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New Hall censors painting for US troops



'Gulf Women Prepare for War' by Maggi Hambling. The painting was covered up at New Hall to secure a £4000 guest booking by the US military in the college's Dome.

Zoe Pilger

THE CENSORSHIP of a painting at New Hall at the request of a guest booking by the US military has sparked controversy throughout the college.

The painting, named 'Gulf Women Prepare for War' depicts a Muslim woman, fully veiled, holding a large weapon and crouching in the desert. It hangs in the domed dining-room of New Hall College, but was covered up on Sunday 5 June, as a condition of a private booking made by the US military.

As a women only college, New Hall has one of the highest proportion of Muslim female undergraduates in the University, and prides itself on owning one of the largest displays of female art in the world.

Artist, Maggi Hambling, (OBE) said she is "appalled", at the censorship of her painting. She carried out the work in 1986 as response to the Iran-Iraq war.

The agreed fee of the US military booking was £4,000. Andy Milne, the college's Conferences and Catering Director, agreed to cover the painting. He claims this decision "was in line with our general policy as I then understood it".

The 113 guests, mostly uniformed, were from a US navy division based at RAF Molesworth. A peaceful protest

was staged outside the dining-room by students and tutors from the college as the military delivered their after-dinner speeches. The protestors asked some of the guests to comment on the covering of the painting as they walked out of the Dome. One remarked: "I wasn't aware of that. Art is art, it's a reflection of culture - that's a shame." Another whilst reading a banner saying '100,000 Iraqis Dead' retorted, "Is that all?"

Official explanation of why the painting was censored remains ambiguous. A US navy officer, Lieutenant Farnham, admitted she had made the request, yet declined an interview. She maintains it was not because the painting shows a Muslim woman.

At a public meeting following the event, attended by the President and Senior Tutor of the College, it was suggested that the military guests may have got drunk and damaged the painting. It was also suggested that they did not want to be reminded of war. Hambling has dismissed this: "Surely the military would be more used to seeing weapons than anyone. It's very interesting that a painting can be seen as such a threat."

Sophia Mahroo, a third year medical student from New Hall and a Muslim herself, said: "I really like the painting. The woman with the gun is a symbol of resistance and empowerment".

But she added that a Muslim friend of hers at Newnham had said the painting was too aggressive, and could be associated with terrorism."

It was also revealed in the meeting that the College authorities and JCR learned of the booking six days before the event, but failed to inform either the student body, or Hambling herself, who confirmed, "I didn't know anything about it."

Hambling expressed her outrage in a telephone interview: "There's two things here: it's exciting if a traditional oil painting can arouse such a fuss. It's appalling that a painting can be censored like this."

As a result of the protest and the public meeting, in which the censorship was voted against unanimously by the 35 students who attended, Andy Milne has stated: "we are now all agreed changes will not be made to the display of the art collection."

Hambling remains adamant: "I was completely against the Iraq war. The Americans are megalomaniacs trying to take over the world. They have the amazing narcissism to try and make everyone the same as them."

She described how she was, "moved to make the painting by a shocking photograph in the newspaper", and emphasised the role of artists to "respond to what happens in the world."

New IPR policy sparks research debate

Lucy Phillips

CONCERN IS mounting amongst senior academics and research students that the University Council will attempt to pass through a controversial Grace during the summer vacation that could eventually see them stripped of their intellectual rights.

The news comes following the release of a third draft of a report into Intellectual Property Rights (IPRs) and its approval by the University Council. It is thought that any policy of Intellectual Property (IP) ownership would destroy the 'Cambridge phenomenon' whereby both the local and national economies benefit from the spin-off companies created and supported by the University's academics and researchers.

The University has defended the new policy saying that it offers clarity, more freedom than at most other universities and that the third draft has made many concessions from the one originally published in 2001 which proposed almost total ownership of IP by the University.

Cambridge University is currently one of a few universities which lack a uniform policy on IPRs. It has been criticised for inconsistency in the implementation of mechanisms such as patents and copyright to protect IPRs.

Pro-Vice Chancellor Professor Tony Minson has defended the new policy: "I strongly support this policy, which has been developed during a long period of consultation. The policy protects the freedom to publish and guarantees ownership of copyright. There is no change of policy with respect to students: students own their own IPR. The Report acknowledges, however, that there may be restrictions to ownership because much research is collaborative, some research is conducted in the premises of other organisations and some funding agencies may impose their own requirements. None of this is new, but the Report brings these issues into the open. I hope that students will support the Report."

But Ross Anderson, Professor of Security

Engineering, and member of the University Council has expressed his concerns to *Varsity* about the effect the new proposals would have on entrepreneurship and academic freedom. He said: "The result would be that no member of the University would be able to set up companies without permission from Cambridge Enterprises [an organisation set up to commercialise research results]."

He labelled the recent report into IPRs as "vague, confusing and contradictory."

Three of the student members of the University Council voted in favour of the new proposals, including CUSU President Wes Streeting despite CUSU having signed a mandate against the policy in 2002. Streeting defended his stance:

"Whilst the new proposals

may appear controversial, the University's IPR arrangements are in fact more liberal and better for students than those at most other Russell Group and Ivy League universities. They leave students better protected than [the previous] anachronistic arrangements. I took a principled stand to defend students despite an appalling level of bullying and intimidating tactics by members of the [University] Council like Ross Anderson."

Streeting's actions have sparked criticism from some Council rebels who believed that they could depend on the student members' support.

GU President and member of the University Council Ruth Keeling abstained. She later told *Varsity* that it was "a positive abstention in that I felt there had been very positive developments since the first report but I believe this is only a small corner of a wider debate."

If the Grace is approved, a final vote for all the 'Regents' (academic staff, post-doctoral research fellows and senior administration staff) will take place in Michaelmas 2005.

This leaves little time for additional amendments or objections to the policy. Professor Anderson also believes that the recent increase in non-academic administrative staff will tip the balance of the vote in favour of the new IPRs policy.

Opinion

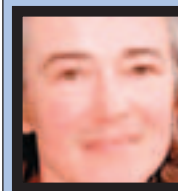


Professor Ian Leslie, Pro-Vice Chancellor for Research

"It has taken some time to arrive at this policy: it takes account of many comments that have been made in Discussion in the Senate House and in informal consultations."

The proposed policy offers clarification about the disposition of IPR across all funding sources; and as much consistency as is possible with the various constraints placed upon us. It does not represent an enormous change in practice; rather it brings a small amount of research into line with the majority of research for which ownership of patent is prescribed by sponsors.

In comparison with our peers, the policy is very generous to academics and students. It provides a clear appeals procedure: disputes on IPR ownership between academics and/or students are now dealt with in the first instance by the University at no cost to the protagonists rather than through the courts."



Professor Gillian Evans

"Cambridge is technically within its rights to keep the profits from the intellectual efforts of its employees, though it has badly misjudged the consequences of trying to do so. It is not that we all want to get rich on the side while drawing our salaries. We just want to be able to follow up lines of enquiry without constantly looking over our shoulders for approval from those who hold the purse-strings. Not all good ideas make money. You can see from the numerous revisions of the IPR proposals that attempts to pin things down just lead to complexities and injustices and general damage to goodwill."

But the thing that really makes me furious is the attempt to extend this kind of money-driven control to students. Students are not employees and the University has no legal right to 'get what it pays for'. The students are doing the paying. And even if they weren't, I think most academic staff feel very strongly that a student - and especially a research student - should be free to develop his or her ideas within the framework of the degree course of PhD proposal, without artificial and distorting restrictions from funders or the University."

The new rules will mean that students retain the ownership rights to their IP except in the following circumstances (and also only when informed of these conditions):

- (1) where a student's research sponsor claims the IPR as a condition of sponsorship
- (2) where a student is working on a sponsored project where IPR contractually devolves to the sponsor
- (3) a student may be required to assign intellectual property to the University where a student is working in collaboration with others in a manner that gives rise to joint creation of intellectual property, or interdependent intellectual property (eg. in a research group)

Arcade's grand designs

Natasha Anders

SIGNIFICANT PROGRESS is being made on the £240 million Grand Arcade Project, located on Regent Street. This was recently celebrated by a ground breaking ceremony, lead by the Duke of Westminster. He sat at the controls of a piling rig to sink the final concrete foundation pile, which will support a development spanning seven acres.

The Duke of Westminster has an important input in the project, as the owner of Grosvenor, which is working in a joint initiative with the Universities Superannuation Scheme [the pension scheme for colleges throughout Cambridge.] Grosvenor has been a notable presence throughout Cambridge in the last thirty years, being the force behind the Grafton Centre and also sponsoring a Cambridge "Grosvenor" fellow in Pembroke College.

Nick Abbey, Project manager for Bovis, the contractor for the project, views the Grand Arcade project as creating "minimum disruption and maximum advantages for the city." In light of the disruption it may cause colleges, and the working life of the university, it has been

promised that the workings of the university should not be effected in any way and there will be advantages for many students, such as the 500 space cycle park. The development will also incorporate a new 280,000 square foot John Lewis department store, 50 other shop units, cafes, restaurants and a 900 space car park. The present Burleigh Street location of Robert Sayle is thought to be converted into apartments and office space.

The Grand Arcade development will also link the Lion Yard shopping centre from Petty Cury to Downing Street and St. Andrew's Street, improving pedestrian access in the city, which Nick Abbey sees as "bringing the two halves of the city together." and attracting new retailers. Building fronts will also be preserved as much as possible, in line with current Cambridge architecture. An Impact Management Strategy is also being used to counter act the reduced car parking which the project will temporarily create.

The Grand Arcade Project is seen as essential for Cambridge "remaining one of the best destinations in the region and in the UK" according to Rob Hammond, Chief Executive of



Courtesy of Chapman Taylor

The Grand Arcade as envisaged by an artist

Cambridge City Council. It is thought that the project will encourage rejuvenation in the area, creating employment and aspects of the development, such as the current Burleigh Street store, which has been seen as a way of improving the surrounding areas. Developers also anticipate that the project will allow

Cambridge to break out of the mould of a university city, into one which has the highest quality of shopping experience. As well as shopping, there will also be new Shop -mobility scheme, a refurbished library and magistrate's court, with John Lewis opening in autumn 2007 and Grand Arcade in spring 2008.

Sutherland Appeal

Amelia Worsley

Andrew Roberts, the man charged with the manslaughter of PhD student Kenneth Sutherland, has had his sentence halved at appeal. Roberts, originally charged with murder, was sentenced to five years in jail last November after pleading guilty to the charge of manslaughter. The victim's family condemned the verdict, saying "we are shocked and dismayed over the obvious injustice of this decision."

Sutherland died after 23-year-old student Andrew Roberts punched him once in Malcolm Street, Cambridge, on May 22 last year. The prosecuting QC, Karim Khalil, said a witness had described Roberts's punch as "one a professional boxer would have been proud of."

Mr Sutherland's skull was fractured as he hit the pavement. He never regained consciousness and died in Addenbrooke's Hospital four days later.

Representing Roberts at the appeal, Graham Parkins QC, said that the 23-year-old, of Harrow, Middlesex, was "a gentle giant" who had never hit anyone in his life until that day. He said that his "genuinely remorseful" client accepted that a "not insubstantial" prison sentence was necessary, but argued that the five-

year term was not consistent with other cases in the "single-punch" category.

Allowing the appeal, Mr Justice Gross said it was clear that the attack was "gratuitous and unprovoked" and that Roberts had used considerable force. However, he said that sentencing in such cases "is not a precise science", and noted the need for consistency.

Sutherland's family, who had previously expressed their dismay at the five-year sentence, were outraged at the decision. Speaking from her home in Ontario, Canada, Kenneth's sister Nancy Sutherland, 37, said: "We have been choosing a gravestone to mark the anniversary of Kenneth's death on May 26, but now we have to come to terms with this. The previous five-year sentence did not reflect the severity of the crime - two and a half years is a travesty."

Miss Sutherland also expressed concern that CCTV video evidence had been omitted from the original trial. "It clearly shows Roberts getting out of a car and coming over to my brother - it was premeditated. He knew what he was doing," she said.

The Sutherland family now want a "thorough investigation" of the proceedings.



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News In Brief

NO LIVING ROOM

An appeal has been launched against the refusal of plans for a £1 million bar and restaurant in the centre of Cambridge. The Living Room wants to open premises in St. John's Street, Cambridge but has previously had its application to transform the Grade II listed former Divinity School in St. John's Street, a St. John's college building, rejected by Cambridge City Council. Although planners said that it did not make "appropriation provision for transport mitigation measures, public realm improvements and community safety," St John's college are now appealing to the Planning Inspectorate against the decision.

FRIENDLY CAMBRIDGE

Cambridge has been voted the most gay friendly place in East Anglia, and has won a top equality award for support after studies showed it has the fifth highest gay populations in the UK. Cambridge City council came first in the East of England Equality Awards 2005 after a series of projects and exhibitions such as Lesbian and Gay History Month and the Pink Pamphlet, a gay guide to Cambridge. Last year it also came third in a list of UK local authorities with gay friendly policies. The city council's equalities officer, Sigrid Fisher said that many young gay men and lesbians were attracted to liberal attitudes in Cambridge and the fact that it is "a cosmopolitan city and very welcoming."

BEAUTIFUL CAMBRIDGE

According to Lonely Planet guide to Great Britain, Cambridge is ahead of Oxford, with "a tranquil, ageless beauty that can't be found anywhere else." It also states that it has a vibrant cultural life thanks to the student population, is immaculately preserved, but also bustling with activity. A punt along the Backs is praised as "sublime" and there are also nods towards Midsummer House and The Fort St George. In terms of architecture, King's chapel is picked out as one of "the highlights of any trip to England."

GOODY KNIGHTED

Professor Jack Goody, Fellow of St. John's, has been awarded a Knighthood in the Queen's Birthday Honours List for services to Social Anthropology. Professor Goody said: "I was overjoyed. It wasn't something I had expected. Not many people get it particularly in academic work." Professor Goody has written about differences between families in Europe, Africa and Asia and the culture of cultivating flowers and feminism.

Queen visits Cambridge

Cambridge University Press Office



Charlotte Keane

ON JUNE 8 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Cambridge for the first time in five years since the opening of the Faculty of Divinity in 2000. Prior to her visit, Dr Timothy Mead said, "We are looking forward to showing her the outstanding developments that have taken place over the intervening five years."

Her Majesty spent the morning at the Centre for

Mathematical Sciences meeting both university students and local school children.

They were greeted by officials from the University; including Vice-Chancellor Professor Alison Richard and Sir John Kingman, director of the Isaac Newton Institute for Mathematical Sciences. Sir John said, "We were delighted the Queen was here." Inside the centre the Queen met school-children who showed her a maths project.

Professor Timothy Pedley, head of the applied maths and theoretical physics department, then formally welcomed the Queen before she unveiled a plaque to officially mark the opening of the centre, which was completed last year.

The Queen then visited the English Faculty while the Duke, who is also Chancellor of the University, visited the Classics Faculty.

After lunch at Queen's College the Queen unveiled a plaque to

honour her first visit to the college, alongside one commemorating the visit of the late Queen Mother in 1998, before proceeding to visit the Fitzwilliam museum where she was shown pages from the newly acquired Macclesfield Psalter and saw the new £12 million courtyard development. The Duke visited the nearby Disability Resource Centre.

After this came the walkabout in Trumpington Street, which was the highlight for many locals. Joan Tulip, 92, of Cambridge, waited bearing a Union flag on her lap. She said: "My daughter put this flag on me as a way to welcome the Queen. I'm so pleased to see her." The Royals also joined a garden party at Christ's celebrating its quincentenary.

Professor Alison Richard said: "It was a profound honour for the University to welcome Her Majesty, and a particular pleasure that she was accompanied by our Chancellor, HRH The Duke of Edinburgh. The visit was a tribute to the superb work of our Departments and Colleges."

The first lady of fitness, Jane Fonda, pays a visit to Cambridge Union



David Marusza

Academy Award winning actress Jane Fonda spent June 7 CORR in Cambridge talking with fans and students about her life, films and newly published autobiography *My Life So Far*. Fonda, 67, addressed an audience in Great St. Mary's as part of the Cambridge Institute for Gender Studies series

of 'Conversations'. Fonda enthusiastically praised the "depth of history" in Cambridge to a receptive audience in the University Church. "I feel like I've steeped into a dream. I've never been to Cambridge before and I want to cry – it's so beautiful", she told listeners. She later signed copies of her autobiography in Waterstones.

Her variegated life, as it emerges in her new book, is an obvious focus of interest for the Gender Institute's series. In *My Life So Far* Fonda is driven to ask, 'Why is it that so many women grow up thinking we're not good enough?'. Fonda declares that her own history is a process of development from an early lack of self-esteem to the fulfilled and self-confident personality she feels she

now is. The character of her father, film-actor Henry Fonda, whom she only learnt to understand fully in his latter years, overshadowed her childhood. She blames a sense of low self-worth for the "quite extreme examples of how a woman would betray her body", from plastic surgery to wife swapping, and the bulimia she suffered from through her teens until her late thirties.

But Fonda's life is also a colourfully optimistic narrative that includes her involvement in the struggle against the Vietnam War for which she earned both the hatred and love of American commentators during the 1970s. She has won two Oscars for *Klute* (1971) and *Coming Home* (1978). More recently, she started

the aerobics craze in the 1980s with her *Workout Book*. Her first film for fifteen years, *Monster-in-Law*, in which she plays the prospective mother-in-law of Jennifer Lopez's character, has been widely criticized as puerile by the American press.

But Fonda believes that her assessment of her life in her newly published autobiography can be a genuinely positive upon the lives of those women who read it. "What I realised at the end of that year (of writing the book) is that although I'm different, privileged, financially independent, the core story is universal. And I thought if I could tell my story with depth and honesty, it could, in a way, for a road map for other women".

RAG auction raises over £20,000

Chine Mbubaegbu

THE BIGGEST ever student charity auction took place at Cambridge Union last month, raising over £20,000 for charity.

The RAG charity event, which was devised by Christophe Griffiths, a recent graduate of St John's College, Cambridge, nearly doubled the previous student charity auction total of £12,000. Students, local residents and collectors gathered at the University's Union chamber and were treated with an opening speech by last-minute guest Chris Eubank. Griffiths said: "We were delighted that he [Eubank] was able to come at such short notice free of charge." Eubank is a representative of three of the 28 charities for

which the auction was raising money.

Eubank's unusual style saw him sharing anecdotes, reciting poems and encouraging those present to dig deep to bid for the items up for auction in order to help those less fortunate. The boxer was also on hand to act as auctioneer for the final item – a signed Muhammad Ali boxing glove, which went for over £2,000.

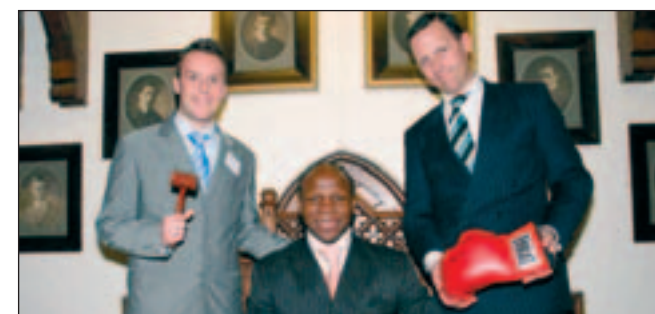
Other items for sale included a football signed by the entire Liverpool team; the club having won the European Cup just a few days earlier ensured that the ball went for an impressive total of £540 to a student of the University.

The highest-selling items included a framed 100th US Open Flag signed by every cham-

pion since 1960, which was sold for £2,100, and a signed leather-bound Princess Diana book – the 231st of only 250 made, which was won by for £3,100.

Not so successful were items such as a small signed photograph of comedian Graham Norton, which reached a disappointing £20. Similarly, a signed limited edition book by Jeffrey Archer was expected to go for £200, but those at the auction were only prepared to pay £70 for it.

Auction Co-ordinator Griffiths, who had gained a degree in Geography followed by Management Studies, said he got the idea from having attended a similar event at his school. Impressed with the number of services that people were willing to give for free in order to help



Michael Derringer

charity, he decided to undertake his own venture on a bigger scale, recruiting the help of local Cambridge establishments such as pubs, clubs and bars, as well as colleges and students. The committee was made up of a number of students who helped organised the event whilst doing exams. Griffiths thanked the students "whose exam terms I have

crammed with surplus demands."

The takings from the charity auction brought the total raised by RAG this year to £126,000, up £23,000 from last year. Proceeds from the evening will be donated to around 30 charities including national charities such as Cancer Research UK and DHIVerse, as well as local charities including Cambridge Samaritans.

Visas

Jacqui Tedd

THE GOVERNMENT recently announced its decision to more than double visa charges for overseas students.

The increased charges are to come into effect from July. The rise is from £36 to £85 and is one of many ever-growing fees that hit overseas students who wish to study in Britain. The fear is that the increasing costs will have a detrimental affect on the number of overseas applications. Rising expenses may mean that UK universities will fail to attract sufficient numbers of overseas students who they now heavily rely upon for financial reasons. Kathryn Schwartz, a Cambridge student from New York, believes studying in Britain is becoming too expensive.

Although British universities have seen a rise in the number of overseas students in the past year, they are relying on a further leap of 20% in the number of overseas students in the next three years, and a rise of 44% in income from overseas fees from £1,125m to £1,621m in 2007/08. British universities are regarding the increases in the visa charge as a 'failure of joined up government.' While government targets regarding the number of overseas applications have been well exceeded, universities feel the increases in visa costs have come at a time when competition from other countries, especially the USA, is intensifying; thus jeopardising the initiatives to attract overseas students.

Nicky Zeeman, King's College Admissions Tutor, believes: "We regularly lose excellent applicants from abroad because the big American universities scoop them up; this results in a major depletion of the richness and variety of the educational experience that we might offer in England." UK Visas, who manage immigration administration for the government, defend the increase in charges by saying that the fees must reflect the true cost of processing visas and prevent abuse of the system by bogus applicants.

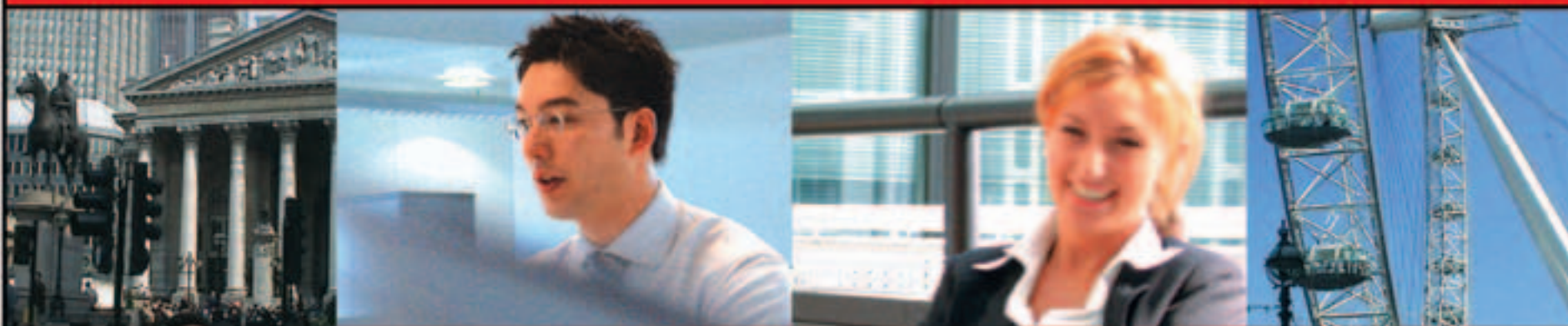


Trinity Hall Garden Party.

Date: 27 June 2005
Time: 4.00pm – 6.00pm
Venue: Trinity Hall
Master's Garden
Register: Sunita Gulhane, email:
sgulhane@deloitte.co.uk



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Happy result for Channel Blues

Lilie Weaver

THIS WEEK most Cambridge students were relaxing, indulging in strawberries and Pimm's, and enjoying all the extravagances of the May Balls. For thirty dedicated rowers, though, Monday of May week saw them trekking

down to Dover to embark on a tough and challenging race across the Channel.

Cambridge crews dominated the finishing order - the race was won by Lady Margaret Boat Club (St. John's), in a time of 3 hours and 37 minutes, with First and Third Trinity hot on their heels with a time of 3 hours 40

minutes. The crew entered by the event sponsors Deloitte came third. "We thought it would take between three and four hours but we had optimal wind conditions so we had quite fast times" said Naomi Longworth of LMBC.

The attempt was organised by members of Lady Margaret Boat

Club. Students from St. Johns, Trinity, and Sidney Sussex competed against each other, along with the Deloitte team and two crews from Oxford - a female crew from Regent's Park and Lady Margaret Hall, and another composite from St. Anne's and St. Hugh's.

Deloitte will cover the major costs incurred, leaving all the sponsorship money raised by the individuals involved to be donated to Cancer Research UK.

The rowers raced in coxed coastal fours, which are considerably wider and more stable than the racing boats usually found on the Cam. This helped them to cope with the challenge of riding waves in the open sea, a far cry from the usual sedate river rowing in Cambridge, during the three to four hours it took to make it to France. No substitutions were allowed after the race had begun, and each crew had to deal themselves with the challenges of staying hydrated and fed. Before Monday, there had only been 20 successful attempts made at rowing across the channel since the 1960s, so there is no doubt that this is a long, arduous, and potentially dangerous race.

The training schedule was tough: the teams were required to have completed at least two

outings on the open sea, lasting more than 5 hours, and 3-4 hour long "erg" (rowing machine) sessions have been the order of the day for the last term. Many of the Cambridge rowers have also been training for, and competing in, the May Bumps, in addition to their usual academic workload, leaving little time for other commitments. Jenny Lee, the cox of First and Third Trinity's crew recalls their first training outing off the coast of Dover: "It was very wet - lots of water splashing over the riggers and into my face... and you run out of things to say. Next time I'm going to bring a magazine to read to them."

Ed Goodfellow of St. Anne's College, Oxford had a slightly more eventful time on the sea. "[We] broke our boat and almost sank on our first outing. The official story is we were attacked by a shark which bore a striking resemblance to one of our rower's feet."

In the end, however, the whole thing went off without a hitch, and in true Cambridge style, many of the competitors could be found sipping Pimms and champagne, watching fireworks at Trinity's May Ball by Monday evening. Who says a small thing like rowing across the channel should get in the way of May week?



Ready for the off: the crews prepare for the cross-Channel race

Up All Night past its bedtime

Kirsty McQuire

THE UP ALL NIGHT website makes emphatic that the event, originally scheduled for Friday 17th June, has been postponed, as opposed to cancelled outright. Though all tickets have since been refunded in full, this statement is seconded by organiser Tom Roueché of Downing College, who is adamant that the charity benefit concert will return in the Lent term of 2006.

A May Week project with a social conscience, the night was originally billed as a pro-active attempt to prove that 'there's more to Cambridge than tuxes.' This was to be achieved primarily by promoting local musical talent, regardless of the infamous town/gown divide, and ploughing the proceeds into a charity for the homeless, the Cambridge Street Outreach Team. The Corn Exchange presented a suitably professional, mainstream yet prominent choice of venue which would draw a projected audience of 1500, whilst attracting both London DJs and aspiring young acts, for instance recent Battle of the Bands champion Emunah. Up All Night also intended to present a diverse showcase of Cambridge creativity, and was to feature a debut showing of a Cinemascope film, an art exhibition by architecture students and a potential collaboration with Phocus, the university photographic society.

However, despite the night's ideology having won the solid

support of secured acts such as the Queens'-based Sleepwalker, it seems that the managerial structures have been blighted by artistic difficulties and organisational struggle, in particular leaving the event under-publicised. Roueché admits that the enterprise was 'extremely ambitious,' given the 'unrealistic' time-frame of only six weeks between conceptual brainstorming and the proposed production itself. He describes it as a 'last-minute' venture, born of 'spontaneous discussion among friends' which, driven by the strength of its cause and vision, grew to attract the support of numerous sponsors, record label scouts, representatives in the City Council, APU and surrounding 6th form colleges and was soon fronted by a 20-strong team of student enthusiasts.

Quick to discount speculation regarding ticket sales or conflict of interests with any of the above contacts, either student, residential or commercial, the Artistic Director cites the committee's unanimous dissatisfaction with the prospective standard and impact of the event as prompting its adjournment. He acknowledges these aspects to have been compromised by time constraints, yet firmly believes the planned logistics to have the potential to be enhanced and produce 'a better quality' program able to 'raise even more money for charity.' Such refinements, he suggested, might include making the event 'more high-profile' through expanding 'collaboration with different soci-

eties and organisations, including the University itself' with the aim of 'opening up the debate on homelessness,' perhaps by holding related forums. Roueché hopes to increase the musical line-up and endeavor to 'attract a bigger headline act,' casting further doubt on the 'mystery act' promised the first time around.

The reasons behind the relatively long-term deferment of Up All Night and the decision to reschedule it to mark the end of Lent term rather than the begin-

ning of May Week have attracted curious speculation. Competition with major fixtures such as the Robinson and Homerton balls has been denied as a contributing factor, with Roueché giving assurances that the unique event has a secure target audience and will remain committed to its founding principles of raising money to tackle the prominent homeless issue, providing a platform for new music and advocating inclusion across the Cambridge community.

This sentiment is certainly shared by Greg Cook and Ed Stone of Sleepwalker, who are keen to return to play next year's concert. They say they see the groundwork laid so far as 'setting a precedent for a valuable annual event.'

It is to be hoped that those behind such an innovative and well-intentioned undertaking are able to use their experience to date to combine sufficient business acumen with their zeal and benevolence in future.

Duke of Edinburgh visits Homerton



The University's Chancellor, Prince Philip, unveiled a plaque at the new education faculty at Homerton College last Tuesday. The Vice-Chancellor, Alison Richard, and the head of the Faculty of Education, also attended the ceremony.

News In Brief

NEW ROYAL SOCIETY FELLOWS

Forty-four scientists from around the world have recently become Fellows of the Royal Society, following in the footsteps of Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin and Stephen Hawking. From Cambridge, these have included Professor Daniel St. Johnston, a Wellcome Trust Principal Fellow, Dr David Spiegelhalter, a Senior Scientist at the MRC Biostatistics Unit, Professor Trevor Robbins, Professor of Cognitive Neuroscience, Professor Ian Paterson, of Organic Chemistry, Professor Andrew Blake, Dr Luca Cardelli and Dr Philip Evans.

NUS DISCOUNT CARD SCANDAL

The National Union of Students [NUS] has launched a hunt to find out which of its student unions is selling NUS membership cards on eBay, the auction website. Cards are being advertised for between 99p and £8.00 on eBay but are worth hundreds of pounds in discounts from high street shops like Top Shop and HMV. It is believed that these cards are being leaked from NUS unions rather than being stolen from individuals, and packaged as new with a discount booklet. Purchasers simply have to fill in their name on the cards, which will then expire in September. Martin Ings, NUS national treasurer, views this as "disgraceful" with the cards as something to "help students out, not anyone else."

PETROL STATION CLOSED

The Texaco petrol station in Huntington Road, Cambridge, was closed on June 14th, with the loss of thirteen jobs; the land will be sold for alternative use. Texaco is selling its company-managed service stations to focus on supplying its network of 1,100 independent retailers. Unconfirmed rumours suggest that a major fast-food chain may be interested in purchasing the site.

GIRTON STUDENTS BAILED

The six Girton students arrested in connection with serious sexual assault on another male student in March have had their bail extended until July 25. This was after the accused were bailed to return to Parkside Police station on Friday July 10th. The incident occurred in the early hours of March 17 following an end-of-term bop at the college. The accused are from Cambridge, Essex, Wales, Middlesex and Surrey and have been allowed to continue their studies and take their exams.

May Week in Numbers

Natasha Anders puts things into perspective with a few May Ball facts and figures

John's

- 25,000 chocolates were consumed over the course of the night.
- Over 2000 litres of smoothie juice was drunk over the course of the ball.
- Allan Clayton, one of the Three Tenors, and performer at John's ball, also recently sang the national anthem at FA Cup final.
- Rokysopp, one of the main headliners, brought their stage and props from their recent tour, to John's.

Magdalene

- 800 bottles of champagne were drunk as well as over 1000 smoothies
- 900 stems of flowers were used. The Magdalene May ball committee were at Western market at 3am to pick the flowers out, which included rare and beautiful species such as Globe



Alliums, Astrolemera and tall delphiniums.

- Close to 800 dined at the event, which is famed for its dining. 7 chefs were involved in catering for the may ball and were advised by Marco Pierre White, the world famous chef.

Jesus

- Jesus' sushi stall, situated at the entrance of the ball, was relieved of 2350 pieces of sushi in under an hour at the start of

the ball.

- Amy Winehouse, although not performing at the ball, was a guest and came to support her boyfriend, Tyler James who did do a set at the ball.
- Jesus also managed to secure Terri Walker at the last minute who performed a forty five minute slot before going on to perform at Trinity the same night.

King's

- Revellers stuffed their gobs with 1792 Jam tarts.

- Thirsty guests guzzled down 697 bottles of spirits.
- 0.9 cubic metres of tobacco were smoked.
- 48 inflatable flowers stolen at the end of the event.
- One 10m inflatable wine bottle found floating past John's.
- Enthusiastic dance heads managed to light up the event with 3000 glow sticks.
- And for those clumsy ones amongst you the lost property-included... 7 lost shoes, 1 pair of knickers...rowdy rowdy.

Architectural Award for Fitz



The Royal Institute of British Architects (RIBA) has awarded RIBA awards to three new Cambridge buildings for their architectural excellence. A new gatehouse and auditorium at Fitzwilliam College was amongst those honoured and the RIBA commented it had "given self-belief to a relatively new (1960s) and distinctly unstuffy Cambridge College".

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MAYS

13

Review of the Year

Tom Stoddart and Peter Radford use a day at the cricket to discuss the year

The year began, and Cambridge lost the Cricket.

Selectors

Mutiny amongst the team selectors in October 2004 saw a furious debate over Cambridge's new pay and grading structure: "The thing most damaging to staff morale in any institution is the notion of unfairness. Good intentions have not been enough." Perhaps money could be saved from instant fines for dropping litter and not leaving burnt out Volvos for sale outside Magdalene? Ah. Yes.

Talent List

Varsity published a list of student activities worthy of note and recognition throughout Cambridge in an effort to improve on the dubious 'Power List' – "These changes will not free the Talent 100 from all criticism. But they will, I hope, go some way toward dispelling the notion that this document is either worthless or purely egotistical. Let us know if you disagree." We'll leave that with the Third Umpire.

Captaincy

In the same academic year as we saw Dame Rosemary Murray, the first female Cambridge VC sadly pass away, we also witnessed an intake of fresh female blood as Laura Walsh was duly elected CUSU chief as a replacement for third man after CUSU claimed they were "encouraging students to vote" – lucky that. Walsh said: "I'm really pleased. I feel I ran the right campaign and gave the right messages". Let's hope she doesn't end up at slip without a spinner. Meanwhile we saw other players drop the standard of their game when Ribu Tharakan was nudged out for a duck following controversy over a financial crisis and "administrative incompetence" from a GU which was described to be in a "farcical" state. Lucky for him that week the camera's focus was slightly distracted by a flock of stunning ospreys.



Calendar Fantastic!

Team Selection

Admissions were the Michaelmas hot topic, with the corridor of uncertainty surrounding home, sport and minority students. The man fielding the questions, Dr Geoff Parks (Director of Admissions) said: "These figures make us realise that, even though we're putting in a lot of effort already, there is much more yet to do." Oxbridge Applications, for a small fee, will help to "demystify" the process. Apparently.

The start of 2005 saw Americans choose the Republican team to follow on, and later the same story was told of Labour in the UK. But there was bad news for Cambridge's Anne Campbell: A Maiden Over.



Bloody love Gardies: Secure at last

Out With Injuries

This year's selection proved difficult with a huge proportion of students unfit to play with mumps. Despite the University's best efforts, the attendance for vaccinations was not exceptional. "With this number of cases, by this time in term, we could be looking at a problem." "Once they begin to feel better, we are advised that there is no reason why patients should not take meals in hall and/or mix with other students." That'll explain the relapse then. This issue also saw the Varsity Fashion page hit silly point when it proclaimed tights should be worn as tops, and that plastic toy helicopters provide this season's head dress.

The Opposition

Varsity also managed to have Hawkeye fixed on the Other Place. Not to be outdone, two Oxford students were rusticated for hacking into secure University networks "We were simply trying to expose the failings in Oxford's IT network" Our friends then went from bad to worse when Tom Littler was seen to have privileged his own play "Quartet." Little did he know he would be hit for six when arguments over a "conflict of interest that was both perceived and real" saw him sacked followed by an early declaration by his OxStu team mates. However, it would seem our counterparts are not without humour, as one plucky player attempted to raise funds for the season by flogging Brasenose College on eBay!

Contested Decisions

When tough times of a tedious tiring news week looms, one can always rely on King's College to offer a front page. The outfield news items provided were a revamp for King's bar (controversial stuff!) and student's persistent dissatisfaction with appointments made in college, even the Senior Tutor. KCSU Coordinator claimed: "His appointment would pose many potential problems." Crazy.

Boycott on Boycotts

No University would be right without a few staple marching protests. This year the openers were animal testing, arms and fox hunting neglecting the now lower order of Top Up Fees. Yawn. On Arms, CUSU President Wes Streeting ranted "it is completely unacceptable for colleges to invest in these very dubious companies." On the matter of animal testing we were told that "the home office concluded that there was no evidence that existing safeguards were any way defective." So, removing the skull from a monkey is fine?

Hook Shots/ U-Turns

The catering for this years match Tea was as ever provided by Gardies. Fears of a removal from the fine purveyors of "healthy Mediterranean cuisine" were quashed by a massive U-Turn of "Scrooge-like proportions" from Caius. Other fine hooks were played by CUSU who backed NUS's reforms on the size of its annual conference despite originally being against them. The most impressive range of shots came from the now unsurprisingly Ex-MP Anne Campbell who backed British troop deployment to a US controlled region of Iraq. The student Lib-Dems argued: "Anne Campbell declared no tuition fees here and then



No shortage of U-Turns this year

voted for them, then opposed variable top up fees and subsequently voted for them and now we're meant to trust her on Iraq."

Unsporting Conduct

Further play was marred by an incident involving several Girton players whose poor conduct led to them being removed from the pitch. An inquiry into the incident has been launched with the police taking their bails until further notice.

After-Party: No Kilts

Ballare found itself at the centre of attention twice this year. Firstly a controversial 'Colonials and Natives' themed night required an

apology for any offence caused. Then came the second when an anonymous disgruntled clubber alleged he received comments such as "This is not a gay night", "Fuck off and never come back" and "I have nothing against gay people but I don't want you in my club again." which put a downer on things. On the upside we got to see Fran Healy and his chums from Travis who popped along to defend the homeless and got a chance for extra cover on the lovely DJ Nelson. What a keeper.

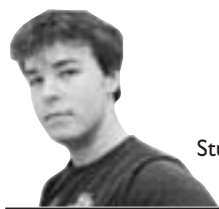
And so the year ended, and Cambridge won the Cricket.



Fran Healy popped by to support the homeless

Senate House and Andy Strauss

On the difficulties of trying to write a column in May Week



Archie Bland

Student Columnist of the Year

It's not reasonable to expect anyone to concentrate for 750 words when the weather's this hot. Look, I probably shouldn't be telling you this, but this column is not exactly writing itself, and it's driving me nuts. Usually, thinking of what to write and how to write it is the tricky bit, whereas the actual typing-out more or less takes care of itself. Not this time. I know that columnists should, as a rule, steer well clear of unfocused self-referentiality: but this

England are playing cricket, my results are late, and what I really want to do is go for a swim

time, the world seems to be conspiring to distract me, and I don't feel like I have choice but to let you, the reading public, in on the reasons why. Seeing as it's my last column and all. You deserve no less.

Here, then, is the catalogue. England are playing cricket AT THE SAME TIME as Tim Henman is playing tennis, so I check the BBC sport pages between sentences, and occasionally at semi-colons; and

(Australia are 43 for none; Henman a break up in the first; and I think Andy Murray might be on in a bit) my exam results are supposed to have come out by now, except I've just been to check for them again and they still aren't there, which is deeply irritating. And I just got poked by someone on facebook, which is obviously always pretty exciting. And you will have noticed that the weather is really, really nice, and you will understand why what I really want to do is go for a swim.

Emmanuel has its own swimming pool, you know – also, incidentally, a free laundry service, neither of which are features I expect to come across for a while in my post-university life – and some friends of mine are sitting near it and occasionally jumping in (pool, not laundry), and one of them just phoned me from her pocket by mistake (one of the great recurring perils of a first name at the beginning of the alphabet) and I couldn't make out exactly what they were saying, but there were definitely frequent tinkles of what sounded like delicious cold drinks being poured instead, and occasional vast gales of laughter. So, you can see what I'm up against. In fact, I think I might be missing a garden party. And I bet you bastards are only skim reading this anyway. Well, let me tell you, this free-and-easy prose style isn't so free-and-easy, under the circumstances.

Um,
Oh, nuts. I've lost my thread, such as it was. Blame the English faculty, on whose



Lily Humphries

account I just took a break sufficiently long to get to Senate House and back – AGAIN, and I can only hope you can feel the boiling rage in those capital letters – with still not the slightest hint available as to whether I should ring Eade and Ravenscroft to cancel all the graduation kit. The bastards. Anyway, look, the point is, coming up with something serious and pointful to say in May Week is difficult enough in conversation, let alone in print: just as in the weeks prior to exams all one hears are anguished comparisons of

timetables and finishing dates, it's very hard, at this point in the Cambridge calendar, to focus on anything more complicated than which balls one's going to, or whose friend made the most spectacular break-in. This is not a time of year designed to encourage sharp focus (on anything except what in Christ's name I'm going to do with my life, but I can't go on about that again), and you can hardly expect me to break the general trend.

So, yes, that's the best way of approaching it: treat this column as a kind of prose proxy for

may week's aimless pleasures, and perhaps it will begin to seem not meandering, reasonless crap, but actually a RATHER CLEVER way of harnessing my doziness.

And if you insist on a point, I offer you the following.

It's completely extraordinary that A-level boards which have thousands of scripts to mark are better at sticking to a deadline than the English Faculty, which has weeks to deal with 120 and still makes you come back the next day. Also, even the greatest optimist can no longer contend that Tim Henman has the

slightest chance of winning Wimbledon, ever. And only a fool would write Australia off as over hill, despite their recent form: Strauss just got out and then another wicket fell right after and England are in all sorts of trouble. And swimming pools are better than computers.

And, OK, here it is: Cambridge is lovely; June is lovely; Cambridge in June is loveliest of all. And leaving is pretty exciting, but it's pretty sad, too. And, have a lovely summer. I'm off for a dip.

archiebland@gmail.com

Challenging the Paxo welcome



Jon Beckman

The higher echelons of intellectual nirvana are populated by three types of people. The intelligent, whose slick and rapid firing neurones enable them to grapple with the most challenging of problems; the wise, who steeped with a profound understanding of the conditions of life; and the clever, who know a lot. University Challenge is a programme for the clever. It is a programme for those whose minds are sponges, not sieves, for people who carefully log each and every piece of trivia they come across, however redundant it may seem. Anything, from Wetherspoons' in-house mag-

azine to the back of crisp packets, is a potential pot of gold.

I was fortunate enough to spend a pleasant Sunday travelling the scenic route to Manchester (fields, some bushes, the occasional

bovine) to watch the filming of two episodes of this engaging TV programme, and espe-

Granada Studios, like most things Mancunian, ring of the seventies

cially to cheer on the Christ's team, who were making their first appearance since a storming set of performances three years ago propelled them into the final. Granada Studios, like most things Mancunian, ring of the seventies. A huddle of other fans had gathered outside where, upon reading the terms and conditions on

the reverse of our ticket, we discovered that we would be unable to obtain any nourishment on entering the building. This seemed to be simply a sign of northern parsimony. However, as we later discovered three drinks machines, a snack machine and a restaurant the size of a football pitch, I can only assume that this was an example of the local badinage. We were shunted down towards the studio where the blatantly polystyrene décor made the arena appear like a slightly brainier version of It's a Knockout.

Paxman presided from his dais, aloof and contemptuous, like an Olympian deity who, aggrieved at having to put upstart students in their place instead of Oliver Letwin or John Reid, deflated his sneering with an overt sense of ennui. His head is noticeably large in proportion to his body, and, when not grilling

quaking students, he stood hands on hips, with his leg slightly cocked, looking down the length of his nose and surveying his potentate, and surrounded by a bustling bevy of assistants whose job it was to fetch ties and assure the audience that 'Jeremy is really very nice'. Only once did this haute-tour evaporate as he drank a carton of orange juice, identical to the kind distributed to the audience for their presence and their patience, and, for a moment, he resembled a schoolboy, rewarded for his brilliance but with the tacit hope that the suckling on the straw would silence the smart alec comments for a few moments.

Roger, the man whose job it is to announce the university and name at each press of the buzzer, loitered, though his announcements were not performed live. This was a disappointment, especially since Christ's star Bramen

Singanayagam, despite reneging on his threat to add a number of extra syllables, would have proved a mouthful for anyone. Instead, in one of the warm-up rounds, we were treated by Roger to a very good impression of Rory Bremner's impression of Jeremy Paxman, which provoked the Silver Fox to attempt to strangle Roger with the chord of a helium balloon.

Only once did Paxman's hauteur vanish; for a moment he resembled a schoolboy

Christ's did not disgrace themselves. They were up against a strong side from the School of Oriental and African Studies which contained to portly and distinguished middle-aged gentleman, one of whom was reading Sanskrit (a

sure sign of a mind replete with the most recondite knowledge), and their trigger fingers moved like butterflies and stung like bees. Churchill College competed against a team from York University which included a man who supply flexed his eyebrows at the camera at every opportunity, another whose lazy drawl and linen suit made him resemble some youthful colonial Governor-General, and their captain, who positively relished saying the word 'penis' on TV. Churchill's rowdy and witless supporters, fuelled by cider, attempted, unsuccessfully, to convince Paxman to refer to the burly leader of the Churchillians as 'fat lad', a manoeuvre which managed to extract from the former a brief and swift effusion of despair, a moment which breached the superciliousness and cracked open the self-caricature to reveal a relatively normal human being.



Occasional Photography

“Ever since coming to this ball, I’ve found Nam funny.”

VARSITY

Artistic discretion

The staff at New Hall were undoubtedly put in a very difficult situation when the US Military requested the covering up of the painting - any establishment which is £7 million in debt might easily consider a £4000 booking. But despite financial pressures on the College, it was lack of discretion by staff and communication within college which ultimately led to the sacrifice of the college’s integrity.
 As funding gets squeezed, colleges are going to need to be increasingly resourceful in finding new sources of income to allow them to continue in their current state. Unlike suggested plans to increase the numbers of overseas students or removing the ceiling on top-up fees, revenue can be gained by the hiring out of catering and conference facilities without negatively impacting the students it is trying to support.
 As well as the value of the Cambridge brand, most colleges have good facilities set in beautiful surroundings which make them highly desirable for such commercial applications. It is natural that increasingly cash-starved Colleges will be attempting to expand the scope of such ventures. But it must not be forgotten what the purpose of the College is. As part of the University, the Colleges exist primarily to provide their members with schooling in their chosen subject, to aid them in any further research they may choose to undertake, and to provide a safe and secure environment for them to do these things.

Needless to say, each College must be run in a business-like manner, as the College’s ongoing solvency is in the interest of all its members. But any money raised by the College should only ever be intended for uses which directly or indirectly help its members. And a College should never attempt to raise money in a way that compromises its fundamental values.
 Many Colleges have only appointed Development Fellows within the last decade; equally it is only recently that they have begun to see the potential revenue that catering and conference business can generate. Such rapid progress in these fields, with many members of staff recruited from private industry, has frequently meant that conflicts of interest develop between the members of the College and the staff trying to raise money for them.
 Colleges are increasingly required to generate funding by themselves to make up the funding gap, and these problems are likely to intensify. Therefore it is crucial that Cambridge Colleges take the chance to clearly specify the roles of the different parts of their structure. Situations such as that arising recently at New Hall can only be avoided if the College defines the exact purpose of the catering department. Colleges must not allow their students to become subordinate to the revenue stream which is generated, ultimately, for their own benefit.

May Ball bureaucracy

And so, another May Week draws to a close. After the protracted and concentrated effort that most of us have had to apply this term, it is unsurprising that the last few days have passed in a sybaritic blur. May Balls provide an opportunity to enter an artificial wonderland for one night, and many students take the opportunity to celebrate the end of their year by spending some of their hard-borrowed cash on a ticket to one of these unique events. Others choose to save their money, but still get involved with the balls by choosing to act as workers.
 The hard-working ball committees should be given the praise they deserve for giving up so much of their own time to organise what are extremely complicated logistical operations. But it must not be forgotten that the ultimate purpose of any ball is to provide an entertaining and enchanting evening for all the guests. Many of the balls charge prices for tickets that would be seen as absurd in most other universities. Consistently healthy ticket sales indicate that many students consider it a price worth paying, but this does not mean that guests should ever be taken for granted. If the good treatment of guests and workers is marginalised by the demand to live up to tradition and maintain out-dated values, then the balls have failed their purpose. The loss of their good reputation would be a terrible shame; we must safeguard that reputation to ensure it endures as successfully as it deserves to.

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Unfortunately the crazy frog was not able to be with us today. He was otherwise engaged getting rowdy rowdy. But he leaves a heartfelt message for his fans: a ring ding ding ding a ring ding ding. Anyone wishing to collect dady long legs should visit the office before the end of term. Please do not be hating on our styles. Coo Coo Coo. Point your toes. Rad.

- Answers to Quiz on Page 13
 Round 1: a) Modern Languages; b) Engineering; c) Mathematics; d) Natural Sciences.
 Round 2: a) Trinity; b) Churchill; c) Wolfson; d) Jesus; e) Caius; f) Robinson.
 Round 3: 1C-B-A; 2b; 3a; 4b; 5c; 6b; 7a; 8c; 9c; 10c; 11b; 12a; 13c; 14c; 15a; 16b; 17b; 18c; 19 : 1b, 2a, 3c
 Round 4: a: It’s a bike! b) Post box outside King’s. c) The sign at Sainsbury’s. d) Inside The Bun Shop. e) The Mathematical Bridge at Queens’.

Let's get absolutely faced

Beth Alexander pokes the online networking phenomenon



AN unexplained and extraordinary fever broke out in Cambridge just before exams and many are left reeling from its effects. It's long term, contagious and so far no effective cure has been found. Facebook Fever continues to strike and addiction is growing at an alarming rate. With over 800 universities and colleges registered both here and in the States and nearly 3 million students infected, a pandemic of such epic proportions surely represents a cyber revolution of our time.

The brainchild of two ingenious Harvard undergraduates,

Facebook began in February last year when Chris Hughes and Mark Zuckerberg decided to make Harvard a more personal place. Facebook has since swept through America like wildfire, searing through college dorms and establishing itself as an indispensable feature of American college life. Amongst other major publications, the Facebook phenomenon has appeared in the pages of the Washington Post and the Los Angeles Times. Now that it's landed on our college doorsteps will Cambridge ever be the same again?

Never has our amorphous student body been so well connected and never has such a quirk grasped our community with such intense vigour and lively application. A quick browse through Cambridge profiles reveals that Facebook appeal knows no bounds.

Exhaustive friend lists include the most diverse profiles, unsurprising given the high popularity stakes engendered by Facebook fanaticism. Never has the need to acquire new friends been more pressing, if only to compete with the rapidly increasing friends lists of one's already established friends. One uber-keen Facebooker, a student at George Washington University has worked his way up to an astounding 747 'friends' and is still on the lookout for more. From what I've discovered so far, even the briefest of introductions and the shortest of conversations provide sufficient basis to return home to your computer, eager to look up the remembered name and send out a friend request. And meeting is not necessarily a prerequisite to making new friends. Re-named "The Stalker Book" by some, browsing profiles and adding random friends can be considered

Facebook Compulsive Disorder

Facebook binging is set to replace all forms of traditional student addictions and is proving far more lethal. Confessions of facebook addicts are popping up on US campuses and counselors are hurriedly being trained to deal with problems resulting from the newly diagnosed facebook compulsive disorder.

bad form although it's a sneaky flirting tool and has been known to have rewarding consequences for some lucky facebookers, at least if some of the more creative stories are to be believed.

'Facebooking,' the most recent term to enter the English language, may lead to superficial acquaintances in the desperate bid to appear popular but the romantic benefits are considered

Even the briefest of introductions provides sufficient basis to send out a friend request

able. Facebook creates a plausible excuse to contact someone you fancy through common friends or tangential links and a cyberspace rejection is far less offensive than any of the more direct conventional practices of pre-Facebook days. The main problems appear to stem from a lack of clearly defined protocol which leaves the boundaries between fun and flirt rather

fuzzy at the edges. When, for example, is a poke deemed appropriate and what if it's misunderstood or worse still, unreturned? Unreturned pokes are not half as rude as denying acceptance of a potential friend although this is generally unlikely given the overarching concern to expand one's network of friends to at least reach the hundred mark target (a mark of universal Facebook respectability).

When it comes to joining groups, most group founders are eager to initiate newcomers although some of the more elusive groups restrict access in order to maintain the highest standards of integrity, based on careful analysis of applicants' profiles. One disappointed facebooker was denied approval for "the 25 Hottest Girls at GW," a group with a slightly larger membership base than the 13 Cambridge Misfits whose group description "a selection of the finest fittest (!) female sporting boozers in Cambridge is yet to be confirmed. Cambridge Sluts does has so far drawn a whopping 256 members. 'Slut in denial' member is in a relationship with the group's supposed-to-be-Revising slut, a Liberal Homerton engineer whose favourite music is "weird" and with whom I have a common friend.

Some of the more imaginative groups I have come across include Master's Garden Infiltration Society, I'm a natsci get me out of here, (way too cliquey) Cindies Rumboogie Appreciation Society and Join this group if you've pulled someone in it, so far tallying 387 members including 4 groupies, one of whose interests is having orange hair.

How much does your Facebook profile reveal about

you? Does sharing personal information – friends, interests, boyfriend, girlfriend- some trusting facebookers will even go as far as entering their phone number – with millions of students make us part of one intimate global student community or perhaps as one paranoid American facebooker laments, Facebook is a Big Brother conspiracy set up by the CIA to spy on potential radicals and student activists. \$500,000 of Facebook's funding came from Peter Thiel, founder of Paypal, an online money lending service, who also donated \$21,000 to

Arnold Schwarzenegger's campaign for governor. Personally I have better things to do with my time than fret over conspiracy theories...like search the Facebook for more potential friends.

Facebook Facts

A google search displayed 145,000 results including articles and links for facebook

The average Facebook fanatic checks their Facebooks for new friends and messages at least 5 times a day

Facebook founder Mark Zuckerberg is being accused of stealing the Facebook idea while writing the code for a comparable site by fellow Harvard students

The Facebook received \$13m in venture capital funding in October 2003.

The Facebook has triggered social networking sites for business professionals including Tribe.net and LinkedIn, with 2.5 million registered users

Time to tap that ass



Last month a student at the University of Chicago launched theassbook.net. Faces are substituted for, yes, you guessed it, the rather more subversive posterior profile connecting people not based on mutual friends, but on "whom they have hooked up with." Dating history, sexual encounters and other sordid personal details are freely exchanged between assbook friends. Replacing the friendly poke, assbook buddies can choose to either "smack," "pinch," or "tap that ass." Sadly, theassbook died before reaching us after its founder's hard drive crashed. Bummer.

Don't remember seeing them in lectures

Angela Lansbury's Profile Cambridge

Picture

Information

Account Info:
 Name: Angela Lansbury [add to friends]
 Member Since: June 2, 2005
 Last Update: June 4, 2005

Basic Info:
 School: Cambridge
 Status: Student
 Sex: Female
 Birthday: 16/10/1925
 Home Town: Cabot Cove, Maine
 Contact Info:
 Email: ki229@cam.ac.uk

Personal Info:
 Looking For: Random play
 Interested In: Men
 Relationship Status: Single

Van Of Life Kebab's Profile Cambridge

Picture

Information

Account Info:
 Name: Van Of Life Kebab [add to friends]
 Member Since: April 15, 2005
 Last Update: April 16, 2005

Basic Info:
 School: Cambridge
 Status: Faculty
 Concentration: Social & Political Sciences
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Personal Info:
 Looking For: A Relationship
 Interested In: Men, Women
 Political Views: Apathetic

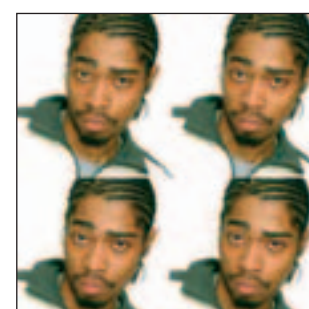
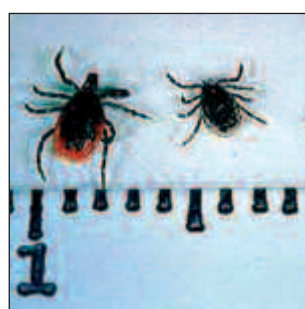
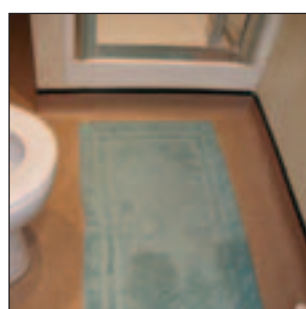
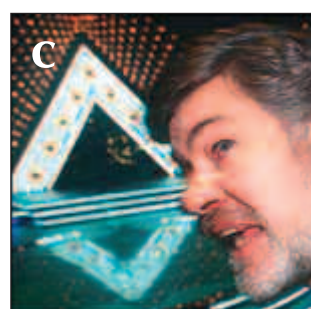
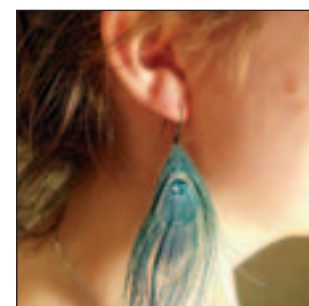
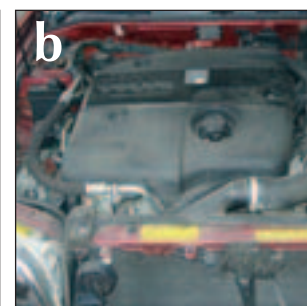
Murder she may well have wrote, but that's not all acting diva Angela Lansbury has been typing in recent months, seemingly having swapped her trusty typewriter for an Internet-enabled PC. In between starring roles in *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*, *Beauty and the Beast* and six million *Murder She Wrote* spin-offs, dear old Ange has somehow found the time to join the Facebook and make 81 thespian friends, as well as launch a search for 'Random Play' with 'Men'. Describing herself as 'very Conservative' and citing her favourite book as, well, her own autobiography, it's certainly worth giving this modest TV queen a poke next time you're online.

Most kebabs are happy to live a simple life, from a brutal birth in Market Square in the early hours of the morning, to an untimely end in the gullet of an inebriated student shortly after. This kebab, however, appears far more ambitious. As well as being computer literate enough to join the Facebook, it is also reading Social and Political Sciences. This kebab has as many as 43 friends, including one intriguing member who claims to live in the Bat Cave. Unfortunately, the entire "educated kebab" story collapses like a fresher in May Week when you consider that the Van of Life DOESN'T EVEN SELL KEBABS! More on this breaking story soon...

So you think you know Cambridge?

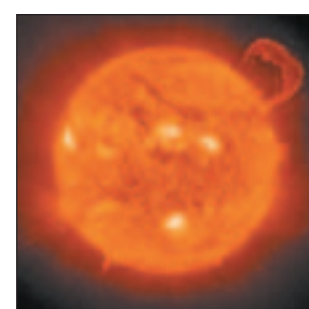
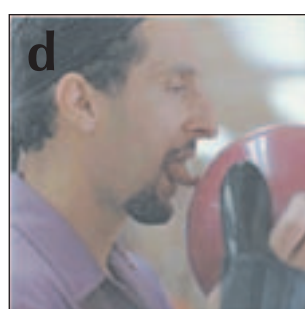
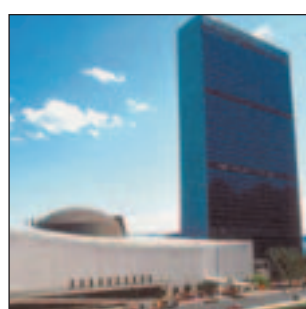
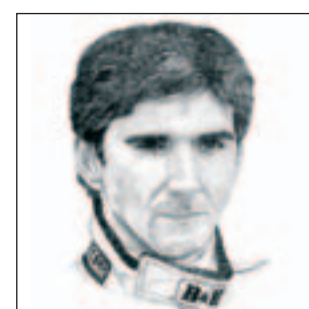
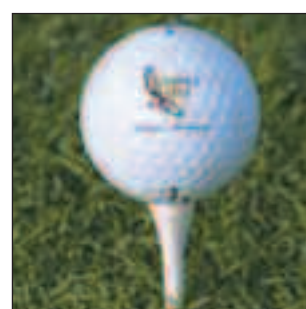
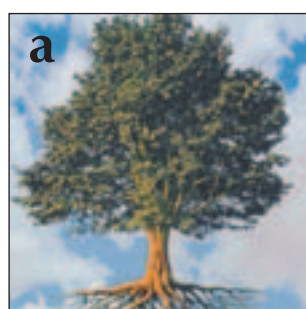
Round 1:

Combine these images to make up the name of Tripos subjects



Round 2:

Combine these images to make up the name of colleges



Round 3:

Test your Cantab trivia

1) Put the name of Cambridge's favourites club in chronological order, starting with oldest first:

- a) Ballare
- b) Fifth Avenue
- c) Cindy's

2) What disease are you mostly likely to contract from swimming in the River Cam:

- a) Gonorrhoea
- b) Weil's Disease
- c) Myxomatosis

3) What occupied the site which is now the Judge Institute of Management?

- a) Addenbrookes Hospital
- b) Gardies
- c) A brothel

4) What is the official motto of Cambridge University?

- a) A ring ding ding ding
- b) Hinc lucem et pocula sacra
- c) That's the way aha aha I like it

5) Which college got the lowest ever score in University Challenge?

- a) Trinity
- b) Trinity Hall
- c) New Hall

6) What is the Sex Club?

- a) Ballare on Wednesday
- b) Peterhouse JCR
- c) Life on Sunday

7) Who of the following is allowed to eat swan on special occasions?

- a) Members of St John's
- b) Scudamore Punters
- c) People with ASBOs.

8) How many colleges are there in Cambridge?

- a) 46
- b) 28
- c) 34

9) In which year was Peterhouse founded?

- a) 500BC
- b) 1869
- c) 1264

10) What anniversary will the University celebrate in 2009?

- a) 300 years
- b) 1500 years
- c) 800 years

11) Which college has 31 Nobel Prize winners, the most

of any college at Cambridge?

- a) St John's College
- b) Trinity College
- c) Fitzwilliam College

12) Of which college are EM Forster, David Baddiel and Charles Clarke alumni?

- a) King's
- b) Newnham
- c) Peterhouse

13) What degree did Carole Vorderman receive?

- a) A first class in SPS
- b) A second class in Physics
- c) A third class in Engineering

14) Which of the following have not been put on New Hall Dome?

- a) Footprints
- b) A wheelie bin
- c) A punt

15) What is Regent House?

- a) The governing body and principal electoral constituency of the University.
- b) Wetherspoons Pub
- c) The 35th Cambridge college

which was closed in 1982.

16) Who is the current Chancellor of the University?

- a) Alison Richard
- b) HRH Philip, The Duke of Edinburgh
- c) Wes Streeting

17) How many seats are there in the Reading Room and West Room of the University Library?

- a) 450
- b) 300
- c) 200

18) What is the official term for a form of punishment whereby a student is sent out of residence for the remainder of the term?

- a) Rasterisation
- b) Rowdification
- c) Rustication

19) Match the kebabs and burgers to the appropriate gastronomic emporium:

- a) Gardies
- b) Van of Life
- c) Van of Death

Round 4:

Locate these familiar landmarks around the city



All photos on this page by Lily Humphries and Eva Wates

Brainless Trivia BA Hons Cantab:
Turn to page 11 to discover how clued up you are.



Occasional Photography



Occasional Photography

Queens'

Johanna Zetterstrom-Sharp & Sally Jennings

Claiming to be the third biggest ball in Cambridge, we had high expectations of Queens'. And despite a slightly nondescript theme, we were not disappointed. Upon entering we were

greeted with a spectacular fireworks display over the river from Erasmus Lawn which easily rivalled those of John's, as did the oooing and aahing of the clearly impressed crowd.

Ostensibly based around an 'Art' theme, each area represented a different movement with corresponding activities and refreshment. For instance, in

the 'Orientalism' section, there was mint tea, sheesha pipes and shiatsu massage on offer. However, the theme was not immediately obvious and added little to the general experience.

Despite this, the ball's strongpoint lay in its variety, with a wealth of food, drink and entertainment. From the seafood bar to the standard hog roast, even the fussiest eater was catered for all night; the delicatessen and fajitas seemed particularly popular. Cloister Court provided Bellinis and beer, whilst for the non drinkers or

those just too far gone there was a plentiful supply of soft drinks, with fresh juice, milkshakes and an interesting selection of teas. We were especially happy to get hold of several glasses of champagne at six in the morning, indeed, a highlight of the evening was that there seemed to be a constant supply of everything.

The entertainment matched the variety of the refreshments: with the Kaiser Chiefs headlining we opted instead to see the criminally underattended Eddy Temple Morris, who played an

eclectic set of bootlegs and classic tracks. Another musical highlight was Crumbassive; just what was needed at 3am to get us through the inevitable after-effects of an hour in the sheesha room. Everyone seemed immediately rejuvenated by their fusion of jazz, hip hop and drum and bass. Fire shows, hypnotists and ballroom dancing provided an alternative, whilst the mini golf, casino and fairground area also proved popular.

The grounds appeared to be the ideal location for this vari-

ety, with its many courts and large size. This did, however, only add to our general state of confusion as the evening wore on. Luckily the arches in Cloister Court, gently lit and adorned with cushions, provided the perfect setting for sobering up and considering the map. All in all, Queens' ball certainly ticked all the right boxes and, crucially, kept its momentum throughout the night. Crashing out at 6am, slightly dishevelled, the rest of the crowd amazingly still appeared awake, freshfaced and very much alive.

Emmanuel

David Wyatt & Ifti Qurashi

It was when the man in the fluorescent waistcoat and violent orange shoelaces standing in a bus stop (later identified as a member of the intriguingly-named "Cosmic Sausages") offered his double bass to a surprised attendee in an evening gown that onlookers realised, once and for all, that this was May Week in Cambridge. Where else, as the queue wound its way around North Court, would there be not only fire jugglers, living statues and accordion-players but even arboreal decorations to disprove the old adage that "money doesn't grow on trees"?

So began Emmanuel College's 2005 May Ball. After the expected hour and a half of queuing guests were treated to the first stop in the Monopoly-themed ball, Mayfair, where the champagne reception was enlivened with hookah, sushi and snatches of music emanating from the Angel, Islington-themed bar. On pursuing the sounds, guests

found a truly international selection of acts from Salsa dancers and the eclectic Baghdaddies to traditional Scottish Ceilidh dancing (which proved so popular as to preclude your reviewers from participating). Past the Angel was Monopoly Central in the Front Court, the setting of the well-chosen main music acts and the Waterworks ice bar.

The arches at the back of the courtyard directed guests to the main fairground, the somewhat arbitrarily delineated areas of Trafalgar Square, Euston Road, Leicester Square and Regent Street. In Trafalgar Square stood the obligatory chocolate fountain which was well attended throughout the night and replete with remarkably fresh donuts. Also to be found were tasty Subway sandwiches which proved perhaps too popular, running out well before the night was over. In the way of sideshows, for those guests so inclined there was a chance to sumo wrestle or to test their strength against the standard set by Lord Nelson (himself in evidence throughout the night,

accompanied by policemen, dapper city gents and robbers). Situated in Leicester Square was the popular "London Eye" Ferris wheel and a number of food stalls; unfortunately the ball's excellent standard was here let down by the length of the queues (up to an hour) and rather variable quality. Completing the Leicester Square theme was a movie screen and red carpet, featuring celebrity look-alikes and projected footage of Hollywood's brightest stars.

Regent Street was the site of the cabaret stage, hosting comedians, magicians and a stomach-churning, yet undeniably captivating, entertainer who lay on glass and stapled paper to his thighs, chest - and forehead... The improv-comic troupe Uncertainty Division were well received and thoroughly enjoyable.

No Monopoly board would be complete without Jail, set in the College Bar and guarded by a string of DJs for those inmates that chose to dance the night away. Outside the Jail, Piccadilly Circus offered sideshows, kebabs,



Jet Photographic

confectionery and refreshing hot bacon rolls in the morning as well as roving magicians and caricaturists. The Vine Street wine bar in the College Hall provided a more relaxed setting where guests enjoyed fine classical, jazz and choral musicians while sipping wine and nibbling on cheese

and chocolates. A unique touch was the Electric Company where a variety of electronic arcade games, in particular competitive karaoke, attracted visitors throughout the night.

Apart from minor logistical annoyances, such as ticketing problems and a shortage of pro-

grammes, the Emmanuel College Ball proved a great success. The theme was particularly tastefully executed, despite the six-foot papier mâché dog.

For one night, at least, Emmanuel College had a Monopoly on entertainment.

St John's

Archie Bland & Amol Rajan

We have a confession to make. We skipped the St John's queue. We are, of course, wholly committed to the highest standards of objectivity; but there are limits. Offered a fast-track ticket, after a lengthy (well, lengthy-ish) struggle with our consciences, we came to the conclusion that it was The Right Thing To Do. Still, apparently the two-hour wait wasn't nearly so unpleasant as these things can be, since the organisers thoughtfully commissioned a cellist and the John's Gents (of whom more later) to soothe the baying masses.

It was fortunate said masses got in when they did, really, since our first move was a whistle-stop tour of the various culinary pleasures on offer, and had we been left alone with them for very much longer one of two things would have happened: death by hog-roast, or an unprecedented supply shortage before sunset. The range and quality of foodstuffs on offer – the said enormous pig, various salads, emu burgers (yes, emu burgers) and above all the steak sandwiches – was really superb. Then there were

donuts for afters. It was almost too much. But not quite.

And that's the great thing about going to John's. The consumption is just conspicuous enough, and the site just big enough, that there's always something you want to do within easy reach, and only a very few attractions (the big wheel, the beautiful balloon, the early morning bacon sarnies, and not much else) were dishearteningly oversubscribed. May balls and their concomitant pressure to Have Fun can often induce a kind of gluttonous panic, so that one ends up running from stall to stall in the vain attempt to get one's money's worth, like a contestant on a high-end entertainment

based *Supermarket Sweep*; at John's, everywhere you turned, some new pleasure presented itself, and so there was no rush to do anything.

The most extravagant such pleasure was probably the fireworks, which were incredible. The rumour (so says *The Times* – how many student events get reviewed in the nationals?) was that they cost £20,000, and the figure doesn't seem outlandish: other than that, our firework-descriptive vocabulary is sadly lacking.



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That one that looked like a giant sea anemone was nice, is the best we can do.

The Do Me Bad Things are easier to describe, and were very little like a giant sea anemone: more a kind of hyperactive octopus, this riotous nine-piece (all right, so the octopus would need an extra tentacle) were perfect may ball entertainment, unrepentantly energetic in the same way the Scissor Sisters

were last year, and similarly likely to achieve Big Things in the near future. Headliners Royksopp – an impressive headlining act on paper – didn't have quite the same thrilling stage presence. Still, if they weren't as universally relevant a proposition as the ideal May Ball Band ought to be, it's not like there was a dearth of alternative sources of entertainment – and those who stayed were pretty



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pleased they had done so.

How to fit it all in? Um. A list will have to do. Excellent, award-winning (if occasionally self-indulgent) comedian, Stephen K Amos. Cheesy hypnotist. (Our tip: don't get hypnotised. You'll find people give you funny looks afterwards.) Good jazz tent. Fruity pimms. Beautifully decorated Bridge of Sighs. Sweaty, heavy, drum and bass tent. Terrible wedding disco tent,

full of old ladies cackling and dancing round their handbags, but each to their own. Casino. And peerless, gorgeous, best-close-harmony-ending-to-a-may-ball-you-can-imagine Gents, who will force even the stoniest-hearted Cantabrian to accept that it's pretty nice, sometimes, being here. All right, we didn't queue: but we're sure, even if we had, that it would still have seemed very definitely worth it.

First and Third Trinity Boat Club



Jet Photographic

Eve Williams

Trinity has a certain obligation to follow a particular formula when it comes to putting on 'the best party in the world': champagne, oysters and hot air balloon rides all come pretty high on the agenda. All these guarantees they tick the right box in style.

The night started off excellently. The queuing for wrist bands went smoothly. The reception in the Wren was as overwhelming as ever. And the truffles accompanying the drinks were divine. However things started feeling a little more unfamiliar as the night went on.

On arriving in Cambridge many students make it their mission to get hold of an elusive pair of Trinity Ball tickets at some

point during their tenure. And it's no wonder they do as this is a night of decadence and extravagance. There are times to indulge and this night marks the start of May Week in ultimate style. On the whole it's slick and quality. Their champagne is the finest at any ball. Their food is the tastiest (the Japanese in particular) and the ents are amongst the most sophisticated. It is a once in a life time opportunity and the committee do a remarkable job to realise dreams and generally exceed expectations.

However at points there seemed something slightly bizarre in the whole set up. There were some apparent and absolute contradictions in the event. Guests shelled out over a hundred pounds for tickets and even more

for gowns and suits, for a night of indulgence and true class. However this decadence didn't extend to all corners of the ball: seeing guests barge each other out of the way to get to the oysters, watching workers and guests alike hunt around for clean glasses to fill up champagne, and drinkers having to use their hands to pick out ice for their drinks from buckets.

Such observations aren't being made to draw attention to the raucous behaviour of the guests. These were students who had fought hard to get their tickets to attend a world renowned ball in world renowned surroundings. They intended, and had every right to sample the fare. Unfortunately, it was felt often they weren't really able to.



Jet Photographic

While the committee may argue the champagne didn't run out, the glasses did. Workers looked harassed as they ran from one end of the table opening bottles of champagne in one hand and collecting any remnants of clean flutes in the other.

It was a ball of extremes. The fireworks were great. Though difficult to do badly if you have a budget as big as they do to light up the sky. The food was tasty. Although hog roast ran out before midnight. The surroundings were exquisite. But it was at Trinity, the grandest of the colleges and the ball's décor definitely didn't do anything to push boundaries.

The most surreal sight of the night was one exclusive to Trinity this year. Just as I collected a glass of champagne I saw one of the

senior members of the college linked to the ball accost a worker, screaming obscenities at him while he headed back to his tent carrying some alcohol he had been asked by the committee to move. Witnessing him being dragged to the security staff while he tried to explain in a lucid and level headed fashion was both unreasonable and completely embarrassing to those who had been involved in organising this massive occasion. And as students members of the committee ignored the situation it just made it all the more uncomfortable for those involved.

On a more positive note the ents did an excellent job. The Magic Numbers went down superbly with the crowd and Electric Six managed to bring out

a couple of classics just as people wanted to get that little bit more rowdy. Terri Walker also provided a great accompaniment towards the end of the night catering for a different crowd.

Highlights of the ball included the smoked salmon bagels, Get Down tent and the man who could pop ping pong balls out of his mouth to a tune on some whiskey bottles. Three things you wouldn't necessarily expect to see together in the same review or even sentence. These were excellent touches, but such that were achievable at any ball. Trinity need to start doing more if they want to hang on to an ailing reputation of one of the best events in Cambridge. Even deserving the right to compete as one of the big two.

Magdalene

Henry Bowen

Cambridge is often considered to be an inward-looking, self-absorbed bubble. In an institution this ancient it is not entirely surprising that some of the most ancient and arcane traditions have been preserved for centuries. There are few more arcane traditions than the May Ball, but even when it comes to these, there are different levels of progressiveness. While some committees relax their dress codes and replace champagne with alcopops, one ball resolutely refuses to give up its proud heritage. One of the only Balls to still insist on a White Tie dress code, one of the only to serve champagne all night, and surely one of the only to charge as much as £320 for a double ticket; that ball is Magdalene.

Uniquely, Magdalene Ball is primarily intended for dining guests, but a certain number of non-dining tickets were also available. In the eventuality, those who had chosen not to sample the delights of the Marco Pierre White designed menu were rewarded for their parsimony: technical problems in the dining tent led the food to be delayed beyond the point when the non-diners arrived. Guests arriving at that time had the entire grounds to themselves, happily enjoying delicious emu burgers, wild boar sausages and crepes while the diners put up with failing lights as they waited for their dessert. But despite this, the smoked salmon starter and

lamb main dish were widely reported to be delicious.

Even when the meal had finished and the dining tent spilled its contents out into the rest of the ball, the expansive grounds absorbed them easily without ever seeming full or busy. While this had the welcome result that there were no queues for anything, the atmosphere remained very relaxed and there was none of the frenzied excitement which charges some of the other balls.

Exploring the ball, the first impression was how well the space afforded by the College had been used. The expansive Fellow's Garden was unrecognisable as tents offering a range of food and entertainment delineated passages and paths, all lit up by strings of lanterns hanging in the trees. Colourful lighting of both the buildings and the gardens gave the college a slightly unreal quality, which only helped to magnify the sense of occasion.

The drinks throughout were excellent. After being welcomed with some delicious raspberry and lychee bellinis, any thirst was easily slaked by a well-stocked bar in the arches of the beautiful Pepys' Library. Wine, port, cocktails and, of course, abundant champagne, were all on offer during the course of the evening.

The entertainments on offer were of high quality, although the generally relaxed nature of the ball prevented any of them generating a real buzz. I never thought I would be

grateful for having my face pressed into a sweaty bloke's armpit, but sometimes a heaving throng of people is just what you need to enthuse you with the energy to bounce happily around to a B-list indie band. Not that the Thrills disappointed with their set, which was an enjoyable mix of tunes I vaguely knew and songs that sounded like the songs I vaguely knew. It was a shame that the main tent, impressively decked out with a stary ceiling, was

so badly ventilated, and I didn't meet anyone who managed to last the entire set without having to go outside to cool down.

Away from the main College buildings, guests were given welcome relief from the genteel atmosphere by the dodgems. In one of the only places in the ball when there wasn't enough to go around, previously serene couples rushed from the fringes after each round to fight over the cars. A casino on a riverboat

added another layer of glamour and exclusivity.

As the dawn broke, the guests returned to the dining tent for a delicious cooked breakfast. The eggs, bacon, sausages and beans were all very welcome and were a significant improvement on the bacon rolls handed out in many other balls. The survivors photo, which was scheduled for 6.30, was almost too late, but not for lack of entertainment (a rock 'n' roll band was still getting the

crowds moving right up to the end).

In providing a very traditional and elegant evening, the Magdalene May Ball was hugely successful. The food and drink were plentiful and delicious, the entertainment accomplished and varied, and the college grounds had been beautifully transformed for the occasion. However, the atmosphere was occasionally a little too quiet and subdued to be a truly exciting ball. Perhaps I just don't appreciate ancient traditions.



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Trinity Hall

Chine Mbubaegbu &
Lucy Phillips

Trinity Hall's June Event was the perfect way to round off May Week frivolity. The event was helped by the fact that those who are lucky enough to get tickets are also those who enjoy pure unadulterated fun and dancing.

It did not take long to be allowed entry into the event, which was in stark comparison to the long-queues that one would find when waiting to enter Trinity or John's ball. However, the queues for food and drink inside the event itself were diabolical, with some having to wait up to an hour for a fajita or a burger. Despite having a lot of variety in sweet and savoury food – a BBQ, fajitas, pizzas, donuts, ice-creams, candy-floss – by the time you had queued for an hour to get a burger, joining another queue to get a slice of pizza would have been more like punishment than the roaring time that had been promised. The only thing that there wasn't a queue for was water. Although it was a good idea to provide it.

Tit Hall's event however is not about food, it's about fun and this it provided in abundance. The laid-back festival atmosphere of the event meant that ladies could dance about, sit on the grass and just get sweaty without fear of ruining their expensive ball

dressess, in what was more like an extended outdoor version of a night out at Cindies.

One difference between Cindies and Tit Hall's event however was the brilliant live acts. Under pressure to top the Bluetones headlining the event last year, the committee did not fail to provide with Mylo, who has been dubbed "Scotland's answer to Royksopp," performing this year to a receptive audience of revellers.

However, it must be said that Cambridge's own biggest band Sleepwalker stole the night, performing a brilliant set which got people dancing in the sweltering heat that filled the live tent. It was a shame, however, that the Queen tribute band, Queen B, who many of the event-goers had been looking forward to, ended up only performing for half an hour after having difficulties setting up. The little time that they did have to perform, however, was good fun and the audience really enjoyed dancing and singing along to some of Queen's greatest hits. The boos that greeted the event organisers when they ordered Queen B to stop and told the revellers to go home, was only testament to the fact those who had attended had not wanted it to end and were willing to push through the fun-induced fatigue that every May Week socialite experiences.



Lucy Phillips

King's Affair

Jess Holland &
Ned Beauman

Next time you're trying to dance the hippy-hippy-shake in high heels and a floor-length satin frock without spilling your champagne or getting oyster ooze in your hair, ask yourself whether you wouldn't be happier with ripped jeans and warm Carling, having messy fun that didn't involve jazz piano, queues or shallow compliments. Maybe you should have ditched the white tie and bought a ticket to King's.

The atmosphere was buzzing and relaxed; it was fun you could actually feel and taste, rather than a continuous procession of photo ops, starched formalities, and posh role-playing. The theme this year was Alice in Wonderland: knaves of hearts distributed jam tarts, Mad Hatters poured tea (well, vodka and orange, because 'proper tea is theft... Do you get it? I'm so mad, me!') and bunny girls minced around tenuously. The front lawn was full of oversized games including Laser Quest and giant Connect Four, and the Hall housed cartoonists, manicures, haircuts, massages, and a chocolate fountain, as well as comedy acts and a roving magician who left one of us dazzled ('I bet he has magic

gypsy blood,') and the other wistful ('He must get so many girls...')

As headliners we got much-hyped indie foursome the Departure (angular, black-clad, very sub-Joy Division), Brazilian drum'n'bass hero DJ Marky (awesome, even though most of us were melting from the heat), and Andy Smith, who has somehow built a career on being mates with Portishead, but whose crowd-pleasing set of hip hop, soul, funk, and house could not be faulted. Also worth mentioning were DJ

Rip's unstoppable grime/dubstep assault, ecstatic drumming in the courtyard from Shekere and the Cambridge Samba Band, and dancehall DJs Heatwave proving yet again, as the sun came up, that ragga jungle is the best thing in the world.

We did hear complaints that £50 is a bit much for the night when, if you just want to dance to drum'n'bass for seven hours, you could do that at the Junction for not much more than a tenner; but then, at the Junction, you don't get


1. perhaps the most beautiful assortment of hip young things every assembled in one place, 2. free drinks (shout out to the lackadaisical barman who pioneered the 'self-service' approach to spirit measures) 3. hide-and-seek with your friends among giant inflatable mushrooms on the normally-out-of-bounds front lawn of a 550-year-old Cambridge college. Both of us enjoyed King's a lot more than we enjoyed Trinity: balls are so over. You can pose if you like; we'd rather dance.



Naomi Christie



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Homerton

Chine Mbubaegbu & Lucy Phillips

Homerton College's May Ball was all about having fun, reflecting the laid-back and easy-going character of the members of the college itself. It did not pretend to be Trinity or John's, but excelled at providing good food and entertainment, without comparing itself to its more grandiose counterparts.

The college has a lot of ground, and to its credit, the committee did not try to utilise it to create a vast expanse of Ball, but instead created an intimate event, with all the main attractions centralised. Among these main attractions were Radio One DJ Scott Mills, who provided a good set which got the somewhat star-struck revellers dancing and was reminiscent of a freshers' week event at any other normal university. Unfortunately, many missed out on seeing Cambridge's own student talent, Sleepwalker, in the main tent who were up against stiff competition with Mills' set being on at the same time. The band have been a favourite at May Balls and ents for the past couple of years and it was a shame that many missed out on the opportunity to see them perform due to timetabling.

Britney Tribute "Pure Britney," was a hit with the male members of the audience, despite her annoying fake American accent. She's rumoured to have actually been Welsh. The female ball-goers treated the performance more as a karaoke, and were keen to show off their own vocal stylings by singing along to all of Britney's hits. One of the highlights of the performance, however, was a volunteer who was chosen to accompany Britney on stage and nearly stole the show with his MC-ing.

The amazing Renegade Big Band also deserves a mention for their original style of mixing 20s and 30s big band style with contemporary hits, and Motown and soul classics.

The usual food favourites were present, including the hog roast, burgers and always popular chocolate fountain, which lasted late into the night. Drink was in abundance and despite the long queues at the packed bar, ball-goers did not have to wait long to sample the various treats.

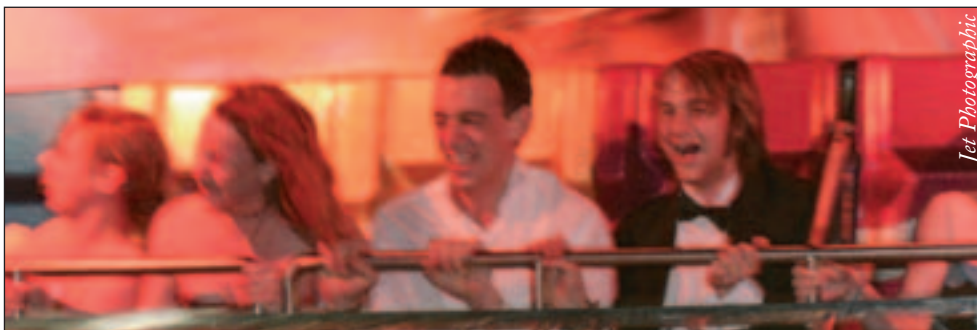
Other attractions contributing to the Arabian Nights theme included the magic carpet ride, a fun-fair ride, the bucking camel, and snake charmer who roamed around with her boa constrictor which she later lent to the



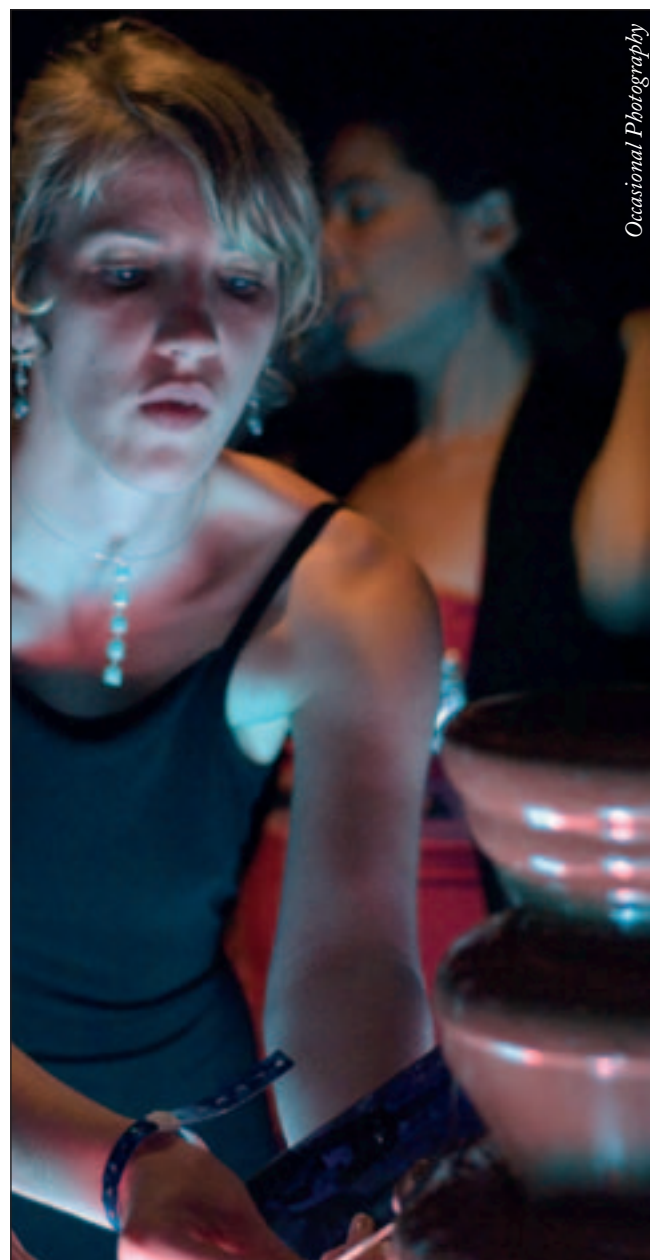
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Britney impersonator for her "Slave 4 U" performance.

Congratulations to Vicky Smolen and her dedicated and hard-working committee for providing a fun-packed ball which utilised the available resources excellently. It was an extremely enjoyable night and Homerton Ball should be recognized for future May Weeks as a ball to be reckoned with.



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Robinson

Agata Belcen

Dodgems are a good way to start any ball, here they were indicative of the pace and adrenalin that was to follow. Not sure if Robinson was stylish or whether it held pretensions of being so, but it was fun.

It didn't convincingly provide the international odyssey that it promised but it gave a constant saccharine overload of wacky rides, thumping music and sugared treats. VK Blue was the majority's drink of choice; a modest reminder that the ball was less of an event and more of a party. A party with endless barbecue supplies for the blood thirsty, an international range of cuisine to match the theme and a much appreciated chocolate fountain that left us smiling but with the sorriest dry cleaning bill. The fireworks were brash but bold, beautiful but not as slick as they might have been. Themed entertainers running around like madick umpalumpers in this red brick playground were a definite highlight, although it sometimes seemed as if they were having more fun than anyone else at the ball.

Effectively costumed, well

rehearsed and properly choreographed their routines provided a welcome sense of energy throughout the night. Cambridge band Blythe Spirit were very popular in the main hall with their fusion of popular jazz and blues. The Medics Revue filled the auditorium within minutes, Bentley Rhythm Ace djed, were excellent but poorly attended and badly received.

Much of the key to enjoying the ball to its full potential was being in the right place at the right time. We discovered the excitement of an extravagant cocktail bar (completely with flaring waiters) while dozens queued for warm beers in the busier areas. One unfortunate crasher was dragged through the ball screaming by misguided security guards putting a dampener the atmosphere for many.

Both the successes and failures of the evening resulted from the enormous ambition of the ball's organisers. Often, as with the steam omitting model of 'Fiona', the chuw chuw train, this saw the theme's potential realised. The key to many a May Ball well shown here at Robinson is for your glass to be half full.

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Very Midsummer Madness

James Knight on May Week theatre

Putting on a May Week play is one of the most foolish endeavours imaginable. Rehearsal time is restricted by exams, the spectre of the hang-over casts its shadow across all aspects of the production, and there is little chance of plays being remembered as anything more than a surreal interlude in a week of drunken haze. And yet the tradition of classic plays performed in places they shouldn't be by people in no fit state to perform them continues, and aspiration triumphs over reason time and time again. Aside from the May Week staple of truncated Shakespeare in gardens which thrives in the form of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Clare, *Much Ado about Nothing* at Queens', and the eye-catching *Naked Hamlet* at Christ's, there are some more imaginative productions on offer.

"Come to Narnia!" was the instruction that ushered audience members to the second of four stages in an ambitious production of *The Lion, the Witch, & the*

Wardrobe at Emmanuel. "Come to the domestic setting," was the more prosaic invitation which

The kind of inconsequential diversion which the decadence of May Week demands

returned the audience to the first stage for the close of the play. Just as the production could never hope to transport its audience from the eternal sunshine of Emma gardens to the land of "always winter, never Christmas", so too could it thankfully not evade its frequently tongue-in-cheek status as an absurd entertainment.

An alternative to the strawberries of the garden plays is the liberal splash of whipped cream provided by *Bugsy Malone* at The Union. The trick of the film was to present the hard-nosed world of gangsters through the joyful

amateurishness of child actors, but this production accomplishes a similar feat by lending the alcohol-fuelled lackadaisical tradition of the May Week play a rigorous professional vision. Of course, this conflict of attitudes runs the risk of producing results as messy as a splurge-gun shoot-out, but the ending is a happy one here.

The epitome of May Week drama, however, lies in productions like *Twelfth Night* in the idyllic setting of Peterhouse Deer Park. The acting may be distinctly hammy, the set no more than a bench, and subplots full of colourful trousers are given precedence over Shakespeare's main plot, but the production provides exactly the kind of inconsequential diversion which the decadence of May Week demands. Feste's assertion that "the rain, it raineth every day", reminds us only that we are perfectly happy provided it doesn't rain on us. Foolish these plays may be, but the fool is wisest here.

The fun of the fair

Sophie Middlemiss

After the exam-term tyranny of the brain, May Week is the moment for the body to take its revenge. Brain cells assiduously cultivated are deliberately and deliciously destroyed. Dancing, drinking, sunning our way through a week of hedonism, we vigorously reassert the pleasures of the flesh. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, which forms the centrepiece of a full day of themed festivity in Robinson gardens, pays fitting May Week homage to these temporal pleasures, remembering and recreating an early modern London festival when custom and restraint were cast aside in favour of carnival carnality.

Co-director Alex Outhwaite stresses that the Marlowe Society's *Bartholomew Fair* is

as much an event as a play, a day made by the crowd and the atmosphere as well as by the production. Still, the event hinges on the one-off opportunity to catch the production, its playfulness accentuated through the freshness of a single performance, its brash exhibitionism reflected in patches of colour in costume and set. *Bartholomew Fair* centres on the grotesquely enlarged spectre of flesh in a state of indulgence. The beautifully crafted, lurid puppets who take centre stage in the play's finale vividly ape the vice of the human characters.

The production fires off veritable volleys of celebratory party poppers: 150 years since the last Bartholomew Fair was held at Smithfields, 100 years of the Marlowe Society, a final flourish for the Swarbrick-Outhwaite directorial duo.

The production also allows its audience to celebrate Cambridge's acting talent, boasting a stellar cast including Ben Deery, Holly Strickland and Adam Welch, on top comic form, enjoying themselves as thoroughly as their audience.

The May Week setting of this classic piece highlights the parallels between the carnival moment enjoyed by the 'low-life' of 17th century London and the high life we, too, enjoy yearly, fleetingly, and to excess; a moment when, whether at Smithfield Market or on Trinity backs, sensual fulfillment is glorified and permitted. These moments of release remain as essential today as 400 years ago; and the full Bartholomew Fair experience as presented by the Marlowe Society offers the ideal incentive to indulge.

In the glare of the Footlights

Mic Wright

Naked and proud, *Under the Blue, Blue Moon* revealed itself to the world like a family friend turned flasher: familiar and yet truly disturbing. It elicited an uncertain response that veered violently between laughter and embarrassment, lucidity and confusion.

Beneath a glowing moon unfolds the story of a man ricocheting between the dream world imposed by a lightning induced coma and the more concrete, yet still bizarre, day to day existence. It is a show filled with curious conceits, where radio producers and presenters find themselves stuck in pipes and dreams are knots in string.

This is a show created by an extremely talented team, crackling with electricity and energy. Yet, understandably, it is by no means the finished article, nor without some rather troublesome faults. As has often been the case in Footlights smokers, there are a number of sketches that seem to be unfinished or lacking in polish, tumbling into desperate endings

or abrupt interjections.

The most important problem is the narrative that has lost some meaning in translation. Without a helpful hint by the producer about the play's conceit of switching between a dream world and remembered reality the story would have remained unclear.

Despite these reservations,

this is a strong proposition, ready and able to face the rigours of touring and the stresses of the festival. Simon Bird is especially good, most notably in the monologue that opens the second act a, whilst Nadia Kamil shows a versatility that other actors would pay to understand. Dan Mansell turns in a set of refreshingly

cheeky and unique performances and Lisa Owens exudes confidence and comic timing. Max Bennett, charged with the hardest task - to play the foil - does so with stunning ease. After a metaphorical shower and shave in Edinburgh, *Under the Blue, Blue Moon* will return metamorphosed from the shambling flasher to a comic Adonis.



Bugsy Malone at the Cambridge Union

Adam Abraham

Sex in the Union

Sarah Brocklehurst on Bugsy

Ambition, rivalry, and showbusiness with a touch of glamour, in the Union: Bugsy Malone is an intimate, adult and sexy take on an old classic.

Bugsy Malone, set in downtown New York in the middle of the prohibition era, follows the rivalry between two gangs of mobsters. Fat Sam, who runs one of the most popular speakeasies in town, is in danger of being closed down by his 'business rival' Dandy Dan. Rivalry is spared violence, since bullets are replaced by silly string and foam, and the audience becomes aware of the importance of dreams, friendship and the fragility of success. An array of strewn undergarments, fabrics and bedsheets transform the Union's debating

chamber into an intimate Jazz Hall: Fat Sam's Grand Slam Speakeasy. The forestage is lined with fairy lights. The costumes employ a contrast between black and white suits and braces, with flamboyant pink flapper dresses, feathers and pearls to evoke the glamour of the jazz age.

bullets are replaced by silly string and foam

However, this glamour is sensitively directed at an adult audience. Tallullah, portrayed by Ellie Spyrides - "if I didn't look this good, you wouldn't even give me the time of day" - is a sultry primadonna with a powerful

voice, who nonetheless displays the fragility induced by age and drunkenness.

As Bugsy, Megan Prosser confidently drives the production, and wins the trust and attention of her audience. Her 'New Yoik' accent is practically faultless, and she is very convincing as a charming, sensitive yet smooth young man. As the rivals, Fat Sam and Dandy Dan respectively, Matt Bethell's deep, husky voice allows for comic contrast with Osh Jones' neurotic expression, directing his speech obsessively to a rose, and moving in an eccentric yet sleek manner.

A very enjoyable well-paced production: cool, sexy, dark, and fun.

The magical world of Narnia

Charlotte Newman

May Week provides the perfect opportunity for sunny outdoor productions. *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* is perhaps the one story that would seem to require complex indoor set design to recreate the wintry atmosphere of Narnia. REDS transcends this problem by making the setting the focal point of the performance.

C.S. Lewis's much-loved story centres around four children who find themselves transported from the realities of war-time England when they stumble into the magical world of Narnia: here, under the rule of the White Witch, the land must always lie gripped in a permanent winter. To restore freedom to Narnia, the four children must defeat the White Witch, and restore the noble lion Aslan as King.

While outdoor productions often compromise convincing acting in favour of voice projection, the actors were not hindered at all. The four children were conveyed without preciousness, and Tom Secretan was a regal yet benevolent Aslan: a perfect realisation of the original character. Martha Spurrier as the

White Witch was perhaps the star of the show. Adorned in floaty white chiffon, she was at once commanding and intimidating; shaping her arms into balletic gesticulations that were reminiscent of archaic dramatic conventions.

The audience, initially seated under the low-hanging branches of the trees in the Emmanuel gardens, were not allowed to remain there for long; as Lucy discovered Narnia, the audience were ushered in with her, stepping across the stage to the other side of the set. Actors stepped in and out of the surrounding trees and moved freely among the audience. This absorption of the audience into the actual setting was one of the most effective elements to the production.

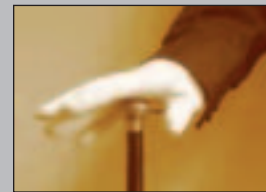
Director Mathilda Imlah depicted the slaying of Aslan as being sacrificial and ceremonial; the omission of a symbolic resurrection did serve to occlude the religious allegory of the original story. However, she produced an energetic, imaginative production that married perfectly the action of the play with an arboreal backdrop, resulting in an engaging, and above all enjoyable way to spend an afternoon in May Week.



Imogen Walford

IT'S PLAY TIME

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Greenside Church, Venue 231

After its sell-out success in Cambridge, this energised and eclectic musical is set to take the fringe by storm.

ASTRAKHAN WINTER
3pm, August 3-29th
C+3

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2.15pm, 4th-9th August
Caves 3, Smirnoff Underbelly

'Every day I wake up and I say, 'Another f***ing day'.

VOLPONE
5.20pm, 4th-29th August
Caves 1, Smirnoff Underbelly

The temptation of the devil lures all.

THRILLSEEKING
9pm, 4th-29th August
C Venues, Central Studio 2

Fun, death, sex, drugs, infatuation...

WOMEN OF TRACHIS
7-29th August
C Venues, +1 Theatre

Sophocles reworked, this promises to be an inventive new take on an age-old text.

Summer wine in new bottles

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Preview by Becky Seales

Clare Fellows' Garden, 22-25 June

'I have no doubt but to hear them say it was a pleasant comedy': boasting a lively cast bewitched in evening-wear, a champagne bar, an unexpected nod to Gina G and a bit with a dog, Simon Evans' production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* certainly possesses key ingredients for the fulfilment of this prophecy. Aware that the Dream cometh annually with as much inevitability as May Week itself, Evans has approached his project armed with a drive to vitalise it which is evident in the play as a whole, and notably so in his own performance of Oberon/Theseus

to Ros Gater's excellently aloof yet sympathetic Titania/Hippolyta.

The stunning and relaxed naturalistic setting of Clare Gardens is an ideal location in which to present the pastoral environs of Athens, and the talented cast fully exploit this, incorporating trees, lily-ponds, bush and briar into performance. Puck and his fairy companions escort the audience through the gardens to reflect the play's action, showing us 'where the wild thyme grows' or emphasising the perplexed lovers' emotional and locational mistakings through the constant scene-shifting.

The decision to attire the lovers, fairies and mechanicals in traditional May Ball dress is intriguing and encourages a sense of opulence, but rather negates the sense of the fairies' eldritch otherness; the comic grotesquery of Titania's interaction with the asinine Bottom, for example, is less striking if the polarisation of their appearances and degree is not rendered overt. 'These shadows' certainly didn't offend me. Deliberately devoid of changeling boys and other sobering or non-P.C. undertones, this is an undemanding and ebullient May Week production which ends charmingly in audience participation. Go, relax, delight in gorgeous escapism; you're drinking champagne among the fairies. As Shakespeare himself put it, 'a merrier hour was never wasted here...'

Much Ado About Nothing

Preview by Miriam Gillinson

Queens', 22-25 June

Everyone knows that most May Week plays are awful. If the actor even manages to turn up, the poor bastard's almost certain to forget his lines. Time, resources and energy all combine to make these plays a

A trance tent is now the garden of a country mansion

near no-go zone. None of this matters however, as long as there is a sense of fun behind the production. Allegra Galvin, the director of Shakespeare's comedy *Much Ado about Nothing*, is well aware of this. Their poster gives an indication of the production's ethos: slick, attractive and cheeky. At no point does this production take itself too seriously, which is just what the wandering, hung-over masses are after.

The cloister arcades provide a unique backdrop, though those who went to Queens' Ball might find it hard to accept that what was once a trance tent, is now the garden of a country mansion. As the May Ball programme tells us, this cloister walk provides 'the most cheerful and perhaps the most loveable of all Cambridge courts.' A little biased methinks, but not far off. This

production is not carried by pretty scenery and pretty actors alone. Not all of the actors are just pretty. Beatrice and Benedick both make the most of their roles, and their quick fire interchanges are a joy to behold. There is something about this love affair that resonates with Cambridge students: their relationship thrives on witty banter, but beyond that it all gets a bit dicey. To watch Beatrice and Benedick fall in love is to watch two Cambridge students fall in love, which is always appealing.

This production is not carried by pretty scenery and pretty actors alone

Though the two principals are the obvious foundation of this production, it is the comic touches that hold the piece together. The casting is diverse, with actors that regularly feature in 'straight' Cambridge plays, as well as a number of Footlight comedians. It's a mix that almost gives this production the feel of a Cambridge Smoker. Allegra has successfully silenced the drunken hecklers with her production, and might even make some of them think a bit about love.



Ben Reizenstein

Destroying rock 'n' roll?

Fred Rush gets to grips with electro rocker Mylo

Two years ago Myles McInnes was a bedroom producer on the Isle of Skye. He had finished his degree in Oxford, left his PhD at UCLA, and immersed himself in a musical wonderland. Armed only with his trusty iMac and the most basic of production software, Myles proceeded to calmly knock off one of the best albums of 2004.

Now this lad from Skye is one of the biggest acts around, having transformed *Destroy Rock & Roll* into a live act. I caught Mylo the day before he went on stage to play to a sell-out crowd at the Junction, to learn more about bedroom producing, the contemporary dance scene and being the saviour of dance music.

He is reassuringly pragmatic about his choice of studio (his bedroom), listing the advantages as being 'cheap' and 'there are no time constraints'. 'At the risk of sounding like a motivational speaker ... as long

as you have a decent computer and a couple of pieces of essential software, the only meaningful restrictions on the music you can make are the limits of your imagination. God that sounds terrible.'

Such self-effacement is consistent with the down-to-earth advice he gives to the aspiring producer, encouraging 'stick at it, and don't waste your time and money shopping for things you don't need'. Indeed, the frivolity of his ubiquitous marketing comes under fire as he jokes 'It made sense to call the album *Destroy Rock & Roll* as the track felt to me like a calling card for the record as a whole; and we thought it would be nice to generate some vacuous controversy for marketing purposes - our focus group told us it was what they wanted!'

This provides a striking contrast with the seriousness with which he treats the contemporary dance music scene, demonstrated in the long list of influ-

ences he cites on his album, including 'italo-disco, Les Rhythmes Digitales, Metro Area, Daft Punk, Soulwax/2manyDJs, Royksopp, The Avalanches.' The humour immediately returns when asked about the reverence his own work has inspired, though, and his response to a mention of the praise heaped upon him by Elton John, 'I feel very pleased. I met him and he's a lovely man,' treads a fine line between sarcasm and sincerity which cannot be firmly pinned down in an email interview.

Regarding the oft-repeated label 'the saviour of dance music', Mylo's response is much clearer: 'I've always maintained that that was a sarcastic quote that got lost in translation somehow. In any case I wouldn't feel that good about mouthing off about why I think my album's so great.' Equally clear is his certainty that the inescapable question, 'What do you think the future holds for

dance music?' should be answered positively: 'Dance music will prevail.'

Mylo's modest nature and genuine love for music of all sorts, make him a refreshing trendsetter amongst his genre-obsessed chart-topping counterparts. While his work is not revolutionary, and his favourite artists prove the heredity of his style, his work has the unusual characteristic of being easily accessible, yet credible, popular but not pop.

He has proved that the bedroom producer and amateur musician can still make it big with the simplest of equipment, and the most imaginative of minds. Mylo's music is not a passing fancy, it has a solid and classic, yet comedic, modernity that appeals to many.

We have three limited edition 7" promos of Mylo's new album In My Arms to give away. To enter the draw, email business@varsity.co.uk



Lucy Phillips

Mylo: from bedroom producer to 'saviour of dance music'

...And it was a crappy gig

...Trail of Dead

The Junction, 19 June

Review by Charlotte Keane

It seems that "And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead" have finally given in to their own self-consciously pretentious hype. The four piece from Austin, Texas arrive on stage late, ignore the crowd and perform at the Junction with a woefully inadequate sound system which fails to allow vocalist Conrad Keeley any subtlety in delivery or in some cases to be heard at all.

The energy that usually pervades their performances was missing. Superficially it was there, Keeley and Reece bounded around the stage,

but there was no hint of the anarchic spirit that elevates "...Trail of the Dead" from mediocre live act to brilliance. The crowd picked up on this and was unmoved by the blistering wall of sound that was hurled at them. There was little enthusiasm and none of the frantic crush that usually accompanies their gigs. Even the tendency for the band to abuse and destroy their equipment seemed forced; Reece hurled a cymbal to the ground only for a roadie to scurry out, pick it up and replace it - all under direction from Reece himself.

Beginning with "Ode to Isis" they played a set that was equally uninspired, the majority of the tracks coming from their new



Charlotte Keane

And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead: disappointing

album *Worlds Apart*. This is a mistake, even if they do have an album to promote, as the tracks cannot match in intensity anything from *Source Tags and Codes*.

Reece's "Caterwaul" does come close and was performed well by the band; it was one of the few tracks that manages to

get the crowd moving. Thankfully they did bring in older songs such as "Homage" from *Source Tags...*, one of the band's best efforts.

In short it was a very poor gig by any standards but especially for a band who can produce utterly sublime performances.

Ben Folds live

Ben Folds

Corn Exchange, 16 June

Review by Lloyd Beecham

Ben Folds' recent tour promoting the release of his eighth album, *Songs for Silverman*, was bound to be crawling with experience, talent and the knowledge of how exactly to play a crowd. Having cancelled the previous date at the Corn Exchange, the long-awaited return of the piano-magician to Cambridge and indeed this country created a buzz that could not be ignored.

Folds was not drawn into playing his new songs from the album with an encore of old favourites. He treated the sell out crowd to something that can only be described as breathtak-

ing, an amalgamation of the new sound from the new album, with a vast array of material from the first three album releases of Ben Folds Five.

A large portion of his set was performed solo - just him and his piano. The beautiful and haunting sound of 'Brick', written about his girlfriend and her abortion still sends shivers down the spine. Favourites from 'Philosophy' to 'Rockin' the Suburbs' and his recent release 'Landed' showed exactly how much he feels his past has shaped his current musical direction.

Along with his talent for emotional and poignant ballads, his social commentary and his ever-present satirical voice juxtapose with the more moving



Sara Goodinge

Folds: takes a moment away from his band to perform solo

songs. Splitting the audience in two, to perform the brass parts in 'Army', brought a real sense of involvement - as if this man could do this for you all day and never get tired.

Ben Folds is an incredibly talented performer and often

leaves you with your mouth open wondering exactly how he just did that. With a bassist and percussionist who both sing and play along with Folds, the return to the original format of Ben Folds Five is a winning formula.

At The Drive-In

Anthology

Review by Mark Witkin

Big hair, crazy song titles: two pithy epithets to describe hardcore five-piece At The Drive-In, whose path is charted in this collection from their albums, EPs, B-sides and rarities.

Opener 'Fahrenheit' signals the band's intentions right from the start - jagged riffs and lead singer Cedric Bixler's aggressive vocal gymnastics. 'Lopsided' and 'Napoleon Solo' show how well ATD-I blend aggression with melody, and explain why pretty much all of the post-hardcore/extremo bands out there at the moment count them as a major influence.

The three tracks from 'Relationship of Command', made with uber-producer Ross Robinson, show the band at their commercial peak. 'One Armed Scissor' conveys a real intensity and emotional catharsis, while others are just plain strange -

'Non-Zero Possibility' conjuring up some rather disturbing images with the lyric "I was bitten on the entrance".

The B-sides and rarities that follow are something of a mixed bag. 'Initiation' is a passionate, raw punk track, while the vocals on their cover of The Smiths' 'This Night Has Opened My Eyes', show that ATD-I are much better at schizophrenic rock than trying to sound like Morissey.

Instead of spending the last of your student loan on the spaced-out prog noodling of the two Mars Volta albums, go and buy this instead.



Sons & Daughters

The Repulsion Box

Review by Jon Swaine

After the fifth or so listen, the surprise suddenly becomes a very pleasant one. Glasgow quartet Sons and Daughters have followed the success of last year's fantastic *Love the Cup* mini-album and this year's indie disco classic 'Dance Me In' with something...well, weirder.

It's good, and may yet prove to be a move even shrewder than presently we are able to see. Whilst the final whippers of a two-dimensional garage rock death knell are sounded at The Subways, 22-20s et al, this has whispered corners and sudden, skiffle-happy tangents

enough for anyone to get lost in - the noisy crescendos of 'Choked' being a case in point.

But perhaps most importantly, the live spectacle of Adele Bethel and Scott Paterson's brooding vocal spats has made it on to record unharmed, sounding as brutally awkward as on stage in 'Rama Lama'.

This is a timely splash of life onto a musical year whose first half has been as arid as a rub-bish analogy about a desert.



Fun in the sun at home and abroad

Jess Holland tries Strawberry Fair... ...while Jonny Ensall samples Sonar

So exams weren't quite over, and the optimistic wearing of sunglasses and knee-length shorts bought us little sunshine from whichever pagan gods presided over the festival. But Strawberry Fair injected a direly-needed shot of the unexpected into a term characterised mostly by flicking compulsively to the ends of articles to see how many pages left until the next tea break, or snort of crushed amphetamine snorted through a rolled-up UL reservation-slip.

If you were in town on Saturday 4th you would have seen a constant stream of hippies and music-lovers drawn towards the bass-line thump and marijuana fug emanating from Midsummer Common. The reggae and acoustic tents were, as usual, crammed full of life-affirming sounds, while the East Stage reeled at the storming sets of (amongst others) local almost-famous pop-punk-heroes Right Turn Clyde and Life 4 Land, the Cambridge collective renowned for legendary open-air parties.

But, as with Glastonbury, the real gems are never to be found in the headline sets but in the spontaneous and unannounced

events of the periphery. The 'Pondsbury Benevolent Ladies' Society for the Woefully Inadequate' stall out-weirded last year's 'Apathy-a-thon' with two women decked out in impeccable Thelma and Louise, sipping cocktails ostentatiously and holding a fake raffle for those less fortunate, while Cambridge Community Circus' knife-juggling, acrobatic and trapeze artistry fuelled the dreams of many (okay, me) to abandon academia for the travelling life of the performing artiste. Other soul-boosting sights included a group of banjo-players in stripy sombreros having an earnest chat, a load of too-cute chil-

dren dressed as fairies, and the entire Cambridge police force turning a blind eye at the amount of recreational chemicals changing hands.

Was it all a dream, one might ask a day later, slumped over a pile of books with hazy memories of fluffy pink-winged creatures dancing in a parade and canisters of laughing gas being inhaled interweaving with dreams of being eaten by Metaphysics texts. [Ed. - there were no flesh-eating sentient books at Strawberry Fair. All other events are factual.] Or was it a taste of festivals to come over the long hot summer? Book your tickets to Homefires now and hope for the latter.



Strawberry Fair: opening parade

'Sonar' is the Barcelona festival of 'Advanced Music'. Over its three days, from 16th to 18th June, Sonar 2005 showcased the most up-to-date beats, bleeps, squeaks and visuals that electronic music has to offer.

The Sonar difference is immediately obvious. 'Sonar by Day' (the part of the festival held at the Barcelona Museum of Contemporary Art), showcases obscure and bizarre acts from the underground electronic music scenes of every country from the Faroe Islands to Japan. Brazilian act Artificial played a set using a Game Boy console as his only musical instrument, while English sound wizard Matthew Herbert made music from the sampled sounds of eggs being broken into a bowl.

However, the big names of the festival didn't come out until after dark when 40,000 or so of the festival-goers transferred from the city centre to 'Sonar by Night', held in a huge warehouse venue on the edge of the city.

2 Many DJs' 'As Heard on Radio Soulwax' and DJ Yoda's 'How to Cut and Paste' series have become ubiquitous bar



Press Council Photography

Murphy: a yawnsome live act?

and party music, a saturation notable in Yoda's set, which suffered from a lack of energy due to over-planning.

In contrast, 2 Many DJs managed to be slick and surprising. In a mostly electronic set, they cleverly dropped 'Rock the Casbah', 'Teenage Kicks' and that Whomadewho cover of 'Satisfaction' much to the appreciation of the crowd who, at 5 in the morning, needed some relief from the ear-bleed techno that Jeff

Mills had been playing for two hours beforehand.

Perhaps the biggest victim, though, was James Murphy. I think he is a genius. However, when Murphy had his turn on the decks he was rubbish, just rubbish and LCD Soundsystem's live act made a mess of a lot of great songs. He is the man behind The Rapture, LCD Soundsystem and the DFA record label, but the disparity between his recorded and live output is as antithetical as Day and Night.



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A creative wake-up call

Alice Gillham explores a poetry workshop with a refreshing outlook



Charlotte Besan

ourselves freely" at some juncture of our otherwise slavish conveyance though the sausage factory of education and life. Yet, this term and next, a series of enterprising literary projects aim to encourage students of any interest in the business of poetic "expression" to explore the meaning of composition itself, and kindle the latent poetic impulse that lurks behind the bombast of the Cambridge literary "scene".

One of these is a writing club, begun this summer term with the apt and refreshing conceit that poetry might provide weary exam-taker with a good wake-up call; that's right, Pierian is a breakfast club, meeting once a week in full term and run by Michael Hurley of Pembroke College. The club derives its name from the spring beloved of the Muses in classical mythology, and also recalls Alexander Pope's chastening couplet: "A little learning is a dangerous thing;/ Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring". Neither an opportunity for pompous posturing nor a forum for poetry-as-therapy, Pierian's ethos is best expressed, again, by Pope;

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,/ As those move easiest who have learned to dance". Each week a form is chosen, such as sonnet, triolet etc, and break-fasters are required to write a poem accordingly, whilst in turn engaging with the week's chosen subject. The group's first meeting concentrated on the villanelle, a notably difficult form of three-line stanzas (an example of which is Tom Durno's piece, *right*).

Neither an opportunity for pompous posturing nor a forum for poetry-as-therapy

Typically abstract questions – such as whether it is possible to write a serious poem in the limerick form – will be considered from the experience of the workshop. Fear not, ye cautious enthusiasts; the sessions are for people who care about poetry and should like to learn more about how great work is made possible at a nuts and bolts level. There is no expectation at all that break-fasters be accomplished, or even aspiring poets, since it is

not a creative writing workshop as such; rather the club offers a chance to hone one's craft in a friendly and (albeit temporarily) summery atmosphere to amateurs, ascendent laureates and cross-sant enthusiasts alike. For more information about the breakfasts, or to be added to the reserve list, email mdh32@cam.ac.uk.

If this intellectual petit déjeuner leaves you with an appetite for all things poetic, the Cambridge Poetry Summit, running at Emmanuel College from June 24th to 26th, promises a veritable feast of creative talent. Budding wordsmiths, enthusiastic readers, hell, anyone interested in the state of modern creativity should avail themselves of this great opportunity to hear some contemporary poets reflecting on medium and method. This international festival of poetry boasts an exciting line-up thus far including some 26 poets from France, Poland and the US, as well as such home-grown talents as Brian Catling and Adrian Clarke. Those interested can find details at www.cambridgepoetry.org.

A villanelle

So splinters of home inspire devotion?
Tramping primrose paths, wills alchemic sight,
not conjuring but a folding motion.

Crunching gravel under foot, commotion
of feet flash pleasure as projected light:
so, splinters of home inspire devotion?

From papier-mâché and polymerisation
a Triffid is born, even painted root-blight.
Not conjuring but a folding motion.

Once stalks now one sublime cohesion.
So static screen memories, green birthright,
so splinters of home inspire devotion

until sheets curl. Studio invention
crisped petals live in collection books bright,
not conjuring but a folding motion.

Pacing out flint rigs to lever open
composted chambers' mechanical light.
So, splinters of home inspire devotion,
not conjuring but a folding motion.

Tom Durno

Litt, language and learning

Toby Litt discusses his ghostly new book with Elly Shepherd

Toby Litt has a subtle presence. He doesn't talk much and he doesn't talk often, but when he does, it's always worth listening. He was born in 1968, and studied at Oxford and on the UEA famed creative writing MA under Malcolm Bradbury. He was one of Granta's twenty best young British novelists of 2003.

His books are, without exception, incredible, and they are also very diverse. All they really have in common is that they stay with you long after you've finished them, and that you are completely enthralled whilst reading; they are so different that he manages to reinvent himself and his writing with every new publication. He has now written seven books: five novels and two collections of short stories. *Varsity* caught up with him in London.

What's the difference between writing short stories and writing novels for you?

They have a different rhythm to them – a different pulse. That's how I tell them apart, initially. The pulse of a short story is very rapid. You know

that something with that much nervous energy would be killingly exhausting to live with for too long. A novel's pulse is much steadier.

What do you hate most and love most about 'literature' at the moment?

About the idea of 'literature' it's probably the difficulty – the difficulty of it is what I hate and love the most. I don't know how many times I have to realise 'There are no short cuts', but I average about five times a day at the moment. You can't cheat it; it deserves total respect.

About the 'literature' that's being published. Well, we don't know which bits will end up being counted as literature. Enough to say, it won't be anything that's taken short cuts.

Do you have a favourite writer? - If so, who and why?

I usually say Henry James but, for a change, I'll push James Joyce into first place. And not for *Ulysses* but for *Finnegans Wake* – which I know will come across as pretentious, but it is an astonishing book. In worldly terms, it's a failure. Hardly anyone reads it. Very

few people are capable of reading it. Yet I think it is more challenging for writers than *Ulysses*. Everyone has learnt the lessons of *Ulysses*; *Finnegans Wake* remains unassimilated.

You have some Czech and French translations on your website, www.tobylitt.com, how did you find translation?

For the Czech poems I was working in collaboration with Tomas Mika, who is now quite well known on the Prague scene as a poet. This was back in 1993. I was writing a lot of poetry, and was really interested in what I could learn from Czech poets, and from the Czech language. It's a good lesson to realise that other languages sometimes find much better solutions to problems of accurate expression than English does.

What advice would you give to student writers?

Don't think of yourself as a student writer, or even as a young writer. Write as much as you can, in as many different styles as you can. Worry less about finding a 'voice' than about seeing the world clearly,



Jerry Bauer

through language. And don't rely on word-processing. In the long run, going to the dictionary will serve you much better than spellcheck.

How do you work with character voices (for example Agatha in *Ghost Story*)?

Well, *Ghost Story* has a nar-

rator. Agatha's voice comes through that – polluting it, colouring it. I think Teach Yourself Writing manuals tend to break things up into different technical areas. But when I'm writing, everything affects everything else. The narrative tone affects the form affects the scene that will happen affects the vocabulary.

Do you have a favourite of the books you've written?

Ghost Story.

For more information, visit the Toby Litt's website at www.tobylitt.com

Ghost Story is now available in paperback from Penguin.

Corruption and sin: a tale of two cities

Laura Whittle explores the darker reaches of this week's releases



Sin City

Near the beginning of Robert Rodriguez's *Sin City* the psychopathic Marv muses that "It's going to be blood for blood and by the gallon. These are the old days, the bad days, the all-or-nothing days." From this instant the viewer becomes aware that they are in store for a violent, highly stylized tale of retribution and justice in the amoral and surreal world of Frank Miller's graphic novels.

So close to its comic-book origins is the film that it could indeed be named a 'graphic movie', being graphic in every sense of the word; it is undeniably graphically violent and simultaneously laden with computer graphics. Yet despite the flinch-inducing atrocities that are committed on screen and the extensive use of special effects, the film does succeed in having a sympathetic core. Perhaps not a moral core, but any film that gets the viewers rooting for a hardened psychopath who enjoys torturing those who have, admittedly, not exactly played nice themselves is clearly one to take note of.

The film is comprised of three loosely interlocking stories, and there is a Tarantino-esque feel to the way in which the chronology of events is manipulated. (Tarantino is credited as 'guest director' and was paid \$1 to shoot a scene involving a surreal conversation between Clive

Rodriguez pulls the film back from the brink of becoming too nasty to be watchable

Owen and a corpse's head.) Yet this playing with the chronology is never done in a gimmicky way. Instead the way the film unfolds serves to make the unraveling mysteries contained in each segment all the more intriguing.

It is the story concerning the tale of Bruce Willis' world-weary cop Hartigan and Jessica Alba's luminous Nancy that is perhaps most disturbing. At the beginning of the tale Hartigan is attempting to rescue Nancy from a notorious paedophile, and it is difficult to watch the scenes featuring the

terrified young girl without feeling slightly queasy. Yet this queasiness is not because of what you are seeing, but because of what you fear you might see; however, in this case as in the torture scenes, Rodriguez manages to pull the film back from the brink of becoming too nasty to be watchable without diminishing its impact. This is perhaps one of the film's achievements; the viewer leaves the cinema convinced of the evilness of some of the characters without having had to forfeit the enjoyable escapism that cinema can offer.

And if you can stomach the blood and gore and numerous fight scenes it is indeed an enjoyable experience. The extensive supporting cast is excellent, notably Elijah Wood whose exceptionally creepy performance as Kevin (innocuous enough name but wait till you see what he does...) ensures that you will no longer automatically think of him as a cuddly hobbit. *Sin City* is most definitely not a first-date-movie, but it is certainly a highly inventive and original cinematic experience, and is one to savour.

Batman Begins

The fifth Batman film strongly deviates from the surreal and fantastical template adhered to by its predecessors, the films that *Batman Begins* prequels. Those seeking cartoon violence and superpowers need look elsewhere. *Batman Begins*, directed by Christopher Nolan and starring a perfectly cast Christian Bale, charts Bruce Wayne's childhood in an attempt to make the creation of his alter-ego, Batman, if not realistic then at least plausible. Nolan's Gotham City bears relation to *Sin City*: It is constantly raining, the city is home to a particularly powerful criminal underworld, and danger exudes from every dark alleyway. This is a serious film about a man who dresses up as a bat in order to fight crime, and it almost works.

Clearly, after the lamentable *Batman and Robin*, a change of direction was required if the Batman movie franchise was to continue. Consequently, *Batman Begins* is more interested in Bruce Wayne as Bruce Wayne than Bruce Wayne as Batman. We get an insight into his tortured psyche, and the flashbacks to his childhood fall down a bat-infested well and his parents' murder are effective and also touching. These flashbacks help explain why Wayne is so intent on achieving justice, and the need to harness fear in order to combat crime is a running theme. Wayne's attempts to become 'fear itself', although plausible, unfortunately provokes some particularly clunky dialogue. For example, Liam Neeson's mysterious Duccard explains early on in Bruce Wayne's formative training that "you must journey inwards... to what you really fear... it's inside you...there's no turning back." Lines such as these come perilously close to sounding like a particularly cheesy brand of psychobabble.

However, there is much to enjoy in this film, and the first hour especially is particularly engrossing. The film is most successful in convincing the viewer

that a human could do the feats that Batman does. At the start of the film we see an imprisoned Wayne take on and beat six other convicts, thus demonstrating a natural physical strength.

The scenes depicting the phys-

Gotham City bears relation to Sin City...danger exudes from every dark alleyway

ical training that Wayne later undergoes are similar in style to those in *Kill Bill Volume 2*: we see an essentially human character undergoing intensive and physically excruciating training in order to attain an almost, but not quite, supernatural level of strength and agility.

Batman Begins presents a convincing psychological portrait of an intriguing man – convincing,

that is, up until the moment when he becomes Batman. For here, paradoxically, lies the real problem with *Batman Begins*. In attempting to portray Wayne as a realistic character, the unlikelihood of his decision to dress up as a bat not only becomes all the more apparent, it starts to matter. Viewed from this perspective, an engaging character study suddenly takes a decidedly weird turn. As Bruce Wayne says at a dinner party, "A guy who dresses up like a bat clearly has issues." Well yes, he certainly does. However, *Batman Begins* is undeniably an enjoyable cinema experience, and the acting is of a high standard throughout. Morgan Freeman and Michael Caine provide particularly strong support to Christian Bale. Dark, escapist and at times genuinely affecting, *Batman Begins*' only weakness is a tendency to take itself a little too seriously.



The Frat Pack are back this summer

Jennifer Meech looks at the team behind *The Wedding Crashers*



Will Ferrell, Vince Vaughn and Luke Wilson in *Old School*

The Wedding Crashers is a comedy out later in the summer. It stars Vince Vaughn and Owen Wilson and is the latest offering from the group of actors that the media has rather unoriginally (but quite catchily) entitled 'the frat pack'. The term comes from the 2003 *Old School* in which Vaughn starred alongside Will Ferrell and the other Wilson brother, Luke. These three men have been involved in almost every good comedy coming out of the major studios in the last five years.

Even if *Old School* had never been shot Vaughn would be eternally remembered for *Swingers*.

This 1996 film was nominally written by Jon Favreau but much of the script was borrowed from his conversations with Vaughn himself. Favreau's character (like Favreau himself at the time of writing) is a struggling comedian in L.A. trying to get over his ex-girlfriend and meet new women, aided by such Vaughn gems as "You take yourself out of the game, you start talking about puppy dogs and ice cream and of course it's going to end up on the friendship tip."

The other star of *The Wedding Crashers* is Owen Wilson, the blonde Wilson brother with the

unusual nose who starred alongside Ben Stiller in *Starsky and Hutch* and *Zoolander* and, more importantly, was a co-writer on the Wes Anderson films *Bottle Rocket*, *Rushmore* and *The Royal Tenenbaums*.

Anderson has many trademark techniques as a director (underwater shots, holding a shot for a little too long, characters chain smoking) but as a writer his scripts also go against Hollywood type. The viewer of most Hollywood films is well trained to guess the development of the plot but Anderson's films do not work like this. In the middle of the film

we are greeted with a scene that could move the film out of the realm of comedy; Max could rape Rosemary Cross, Richie's suicide bid could be successful.

These moments of potential catastrophe are not emphasized but the viewer cannot miss them, for they are what make Anderson's films a class above most that are produced in America.

The new film will, I imagine, be closer to *Dodgeball* than *Swingers* or the Wes Anderson films, these are rare gems, but it will be funny and should be worth a look.



Lara saves the tiger in scarves from Topshop and vest from Camden Market. Orazio keeps the kids off drugs in jacket from Diesel and T-shirt from D.A.R.E.. Emma campaigns for nuclear disarmament in bikini from Hennes. Mungo supports organic farmers in T-shirt from Oxfam and beads model's own.

By: Quentin Jones

Mixed fortunes for Athletes

Andy Bell

ON SATURDAY 21st May, a day of thundering skies and lashing rain, the Light Blue ladies began their campaign with an impressive pole vault double. Sarah Iams capped off her first season with CUAC by sailing 10cm over the Blues standard, to a dizzy height of 2.70m, and comfortably beating both Oxon opponents. Veteran vaulter Rachel Tomlinson went one better, producing a lofty 2.80m to win the event and retain her title from last year.

The first track race of the afternoon, the 400m hurdles, was a chance for Grace Clements, who led the Blues Ladies to their third Varsity triumph in a row and the 25th Cambridge win in 31 years, to flex her muscles and produce a spectacle of scintillating pace. Powering round the tartan arena in 62.98s, she smashed through the Blues time by a good two seconds to secure a confident victory over Oxford's Martine Bomb. A heptathlete of repute, Clements continued to lead her team by example throughout the day, competing in a grand total of six individual events along with both relays, her versatility stretching to cover track racing, jumps and throws. In the triple jump,

arguably her best event, Clements set a new match record of 11.65m, bounding over 50cm beyond the Blues standard to win in style. Incredibly, this gargantuan leap still fell short of her personal best, an outrageous 12.41m set on tour in the US this year!

The high jump was also one of many events to be graced by Phyllis Agbo, a superstar fresher from Trinity College whose impressive repertoire of sprinting, hurdling, jumping and throwing was used to full effect on Saturday. Competing in a colossal seven individual events, not to mention both the 4x100m and 4x400m relays, Agbo was on remarkable form. Her shot put distance of 11.91m broke the match record, and furthered the Blues standard by almost a metre. Her 100m hurdles time of 14.44 seconds won an extremely competitive race, in which three athletes dipped under 15 seconds, propelling her to the top of CUAC's All-Time Ranking List for the event and coming within a whisker (i.e. 0.04s) of the Varsity Match Record itself. She won the 100m by over a second and finished the long jump more than 80cm clear of Oxford's first scorer, earning superfluous Full Blues in both events. Add to that a hard-

fought victory from Bomb in the 200m, and a glistening anchor leg of the 4x100m (which involved reeling in a nail-biting Oxford lead to clinch it on the line!), and you're looking at one serious mean-machine of an athlete. Agbo was awarded the Susan Denner Trophy for best performance in the Women's Match (100m hurdles), and goes down in the record books for equalling the greatest number of individual wins in a Varsity Match. Her five victories were, interestingly enough, achieved in almost identical disciplines to the now joint record-holder, Rebecca Lewis (1997).

The male events on Saturday were wrought with tension, and punctuated by a number of outrageous upsets. In the closest Men's Blues contest for seven years, every point was a matter of life or death, a bloody battlefield of exertion.

The track action began with the home side's strongest event: 400m hurdles. With a current squad of GB International Steve Green, English Schools champion Ben Carne and Full Blue 400m hurdler Dan Bray (each ranked inside the top 15 on CUAC's all-time performance list), Oxford never really stood a chance. Green and Carne cruised round the track

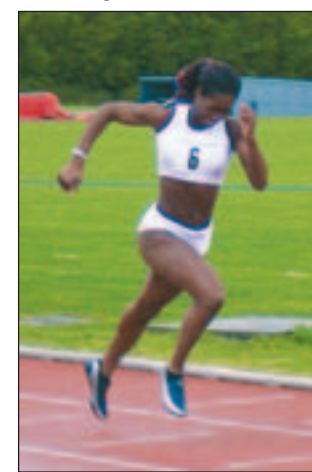
to Blues times of 53.89s and 54.26s respectively, their nearest challenger lagging over four seconds behind.

As well as being rather soggy, the Blues 100m was a spectacle of extreme nail-biting energy. Lightning-fast rugby winger Aki Abiola and lean, mean running machine Finlay Wright dove for the line neck-and-neck, desperate to clinch those extra points for their respective teams. With first place loaded on a 5-3-2-1 scoring system, the difference between gold and silver honours could be of critical importance... in this case, the difference between gold and silver honours was 0.02 seconds, with Oxford's Wright recording a flashy 11.03s to snatch it from Abiola on the dip finish. Pounding the tartan just paces behind was Dan Bray, holding off the dark blue challenge of Toleme Ezekiel to finish third in 11.34s.

Oxford dominated the throws, winning the hammer and javelin, but at 4:30pm, as the match approached its shuddering climax, Nick Alberts struck back with a phenomenal blow in the men's shot. Erupting past the Blues standard with a massive personal best of 15.18m, he left last year's winner McCauley choking on the foetor of defeat,

unable to compete with the furthest effort to grace a Varsity Match since 1999. Alberts was awarded the Paul Gomme Trophy for best Inter-Varsity throwing performance of the year, and also the Drake-Digby trophy for best performance in the men's match - a truly outstanding achievement.

After an outrageously tight 4x100m win for Oxford, and a similarly nailbiting 4x400m battle in favour of the light blues, everyone whipped out their pocket calculators in a desperate attempt to calculate the overall scores. And soon enough it was announced over the tannoy: Oxford 110 - 102 Cambridge.



Phyllis Agbo in action

Hockey Success Recognised

CAMBRIDGE NOMADS, captained by Claire Louise Walls, were rewarded for their league victory last season at an East hockey awards ceremony on Sunday 15th June.

The girls, coached by Blues' goal-keeper Andrew Middleton, won promotion losing only two of their twenty games. They were lauded at the ceremony for notching up a huge 94 goals, greatly helped by top goal scorer SJ Lloyd. Winning the East League Division 2 North completed the double for the Second XI who also triumphed in their BUSA division, in which they scored three times as many goals as any other team. The team look forward to continuing their success next year.

If you are interested in playing University hockey next season please contact Jennifer Lees or Andrew Middleton - details on the web: www.cuhc.org

Jenny Malicka

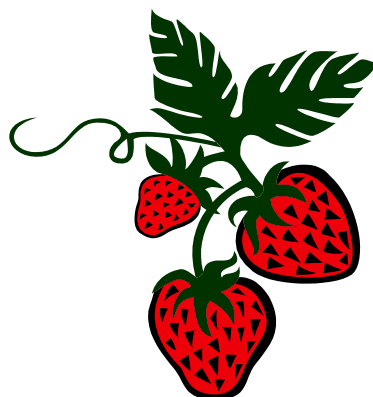
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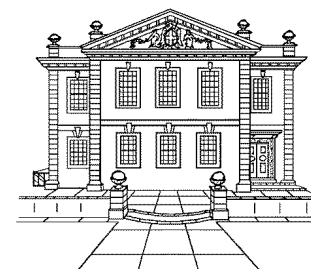
Wednesday 29 June
2.00pm – 5.00pm



Riverside Suite
Garden House Hotel
Granta Place

Meet 30 top employers who still have vacancies for their Autumn 2005 intake, while enjoying a glass of wine and an ice-cream.

Also take the opportunity to speak to one of our Careers Advisers, on hand for brief consultations all afternoon.



Cambridge University Careers Service, Stuart House, Mill Lane, Cambridge

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Allison's Century Not Quite Enough

Sophia Davis and Alina Vaskina at the Women's Cricket Varsity Match

UNDER THE INTENSE rays of the burning sun, at the ground on which every cricketer dreams of setting foot, Oxford and Cambridge ladies passionately fought out the closest 50 over match they could have imagined. On paper the two teams were evenly matched, but the humidity meant that whoever fielded first would reap the full benefits of heavily swinging bowling.

Oxford fielded first. The light blue openers were both out before the scorebook hit 20. Then, out of the blue, Jane 'Kiwi' Allison and Sophia Davis began clocking up a damaging and steady partnership, flashing some beautiful cover drives to lay the ground for Allison's stunning achievement of a century at Lords' Nursery Ground. Along the way to the respectable total of 200 off 43 overs Davis made 30, but her abandonment of Allison was followed by a rapid fall of wickets that gave Oxford captain Georgia Gale-

Grant a hat-trick. Cambridge's number 10 batsman Kim Roach supported Allison with an impressively sterling performance, highlighting some sloppy dark blue fielding.

Cambridge stepped out to field full of confidence and enthusiasm, with a great opening spell from Tanya Glanville-Wallis and a run out of the opening batsman, Sarah Berman, with only 4 to her name. The crowd lapped up the spectacular dives from Kim Smith, Farzana Meru and Alina Vaskina as they protected the Cambridge boundaries, keeping the run-rate a good deal below what was required: at 35 overs Oxford had 121 compared to Cambridge's 165.

Gale-Grant weakened Cambridge again, however, with a series of partnerships building up around her. Despite the exceptional slowness of her 53, which took 163 balls, the Oxford batsmen became comfortable, their



Jane 'Kiwi' Allison is lauded by her team as she leaves the field after achieving her century at Lords

scoring steadily gained momentum and light blue heads began to drop. The heat was hard to endure, making invaluable the work of 12th man, Lizzie Peto, and our 'superstar' APU team mate,

Alexis Mannion, as they plied the fielders with drinks. These conditions made it all the more impressive that Laura Hancock bowled 10 overs without a break, conceding only 22 runs during a show of

outstanding in-swing.

All eyes were glued to the scoreboard, as at 45 overs Oxford were just 17 runs away from their target. Captain and opening bowler Sarah Hill almost came to the rescue on her return to the

bowling attack, using her pace to take two late breakthroughs, but game had been gradually slipping away, and with only 11 balls to go an exhausted and deflated Cambridge side congratulated their rivals on victory.

Oxford Defeated Nick Tucker on how Mann's men won their one-day at Lords

JUNE 17TH, LORDS, bright sunshine, a healthy crowd and the dashing figure of Adrian Shankar patrolling the cover boundary - the scene was set for Cambridge University's first win at Lords against Oxford in the relatively new one-day format of the Varsity match.

Richard Mann, the Light Blues' captain, made two important decisions before the game had even started. Firstly, to the delight of his team, he won an all-important toss and elected to bowl first on a wicket heavily tinged with green. Secondly, he selected Nic Alberts, the Rugby Blue, despite the fact he had played little during the season. Both these decisions were soon vindicated. On a wicket which helped the bowlers, Cambridge's seamers immediately hit good areas and Oxford struggled. Tom Savill, the tall opening bowler, was a constant menace throughout his first spell and was backed up by fine wicketkeeping from the reliable James Heywood and by good fielding, most notably when Duncan Heath held a brilliant catch in the gully, the first of four catches to East Fannythorpe's favourite son.

Meanwhile, Alberts was making his presence felt in the form of some torrid banter that reduced the Oxford top-order to nervous wrecks and caused the MCC members in the pavilion to spit in their tea. Then the big South African was thrown the ball and together with Savill (4-28 from ten overs) reduced Oxford to 63-4. The Dark Blues recovered briefly and appeared to be mounting something of a comeback before Ben Jacklin ripped an outswinger past the Oxford captain's outside edge and knocked back the off stump. The Dark Blues did well to get up to 190 all out, despite Vikram Bannerjee's fine spell of 3-29.

It was a score that was to prove surprisingly competitive. Cambridge lost Heath early to a fine inswinging yorker from Suman, the Oxford left arm swing bowler, but fresher Richard Timms and skipper Richard Mann played steadily to give Cambridge a good platform for victory. However, after Mann departed for 27, Cambridge lost their way in the face of some quality spin bowling and looked to have left themselves with too much to do. Rudi Singh injected some impetus with a busy

cameo but following his dismissal much depended on Timms. The opener had played well for 58, but when he was out at 119-5, the game had swung Oxford's way.

Enter James Chervak and Tom Savill, two of Cambridge's finest strikers of the ball. These two played sensibly, combining well placed singles with some breathtaking hitting as they shared five sixes. With five overs remaining, the asking rate had risen to over seven an over and Cambridge's chances looked bleak with the Oxford spinners continuing to bowl tidily. However, McMahon, the Oxford captain and Nottinghamshire spinner strangely decided to bring back his opening bowler Morse who then went for 19 off an over.

Suddenly, Cambridge were back in the driving seat and, in the very last over, Savill and Chervak saw the Light Blues home to a dramatic and well deserved victory. They must now repeat the job in the four-day that begins on the 28th of June at Fenner's, and will surely welcome support from their fellow students. But for now, Richard Mann's men should savour the moment.

Croquet

Will Seymour and James Ellis

THE CAMBRIDGE Croquet Squad, skippered by Asif Arshad, left for the Hurlingham Club early on the 16th June with two major aims: to better the successive 9-0 defeats of the previous years and outdress the opposition. Confidence was high concerning the latter goal; with a collective look best described as 'Brideshead meets Broadmoor' there was little doubt that the light blues had the sartorial banter.

Concerning the game itself, some had doubts. Oxford, with a training scheme more brutal than that exposed in Full Metal Jacket, were always going to perform. And perform they did. Readers should be reminded that croquet is a game of 12 hoops and when an Oxford player pulled out an 11 hoop run in one turn, it left the quartet of Cambridge supporters gob-smacked.

That particular Oxford player might have pulled out such an extravagant move in the doubles, but was playing on the back of an earlier defeat in the singles event. His defeat was at the hands of one Hugo Bush, Cambridge's only victorious individual who won his morning game holding on to an early lead throughout. So by lunchtime Cambridge had at

least developed a healthy lead on last year's performance.

The Varsity Croquet is set up rather like the Ryder Cup, individual performances head to head make up for most of the points scored; however it is often down to the doubles to determine who finally takes the trophy. In this instance the trophy is 'The Frank Cooper Bowl': a fine silver specimen, presumably steeped in marmalade/croquet tradition. Unfortunately for the light blues, the result was already set by the time the pairs took to the lawns. That said we failed to secure any further victories.

Let us return to the second of our aims; Oxford may have possessed the world number 7, however there was something rather unglamorous about his flat out ball alignment technique. In contrast we brought a collage of "West coast cool" and "Old school chic" that succeeded in dragging at least some of the crowds away from the rival 'Pro Am' day that was running simultaneously on the tennis courts.

Overall, the going was soft after a day of light drizzle which may have favoured the more experienced player - rather like when Schumacher takes the Grand Prix in the wet - but it should be noted that Oxford were a well oiled machine and employed some sound technical and tactical nous to secure a resounding victory.

Sport in Brief

VOLLEYBALL - Summer League mainly took place during May and saw 23 teams battle it out on Jesus Green. It was particularly good to see a few new teams competing, especially St Catharine's second team that consisted entirely of first years interested in volleyball. Division 1 was well contested with Jesus 1 becoming the champions. Division 2 was won by a powerful King's team who seemed to have endless numbers of players to call on and loads of enthusiasm. Finally in Division 3 Trinity Hall managed a 5 and 1 success rate to take the title. Mentioning only three teams does not do justice to the competitiveness of the league and in all three leagues competition was stiff for the second and third spots.

Jonathon Wright

VARSETY PUNTING - This Saturday witnesses the inaugural Varsity punting competition to be held on the Isis in the Oxford University Parks. Two strong teams from Cambridge, led by Will Dunbar and Jonny Gee in the first punt, will take on the Dark Blues. The emphasis is on style as much as speed with recumbent ladies and champagne acting as essential ballast. The prospects are looking good for the Cambridge team.

Adam Shindler



Shared Honours at Home of Cricket

Men victorious at Lords but Women come away empty-handed

Caius stay top as Jesus gain headship

JET Photographic



Caius look comfortable at the front as Jesus begin their push for the headship Churchill force Darwin to concede as the crews in front prepare for First Post Corner

Kenelm Richardson

THE MAY BUMPS are the pinnacle of the college rowing year. Over the course of four days of aggressive racing on the winding Cam the success of each college boat club is measured out. Crews line up on the first day of racing in order in which they finished racing the previous year; thus festering grudges between clubs and individuals are rekindled after a year's gestation. Whilst only a handful of crews have a chance at taking the coveted title of 'Head of The River', all have the opportunity of finishing with blades by 'bumping' up every day. Even in the lowest divisions the competition

is often fierce and the mangled wreck of boats and rowers at the end of the week suggest that the Bumps are less of a pleasant Pimms-sipping affair than they may at first appear. On Wednesday the battle for promotion began in the men's 2nd division between Caius II and Trinity II. Caius managed to stay ahead of Trinity for the length of the course but it was a tough row and when they came to race as sandwich boat they were unable to topple a Peterhouse crew who looked precarious at the bottom of the 1st division. In the women's 1st division Emmanuel held on to the top slot from Caius, although Jesus with the university boat club president aboard got

their campaign for the headship off to a great start by slamming into Pembroke. In the men's competition Trinity Hall, powered in part by Olympian Tom James, made a great start to their week when they bumped St. Catharine's a matter of seconds into the race. Caius stayed head but must surely have felt threatened by the speed being produced by Trinity Hall behind them. In the middle of the division there was a fantastic three-way scrap between Robinson, Trinity and Queens'. Trinity were the beneficiaries of a difficult umpire's decision which ruled that they had bumped Robinson before Queens' had made contact with them. By the second day a picture of which boats were moving fast and which boats were struggling to move against the stream was starting to emerge. In the repeat running of the battle of the second boats, Trinity II managed to make the bump on a tired Caius II and then gain a permanent slot in the 1st Division by bumping Peterhouse. In the women's 1st division, Jesus bumped Caius and looked set to take the headship the following day. Jesus were also making waves in the men's division when their five-man caught a crab shortly after the start.

Eyewitnesses say he was forcefully ejected from the boat, ripping out his footplate and twisting his rigger through 180 degrees in the process. An early morning trip to the manufacturer saw that the boat was ready to be used again the following day. At the head of the men's division, a weakened Trinity Hall failed to produce any serious challenge to Caius. Although the boats remained on station for the first two minutes, Caius broke away on the exit of Grassy Corner and by the time they crossed the finish line were over five lengths clear. Their headship would surely be safe. By the third day of racing the fatigue was starting to show in many of the lower-ranked crews. However, at the head of the women's top division Jesus seemed to be barely breaking into their stride when they bumped Emmanuel in less than three minutes. Jesus were clearly the strongest crew on the river and could be certain to remain head the following afternoon. In the men's competition, university commitments meant that some boats were short of their top personnel for the last two days of racing. This was not a problem that affected Caius, who have built up a strong stable of college oarsmen to compliment their

quota of university and international rowers. St. Catharine's fell to a resurgent Lady Margaret crew, Queens' took their revenge on Trinity, and Pembroke continued their upward progress by bumping Clare. With thoughts for most rowers beginning to turn to boat club dinners, crews on for blades crossed everything in the hope that they would make the crucial fourth bump whilst those on for spoons prayed to the river gods for salvation. Caius V deserve a mention for managing to pull off the only double over-bump of the week in the 5th men's division, in the process placing themselves ahead of Caius IV. At the top end of the women's 2nd division a

fast King's crew bumped Queens' and then St. Catharine's to gain promotion to the top division for the first time. In the 1st division Pembroke continued to follow Jesus up the chart by bumping Emmanuel and thus finishing as runners up. Christ's became the only 1st division ladies crew to take blades, whilst Newnham, Downing and St. Catherine's all found themselves in possession of spoons. The final afternoon of racing in the men's 1st division saw LMBC bump Tit Hall to finish second on the river. Meanwhile Queens' bumped Downing to finish in fifth, and at the top Caius held onto the headship for the fourth year in a row.

Men		
Caius		Caius
St. Catharine's		LMBC
Trinity Hall		Trinity Hall
Downing		St. Catharine's
LMBC		Queens'
Robinson		Downing
1st and 3rd		1st and 3rd
Queens'		Churchill
Churchill		Robinson
Magdalene		Jesus
Jesus		Magdalene
Emmanuel		Pembroke
Clare		Emmanuel
Christ's		Clare
Pembroke		Christ's
Selwyn		Selwyn
Peterhouse		1st and 3rd II

Women		
Emmanuel		Jesus
Caius		Pembroke
Pembroke		Emmanuel
Jesus		Caius
Newnham		Clare
LMBC		Girton
Clare		LMBC
Downing		Trinity Hall
Girton		Newnham
Trinity Hall		Magdalene
Churchill		Christ's
Magdalene		Downing
New Hall		Churchill
St. Catharine's		Selwyn
Christ's		1st and 3rd
Selwyn		New Hall
Darwin		King's