

VARSITY

I don't think I got as ugly as I wanted to

Jess Holland talks to the very beautiful PJ Harvey

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No. 603

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

Friday October 8, 2004

Trio's appointment puts Provost's authority in doubt

King's fellows to 'advise and guide' Dame Judith Mayhew in aftermath of bursar's payoff

James Dacre

THREE FELLOWs at King's College have been appointed to 'advise and guide' the college's Provost, Dame Judith Mayhew, following a year of controversial executive decisions that culminated in the college being forced to agree a substantial settlement with former bursar Roger Salmon. Mayhew was accused of sacking Salmon out of hand at a public hearing into the matter of the bursar's November dismissal.

The appointment of the fellows, Dr Nicky Zeeman, Dr David Good, and Professor John Dunn, is an extraordinary move by the college's governing body. They have been termed 'babysitters' by one senior member of the College, and will be likely to take a particular interest in decisions of a financial nature.

Mayhew's most public difficulty since taking up the position in October 2003 has been the exoneration of Roger Salmon, sacked for "grave neglect of duty" in the midst of a furious student battle over rising rents. In sharp contrast, following a public hearing into the circumstances of his dismissal, on 9th July a joint statement was issued stating that he had "always acted with propriety and complete integrity" and "showed great energy and commitment in the role." While this drew Salmon's dispute with the Provost to a close, within King's there was great anger that Mayhew's actions cost the cash-strapped college hundreds of thousands of pounds. It is thought to be in response to these events that fellows have acted.

Salmon was sacked only one month after Mayhew had taken over as head of



Provost Judith Mayhew

King's and in the midst of a student strike over rising rents. On 4th November 2003, an exceptional Council meeting was called at which the decision to suspend Salmon pending further investigation into the College accounts was taken. Salmon and another member of council were not informed of the meeting, which is highly unusual.

In a letter dated 18th November the Provost then offered the Bursar the opportunity to question the findings of the Inspectors of Accounts, and a full disciplinary hearing should the matter proceed further. Instead, on 4th December at the Annual Congregation of all King's fellows, Mayhew tabled a motion for Salmon's immediate dismissal. The motion was not listed on the agenda and no prior notice had been given to either those attending the meeting or Salmon himself, who, under the terms of his suspension, was banned from entering college grounds at the time. Despite objections from some of

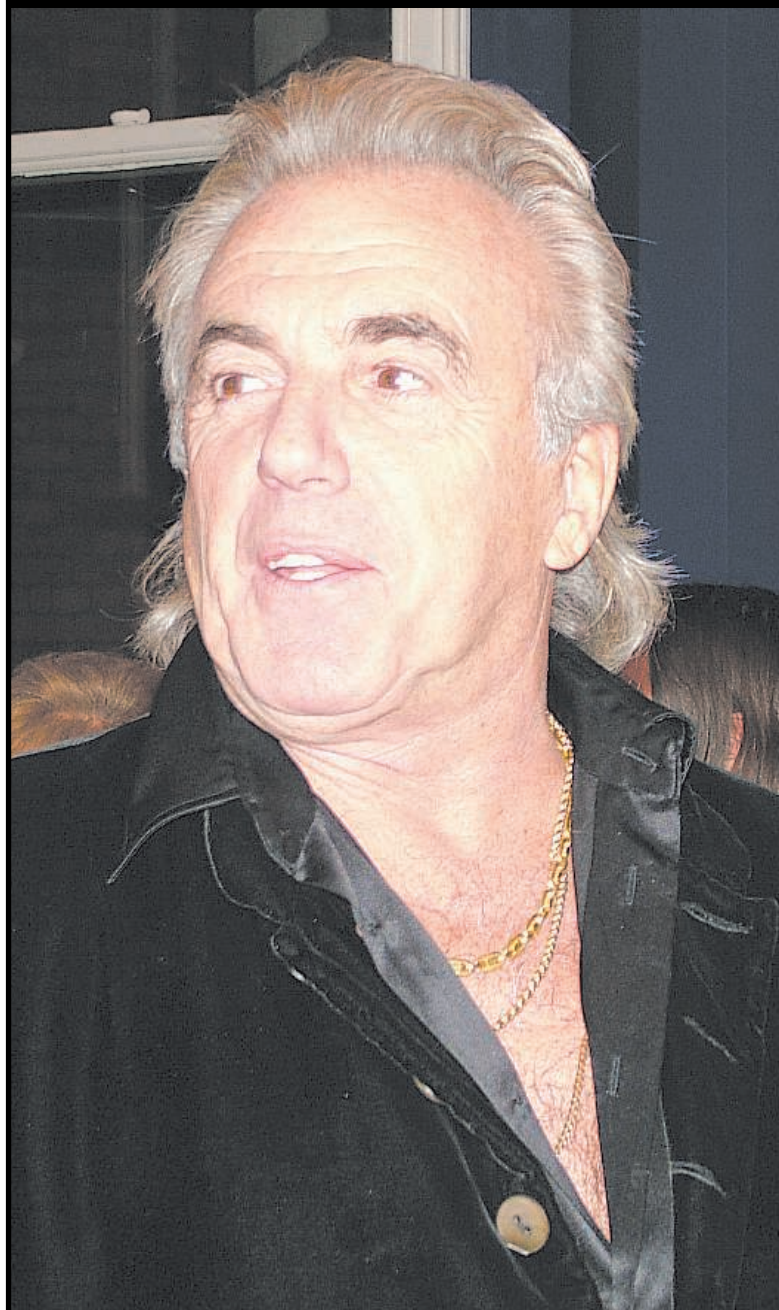
those present that due process was not being followed, the motion was carried, resulting in Salmon's dismissal.

Before her appointment to Kings, Mayhew was head of the Corporation of London, and it was hoped that her corporate experience would help improve King's financial situation. But fundraising success has so far been difficult to come by. Since arriving at King's, Mayhew's garden has been re-landscaped, and the college has spent hundreds of thousands refurbishing the bathrooms in the Provost's lodge. This expenditure has coincided with staff cut-backs and a reduction in the number of studentships available for post-graduate study at the college this year.

A permanent Bursar has yet to be appointed. At present Geoff Moggridge is acting as both Bursar and Lay Dean, and is responsible for the closure of King's Cellar and Vac Bars. Furthermore, a budget has not yet been approved by the Governing body for this financial year - despite the fact that it began on 1st July. King's was also five months late in presenting the University with its accounts. With accounts due at the end of last year, according to the King's Finance Office, the initial auditor's report had not been signed before 30th April.

Varsity contacted the Provost's office on Thursday with details of the substance of this article, but received no reply. The Senior Tutor, James Laidlaw, said that he was bound by a 'legally-binding confidentiality agreement,' and that he could not comment on matters raised in this article as a result. Applications for the post of Bursar closed on 24th September.

"My girls love the Conservatives"



Fiona Symington

LAST NIGHT saw the arrival of Tory donor and strip club owner Peter Stringfellow in the Cambridge Union for the fresher's debate, "This house believes the female of the species is more deadly than the male". He was joined by Miss Canada, with whom he proposed the motion. Stringfellow was in the news earlier this week after his infamous club hosted the Tory youth movement

Conservative Future's annual party. Stringfellow cried, "Die, Tony, Die!" to cheers from the crowd, according to the *Daily Mirror*. Cambridge undergraduate Daniel Deacon was amongst those present: he reported that Stringfellow also announced that "my girls love the Conservatives."

°Dan Deacon: my evening with Conservative strippers, page 6

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CONSULTANCY EVENT BANKING EVENT FINANCIAL SERVICES EVENT

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CUSU Abortion row

Chine Mbubaegbu

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY Pro-life Society say they are 'furious' that CUSU's Women's Union have decided to 'politically promote abortion on demand.' Their concern comes after what they have interpreted as CUSU Women's Union promotion of an organisation called 'Abortion Rights' through handing out stickers stating 'I'm pro-choice and proud of it.' 'Abortion Rights' is an organisation that formed in 2003 as a result of a merger between the Abortion Law Reform Association (ALRA) and the National Abortion Campaign (NAC).

University pro-lifers are angered by the CUSU Women's Union's affiliation to this organisation because, in a previous CUSU referendum that took place in November 2000, 59% of the student body voted against an affiliation with the NAC, who were believed to be in support of abortion-on-demand and abortion-up-to-birth.

According to Anne Quesney, Director of 'Abortion Rights' and former Co-ordinator for the National Abortion Campaign, the policies of the NAC have not been embraced by 'Abortion Rights'. She says: "We are a new organisation for the 21st century, which is in support of abortion on request within the current time limit."

Churchill student, Patrick Leahy, is Campaigns Officer of the Pro-Life Society and Director of Studentlifenet, a national coalition of pro-life students. He says that the Pro-life Society are objecting, not just to CUSU Women's Union's voting members affiliate to

'Abortion Rights', but to the fact that they are addressing the abortion issue at all. He says "Cambridge students will rightly be appalled that their student union is using their money to campaign for a highly controversial political issue."

Jo Read, CUSU Women's Officer, made clear that the CUSU Women's Union is certainly "in the middle" on the issue of abortion. This CUSU department are indeed affiliated to 'Abortion Rights', which means that they 'liaise with them on their work campaigning for access to a woman's legal right to choose.' She explained that the Women's Union have to work with other groups with information in order to have the structure in place to cater for the needs of university women. This thought is echoed by the Director of 'Abortion Rights' who said that 'young people should be able to access all the tools that will help them make informed choices.'

Despite its affiliation to 'Abortion Rights', CUSU claim that all they offer is non-directional support and information. At the recent Fresher's Fair, the CUSU stall gave away over 800 pro-choice stickers. These, according to Jo Read, were not forced upon people but were simply used to promote the Women's Union and had a positive response from students.

The University's Pro-Life Society are still very much angered by CUSU Women's Union's actions and are committed to pursuing the issue further. A representative of the society said that 'a number of individuals are currently taking legal advice and are more than prepared to take this to court... CUSU will be stopped.'

Magdalene motor mayhem



Lucy Phillips

Lucy Phillips

THREE MEN fled from a car which careered along the pavement and ended up wedged between a row of bollards and the wall of Magdalene College last Monday. A white Volvo estate was driven at speed down Magdalene Street until blown out tyres caused it to come to a halt close to the entrance of the college, narrowly missing pedestrians and cyclists.

The vehicle is said to have driven past 11 bollards before getting stuck. The men inside climbed out of the

back, handed the car keys and driving licence to a passer by, and ran off.

The incident, which took place at 2pm, caused traffic chaos throughout the city centre as the Police closed the road while they carried out their investigations. The Police are currently trying to trace reports that the men got away in a taxi.

A fresher from Magdalene, who had only arrived in Cambridge two days before, was standing inside the college gates when she heard the crash. She told *Varsity* "I saw the men climb out the back of the car and, as people tried to help the driver, who had a bloody

mouth from the impact, he yelled something at me and then ran off. I was relieved that no passers by were hurt."

Senior Bursar Andrew Thompson said that there had been "no major damage [to the college wall], just some scrapes on the stonework". College Marshall Bob Smith commented on the narrowness of the street and said that for the safety of cyclists, it ought to be made one-way.

An elderly lady from Cambridge was almost tipped off her bike as the car skidded. "It was very frightening," she said: "I thought I was going to be dead."

CU resists state school quota

Sarah Marsh

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY has controversially declared that it would resist Government pressure to discriminate against independent school pupils. Director for Admissions, Dr Geoff Parks, said the university was committed to increasing the proportion of state school students but would "ignore" the new 75% benchmark published by the Higher Education Funding Council and continue to set their own targets.

A University Spokesperson insisted "every year we put more energy into our own outreach and access projects at Cambridge. However we believe that the benchmarks set by the HEFC

should be based on each university's actual entrance criteria rather than simply tallying points."

The University fears that abiding by such a strict quota would compromise the quality of entrants. It is significant that some 62% of students achieving three A's at A-level attend state-schools, which is closer to what Cambridge is currently achieving, namely 58% state school students, than the new benchmark which would be based on UCAS points rather than A-level grades.

This backlash at the government reflects a turn-around in the debate on admissions policies and positive discrimination. A recent report by Professor Alan Smithers warned that universities

could be in breach of human rights legislation if they discriminate against independent school pupils when awarding places. Professor Smithers argues that it is as illegal to discriminate on educational grounds as it is to discriminate on grounds of gender or ethnicity. Universities such as Bristol, Edinburgh and Warwick have been harshly criticized for their "social engineering".

Although Cambridge's assertion of autonomous admissions policy has earned approval, it remains to be seen how the government will respond. Some fear the University will not be allowed to charge the full top-up fees if they fail to meet the official benchmarks, but the University has downplayed this threat.

Residents back smoke-free city

Lucy Phillips

FOUR OUT of five people in Cambridgeshire would prefer public places to be smoke-free, a survey has revealed. The survey, carried out by 'The Big Smoke', showed that 80% of people in the county would support a law to make all workplaces smoke-free.

It shows that the 16-24 age group, which had the highest proportion of smokers, were the least bothered by tobacco smoke.

The British Medical Association estimates that at least 1000 people die each year in the UK of lung cancer from exposure to second hand smoke.

Recent research in Australia has also shown that no-smoking areas fail to protect people from other people's tobacco. Studies prove that ventilation systems may reduce the smell of cigarette smoke but do nothing to guard against the real health dangers of secondary smoke.

The results come after Cambridge was hailed smoking capital of Britain in June. Research showed that people living in the CB2 1 area, which includes colleges such as Trinity, King's and Downing, spend more on cigarettes each year than anybody else in the country.

Jenny Weston, Tobacco Control and Alliance Co-ordinator for Cambridgeshire Public Health Network, said "Cambridge City Primary Care Trust and the City Council are working towards making all working environments smoke-free within the next 5 years." They have developed an action plan in which all NHS and local authorities will be smoke-free within the next year.

"We are also very keen to work closely with the hospitality industry and alert them to the dangers of second hand smoke." She cited the example of a pub in nearby Waterbeach which has recently banned smoking. The landlord com-

mented that it was such a success they were "now too busy!"

Ms Weston emphasized that the issue at stake was worker health and safety, the right to clean air rather than whether people should be smoking or not.

So far, the only pubs in Cambridge to be completely smoke-free are The Free Press, in Prospect Row, and The Cambridge Blue, in Gwydir Street.

The situation in Cambridge follows a nationwide trend for smoke-free public places after the success in New York and Ireland. Ms Weston said that increased restrictions would make it much more difficult for people to smoke and would therefore have a positive impact on the nation's health.

Five of the UK's leading pub companies, including Greene King and Enterprise Inns, have already pledged to 'regulate smoking at the bar by the end of the year' and make '80% the indoor area smoke-free by 2009'.

Instant fines for dropping litter



Lucy Phillips

LITTER LOUITS in Cambridge will be fined £50 on the spot from now on. Council staff and police community support officers will have the powers to issue fixed penalty notices to anyone seen littering the streets.

Alastair Roberts, Cambridge City Council's Anti-social Behaviour Officer, said: "Litter is a big problem in Cambridge. It is a real issue and we want to get to grips with it. You only have to walk across Parker's Piece on a sunny day to see the evidence".

"It is a minority of people causing a problem for the majority and ultimately the bill for cleaning up is taken up by the residents of Cambridge. We are not scoring points by issuing fines, the purpose is to educate people and make them take responsibility by putting rubbish in bins." Mr Roberts added, "There are enough bins if people use them."

If caught by the enforcement officers offenders are given the chance to pick up their litter and put it in the bin but if they refuse they are given the choice between an on-the-spot fine or going to court. The cost of taking litter bugs to court is prohibitive so the council believe that the fines will make it much cheaper to enforce the rules. Money made by the fines will be put back into street cleaning.

Student reaction to the scheme has been positive although some think that the fine is excessive. Emma Hardy, a second year Classicist from New Hall, said "I think it's a good idea as it's important to keep the streets clean. I must admit that I hadn't really noticed too much of a problem before though."

Lucy Phillips

VC pushes modern agenda

Tom Ebbutt talks to Professor Alison Richard one year on

IT'S DIFFICULT to envisage what the life of a Cambridge Vice-Chancellor is like at the best of times. However, for a new incumbent in the year that top-up fees dominated the University and the political agenda, leading to that final agonising Commons vote, the sheer scale of the task is unimaginable.

Professor Richard seems to have ridden it out and emerged with the same undimmed enthusiasm for the job - perhaps with a little less outward energy than at the same time last year.

From her office, she looks back on the issue that produced highly polarised opinion with both satisfaction in the Bill's successful passage, and recognition of the relationships that were damaged in the process.

"We went through a very serious process that was good... It was not an easy year last year, especially with the students and with CUSU's leadership on that but it was serious and so on we go."

Now she hopes that the University will refocus. Though the Regent House is yet to vote on the introduction of top-up fees, her focus has already moved on and after an episode which saw the University's relationship with CUSU stretched to breaking point, she has a new message for the University: the issue of access is one we can all unite around.

Last year's announcement of the means-tested bursary system, which is to be introduced alongside top-up fees,

means Cambridge already leads the national field in what Professor Richard calls "putting our money where our mouth is". This year, she says, the University as a whole should build upon that announcement and cement Cambridge's position at the head of the field when it comes to attracting those who are not normally found in Michaelmas' matriculation photos.

"I don't believe that the composition of our student body should be primarily driven by a kind of anomalous pricing structure" she asserts. "Have we met the goals that we believe we should have? No, not yet, but we're closer."

Professor Richard is optimistic about the future. "I'm really hopeful this year, I mean last year was bound to be a difficult year... but with Wes [Streeter] I am hoping that we can really work together with CUSU and with the students more generally, on the efforts to widen participation because that is a really good thing for everybody to do and it would be really great for everyone to find a way to do that together."

Professor Richard recognises this, and at the same time faces challenges to her new approach from national interference in Cambridge's access efforts. Commenting on HEFCE benchmarking, she says "It's no good to have goals that make no sense to us" - and by the ever increasing number of top A-level grades - "getting a better take on the A-level results would be helpful to us".

The University itself continues to reshape itself internally to face the chal-

lenges ahead with department demergers underway both in SPS and Engineering. Although departments have the final say in such issues, Professor Richard seeks to allay fears that this could lead to a narrowing of Cambridge's famously broad degrees. "As I go around talking to students I can tell they really value the freedom to move, for example, within the natural sciences. Certainly the academic staff with whom I've spoke also see the value of that flexibility."

She also recognises the concerns of students as Colleges seek to maximise revenue from other sources - conferences being the prime example. "There is always a tension between what you have to do for the short-term balancing of the budgets and what you would like to do in the long term..."

There are regrets - the pulling out of the Primate testing centre the most obvious. There is delight, however, at the active role that Cambridge is playing in the life of the nation. "There is a great emphasis on the University's contribution to society as an economic driver but I believe the University contributes in a much, much wider way."

Suggestions that Professor Richard's profile is not high enough seem likely to fade over the next few weeks. The same can be said for any feeling that she might be regretting the move back across the Atlantic: "its even more wonderful than I had ever thought".

Professor Richard: Quote, unquote



CU Press Office

The private/state divide

"The playing field is not flat... but I think its too easy to sit here and say its nothing to do with us."

On new colleges

"It seems to me the really interesting question is do you want to add more colleges or more beds per college or do you actually want to think about what the collegiate experience could mean for say married students with children or post-doctoral staff."

Gillian Evans

"I am a total believer in academic freedom but I don't think that is appropriate for me to engage in debates with any members of the University through the pages of the media. So I don't."

Intellectual Property Rights

"Professor Cornish's views are very thoughtful... I thought that report moved the issue forward for Cambridge in a very helpful way."

Using an overseas campus to cut University deficit

"It's not where I would look to go."

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Why Mayhew's business is not King's business



COMMENT

JAMES DACRE

“A woman who was clearly recruited to bring King's into the 21st century has been criticised as being singularly intent on sending it into the last”

The modern rationale for the existence of an Oxbridge college is for it to serve the academic interests of its students. Colleges are central and virtually autonomous bodies without which the University would barely exist. College authorities must therefore assume the pastoral responsibilities of caring for their students, a role of independent stewardship and the control of a management structure that must be kept secure so that a college can sustain itself financially. The primary interests of a college are not financial or commercial ones.

A college is more than just a business. Academic prosperity and student welfare are contingent upon financial stability, but the running of a Cambridge college should not be arranged with this as a priority. The degree of tact and diplomacy required in the running of a college and the calming of its volatile population is enormous. Robin Butler, the master of University College Oxford was head of the Home Civil Service, but upon reaching Oxford went on public record as saying that all the skills that he had used at the top of the civil service were completely useless to the running of a college.

Formerly head of the Corporation of London, Dame Judith Mayhew was once seen as one of Britain's most powerful women. Trained as an employment lawyer, she regularly admits to hating confrontation. She is no stranger to controversy however having spent four years driving legislation for voting reforms through parliament.

Mayhew was expected to solve King's financial problems by attracting corporate endorsements and sponsorship for a college that has faced increasing financial crisis over

the past five years. Within her college, she has attracted most criticism for her attempts to push King's back towards its distant past as one of Cambridge's "traditional" colleges, ignoring its post-1960 record as one of the most progressive of Colleges. A woman who was clearly recruited to bring King's into the 21st century has been criticised as being singularly intent on sending it into the last.

Two years ago, the King's prospectus proudly described integration between students and fellows exemplified by a mixed seating arrangement in formal hall. Similarly, college literature discussed how students have never recently been required to dress formally for any college activities. Mayhew has reinstated a high table at mealtimes and demanded the wearing of suits for this year's matriculation photo and supper; moves that have induced resentful protest and graffiti.

Her determination to enforce a College hierarchy has met with resistance: at a dinner in February, she stormed out after discussing College politics with students, claiming, "I have all the power. You have none." However at subsequent dinners she has gone to extraordinary length to ensure she need not speak to Student Union officers, forgoing her place on the top table at the Graduation dinner to avoid being seated near student activists such as Paul Lewis, former CUSU President. Many believe these small incidents reflect a wider desire to render King's active student Union impotent. Are they indicative of a "culture of arrogance," amongst senior university figures that Professor Gillian Evans condemned at such length last week?

Many believe that Mayhew's city

background will lead her to change the very ethos of King's College, long regarded as the most progressive and left-wing Cambridge College, with a state school intake of around 80 per cent. There have been reports that plans are now being drawn up to reduce this.

In addition, Mayhew, having labelled King's famous red bar a "den of drinking and smoking" this summer oversaw the painting of the red walls cream, in a literal whitewash of King's vibrant political history. In an e-mail seen by the KCSU executive, the Senior Tutor claimed that the choice of colour was so as not to intimidate right-wing students.

It is important that Cambridge has a progressive college in the same way that it is essential for her to maintain aspects of tradition elsewhere. For college management to counteract the college's liberal atmosphere is to regress from forty years of the college's achievements in furthering equality of opportunity within the university. To do so removes from her everything that makes her distinctive. The university admissions policy grants prospective students complete autonomy in choosing their colleges and applicants choose King's because of this distinction.

Yet King's has a reputation as a place where controversial politicking is often said to exist for the sake of controversy. King's must not appear to hold an exclusively left-wing agenda. Right-wing students are never realistically going to be intimidated by a bar painted a Communist red, and King's holds many conservative students, but this is a nuance that only someone in touch with student life would understand. To an outsider,

like Mayhew, the rhetoric and imagery of King's students can be difficult to swallow.

It seems that Mayhew's major error has been to divorce herself from student culture and opinion. She is rarely seen around the college. Her executive methods appear derisive and suppressive of King's politics. Her predecessor was never accused of being out of touch with the student population.

This is partly because the way that she has chosen to manage the college is to heavily exercise the distinctly executive power that she holds. The heads of colleges should be legally independent representatives over whom the fellows may exert some control. The head of a college is not like a headmaster or even a vice-chancellor, but a leader amongst equals.

Mayhew might have alienated both her students and many of her colleagues. Her apparent misjudgement in Salmon's case seems to have opened up a division between herself and students, staff and fellows. Does this suggest that those fellows now appointed to guide the provost are there to blur this distinction and ensure that Mayhew is indeed a leader amongst equals?

In academia it seems that you are respected for two qualities; scholastic eminence, and an ability to hold your own in the cut and thrust of university politics. Mayhew lacks an academic training and has shied away from colleagues. Furthermore, there has been increasing concern that matters are increasingly discussed under reserved business in college council meetings.

Colleges statutorily receive some public money from the money granted to the University but there are

rules to ensure propriety in the way they spend it. Personal affairs concerning fellows are usually not discussed with student members of governing bodies of colleges. However, when the issues are really financial and not personal, they should not be categorised as reserved business. It is necessary to detail such matters in the open minutes of the meetings. If an advisory body of fellows were set up to protect the college's financial interests, amongst other things, then this should have been made public.

In a "Circular letter number 20/99" issued by the Higher Education Funding Council for England, there are clear instructions that "Institutions shall show the aggregate amount of any compensation paid" to senior management figures "whose remuneration exceeded £50,000 in the year in respect of loss of office." So, Salmon's pay-off should certainly not be a secret. With university requirements such as room rents being fixed upon the basis of how much money King's has and needs, students have a right to know about serious financial losses experienced by the college. Why should students pay enormous fees to a college that can't handle their money?

It is enormously difficult to acquire the intuition and experience to run a college. There has been a long trail of major public figures that have come into Cambridge and similar institutions and walked out after a year of being unable to adapt to the university's context. Salmon's settlement may well cause simmering discontent to bubble over into revolt; there is growing consensus between oft-warring fellows and students alike that Mayhew's appointment may well have been a mistake.

7-9pm
Coco Bar
Tuesday 12th October

ADC alumni return for the reopening of the theatre after refurbishment



Courtesy of the ADC

Alice Harper

MONDAY EVENING saw the reopening of Cambridge's ADC theatre, with a reception sprinkled with patrons and famous alumni, such as John Madden, director of *Shakespeare in Love*, and Nicholas Hytner, Artistic Director of the National Theatre. Phase two of the refurbishment, which concentrated on the foyer and back stage areas, was undertaken over the summer and will be followed eventually by an overhaul of the auditorium itself.

The emphasis at the reception was very much on the link that the theatre provided with the outside world, be it Cambridge or the more expansive world of the theatre in general. Professor Alison Richard, Vice Chancellor of Cambridge University, said that the ADC was "the gateway to the gateway of the university...what finer gateway to the community than through the ADC." She stressed that, with a third of plays put on coming from Cambridge's general population, the ADC provided an important link with the town.

To remind guests just how much ADC alumni had contributed to theatre, Sir Geoffrey Cass, Chairman of the theatre's Development Appeal, read out notes sent from absent alumni ranging from Sam Mendes to Trevor Nunn.

Hytner, who also gave a speech at the celebration, highlighted the fact that the last four directors of the National Theatre (Trevor Nunn, Richard Eyre and Peter Hall being his predecessors) have read English at Cambridge, as well as being ADC regulars. The fifth, Laurence Olivier,

could, he joked, be excused.

One anecdote reported Peter Hall's response when asked why Cambridge produced such famous alumni: "Cambridge does not have a drama department." He went on to add, "In microcosm, the ADC is an image of the theatre world outside. You have to temper academic rigour with the vulgar demands of showbusiness." Following the reception, guests saw the CAST production of *As You Like It*, which recently toured America, and a foot-light smoker.

Haw-king

Lucy Phillips

PROFESSOR STEPHEN Hawking, Cambridge University's Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, is more of a role model to teenage boys than David Beckham, according to a recent survey.

The poll, by Good Housekeeping magazine, to find the man to whom boys aged 16 to 18 look up to the most, took into account the views of 500 teenagers across the country.

Hawking was quoted in the magazine saying, "Over the years I've been voted the second most intelligent person and was amused to be among the world's ten sexiest men. But I'm honoured to be an inspiring role model. Thank you."

The news comes as a relief after recent criticism that all teenaged boys are interested in is television and computer games.

Beckham came third in the poll with England Rugby World Cup hero Jonny Wilkinson taking second place.

Top Ten Teenage Role Models

- 1 Stephen Hawking
- 2 Jonny Wilkinson
- 3 David Beckham
- 4 Lennox Lewis
- 5 Ricky Gervais
- 6 Vinnie Jones
- 7 Jeremy Clarkson
- 8 Sir Richard Branson
- 9 Steven Redgrave
- 10 David Jason

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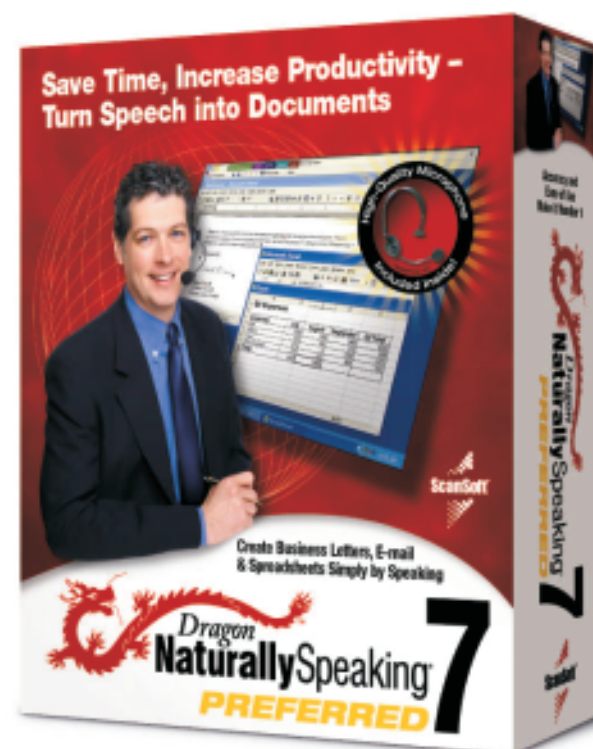
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From Blue Rinse to Red Light

Dan Deacon finds that the Conservative party has some novel recruitment tactics

The Conservatives are dying: New Labour has stolen the middle ground; the Liberals attract the 'enlightened' and passionate young; UKIP have colonised the 'unenlightened' and passionate old. As one political commentator recently asserted, Conservative policy isn't the problem: it's personality and presentation. Yet the Tories have survived downturns in their fortunes many times before, and come back to govern again. With such a determinedly survivalist history, can they really be on the way out?

As Hartlepool's town hall was still being cleared up, and the fallout of the by-election assessed, I ponder this question whilst staring at a pair of large breasts attached to an incredibly thin blond woman. Momentarily I step back from my analysis of contemporary party politics to take in a broader view: three pairs of large breasts, three dancing thin girls and the three poles that they spin on. The view broadens again; I am in a room with over three hundred people; none of them are over 25, and all clutch to their free glass of champagne (sourced from the evening's unlimited supply) like babies to their rattles. I am at a strip club.

And not just any strip club: I am at 'Stringfellows,' that revered institution which, as a lad, I gazed upon imagining it contained all the solutions to my adolescent woes. The occasion is a party celebrating the 'Conservative Future.' Shifted (verb used to imply a great deal of reluctance on my part) onto the guest list at the last minute, I

had to prepare some semblance of Conservative opinion just in case, amongst all the nakedness, I was engaged in a discussion about the state of immigration in this country. Fortunately I was not. All the Conservative boys were 'engaged' in unleashing those adolescent woes, while the Conservative girls looked on with a kind of stunned curiosity, presumably wondering if the whole event couldn't have simply been held in a bar. I'm afraid not, ladies: the Conservatives are diversifying, and holding their annual parties in strip clubs is a sure-fire route to appealing to 50% of the population.

Suddenly the music stopped and the dancers scuttled off. Then, the big moment: the appearance of the man himself, Peter Stringfellow (and his hair), on the raised stage. He had a speech prepared, designed to invigorate the troops, telling us: 'Howard's our man, no more disloyalty.' (Cheers of agreement.) 'This government is killing us with tax.' (Bigger cheers of agreement.) 'This Iraq thing is terrible, war is terrible, but it's not going to matter to the electorate.' (Hey, hey, hey, Pete, my man, stay on script will you, old Howard just spent a week telling us it will matter to the electorate.) 'You know, my girls love the Conservative party. They do... I tell them, look, ladies, I'll explain the difference between being a Conservative and being Labour: about three grand extra in your pocket each year- and they're all Conservative!' The best was yet to come, though. For Peter Stringfellow,



Fiona Symington

Peter Stringfellow and friend at the union last night. No dancing girls were present, although Miss Canada was

that incisive political mind, had the solution for all the party problems. It was not the party, or the leader, or the policies: all the party had to do was get the Sun back on side, and all would be well: 'Cos if the Sun says vote Conservative, those 10 million buggers will vote Conservative.' A statement filled with hope about the health of our democracy. Nonetheless, I felt Pete had not thought this through. Why was he preaching to the converted and paying for all the champagne and nakedness? Why not throw open the doors of the Stringfellows night club every evening and give free girls and champagne to the readers of the Sun? If his macro-economic analysis was true, then surely the Conservatives' tax policy would retrieve any losses in the long term, and we might all get to enjoy the sight of Lord Stringfellow of Breastshire in the not so distant future.

Clearly there is a none-too-subtle paradox contained in a party of moral virtue and Victorian values holding an annual

get-together in the midst of naked women willing to sell you a lap dance for £20. Yet, as my friend reminded me, its actually the embodiment of consumerism and free market capitalism- essentially, everything, even a buttock or a breast, has a price. The arrangement for the evening was that the young Conservatives had unlimited champagne and girls dancing from 8pm to 10pm. After that point we would have to pay for dances and drink because, as Pete reminded us, he is a Conservative. At 10pm precisely, I stood watching the no longer free entertainment. One girl stroked me. I looked at her and she introduced herself as 'Eva' who was born in Portugal but was a citizen of America.

Stringfellows proved itself an exemplar of the capitalist system, because as soon as our 'two hour free-view' was over, these girls got to work. Now, usually in these first-time-meeting-a-hot-girl situations I have to think of things to say, but not with this young woman - she was extremely forthcoming: 'So,

are you a Conservative?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Well you know, its funny, because I am voting Republican and they are Conservative.'

What one must remember in these situations is that the girls will say and do whatever they feel will work in order for you to give them £20 for a private lap dance. In normal circumstances, one might hear 'wow, you're so handsome... you have great muscles.... are you stressed from work?' But in preparation for an evening's employment surrounded by young Conservatives, these girls had clearly read up on their Neo-Con ideology. Eva declared, in her underwear: 'You know, Daniel, I am with the Conservatives: we need to hunt down and kill these evil terrorists.'

The Conservatives may be dying, but for as long as its funds are used to entertain its current hopefuls in this way, it will be a far more enjoyable death than most in this country would enjoy. And, after all, isn't that what being a Conservative is all about?



ANALYSIS
ARCHIE BLAND

“Whether these figures were hit upon by accident or cynical design is a moot point: what is clear is that they are nonsensical”

There is nothing particularly surprising about the government's decision to raise the benchmarks that it sets universities like Cambridge again this year. Despite the fact that these are always well ahead of where Russell Group institutions actually are on widening access, it is clearly politic to appear to be moving forwards in terms of the social balance of our universities, in principle if not in practice. What is certainly unusual is the scale of the leap in the expected intake of state school educated pupils: the percentage has gone from the low sixties to the mid seventies.

The reason for this, predictably enough, is the change in the method used to calculate the appropriate ratio. The government's estimates work by taking the proportion of the country as a whole which receives a certain aca-

demic level, and using this to define what the balance in institutions like Cambridge ought to be, too. So because 63% of students in the country who received 3 As, Cambridge's standard offer, are at state schools, it is suggested that something like the same proportion of undergraduates here should be from the same sort of background.

So far, so reasonable. What is harder to follow is the alteration in the process this year, which used net UCAS points instead of A level grades. Now, lots more people receive an equivalent to 3 As worth of UCAS points than receive three As, simply because there isn't a strict rule on how one can rack them up: the points achieved in three low-ranking AS results add up as part of the same tally as points received in the more significant exams, and you can take as many such exams as you like. But stu-

dents with a plethora of mediocre AS levels are unlikely to be suitable for education at Cambridge.

This is why university admissions tutor Geoff Parks is bemused, and he has a right to be. He called the figures 'a little bit perplexing,' and added, for good measure, that the university will ignore the new benchmarks - which seem rather pointless anyway, holding as they do no material consequences for those universities which make no attempt to meet them. Whether these new figures were hit upon by accident or cynical design is a moot point: what is clear is that they are nonsensical. They emerge, coincidentally, and inevitably, in the same week as yet another prospective student with an extraordinary array of A grades was turned down. This time, the unlucky applicant was Solihull's Tsz Fok, who achieved 8 As and 2 Bs. He later

won a place at Oxford, which must have softened the blow a little; but this didn't stop the *Sunday Times* running the story as an example of what's wrong with Oxbridge admissions.

The proof that the annual ritual of flagellation of our universities' admissions procedures is a good percentage nonsense is in the way these bits of spurious anecdote are regularly turned to argue two mutually exclusive cases. If the pupil is Laura Spence, and from a state school, the university in question is inherently biased against all but the wealthiest; if it's Tsz Fok, they're the proponents of a dastardly attempt at social engineering. The way these bits and pieces balance out proves nothing - except, perhaps, that institutional bias in any direction is much harder to find than those who wish to lay the blame for this country's failures in education at the door of 'elitism' imagine,

or those whose child did not get a place despite a fantastically expensive schooling would seem to.

Our educational system as a whole is a different story, but to blame the last rung on the ladder for the failures which occur as the first foot has barely left the ground is a smokescreen. So, indeed, is the state/private measure: after all, going to state school may merely mean that there was a very good state school near home. What's much more telling is that under 5% of students at Cambridge are from the worst off social groups, and this figure shows no sign of changing. If this is to be addressed, the first step is: recognise where the first step is. The solution to the shameful lack of educational opportunity for those who are most deprived can hardly be said to lie in changing an irrelevant criterion for an impossible one.

Careers Service events



UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

For Finalists, penultimate year undergraduates and postgraduates of all degree disciplines. All years welcome.

CONSULTANCY EVENT – TUESDAY 12 OCT, 2.00-6.00pm

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Analysys
Bain & Company, Inc.
Booz Allen & Hamilton
Boston Consulting Group
Burlington Consultants
Charles River Associates
Corporate Value Associates
Credo

Deloitte
Diamondcluster International Inc.
IBM United Kingdom Limited
LEK Consulting LLP
Marakon UK
McKinsey & Co Inc.
Mercer Management Consulting
Mercer Oliver Wyman
Monitor Group

OC&C Strategy Consultants
Parthenon Group
PricewaterhouseCoopers LLP - Strategy Group
Roland Berger
Sapient Corporation
Spectrum Strategy Consultants
ZS Associates

BANKING EVENT – WEDNESDAY 13 OCT, 2.00-6.00pm

ABN-AMRO
Baillie Gifford
Bank of America Securities
Bank of England
Barclays Capital
Bear Stearns International Ltd
Citadel Investment Group LLC
Citigroup
Credit Suisse First Boston

D E Shaw (USA)
Deutsche Bank
Dresdner Kleinwort Wasserstein
Fidelity Investments
Goldman Sachs International Ltd
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JPMorgan
Lazard

Lehman Brothers International
Macquarie Bank
Merrill Lynch Investment Managers
Morgan Stanley
N M Rothschild & Sons Ltd
RBC Capital Markets
Royal Bank of Scotland Financial Markets
UBS

FINANCIAL SERVICES EVENT – THURSDAY 14 OCT, 2.00-5.30pm

American Express
Aon Limited
Barclays Bank plc
BDO Stoy Hayward LLP
BSkyB
Capital International Ltd
Capital One Bank (Europe) plc

Deloitte
Ernst & Young
Financial Services Authority
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HSBC Commercial Banking
KPMG
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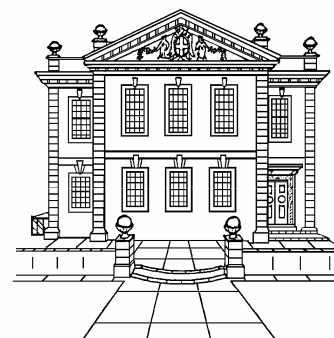
Marsh
Mercer Human Resource Consulting
Norwich Union Insurance Group
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GARDEN HOUSE HOTEL, MILL LANE

Check our website, the *Careers Service Guide* and *Diary* for full details of all our events, employers, careers, and many ideas from the conventional to the unconventional.

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"It is quite extraordinary how many people are packed into Kelsey Kerridge sports hall"

Jason Donovan: hero for the top-up fees generation

I can't say it's been easy for me coming to terms with the fact that I'm going to have to work for a living. God, no. It's occasioned more that one night of sobbing into my pillow, wailing "Why me?" at no-one in particular, "Why don't I have a sodding trust fund?" No one could accuse me of being the self-pitying type, but I don't mind revealing it's been a real struggle and I must admit, I do find the omnipresence of Careers Advice rather insensitive at this, most difficult, of times. Constantly, they're badgering me about the need to get some work experience and put together a CV and blah blah blah. Is it my fault that whenever I'm about to turn off the telly and start updating my CV, I immediately stumble upon that holy grail of daytime television, the one, as yet unseen, Friends re-run? Is it?

It would be sheer folly to even contemplate getting off my arse, when television still has so much to teach me. Are there any secrets of the human heart not amply explored by a single episode of Trisha? And surely there is no more accurate demonstration of the basic principles of black hole theory than the way the Hollyoaks omnibus sucks all the decent Sunday morning programming into its depths of rubbishness. All of which is merely first year Land Economy, when compared with the truly enlightening epiphany I had the other day whilst watching Jason Donovan being interviewed on ITV's excellent Loose Women.

To judge from the sad wisdom evident in Mr Donovan's eyes, you couldn't wish for a better spiritual

"You couldn't wish for a better spiritual education than a brief stint of massive celebrity"



Ellen E Jones

education than a brief stint of massive celebrity, followed by a life-time of being considered nothing more than a stray bit of naff pop culture detritus. I'll admit to reserving a special corner of my heart for boy band also-rans and forgotten one hit wonders, but there is also a special something about this celebrity sub-group, which cannot be denied. Like his spiritual successors, Mark Owen and John and Terry from East 17, Jason Donovan was successful without any unique talent to justify it and too much good sense to pretend otherwise.

Fickle fate, nonetheless, saw fit to propel him to great heights and then, with just as little warning, yank him down again. Fifteen years later and with a spectacularly unglamorous cocaine addiction behind him, his career consists of understudying for Philip Schofield in Andrew Lloyd Webber musicals.

Add to that the humiliation of being forever unfavourably compared to Kylie, an equally untalented contemporary who arbitrarily succeeded where he failed, and you have the makings of a great man, indeed.

Humility, like the fish-nets he donned for The Rocky Horror Show, can be a challenging look for a man his age, but he wears it so well.

"Failure, rejection, public humiliation: these are some of the best things that can happen to a person"

Failure, rejection, public humiliation: these are some of the best things that can happen to a person. The chief benefit being that, while some delusional heavy-weights do manage, it's very hard to be a self-important knob once all the sycophants have deserted you and your name is a by-word for cheesiness. Meanwhile, for those still favoured by fate, not becoming a knob must be an on-going battle. Even the comparatively minor suc-

cess of gaining a place at Cambridge brings out the slightly wanky side in most of us, eventually. You need only stand still at any Cambridge social gathering and listen for a moment to hear it. All the competing conversations, ("Oh rilly? You're at Natsci at Trinity?...No, no. He was rusticated at Michaelmas") gradually blend into one long neigh - the neigh of self-congratulation.

A rare moment of introspection might even prompt you to ask yourself, "Who is this red-wine swilling, over-confident person I've become? This person who laughs loudly at Latin jokes and thinks it's acceptable to converse in a language composed entirely of elitist abbreviations, public school slang and archaisms?" I might occasionally be tempted to flush my own head down the toilet, were it not a physical impossibility.

Thankfully, the wisdom which only failure teaches is not so far out of reach as a Cambridge education might suggest. A quick channel hop from BBC news to ITV's 'The X factor' is enough to demonstrate the fate which awaits us on graduation. The job market is flooded with debt-slave graduates all of whom naively supposed three years of slog might have earned them a step up on the career ladder, while our TV screens are bursting with wannabe celebrities, whose tenacity is matched only by their delusion. Rejoice! With prospects this low and expectations this high, it can only be a matter of time before a decade of directionless temping makes Jason Donovans of us all and I, for one, can't wait.

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VARSLTY

Abortion is a private matter

Abortions happen. They happen if they are legal; they happen if they aren't. If they aren't, they are more likely to be performed with coathangers. More people die needlessly in a society which does not permit abortion than one which doesn't, and that's all there is to it: if you can't adjust people's moral compass (even if you would want to), there's no point in simply forcing them underground.

The moral position on abortion is a far more complicated one, which arise from the difficulty of any sort of comparison of the rights of a woman to control of her body, and the rights of a foetus to exist. An individual may find the idea repellent on a personal level; on the other hand, that individual may not be pregnant, and alone, and desperate. Because these questions are endlessly subjective, they are far less useful in determining a reasonable position on this issue than the practical considerations outlined above. On this basis, the only reasonable position to take on the legality of abortion is: the alternative is worse.

There is, nevertheless, something peculiar about the CUSU Women's Union's decision to support an organisation called Abortion Rights. There's a clear dichotomy here: on the one hand an ethical position best justified by the idea that the state ought not get involved in the individual's business, or morally proselytise, unless the public good can be unequivocally shown to lie on the side of interference; on the other, active support of that principle whose manner amounts to precisely the kind of unwarranted representation of the moral views of a constituency it purports to reject.

If CUSU Women's Union believes that a woman ought to have more control over her body than the state: fine. *Varsity* agrees. But *Varsity* would also suggest that the women who make up that Union are by no means clear and single in their endorsement of this position, and that to suggest otherwise falls somewhere between simplistic and patronising. Jo Read, the women's officer, has said that CUSUWU does not offer advice one way or another, and that their 'pro choice and proud of it' stickers do not amount to a compromise of this principle, and there is some truth in the point that the stickers say 'pro choice', not 'pro abortion'. Nevertheless, it should be borne in mind that our student representatives are very far from having the ringing endorsement of their constituents, after years of low voter turnout: to adopt such a position in the face of this overwhelming apathy and affect to speak on Cambridge women's behalf, as if they are a single unified group, smacks of complacency.

Can't say Fairer than that

Varsity had an excellent time at the fresher's fair, but it must be acknowledged that there is something to be said for being a finalist, and never having to go again. It is quite extraordinary how many people are packed into Kelsey Kerridge sports hall, and attempting to manoeuvre through the madding throng whilst carrying a vast pile of Cambridge's only independent newspaper is enough to give anyone the shakes. One sees so many societies designed to be crazee because they're secretly boring, that the average fresher must be convinced that this is the wrong university entirely, and he or she would have been better off getting a job, where at least no-one tries to persuade you that Korfball is a useful way to spend your time.

Still, it is a pretty remarkable event. There are few such occasions in the life of this university, at which its extraordinarily diverse membership is brought into such unsettling proximity; being present at one is truly fascinating. The proximity of incongruous stalls is regularly amusing, and some of the publicity techniques are sufficiently ingenious to warrant serious attention from this country's political parties in the lead up to the next general election.

Other than on the societies page of the university website, you will probably never again see so bizarrely, superbly various a collection corralled into one location: every year, we should give thanks that there weren't any punch ups, and also that our community is so fabulously full up.

The freebies are great, too. In two hours one can comfortably collect CDs, posters, several bank accounts, a wide array of sweets exchanged for sheepishly given promises of future attendance at events, and more branded pencils than one could feasibly get through in the course of a three year degree. (*Varsity* was giving away beer mats, or coasters, if you prefer: come and get a drink to put on them at our squash at CoCos this Tuesday.)

Letters

letters@varsity.co.uk

King's Bar refurbished

Dear Sir,

Whilst changing the colour of the bar may be part of a 'modernising' agenda supposedly to increase conference income, to many of us the Red Bar is an important symbol of tradition and history of which we are proud, a tradition which drew us to the College in the first place. Oscar Leonard is spot on when he cites changes like this as being 'the increased erosion of King's unique character'.

Tradition is there to be respected, nurtured and developed in a modern context.

Not only this, *Varsity* tells us that the Cellar can no longer serve drink. Ludicrous. Perhaps members of Pink Floyd - who played in the Cellar Bar in the 70s and for whom King's provided unique inspiration - were right when they said that 'The lunatic is on the grass', where the Fellows now walk.

The sort of arrogance which ignores student opinion and history, as well as deciding to 'play down its high state school intake' (one which still cannot compete with the national average) will not go down with many. At least the carpet isn't blue.

Martin Lucas-Smith
Non-resident member, King's College
(Geography, 1997-2000)

War on Terror comes home

Dear Sir,

Your suggestion (The Idler, October 1st) that Osama Bin Laden is 'skulking in Dorset' seems reasonable. Sightings of The Warrior, as he is known here, have become increasingly frequent. And why not? Dorset, with its reputation for generous hospitality and excellent medical care, provides for its elderly and retired residents exceptionally well.

Yours ever,

Vicky Pencil
Lyme Regis, Dorset

Gardies Saved

Dear Sir,

I write to express my relief, and that of my friends, that our favourite kebab shop has been saved. A night out in Cambridge would not be the same without a trip to Gardies, which has become somewhat an institution for many of us.

I also believe that it is very important to support small, independent businesses like this, before chain retailers completely take over and all town centres become identical. Cambridge is a unique place and I would like to see it remain that way.

With best wishes,

Miss Phillippa Lucien-Paul

Women's Colleges

Dear Sir,

Lucy Phillips (*Varsity*, 1 October, 2004) should be given another attempt to count the number of all women's colleges in Cambridge. After all, she is only perpetuating a common misconception.

Yours sincerely,

Tony Eva

This week's prize goes to Martin Lucas-Smith, who wins two tickets to a film of his choice at the Arts Picturehouse.

Arts Picture house



The Bishop of Ely

O c c a s i o n a l m i s s i v e s f r o m t h e e p i s c o p a l f r o n t l i n e

•Overjoyed scenes at the ADC on Monday, and much rejoicing at the miraculous renovation; but are all those funds going to good use? Your correspondent hears (at confession) that, where most of the invited host were content at an offering of the return train fare to London in return for their presence, one especially luminary alumnus - Nationally known - insisted on a taxi from the big smoke and back, which came to a cool £300. That'll buy you a lot of hail marys, as the actress said to the bishop.

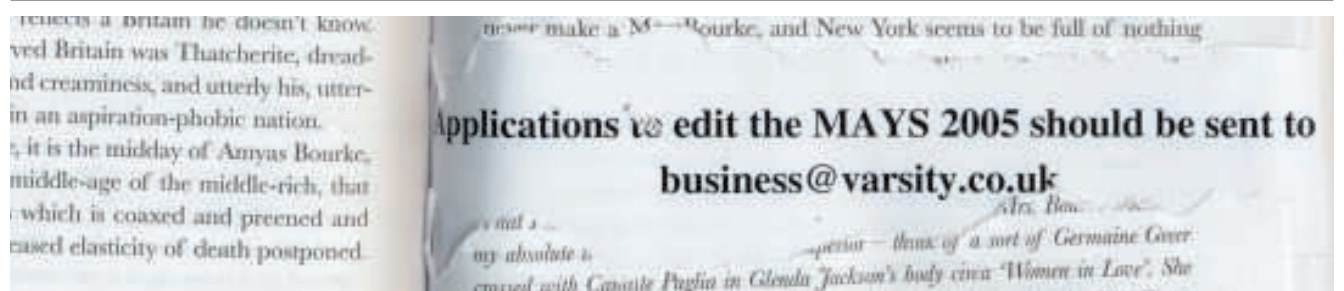
•The Bishop had a stall at the freshers' fair, but free cassocks obviously aren't enough these days, so your correspondent packed up and wandered around CUSU's hymn to diversity in search of divine amusement. Hundreds of stall-holders passed the event in perfect harmony (though RockSoc smelled like a Bat Out Of Hell, it must be said, which surely tested their immediate neighbours), and a Good Time Was Had By All. One minor hitch in the arrangement of societies:

those hip CUCA (sorry, cuca) cats were slap bang next to their liberal democratic nemeses. Now, was it all an accident, or does someone in charge have a mean sense of humour? The bishop would remind you that judgement belongs to God alone, and therefore refrains from all comment.

•Meanwhile, another grand Cantabrian institution plays host to Miss Canada this week. Not exactly a celebrity coup, the more cynical amongst the congregation might mutter; malicious and unfounded rumour has it that the fresh-faced Union president had pitched for Miss World, and got her Canuck counterpart as a consolation prize. Which is sort of like praying and being answered by St Peter. Still, there are solaces for the new man on campus: could the arduous task of entertaining the glamorous Nazanin Afshin-Jam throughout her three day sojourn in Cambridge possibly have tipped the lusty hack's hand? Her fellow debater, Peter Stringfellow, will surely give his youthful host a tip or two...

•If you burst the bubble recently you might have travelled along the A14 on your way to Sodom and Gomorrah. You probably won't have seen the sign put up just outside Cambridge, which warned motorists that 'thieves operate in this area'. The reason? It was stolen. Within a few hours of its appearance. Heavens above!

•Hugh Balsham, the bishop of Ely, founded the first Cambridge college, Peterhouse, in 1284. He has since noticed that an atmosphere of licentiousness has descended, and not enough people know who he is. When the spirit moves him, will occasionally redress the balance on both fronts. Should you wish to confess, on your own behalf or for anyone else, he has an online service which can be accessed by emailing letters@varsity.co.uk, in the strictest confidence, with 'forgive me' in the subject line. He is also available for christenings and bar mitzvahs.



Polly Jean the polymath

Jessica Holland talks to PJ Harvey about commercial success, Vincent Gallo and her “ugly album”

Every once in a while, despite all the odds, the mainstream welcomes an artist who is challenging, passionate and utterly themselves. It happened with Bowie, it happened with Bjork and it happened with Polly Jean Harvey. Twelve years after the release of her witty, dark, grunge-blues debut *Dry*, and three since winning the Mercury Music prize put her in Ikea CD racks across the land, she is still cutting an innovative path through a jungle of 3-minute unit-shifters, trailing behind her the sonic equivalent of blood-smeared love letters, late-night whispers in the dark and drole fuck-you's.

“I have huge admiration for people that don't just settle into a path of knowing what they can do and doing that all the time; that seems so pointless to me. Life is about learning as much as you can.”

“I constantly steer people away from thinking my work is autobiographical”

The surprising thing about meeting PJ Harvey is how together she is, how happy and healthy and in control. The PJ that wails and moans and hacks chunks of dirty guitar into her songs is a ravenous, libidinous, jealous siren, a creature of emotional extremes that is either drunk with love or (mostly) obsessed with pain and always determined to be as difficult as possible. Her high profile but fiercely guarded relationships have been with some of the most tortured and brilliant artists of the decade (most famously Gothic brooder Nick Cave and highly-strung avant-garde filmmaker Vincent Gallo, with both of whom she has collaborated musically). But the Polly that sits in front of me, small and delicate, asking quietly for a peppermint tea and answering each question frankly and fully and with great consideration is just so *nice*.

“I constantly steer people away from thinking that my work is autobiographical,” she asserts. “It's not a diary of my life. But I try and create situations in songs that I can put emotional qualities in that either I have felt or have observed, which is the stuff of life. I'm always looking for something that's going to really make me feel and the music I love does that. To work towards real emotions in songs you have to write in a very open and feeling way and that doesn't always take you down a commercial path.”

Sometimes it does though. The one thing Polly is determined not to do is repeat herself, and with the album that really sent her stellar, the

lushly produced *Stories from the City, Stories from the Sea*, she did the only astounding thing left to her: she made a pop record. “I thought, ‘I've never really written pop songs,’” she says. “You know; two-and-a-half minute, beginning, middle, middle-eight, chorus; and I thought, ‘Right, I'm going to do that, and I'm going to make it all sparkly-sounding and lovely because I haven't done that before.’ So obviously that's going to make a commercial kind of record.”

“But if I'm honest with myself, I think the success of that album did make me think, I'm going to go in completely the opposite direction and write something horrible now.” *Uh Huh Her*, from its panting title and sneering sleeve image to the snarling lyrics and primal instrumentation is the sound of PJ Harvey being difficult again. “It's quite uncomfortable on the ears,” she admits. “But I don't think I got as ugly as I initially wanted to. I wanted it to be horrible. A song like ‘Bad Mouth’ is somewhere near that, and ‘Who the Fuck?’ I wanted to do that with the whole thing. But the initial idea always changes, and it's important to have faith in following that, because that's often where the good work comes.”

As it is, one of the album's highlights is the fragile, almost-whispered ‘The Desperate Kingdom of Love’. Which couldn't be called sparkly-sounding, but does have a sparse beauty. “I did want to create a different world with each song. Whether I achieved that or not I don't know but that was the plan. ‘The Desperate Kingdom of Love’ is sung so intimately and there's so little else going on; that was quite a new thing for me to not actually affect my voice in any kind of way but just sing it completely straight and very tenderly. I hadn't gone into those areas before.”

“But I don't think I got as ugly as I initially wanted to be. I wanted it to be horrible.”

The one theme that recurs in our conversation is her appetite for learning new things and pushing herself in new directions. It's behind her openness to collaboration (with Sparklehorse, Tricky, Thom Yorke and Bjork amongst others) and the variety of her back catalogue. “I constantly try and write in different ways, trying to improve all the time. The lyrics were probably the biggest challenge for me [on *Uh Huh Her*] because it's so difficult to not repeat yourself or find yourself writing the same song, but just slightly different, to one you've already done three years before. There were a lot of



Portrait of the Artist as a Woman: Harvey's news album reflects her versatility and determination to remain inimitable

songs I left off this record because they were just so *PJ Harvey* (she says it with scorn) and that just doesn't interest me. I just want to present areas I think are new for me, and even now, with this record, I don't feel I totally achieved that and want to try harder the next time.”

She certainly can't be accused of getting stuck in the kind of rut that so many artists find themselves in when all that is asked of them is a sequel to their initial success. Since the release of her last album, she has played the first ever rock concert at the Tate Modern, and performed live (and unrehearsed) with Gallo at the Barbican: “When he sprung it on me I was completely unaware, that's why I was sat right up on the balcony and had to come running down, I'd written out the words but I didn't even have them with me so it was all very ramshackle. But quite beautiful because of that I think.” She's also written and produced songs for Marianne Faithful's recent album; contributed a photo montage for a Red Cross exhibition; played in eco-

logical centre ‘The Eden Project’; and maintained “the inspiration that goes on inside of me whilst being surrounded by lots of other people.”

So, what next? She's done pop, rock and primal blues, built everything up and stripped it bare again, and expressed every emotion on the human radar - what uncharted territories are left for Polly Jean to conquer? “If I'm asked to collaborate in any kind of art project that excites me I will do,” she affirms. [Monty

“I just want to present areas I think are new”

Python/ Fear and Loathing director] Terry Gilliam's asked me to write a few songs for his new film so I'll definitely be doing that, and then there's another possible film project ahead. I think that for me spiritually I need to go into a few different areas before I come back to just concentrating on my work again. And I

feel very much like I need to learn more in other areas at the moment. I was even toying with the idea of going back to school.”

An abstract painter, Pierre Soulages, once said: “The artist is looking for something. He doesn't know what path will lead him to his goal. The artisan takes paths he knows, to reach a goal he also knows.” It is this commitment to experimentation that characterises Polly Jean Harvey's life and her work. “I don't really look at people and think ‘Oh I'd really like to be like that,’” she says. “No. I try to cut my own path. How successful I am at doing that, I don't know, but that's always my aim.” So Polly's still looking for whatever it is she's looking for; let's hope she never finds it, and continues learning and pushing, making albums like *Uh Huh Her* (but not at all like *Uh Huh Her*), and trying not to sound too PJ Harvey.

PJ Harvey's album Uh Huh Her is out now on Island

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Open Letters to Uncle Sam

Varsity correspondents buttonhole the US political elite

Dear John Wayne (R.I.P.),
 Sorry to bother you when you've shucked your spurs and ridden off into the last sunset. I was a fan of *High Noon*, also of *Rio Bravo*. Though you punched below your weight in *The Shootist*. You may be interested to read what Michael Lakoff has been writing about you in his book *Moral Politics: How Liberals and Conservatives Think*. He says, "If you've seen a John Wayne movie and understood it... then you have the Strict Father frame." This apparently makes you a role model for American conservatives, who believe they have to punish their children (voters) when they transgress: "People who have strict father morality and apply it to politics are going to believe this is the right way to govern." I don't know what you make of this.

Yours, andc.
 Peter K.

REAGAN!
 You MANAGED to DUPE the WORLD into thinking you WERE BENIGN and an EVEN-HAND-ED FATHER FIGURE, B(-MOVIE) BOY! THEY were WRONG! Remember Berlin 1986? The LIBYANS bombed a nightclub, and you BOMBED TRIPOLI! John Negroponte MASSACRED the NICARAGUAN GUERRILLAS and now where is he? I-RAQ! The FOREIGN POLICY you began in the 1980s DIRECTLY led to WHERE WE ARE NOW!
 I GOT your NUMBER. I KNOW where you LIVE.
 Best,
 Lee G.

Dear Bush 1,
 Sorry about how the boy turned out. Really.

Consolingly yours,
 Amelia S.

Dear Clint Eastwood,
 We are pleased to inform you that your application for adoption has been approved. Your new son's name is George Bush 2. His address is as follows:
 [address withheld]

I wish you all the best on your life together,

Yours sincerely,
 Janet P.

Dear Bush 2,
 Forward this to three more world leaders or you will suffer from Cheney Dick for the rest of your life.

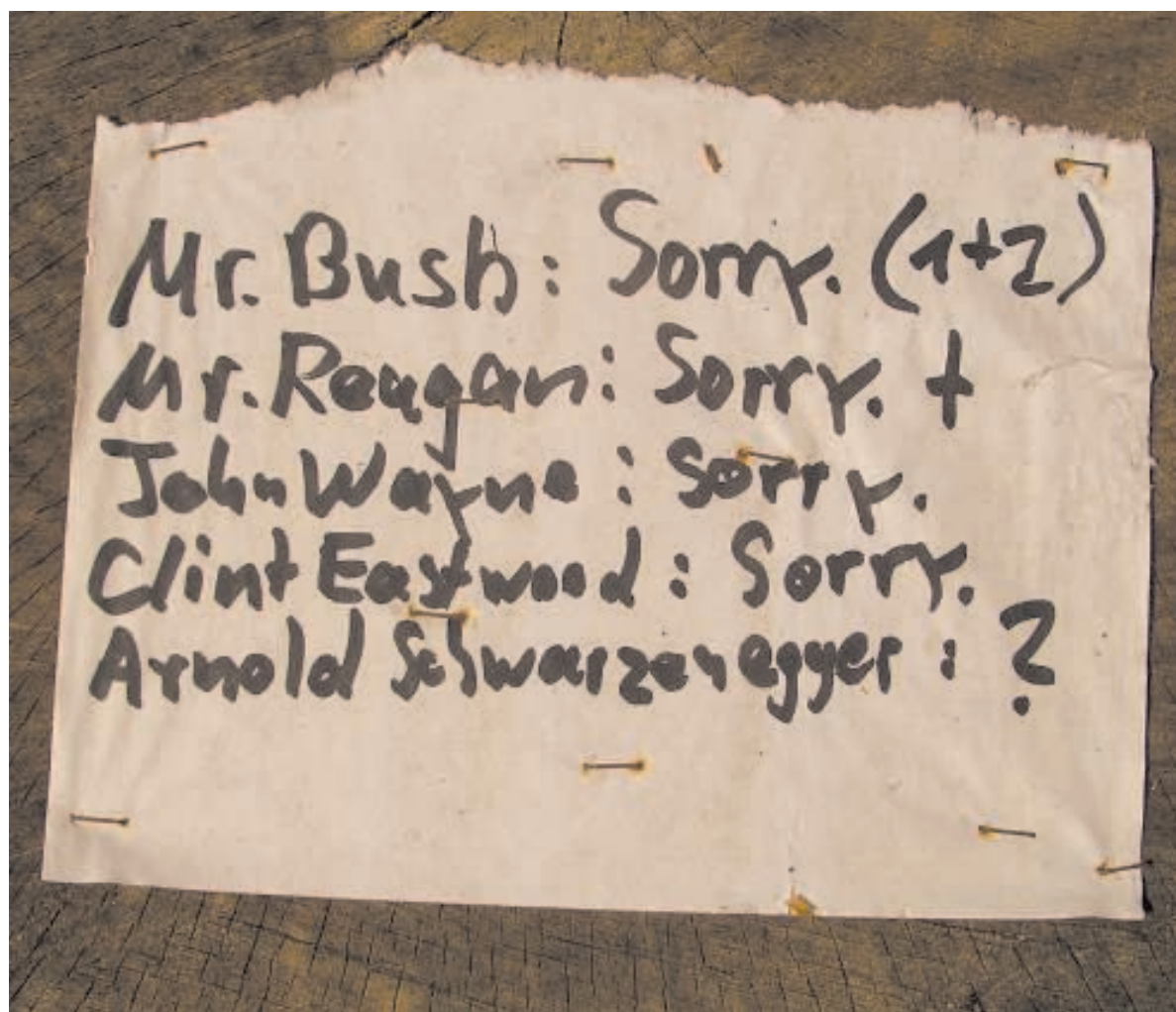
Yours, andc.,
 Robert M.

Dear Arnold Schwarzenegger,
 Could you go back in time to 1986 again? There's someone we need you to eliminate.

Yours, andc.,
 James R.

By various hands

For more on John Wayne, see www.salon.com
 For more on Ronald Reagan, see www.opendemocracy.net



Ross McEwan

Dear John Kerry,

I realise that you are, at this moment in time, occupied with trying to organise a campaign that will, if successful, see you installed as the next President of the United States. I also realise that you are incredibly busy trying to create some kind of plan that will deal with all the problems in Iraq, that will deal with the social, economic, international and environmental problems that your country, and thus the world, are going to face in the coming few years.

Not only this, but you are faced with the unfortunate task of trying to spread your message to an intensely divided country, to try and convince everyone from hardcore Nader-ites to deranged, drooling Bushies that you do have such a plan that won't mean that they will lose their hard-earned quality of life. Or, of course, their guns.

With this in mind – and I know that

you are going to have many different engagements during November – would you like to come to a party in Cambridge in a couple of weeks? I think you'd be a really interesting guest. And I know that you have a thing for being an international kind of guy. It's just that American politics and politicians are so much more exciting than politics and politicians here. You had Bill Clinton, we had John Major. At least Bill eventually came clean about his less-than-political exploits.

You, right now, have a man despised by most of the world and half of your country as your head of state. We have an elderly lady with a penchant for matching woollen skirt-and-jacket combinations, hats and heavy jewellery. Your political conventions are nationally televised gala events, full of beautiful, famous people, that are staged from some of the most exciting

cities in the world; ours are staged in British seaside towns, screened on BBC 3 and full of bearded men complaining about A-roads. You even display your politics on your cars and in your windows, sometimes even on your skin; ours is solely expressed in the May Day Riots – it's like you care about things that are going on in your country! I myself find our political system quaint, but feel that it could do with a needed shot of vigour. If even I can be roused out of my apolitical stupor to think about a country that I don't even live in, I think it's possible that your example (and hopefully person) might be able to wake up politics in the UK.

And there's a free bar in my kitchen, and I can get a foldout bed from the Domestic Department.

Yours, andc.,

Olly Batham

What's your poison?

Lucy Razzell looks at drink-spiking

As another academic year begins, every college bar in Cambridge is bursting at the seams this week with crowds of second and third years keen to catch up with friends, and assortments of freshers making their first acquaintances. My own college bar has been refurbished over the summer, and I know that it will be filled with familiar faces – the popular Steve 't' Barman, our cool college Chaplain, all my own friends and enemies... like every college bar, it's a heavy social centre most evenings.

Yet we all remember last year's newspaper coverage of the potential dangers of leaving drinks unattended in bars and pubs around Cambridge, and the alarm sparked by suspected

cases of date-rape drug victims.

Personally, this danger was made very real to me during the summer vacation when I met up with a school friend who, like me, had just completed her first year of university life. Victoria had always wanted to teach, and so had accepted a place on a course specialising in primary education.

She had eagerly awaited her first practical placement in a primary school during March. But for Victoria the first day was marked by the experience of strange physical symptoms. Her memory of the week that followed reads like a surreal dream sequence. She recalls feeling as though the walls of the classrooms were closing in on her, everything was very loud, and she felt unduly disorientated.

By the end of the week she was telephoning her parents frequently, insisting in her confused state that the school was a huge conspiracy, and that the teachers and children were all actors who were going to trap her.

Her worried parents brought her home immediately. Shortly after, she was admitted as an in-patient to the psychiatric ward of our local hospital, and legally sectioned. By this time she was mute and refused to eat or drink. She was under twenty-four hour observation and suicide watch. Although doctors assumed at first that she had developed schizophrenia or reactive depression, the results of a routine drugs test revealed that she had tested positive for cannabis, cocaine, and various amphetamines.

Clearly Victoria is not a drugs user, and so the specialists concluded that she had been the victim of a spiked drink. Victoria recalls that the night before her teaching placement she was socialising in the student union bar with friends. Although she didn't drink much she remembers feeling quite drunk, and she now believes this was when the drugs began to have their terrible effects.

Victoria spent a period of three terri-

ble weeks in the psychiatric ward, much of which she does not remember. She regained her faculties of speech but her behaviour was psychotic for many days; amongst other things she insisted on eating sheets of paper, and refused to see her family. There was an obvious concern that she could have been sexually abused or even raped the night her drink was spiked. She was locked into a private, alarmed room from which she tried

She recalls feeling as though the walls of the classroom were closing in on her

desperately to escape. When she was released and allowed home, she had to have a social worker with her during the day as part of the prescribed rehabilitation process, and her parents were advised to remove her bedroom door from its hinges to prevent her from locking herself in.

Incredibly, Victoria managed to pass her first-year exams and complete the academic year. Three months later, she is still taking strong anti-depressants

and will take them until November. The side effects of the hospital drugs remain evident; despite not eating for weeks in hospital she has gained a visible amount of weight and suffers from very bad skin. Her health insurance for her family holiday to the States this summer soared, and the possible effects this episode could have on her future mental health and job prospects as a teacher are almost unthinkable.

I've thought a lot about Victoria's trials this summer. This didn't happen in a dark and crowded nightclub or a dubious backstreet pub, but in the student union bar, a place of relative safety where the typical student assumes they are safe. I return to Cambridge this Michaelmas regrettably more cynical, aware that I'll be taking extra care of my drinks, even in my own college bar.

Next week in Features: Modern China special



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Freshers respond positively to survey

First-week traumas have been largely avoided, says Sam Richardson

A SURVEY of freshers conducted by *Varsity Online* has shown that, despite the stresses of Freshers' Week, new students take away from it an overwhelmingly positive view of Cambridge. But 30% of freshers still felt that there was too much pressure on them to drink, and 32% of new students admitted to loneliness.

Responding to the news that 84% of respondents to the survey online and at the freshers fair found their first experience of Cambridge 'Positive' or 'Very Positive', CUSU President Wes Streeting said, "I'm over the moon with how the week has gone so far. We've had record breaking numbers through the doors of our events, Top Banana tickets are selling brilliantly, and even ex-CUSU President Paul Lewis has said this is the first year when he hasn't felt sorry for the freshers." The fact that 36% of students (and 47% of male students) admitted to having a hangover, suggests that at some point during the week a number of freshers had also landed on their face.

Furthermore, 18% of students said they had suffered from non-drink-related illness during their first four days, indicating that 'Fresher's Flu' is not just an Old Wives' Tale (or at least an Old College Parents' Tale). Many women will not be surprised to learn that men were more than twice as likely to report an illness.

On the other hand, 12% of women, but no men at all, reported that they had felt depressed. This is possibly linked to the fact that women (39%) were twice as likely as men to have reported feeling lonely. Similarly, men (29%) were twice as

likely to claim not to have felt lonely at all.

The survey, in a CUSU-inspired spasm of political correctness, also asked students for their first impressions of equality in Cambridge. At first sight, the fact that nearly two thirds of students didn't think that there was inequality at all seems to be a good sign.

Foreign students shared the dubious honour of being the group thought to be suffering most, with 8% of students saying that there was 'prejudice' against them. They were matched in this by students from (to use a very un-PC term) 'privileged backgrounds', who were considered to be more disadvantaged than students from 'less privileged backgrounds'.

One worrying result of the survey is that 30% of both men and women felt that there was 'too much pressure' to drink during Freshers Week. 29% of men, and 6% of women, also felt that there was too much pressure to dance. 24% of men also felt that there was too much pressure to 'pull' during freshers' week. Women, however, seemed immune to such pressures, as not a single girl admitted to feeling them. The outcome of this is that 6% of freshers admitted to have had a snog during the first four days.

This should, but probably won't, dispel the unwanted myth that freshers are easy prey for 'more mature' students. One lone respondent said that they had had sex during Freshers Week, and the same student was one of the two who said that their experience so far had been a negative one. Only 8% of students so far said that they had felt too much pressure to work.



Luke Walker

84% of students who filled in the survey told *Varsity Online* that their experience of Freshers' Week had been a positive one.

UCS launches new software

THE UNIVERSITY has recently announced its endorsement and distribution of software capable of turning speech into text at up to 160 words-per-minute. The agreement will enable university-wide access to ScanSoft's 'Dragon NaturallySpeaking' dictation solution as a productivity tool, and as a preventative tool to help avoid the possible development of conditions such as repetitive strain injury (RSI).

It will allow users to control Microsoft Windows and many of their PC applications completely by voice. The product is tightly integrated with Microsoft Office, which allows users to create new documents and e-mails, navigate programs, and surf the Web, all by voice.

The University of Cambridge's University Computer Service (UCS) will distribute all of the products, as well as provide front line support, demonstra-

tions and product training. The agreement enables Cambridge to distribute a selection of ScanSoft's productivity solutions on a university-wide basis and to related institutions such as the BP Institute, the Cambridge Entrepreneurship Centre, Hutchison / MRC Research Centre, and the UK Astronomical Technology Centre.

Samantha Burton

Game of the Week



Outrun 2 (Sega)
XBox
£39.99 (out this week)

One of my first memories is of sitting in the driving seat of an Outrun arcade, without having inserted any coins, until a teenager swore at me and I went crying to my Dad.

Seventeen years later, and Sega, following the flops of the Saturn and Dreamcast, is back to making games for other manufacturers. This time what you get is a choice of eight Ferraris (the game has an official Ferrari licence), and the most arcade-like gameplay you'll find anywhere outside, well, an arcade.

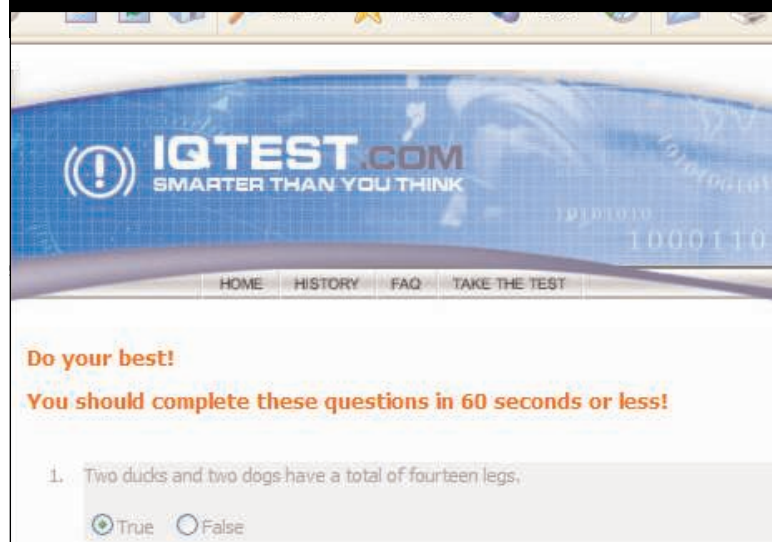
If anyone remembers the 1988 PC version of Outrun, which came on two of those big 5.25" floppy disks, you'll remember that it took less time to complete than to load. And here

there's a similar problem, despite Sega's efforts. It doesn't take long to get to know the routes, the 101 missions are suspiciously samey, and the 'heart attack mode', in which you have to charm your passenger with your driving technique and see her 'Heart Gauge' rise, provides sublime comedy value for all of two minutes.

But you don't play Outrun for the long run. You play it to beat your mates, and with 1-4 players onscreen, a system link option, and online multiplayer, Outrun 2 won't disappoint you. But will the sensational speed, gorgeous graphics, and brilliant power-slides be enough to drag you away from your essay? I hope so, because the adrenaline burst of Outrun 2 is pure escapism.

Luke Walker

Website of the Week



www.iqtest.com

Okay, so everyone in Cambridge reckons they're pretty smart. But this is a website to separate the men from the boys and the women from the girls, and the mathmos from everyone else (although they often seem to manage that anyway).

There's quite a few IQ-test sites out there, and the main reason this one was chosen was because the Web Editor got a score of 153. They'll email your score for free so you can provide evidence to blag to your friends with. You can then go on to find out your 'personal intelligence profile'.

The test is timed, and the thirty eight questions should only take up thirteen minutes of your precious time. The great irony is that the people who made the site don't seem to

have been quite intelligent enough to make the site reliable – you'll sometimes get an error message when you try to start.

IQ tests are of course fairly dubious, not least because many schools not teach you how to do them. They don't really test how intelligent you are, they don't even really tell you how good at IQ tests you were, they just tell you how good at that particular IQ test you were.

Getting a high score won't get you a first. In fact, if you slip into complacency like our web editor, it may even do the opposite. But he only studies SPS. I should also warn you, from experience, that using the chat up line, 'I have an IQ of 132, that's why I think you're gorgeous', will probably get you a slap.

Luke Walker

Varsity Online

This page of Varsity is designed as a showcase for the content of Varsity Online, which you'll find at www.varsity.co.uk.

Unlike other student newspaper websites, Varsity Online is much more than simply a load of uploaded articles from the previous week's newspaper.

Instead, we have exclusive sections including computer games, cookery and eating out. And every Tuesday the Varsity Online Report comes out on the Web, featuring the highest quality investigative journalism.

As if this wasn't enough, we look to publish news articles before they appear in the student press, so that your intake of news need not be limited to just one day a week.

With all this it isn't surprising that Varsity Online has just been shortlisted for 'Best Student Website' in the Guardian Student Media Awards for the year 2004.

But we're not resting on our laurels. The site is soon set for a major relaunch, to incorporate a brand new listings engine, and improved user interface, faster loading times, and easier navigation.

If you want to be involved in this exciting project, whether as editor of an online section, as a reporter, or on the technical side, please email the web editor, Sam Richardson, on webeditor@varsity.co.uk.

For the time being, enjoy the website, and email us with any ideas for articles or improvements.

Sam Richardson

VARSlITY listings

powered by **CAMBRIDGE EYE.COM**

/guide /stage

FRIDAY 9

19:45	ADC	As You Like It
23:00	FOOTLIGHTS	Beyond a Joke
20:00	Cambridge Union Chamber	Five Visions of the Faithful

SATURDAY 10

20:00	Cambridge Union Chamber	Five Visions of the Faithful
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SUNDAY 11

20:00	Cambridge Union Chamber	Five Visions of the Faithful
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MONDAY 12

20:00	Cambridge Union Chamber	Five Visions of the Faithful
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TUESDAY 13

19:45	ADC	The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie
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WEDNESDAY 14

19:45	ADC	The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie
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THURSDAY 15

19:45	ADC	The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie
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WEEKLY PLANNER

FRIDAY 8

QUEENS	Naughty	School Disco Cheese
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SATURDAY 9

FEZ LIFE	Nick Bridges The Big Party	The best in UK House Music Dance, 60's and Club Classics
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SUNDAY 10

COCO BALLARE	The Sunday Roast The Big Bang	Cheese and Chart on a Sunday CUSU Freshers Event with Trevor Nelson
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MONDAY 11

FEZ LIFE	Fat Poppaddaddys Live is Life	A Mix of Funky Grooves International Student Night
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TUESDAY 12

BALLARE COCO	Top Banana Licked	Cambridge's Best Cheese from CUSU RnB, Hip Hop and Dancehall
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WEDNESDAY 13

BALLARE	Rumboogie	Cambridge's Sports Men and Women come out to play
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THURSDAY 14

COCO	Urbanite	CUSU Hip Hop and RnB
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/listings

/send us yours

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business@varsity.co.uk

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BRICKHOUSE THEATRE COMPANY

announce auditions for
Shakespeare's
‘Macbeth’

Sat 9th October 12 -4 and
Sun 10th October 1 -5

For further information please
contact Andy Rendel on atr25

Week 3 Michaelmas Term

The Fletcher Players presents
A QUESTION OF ATTRIBUTION
by Alan Bennett

7.45pm, Tue 26th - Sat 30th Oct,
Corpus Christi Playroom
Auditions:
9th and 10th October 2-4
Winstanley Lecture
Theatre, Trinity College

Lady Margaret Players and
Shadwell announce
AUDITIONS for

‘ALL GOOD THINGS’
by Paul McCormick
Corpus Playroom
Week 5 Lateshow

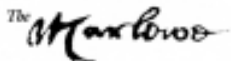
Auditions: Sat 9th October, 12-3pm
Bateman Room, Gonville and
Caius college

Contact: psm28/os243

LMP in association with Mummers

THREE ONE ACT PLAYS
23rd-27th November @ The School
of Pythagorus, St. John's

Seeks versatile and ambitious female and
male actors. A showcase for Cambridge's
best performing talent. There will be a press
night a week before the performance run
and the BBC Online will make a feature on
the making of this production as part of
Mummers' 75th anniversary. 9th Oct 10- 3pm
and 10th 12-5pm at King's.
Contact producer on ssg28



The Marlowe Society
announces auditions for
the RSC Other Prize Winner,
‘Rostov's House’.
Music Room, Peterhouse,
Sat 9th and Sun 10th October
10am - 5pm each day.

Men Only please

“The European Theatre Group”

ANNOUNCES AUDITIONS
for its European Tour Show
'Romeo & Juliet'
December 2004

October 9th & 10th, 10am-4pm
Wolfson Party Room, Wolfson
Building, Trinity College

www.etg.org.uk

AUDITIONS:
PLAYROOM WEEK 4

For a new play -
‘Relatively Speaking’

Frazer Room, Trinity
Sunday 10th october 2-6pm

More information
including the script
[http://www.expert.demon.co.uk/
relative/](http://www.expert.demon.co.uk/relative/)

www.pemprokeplayers.org

**Auditions Weekend!!
9th and 10th Oct**

All auditions at Pembroke College,
directions at Porters' Lodge.


Wk 4 main **Private Lives**
By Noel Coward
Sat+Sun, 12-5pm: O supervision room
Contact bajj2

Wk 4 late **The Bacchae: After Euripides**
Adapted by Simon Evans
Sat+Sun, 1-4pm: S15
Contact sre25

Wk 6 main **Wit**
By Margaret Edson
Sat+Sun, 12-5pm: N7
Contact acm62

Wk 7 main **Hedwig and the Angry Inch**
By J.C. Mitchell and S. Trask
Sat+Sun, 12-5pm: New Cellars
Women only, please prepare a rock song,
guitar accompaniment available.
Contact jds41


Wk 7 late **How Not to Succeed in Business
Without Really Trying**
By Alexander Williams
Sat+Sun, 12-5pm: H13
Also auditioning for Wk 3 ADC One Night
Stand: **Dinner and a Doughnut**
Contact abw23

 **The Amateur Dramatic Club**

AUDITIONS FOR
The Freshers' Play

Alan Ayckbourn's
‘A Small Family Business’
Edward Albee's **‘Finding the Sun’**

**Saturday 9th October ADC
Theatre 9-1**
**Sunday 10th October ADC
Theatre 10-6**


 **The Amateur Dramatic Club**

OPEN APPLICATIONS FOR
DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER

The Freshers' Play
Alan Ayckbourn's
‘A Small Family Business’
Edward Albee's **‘Finding the Sun’**

For more information on Directing con-
tact Alex on [director@ cuadc.org](mailto:director@cuadc.org)

For more information on Producing
contact Bethan on [producer@ cuadc.org](mailto:producer@cuadc.org)

 **The Amateur Dramatic Club**

AUDITIONS FOR

‘Matilda Liar!’
(Week 7 ADC Theatre)

Sat 9th October
ADC Theatre 9-1
Homerton Small Studio 3-6

Sunday 10th October
ADC Theatre 10-6




ANNOUNCES AUDITIONS FOR
Corpus Playroom Week Four
Mainshow

‘Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?’
By Edward Albee

12-6pm Fri 8th, Sat 9th October
Queen's Building, Emmanuel
Contact Sebastian (gsr22) for info


Calliope in association with



ANNOUNCES AUDITIONS
For Week Six Show

‘The Just’
By Albert Camus

10 - 4, Fri 8th, Sat 9th October
St Edmund's College: Meet in the CR
Contact Jens (jp350) for info



ANNOUNCES AUDITIONS FOR
Week 8 ADC Lateshow

THE LOVER
by Harold Pinter

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Sat 9th 2pm - 6pm
Sun 10th 10am - 2pm

‘The Tempest’
Sat 9th, 11am - 6pm, Mumby
Room, King's
Sun 10th, 11am - 6pm, Keynes
Hall, King's

**‘The Pitchfork Disney’
& ‘Cleansed’**
See website for details

www.hatsdrama.co.uk



BATS announce auditions for

‘The Spanish Tragedy’ by Thomas Kyd
Sat 9th, Sun 10th 2 - 6, Erasmus Room, Queens’

‘Remembrance of Things Past’ by Harold Pinter, from Proust
Sat 9th, 10 - 1, Angevin Room, Queens’
Sun 10th, 10 - 4, Bowett Room, Queens’

‘Look Back in Anger’ by John Osbourne
Fri 8th, 12 - 6, Angevin Room, Queens’
Sat 9th, 1 - 6, Angevin Room, Queens’

‘Night Mother’ by Marsha Newman
Sat 9th, Sun 10th, 12 - 4, W6, Queens’ (Female cast)

BATS FRESHERS’ PLAY

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‘Shooting the Chandaliar’ by David Mercer, Sun 10th
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The (re)birth of tragedy in the 21st Century

Oliver Tilley assesses the changing face of Greek tragedy

The forthcoming triennial performance of Cambridge's celebrated Greek Play at the Arts Theatre (see page 20) seems to slot neatly into what is a striking vogue for similar works. Euripides' *The Bacchae* and *Hecuba* are showing at the West Yorkshire Playhouse and the Donmar Warehouse respectively, and both trade in the kind of cathartic emotional intensity so lauded by Aristotle in his prescription of what tragedy 'should do'; while Middleton's *The Changeling* – a paradigmatic Jacobean

drama complete with nihilistic, gruesome darkness – gets a prominent billing in London's Pit. It seems fashionable amongst theatre critics to preface their reviews of these works by establishing their relevance to the current political context: one *Guardian* reviewer was prompted to say "It is not hard to see why Greek tragedy is currently popular". And, really, it is not: tragedy, particularly Greek tragedy, offers us an alternative spy-hole into experiences reminiscent of the horrors we now routinely wit-

ness in our pervasive 24 hour, televisual news culture. The Trojan war and its routine dealing in often arbitrary death proves an apposite parallel to the indiscriminate killing of so many; administered, it seems, by either an Islamic God or a temporal monetary God, the United States, just as Zeus

We can perhaps rely on Hollywood to 'save the day'

and Apollo mow down their heroes and soldiers in *The Iliad*. This is not, though, just a green light for atrocities such as Wolfgang

Petersen's *Troy* (I want to vomit every time someone attempts to defend it by saying it is 'only a bit of fun'); there is something about the bleak emotional power of the ancient playwrights that proves cathartic for an audience regularly disturbed by terrorist purple alerts or a Russian school massacre: *The Bacchae* is outrageously wild, and this tensile liberation accesses a similar desire in our increasingly anxiety-ridden viewer. My *Troy* allusion, though, is not so token and malicious as it might appear. In Hollywood today a similar trend appears to be occurring, with the film capital's traditional agenda as a reassuring influence amidst a chaos becoming less evident within a film

timetable that, at a glance, reveals a worrying preoccupation with recent global events: *Ladder 49* (about US fire-fighters), *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow* (note the neophobia of the second sub-clause) and *Resident Evil: Apocalypse* all seem in thrall to this precarious state of the world. We can perhaps rely on Hollywood to 'save the day' and shoe-horn in some trite happy-ending or glorify freedom-loving soldiers (cf. Achilles in *Troy*), but with today's worldly imbalance, even the rickety white letters atop Mount Lee appear to adopt a more grave countenance, while Hecuba's wailing of sorrow suddenly seems more resonant.

pick of the week

If you only see 5 things, see these



Oedipus the King
Arts Theatre 13-16th Oct, 2.30 & 7.45pm

Catch this Ancient Greek play, performed in the original language and directed by a professional team, or you'll have to wait another three years for the next one.



The Big Bang
Ballare, 7pm-2am, 10th October

CUSU Ents kick off their term in big style bringing you the funkiest, sexiest DJ to go by the name of Trevor when Mr. Nelson's Rhythm Nation tour hits Cambridge.



The Leopard
Arts Picture House, Sunday 10th Oct, 12pm

This glorious Visconti saga adapted from the 20th Century Di Lampedusa masterpiece explores the pre-Garibaldi Italian aristocracy, with Burt Lancaster on career-defining form.



Poetry Readings
English Faculty, Tuesday 12th October 8pm

The weekly "Cambridge Series" of experimental, innovative poetry readings begins with this night of up-front consciences and consciousness, invective, bile and music.



Five Visions of the Faithful
The Union, 8-11th October, 8pm

An unusual spectacle: the Union hosts this critically acclaimed show on its return from Edinburgh. Five different types of theatre accompanied by a unique soundtrack.

image of the week



photo courtesy of
PHOCUS

Bungee jumper mid-bunge. By Catherine Wedderburn

Oedipus: complex

Arthur House drops in on rehearsals for this triennial Cambridge institution

Cambridge institutions vary between quirky, banal and bureaucratic but they are almost always out of date. Generally they do not inspire excitement.

To many, the Cambridge Greek Play (yes, a play from Ancient Greece performed entirely in Ancient Greek) would seem to be a perfect example of such a thing, wheeled out every three years since god-knows-when like a creaking, rotten Trojan horse. Sophocles' *Oedipus the King* comes to the Arts Theatre next week with the backing of a professional directorial team involving choreographers, language coaches, an RSC designer and a month's meticulous preparation. There won't be many student productions to rival it this year. But why, you ask, why the hell would you want to go and see it?

The 2001 Greek Play, Sophocles' *Electra*, played to sell-out audiences a month after the World Trade Centre came crashing down. As the political repercussions of that day have unfolded we have also witnessed a resurgence in Greek tragedy that is unprecedented in modern times, and a revival of general interest in the classical world that has even permeated Hollywood (*Alexander the Great*, *Troy*). Right now you can go and see *Hecuba* at the Donmar Warehouse, *The Bacchae* at the West Yorkshire Playhouse and, recently at the National, the acclaimed *Iphigenia at Aulis*.

Theatre and politics have been imbricated to varying degrees throughout history, and today their relationship seems as close as ever. *Troy*, for example, is not a geographical place so much as an imaginative space in Western consciousness for an intractable struggle that can only end in suffering and death. The pagan fatalism and awful, awesome justice of Greek tragedy is relevant to things going on now: George Monbiot memorably described the invasion of Iraq as "a hubris that invites its own nemesis".



Members of the chorus of *Oedipus the King* in action in rehearsal

So why not just go and see one in English instead? Translating Greek tragedy makes it accessible, but it also sacrifices an artistic experience that can only be retained in the original. The very sound of ancient Greek in its poetic meter is so expressive as to create emotion even if, like me, you don't know the language at all. Director Annie Castledine asserts that "the rhythm is the emotion...I don't want people to look at the surtitles". Combined with the physical gesture and detailed choreography of the actors as well as the strikingly metaphorical set, this promises to be a unique experience of 'total' expression that does not depend heavily on understanding the words. There will be

surtitles in English for those who don't mind craning their necks, but the plot of *Oedipus* should be sufficiently well-known to render this unnecessary for the most part.

Castledine describes the play as "a journey to the centre of the self", seeing her choice as appropriate for an age in which we are increasingly forced to ask the question "Who am I?". Notably, she has taken the bold step to cast women in the leading male roles and a man as *Oedipus*' queen, Jocasta. As well as using this as a "displacement exercise", encouraging the actors to 'show' characters completely alien to themselves rather than trying to 'become' them, she sees it as another way of gaining perspective on identity, in this case the

identity dictated by gender, via the insights of the opposite sex. Given that gender difference is so integral to the play's plot (complex, anyone?), Castledine has upped the stakes considerably on what is already an exceptionally ambitious and multi-faceted undertaking. It remains to be seen whether this will be a risk worth taking, but the quality of the work in progress assured me that this would not be a play worth missing. *Oedipus* is selling out faster than *Electra*, so hurry up, you know what to do; this is one Cambridge institution that couldn't be much more up-to-date.

Oedipus the King is at the Arts Theatre from 13th - 16th October at 2.30 and 7.45 pm

After Show

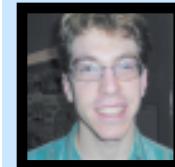
Vox Pops

Audience reactions to *As You Like It*, at the ADC Theatre until Saturday



Kate Nicholls Clare

It was great [two thumbs up]. The Yokels were fantastic. A highly enjoyable play, I recommend it.



Nick Long Wolfson

Much better in the second half, there was more energy. It began stiff but became more fluid as it went on. The humour picked up and the audience warmed up. They did a good job conveying a sense of space. The music was great - contemporary Shakespeare tunes which fitted with the modern setting.

And another thing...

A new addition to Cambridge's theatre scene is *Fleet*, a group founded by Nick Blackburn. Promising 'a better quality product', Blackburn has high hopes for his company, seeing it as a launch pad for budding actors. His debut under the *Fleet* banner (he has directed *The House of Barnada Alba* at the ADC and *Love's Labours Lost* for Trinity College's Hall Show), *The Winter's Tale*, will reach audiences later this term at the Michalehouse Centre, before a hoped-for London run for the benefit of agents and directors. Maybe his experience of working with members of *Complicite* and the RSC will help.

Returning to Cambridge for their post-Edinburgh runs are *The Medics Revue* (15th and 16th October at Robinson's Brickhouse Theatre) and *The Uncertainty Division* (17th October in the ADC Bar). The latter provides improvised comedy, a rarity in Cambridge.

Flying Without Wings

Lisa Owens was transported to Neverland

The ADC production of *Peter Pan*, or the Boy who would not Grow Up paid a wonderful tribute to the J.M. Barrie classic in its centenary year by bringing it into the twenty-first century with spirited energy. Ignoring the temptations of intricate sets and painted backdrops, the cast and directors took an altogether more innovative approach, playing out each scene as a game in the mind of Wendy Darling.

The audience was transported in a whirlwind of imagination from the London bedroom of the Darling children to the varied, often eerie landscape of Neverland, home to fearsome pirates, mysterious Native Indians and dangerously beautiful mermaids. The toys that had littered the set in the initial scene became vital components in the creation of each new world, and the rapid de-construction and rebuilding of each setting captured the essence of both Barrie's script and the directors' vision. The power of the imagination is being celebrated here, and where this production excelled was in its emphasis on the joy of story-

telling through movement and the rough, immediate magic that is sparked as a result.

The cast were, without exception, fantastic: indeed they needed to be in order for such a lively production to succeed. The script does not allow for much development of character, especially with the smaller roles, but each individual overcame this by throwing themselves 100% into the spirit of the play, and making every moment onstage count. The Lost Boys were especially adept at this: their spoken lines were by no means substantial, but their collective interaction with each other and other characters when they were not speaking allowed shades of boisterousness and vulnerability to dominate by turns. Nadia Kamil played an engaging, agile Tinkerbell, with a flashing light in one hand, and bells in the other to represent the tiny mischievous fairy, whilst her face expressed an impressive range of emotion. Rich Scott in the title role was utterly charming with his boyish bravado betrayed by flashes of sulking defencelessness. Simon Bird's Captain



The Lost Boys hide from Cap'n Hook in Neverland (alias bunkbed and blackboard)

Smee was loveable and hilarious, and crucially, not overplayed: his best moments were when he was not centre-stage, but rather pottering about in the background, seeing to the domestic chores onboard the ship.

The script was necessarily edited to fit the slot of a one-hour show, which did keep the pace sky-high, but perhaps lost something of the darker aspects of the play, in particular the child's world versus that of the

adult. However the emotive exchanges between Lydia Wilson's Wendy and Peter Pan, and Sophie Middlemiss in her role as Mrs Darling captured the poignancy inherent in the script skilfully, going some way to overcome this. Barrie's dialogue is at times rather quaint and archaic, which occasionally jarred with the modernity of setting in this production, but its overall effect was curiously delightful.

Although ostensibly a children's show, the ADC's *Peter Pan* is a stunning production for old and young alike. The commitment and enthusiasm of all involved resulted in a magical, fast-moving exploration of the imagination, which left the audience hungry for adventure and flights of fancy.

Peter Pan is at the Homerton auditorium on 15th and 16th October at 7:00pm

I'm sorry Miss Brodie, I am for real

Amy Blakeway teaches us a lesson about Muriel Spark's classic coming-of-age drama

Set in the 1930's, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* is well known to many of us, by reputation at least. Located largely in Miss Brodie's classroom, the play focuses on her, her lovers, her nemesis Miss MacKay and 'the Brodie set', a group of four girls she has picked as 'exceptional'. Following this group from age twelve through school and finally to their entry into the adult world, the play (based on the Muriel Sharp novel) ends with Miss Brodie's fall and the liberation of at least one of the group, Sandy, from her influence. The coming of age theme, so obvious for the girls, is contrasted by Miss Brodie, forever deluding herself she is helping, not harming, her girls.

The expansive time scale, as well as the relocation of the action from school to convent, means that there are numerous problems. However, the set design promises to overcome this. A traditional black box is to be divided into three areas, with the classroom at the back, other locations within the school at the centre, and outdoor scenes closest to the audience. Authentic 1930's chairs and desks have been gathered for the production from the Corn Exchange, and the use of gauze and lighting as envisaged by Director Rachel Grahame should allow the play to move from location to location with ease.

Unfortunately I was not able to see

a full run of the play, as not all of the twelve year-olds drafted in for the production were available. I was, however, assured that they are all of the same high standard as the one I did see, Megan Taff (playing Monica).

The remainder of the 'Brodie set' are played by students, and all demonstrated a high level of professionalism and talent. In particular, Lisa Owens emonstrated impressive range and development in the role of Sandy, going from a scared schoolgirl taken unawares by the Art master, to ice cold and analytical lover of the same man, to the instrument of Miss Brodie's downfall. Tizzy Fallar, in creating the stuttering Mary, evoked lashings of sympathy with some great acting. The brunt of many cruel jokes on the part of the other girls, Mary served to highlight the deceptions Brodie allows herself.

Miss Jean Brodie herself, played by Jenny Scudamore, clearly has heaps of talent, and I look forward to seeing her performance as a whole. The complexities and contradictions of her character were all treated with seriousness and intelligence. For all Miss Brodie's pretensions, at times I did feel that her love of the arts was genuine, and, a bit like the Bach-loving villains of *A Clockwork Orange*, I felt that the fact these ideals sat alongside fascist ones called into question all the

assumptions we make about people. This, it seems, is another strong point of the production.

This sensitive performance was well complimented by those of her two lovers. Mr Lloyd (Rob Heaps) wins no points for being a likeable or pleasant character, but works well with both Scudamore and Owens. As for Mr Lowthes, (Tom Stoate), being the pivot of many of the play's more humorous moments, he bears this responsibility well and with a straight face. Indeed, one aspect of the approach to the production I particularly liked was that humour was present, but never verged on the slapstick.

It is often said that comedy serves to heighten tragedy, but in this case it also makes the characters a lot more amenable to watch. Famous lines are not overplayed, but fit smoothly into their context, so that the audience is allowed to draw new things from them, and appreciate lesser-known aspects of the story.

This looks to be shaping up into a sparky and interesting production, with enough sense of period and broader issues to ground the production in something substantial, but enough emotional and personal interest to stop it being plodding or dull.

At the ADC Theatre from 12th - 16th October at 7.45 pm



ADC Theatre

Exactly how much is Jenny Scudamore (Miss Jean Brodie) wearing?

All that jazz?

Roz Gater on a new student-written musical

Jazzmatazz, a jazz musical with script and musical score written entirely by two members of the cast, Dom Carter and Simon Temple, was perhaps the most ambitious offering by Cambridge students at the Edinburgh Fringe this year. Although the reknown of Cambridge as an intellectual institution and a hotbed of extra-curricular talent is often enough to entice tourists, the fact that *Jazzmatazz* had to rely solely on this rather than a well known composer or dramatist made the show more difficult to sell. So the fact that *Jazzmatazz* was not only received well by most critics and audiences but that the whole crew actually mounted a successful publicity effort is certainly an achievement in itself, especially considering the frenzied climate of artistic competition at the Fringe being intrinsically so brutally ferocious.

Unfortunately, however, the ambition of the project seems to pull down the performance itself, and certain vital features such as set design and lighting are doomed to simplicity, perhaps due to the sheer scale of the enterprise. Although the cast look and sound impressive, all singing well, often passionately, and performing with enthusiasm a few catchy numbers and slick dance routines, it was the nature of the predictable and often rather clichéd script that repeatedly lowered the tone. The whole premise of the show, described as 'A timeless story of four young hopefuls falling in love and trying to make it big...', is one so familiar that it really yearned to be infused with a strong sense of originality, which this show failed to give it. However, frustratingly for the audience, the talent of the actors and musicians is so often strikingly impressive - so nearly all that jazz.

The four leading actors succeed in acting the script as convincingly as possible; with Nicky Arding as the wannabe starlet willing to sacrifice it all for fame looking desperately into the audience with a wide-eyed and longing stare, pitted against the modest underdog Louisa (Alex Spencer-Jones), whose secret desire to make it big also was under-

scored by a tinge of angry jealousy bubbling beneath the surface. The highlight of the whole show for me, however, was Benjamin Deery's toe tappingly electric performance of a ragtime 'Oh when the saints', which he sang with an effortless vocal range whilst darting around the stage with the natural air of a cool jazz cat very at home on the stage. Moments like this really illustrated the potential of a show really let down by a poorly written script and lack of attention to technical detail. Although this is not a show offering a challenge to its audience that could bring it anywhere near the realms of originality, it succeeds as happy-go-lucky frothy entertainment with a few touching dramatic exchanges and music numbers worth a peek.

At the ADC Theatre 13th - 16th October at 1pm

ADC Theatre



Nicky Arding, with Ben Deery and Simon Temple

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Sizing up Roni: the Outkast of drum'n'bass?



Roni practises his Jedi mind tricks

Ned Beaman gets the veteran's take on Dizzee Rascal

There's a housing estate in Trench Town, the most violent area of Kingston, Jamaica, called Arnette Gardens. It's nicknamed the Concrete Jungle. On mix-tapes from the Kingston dub sound-systems of the early 90's the MCs were giving constant shout-outs to 'alla the junglists' - a few of these tapes found their way to London, some rave producers sampled the 'junglist' chants, and a genre got its name.

Roni Size was there from the start. In 1993, a year before jungle really infected London, he released his debut EP *Fatal Dose* on V Recordings. Now, over a decade later, it's *Return to V*. 'With this album,' Size says, 'I wanted to go back to the beginning, back to the label that put me where I am today.' And where is he today? He remains the genre's best-known producer among non-fans because of his 1997 Mercury Music Prize-winning album *New Forms*. On *New Forms*, he added swerving jazz horns and jumpy double bass to his breaks, making one of the first jungle albums that was complex and musical enough to stand repeated listening.

Around the same time, people started talking about 'drum'n'bass'. There are some who claim the press gave up using the word 'jungle' because it sounded too intimidating, too black; defanged, declawed, and rebranded as drum'n'bass, the music could be played in trendy chrome bars and at tasteful middle-class dinner parties. Jungle, they say, was gentrified like a slum neighbourhood being

bulldozed to make way for yuppie condominiums. I don't know, I wasn't there. But we shouldn't complain too much, because the death of jungle allowed the emergence of producers like Photek, whose music will still sound futuristic in a thousand years' time.

Return to V subtracts the jazz, but not the creativity, and all eighteen tracks are collaborations. 'Every time I've put out an album people have always tried to pinpoint what it is, but I'm a man of many styles. I've been influenced by hip hop, ragga, jazz, funk, soul, r'n'b... I've tapped into a little bit of everything and still it sounds like a Roni Size record.' Would he ever consider making a straight-up hip hop record? 'I couldn't. I might go into the studio and try, but it would sound dubby, it would sound different.' In the past he's compared drum'n'bass today to hip hop in the eighties: young rebel genres. Does he think drum'n'bass could ever be as big as hip hop is now? 'No. America is too massive. Drum'n'bass comes from Britain, and Britain's a small place, so how could it compare?'

What does he think of the genre these days? 'I think the world drum'n'bass scene has lost a lot of its culture. The shelf-life of a record is too short. There are still classics but people want the next new tune so quick that they'll forget about the tune that they got last week.'

Clearly, drum'n'bass is getting less inventive. 'It's very easy now for people

to pick up a record and think, "I could do that," rather than sit in a room and think, "I'm going to roll like this, and what's going on outside of this room is irrelevant." I ask him what he thinks of grime, where, in my opinion, the real innovation is happening. 'I think grime is the kids searching for their identity. I don't think it's fully-formed yet. It's got a chance to be as big as drum'n'bass was, but the lyrics are still too violent.'

How can drum'n'bass get back its vitality? 'People in drum'n'bass need to start making albums. Like Dizzee Rascal tells a story, there's a journey.' He may be right (although there was a time when drum'n'bass producers started thinking harder about the album format, and that era produced monstrously self-indulgent prog drum'n'bass like Goldie's 1998 *Saturnz Return*).

Size is touring this month, and he's putting on a real show. 'I love being on stage live, that's the key, that's where stuff really happens. We've got a drummer, a stand-up bass player, four vocalists, and myself and another DJ. The ultimate record I'd like to make would be a full live drum'n'bass record, which I'm close to doing.' He clearly still wants to push boundaries. (Or, a cynic might say, he's struggling to stay relevant.) 'With every genre there's someone who just steps out of the scene, like the Prodigy with techno or Outkast with drum'n'bass. I would love to be the Outkast of drum'n'bass, but I wouldn't put myself in the same league yet.'

Ha Ha Superstar

Jessica Holland sees the NME Club Tour at the APU bar



Queens of Noize rock out behind the decks

On paper Har Mar Superstar's just another novelty act, gyrating in his wife-beater, all ugly-cool post-modern styling and no substance. The surprising thing about seeing him perform in the flesh is that he's actually good at what he does.

Which is strutting around the stage, posing and preening and thrusting, and playing the audience like a circus clown; but somehow transcending the mere slapstick of it all and filling up the room with his sleazy, sexed-up funky white-boy energy, creating a frisson that the pissed up freshers are feeding on and turning to feed on each other. They scream when he peels off his vest, claw

at his jeans and beg him to strip. He laps it up and descends into the throng to croon eye to eye, circuiting the room, exiting from one door and coming back in another. The music's just an accessory. No Englishman could pull this off.

He's succeeded on stage by another triumph of energy and charisma over musical talent, Camden's celeb-happy hellraisers the Queens of Noize. The best friends you never had, they run around in clattery heels and ripped tights and tiny dresses, hair in their eyes, model-beautiful, shouting into each other's ears and jumping around rockily to every song they put on, singing along and throwing shapes.

They're usually too excited about the next song to let anything play more than halfway through, (rock classics, Libertines-y indie, a bit of Country and some kitsch pop) which only adds to the messy atmosphere of being at a cheerful mate's birthday party rather than an audience member at a gig.

Har Mar and the Queens play perfect hosts throughout, twirling gleeful audience members round on the dancefloor, hanging out on the steps outside their bus, getting drunk and noisy, and pouring their energy into the night; their efforts are returned a hundred fold.

Modern Life was Rubbish: 1994

1994. Dead and gone. And what? As we approach the end of 2004, maybe a few surprises are still left up certain perfectly coiffured magical musicians' sleeves - but has there really been anything worth covering your bedroom walls with pictures of?

Now, I really don't want to get wanky here, but sitting in some trashed up top floor flat in Edinburgh town surrounded by cold roast chicken, Tesco cava and budget vodka I couldn't help but have somewhat of a midnight revelation that the majority of music I wanted to hear right then was released in the year 1994. The year that exploded with a sound of its time; a razor-edged supernova produced by its period. A cruel but kind reminder of the impasse of the year we find ourselves tumbling towards the end of.

Indie music, on both sides of the Atlantic, was producing records to live, fall in love and die to. Elliott Smith's *Roman Candle* and Jeff Buckley's *Grace* brought two debuts that offered otherworldly ethereal voices, no longer with us, that sung of the fragile romance of a quietly beating heart. Nirvana's *Unplugged in New York* became timeless in a moment as Oasis' *Definitely Maybe* defined modern British life in eleven songs charting the hopelessness, arrogance and intoxication of youth. Suede's elegant *Dog Man Star* and the Manic Street Preachers' caustic *The Holy Bible* witnessed glorious musical ambition that cut to the heart and has not been bettered since.

Ravers pillled and came down to the Prodigy's *Music for a Jilted Generation* and Goldie's tenement ode, *Inner City Life*; stoners lost their minds to Portishead's stunning wraithlike *Dummy*; white b-boys

bopped the streets to the Beastie Boys' *Ill Communication* and whiney crush-stricken adolescents mouthed the words to Green Day's *Dookie* and Weezer's self-titled tour de force. Cool nerds watched Beck breakdance in flares to 'Loser' on Top of the Pops as Prozac Diamond White kids moshed to the Offspring's *Smash*, while girls read Plath, dyed their hair pink and became proud of their periods to Hole's *Live Through This*.

Hip hop, arguably, experienced its finest year with the release of Biggie's gangsta chronicle *Ready To Die*, the raw reality of Nas' *Illmatic* and the chronic-consumed G-Funk of Snoop's *Doggystyle*, characterizing whole new styles of their own, from East to West Coast, that remain iconic templates of urban life and set a standard that rappers have since continued to aspire to.

The previous decade isn't remembered for too much worth remembering but somehow everything seemed to come together in 1994, against the odds. Kids touched, sweated and bled the music that said something to them about their lives. They smiled and screamed to records that were not only relevant to them but were them. Life was shit and they had something to hold onto other than the past. Ecstatic dancefloors, smashed bottles, saliva swapping, grey skies and care-less futures. Songs that illuminated the moment.

Smelly junkie punks, Village People breakdancers and gaylord New Romantics belonged to years gone by, and good riddance. A decade disappeared. Modern life was rubbish and pop music held out a helping hand.

Ronojoy Dam

Optimus Grime

Ned Beauman on a scene so hot it'll burn your face off



Grime MC Shystie

You know when you hear someone's name, and then you forget it, and then before long it's too late to ask again, and you just have to bluff? A lot of you must be feeling like that with grime. In the late eighties it was all about acid house. Then jungle. Then garage. And now grime. Each time, bedroom producers have creat-

ed something so new it's barely recognisable as music.

One of my defining memories of summer 2004 is the mingled sound of radio static and bubbling pasta as I stood hunched over the radio in my kitchen, twisting the dial like a safe-cracker trying to get to one of these pirate grime stations that I'd heard so much about. Normally I got nothing, but sometimes the planets and the pigeons aligned just right and there it was, you know it when you hear it. And the next afternoon I went out into the sunshine and if I was lucky the guy in the block of flats near my house had opened his window and turned his speakers outwards, so the whole street could hear the bleep and snap of 'Stand Up Tall' by Dizzee Rascal.

Grime, like jungle and garage before it, began in London, and now it runs inextricably through the place like the Thames or the Tube. But being outside London is no excuse to ignore this movement. Yes, if you ignore it, it will eventually go away. But I could say the same of you.

Like all the musical revolutions of the last twenty years, grime is so new that telling you about its influences tells you absolutely nothing about the genre itself. But, for those in the awkward position I was talking about earlier, I'll do my best. Grime combines the frantic pace of garage, with the bass-fixation of jungle, with the

jerky rhythms of dancehall, with the chilling austerity of electro. Most people hate all those genres, and those people will probably hate grime more than anything they've ever heard.

But you're not one of those people. Grime has hand-claps like bones breaking and chattering hi-hats with the beat always coming when you least expect it. In its textures it has a lot in common with crunk, the Dirty South style of hip hop production that you hear on hits like Usher's 'Yeah', but it's much wilder. Some grime has MCs, some doesn't. A lot of the MCs, unfortunately, are as obsessed with sex and guns as the worst of hip hop, but those that break through commercially, like Dizzee Rascal, Shystie and Wylie, write their rhymes with a lot more wit.

Over the next few weeks, *Varsity* will be covering the grime scene from every angle. We'll be interviewing the hottest talent on the grime scene, the leading producers, MCs, and DJs, people who aren't household names yet, and, yeah, never will be, but are delivering us the twenty-first century beat by beat. We'll review the best grime releases and the biggest grime nights. By the time *Varsity* arrives in your porters' lodge, what we write will already be out of date. But you have to put up with that when the scene is so hot the vinyl is melting on the turntables.

Album Reviews



Soundtrack of
Our Lives
Origin (Phase 1)

October 21st
(WEA)

Swedish garage rock? Nurse, it's happening again. TSOOL (as the hip and non-dyslexic like to call them) are veterans of the 2001 garage revival that brought us The Hives. But wait! Don't let that put you off.

Like its predecessor *Behind The Music*, *Origin (Phase 1)* combines thumping riffs and driving anthems, with the kind of songs that could only

have been conceived by a bearded Swedish bloke in a kaftan called Ebbot. So while 'Bigtime' evokes the kind of take-no-prisoners rock that Oasis cut their teeth on, 'Midnight Children (Enfants De La Nuit)' has the ethereal (okay, let's face it, hippy-ish) quality of the Velvet Underground.

Their influences are obvious, but when, on 'Royal Explosion', the band declares its intent to step above the 'self-indulgent lo-fi soldiers', you realize that that is exactly the point. They're putting the glorious 'trad' back in trad-rock, with added kaftan.

Sam Elliot



Thirteen
Senses
The Invitation

Out now
(Vertigo)

Of all the things that Britain needs in 2004, this reviewer would tend to put international goodwill and affordable housing above piano-led indie bands. Thirteen Senses' gimmick, since you ask, is that they come from Cornwall... yep, that's it – that's actually the most distinctive thing that the record label could think of for the press releases. Perhaps they're planning a home-grown Beach Boys, but Pet Sounds this is woefully not.

At least 'Do No Wrong' and 'Into the Fire,' both owing much to Turin Brakes, show off Will South's distinctive, tender vocals and some catchy piano – and with these as the first two tracks, the first listen is deceptively promising.

But while there is undeniably strong material here, *The Invitation* slips into derivative filler much too often towards the end to be anything more than a reasonable album. There's nothing obviously seriously wrong per se, but Thirteen Senses will have to drastically reassess to avoid a medium-bright future of middle billings at festivals, three more identical albums and being nobody's favourite band.

Dan Benton



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The Chilean charm of Pedro Machuca

Agata Belcen starts our look at the flourishing world of latin movies

Machuca is very quickly becoming the most successful film in Chile ever. The effect of the work has been so far-reaching that now the word *Machuca* is used as a synonym for someone belonging to a shantytown, after little tough Pedro Machuca, one of the central characters from the slums of Santiago. However, right from the start, this film has tried not to sell itself as a political film: 'Cinema is not the right medium for political argument,' says Mamoun Hassan, co-writer and former Head of Production at the British Film Institute. 'The moment that you say 'political', people stay at home. A political story is always very difficult because it is about a group of people, but audiences like stories to be about individuals. And you need to get an audience to get your money back.' For these very reasons, *Machuca* had to look for funding not only in Chile but also in the U.K., France and Spain.

Chilean director and co-writer Andres Wood believes that because financial considerations dictate so strongly over filmmakers, the creativity of Chilean films has been severely restricted. He does however concede optimistically, 'We're better than we were 15 years ago.' And so I asked, if life had been different, if audience figures were of no consequence, if money grew on trees, would the film have turned out differently, 'It would always have been the same as it was; a love story between two boys.'

This love story is the friendship that

grows unexpectedly between slum-dweller Machuca and middle class Gonzalo Infante, as they become classmates during the fall of the Socialist Allende government and the installation of the military junta in 1973. It is not hard to see why the film became so entangled in its country's politics, causing some to accuse the government of using it as propaganda; Rightists to claim that only a sick mind could have portrayed the Chilean military in such a way; and still others to hope that it would be a film to finally reconcile the events of 1973.

'Cinema is not the right medium for political argument'

In his direction of the young children, Wood chose to leave politics entirely out: 'I never talked to the children about 1973. If they had any questions I would give them an answer, but I wanted them to have a naïve view of everything, not the political views and backgrounds of their families. I didn't talk about my political views either. I thought politics would ruin it.'

The cinematography (Miguel J. Littin) parallels these opinions with precision, never trying to make an overt political point or to be too impressive.



Manuella Martelli (left), the rising star and female lead of *Machuca*, may end up a star in spite of herself

Manuella Martelli's Rising Star

Compared to a Goya painting by the *New York Times*, Manuela Martelli, the female lead of *Machuca*, is set to make it big. The 21-year-old theatrically untrained art student, jumped at the unexpected opportunity of playing Kathy, protagonist of *B-Happy*, and working with a director (Justiniano) whose earlier film *Caluga o Menta* she so admired. She has captivated the critics, winning the award for Best Actress in the International Festival of Latin American Cinema for her extraordinary portrayal of Kathy, a young girl whose life is torn apart when her father is jailed and her mother dies. Despite her swiftly blossoming fame she maintains that she wants to remain low profile, but her talent and allure makes this seem little less than completely unrealistic. **LS**

Amenabar's morbidity only skin deep

It would be easy to think that Alejandro Amenabar is obsessed with death. Having directed *The Others* in 2001 and before that *Abre los Ojos* in 1997 (The source for Hollywood's *Vanilla Sky*), his new motion picture is *Mar Adentro*. It's based on the true life story of fisherman Ramon Sampedro, who suffered a terrible accident at sea, leaving him severely paralysed. Sampedro spent the rest of his life trying to fight for his right over his own life. But Amenabar refutes charges of morbidity: 'I'm not particularly obsessed with death, but it is something that all of us have to face, all of us that are here. So why not talk about it?'



This year, Spain has shown itself to be a source of real talent in European cinema, and *Mar Adentro* brings it to the top of its game. Having won the Jury Grand Prize at this summer's Venice Film Festival, it has just been selected as the Spanish contender at the Oscars for Foreign film, outstripping serious rivals like Pedro Almodovar's *Bad Education* and Jose Luis Garcia's *Tiovivo 1950*.

Internationally premiered in Venice, it is set to be released in England in a few months time.

AB



Los Muertos

At the forefront of a new wave of young filmmakers in Argentina, Lisandro Alonso's new film is characteristically enigmatic. The minimal plot follows a 54 year old man's release from jail and search for his adult daughter through the jungle. But despite years of incarceration, the murderer seems largely unchanged; or, at least, the ambiguity of the harrowing ending seems to suggest so. Glacially paced and bordering on the pretentious, this film should come with a strong art house warning. This said, it was punctuated with beautiful imagery and penetrated a rarely examined issue: does release from prison actually bring freedom? Here, director Alonso discusses his work with *Varsity*.

Argentinian cinema is shifting away from its current commercial nature. Where do you think it's heading? Fabien Bielinsky's *Nine Queens* - released in 2001, a social/political comment on society in Argentina - set a precedent for less commercial films. Partly on the back of this, a new group of young filmmakers known now as 'The Independents' has emerged. They tend to have no government financial support but make original movies with a political conscious. Who would you say was the biggest influence on your filmmaking style? Abbas Kiarostami. He's an Iranian filmmaker who also bridges the documentary/fiction divide, as he did in his recent film *Five Dedicated to Ozu*. It consists of five sequences - for instance, a piece of driftwood on the seashore, frogs improvising a concert, blurry shapes on a winter beach. That kind of thing.

So is that why you chose a non actor to play your protagonist? It seems to suggest you wanted to keep much of the rawness of the documentary style. I spent a couple of months travelling around villages in Argentina looking for someone who would want to play the part, but most of the men who looked suitable were alcoholics. Eventually I found Argentino Vargas who was living in a mud house with his twenty-four children from three different mothers. He had never been to the cinema in his life, and didn't even want to see the film when it was finished. He wanted to be paid and to settle back into his subsistence farming routine. He was perfect for the part.

You said you wanted to explore the relationship between prison and nature. What in particular sparked this interest?

I was inspired by the notion that physical freedom is not always enough. Vargas, after serving a long sentence for having committed two murders, has been released from prison, but in his head he is not free. He has no choices. He breathes, but he is not alive.

The end of *Los Muertos* is disturbingly ambiguous. Did you want the viewer to reach his own conclusions?

Yes. I never really had a clear idea for the ending. I hoped it would come organically. I saw two small toys lying on the ground and knew they would be the key. I wanted to create a tension between childhood innocence and the father's criminal past. The toys are an ominous reminder of the bodies of the two kids at the beginning.

Lucy Styles

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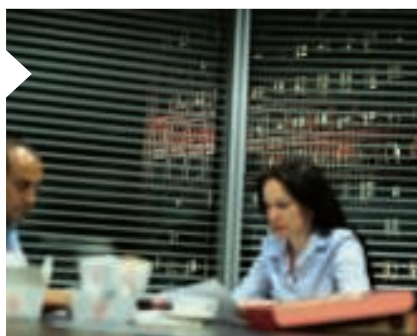
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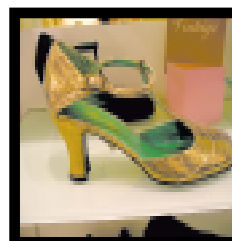
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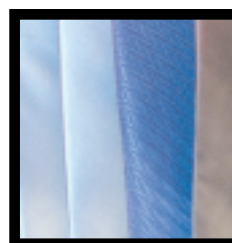
Gold patent leather belt: £2.75 from Cancer Research



Blue tweed bag: £20, and blue gloves: £20, both from Accessorize



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Snazzy blue sports car: feel free to dream...

Amy wears: blue top (£5.99) and white vest (£9.99), both from H&M, gold sequined scarf from Accessorize (£19.99), blue lycra belt from Cancer Research (£1.75). Shoes and jeans; models own.

James wears: turquoise cardigan (£8) from the Market, blue long sleeved t-shirt (£28) from Dogfish, grey leather belt with gold buckle (£3.99) from Oxfam. Shoes and jeans; models own.

Emma wears: grey/brown satin dress (£59.99) from Jigsaw, blue crocheted cardigan (£28.99), gold leather pumps (£25), gold pendant (£7.99), all from Topshop, yellow leather belt (£2.50) from market, silver and pearl necklace (£3.99) from H&M, pearls (£2) from Scope.

Stylists: Johanna Z-Sharp and Sally Jennings. Models: Amy, James and Emma.

Forget about green: from the collections on show at London Fashion Week in September it was clear that blue is the colour to look out for this season. And always has been - from Cleopatra's earrings and Thatcher's power suits to Elvis' blue suede shoes, versions of this colour have oozed cool authority in fashion throughout history. Any hue goes - from fantastically bright to darker than dark, everyone can wear it. For added impact mix different shades together, then team with egyptian gold, pearls, or simply your favourite faded jeans.



Egyptian style gold earrings: £6 from Accessorize

When art crimes get legal

'Graphotist' extraordinaire, Banksy shows us that the city is as good a space for contemplation and provocation as any gallery, says **Lisa Martinson**

'Rats ... are impossible to fully eradicate [sic]... they have brought entire civilisations to their knees. If you feel small, insignificant and dirty they are the ultimate role model.' Banksy

We expect Art in galleries. We expect it carefully curated and accompanied by exhibition catalogues, and all conscientiously condensed or contrived into palatable form for diligent art-lover and idle culture vulture alike. Maybe, if we are just a bit radical, we'd also quite like it to challenge us (or the norms of Middle England). Rarely, however, do we expect to be confronted on damp, dirty Tottenham Court Road by crows flying the skull and cross-bones from a streetlamp, by monkeys declaring 'one day we'll rule the world' or by a band of anarchist rats deftly defying the laws of gravity that we are obliged to observe. Banksy's characters are actors in a plot in which the undertrodden and over-abused can only complain so many times before they come out from the corners, all guns blazing.

The city is his exhibition space. More in the manner of the radical avant-gardes of the 1920s and 1930s, Banksy succeeds where the anaemic and over-corporatised YBA culture has unremittingly and monotonously failed. Going beyond the shock-horror media circus of the Saatchi-world/Turner prize variant of contemporary art, Banksy's 'interventions' (some would call them vandalism, some art) attack the system with a mordant humour and resolute viciousness that springs from a refreshing disregard for their ontological status as artworks. Finally, a provocation beyond the over-cooked trivialities of 'but is it art?'

Neither contemplation nor provocation should be confined to institutional spaces. Subversion has been standardised, and so the avant-garde won the

battle, but lost the war, and as their work was accepted, their philosophy was forgotten. Artists now have the shock gesture down pat, and we, the audience, turn our cheek, ready for the anticipated slap in the face.

Narratives of art history are controlled within institutional spaces. In October 2003, Banksy intervened at Tate Britain, gluing "Banksy 1975,

his new restaurant and you're doing album covers for Blur, someone's bound to start whispering of a 'sell out.' And, as the protesters at the unveiling of his *Blind Justice* ("Trust No-one") in Clerkenwell Green this summer were quick to note, 'it'll change nothing.' No, it probably won't. After all, *Guernica* at the UN HQ couldn't stop America going to war, so Banksy probably won't

Merc belongs to a car jacker, but the privileges of 'culture' are not unrelated to who's got the dollars to pay dancing Justice. The art gallery is an ideological space.

But so is the city, and no-one can patrol its limits, nor constantly curate its every damp, dirty corner. Neither are we waiting for the slap on the face on the Monday morning 7.45 to Waterloo.



Challenging, provocative 'interventions': Banksy's stencil graffiti can be seen on walls and trains throughout the nation

Crimewatch UK has ruined the countryside for all of us" to the wall, depicting a rural scene disfigured with police tape. It was a parody of the contemporary relevance of the neighbouring depictions of pastoral idylls; more crucially, it was a swipe against the art institutions that mindlessly endorse such narratives.

Of course, when you're so successful a subversive that Jamie Oliver's contacting your people to get some artwork for

be able to stop those dollar bills being tucked into the garter belt of Justice. But, frankly, he is at least offering more than weekend diversion for the middle-classes.

The art gallery authorises certain truths about civilisation and about life. In particular, it defines who has 'culture' and who doesn't, or rather who can be trusted to take care of whose 'culture.' The Elgin marbles logically belonged to Lord Elgin to the same extent that a

No, a bit of graffiti won't sweep in a new world order, but it may make us imagine a different way forward. So, imagine the cityscape an exhibition; imagine it continually changing; imagine it written from the thousand voices below. 'A city that felt like a living breathing thing which belonged to everybody, not just the estate agents and barons of big business. Imagine a city (...a world...) like that and stop leaning against the wall, it's wet.'

Ask the Artist

Olga Smith has been a practising artist for some time, first going through a "detrimental" eastern European art-schooling and then serving a two-year sentence as a 'commercial artist' working mainly on murals in London. In the stark reality of Cambridge, Olga is a linguist in her final year. She is looking forward to planning a small exhibition in her native Newnham, where the most recent "Silent" series, two of which are presented below, will be on show alongside her other works.

Below, Olga discusses four aspects of her most recent series.



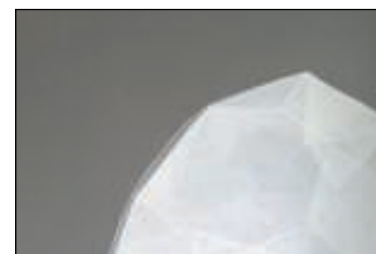
One of the paintings in Smith's series

On Concealing: *Silent* paintings (see the grey/white abstractions above and below) always begin with colourful, finished figurative paintings. The grey and white layers gradually veil the original painting, the whole process comparable to the phenomenon of forgetting, blanking out what has happened before. The painting progresses in time, but the progression is towards zero and silence. This is probably much like watching it snowing, when little by little objects become less and less recognisable until they are finally obliterated.

On Abstraction: The truth is that I have been painting figuratively for a long time. I do really like it, but recently I have been more and more interested in moving away from making images, and the 'concealing' technique of the *Silent* series has provided a kind of solution for this transformation from the figural to the abstract.

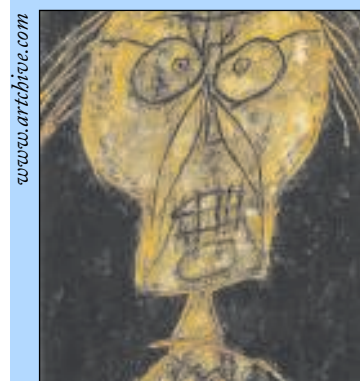
On Medium: Acrylic, which is my favourite medium, can have a solid appearance, but when mixed with water it acquires a lovely translucent quality. The solidity of white shapes is illusionary as they are constructed out of almost transparent layers. I like to let the medium determine to a large extent the appearance of the painting, letting it have a voice of its own.

On Monumentality: Some of the works that comprise the series are quite big, the one shown below being an example, at over a metre wide. This is probably the result of my spending time doing murals... Of course, there is also an element of thrill when faced with a wide expanse of a blank sheet or a board where even the edges are not an impediment: going beyond them suggests a forever expanding pictorial space.



The largest of the paintings

C.U.V.A.S.



Jean Dubuffet: Dhotel nuance d'abricot 1947

Cambridge University Visual Arts Society is a forum for the discussion and promotion of contemporary art. The society's first event of the year will take place on Thursday 14th October at 8pm in the Alcock Room of Jesus College and is a group debate on *Outsider Art* by Colin Rhodes, Roger Cardinal, John Maizels and Damian and Delaine LeBas.

Outsider Art is defined as the branch of artistic expression created beyond the bounds of the cultural norm. The expression is generally attributed to the work of the 'insane', or people on the fringes of society.

The Fitz gets in touch with its modern side

Sophie Priestley

You can't miss it. Historically seen as the reliable grown-up to Kettle's Yard's rebellious teenager, the city's largest and oldest art gallery is telling us, in no subtle terms, that it has some youth left in it too.

The monumental Henry Moore replica, newly positioned on the left of the Classical façade, is a wonderful symbol of the fact that the museum's new priorities lie in the display of more modern art, as part of the huge makeover of the museum which took place over the summer vac. As well as

the recent appearance of the stunning white sculpture, the 'after shot' includes an exhibition of Lucian Freud etchings and a new display of recent acquisitions of contemporary prints, including works by Marc Quinn and Anish Kapoor, all three in stark contrast to the rather more traditional exhibitions for which our dear old Fitz is famous. The director, Duncan Robinson, insists, however, that the Henry Moore is merely a declaration that the museum houses, and has always housed, a large collection of works from the twentieth century and is there to dispel the myth that it does not.



Moore's Reclining Nude: tells us the Fitz is an art gallery, not a bank.

The work, on long-term loan from The Henry Moore Foundation, sets up an exciting contrast between old and new in its niche of 1930s architecture and Soane's façade. At first, its pure whiteness against the background of greyer stone seems passively pleasing. The sculpture seems to work well in an older setting and although it acts as a bold statement, neither architecture, nor sculpture overpower. The work, based on a maquette of Moore's called *Reclining Nude*, is still within the tradition of the female nude. On closer inspection, though, the nude is active and aggressive, willing you into the refurbished museum. She challenges your stare and seems almost affronted that you are looking at her at all. Although her outline is smooth, she pushes her chest forward, in a confrontational manner; her breasts are angular; and her left leg seems claw-like. You notice her, but in a sense she is not there to be noticed. Rather, she is there to snap you out of your belief that the Fitzwilliam only contains works pre-1900. She is the new version of the lions which flank the façade, who look timid in comparison to her. She guards, but she also wills you in. So, while you won't miss her, you may find yourself even more compelled by her beckoning words, than her youthful breasts.



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Men cruise to victory but ladies lose again

Gemma Farrell

AS THE majority of Cambridge students wound down for the summer, 15 entered an intense training programme in preparation for their Varsity match. The two day event was held at the prestigious Royal Southern Yacht Club, a short sail from the Solent waters where the racing took place.

Three men's and two ladies' boats took on Oxford in what was predicted to be a closely fought contest. The Cambridge men had won and lost races to the Dark Blues over the year, but it was the ladies who had it all to prove, having spent the year sailing, not together, but with the men in a mixed team.

Before the races began, both teams had a crucial hour in which to practise sailing boats that they had never sailed before. This is one of the challenging aspects of the Varsity constitution, and plays a key role in determining the most skilful team.

A guilty Oxford Captain asked for a re-run

Ed Clay, Rob Styles and Jon Pinner took an early lead in the first race and won comfortably. But in the second

race, a despondent Oxford made their comeback as the helms were swapped in the boats. Anthony Lewis, Pete Davidson and Robbie McDonald took over the steering for Cambridge and were in trouble at the start, giving the Oxford team a great advantage that they were unwilling to give up for the rest of the race.

Perfection in sailing is rare, but the Light Blues came close as they hammered the Oxford boats to the back of the fleet in the third and fourth races. Rob Styles effectively held up the opposition and brought his teammates to the front to give them a 3-1 lead going into the final day, one win short of the title. The Light Blues then dictated the last two races. At the finish line, the Cambridge team left the Dark Blues spinning to the back of the fleet. The Varsity Match Title belonged to the Cambridge men, and the trophy in the hands of Ed Clay, the proud Captain of the Light Blue team.

The ladies failed to emulate the achievements of their male counterparts. However, there was a positive start by the Light Blues, with Bethan Carden rising to the challenge of force 5 winds in the first race despite being new at the helm. But due to 'hairy' conditions, the race committee made the decision to use smaller sails for the next race. This seemed to suit Oxford's technique and after another extremely tight race, Oxford sailed to victory.

What happened to the ladies in the last race of the day proved a crucial moment in the event. Oxford missed out



The Cambridge ladies sailing team pose before their Varsity match against Oxford



The men's sailing team cruise to victory on the second day of their Varsity match

a mark of the course and in doing so finished ahead of Gemma Farrell's boat. A guilty Oxford Captain requested a re-race rather than disqualification and despite protests from the Cambridge crews, the Light Blues were forced to race again.

After the final two scheduled races, the two teams remained level, making the re-run race also the decider between two evenly matched teams. Carden was unfortunate to get tangled up on the starting mark and despite the tactical input of Sarah Hill on her boat, she struggled to get back into the race. At

the front, Farrell assumed an aggressive game plan to slow the other teams so that Carden could catch up. However, with Carden trailing by more than 4 minutes, this was an impossible feat and the match was lost. A hugely disappointed team returned to shore. Carden, next year's ladies Captain, was positive, saying: "We were unlucky and inexperienced. Cambridge ladies have not won a Varsity match for over 10 years and had not won a single race for 3. We took on Oxford and, yes, we lost, but trends are changing. Next year, we intend to live up to the standard set by the boys".

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Holders John's set for another league triumph

David Madden takes an in depth look at the teams who'll battle it out in Division 1 of College Hockey

LAST YEAR's college hockey league season went all the way to the final match, when St John's defeated Magdalene to take the title. It was fitting that the two best teams in the league met on the last day, with John's running out deserved winners. Meanwhile in cuppers, the class of Catz shone through once again. They fielded several Blues who were ineligible in the league and strolled to the title, despite a spirited effort from opponents Magdalene in the final.

This year, things may be different. Johns are still strong but Magdalene have lost key players. Jesus will be determined to improve on their disastrous attempt at defending the league title last season. Yet there are other teams who will have aspirations to make an impact at the top of the table.



Gonville and Caius - Last year's dark horses are still without any University players, but played as a hard-working, well-organised unit last year. They are unlikely to finish as high as last year, but should manage a mid-table position.



Cambridge City - On their day they are comfortably the best side in the league as they can field a blend of youthful and experienced players, all of whom train regularly and play club hockey on Saturdays. However they can also be one of the worst teams in the league if they struggle with player availability. They will certainly win their fair share of games, and

could play a significant role in deciding the destiny of the title by turning over one or more of the top teams.



St Catherine's - With several players gaining Squanderers (University 3rd team) experience, in addition to a good standard of players all over the park, they are a much improved side. Although they may not be quite good enough to challenge the top teams, they won't be far away. Their remarkable numbers of Blues players makes them odds-on favourites to retain their cuppers title.



Clare - Newly promoted from the second division, their main hope will be to avoid an immediate return to the lower

levels although even this may be asking too much unless they get a good batch of freshers.



Downing - The whipping boys of college hockey went down to some heavy defeats last time and should probably expect to again. Fresher Alun Rees will improve things, but without other new players the likelihood is that Squanderers goalkeeper Matt Dyson will be very busy.



Emma - This year they look like a decent side, led by Squanderer Tom Hopwood. They were unable to compete against the better sides last year, but if some good freshers are added then this could change. If not then a top-half finish is the best they can hope for.



Jesus - Jesus are still smarting from their capitulation at the hands of archrivals Johns in the league in February, when they went down 4-1. This combined with league defeats to Magdalene, Caius and Cambridge City made last season one to forget. A weak midfield just could not compete with the class of the top two teams. Failure to strengthen this over the summer is a worry, but elsewhere new players have come in. Last year, the team relied heavily on Sam Grimshaw, the league's best striker, but the addition of Ed Bush, who has already played for the Squanderers, should make the attack two-pronged.



St John's - The reigning champions are red-hot favourites to take the league honours again. Last year saw an amazing influx of freshers, allowing them to overtake Jesus as the best team in college hockey. Their strength is in the midfield, where they possess four of the best players in the league in Mike Palmer, Rich Mackenney, Bruce Stocker and Wanderers (University 2nd team) captain, James Sym.

Although the defence is at times less than watertight, it was rarely troubled in the key games last season. They may lack a prolific goalscorer, but last season saw enough goals come from the middle of the park.



Magdalene - Last year they were a very strong unit, solid in defence and midfield thanks to a host of university players. However the heart of the team has been ripped out. Squanderers midfielders Adam Briggs and Paul Dixon have gone, as has frontman Dan Brass. New captain Tom Walker also probably won't be able to call on his best player, Will Smith, who will be playing for the Blues in the National League. They will need some quality freshers if they are to repeat the feats of last season.



Robinson - A serious lack of strength in depth means that they will probably have a similar season to last year. They will score plenty of goals against the weaker sides in the league thanks to the potent strike-force of Wanderer Garth Collins and Squanderer Chris Coomber. But against the top sides a poor defence and midfield will be exposed and they could be on the end of some heavy defeats themselves.



Sidney Sussex - Last season they generally struggled. This season could be worse, especially if key man Mark Rushton is unavailable because of Blues commitments. If he plays, the team could hope to finish up near mid-table. Otherwise, it may be a long battle to avoid the drop.



Trinity - The other promoted team from last year's second division should fare better than Clare. Captained by Squanderers midfielder Ed Gardiner, they may well upset a few of the better teams and could end up nearer the top than the bottom.



2003 winners Jesus are overrun by eventual 2004 champions St John's in one of last year's crucial games

CUBC glide past Waikato in New Zealand

James Orme

ALTHOUGH THE sole objective of the Cambridge University Boat Club (CUBC) is to win the annual boat race against Oxford, the club enjoyed a very productive summer. There were races in Henley, Germany and Poland with the season culminating in The Great Race, New

Zealand's equivalent of the Boat Race, with Cambridge taking on Waikato University.

Cambridge did not have much luck at Henley. The best chance of a medal seemed to be with the coxless four of Steffen Bushbacher, Wayne Pommen, Andrew Shannon and Nate Kirk, the stern four from the victorious 2004 Blue Boat, racing in the Visitors

event. Having reached the final and looking strong at the half-way stage, Cambridge hit the side markers, effectively ending the race and conceding victory to a team from Oxford Brookes. Elsewhere, the eight men from last year's Blue Boat raced in the Grand, the blue riband event of the Regatta, narrowly being knocked out by a very strong Harvard crew. There were other crews in the Student Coxed Fours, Visitors and Stewards competitions but all were soon eliminated, ending a disappointing regatta for the CUBC.

After Henley, three members of last year's Goldie crew, Richard Sykes-Popham, James Orme and Ed Sherwood teamed up with double Oxford Blue David Livingston to form a coxless four for the World Under-23 Championships in Poznan, Poland. Despite the crew being just three weeks old, they reached the A final of the event, finishing 6th in a high quality field.

The CUBC were well represented in the Olympic Regatta in Athens. Blues Josh West, Tom Stallard, Tom James

and Christian Cormack raced in the 8+, finishing 9th. Rick Dunn raced in the pair, sadly not reaching the A final but ending up 7th. Stuart Welch was the most successful of the CUBC involved, winning a Bronze medal in the Australian 8+. Kieran West and James Livingston attended as spares, also racing at the Non-Olympic World Championships in Banyoles, finishing 7th in the Coxed Pair.

After Athens came New Zealand, and the race against Waikato University. The New Zealanders, undefeated in the Great Race until this year, included two Olympians and two Under-23 internationals. However, the Cambridge crew were in no mood to allow a repeat of the previous defeats, sending a crew with three blues, three Under 23's, a Goldie and experienced international cox Peter Rudge.

The crew of Ed Sherwood, Kris Coventry, Kyle Coveny, Tom Edwards, Andrew Shannon, Steffen Bushbacher, James Orme, Rich Sykes-Poham and Peter Rudge led from the first bend, having picked up on some dead water



The crew start their journey home

on the fast-flowing Waikato river. Despite brave efforts from the Kiwis to get back on terms, Cambridge were always in control, stretching their lead down the final straight to win by 3 lengths. It was a very promising start to the new campaign, which culminates on the 27th March in the 151st Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge.



Cambridge defeated Waikato University to win the trophy for the first time

"A very promising start to the new campaign"

James Orme reports on CUBC's summer success

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Derby victory for dogged Blues

University Rugby

CAMBRIDGE UNI 20
CAMBRIDGE CITY 10

Adam Edelshain

IN A closely fought match, Cambridge University came from behind to beat Cambridge City. Despite leaving the field at half time with the score at 7-5 to their town counterparts, the Blues pulled themselves back into the game with a couple of well worked tries from Nicolaas Alberts and Ed Carter. These added to Akinola Abiola's first half score and Jon Ufton's conversion and penalty were enough to see off a resolute Cambridge City side in a gripping "Town vs Gown" match.

From the first few minutes it was clear that the Blues were the stronger of the two sides. Domination at the scrums helped pin Cambridge City back and force several errors. However, Cambridge were unable to make it count as Johnny Ufton hit the post with the first penalty after 3 minutes and Abiola had a try ruled out for a forward pass.

After 10 minutes of intense pressure, Cambridge City appeared to have cleared their lines. But the Blues raced back to score the opening try of the game. Cambridge City cleared the ball to the half way line but lost the ball at the throw in and the Blues broke with alarming speed. Nathan McGarry burst through before the ball was shifted wide to the right. Neil Toy was unable to make it to the line, but with City's defence stretched, the ball was played back across the field for Abiola to run in a simple try. Ufton missed his conversion attempt but there were seemingly no worries for Cambridge University, who were looking very sharp.

Soon afterwards it seemed that Charlie Desmond had only one man to beat to score another try for the Blues but an earlier infringement saw play stopped. This pattern of play became more and more evident as City crept



A heated scrum between Cambridge City and Cambridge University (left), Simon Frost holds the cup in the Grange Road Clubhouse (right)

back into the game with a very disciplined forward line. The Blues were considerably less disciplined and brought much of the pressure onto themselves.

City forced a throw in the corner and almost forced the ball over the line. Then with about thirty minutes gone, Sean Syman of City broke through the Cambridge University back line and ran 40 yards, finishing only 15 yards short. Progress for City was slowed by a series of infringements by the Blues who were made to pay by Luis Lamas, who broke through and scored. A successful conversion gave Cambridge City a 7-5 lead at half time.

City then looked to capitalise on their lead after the break and Sean Syman nearly ran through straight from the restart. The Blues were put under fairly heavy pressure and con-

ceded a penalty right in front of the posts. Tom Dann made no mistake and City had a 5 point lead.

A late tackle and some cynical obstruction by City sparked several arguments on the field, which then became violent. The referee had to warn several of the Blues while calming both sides down. City's concentration seemed to be a little shaken and the Blues made light work of the City defence after 13 minutes of the second half. A mazy run by Abiola saw space open up on the opposite flank, which was then exploited by Nicolaas Alberts who palmed off two tackles and scored just to the right of the posts. This time Ufton converted and the University retook the lead.

Soon after, Tom Dann missed a penalty for City, which would have put them back in front. This proved to be

City's last clear opportunity as the University side began to regain its shape and dominate the play. Adam Gilbert charged down a kick and the Blues turned the ball over before working it wide for Ed Carter to run the ball home after an excellent dummy.

Despite another missed conversion attempt, the Blues never looked like losing their lead. With ten minutes to go, City thought they might have a lifeline as a bad mistake by the Blues forced them back 50 yards to their own 22 yard line, but imaginative play from Abiola led to another chance for the University instead, William Hughes falling just short of the line.

With only a couple of minutes to go, City were penalised for offside and Ufton made the score 20-10 to the Blues. This proved to be the final blow and a tired City were

unable to fight back.

It was a hard fought win for the University who will have to concentrate on their discipline to win tougher matches later in the season. They showed great flair against a very solid defence but conceded too many penalties, especially in the first half.

After receiving the trophy, Simon Frost commented that "We didn't really stick to our game plan in the first half," but later added that "We pulled in the reigns in the second half and could have scored three or four other tries if not for a few handling errors."

If discipline is improved and fewer errors are made then the Blues will be difficult to beat this season. However, much work is still needed before they can think about attempting to retain the trophy at this year's Varsity match on December 7.



Andy Sims

Rugby boys lose tour games before holding training session for youth side

Olivia Day

AS PART of the summer training program for the Cambridge University Rugby Union Club, the squad flew to South Africa. In the first match, Cambridge played Pretoria University, reigning club champions in South Africa. They suffered a heavy defeat, going down 68 points to 10.

The tour then played a side called UCT, University of Cape Town. Hopes of an improved performance were dashed though as the Blues lost 24-10 in a game that the players felt they should have won.

The final game of the season was against NTK, Northern Tygerberg College. Though the Blues lost this game 20-34, it was a hard fought match and there were signs of more cohesive play and fewer mistakes, which bode well for the rest of the season.

After the rugby, the team found time to help train some of the local youngsters and provided them with two training kits in order to promote the sport. This rewarding experience helped make the trip a success in the eyes of the players and now all that remains is for Cambridge to keep winning back on home soil.



The Cambridge Rugby Union squad help train South African children on their tour last summer