. When once forced to wear a hat, unfortunately while trying to demonstrate my sporting prowess on the cricket pitch, the visor perched precariously on my head making me strongly resemble the eponymous hero of Hey Arnold!

Despite these warnings and misgivings,



some bizarre hats got the chance, for one day only, to sit on my super-sized skull. The first was a little trilby-type, distinctly *Mr. Men* affair, about which I had grave reservations. However, in the name of fashion I wore it and lured some responses, mainly of the "you look like a fool and you're not Pete Doherty" variety. It went swiftly back in the cupboard.

The other hat was a creation of almost hysterical genius. It could be described as a soldier's winter hat, a deerstalker or just a fashion crime. Although it said "100% polyester" on the label, there was a definite dead rabbit attached to the warming bits. It was lovely. It managed to stretch snugly over my head, and, thanks to its ear muffs, it made me look like a bear about to pilot a biplane. This was a great hat. I went partying in it, and quite a few attractive girls complimented me. Obviously quite the gentleman. But I won't start wearing hats all the time. Unless you're beautiful, skiing, or riding a horse, leave your hat off.



EXPOSURE

UNDEREXPOSED

Men's Knits

Not just for boys. Pick up slouchy, better quality knits for that "boyfriend" look.

Fresh Flowers

Blooms from the market brighten up your room now its getting dark at 4pm. More fragrant than that synthetic Ambipur too.

Channing Tatum

That guy from *Step Up*.

OVEREXPOSED

The Fifth And Sixth Week Dip

We can now rejoice as our social life begins again.

Knee Length Leggings

They're called leggings for a reason, to cover your legs. Keep them ankle length to avoid resembling a stunted stump.

Food Porn

It's not "succulent, moist and sensual in organic flavours". It's just chicken.

VARSITY

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VARSITY

100

The top 20 IQ scores will
be listed as part of the
Varsity 100 in Lent term



A Quiet Drink

» Mark King bemoans the misuse of good alcohol in Cambridge and points the way forward for those who just want a decent pint

One of the essential elements of student life in Cambridge is, undeniably, social drinking. Whether it be in our college bars, the local pubs or in the clubs, we like to have a drink. And why shouldn't we? Is it not something we have a right to enjoy? Despite living in what the tabloids would call "Binge Britain" we have a healthy student culture here that is only enhanced by our love of social drinking. Admittedly, there are many negative aspects; horror stories of students' drunken exploits in the newspapers; soulless institutions like the Rat and Parrot, which exist only to get us as drunk as possible,

as fast as possible; turbo-shandies and vodka concoctions designed to fill us with just enough poison to send us staggering into Cindy's where we attempt to pull each other. Yet these things are only one side to an essentially glorious culture based on sociability and relaxation; one which deserves recognition as a happy and healthy part of our lives.

The city at large has an abundance of great places to enjoy this aspect of student life to the full. Despite some college bars being simply post-formal or pre-Soul Tree watering holes, others have a life of their own. With high student partici-

pation in running the bar and selecting the drinks available, and with more and more offering food and a

» Just because our lives here are lived at 100 miles an hour does not mean that we have to drink like that

unique community atmosphere, these bars have become our locals. If you are reading this thinking that your bar doesn't sound anything like that, then do something about it, it's your bar. Take some time out from being a boatie and do something productive for a change! The city centre pubs, meanwhile, also provide excellent spots to spend a relaxing evening with friends.

Notwithstanding Greene King's attempts to gain a strangle-hold over the city centre circuit, there are some great pubs out there – especially if you're willing to venture beyond Kelsey Kerridge. The Mill, The Pickerel, The Live and Let Live: there are countless hidden treasures with real choice and real beer. Should anyone at this point be thinking that Greene King IPA is real beer might I suggest you try a real IPA which has a high alcohol

content and a strong, bitter, hoppy flavour. Marston's Old Empire is particularly good.

Even our drinking societies can be about socialising and enjoyment, rather than necking paper cups of Sainsbury's basics vodka until you're sick. Jesus College's Wheatsheafs society, for example, boasts the motto "not a drinking society, but a society that enjoys a drink." This is the unknown, unsung element of Cambridge's social drinking culture, and it is one we should fight to defend. Just because our lives here are lived at a hundred miles-an-hour does not mean that we have to drink like that, or that we always choose to. Just because we may get our kicks from discussing the problems inherent in nineteenth century Russian society or Richard Dawkins' latest rant does not mean that we have forgotten the simple pleasures of a good pint in a good pub, does it? I would suggest that the vast student turnout at the two Cambridge beer festivals every year, the very existence of societies like the Wheatsheafs and the fact that "going for a drink" remains the standard method of social or even business interaction in this university means we have not. Psycho-analyse it all you want, it's a part of who we are and we should be proud of it. Student drinking is not all about bingeing and brawling; raise your pint and be proud to enjoy a drink. Cheers!

WHISKY VIRGINS

With these cold, dark evenings drawing in the kind Cambridge Wine Merchants decided a few stiff shots of whisky were needed to heat the virgins up... And with the largest selection between London and Scotland they are just the people to educate us on this most grown up of drinks.

Cambridge Wine Merchants' Sound of Islay, Single Islay Malt Whisky, 1998, £18.99

The experts explained a single malt has to be at least eight years of age and is usually made from barley or occasionally rye or corn.

Raw and synthetic on the nose this was approached with trepidation, the smell alone giving the sensation of inhaling many a unit of alcohol. The assured initial tastes of apples and pears were lost on us by the fiery finish with notes of chilli and peppers. For a pretty cheap whisky this certainly packs a flavour-some punch.



Dewar Rattray, Bowmore Distillery, Dewar Rattray, £41.99

The other end of the spectrum is a pricey but seriously impressive whisky. Of course, it's a pretty good investment as there is a lot of drinking, and hangover at 57.8%, potential in one bottle.

This whisky reeks of class with a powerful chocolatey, coffee taste countered by rich hints of red and citrus fruits. The most satisfying part of the experience is that the taste develops and lingers in the mouth for several minutes and its warmth just keeps on going.



Martha and Mathilda

La Raza

★★★★

Potholing is not a sport which we enjoy. It is dark, underground, the walls are a bit sticky, you get stuck between hard places, and not everyone likes bats outside of belfries (Mathilda loves bats, Martha has just taught her how to call bats – Mathilda is subsequently hanging out of the window scratching her thumbnail furiously). Fortunately, La Raza is the kind of underground experience of every non-potholer's dreams – a large selection of Tapas, comfortable sofas, a cocktail bar, free wireless internet and music events with half-price student entry.

At the beating heart of Rose Crescent, sandwiched between the ever-salubrious McDonald's, and the genuine food (fast though it may be) of Gardies, La Raza is a bit of a secret as a lunch or dinner destination, even though it has outside seating. It does serve food however, and coffee or tea as well as early afternoon vodka. The underground setting is intimate, and – unlike potholing – would be an excellent place for dates or work escapes. At night, it is a distinctly lively bar, with late opening hours and a trendy clientele. We would definitely recommend Sunday night for cheap(er) cocktails, and Thursday for a bit of Jazz, Soul and Funk.

To the Tapas – there is, as we say, a large selection from meal-sized portions of lamb cutlets (£8.95) to the more starter-size roasted figs and melted goats cheese (£4.95). Both of these were very good. The lamb was tender and cooked to perfection. The figs were tasty and sweet where the cheese was strong and sharp, although the figs would not have been harmed by a little more roasting. We also ordered paprika broad beans (£3.95), which are nice little crispy nibbles.

As must be obvious, these dishes are designed for sharing, and it is definitely important to pick complementary foods, as one dish is not enough for one person, and you will be pilfering from the people sitting next to you, which – remember – is not always received well in restaurants other than a Tapas bar. Cultural guides aside, we had two other dishes: Oatcakes, Cheese and Naranja (orange jelly), which would have been improved if the cheese had been stronger. As it was, it was overpowered by the dryness of the biscuits and the bitter orange; and then by our next course, Chorizo and Black Pudding. We can particularly recommend this dish because it was gorgeous. The chorizo was plump, and there was lots of it, and it was oily and beautiful. (Mathilda wrote that sentence, Martha agrees, but she won't speak of dead animals as if she's in love with them). The black pudding was also nice, but apparently has had a mixed reception from customers. We rounded all this off with a cappuccino and macchiato from "the best barista in Cambridge". It definitely hit the spot.



AMICA DALL



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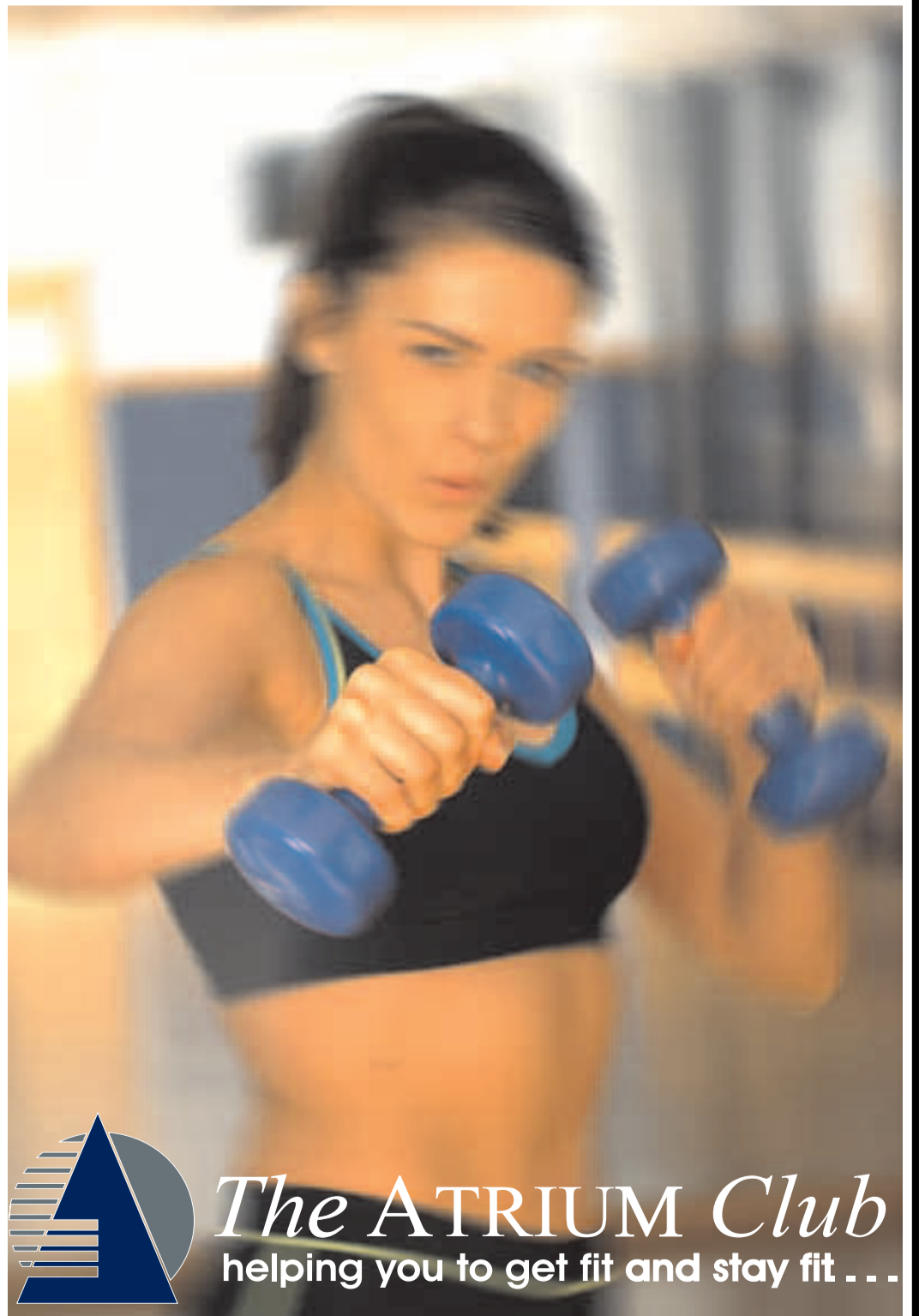
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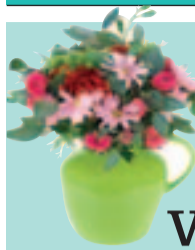
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The Varsity Vase

I told you last week that ARU III were my favourites to win the Varsity Vase. If bookmakers took bets on Cambridge College football, I would have backed them to the hilt.

I'm now feeling a little less sure of myself. I have a horrible feeling that if I had put all my money on ARU III to win the Vase, I'd be broke. I'm not saying that ARU won't win the Vase but their league form isn't great. I also think it's worth pointing out that while ARU III have only been beaten once this season, it was by St Catz III, another Third team and coincidentally my new favourite to win the Varsity Vase. And so begins my analysis of Division 5.

With nine points from four games, and having scored 17 goals so far, St Catz are the team to beat. Even their keeper has scored this season, and from his own penalty box no less. They face a tough game this Sunday against a resurgent Christ's II, but I wouldn't bet against them.

Christ's themselves have a chance at winning the title, having lost only once. They have also beaten two sides by eight goals, making them the division's top scorers so far. Darwin II are also worthy of a mention, quietly keeping pace with St Catz despite an 8-0 hammering at the hands of the league leaders.

However, Catz's biggest challenge in the hunt for the Division 5 title will be Caius III who inflicted the opening day defeat on them. Still unbeaten and with a game in hand on the leaders, Caius III may well prove to be a serious threat, especially after beating Trinity Hall II 6-0.

The heavy loss leaves Trinity Hall needing to do some soul searching. They won on the opening day, beating Christ's II 7-3, and so the defeat to Caius was a bit of a surprise. But Captain Will Sorby denied that the team spirit had been affected, and suggested that Caius' narrow pitch just "didn't suit our style of play". Their title credentials remain to be seen but I wouldn't back them personally as they appear to be struggling for players. Borrowing one of Christ's substitutes for the first half of their clash in order to field eleven players is not the "stuff of champions".

Looking at the lower half of the division, Girton II are struggling after two narrow defeats but the real losers at present are the Third Teams of Churchill and John's. Both have no points after three games and appear to be competing against each other to see who can concede the most goals. Churchill are leading the way, with a goal difference of minus 19, but John's might just pip them, after Captain James Longman resigned saying "the pressure was too much".

No time to cover Division 6 today I'm afraid, though my beloved Jesus III picked up a valiant away point at Robinson II. Coming back from a 2-1 deficit, they fought valiantly to tie the game 3-3, and there was certainly an air of controversy around the Robinson penalty. I'll be back next week though and don't forget to email your gossip and stories to: vase@varsity.co.uk

Blues beaten in hockey derby



The Blues failed to impress enough in the second half after conceding three goals without reply in the first

SOPHIE PICKFORD

JAMES MACKINNON

Cambridge Uni	2
Cambridge City	3

The men's hockey Blues were defeated for the second week in a row in a topsy-turvy match, going down 3-2 to Cambridge City at Wilberforce Road, and causing them to fall further down the league table.

While the Blues put in a good second-half performance, it was their capitulation in the first that left them staring defeat in the face once more.

Indeed it was a first half to forget, as the Blues seemed woefully unable to deal with Cambridge City's attackers. Too often men were being left unmarked in the D, allowing easy finishes at the posts. It was no surprise that the Blues found themselves three goals down at the half-time whistle. They had nobody to blame apart for themselves, after a

sloppy performance well below their usual standard.

Nevertheless, the Blues came back out after the break with renewed purpose, although, ultimately, the three-goal deficit was to prove just too large a margin to overcome. The fightback began with a well-worked goal put away by the effective Jez Hansell. This effort was followed by a wonder goal from Simon Ashton with fifteen minutes to go. Ashton took the ball past three players, before moving on his reverse stick

and coolly slotting home past the Cambridge City goalkeeper.

At 3-2 down, Cambridge still had some hope of securing a point, but the Cambridge City defence managed to tighten up for the final quarter of an hour. They effectively shut out the game, with the Blues unable to find a way past despite their best efforts. At the final whistle the Blues were left to reflect on a game of two halves, but particularly on a bad first half that left them with too much to do in the second.

Yachtsmen come seventh in World Championships

RACHEL MORRIS

Following their exceptional performance in the BUSA Yachting Nationals at Easter, a team of seven Cambridge sailors was selected to represent England at the 2006 Student Yachting World Cup. This competition, recognised as the pinnacle of Student Yacht Racing, was held in the French town of Lorient at the end of October, and Cambridge's sailors came a very respectable seventh.

Fourteen teams from universities and naval academies had gathered from around the globe to represent their countries. With a fleet of high performance Mumm 30 racing yachts, an autumnal Atlantic breeze and a spectacular location, the event promised close, fast racing and did not disappoint.

The early weather conditions were hazardous and racing was initially



postponed for two days. When the competition finally commenced, Ben Lister and Malcolm Parry worked their magic on bow, to ensure a good

start for Cambridge. Sailing continued into the small hours of the morning with the infamous "Round the Island" night race. An error on the part of the charterers left the team without electronics, leaving them to navigate blindly around the Ile de Groix. By torchlight and with the aid of a hand-held GPS they completed the course in ninth place, disappointingly just losing out to the French on the finish line.

England's Cambridge yachtsmen had fared very well in the qualifying races in very heavy wind conditions, so the higher winds over the following two days of competition, up to Force 5, suited them well. While other teams began to flag, a tactical decision to reef by Cambridge helm Rob Style enabled England to power through the waves. Smiles soon disappeared as they realised that the mainsail had begun to tear, threatening a blow out. A skilful repair job afloat by mainsheet trimmer Tom Smedley fortunately held, enabling the team to pro-

duce their best results of the week; consistently in the top five.

The final race of the Championship saw an even stronger breeze. The high-performance Mumm 30 boats certainly showed their colours as they planed downwind in a high adrenaline, physically gruelling sleigh ride, which tested everyone to their limits. With an excellent start, the hard work of Julia Rennie in pit and the muscle power of trimmers Megan Burrough and Rachel Morris, the team lead the fleet around the course.

In the end it was the Irish team who took the title and Cambridge's England team was never able to seriously threaten for first place. But with a better start, the Cambridge team could have done better than their seventh place. This was nevertheless a promising result for the first-ever Cambridge team to be selected to sail in the World Championship, and the 2007 competition offers an opportunity for Cambridge to do even better.

Sport stuck in the closet

**SOPHIE JAMAL &
JOAN IYIOLA**

Justin Fashanu was a trailblazer. He was Britain's first million pound black footballer, and the first and only professional player in Britain to come out as gay. In the 16 years since, no other professional footballer has come out, despite the fact that one in ten men in the UK is gay. The National Football League (NFL) in America recently told a die-hard fan that her request for the word "gay" on a personalised team jersey was "naughty" - perhaps demonstrating the unwelcome attitude towards gays and lesbians still seen in professional sports.

As if the perception that the strength of a prop is reserved for a heterosexual man, or the finesse of a goal for only those that wed the opposite sex, isn't enough, the professional leagues in the U.S. themselves play an integral role in singling out gays. There they tolerate a climate of homophobia, even to the point of not allowing the last name of some of their most popular players, Randall Gay, Ben Gay and William Gay, to be placed on the back of a jersey. This



Justin Fashanu

decision has now been reversed, but only after loud protests from the HRC and other gay rights advocates.

Their message was clear: there are gay people in professional sports. But fostering the environment to allow sportsmen to come out is not easy. Fashanu's decision cost him plenty of heartache. In 1980, aged 19, he was signed by Nottingham Forest Football Club for £1 million. Back then, in 1980, Justin was not open

about his homosexuality. Indeed, he didn't come out until 10 years later. "A bloody poof!" was how his manager at Nottingham Forest, Brian Clough, described his £1 million star player. In his autobiography, Clough recounts a dressing down he gave Fashanu after hearing rumours that he was going to gay bars. "Where do you go if you want a loaf of bread?" I asked him. 'A baker's, I suppose'. 'Where do you go if you want a leg of lamb?' 'A butcher's'. 'So why do you keep going to that bloody poofs' club?'"

Fashanu finally came out in 1990 because he was distressed by the tragedy of a 17-year-old gay friend who had been thrown out of his family home by homophobic parents, and who subsequently committed suicide. "I felt angry at the waste of his life and guilty because I had not been able to help him", Fashanu wrote in the book *Stonewall 25*. "I wanted to do something positive to stop such deaths happening again, so I decided to set an example and come out in the papers". Justin Fashanu was the first and last professional footballer to be open about his homosexuality. It took courage, and others have not shown

similar honesty and bravery; at the time he came out, he knew of twelve top footballers who were gay or bisexual. None have followed Fashanu's example of openness. Given the large numbers of gay men in the UK it seems almost completely implausible that another professional footballer will not have been gay. But attitudes might have intimidated these men into not being honest about their sexuality. Tragically, later Fashanu too took his own life.

So does the stereotypical atmosphere in locker room make a gay sportsman feel uncomfortable? The locker room can be a very homophobic environment, even if it is purely in jest; a lot of it is perceived by the perpetrators as banter, but for any gay sportsman it can be like entering the Coliseum in Rome to face the lions. Being forced to listen to derogatory comments about gay men all the time will inevitably put people off playing sport, or make them less likely to come out to their team mates. This latent homophobia perhaps explains why so few men in sport come out.

Statistics show that it is easier to find openly gay participants in individual sports, and it appears that

there are more openly gay sports-women than sportsmen. It seems the female sports environment might well be less homophobic than their male counterparts, so it is easier to compete as an "out" homosexual. Take Martina Navratilova as an example - one of the greatest women tennis players of all time. She has spoken openly about her sexuality and has become a role model to many by raising awareness and the acceptability of all sexual orientations in sport.

But Navratilova also had to struggle for her sexuality to be accepted; she initially lost a number of key sponsors on coming out. Last year, though, her sexuality finally worked to her advantage, as she received an endorsement deal with lesbian travel company Olivia.

But within men's sports, the difficulties still exist. Until the football community stamps out homophobia, and more footballers follow Fashanu, attitudes may remain stuck in the past. While racist abuse has become wholly unacceptable at football matches, homophobic chants are all too frequently heard. Much needs to be done in order to make sport a more welcoming place for gay men.



**Joe Powell
& Oscar
Brodwin**

Gamblers Unanimous

In the week that racing lost a true giant, in the form of the legendary Desert Orchid, it may seem churlish to begin this column with a rant. But if Andy Robinson's England side had shown only a fraction of the fighting spirit that the Great Grey had, then we would have been able to report on a profitable week. Instead the Argies sunk the "bank job" to leave us in deficit for the second week running and cursing the state of English rugby. Indeed, having watched the Blues maul the Leicester 'Tigers' on Monday, we would far rather have had our money on a team containing Ufton, Ansbro and Chris Lewis than the hapless Flood, Allen and Ben Cohen. Sack Andy Robinson now and we promise not to grumble any more!

But enough bitterness and onto another love of ours: poker. It may be a cliché to state that poker is one of the easiest games to learn, yet one of the hardest to master, but as the recent explosion in its popularity has shown everyone is playing at the moment. The beauty lies in its variation. You can play online (unless you are unlucky enough to be at one of the nanny colleges that has banned the sites) or with your mates. You can play for low stakes, fixed stakes or high stakes, in big multi-table tournaments or even for fun. You can play No Limit Texas Hold 'Em, currently the most fashionable game or variations that arguably require more skill such as

Omaha, Stud and Limit poker.

People will always tell you poker is about "reading faces", spotting a "tell" someone is giving off or having "balls". In reality though, playing the cards and not the people should be the mantra when starting out in the game. We started in school. Having watched a bit of poker and read a little online, we were ready to tackle the minefield that is amateur cards. Matt Damon in *Rounders*, tells us, "If, after the first twenty minutes, you don't know who the sucker at the table is, it's you." We've no shame to admit that at that time, we were probably a licence to print money. The other kids were lick-

ing their lips at the sight of us, two fish in a pond so deep we could drown after our first steps.

As time went by, we realised that other players were in effect just gambling and it was our lack of risk-taking that caused us to lose. Indeed, one must play so aggressively to ensure that, at times, other players cannot afford to "call your bet". At other times, one must play reserved, folding appropriate hands and waiting for the right opportunity to 'milk the fish' for all their worth. If you log onto Betfair Poker you'll be sure to find "CamFlush" or "Hector01"...feel free to pull up a pew and we'll try not to bleed you dry! After some basic training in 'bankroll management', 'bluffing' and betting, you'll be able to brush us aside and take on the big boys.

For the "Bank Job" we back Man United £15 to be winning at half-time and full-time against the Blades at Bramall Lane on Saturday. Take the price at 1.95 (just under even money) to get your weekend off to a flying start.

For the "Long Shot" we're going to Aintree to follow Just In Debt, a horse that came third and second in the last two runnings of the Becher Chase. The renewal takes place this Sunday and our nag has been beaten by only a length in the last two years. We take it to be third time lucky in the big race at Aintree on Sunday (2.35, BBC 1). £2 to win at odds of around 18-1 is a huge price.

The "Porters' Tip" comes from the NFL where we reckon the New York Giants should turn over the Jacksonville Jaguars on Monday night. Eli Manning failed to score against The Bears last week but he should be licking his lips at the prospect of a weak Jaguars' defence. £3 at 2.64 (13/8) will nearly triple your money.

Running total: -£24.50

The Bank Job
Man Utd vs Sheffield United.
Utd win at half and full time.
Stake: £15

The Long Shot
Just in Debt, in the Becher Chase.
Stake: £2

The Porters' Tip
Giants vs Jacksonville Jaguars.
The Giants to win.
Stake: £3

betfair.com

Rugby: Cambridge 34 Leicester Tigers 5



SOPHIE PICKFORD

With Varsity fast approaching, the Blues' fine form continued



CAPTAIN'S CORNER

Eton Fives



PAUL JEFFERYS

How long have you been playing?

I've been playing for 8 years now. I started at school, and reached the quarter finals of the nationals. Since I've come to Cambridge, I've benefited a lot from the much higher standard of Fives.

What's an average week like?

Well in a normal week I'll train three or four times for two hours in each session, as well as doing my own fitness training. Then I have matches at weekends - this weekend will be my fifth in a row away from Cambridge.

How good is the team?

We've got a fantastic team this year, with five returning half-blues from last year, and all our top 6 are county standard. We've also got the best university pair in the country - Aly Patel and Alick Varma won the Universities Championships a couple of weekends ago. There are many top players competing for few places this year, so it's really driving the standards up. Despite the fact that Oxford have half of the best pair in the country, we are confident that we can win our third Varsity match in a row.

What's the greatest moment in your Fives career?

Winning Varsity last year was great because Oxford had the best player in the country, so we won despite being underdogs.

What's your best piece of advice?

If you get angry, let it all out before the next point. If not, you can throw away a game in the blink of an eye.

Lacrosse Girls stick it to London

»Women come from behind to win

PERSEPHONE BRIDGMAN-BAKER

Cambridge	11
London	9

Matches don't get much tougher than when your team takes on a side made up of the best players from the five major London Universities, including one outstanding international. They become harder still when three of your strongest players are out because of injury. But even with these difficulties the women's lacrosse team ran out 11-9 winners in a well-fought contest.

The Blues seemed determined to score from the first whistle and after an invigorating pre-match team talk, they appeared ready to do just that. From the first draw, Cambridge won the opening ground ball fight resulting in a swift goal for Tess Khoo, exactly the start Cambridge had been hoping for.

But London retaliated quickly, with two quick goals shooting past Cambridge's defensive unit to put them into the lead. Cambridge were still up for the fight, however, and the ball remained in their attacking third. Elaina Berry received a beautiful feed only to be triple-teamed by London's immensely effective defence, forcing her to pull out of the critical scoring area. Indeed, at this point crucial players were clearly being marked out of the game. Regular top goal scorer and Welsh international Lloyd found herself tightly marked, and Tanya Glanville Wallis was unable to make her usual drive towards goal.

London capitalised and scored twice more to go 4-1 ahead and Cambridge's morale seemed to be diminishing. Captain Claire Nance took the decision to call a time-out, and managed to turn the match

around. Spirits were restored, with rejuvenated calls of support from all players, and a run of winning draws resulted from good wing-defence teamwork.

Cambridge's defence was looking solid, with Emma Pack and goalie Alex Carnegie-Brown making excellent calls to upfield defenders to stay back. Numerous attempts from London to pull off goals from a settle were upended by Cambridge, the ball being swiftly taken up into attack by midfielders Anastasia Selezneva and Berry. Some great shots resulted from Julia Clarke driving around goal and support from her co-attacker Kate Morland saw more Cambridge goals. The team came off at half-time one goal down but with a win in sight.

The second half was demanding and both teams were frantic to secure the match. Recovering well with superb support from Carnegie-Brown in goal, the defensive pair had some subsequent outstanding moments. Olivia Shipton was particularly impressive, showing excellent ability in transferring the ball from defence to attack. The Blues' determination was showing at every stretch; fitness training was paying off. More goals from regulars Clarke and Morland racked up the Cambridge total, and things became ever closer after a fabulous long shot from Glanville Wallis.

A superb decision to switch up the midfield caught London off guard, and Cambridge took full advantage with a controlled goal from Morland driving from the top of the fan. The excitement was contagious and Khoo ended a fantastic fast break with a goal to send the Blues 11-9 up - a lead that they never relinquished.

Against strong opposition the Blues fought very well indeed, and fully deserved to be rewarded for their excellent efforts with a determined victory.



SOPHIE PICKFORD

The Hockey Blues lost 3-2 to their city rivals »See page 30

The Week In Weather

FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	

Hitori

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

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

Sudoku

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

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

Kakuro

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

			11	22					
		8					6	12	
		17				8			
						21			
		16	11						
		28							
		13				12		14	
						8			



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