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Fernando Meirelles

The man behind *City of God* on making cinema political



Varsity

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

BANNED

FROM CAMBRIDGE

NOW CHARGED WITH MURDER

Joe Gosden

Gary Chester-Nash, who was barred from all Cambridge University property in May 2004, has been arrested by Devon and Cornwall police on suspicion of murder. Chester-Nash is set to appear at Truro Crown Court on Tuesday November 1, charged with the killing of 59 year-old cleaner Jean Bowditch, who was attacked while she cleaned a property in Carbis Bay near St Ives. A post-mortem revealed that Bowditch had been stabbed repeatedly with a blade by her attacker.

The 80 year-old owner of the property had found the body on returning from a shopping trip and is now said to be "deeply traumatised". Police named their suspect as Chester-Nash on Saturday, appealing to residents in the

area to "keep their eyes open for any bloodstained item of clothing or bloody knives".

Chester-Nash, who is reported to have been living rough in the St Ives area, had become notorious in Cambridge and was banned from every bar and club in the country after 9pm as he was considered a "danger to women".

It is thought that Chester-Nash spent nights in New Hall during the Easter term of 2003. His possessions were reputedly found in the college and he is said to have gone from door to door asking girls to go for a drink with him. A New Hall student recalls the police told her "it is important that we catch him as we need to speak to him in connection with several incidents." It is believed that Chester-Nash spent time in New Hall between 1997 and 2003.

In 2003, New Hall took the unprecedented step of circulat-



ing posters of Chester-Nash. Dr Owen Saxton, Senior Tutor at New Hall, told *Varsity* "Cambridgeshire Police asked New Hall students in May

2004 to let them know if Chester-Nash was seen in the college, as they were investigating several incidents involving him. He was known to

have been in St John's, Pembroke and Downing as well as New Hall." Although denied by the college, several New Hall students told *Varsity* that evidence had been found that Chester-Nash may have even been living inside New Hall for a period of time and had been approaching students. In his diary, found in 2004, he made repeated reference to a girl called Tiffany, although it is unclear whether he was referring to a student. The diary also suggested that Chester-Nash sought a job at local nightclub CoCo's (now renamed the Soul Tree) to be in close proximity to women.

Dr Saxton told *Varsity* "If he has now been arrested for murder, it suggests that the Police and the Colleges were right to take action to warn students about him last year. We can all be glad the action taken encouraged him to leave the Cambridge area."



Sir Trevor Brooking
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Time for tea
>>page 9



Modern manners
>>page 7

Colleges clean up their act on investments

News Reporter

An investigation by *Varsity* has revealed that Cambridge colleges have taken significant steps to reduce their investments in arms companies. In many cases this has come as a direct result of pressure from the student body, including CUSU and *Varsity*. The list of colleges that invest ethically is extensive, with the majority of colleges owning no shares in any sort of arms company. Sidney Sussex has even given a place on the college's investment panel to their JCR treasurer in response to student pressure. Senior Bursar Charles Larkham told *Varsity* that the college regularly "discusses issues of ethical investment with

representatives of the Sidney Sussex student body". Christ's College have also adopted an ethical investment policy. Churchill College Bursar, Jennifer Rigby, said that the vast majority of their investments were held through HSBC who pursued a "socially responsible investment policy".

Tim Holt of the University Press Office told *Varsity* that "The University and colleges of Cambridge are strong believers in socially responsible investment."

Far from being the "Ivy League of Arms Trade Investors" as claimed by the Campaign Against the Arms Trade, an accusation based on figures compiled almost a year old, Cambridge Colleges have in fact taken major steps to improve their portfolios.

Who owns your work? The Intellectual Property debate

Tom Whyntie

The question of students' lack of Intellectual Property Rights (IPR) was once again raised by Wednesday's announcement of a ballot on amendments to current University policy.

Set for early December, it will allow members of Regent House to vote for a series of amendments proposed by the "Campaign for Cambridge Freedoms" (CCF) and championed by Professor Ross Anderson that aim to give control back to the people who generate the ideas.

Under the current policy, put forward by Pro-Vice Chancellor Ian Leslie, Cambridge has control over the IPR of everything pro-

duced by externally funded research, apart from work channelled through the routes of "normal academic publication".

Subject to an agreement between the researcher, the sponsors, and the University, everything a student produces while working at the University under external funding (inventions, designs, notebooks, laboratory data, and computer files) can be transferred to Cambridge and the sponsor. Patenting rights are also controlled by the University – a key part of the process of getting revenue from research and the creative process. But the agreements, according to the CCF, are open to interpretation. Their amendments claim to make the researcher's rights explicit, in that

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Arts Feature

Jess Holland on doing it all by yourself
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news in brief

Punt touts face fines
The controversial punt tout bylaw announced in early 2005 has finally been ratified by the Government. Cambridge County Council now has the power to fine punt touts up to £500 if they annoy passer-bys. Companies can tout in the immediate surrounding areas of five recognized punt stations. At present, freelance touts do not have anywhere to tout.

Pole dancing returns to Cambridge
An email went round the ADC list this week advertising the “all-new, glitzy, glamorous, sexy, truly spectacular Cambridge Pole Dancing Society”. The club promises opportunities for performing at May Balls and “venues around the country” and requires no previous experience. It’s not the first time that pole dancing has been seen in Cambridge. Last year a 13-strong Cambridge group known as the “Fellowship of the Pole” gained widespread press attention after it was reported that they had used college funds to pay for professional training from a stripper.

Chemistry a bit dry?
Experiments were disrupted at the Department of Chemistry on Wednesday, as the building ran out of tap water. A piping problem led to a loss of water pressure in several laboratories used for both research and teaching. Chemists were left without this vital resource as water gradually trickled away throughout the morning. Practical classes were postponed as simple laboratory processes like filtration and cooling were rendered impossible. Normality was restored in the afternoon.

The truth is in Cambridge
In a recent speech in the UK actress Gillian Anderson remembered that when she spoke at the Cambridge Union last year, “All they wanted to ask me was about X Files. After a while [I] thought: ‘Have they got nothing else to talk about?’ But then I realised, I haven’t done anything else.”



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Three Weeks, Three Threats: No Warnings

Varsity wants to know why no one’s talking about student safety



JAMIE MARLAND

Rachel Divall

Just three weeks into term and *Varsity* has already been informed of three incidents that highlight dangers to students in Cambridge. This article might well be the first that those outside the three colleges involved have heard of these episodes. *Varsity* has looked into how communication has broken down.

In Week One a Pembroke 2nd year going to her accommodation in Selwyn Gardens was followed and later approached by a man; in the early hours of October 18 the friend of a King’s student was

attacked near Hills Road; and last week a Robinson 2nd year was the victim of an attempted attack by a taxi driver. No students we spoke to had heard of any of the three incidents unless they happened to be from the colleges in question.

Varsity has found that although the level of pastoral care offered to students by their colleges is very good, there is a severe lack of inter-collegiate communication.

As a result of the Pembroke incident an email was circulated among students, an article about safety featured in the college’s in-house magazine, and students living in Selwyn Gardens were all offered rape

alarms. A Pembroke 2nd year said “the college looks after us all very well”. Senior Tutor Dr Mark Wormald said that he had not felt it appropriate to inform other colleges about the incident, despite the fact it occurred close to Newnham and Selwyn. He saw it as a “matter of discretion” for senior tutors to decide when this step should be taken.

A network of senior tutors and Porters does exist and can be used to alert colleges about threats. “There is a real level of understanding between tutors” Wormald assured *Varsity* “and on balance the system is working.” But colleges appear to have little guidance about when to talk to each other. Christ’s Senior Tutor, Dr Peterson, said “the college has no fixed policy about when to contact others.” Alan Finlay, Churchill’s Senior Tutor, said “We tend to rely on our Head Porter’s discretion.” Jesus College relies on “common sense” when deciding whom to contact.

The attempted rape of a friend of a King’s student only prompted an email sent through the College’s Student Union warning King’s students: “Do not walk home alone.” The email said the attack took place “on a busy, well-lit street before midnight.”

Cambridgeshire Police confirmed a man had been arrested and charged with attempted

rape. When *Varsity* asked the college’s Porters and the Senior Tutor about the incident, all claimed to have been told nothing about it.

JCRs are under no obligation to inform their colleges of risks to student safety and their emails go directly to students rather than through staff. This means colleges can stay in the dark about serious incidents. Wormald felt this could be a positive aspect of the system by allowing two different channels through which information could be circulated: “Our Junior Parlour are free to alert students to risks, they do not have to go through us.”

Some students said they felt happier telling their peers as opposed to tutors about incidents. A New Hall student told *Varsity*, “I’d worry that if I told college about something, things might be blown out of proportion.”

The Robinson 2nd year who narrowly escaped being abducted by a taxi driver said she had been “too shaken” to tell the Porters about the incident right away. Details of the attempted attack were circulated to Robinson students by their Women’s Officer, Rhiannon Edwards, who warned students to “please avoid walking anywhere on your own at night”. She told *Varsity* she was yet to contact

anyone else about the incident, “My first concern was Robinson students. I thought it was probably an isolated incident and I didn’t want to scare-monger.” She added that she would now contact CUSU and admitted “in general I think that if something is serious enough to tell one’s own students then the whole University ought to know.”

CUSU Welfare Officer Vicki Mann expressed concern about the lack of communication between the Welfare Officers at different colleges. She said “there is a list for all welfare officers and they are encouraged to send news of attacks around it, but it’s difficult - we can’t make them. Last year the lists seemed to be used much more, I don’t know what’s gone wrong this term. The system relies on a sense of obligation.” Mann will look into setting guidelines for welfare officers to follow when this sort of situation arises in the future.

Cambridge College’s PC Carole Langton said that unless students informed the police about incidents there was nothing they could do. “We want to hear even about attempted attacks, just making us aware of what’s going on is helpful. People don’t have to press charges. I just despair if people aren’t reporting things.”

Dis-Orientation over name change

Amy Goodwin takes a look inside a troubled Faculty

A proposed name change for the Faculty of Oriental Studies has caused great controversy among both academics and students, and there seems to be no universally acceptable solution in the pipeline. In 2004 the School requested a total Review of the Faculty, a move CUSU President Laura Walsh deemed “highly unusual”. Undergraduate Faculty Board representative Jacob Head believes the review was instigated because in the context of general funding cutbacks the Faculty is regarded as being particularly “expensive and obscure”. It has one of the highest staff to student ratios in the University and encompasses many disparate, lesser-known disciplines. Although the Review makes numerous recommendations and has been generally accepted as ‘quite fair’, the totemic issue of the Faculty’s name has divided an institution described by Board member and Master of Selwyn College, Professor Richard Bowring, as “one big happy family”.

The Faculty’s Graduate Student Representative, William Barker, believes that the term ‘Oriental Studies’ has fallen out of favour due to the sway of political correctness, although the move comes over twenty years after Edward Said’s influential book *‘Orientalism’* was first published. Professor Gordon, the Regius Professor of Hebrew, agreed that “many of our colleagues, especially those dealing with East Asia, are uncomfortable with the Faculty’s name:

‘orientalism’ and all that”. Walsh denied that this was necessarily an issue, claiming that a Professor of Japanese studies could always contact colleagues in Japan using the name of the ‘East Asian Institute’ instead. A major cause of friction is that there is no consensus on how the faculty is regarded by the outside world; CUSU maintains that most parallel academic institutions use the term ‘Oriental’, whilst Professor Bowring believes the term “means nothing” to his counterparts abroad, and the Board’s Chairman Professor Kornicki is alleged to have said, “I just don’t want to be known as an Orientalist”. A senior member of the Faculty told *Varsity* that this issue could have been resolved if the Review had been carried out more thoroughly, for example by including representatives from foreign universities to give a clearer picture of the Faculty’s image abroad.

Further problems are presented by the fact that the Faculty is known to be more of a “dustbin” than an intellectually coherent unit. Professor Bowring admits that the grouping makes sense “institutionally, but not intellectually”. Among the names proposed by the Review was the ‘Faculty of East Asian Studies’, a proposition described by Walsh as “totally unacceptable and inappropriate”. An eminent Egyptologist allegedly shouted in a discussion earlier this month, “Well, I had better go and phone the British Embassy in Cairo and tell them to relocate to Asia!”.

Another academic joked that the only truly suitable name for the Faculty was “The Other”.

CUSU Council is set to debate a motion on Tuesday condemning not only the proposal but the “rather strange approach” the Faculty is alleged to have taken to the issue. Many students believe that the consultation process has been totally inadequate considering the impact a name change could potentially have on the way their degree is perceived. CUSU has said that students were “barely consulted” about the change. An official email soliciting opinion was sent out in October 2004, but only thirteen replies were received. Barker told *Varsity* that “last year the correspondence from the faculty to the students indicated that the name change was very tentative. However, since the ‘emergency’ Faculty Board meeting this past July, the name change is suddenly imminent, and this without enough inquiry into student opinions on the matter”. The meeting Barker refers to has proved a point of bitter dispute. As it was called in the Long Vacation, only Jacob Head was able to attend the meeting to represent students’ views. It is alleged that Professor Kornicki effectively forced a vote in a “tense” Board meeting held last Tuesday, in which various proposals were eliminated before a final vote which saw ‘The Faculty of Asian, Near Eastern and Middle Eastern Studies’ win seven votes and ‘The Faculty of Asian Studies’ win twelve. ‘The Faculty of Oriental Studies’ was not listed as

an option. The student representatives on the Board have since sent out an email survey canvassing students’ opinions, the result of which will be presented before a general vote at the Faculty AGM at the beginning of November. Head told *Varsity* that at present approximately 85% of respondents have been against changing the name of the Faculty, and over 90% against changing the name of the Tripos.

One senior academic told *Varsity* that he believes some undergraduates tend to “romanticise” the term “Oriental”, which is in fact “misrepresentative” of a Faculty attempting to modernise whilst producing cutting-edge research on some of the issues at the forefront of current national concerns. The furore over the Faculty’s name may well be hindering more fundamental concerns from being addressed. The financial problems the Review was designed to tackle have already had the effect of “freezing” certain posts. Many academics have suggested that potential applicants may be being deterred by the Faculty’s “old-fashioned” image, embodied in its current name.

Professor Gordon reminded *Varsity* of the Faculty’s greater responsibilities. “We need to keep in mind that the present title fits above the main Faculty entrance doors, which are only about two metres wide. Some of the newer proposals would require much larger doors, which could be unhelpful in the university’s present financial situation”.

Liar, Liar, Flying Higher

Alpha1 have started selling tickets to fly between Southampton and the Isle of Man. But boss Martin Halstead abandoned plans to fly from Cambridge to Oxford because the relevant airports do not have “the correct infrastructure” to cope with his “big aircraft”. The teenager decided to give up the Oxbridge route five weeks ago, when he realised his planes were too big. The public were nevertheless told this route would open at the end of October, Halstead recently telling *Varsity* “we’ve researched the route fully and it will be a success.” However when *Varsity* revealed on October 14 that both airports knew nothing of the plans Halstead was forced to admit defeat. An Alpha1 ticket office agent acknowledged, “[We] made our name from this Oxbridge route idea and we’ve got loads of publicity from it.”

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On Islam

Jon Swaine


hears Irshad

Manji’s case


for reform




The Week In Weather




FRI




SAT




SUN




MON



TUE



WED



THUR

ADC begins 150th anniversary celebrations

Jenny Lee, director of *Wild Honey*, the Amateur Dramatic Club's anniversary show, looks over the Club's history

Amateur is a dirty word. It smacks of the unskilful and unprofessional. The connotations of "amateur drama" can be even worse, carrying with it the whiff of small-town and small-talk, conjuring up images of trampy actresses with cigarettes trailing from their lips and impoverished impresarios. So how does the University's Amateur Dramatic Club fit into this picture?

The ADC has come a long way since its genesis in the back rooms of the Hoop Hotel on Jesus Lane. The Club's first performance was a series of one-act plays of varying quality: "the receipts were scanty but a start was effected." By the beginning of the twentieth century the Club was a nationally renowned and respected group. Tragedy struck in 1933 when the Hoop Hotel Stage was destroyed in a fire, but support flooded in, including a message from King George V. Eighteen months later a new building was opened by the Club and the ADC Theatre, now the oldest University Playhouse in the country, was born.

In the true style of any old-school Cambridge institution,

the ADC's progress into the twentieth century has been somewhat shaky: it was obliged to hand over the maintenance of the theatre to the University for financial reasons and has only incorporated disabled access into its residence this year. Others have viewed the ADC as unapproachable: the theatrical world in Cambridge is a tight-knit community and

“TRAGEDY STRUCK IN 1933 WHEN THE HOOP STAGE WAS DESTROYED IN A FIRE, BUT SUPPORT FLOODED IN, INCLUDING A MESSAGE FROM THE KING”

those who thrive off the small-town, small-talk side of Amateur may have found a haven in the ADC bar to which the Club's devotees flock. Yet on their website the Club firm-

ly and reassuringly states "we are not pretentious luvvies, we're not scary or intimidating – we're just students who are enthusiastic about theatre."

When I emailed Sir Richard Eyre to find out about his experience of theatre at Cambridge he replied, without prompting: "The best thing about being at Cambridge, if you're interested in theatre, is the ADC. It's run by students and funded by the University, and is the single reason that so many directors, and actors, have emerged from Cambridge in the last 40 years." Eyre went on to explain that he never directed in the theatre while he was at Cambridge, instead "spending an inordinate, no, excessive time acting in productions at the ADC, and incidentally being involved in the Footlights. My contemporaries were the Monty Python crowd, so it was irresistible." In the rehearsal room with my own contemporaries, my cast for *Wild Honey*, I feel the magnetism of the actors, and am thrilled by their ability to overcome the difficult and seemingly impossible tasks I set them.

The ADC sets high standards for itself which translate into



The first Amateur Dramatic Club Committee

the professional world and have spawned a host of highly successful alumni. For 150 years the Club has been a whelping ground for the somnambulant techie working a sixty-hour week, an irresistible playground for any aspiring director and a guardian of fine acting in Cambridge and beyond.

On the 150th anniversary of the ADC, it is fitting that *Wild*

Honey's creative birth reflects the fusion between the amateur and the inspired that the Club has continually cultivated.

In 1985 Michael Frayn, a Cambridge alumnus and veteran of the Club, put his hand to Chekhov's first, and relatively inexperienced play *Platonov*, reworking it into an acknowledged masterpiece. Frayn's adaptation of *Platonov* distilled a long and

overambitious play, highlighting both its sharp and often absurd humour, and its preoccupation with the violent and inexorable passage of time.

Wild Honey is on at the ADC at 7:45 from Tuesday 1st November to Saturday 5th November.



www.cuadc.org

Trinity Dean pulls through Professor recovers from rare skin disease

Will Smith

The Dean of Trinity College, Professor Michael Proctor, is recovering from a serious skin disease that left him fighting for his life in Addenbrooke's earlier this year.

Prof. Proctor, 55, was diagnosed in April with the rare and potentially fatal disorder Stevens-Johnson Syndrome (SJS), which caused his skin to blister and peel off, and has given him long-term problems with his eyesight.

The disease, affecting only one in a million people, is a severe allergic reaction, usually to prescribed medication. It affects both the skin and the mucous membranes, which erupt into widespread lesions.

In cases like Prof. Proctor's SJS can develop into a more serious form of Toxic Epidermal Necrolysis (TEN) whereby the skin begins to slough, giving it the appearance of having been severely burned. Roughly fifty per cent of TEN victims do not survive.

"It could have gone either way", Mr Proctor told *Varsity*, "but I didn't know that at the time". The pain of the experience made him hallucinate. "When you're really ill, you don't think straight", he explained, but added that at one point he had feared the worst for his life.

It was Prof. Proctor's wife, a GP, who recognized his symptoms and ensured his admission to Addenbrooke's Hospital, where he remained for four weeks. "After two weeks it was clear that I wasn't going to die", he said. Two months later, he was back at work, but the professor's problems are far from over.

Prof. Proctor's skin has now healed extensively, but as he explained: "the problems are



Professor Michael Proctor recovering in hospital

mainly with my eyes. No-one has ever promised me a full recovery with them – I may end up with impaired vision".

In Prof. Proctor's case, the outbreak of SJS-TEN was triggered by sulphanomides he took for mild arthritis.

The recent rise in SJS-TEN cases is attributed to an increase in the use of prescription drugs. A number of medicines are thought to be linked to the disease, including aspirin and ibuprofen. In the US successful lawsuits have been brought by SJS victims against leading pharmaceutical companies.

Prof. Proctor has so far been "reluctant" to seek legal action, stating that SJS "is at a level where drug companies can be forgiven for not mentioning it on the packet".

But allegations made in the US that companies knew of the strong link between their products and SJS, yet failed to

warn patients, have "interested" Mr Proctor in pursuing the idea further. "I have suffered a lot of inconvenience" he explained.

Above all, he is keen to raise awareness of SJS-TEN, admitting that beforehand he "knew nothing about the disease". "If it's recognized as a problem you can have a better outcome – it's progressive, so the sooner the better".

Looking back on events, Prof. Proctor admits he was "very lucky" things had not turned out worse. His survival can be partly explained by the fact that his wife recognized the symptoms after having attended a course that mentioned SJS the previous week.

But despite the early diagnosis and the expert treatment he received, the seriousness of SJS meant his survival was still in the balance. He reflected, "I could easily have died anyway".

Calls for Patten of reform

Adi Dasgupta

Oxford University Chancellor Lord Patten has called for reform of the Cambridge University system of governance. Patten, who is deeply embroiled in a bitter struggle with Oxford academics' proposals to reform the Oxford governance system, announced to an audience of Oxford alumni that he hoped Oxford's reforms would "make it easier for Cambridge to follow...if we can get sensible proposals in place". Cambridge University Press Office refused to comment on whether Patten is being taken seriously by the University or whether any similar changes were being considered. The proposals would see him at the head of Oxford's governance structure, moving his role closer to that of the Vice-Chancellor.

Patten warned that reform is necessary if Oxford and Cambridge are to maintain their status as world-class universi-

ties. In recent months allegations of under-performance have been levelled at Oxbridge by various politicians and the Labour party's introduction of variable top-up fees has drawn significant attention to the universities' structures of governance.

Both institutions have insisted repeatedly that they require more funding to remain competitive on a global scale. Elements of the media such as the *Financial Times'* former editor Richard Lambert have sought to counteract this claim, stating that the universities need to perform more efficiently and should report directly to politicians before they receive more funding or are allowed to go private. Cambridge's decentralized structure has come in for a great deal of criticism from commentators such as Lambert, who blame it for much of the alleged inefficiency.

Patten's comments come at a crucial time in the history of Oxford and Cambridge univer-

sities. Both lag behind American Ivy League institutions such as Harvard, MIT and Yale in terms of funding. Cambridge Vice-Chancellor Professor Alison Richards has yet to introduce any sort of reforms on the scale of Oxford's proposals. Former Cambridge Vice-Chancellor Sir Alec Broers was the last to introduce any significant changes to the governance system in 2001 - changes which at the time were considered to be almost revolutionary. The Oxford proposals go much further than these or any other comparable reforms in UK collegiate universities.

Cambridge is making significant attempts to aid its current funding crisis, but is still managing to lead all other UK higher education establishments with £246 million worth of research funding in 2004 alone. The "800th Anniversary Campaign" aims to raise a billion pounds by 2009 and is already £300 million towards its goal.

Knocked out in the last round

Amea Koziol

Cambridge University Amateur Boxing Club has been accused of ageism after numbers were cut this week according to new criteria. These criteria were sent in an email earlier this week, specifying that participants must be: "under 35, a student of Cambridge University, and have every intention to fight".

Boxers were told numbers had to be cut to make space in the gym for more competitive training. This caused the exclusion of at least three club members, some of whom had prior boxing experience. Giovanni da Col, a PhD student, was particularly upset, "If the University accepts students of any age, no University club has the right to



Blues Boxers in action

rule out students on the basis of the age, race or any other distinctive element constitutive of one's sociality. This provides grounds for a formal appeal to the University's foundations."

Whilst age discrimination is not mentioned specifically, the Clubs and Societies handbook

published by the NUS states that "clubs should take note of the codes of practice put forward by Disability, Racial Equality, and Equal Opportunities Commissions." President of CUABC Cat Tubb hit back, "the age is 35 or over due to ABAE ruling which imposes an upper age restriction, and anyone over this limit is not permitted to box." Although da Sol has threatened legal action, Tubb is sticking to the rules: "We are a competitive boxing club and so everyone training must be eligible to box competitively." The club has announced it will reopen for more attendees after the Varsity matches.



www.cam.ac.uk/societies/cuabc/

On Campus

Graduate elections
Elections for the GU Executive are to be held on November 2. Nominations close at 5pm today. Hustings will be held in the GU, 7pm Tuesday November 1. Seven positions are up for election, and the GU will be adopting a new constitution.

Dinner with Derek?
On the day Big Brother 6 contestant Derek Laud was due to speak at the University, the Cambridge Union was still advertising places for dinner with him. Derek spoke at the Union on October 25, that afternoon Union members were also told they still had to apply for dinner with his “co-star” Makosi Musambasi, due to appear at the Union tonight. Endemol will film the appearances.

Hong Kong keeps CUSU Waiting
Varsity has learnt that the missing CUSU cards are stuck in Hong Kong. The cards ought to have been in Cambridge for the start of term, but JCR Presidents were told this week that they have yet to be dispatched and that CUSU have no idea when they will arrive. Presidents of some colleges are currently pressing for a deduction in CUSU membership fees as a result of the mix-up.

Forum for investors
Cambridge Enterprise will hold their second Investors’ Forum at New Hall on November 16. The

half-day event is sponsored by PricewaterhouseCoopers LLP and aims to showcase some of the best University of Cambridge originated companies. Ten companies will make short presentations to an assembled audience of potential investors. “Networking sessions” which will allow would-be investors to meet the people behind the ideas.

Literature Festival reading
This Friday sees the third in a year-long series of readings organised by Magdalene College as part of their festival “A Year in Literature.” Scottish writer and Magdalene graduate John Herdman and the twice Booker Prize nominated Julian Rathbone will read some of their own works, and literary agent Andrew Lownie will also speak. The evening is being held at Benson Hall and starts at 5.15pm.

Cambridge student wins Keats-Shelley prize
Cambridge post-graduate David Taylor has been awarded the 2005 Keats-Shelley prize for excellence in writing on Romantic themes. Taylor, who is studying for an MPhil at Trinity, came first in the essay writing section of the competition. He was presented with his prize by author, director and comedian Stephen Fry. Also on the judging panel were the poets Matthew Sweeney and John Hartley-Williams.

Cross Campus

Smelling less than Saintry
St. Andrews University inline skating team have been banned from playing at their local ice rink because of complaints about their odorous nature. This has caused major problems for the team who fear that they could be out of action for up to six months. The Director of Sport confirmed the problems caused by the team’s kit being left in the facility, saying that “they’re just too smelly.”

SOAS on strike?
The School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) announced a internal review and plans to seek expert mediation to avoid industrial action over controversial plans to make two specialist librarians redundant. The librarians, specialists in Chinese, Japanese and Korean. departure has provoked speculation that further cutbacks will be made in these areas. Strike action is anticipated from late November.

Crossdressed Catz re-matriculate
St Hilda’s College, Oxford’s matriculation photograph for 2005 will include two students from rival college St. Catherine’s who gate crashed the photo shoot. Two male students donned make up and hair bands to become freshers Nichola and Annabelle, mingling with St Hilda’s freshers and getting into one shoot before being spotted by college representatives.

ATMs’ advice for students
ATMs in UK universities will feature a warning not to drink too much. As students withdraw cash just before a night out they will see a simple animated message: “Enjoy your night. Take it easy”. Carling and NUS have teamed up to produce the ATM advert which will also appear printed on the withdrawal receipt. The advert will feature on ATMs in 19 universities across the country until December 18.

Harvard in touch with feminine side
Harvard University has intimated that it may at last create a women’s centre. It is currently the only Ivy League University not to have one and Radcliffe Union of Students thought last week that they had at last managed to convince the university to rectify the situation. It is however worth remembering that the university has been saying it will build one soon for almost 30 years now.

No second chances for Scots
Edinburgh is considering putting a stop to students re-sitting failed examinations in the summer. University staff members have said they would prefer to see students taking more coursework than spending summer revising without supervision. Other universities such as Oxford, Cambridge and Durham only give students one chance to re-sit.

Who owns your work?

Intellectual Property Rights debate heats up

Tom Whyntie

continued from front page
they own the IP on everything they have done from the outset.
Professor Leslie, speaking to Varsity, said the current policy was necessary to “provide as much consistency as possible” in the IPR process, and that the policy as it stands “offers a fair, transparent and accountable process which protects students and staff alike and gives ultimate control to the creators of intellectual property”. The idea is that if the University has control, it can divide the rights as appropriate without the need for the legal wrangling normally associated with contentious IP issues.
But Anderson, Professor of Security Engineering at the Computer Science Department, who describes the current state of affairs as a “war of attrition” between the “centralisers” and the “community of scholars”, does not believe this to be the case. He believes that with the “control” the University has under this policy, it is the students who lose out over what is done with their ideas. For example, if an attractive offer is received from a large corporation (or the military) for a student’s invention, the University can sell the IPR without the permission of the student. As holders of the copyright, Cambridge could also impose restrictions on publication of certain materials – effectively providing a means of censorship.
Leslie counters this by arguing that the proposed amendments in fact damage student rights. “The Amendment goes out of its way to create [a] divergence [between staff and students]... under the Amendment, the University is deliberately prevented from providing equitable treatment”. Professor Bill Cornish, Chair of the University’s Research Policy Committee added, “If students... have the right to go their own way there could well be an unseemly grab for patents. It does not take much imagination to guess whether it is staff or students who will more likely be the losers in a free-for-all.”
Cornish also said the amendments should be rejected because of the University’s “right to a share” of the profits from ideas generated while working at Cambridge. “The inventor should not be enabled to keep everything. Ownership of the rights leads to the sharing arrangements in the [royalty agreement] Schedule, [which is] generous by the standards applied across all universities”.
While Anderson agrees that the shares are comparable to those of places such as the University of York and Carnegie Mellon in the US, he points to the examples of MIT, Stanford and Cambridge itself between 1987 and 2001 (the widely documented “Cambridge Phenomenon” of high-tech start-ups around the city) as examples of Universities where complete IPR freedom has inspired commercial success and attracted big name academics. “In order for Cambridge to maintain its reputation as a centre for world class research, the incentive of IP ownership is essential”, and that the impact on students of the resultant “brain drain” would be “disastrous”.
President of the Graduate Union, Alex Broadbent, is yet to be convinced of either view with regard to student rights. “This amendment does not serve to focus debate where it is needed - on the fundamental issues,” He said, “Some steps are necessary in order to prevent exploitation by commercial sponsors and by individuals, [but] we should be wary of moving to a situation where the University is the arbiter of intellectual property rights”.



Ross Anderson, University professor in Security Engineering

The issue is one of control and as to which position actually gives the student more rights. The amendments proposed by the CCF would give the control back to the creators – the people who generate the ideas in the first place. But, like any system where individuals are responsible, there is room for abuse. In the current form, the University policy provides the mechanism for “fairly” assigning the rights to ideas. But to do this, they require automatic ownership of the IP in the first place – which means that, potentially, they can abuse their position too.
So the question is - who do you trust with your IP rights? Balloting will take place in the first two weeks of December (1st-12th), while fly-sheets for opinions - to be distributed with the ballot papers - need to be submitted by November 14.



Campaign for Cambridge Freedoms:
<http://www.cl.cam.ac.uk/~rja14/ccf.html>
Reporter Article
<http://www.admin.cam.ac.uk/reporter/2005-06/weekly/6013/3.html>
Graduate Union Intellectual Property Rights Campaign:
<http://www.gradunion.cam.ac.uk/issues/ipr/>

What is Intellectual Property?

“Intellectual property, often known as IP, allows people to own their creativity and innovation in the same way that they can own physical property. The owner of IP can control and be rewarded for its use, and this encourages further innovation and creativity to the benefit of us all.
Four main types of IP: patents for inventions, trade marks for brand identity, designs for product appearance and copyright for things such as literary and artistic material, music, films and software. However, IP is much broader than this extending to trade secrets, plant varieties, geographical indications, performers rights and so on.”
From: <http://www.intellectual-property.gov.uk>



Does my bum look big in this? Club 22’s entrance policy of charging a pound per item of clothing was taken to extremes by one broke student on Sunday evening. Wearing a tie with a vest was also strictly optional.

CUR1350 success

National student radio nominations

Charlotte Forbes

CUR1350, the Cambridge and APU student radio station, was nominated last week for four national awards .
Nominations in the categories of Student Radio Station of the Year, Technical Achievement (Charles Thomson), Sports Broadcasting (Ed Bolton; Sports Show) and Specialist Music Programming (Sam Green; Kol Cambridge) were received, in what Station Manager Michael Brooks called ‘a fantastic year’.
“I’m thrilled that CUR1350 has again proven itself to be in the top tier of student radio in the UK. We have worked hard over the past year to adapt to the increasing demand of CUR1350 by increasing the choice of programmes and increasing investment”.
Broadcaster Ed Bolton of Downing said he was “really happy” at the news. The Sports Show’s live coverage of the Bumps had won them the nomination; “one of the most technically ambitious broadcasts” yet seen. Kol Cambridge, nominated for Best Specialist Music Programming, remains the only Jewish radio show broadcasting in the UK.
CUR1350 has just finished a summer of renovation including a new website featuring a gig guide. A club night took place at PoNaNa at the start of term and an application for a Community Radio (FM) licence is currently in progress. The awards will be presented at a ceremony next month.



Broadcasting at CUR1350



www.cur1350.co.uk

SELLOUT

Zoe Pilger investigates the difficult moral choices colleges face



On 13th March this year, a dinner was arranged and paid for by BP in celebration of New Hall's fiftieth anniversary as a college. The dinner took place at The Science Museum in London, with Madeleine Albright as a guest speaker.

The object of the evening was to "fundraise." Albright, who served as Secretary of State in the Clinton administration, was herself a product of single-sex education. She had attended Wellesley College, USA, and so felt especially moved by the achievements and continued existence of New Hall. Albright's praise was specific: "I believe that to have economic stability and health and political development, women have to be fully employed and part of the system".

If this seems rather strange, it is. For Albright, "economic stability" is of key importance to women's education. Never mind intellectual or creative fulfilment. Women must be resolutely "part of the system". Suddenly equality seems like an ominous prospect. Women's education, Albright assures us, is based "on the principle that every individual counts".

This did not seem to be Albright's "principle" in 1996 when she gave an interview to Lesley Stahl on the primetime American TV show *Sixty Minutes*. Stahl was questioning Albright on the Clinton administration's policy of sanctions on Iraq. A 1995 report from the UN's Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) had revealed that more than 1 million Iraqis had died, including 567,000 children, "as a direct result of economic sanctions."

Lesley Stahl asked Albright:



ANDREW TAM

"We heard that a half million children have died. I mean, that's more children than died in Hiroshima. And, you know, is the price worth it?" Albright replied: "I think this is a very hard choice, but the price - we think the price is worth it."

Albright's candour is chilling, but lends valuable insight into the true mechanisms of US foreign policy. I asked Anne Lonsdale, the President of New Hall, if Albright represented a positive endorsement of the college. Dr. Lonsdale stood by the decision: "BP invited [Albright], with our eager agree-

ment because she is a wonderful speaker, and a very impressive woman."

When pressed on the human rights abuses evident in Albright's track record, Lonsdale responded that there were "good things about it", though failed to mention what these "good things" were.

In her address to the New Hall anniversary dinner, Albright made connections between the importance of women's education and the current War on Terror. According to Albright, the same "principle" that allowed women

into universities provides assurance that "we will take and hold the high ground against the terrorists who say murder is pleasing to God; and we will steadily erode the legitimacy of dictators and tyrants and bigots who claim virtual divinity for themselves".

Surely this language belongs to a neo-conservative Evangelical sermon, not a college anniversary. Nobody seemed phased, however; nor by the speech of Lord Browne, BP Group Chief Executive, who sponsored the event. BP is the world's third largest oil and natural gas compa-

ny. This alone should prompt the University, if not those ex-alumni and fellows who attended the dinner, to wonder why on earth a Cambridge college is accepting its patronage.

Lord Browne, like Albright, was clinical in his valuation of women's education. He described New Hall as "founded on the principle of equality of opportunity, and we support that because, in the competitive world of business, you can't ignore half the talent base".

The message is clear: women must be educated, because business needs women. Is it old-fashioned to question this logic as not merely skewed, but fundamentally damaging? Single-sex education, hanging on as an archaic anomaly in this country, seems little more than a convenient gimmick to attract money. No link is forged between what is possibly the single redeeming feature of a women-only college - that it provides a haven for women of certain religious backgrounds, many of whom are Muslim - and the flagrant political agenda of Albright herself, or her policy on the Middle East.

Similarly no link was forged last June when New Hall agreed to the covering of the painting *Gulf Women Prepare For War*. The painting depicts a Muslim woman in purdah, crouching in the desert and brandishing a large weapon. It was covered on request of the US military who had booked the New Hall dining-room for a private event. Maggi Hambling, the artist, said at the time she was "appalled" at this censorship.

New Hall, like other colleges, has a large debt. It needs money.

But does it need money to the point of blaspheming every principle of integrity on which it was founded? Debts do not throw scrutiny out the window. To the contrary, the tight corner into which the government has squeezed universities must be fought through their integrity alone. Otherwise we will be McStudying in McCambridge.

This may seem extreme: it's not. BP has donated £23 million to Cambridge, and the University now has its own BP Institute. As Lord Browne mentioned in his New Hall speech, BP has bestowed Cambridge with "a series of scholarships and studentships for women from around the world...[which will demonstrate] in a small way, one of the benefits of globalisation..."

Another benefit of globalisation, which Lord Browne failed to mention, was the newly opened Baku-Ceyhan pipeline, commandeered by BP and providing a 1,750 mile corridor of oil throughout the Caspian region. The Baku-Ceyhan Campaign group counted 173 violations of World Bank environmental and social standards in the pipeline's design stage alone. NGOs have described the pipeline as "colonial".

President Lonsdale has denied the growth of corporate influence in the college, or the University. She says: "I don't know what you mean by influence - there's no influence. I mean, we don't do anything that BP or any other company tells us to do." Perhaps corporations no longer have to "tell" colleges what to do; influence comes in the form of academic consensus.

From Clare to the Commons

Cambridge MP David Howarth will miss college supervisions, but not Blair, Brown or Blunkett

On his move from supervisor to MP

"I miss the view from my old supervision rooms in Clare. There's certainly a similarity between being a local MP and a supervisor; in both cases you have to listen to what people are saying and try to help them. Being an MP is not didactic, however, and it's not my job any more to tell people exactly how to do things."

On his youthful political development

"I was very politically involved before I came up to Cambridge. There was a huge amount of local activity in my home town which stemmed from issues of industrial conflict, strikes and so on. Essentially I was attracted by the Liberal view of industrial democracy. Then, as now, we had a Labour government who didn't care about civil liberties. The scale of government intervention was frightening."

On Labour and civil liberties

"Whenever a Labour government is in power, it attacks civil liberties. At the moment it's just doing it in a more obvious way than ever before. There's an ongoing struggle for political freedom which I see the Liberal Democrats as being at the forefront of. Freedom of speech and freedom of political activity are under serious threat. Some politicians, and I would include Blair in this, are panicking and not thinking properly about the ramifications of recent legisla-

tion. For others I think the issue of terrorism is wholly a pretext. If you read Blunkett's speeches, for example, you'll find he has nothing but contempt for the rule of law and the idea of rights. They have never meant anything to him in his entire political life and this is why he was so dangerous as Home Secretary. Gordon Brown is even more dangerous. The government's centralising control-freak tendencies can all be traced back to Brown rather than Blair. He's been completely in charge of domestic policy since 1997. The way in which the Treasury now controls all aspects of public services are a reflection of Brown's view of the world, where a central government tells people what to do. Localism is nothing more than a buzzword. It means local ways of implementing Labour policies. Even when Brown's in favour of market mechanisms, it's still him telling you have to have market mechanisms. It'll be quite a job for a future Lib Dem government to reverse everything he's done."

On how to defend civil liberties in the present climate

"I think we need a social and political movement in their defence. It's not possible to defend them solely through the Courts; judicial protection of rights is what you should get at the end of the process. The crucial thing is for people to campaign outside Parliament, and for the electorate not to dismiss

these issues as unimportant. The biggest mistake the Lib Dems could make as a party would be to start following others' agendas. Civil liberties, along with the war in Iraq and climate change, is the issue that is most important to us."

On his Cambridge constituency

"The views of the electorate in Cambridge seem pretty consistent and I get letters about the same things from students and the rest of the community. I think this similarity explains why there was such a large and obvious swing in the election."

On the future of Cambridge University

"The University needs to be able to act independently of the government, and the only way for it to maintain its autonomy is to raise its own funds. Only 10% of funding comes from HEFCE so tuition fees are too small an element to determine long-term policy. The Vice Chancellor's 800th anniversary drive is a step in the right direction. I am concerned, however, that the University hasn't freed itself entirely from old-school ways of thinking about funding. It's still raising funds for buildings rather than endowment, for example."

On access and tuition fees

"There's a justified fear that tuition fees will affect access. It wouldn't surprise me if they had a very negative impact on state school applications. The govern-

ment's position, maintaining that students in the lowest income bracket won't be any worse off, is wholly untenable. It's the first step towards privatisation. Tuition fees will do even more to perpetrate the widespread misconception of Cambridge University as a socially elitist place."

On student politics and students' politics

"Today's students are more engaged than they've ever been. They care about wider political issues, which I'd say is a good thing. They're certainly less interested in party politics, as you can see from NUS candidates' platform, although I was immensely impressed with CSLD during the election. The problem is that now students have to think about their personal finances. When I was a student this wasn't a day to day concern; I was on full grant and benefit and so could devote all my energy to politics."

On the Liberal mission in the wider world

"The job is an ideological one. If you only act on the practical level nothing deep will change. Change has to be effected on home turf, but we should be particularly conscious of the European role in internal debates in the US. It's not a matter of being confrontational. It's to do with argument and the dissemination of ideas."

Amy Goodwin



JAMIE MARLAND

David Howarth just before his electoral victory was announced



weekdays

ROB NEWMAN
MANAGER OF CAMBRIDGE UNITED FC

Thursday

Got to the ground around 8.45am. Did a check up to see who's injured and who's not injured. We then trained at Huntingdon for an hour and a half. Then lots of work doing administration in the afternoon, left around 5.

Friday

Took the minibus down to Portsmouth as we had a game against Weymouth the following day. We left Cambridge at 10 and then trained at Portsmouth's training ground at 2pm as I know Joe Jordan, the first team coach. I like the idea of travelling in the morning and training in the afternoon before spending the night in a hotel rather than training in the morning and then travelling for 4 or 5 hours.

Saturday

In the morning we went for a walk, then had our pre -match meal. Left the hotel at 12 o'clock because Weymouth is a bit of a pig to get to, but it took us an hour and three quarters so we were a bit late. Gave in the team sheet and had to rush to put the kit out – there's only me, three of us to do everything for the team before the game. I take the warm up, bring everyone back in and then we went and lost the game...

Sunday

Sunday was a bit crap as we lost. How much I enjoy my Sunday is dependent on the result from the previous day. But I like to try and keep Sunday as a day of rest; stay with the family and try not to answer too many phone calls regarding football because I think you need a release.

Monday

Came in disappointed, obviously. We went down to the Common where we had a tough training session for 2 hours, trying to get the frustrations and anger out from Saturday's game. In the afternoon I took two interviews for the vacant youth team job.

Tuesday

Trained early again, but had to go back to the Common as the Sidney pitches were waterlogged. It was another intense training session. Then a quick bowl of soup and I'm off to watch the Orient vs Southend reserves. Then met with the vice chairman in Bury St Edmunds to interview again for the youth team position before going to watch Bury at Needham Market.

Wednesday

Went to see Aldershot against Wycombe reserves. You don't go to watch premier league reserve games because they're nice ones and we've probably got too many of them anyway. You go and look at your Wycombe's and your Aldershot's, Orient and Southend as they might not be as good technically but what they have is a bit of physical presence. That's what we're concentrating on over the next two or three weeks.

Varsity asks: Do you feel safe in Cambridge?

The students: do you feel safe?

"I feel safe here. I would walk home on my own if I had a few drinks inside me - you do, don't you? I've seen drunk people being sick, but I've not seen any trouble. I don't think people here put themselves at risk - everyone seems quite sensible."

Sam Hart, Sidney Sussex

"I feel less safe even than in London, because there are less people about. Mount Pleasant is poorly lit at 7pm. I wouldn't walk back home on my own at 9 or 10pm."

Gemma Veitch, St Edmund's

"People in general take risks, when they get too drunk and wander around on their own. I try not to take risks."

Amelia Hodgson, Pembroke

"Generally, students do take risks. They take it for granted that they'll be fine and nothing will happen to them. I'm not saying it will, just that it's a question of using common sense. Walking home in groups would lower the risk. Burrell's Field, behind my college, is quite dangerous because it's poorly lit."

Tobias Garnett, Trinity



"There's an illusion of safety. I think if people do take risks, it's out of complacency. There doesn't seem to be anyone in Cambridge who would rob you, and it's impossible to identify who would, so it's easy to have the view that no-one would ever rob you. My college would give me a subsidy if I took a taxi home late at night."

Sanjay Patel, Selwyn

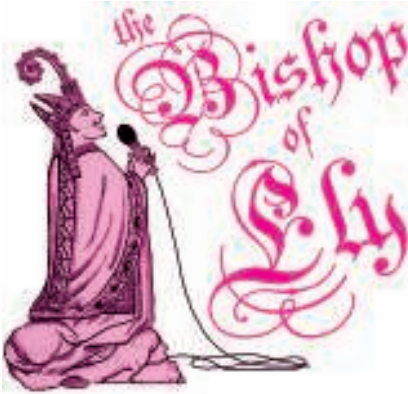
"I feel safe in Cambridge, but women might not. 11.15 would be the most dangerous time - the pubs have closed and there's general unpleasantness on the streets, bordering on harassment. Lots of places here are poorly lit - the park behind Drummer Street station, for example."

Guy Matmon, St Edmund's

The staff: should students feel safe?

"It would be very interesting to look at crime figures and statistics to determine between perceived risk and actual risk. Colleges can't ensure personal safety, but what we like to do, together with the MCR and JCR is make advice available. There's a difference between what we can do to ensure safety and what sources of support we can provide and how we can direct students to resources. This is more appropriate to our role as a college. They form a protective community. Senior tutors send circulars to other senior tutors when there has been an incident, not any incident, but if a student is accosted on Grange Road by someone unknown, we inform other colleges."

Dr. Terri Apter, Senior Tutor, Newnham College



Unsubstantiated
not
Transubstantiated

Which junior research fellow, famed for proclaiming he would never sleep with any lady whose lingerie did not match, was recently involved in steamy sex sessions on the top floor of the UL? Well, I would love to tell you his name, but in the interest of propriety, I can only say that the elements of romanticism were, to say the least, fragmentary. All young women who are anxious to exert an influence upon this brain-box lothario must come matched up, and sit in the UL reading

> In light of this week's investigation into student attacks in the city, Varsity asks whether we're afraid and whether we should be

"Yes I do think students feel safe. We take special measures to see that rooms are secure and we do have a little system where we do not let visitors into the premises after 11. They are then chaperoned and seen off the premises. We also have closed circuit television cameras. We do rely on students cooperation and ask them to report anything suspicious, and suspicious persons."

Mr. Colin Lock, Head Porter and Night Porter, New Hall
"At many levels, Cambridge is entirely safe, at others it is more vulnerable. Cambridge as a city is relatively safe. I don't know if students take unnecessary risks. We warn them about the dangers of coming back home at night the same way I would warn my daughters when they were young. We actively discourage people coming home on their own. In terms of special safety measures, I have heard discussion about a student operated system where students volunteer to walk home with other students who would otherwise end up being on their own."

Dr. W Owen Saxton, Senior Tutor, New Hall

"I hope students at Cambridge feel safe, we have security here. Cambridge is as safe a place as anywhere. I think students should avoid being alone, anybody, not just students. I wouldn't want to walk alone, you should have somebody with you. Our students have the rape whistle, which they can apply for and get one for free. We're very lucky

here, I've been here for sixteen years and there has been only one serious incident. Our students are older and more aware of their surroundings."

Valery Brackley, St. Edmund's
"There is only so much a college or an employer can do. An individual has got to take responsibility for their own safety. When risks are perceived, personal control measures should be taken. There's only so much an organization can do and it's the same in wider society."

Mr Steve Daly, Head Porter, Lucy Cavendish
"By and large, I do feel that students feel safe here. Cambridge is a very safe city. In college, we work together with the JCR and CUSU to offer our students as much information concerning personal safety. The college does take steps to ensure safety. There is personal responsibility expected on behalf of students but of course we do the best we can."

Mr. Denis Hay, Head Porter, St John's

"The vast majority of undergraduate students at St. John's are very fortunate in being able to live on the central College site. As such, security concerns are less of a problem. Most of our external accommodation is also close to College, mainly on quiet residential streets. Cambridge is certainly a safe place to live, but students must not forget their responsibility for their personal safety."

Greg Lowden, St. John's JCR President

“ELEMENTS OF ROMANTICISM WERE, TO SAY THE LEAST, FRAGMENTARY”

room with a provocatively involved theoretical text.

The bio-chemistry department has been rocked by allegations that dangerous and controlled substances have been stolen... to dye students' hair. One prominent PhD student in particular was mentioned in connection with these absurd crimes.

Described by fellow students as a "flamboyant yet colour-blind dresser with extravagantly dyed hair" and as a "social deviant with a kestrel-faced mien", our ridiculous hero is alleged to have stolen a number of vials of controlled chemicals in order to slake his insatiable desire for new hair colours. What a fop!

Have you got some juicy gossip? Has your neighbour met with scandal? Email the hottest happenings and when they happen. Get those scoops and scandals to thebishop@varsity.co.uk

Because Mitre makes Righter.

incidentally...

by zoe organ



Desire has been an enemy of power since the beginning of civilisation. The very word is infused with a degree of passion- and a longing for self -sacrifice that is itself supposed to single us out from the animal kingdom- but it poses such a threat to that other human distinction: self- control. Even imperial control Cleopatra dragged Anthony from Rome, the second great civilisation of Western Europe, but it's their love that we celebrate, not their wasted kingdoms.

It's commonly thought that in our consumer society, desire is so quickly fulfilled that it regenerates itself immediately and searches new prey. One historian has written that 'the more inflated one's desire, the more it devalues the empirical world where it seeks to fulfil itself, and so the more it must curve back on itself, a consummation which it can achieve only in

death.' Desire becomes the only thing worthy of our desire. Logical but rubbish, was my first impression. I think it was too hasty: I realised that the feeling of being addicted to addiction was more familiar than I had suspected, although I haven't died yet. I realised this when I was reading Alan Carr's *Easy Way to Stop Smoking*- unfortunately- at the point where he starts talking about nicotine as pure revival of an artificially sustained craving- the craving who, rather than being satisfied by a cigarette, is simply made more demanding in future, he grows bigger and wants more. If he had put it like this, I might not have noticed anything. Instead he calls it "the little nicotine monster in your stomach." With a long year of tragic drama and weighty dissertations ahead, I thought this monster sounded quite good company, someone who might drag you outside in February afternoons and give you something to indulge in. I immediately quit trying to give up- and realised the wisdom of all those unfunny people who had told me that their New Years resolution was to "quit giving up chocolate...caffeine... alcohol." But the

most important thing is the comfort involved in addiction. To know what one wants, what is about to make you even more happy, seems a great luxury in this world where everything is devalued, and even time itself passes so fast that everything seems compromised to the point of collapse. To me one of the worst feelings in the world is to get home with loads of time on your hands and not know what you want to do.

Desire, it seems, does not want fulfilment, because it is so entertaining in itself. It's the ultimate procrastination technique, in danger of dying out. This year, lots of my third year friends have already fallen deeply and passionately in love- "like an adolescent" is the phrase which keeps recurring. It seems there is too much energy and stress flying about (already!). In danger of being put into academic thought, it seeks more beautiful outlets. I have plied myself with caffeine into the early hours of the morning simply to stay up and 'be' in the company of this vast presence of the desired object. Desire, when it is not for itself, is a will to live. It is enough.

Whatever that historian might say, if the objects are worth it, they will not devalue. His view has led to too many destructive moves away from love. As women (and probably as men too, though less obviously), we brought up to dress and behave as an object of desire. As the daughter of an unrepentant ex-hippy father, I was personally made to think that all forms of Buddhism, meditation, contentment should be aspired to.

Fashionable anti-capitalism and immaterialism tells us that contentment is the way forward, hence all these awful self-help books. We now have access to metaphorical fulfilment: chicken soup for the soul. Yet this forgets the unique experience of devoted self-annihilation, and attendant pleasures. Love need not always be unrequited for desire to survive- we can desire the same thing again and again: time means that there is always the future in which fulfilment must perpetuate. As creatures born in the medium of time, we should stop trying to find heaven here, in the satisfied present, and we should go, and seek our objects.

RUDE-IMENTARY GUIDE

What's become of Britain's courteous culture? Have we lost all respect?

BETH ALEXANDER takes comfort in Cambridge's pedantry for protocol

While the French have conquered fashion and the Italians boast Pavarotti and mozzarella, we Brits have always prided ourselves on our impeccable manners. But not any more. For some, the nation which invented queuing has degenerated into a rude, vulgar and indifferent society.

What's more, Birmingham, the city which gave us Birds custard and HP sauce has, less prestigiously, been labelled Britain's rudest city. And don't think that this egregious laxity in standards has gone unnoticed. For one, Lynn Truss, the fastidious socialite who launched an attack on our punctuational shortcomings in *Eats, shoots and Leaves* is out on a rampage once again. Her latest book, *Talk To the Hand*, is a hefty volume of moral flagellation that would induce an uncontrollable sweat in even the most polite of Britons.

Truss is merciless, hurling out disdainful gibes at Britain's scandalous "Eff off Reflex" which, she claims, has replaced the traditional and cherished mindfulness for Ps and Qs in our everyday encounters.

What cure is there for an ailing Britain that has become more obscene than obsequious and is home to more Bart Simpsons than Bertie Woosters?

Well boys, help is at hand. If you're handicapped in the art of small talk and inept at carving the Sunday joint, then the new 'etiquette college', established in the quaint locale of a Scottish castle may be just the thing. Dubbed the "first finishing school for gentlemen," the college opened in response to complaints from pupils at a female finishing school that their boyfriends merely "grunt" at them.

Customers lacking in civility will be groomed in public speaking, perfect poise, ballroom dancing and car maintenance. In addition, the aspiring aristocrat will develop his handshake technique and be guided on appropriate distances at which to stand when introduced to new acquaintances.

And girls - don't be as presumptuous to imagine that we're immune to this recent scourge on modern manners, or lack thereof. Included in the November edition of *Good Housekeeping* magazine, a special 'noughtiquette' guide has been designed to set the record straight once and for all. "Ogling other men in the presence of your boyfriend" and "flaunting your naked body in the gym changing room" are definite no-nos according to its authors, and revealing a thong above your waistline is severely scorned upon. As far as social kissing is concerned, two pecks on the cheek is deemed



John's rowers inadvertently killed Trinity's 2nd VIII's cox, and in memoriam, the Trinity Boat Club continues to allude to the tragic loss by the titular omission.

Although Cambridge now claims to be indiscriminate in its admissions process, this was not always the case. It's no wonder Cambridge earned a reputation for snobby elitism when masters like Caius were around. During his tenure as master of Gonville and Caius College, he refused payment but insisted instead on several unusual admissions stipulations. "Deaf, dumb, deformed, lame, chronic invalids and Welsh" applicants were all categorically denied entry to the college. The maverick master also commissioned a three-sided court "lest the air from being confined within a narrow space should become foul."

Fortunately, our 800-year old institution has shown signs of modernising since then but still, the question lingers. Why does Cambridge continue to cleave so rigidly and steadfastly to a myriad of ancient traditions and symbolic rites?

What is it about the ubiquitous gown that endows its wearer with a feeling of great importance and authority? Why does our university have 'triphoses'? And why are our rooms, elsewhere known as the bog-standard common room, distinguished as 'Combination rooms'? Why do we enjoy croquet and why is our preferred mode of transport the punt? Why do we employ deans and masters and why do we say grace in an obsolete language?

Perhaps as the debate on declining manners and respectability in Britain rages around us, we can begin to appreciate the rationale behind the ostensible madness. The Cambridge experience, if you choose to accept it, is a grooming process in chivalry and gentility. Our traditions and heritage can never be abolished because they serve to inspire and educate us.

If you thought your education here was confined to academia alone, you are sadly mistaken. Cambridge provides a golden opportunity to hone your creative skills and develop new talents.

It would be far too conceited and snobby to suggest that we in Cambridge do not need reminding of good manners and etiquette. On the contrary, etiquette is institutionalised here precisely to keep us on our guard and to keep the 'Polite Police' at bay. One need only glance back at our predecessors and the successful products of our university to appreciate the virtues of Cambridge as the ultimate finishing school.

Has anyone considered how The First and Third Trinity May Ball earned its queer title? Allegedly, in a scandal dating to the 19th century, Saint



You're Rubbish MANNERS SPECIAL

Everyone's been raving about etiquette. Sure it's tasty, but doesn't it get crumbs everywhere?

No, no, no, etiquette is a series of easy rules to follow to allow you to pass unnoticed in modern society. But, I see what you mean! It does sound like 'eating cake'!

I love rules.

Everybody loves rules. Show me a rule, and I'll show you a little deity. Without rules things would be stolen and nobody would mind.

Is etiquette a new thing then?

No: it's very, very old.

Older than my grandpa? Is he polite?

Oh, certainly.

Then older than him. Etiquette first crops up in Homer's *Iliad* when Odysseus is tied to the mast as he sails past three beautiful maidens who lure sailors by singing the word 'please.' Odysseus desperately screams 'no thanks' but he doesn't mean it (which is what etiquette is all about). And it's been a part of our lives ever since. The Victorians, especially, went loopy over etiquette, and would sprinkle it behind them when they went into the forest so they'd have a trail of etiquette to follow home. But the path disappeared and the forest became strangely full of very well mannered birds. The forest represent civilisation, the birds represent Russia, the etiquette represents rudeness.

So how can I apply etiquette to my everyday life?

Well, for instance... say you were at a dinner party and the port was given to you. You pour your port (or rather you 'pour-t'), but then where do you put it? Don't pass it to the person on your right! Hand it to the young lady to whom you would most like to be betrothed.* If her chap-erone accepts your proposal, he will stroke the gravy boat under the chin with his forefinger. If he rejects it, he will spread his marmalade with her dowry. This means you are betrothed to the gravy.

Thank you so much. Now where's that cake?!

Ha ha ha - it's been a pleasure! I love you! You and your comical misunderstandings, you darling! You person I created simply to patronise my readership in a lazy dialogue. Let's date. Please.*

*If you are a lady, you should simply pour-t over your left arm.

** Thanks.

“WHAT CURE IS THERE FOR AN AILING BRITAIN THAT HAS BECOME MORE OBSCENE THAN OBSEQUIOUS AND IS HOME TO MORE BART SIMPSONS THAN BERTIE WOOSTERS?”



The Corpus drinking horn

an adequate level of amicability, while glossily lipsticked women are strongly recommended to restrict themselves to air-kissing alone (for obvious reasons).

Yet as Truss and her fellow manner-minded Britons work up a furore over inconsiderate mobile phone conversations conducted on trains, unhelpful and grouchy shop assistants, offensive road rage and noisy neighbours, we in Cambridge can afford to be just a little bit sanctimonious when it comes to the finer points of etiquette.

For, from the moment of that integral right of passage known as Matriculation dinner, we are initiated into a surreal world of medieval traditions, and ceremonious ritual. Oxbridge is unique in its zealously regard for principles and protocol. Where else would students be required to drink a mystery cocktail out of a cup made of the horn of an extinct buffalo-like animal? (Corpus Christi, third year feasts). And where else is it acceptable to only drink with your left hand and to be so pretentious as to never say the word 'drink' but rather 'imbibe?' (St.John's).

MONKEYING AROUND

Scientists have now worked out the sequence of the **CHIMPANZEE GENOME**. But does it really matter? asks **CHRISTINA GEIJER**

OLLY WAINWRIGHT



In *The Descent of Man*, Darwin bravely claimed that man, God's 'finest' creation, shares a common ancestor with the African Great Apes. To tell the truth, it is surprising that humankind had had the wits to discover electricity, make equations about gravity and understand how the solar system works before anyone put two and two together. Come on, seriously. How can you not be struck by the uncanny similarity between us and our nearest relative the chimpanzee?

But last month the extent of this similarity was revealed when the initial sequence of the chimp genome was published by the Chimpanzee Sequencing and Analysis Consortium, in *Nature*, showing that we are 98.76% genetically identical to our chimp cousins.

Genomic sequencing is the process of determining the order of the nucleotide building blocks that make up the DNA on the different chromosomes in our cells. Numerous organisms have already had their genomes sequenced, including yeast, fruit flies, mice and, perhaps most importantly, man. But do all these experiments achieve anything that might be even vaguely interesting to the average citizen?

In fact, databases containing the human genome sequence have many applications within the field of medicine. For exam-

ple, gene therapy, which aims to correct defective genes giving rise to hereditary disease such as cystic fibrosis and Huntington's Disease,

“

HOW IS IT THAT ALTHOUGH WE'RE MORE THAN 98% GENETICALLY IDENTICAL WE HUMANS GO AROUND PLAYING THE PIANO WHILE CHIMPS... WELL, CHIMPS JUST DON'T?

”

has benefited hugely from this knowledge.

Scientists studying an inherited disease can now use the database to speed up finding the sequence of the genes causing the problem. Knowing the sequence then enables them to predict the proteins coded for by the affected genes, giving clues as to how the disease should be treated.

So clearly the human genome sequence is extremely useful for biomedical research, as is anything that puts the development of new treatments on the horizon. But what has the chimpanzee got to do with anything?

One major answer is that, as

our closest relative, the chimpanzee is a unique animal model for certain human diseases. Armed with the knowledge of its genetic make-up, scientists will undoubtedly be more able to identify new 'disease genes', and ultimately to design new treatments relevant for humans.

Furthermore, many neurological disorders are known to affect those characteristics which define us as humans. In this sense mental retardation can be regarded as 'interference with intelligence' and dyslexia a 'disruption of higher-order language abilities'. Comparing the chimp and human genome will help scientists to identify and characterise the genes involved in these uniquely human functions, as well as shedding light on the causes of the disorders.

Another exciting implication of the chimp genome sequence is the hope of answering the question "what makes us human?" How is it that although we're more than ninety-eight per cent genetically identical, we humans go around painting caves, communicating using pretty complicated languages and playing the piano, while chimps... well, chimps just don't?

But as geneticists well know, it is not the quantity of the genetic difference between two species that matters, but rather the quality. The protein products of certain genes, collectively referred to as transcription factors, are known

to regulate and orchestrate the expression of many other genes. The consequence is that mutations in these specific genes can completely alter the gene expression of cells and hence could change the appearance and behaviour of a species.

And lo and behold, the genes showing the greatest variation between humans and chimps fall within this transcription factor category. Scientists can now home in on such candidate genes, to gain an increased understanding of what they do and how they have been modified over evolutionary time. This will give clues as to how human-specific traits emerged.

So instead of focusing on the similarities, we will learn a lot more about ourselves by looking at the differences between us and our chimpanzee relatives. A fascinating example is the transcription factor FOXP2, which differs only slightly between humans and chimps, yet this dissimilarity is thought to have contributed crucially to our capacity of speech.

All in all, the completion of the chimp genome sequence is a landmark accomplishment both in terms of scientific achievement and as an example of international collaboration between scientists. For the future of comparative genetics, it's the end of a beginning but, maybe it's also the beginning of the end in the quest to answer the important question of what it means to be human.

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A DEEP, DEEP SLEEP

Is sleep deprivation a serious problem in Cambridge? **JACQUI TEDD** asks



You wake up, arguing with your alarm clock. How can it already be time to get up? You only closed your eyes minutes ago; now your electronic friend is insisting you get out of bed to face another day. A consequence of a few weeks in Cambridge is the feeling that you have been constantly awake. Between rapidly rising mountains of work, attempting to be an extra-curricular deity and perhaps even seeing friends from from time to time, when do we get time to sleep?

But does it really matter if we are unable to get a “proper” nights sleep? Will not sleeping affect the way we feel? Does our health and academic work suffer as a result of odd nocturnal ways?

Contrary to popular belief, there is no “optimum” amount of sleep we all should have. However, research done at Loughborough University has shown that subjects regularly getting eight hours of sleep found having fewer than six hours inadequate. Thus, the amount of sleep we require in order to not feel tired during the day does vary considerably between individuals. A general, simple rule is: if you don't feel weary and sluggish, then you probably had enough sleep the night before.

But many students in Cambridge feel that they rarely do get a sufficient amount of sleep. One student, as a result of sporting commitments and a “desire to socialise”, believes that while at

Cambridge he has an “unhealthy” sleep routine. He explained: “I often go to bed at 3am and then get up at 6am for four or five days

“STUDENTS DEVISE NUMEROUS REMEDIES TO COMBAT DAILY TIREDNESS, INCLUDING CONCOCTIONS OF RED BULL AND PRO-PLUS”

running. By the end of the week, I have to spend nearly a whole day in bed because I feel so drained.”

We spend nearly a third of our lives in it: sleep is necessary to life. But the only organ that actively requires sleep in order to function is the brain. As long we receive sufficient rest and eat a balanced diet, there is no evidence to suggest our other organs will fail us as a result of sleep deprivation. The brain - specifically the cerebral cortex - requires sleep in order to operate properly. It is not enough simply to rest. During the core hours of sleep, the executive part of the brain slows down and is repaired.

According to researchers at

Loughborough, without sleep, the cerebral cortex, governing what we do, say and think, just stops working.

As students required to attend lectures, write essays and think critically on a daily basis, regular sleep is a prerequisite of our life. Without sleep, we are simply unable to perform or communicate as needed during the day.

When asked, just under fifty per cent of students admitted to devising and trying numerous remedies to combat their daily tiredness. Ranging from concoctions of Red Bull and Pro-Plus, to constantly drinking coffee and taking short naps. While perhaps providing students with a much-needed burst of energy, such methods to fight fatigue are not sustainable over long periods of time, and could potentially be detrimental to health.

But it is not just academic work at risk. Research has shown that health problems, such as high blood pressure, headaches, weight gain and stress can also be linked to sleep deprivation. Often, students find themselves in a vicious circle, realising that their lack of sleep is affecting their moods, work, eating habits and stress levels. Yet, trying to sleep, they find it almost impossible to do so. Research has shown that ‘body clocks’ are not as accurate amongst young people; this means that we tend to find it harder to fall asleep when we want to.

One student agrees with F. Scott Fitzgerald when he stated “The worst thing in the world is to try to sleep and not to.” She finds that despite being “extremely tired” once she gets into bed her “mind just won't stop working” resulting in her “lying in bed for hours, unable to fall asleep.”

Students who find it difficult to sleep reported looking enviously at their friends who can sleep wherever and whenever they choose. Being an excessive sleeper has not actually been found to be detrimental to your health, but neither is it deemed as necessary. Such people would be able to function perfectly well on less sleep. Sleep, like eating, needs to be done; yet, if we can afford the luxury we will do it more, just because we can. But, with over eighty per cent of students surveyed in Cambridge saying they feel less than alert most days of the week it does appear that sleep is one comfort that in Cambridge we are not fully entitled to.

While the long-term effects of continuous sleep deprivation are not yet fully known, it is suggested that the stress having no sleep causes could potentially totally overwhelm the body resulting in illness or even fatality. So before going to that party or struggling to finish a question sheet at four in the morning, think about the harm not going to bed may do to your mind; just put the book down and go to sleep. You will probably feel better for it.



What the Doctor Ordered

Lawyer's Wine and Oyster Bar - Restaurant Review
by **Anthony Marlowe** and **Joe Schutzer-Weissmann**

We feel sorry for lawyers. Imagine squandering the best years of your life deep in tort or lost in the complexities of “Juicy Whip v. Orange Bang.” Have you ever come across a (sane) lawyer who actually enjoys his course? Whilst most actively eschew their discipline, lawyers tend to revel in an Ally McBeal-ish anxiety and intensity and even seem to dress like their stressed-out idols. And then they go on to devote the rest of their lives to this drudgery, whose only consolations are the pay and the occasional perverse satisfaction of sending down delinquents and renegades.

Don't let this put you off Lawyer's. Lawyer's has little in common with lawyers; it is diverting, tasteful, good value and seems, if anything, more akin to a Tardis than to a jurist. Odd as it may sound this very simile was used by the owner and founder to describe his hostelry and we find it apposite in three ways.

First, his calling to the bar trade from the legal profession came, as the Tardis does for the Doctor, in the nick of time. The site, once a home to an Irish drinking pub, raves, drugs and police-raids, was derelict. Our man salvaged it, and with it his soul.

He also found room in it for some of his extensive law library. Like the Tardis, Lawyer's appears diminutive on the outside and expansive within. It is very likely that many of you will have often passed it unawares. The sober

exterior on a busy intersection gives way to a calm and capacious intimacy within, all book-lined walls, wine-bottles, discreet jazz and stalactitic candles.

And finally, like a Tardis, Lawyer's is an excellent place for time travel. We happily spent almost four hours of a Monday evening wrapped up in the warm, enticing and slightly inebriate embrace of this excellent inn and its exemplary food.

“LAWYER'S SEEMS MORE AKIN TO A TARDIS THAN TO A JURIST”

The menu is based around serious staples and fish freshly delivered each day on its way south to Billingsgate. Joe nearly wept over his Sea Bass steak whilst Anthony was almost Welsh in his praise of some tender young lamb. Next month the menu will change to incorporate local venison and our favourite pert pan-fried pigeon breasts. The starters are similarly diverse and surprisingly filling (that Tardis effect again) whilst the desserts, with the exception of some slightly adolescent cheese, were very refreshingly adult.

Wines are where Lawyer's really travels through “Time and

Relative Dimension in Space.” We drank rare, rich claret with our mains and a lively but well-mannered young Cotes de Rhone with our cheese. For starters and fish I would recommend the delightful and very reasonable Chateau Haut-Rian and the delicate Gewurztraminer.

All bar this one wine bars in Cambridge are, like lawyers, overpriced and boring- Lawyer's, however, is very reasonable and the wines are eclectic, small, often obscure but always of an excellent quality.

Lawyer's has been happily overlooked by students- this is certainly an important part of its charm. Nonetheless, in our concern for those pitiable lawyers out there we recommend you to put down your tomes, leave your libraries and your boredom and head down to Lawyer's to eat and drink and talk till the candles have burnt themselves out. For such a service even we would pay.

In a nutshell
Where: 6 Lensfield Road
When: Restaurant stops serving at 10pm, bar open until 1am
Price: Dishes £4-£18
Food highlight: Sea bass steak, King Prawns
Wine: Excellent French wines
Ratings
Food 8/10
Value 9/10
Atmosphere 8/10

Just my cup of tea



“don't drink coffee, I take tea my dear” Sting informs us in his ‘Englishman in New York’. Tea drinking has become as inescapable a feature of British cultural heritage as sarcasm and Sunday roasts: we drink 165 million cups of tea daily. From dandelion leaf to Jasmine pearl, second flush Assam to Turkish apple, the huge variety of tea available to us today is somewhat daunting. The most common commercial products to be found on the British market are generally imported from the Far East, in particular China, India and Sri Lanka (or Ceylon). Each specimen has subtle and distinctive traits, due to varying places of origin and methods of production.

To provide you with a cheat's guide to the most revered cuppas of our time, it seems mandatory to begin with China, which, for many centuries produced the only teas known to the western world. Its most prominent blend is Lapsang, a unique large leaf tea, distinguished by a tarry taste and smoky aroma, which is acquired through the drying of leaves over pine wood fires. Yunnan is another black tea from China, recognizable for its malty flavour, and excellent for a breakfast brew.

Assam, on the other hand, is imported from India. It is known for its robust, full-bodied flavour and like Yunnan, also boasts a malt pungency, ideal for a morning boost before lectures. Darjeeling,

the so-called ‘Champagne of Teas’, is another Indian product, grown in the foothills of the Himalayas on 100 highly prestigious estates. Its eminent reputation lies in the delicate, astringent flavour and subtle undertones of muscatel that give this particular cup of tea a unique and exotic taste. Both of these Bengali based brews have two yearly “flushes”, or pluckings; the first produces the most highly prized vintage, but all

“BENGALI BASED BREWS HAVE TWO YEARLY “FLUSHES” OR PLUCKINGS”

crops are of worthy calibre.

The most cherished flavour when it comes to scented teas is that of Earl Grey, traditionally obtained from a blend of black China teas mixed with natural oil of Bergamot fruit, from which the infusion derives its perfumed aroma and flavour. Jasmine, Rose congou, Magnolia and Lychee are other teas in this category worth a try.

To bring us back from the Orient, Cambridge presents no exception to the rule of British tea-loving. Tea works wonders as a tool of pro-

crastination, or a well-earned refreshment break. But where to find the best brews? If you are searching for more than the PG Tips and Twinings which fill Sainsburys' shelves, head for the Health Food Store on Bridge Street, where they stock an extensive and exciting range of teas, infusions, distillations, and indistinguishable packets of what only looks like disintegrated birdsnests. Particularly delectable is the Bio-organic Jamaican Spice Tea, whilst the Triple Ginseng plus will set you up nicely for an all-nighter of work or play. The Cornucopia Delicatessen on Bene't Street is another haven for fine teas. Amongst others, it sells Jackson's and Ahmed Teas, both renowned for superb quality (and the quintessential tins they come in). For those with a sweet tooth, try the dessert-inspired range at Whittard's, on Petty Cury. Mango Indica, apple crumble and blueberry yogurt are all flavours of their whimsical Pudding range, undoubtedly frowned upon by Darjeeling-sipping tea snobs...

“If you are cold, tea will warm you. If you are heated, it will cool you. If you are depressed, it will cheer you. If you are excited, it will calm you” wrote Gladstone. Indeed with properties that detox, refresh, relax or energize accordingly, exploring new tea territories is sure to scratch your every itch...and provide you with just your cup of tea, so to speak.

Sasha Nicholl



An outspokenly feminist, gay Muslim woman and a foreign policy hawk - Author and journalist **IRSHAD MANJI** has been labelled “Osama Bin Laden’s worst nightmare”. **JON SWAINE** looks to find the substance behind the stereotype

My must-catch train to London has been cancelled; I’m going to be late for the already-re-arranged interview with Irshad Manji.

Unforgettable to those who have seen her blistering appearances on BBC *Newsnight*, Manji is the 36 year-old Canadian author whose bestseller demands the world know *The Trouble With Islam Today*. Her writings and speeches have caused murmurs of ‘female Rushdie’, bolstered by her receiving persistent death threats from some quarters. Being proudly feminist and gay has also tended to rile.

The lady at station information doesn’t care, really. “Vandalism. Blame the little yobs who smashed up the train.”

And I did, considering things aboard the next available crawl into King’s Cross. Vandalism seems a baffling, irrational act, achieving nothing but the general worsening of life for everyone. But its causes are often confidently explained: boredom, disaffection and deprivation felt by young people. We should do our utmost to eliminate these, of course. But there are plenty of bored, relatively deprived and disaffected teenagers who don’t vandalise. Aren’t they insulted by the logic that they should be more likely to?

Ultimately, there is no perfect explanation – a truth too difficult for some. Trivial though the incident was, I was reminded of Manji’s account of her interview by an Oxford student reporter in the days following July’s terrorist attacks on London. The girl pleaded with Manji to understand what drove those bombers to more devastating smash up other trains, and a bus, along with 52 people and themselves. Couldn’t she see that “relative economic deprivation” amongst alienated Muslim youths had done it? That this was British society’s problem, not theirs.

Alas, for Manji, as for me, the non sequitur was too powerful to ignore. Sweeping derision of ‘the youth of today’ is utterly frustrating for decent young people; so too must we be specific about these exceptional cases if we wish to resolve them, and avoid offensively blunt understandings of young Muslims, practically all of whom choose to reject such a tragic path.

She conceded that marginalisation diminishes self-esteem. In turn, it can leave its sufferers vulnerable to those offering a radical, instant solution. But she also refers to her conversation three

years ago with the political leader of Islamic Jihad in Gaza: “What’s the difference between suicide, which the Qur’an condemns, and martyrdom?” she asked. “Suicide,” he answered, “is done out of despair. But most of our martyrs today were very successful in their earthly lives.”

To Manji, it seems clear that in such cases there is a powerful root less easily resolved by liberal conjecture. A contorted interpretation of their religion seems specifically what assured men like these of the rightness of their actions. And, speaking as a practicing Muslim, she believes that the sooner the world gulps and accepts this, the sooner we can hope to address the wider problem we face today.

For her, Islam’s *Trouble* centres on unquestioning, literalist readings of the Qur’an. Bright, spiky and direct, Manji is always careful to pre-empt comebacks, even when notably drowsy from the head cold with which England has welcomed her.

Therefore, while she is absolutely clear that “not only Islam has a problem with literalism: American Christianity has its evangelicals, Jews their ultra-orthodox, even Buddhists have fundamentalists,” she holds that “only in Islam today is literalism mainstream worldwide. We are raised to believe that because the Qur’an comes after the Torah and the Bible chronologically, it is the final, perfect manifesto of God’s will: not given to the ambiguities, inconsistencies, contradictions and human edits of those other ‘sacred texts’.”

Key, then, for Manji, is that “even moderate Muslims believe that as an article of faith, the Qur’an is ‘God 3.0’, and none shall come after it. This is a supremacy complex that I argue is dangerous.”

As well as “disproportionately empowering the extremist fringe”, she believes the “reasonable centre” is inhibited from asking hard questions about the perils of dogma of any kind in a modern, pluralist world. “The jihadists are expert in pulling from the Qur’an to justify their violence. Because the rest of us are taught that asking questions of the text is off limits, we are left with the feeling that questioning the jihadists is questioning the Qur’an itself.”

But why, I ask her – in the reassuringly tatty confines of Amnesty International’s London Secretariat – does she see there being such reluctance in the West – especially amongst students – to suggest this might be so? Instead, we have

“**IMPERIALISM CAN COME IN MANY SHADES AND MANY SKIN TONES**”

1969 Born in Uganda

1972 Moves to Canada with family after Idi Amin exiles all South Asians

1983 Demands proof from her madressa of the “Jewish conspiracy against Islam” and is told “Believe or get out.” Leaves to study Islam on her own

1990: Graduates in history at University of British Columbia, winning the Governor General’s Medal. Takes job as Legislative Assistant to Canadian MPs

1997: Releases *Risking Utopia: On the edge of a new Democracy*

1998-2001: Produces and hosts TV shows in Canada

2002: Releases *The Trouble With Islam Today*

2005: Becomes contributor to the *Huffington Post* online journal

cliché’s dull hum: posters declare George W. Bush the ‘World’s Number One Terrorist’ without irony in Cambridge windows. Is it, I ask, a search for comfort, a hope that reality isn’t quite so awful, and that by solving the ‘easy’ socio-economic things, and voting out Dubya, everything will be okay?

“It goes beyond hope,” she says. “It is a deep-seated fear of the ‘r’ word: ‘racist’.” Indeed, throughout our meeting, she makes clear that escaping people from this fear sits high on her list of priorities. It is a personal liberation she seems happy to have publicly achieved, having reconciled herself to the accordant threats to her life it might continue to inspire.

“After my university lectures anywhere in the world, broad-minded, liberal people whisper to me, ‘thank you for saying what needs to be said’.” But she is “tired of these being left as whispers.” She knows that “many students will want to ask questions about what is happening in the name of Islam today”, but that they “fear being called racists, neocons, Zionist puppets – all things I am called.” Her advice? “Grow a thick skin, be big boys and girls. But you don’t have to make peace with it,” she insists. “Because when your accusers allege ‘racism’, remind them that in the last 100 years alone, more Muslims have been tortured, maimed, raped, imprisoned and murdered at the hands of other Muslims than of any foreign imperial power.”

It could be argued that she is too sweeping in her use of the ills of 20th century Islamic states. The utilisation of the faith by such regimes has been nuanced – in some cases, making it quite unfair to associate Islam with their behaviour at all when seeking to illustrate different, current problems. But clearly, it is a broad gloss Manji sees as true enough, and one necessary to force the point of her wider anger on things committed in the name of her religion.

She is also adamant that this is certainly not to deny the ills, some continuing, of Western imperialism. “Not at all. It is merely to point out that imperialism comes in many shades and many skin tones.” And thus, through her debilitating sniffles, Manji makes her point precisely: of course we must be unflinchingly sceptical and critical of what is done by a West led by an elite of Christian conservatives. But the same critical instinct must be applied to Islam, from inside and out, if balance truly is to be achieved.

But doesn’t her book’s overwhelming focus on Islam’s shortcomings mean that she is soft on America, even if only by omission? She is recalcitrant. “I take America to task, and not just the Bush administration – a no-brainer. In my book I point out that since Eisenhower, more than 50 years ago, American administrations have known of evidence that Muslims resent the United States for propping up autocratic governments who repressed their own democratic aspirations. America must recognise that they need to be there for reform-minded Muslims, and not just wait around until the next crisis.”

For Manji, this does include military intervention in Afghanistan (which, having agitated over the impact of the Taliban for human rights since 1996, she would have “endorsed five years before 9/11”) and after a “real struggle with herself”, also Iraq. But on the latter, she is visibly furious – saddened and frustrated that the ‘peace’ has been so fundamentally under-planned and mis-managed.

Nonetheless, she implores Western leaders be braver and more open in debating these actions, and say exactly why they are so important. She laments that “as supposedly progressive a president as Bill Clinton never had the guts to publicly call what was happening in Bosnia a ‘genocide’, even when it was Muslims being slaughtered, because of the primacy of considerations of spin.”

For Manji, he “didn’t want to be considered a warmonger by the left and the Muslim world”, and so the real issues were allowed to blur. “These are the dilemmas we need to have honest and open discussions about,” affirms Manji. “But neither those in the West, nor in the Muslim world are willing to do that.”

For the former, she has opinions on how, in the wake of reported extremism on UK campuses, students might better challenge orthodoxies of political extremes. The BNP remain banned from speaking at Cambridge and elsewhere, while the Respect Coalition, whose associated groups are “no less atrocious, racist and stereotyping,” tour the UK untroubled.

But worse, and as seen at Middlesex University last week, students determined to maintain the denial of a platform for the BNP are equally as determined to protest for the right for Hizb ut-Tahrir – the violent, anti-semitic Islamist group – to speak on cam-

pus. As Irshad Manji simply put it, “both rightist and leftist orthodoxies are dangerous”.

“I will argue for free speech,” she says. “But that doesn’t mean I’m some kind of doe-eyed idealist. Argument is best addressed with counter-argument – by censoring, you turn these demagogues into martyrs. Bring them on to campus – make the university a market-place for ideas. Do not patronise students by assuming that they are not capable of responding in adult ways.”

But Manji does more pointedly focus her work on her beliefs on the Muslim world’s need to open itself to similarly rigorous debate. “It wasn’t like this historically,” she says. Her book pleads for *ijtihad*, “a lost tradition from within Islam, of independent thinking and critical reasoning,” which she believes history shows the religion as exuding in its early centuries.

From it, she vividly enthuses, diverse fruits grew, ranging from “some of the first universities” to “aspects of contemporary western popular culture, such as the mocha coffee and the guitar”. Manji believes it must be made clear just how much contribution was made by Islam to modern ‘civilisation’.

She argues in her book that the tradition must urgently be rediscovered, to provide argument against the Qur’an-quoting jihadists, but also “to update the practice of Islam for the 21st century”. She is hopeful – this is “not a foreign tradition, but one already there.”

And therein lies the bald belief Irshad Manji tries to communicate, in a discourse through which the past and present transgressions of both ‘sides’ must be weighed for a constructive way forward to be found. She is determined that from historical debates on the 8th century Spanish reconquista to contemporary religious and political issues, Islam must more sharply focus its attentions on the problems it has caused for itself to better contribute to this.

“We need to recapture *ijtihad*’s spirit, and for it to be restored, democratised and popularised. There are other scholars who very much back this up, proposing that it should be extended to poets, comics and musicians,” she says, optimistically.

And so, in a parallel to her prescriptions for the wider world, comes her mantra: “We ought to let many Muslims find their voices before we decide which voices to listen to.” Which is, perhaps, a modest proposal.



costumes from much ado about nothing, astrakhan winter and suddenly last summer, modelled by cast members

An eye for the stage

production and costume design by lucy minyo

Mirror, Mirror



05. Lip Service

The ephemeral focus of the fashion camera has zoomed in on pouting stars like Thumbsucker's Lou Pucci, Michael Pitt and the ubiquitous Angelina Jolie. At last month's spring/summer 2006 shows designers sent out fresh faced girls with maybe just a touch of bronzer or foundation sporting deep cherry red or grapefruit pink lips that punctuated the face, leaving eyes fading into the wintry background of the current season.

Tip One: Plump as a plumb

Collagen can easily seem like an appealing process. One quick injection and you're out of there (looking like an exotic fish and holding a whopping bill). If you feel your lips are simply in need of a good buff, then try Wexler's No-Injection Lip Plumper. This subtle formula will produce a collagen like effect but won't sting like similar products. Unfortunately this shape-enhancing product is only available in the US, but for a measly \$16 (or about £10) it's worth calling up a store and making an order. Henri Bendel in New York is worth a try.

Tip Two: My lips are like a red rose

Glosses have become a thing of the past. Fashion's new darker mood calls for strong statement colours that highlight shape instead of texture. The perfect shade can only be decided when compared to your colouring but a shade of red is generally indispensable. Chanel is great for the-atric bold statements, and MAC and Anna Sui also offer a good range of "lip stains."

Tip Three: Finish me off

Having painted your shape on an otherwise blank canvas, you can now perfect your tone. One option is to go with a lip gel that will seal in the pigment and add a shine or matt effect. However, subtlety can sometimes be key and simply blotting the colour after application will give you a tone that's blended with your natural lip colour and will therefore suit you more naturally.

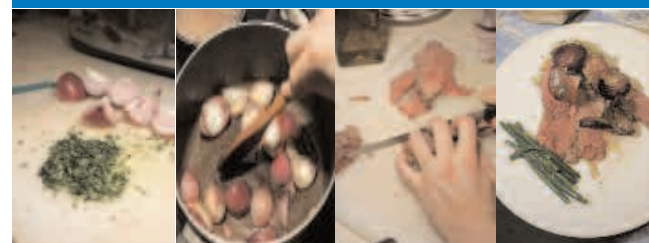


Tip Four: Like Pulling a Pillow

To avoid cold sores (I know... yuck!) and to generally keep velvety soft in these tough icy months, simply use lip balm. Stay clear of heavy petroleum jelly contents, as this will distort the pucker's ability to naturally wet itself. Instead, resort to cocoa butter and balms with other natural contents that are available at The Body Shop and Officina Profumo Farmaceutica di Santa Maria Novella. Cheaper in its original location, this Florentine pharmacy has a branch at 117 Walton Street in Chelsea and still uses recipes that were created in 1500 for Catherine de Medici. Lips so soft that they're fit for a queen and maybe even a kiss goodnight.

Benj Ohad Seidler

quick recipe



Pot Rump Beef Roast, Red Onion Marmalade

I first tasted this dish at the (sadly-defunct) restaurant, Thyme. The meat is only cooked for a couple of minutes, then left to soak up the juices. You will have to get the meat at a butcher's: you want the thin end of the rump, something you will not find in a supermarket.

Ingredients

1 Beef rump (500-600g)
2 red onions, quartered
1 tbsp oil
1 glass red wine
1 glass water
1 tbsp Demerara sugar
Rock salt, pepper
Fresh herbs (parsley, thyme, bayleaf etc.)

You will need

1 large pot with lid
Chopping board
Knife
Plate

Serve with

A green bean salad
New potatoes mashed with olive oil

Instructions

1-2 min - Trim meat as much as possible, within reason.
2-20 mins - Cover the beef in rock salt and marinade.
20-22 mins - Heat the pot (no oil) and add beef with salt. Sear a minute each side.
23-24 mins - Add wine, a little water and fresh herbs. Leave to reduce.
24-39 mins - Take off heat and leave in the pan with the lid on.
39 mins - Take the beef and its juices out and put the pan back on low gas with residue. (Low sodium diets: scrape residue out.) Add oil and onions.
40-50 mins - Let stew. Add sugar and pepper, and let caramelise whilst stirring.
To serve: Slice the beef thinly and lay out with marmalade. Cover with reheated cooking juice.

David Nowell-Smith

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"I found myself sharing thoughts from day one with the most respected professionals in the industry, who originated some of the deals on the FT covers that we read back in university. For me that was quite impressive."

ENRIQUE BECERRA, ASSOCIATE
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Picture the scene: I finally find my sister's blog. There are various words and phrases that I don't know and a few more that I wish I didn't. I read that I can subscribe to a podcast in which I will find recordings of my sister's latest singer/songwriter creations. My sister of the wail that makes children and small mammals shy away in terror. I can only conclude that this podcast thing is the work of the devil and must be stopped.

Far from being the work of the devil podcasting was initially developed by a man called Dave Winner and then taken further by the work of Adam Curry. The idea came about as a result of a desire to be able to send people audio recordings automatically, and at regular intervals, for listening to on their computer or portable mp3 player. The audio recordings are often likened to online radio shows, but they can contain all sorts of audio content.

But why podcasting?
Podcasting is a portmanteau that combines the words "broadcasting" and "iPod". It is in fact a bit of a misnomer as you do not need an iPod to listen to the content and no broadcasting is actually involved. The term may have been coined by Ben Hammersley in an article written for the *Guardian* on February 12th 2004.

So this podcasting hasn't been around long then?
Indeed it hasn't. But just because it is quite a young technology don't for a minute think that it isn't very important. Since the inclusion of podcasting in Apple's iTunes software millions of people have signed up to receive regular podcasts.

Do I have to use iTunes to listen to podcasts?
Not at all, but for those new to the technology it might be the easiest way to find out what it is all about. iTunes acts as a podcatcher – a piece of software that automatically downloads the latest podcast for you – and as a directory of podcasts. This makes it very easy to find and use podcasts. The first time you click on the "Podcasts" button in iTunes you will be taken to a page that lists some of the most popular podcasts as well as letting you browse through the entire database. The most popular podcast on iTunes UK at the moment is "The Best of Moyles" from BBC Radio 1.

I'm sorry but I refuse to use a piece of software whose other users willingly subject themselves to that man. I think the devil may be involved after all.
In that case you might like to try going to ipodder.com. This is a community run site that is the brain child of none other than Adam Curry, who you should remember from earlier. Here you will find a big selection of podcasts and free software for Windows, Linux and Macs that you can use to download and listen to them.


www.apple.com/itunes
www.ipodder.org
Doug McMahon

THE CONSTANT DIRECTOR

He directed the groundbreaking *City of God* and his new film *The Constant Gardener* has met with rave reviews **CAMILLA MACDONALD** catches up with **FERNANDO MEIRELLES** in the middle of a press circus

“And tell him he’s not to ask Mr. Fiennes about *Harry Potter*”. It is 12:30 am at the Dorchester hotel on Park Lane and the circus has begun. Actors and journalists cluster in various rooms as PAs and PRs stride up and down the corridors barking into walkie talkies. I am waiting to interview Fernando Meirelles feeling ever so slightly like an underage drinker who is bound to ask for a pint of tonic and gin.

The Constant Gardener, which opened the *London Film Festival* last week, has already proved that the man who brought us the astonishing *City of God* has not lost his eye for a good story. Set in Kenya, political thriller-come-lovestory based on the John le Carré novel revolves around the murder of the British diplomat Justin Quayle’s (Ralph Fiennes) wife Tessa (Rachel Weisz). As Justin tries to uncover the truth, we are plunged into the dark world of corporate and political manoeuvrings, in this case those of the pharmaceutical industry. Fernando Meirelles and his director of photography César Charlone (*City of God*) once again produce a cinematographic masterpiece. Poignant images of Justin and Tessa’s marriage are interspersed with beautiful shots of the barren Kenyan and Sudanese landscapes and energised, frenetic, colourful scenes of life in the Kibera slums of Nairobi.

Despite the film’s overwhelming success, when Meirelles finally bounds in, our congratulations for the film are met with a qualified pleasure: “Yeah, I’m happy with the film. Of course I don’t want to see this film again because when I watch it there’s so much I would change. I torture myself. I never stop working, its terrible.” From the way he sits perched on the edge of his chair, as though he might leap off to make those changes at any moment, peering at everyone through his black square rimmed glasses, I can believe it.

Meirelles is quite the picture of a director; dressed in blue pin-striped trousers, a cool black v-neck jumper and

boots. His body language exudes energy as he sits fiddling with the corner of the table and sugar cubes. I am curious as to where this energy comes from; is it an itching activism or simply a desire to tell stories? Both his films could certainly be described as political, topical, and controversial, yet their artistic finesse certainly sets them apart from the growing trend for overtly political ‘docu-movies’ pioneered by Michael Moore and the like: “I never try to send a message like an activist, to make a point. What I always try to do is to expose a situation that intrigues me, that shocks me. Like *City of God*; I read the book and thought this is Brazil and I live here and I have never seen it. I wanted to go there to understand...I wanted to expose that world, but not thinking that this could change something or move the government, just to expose. I am a storyteller.”

He smiles cheekily as he admits that his next project is about globalisation. Activist or not, his protestation, “I don’t know, I mean I might do a romantic comedy in the future. You don’t know what life will bring to you” is hard to believe. He describes that what he found so appealing about *The Constant Gardener* was not only its political element but that it had a “touch of the existential about it”; it seems this will be a lasting penchant in his films.

His next project, which he hopes to call *Intolerance: a sequel*, he reaffirms is not part of any social or political agenda: “its just a subject that interests me. True, it is about globalisation but it’s not a political or sociological film. I think it’s more philosophical, it’s about happiness. It’s about regular people living in different conditions so its more about just what we’re doing on this planet.” Similarly in *The Constant Gardener*, as Justin alienates himself from his safe world as a British diplomat, his sense of identity becomes increasingly intertwined with the memory of his wife as he tries to understand who he is and what he can do with his life. This questioning, be it about social issues or per-

sonal life seems to run through Meirelles’ films, as he says with what seems like an almost naive simplicity: “I want to talk about things.”

This said, he seems surprised at such positive reactions from the high brow to *The Constant Gardener*, which although “a good, well-made film,” he expected to be taken at a more commercial level: “Of course I like the film but I’m very glad that audiences and journalists are recognising something else in the film which is there but that I thought people might not appreciate. I think for some reason in the last year everybody is more interested in political films, even the young generation, everybody is getting more involved.” In *The Constant Gardener* he explains how initially he had hoped to really emphasise the political side to the story. The original film contained documentaries from Oxfam about “Big Pharma”; “But then watching it, it was like my own voice, like the director preaching to the government you know? I could hear myself saying look how they’re bad and what they do, so I started to cut. In the end it became more of a love story.”

For Meirelles, the story is paramount. This is made all too clear by the contrast between what he originally planned to do and the final cut. He describes how he tried hard to bring a “Third World perspective” to the film, even introducing Kenyan characters to see the same story from the their point of view but abandoned the idea as “the plot with Ralph and Rachel was so strong, that every time I cut to the subplot I would be interested to go back to the main story.” There may be political and social messages in the film but in the end, Meirelles is pragmatic. He is trying to entertain, but with thought provoking material.

Following the success of *City of God* and now *The Constant Gardener*, this architecture graduate from São Paulo has come a long way from showing German films at his university Cine Club in the ‘80s. I ask how he feels about having all eyes on him and the

prospect of working in Hollywood: “I’m not planning to do a big studio movie. I want to do my own personal projects. If you do a film with a very high budget people will come to control, you have to work with marketing people who tell you what to do or how to cut so they can get their money back. I am more interested in doing films that I can control.”

Despite his perfectionism and desire for control, Meirelles’ approach to film-making is far from rigid. He is continuously enthusiastic: “I don’t have a vision. I do as I go. When I am on set with actors and a camera then the ideas start coming . . . 10 years ago I would write precise plans about what I was going to do, where I would set the camera, I would try to control everything. But now, I really trust in my instincts, I’ve never had a block. I never stop and I never let people stop working.”

At this, he claps his hands and grins. The energy and charisma of this rather small man is astonishing. Perhaps that is the key to understanding his film making; it is not look-at-me activism or soupy philosophising, but sheer interest and energy. Fernando Meirelles is just a damn good director. He himself admits that “all the stories I’m always thinking about, they don’t look like regular films” but the challenge of them seems only to increase his delight: “If something seems impossible, you just go step by step and in the end you’re there.”

He beams as though he has just revealed his deepest secret. I am puzzled. What exactly drives Fernando Meirelles is elusive, his enthusiasm seems to perpetuate itself; something increasingly evident as he drags the conversation back to his forthcoming film once more, “Emotionally, I’m in something else already. I’m disconnected I’m . . . dying to move on.” As a PA materialises out of the wallpaper it’s clear it’s time I was moving out and Mr. Meirelles on. I wonder where he’s going.

The Constant Gardener is released on 11 November

“
HIS FILMS
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POLITICAL YET
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OVERTLY
POLITICAL
‘DOCU-MOVIES’
PIONEERED BY
MICHAEL MOORE
”



Battle in Heaven

(Batello en el cielo) ★★★★★

The primary emotion inspired by a glance at the poster for *Battle In Heaven*, with its star Anapola Mushkadiz's naked breasts just obscured by the title and a guidance warning us to expect "STRONG REAL SEX", is, curiously enough, a sense of disheartenment. For those of us "fortunate" enough to have watched *9 Songs*, Michael Winterbottom's recent exercise in unsimulated cinematic sex (not to mention boredom), this sort of advertisement masquerading as an advisory would appear to be all you need to give Mexican director Carlos Reygadas' new film a wide berth. This would be a shame as this tale of social injustice, infidelity and desperate circumstances actually turns out to be quite a bit more than the sum of its (graphically displayed) parts.

Reygadas' central figure is Marcos, a private security guard silently tormented by his and his wife's botched kidnapping of a baby. Drawn into an affair by the daughter of his wealthy employer, who prostitutes herself for kicks *Belle De Jour* style, Marcos' predicament slowly, inevitably, spirals into despair and death. In terms of plot, not much more takes place; or at least that's how it seems with Reygadas' trademark directing style which can best be described as funereal in pace. His camera lingers endlessly on faces, bodies and locales; unmoving and silent. Dialogue is minimal – it's the continual silence of human relations that appears to fascinate Reygadas. When music intrudes, it's ear-splittingly loud (the soundtrack, combining baroque concertos with spaghetti-western style fanfares, is one of the films strengths).

For a film that, if we're honest, will have the majority of

its publicity generated by its graphic depictions of sex, *Battle in Heaven* is surprisingly unshocking. The viewer may groan (for the wrong reasons) at the opening shot, where the camera slowly crawls down Marcos' nude body to reveal a tediously predictable blowjob being executed, but for some reason the sex in this film never feels gratuitous. Reygadas lingers as long on the obese bodies of Marcos and his wife as he does on Mushkadiz' lithe form during these scenes, and there's something strangely moving about it all. It may sound like the old clichéd argument for defending sex on film but it just feels honest. Given the choice between this and a scantily-clad Jessica Alba being bullwhipped in *Sin City*, I know which I find more offensive.

That said, *Battle In Heaven* has numerous failings. Reygadas' disconnected style, and his use of non actors whose stark 'acting' often just seems like line reading, never allow us to truly connect with the characters or the situation. The incessant protracted camera shots and seeming inertia of it all can be frustrating to say the least. The unremitting bleakness often feels senseless, and there were periods where I couldn't tell whether what I was being beguiled or bored. I didn't 'like' *Battle In Heaven*, but I don't think it's a film that can be liked, and several of its moments, such as the hitherto impassive Marcos' unexpected disintegration into sobs on a hilltop overlooking the vista of Mexico City, ensure that it's a cut about the usual pretentious, instantly dismissible "provocative" arthouse fare. Go and make up your own mind.

Carly Farthing

Voyeurism, Nipples and Civil Rights

HANNAH BRIGGS talks to filmmaker CARLOS REYGADAS about his latest film BATTLE IN HEAVEN

I couldn't help expecting the visionary behind a film which in its opening sequence features a 360° performance of fellatio, to be a portly Mexican smoking a fat cigar. It came as some surprise therefore, to be greeted by a most affable thirty-four year-old, modest and understated in scruffy jeans and leather. I took the opportunity to sit down with lawyer turned filmmaker Carlos Reygadas, at

the Cambridge premier of his new film, *Battle in Heaven* (*Batello en el cielo*).

Inspired by Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, the film tells the story of Marcos, a working class Mexican who has kidnapped a baby and spends his time chauffeuring around the General's daughter, who happens to be a high class teenage prostitute. Having just watched the film, I couldn't help feeling

an overriding sense of disappointment. Despite the controversial subject matter and experimental use of sound and image, the film is largely stagnant and lacking in spirit. A great deal of screen time is devoted to shots of Marcos staring into oblivion. However, on one occasion he does wet himself, as he come to terms with his criminal status. The attempt to convey a character's internal thought processes through sound and visuals is in fact very creative. In reality however, this is difficult to pull off and risks alienating the audience, as I feel is the case with this film. However, Carlos is keen to point out how an audience's perception of film is really a question of habit. "People are so bombarded by the warm faces and colours of television that they cannot identify with something less familiar."

Don't you think that this kind of objectivity has become a kind of cliché in arthouse cinema, I ask curiously. "No, not at all. I film people in this way so that the audience can see things to a different degree. If you have a lot of dialogue and acting, the audience can only identify with characters on these levels. However, I think this creates a barrier between the audience and the actors' pure presence on

the camera."

Carlos makes a point of casting non actors in his films, who are largely friends or strangers he finds on the streets. "I like their presence and their ener-

“FOR ME, WATCHING SEX IS THE SAME AS WATCHING A COUPLE WALKING THROUGH A PARK, HAND IN HAND”

gy," he remarks affectionately. I then proceed to ask him about the film's uncompromising portrayal of the body, to which he smirks and mutters mysteriously that bodies are the only

things we can trust, "When we speak, a lot of crap comes out, but when we move, we imitate. Bodies speak for themselves, so I just tried to pay homage to our flesh."

Cinema by definition is voyeuristic although, for Carlos, this is very much a positive statement: "The problem with voyeurism is when it becomes a sickness and you prefer to watch others rather than living yourself. We have a complex about watching sex in society. For me watching sex is the same as watching a couple walking through a park, hand in hand. If you want to understand something deep happening between a couple, you can learn a great deal by observing them having sex."

I can now quite believe that Carlos' mother is an anthropologist turned psychiatrist. Comfortable in the realms of conversation about voyeurism, I was keen to get Carlos' take on the film's ending. "Do you mean the blowjob? It's meant to be a kind of redemption, a gift for the viewer, to show that there is some happiness for the characters after all. The whole film's about longing. I'm trying to show that when you long for something, in a sense you already have it; it's a form of hope."

The film has received a controversial reception across festivals in Europe this summer. Perhaps attitudes towards sex are simply more liberal in South America, as films such as *Amores perros* and *Y tu mamá también* would suggest. "As a filmmaker, I've noticed that sex is definitely a taboo subject in America and Britain, which is very hypocritical given Americans are the greatest global consumers of pornography. Britain seems to me a very violent society, yet you have all this stupid political correctness about animal rights. For instance, my previous film *Japón* was rated for general viewing in France and Mexico, but here it was an eighteen." Maybe we simply have a culture of not wanting to offend, I point out. "Yes, but so do we, it's just the measure of offence is very different. Why for instance are nipples always edited out of films in the UK? What's so offensive about nipples?! As a Mexican this kind of amuses me, but if I lived here I'd be thinking this is a violation of my civil rights."

Carlos anticipates making a love story for his next project, which he plans to shoot next year. Knowing this director's appetite for the controversial, audiences look set for another treat.



Carlos Reygadas at the Sarajevo Film Festival

ULTIMATE BAG-UETTE LADY

BENJ OHAD SEIDLER meets **GABRIELA DI CARLO**, former Commercial Director of Fendi, Bottega Veneta and Versace to discuss her new ‘It’ brand - Shiro

Gabriella Di Carlo is a woman of few words. They are, however, laced with clarity, sensitivity and a certain wit that, unlike that which we find at Cambridge, has a universal resonance. The former commercial director of Fendi, Gucci’s Bottega Veneta and Versace was born in Italy and raised in New York, finding herself back in Rome in time to attend an International Catholic high school.

Di Carlo has the ultimate cosmopolitan manner. “Having attended international schools,” she explains, “I had

the wonderful opportunity of growing up with peers that came from all over the world. When dealing with fashion we are not creating or directing a product only to one culture; we’re talking internationally,” she reveals, as she takes a sip of her cappuccino, “It’s extremely important to understand both from a product point of view as well as a commercial point of view what are the needs and expectations of different cultures. You

need to know exactly what’s going on [around the world] because fashion is affected. In Japan there are problems with the colour with because white is considered a colour of mourning. You have to be aware. What you see on the runway, that’s different. On the runway you have to provoke.”

But why fashion? Why aspire to a deal with Harrods when you have enough diplomacy and insight to negotiate the treaty of Versailles? Di Carlo speculates, “my family is Italian and had a knack for a certain taste and way of life. I was just always attracted to fashion, I loved it. But I never thought it would become my occupation. It was just my own thing... It was something innate.”

Emphasising the Romance of her life, a silky blend of travel, luxury and traditional Italian values, Di Carlo attributes the happenings of her life to passion. A passion that gets your talent motorised and is brought about by a profound respect for what you do. So profound, in fact, that she actually slept next to her first Gucci bag as a young girl.

Even then she realised the allure of luxury, and went on to study marketing at university. “That was extremely important,” she notes, “If you’re looking at the business side of fashion you need to have that kind of formation after high school. After University, I was attracted to the fashion world and I just started writing my ‘little letters’ to the various designers. And in Rome at that time there weren’t that many fashion houses [there still aren’t]. But I wrote to Fendi and Carla Fendi personally asked me for an interview. I was just out of college and when we met it just clicked... I think she liked the fact that I was an Italo-American as Fendi was working with the US market. She also had a very good insight and she understood that I would be a good little ‘creature’ for her. She gave me a job and that’s how it started.”

But what Carla Fendi wanted her ‘creature’ to do exactly remains a mystery. “Believe me,” Di Carlo continues, “in fashion nothing is very specific. I think it’s very rare that you’ll find someone with a really defined job descrip-

tion. It’s such an eclectic world that you have more exposure to the different sides of business. You can’t only do business, you have to have a sense of style. You have to know about design and production, you need to know your numbers, and how to deal with the press. It’s a very difficult world to deal with because its tough to constantly change and many people would rather have a more secure job and an easier life.”

“YOU CAN’T ONLY DO BUSINESS, YOU HAVE TO HAVE A SENSE OF STYLE”

When I delve into her fashion past, Di Carlo methodically analyses her work and what it meant for her own personal sense of style. Di Carlo does not gush when she illustrates her points, but calmly notes; “my first experience at Fendi was my longest... I stayed with them for seventeen years. I must say that they affected my style a lot. I actually was considered the Fendi lady because I represented a type of Fendi woman because I was tall and

‘big’ enough for their coats and furs.”

When she says big, I give her one of my (much practised) looks of journalistic disbelief. When I then realise that she means large in terms of character as opposed to stature, I poke myself in the eye, trying to pass off my idiotic expression as something related to an allergy. “What I liked at Bottega Veneta.” Di Carlo continues, “was the quality factor. I liked that everything was handmade. From a styling point of view I thought Bottega was a bit too soft compared to Fendi that was very avant-garde due to Karl Lagerfeld, who is a remarkable designer... [When] Versace relaunched I tried to help them by going back to the fabric and design history, but I wouldn’t say I’m much of a Versace woman.”

There are no mentions of sales figures and business growth. She does not gossip about Fendi’s recent dubious collections and how she turned Bottega Veneta from an ailing house to one of Gucci’s most successful fledgling brands. She does not feel the need to explain why she left Versace so quickly, because what’s done is done. She picks up her handbag and caresses this piece of exquisitely low-key, supple black crocodile leather.

That bag brings us to Shiro, a new luxury leather and fur-based label she has launched with designer Massimo Allestrini. “Shiro is a totally quality-oriented Italian-made product, and a very

niche product. It’s not for the logo driven person; we’re not talking about the woman who gets on the bus and is wearing the same bag as everyone else.” Judging by these prices, though, I’m guessing that’s because the woman owns the bus, the bus is actually a stretch limousine, and there’s no one else in it.

And where brands can be synthesized into facts and statistics, success cannot. I am surprised to see Di Carlo evolve into a mystic as our conversation continues. “How can I tell if a product will be successful?” she contemplates, “I think that’s some kind of magical sensation I’ve had. People always say that I have a ‘smell’, I know if it’s going to happen and I go for it. I just know it... that’s something I have... its like a sixth sense or something. People tend to make fun of me, saying ‘you’re a witch.’ And I say ‘maybe I am, I am dressed in black.’ ”

But Di Carlo knows the ins and outs of fashion and her dedication is the why and the how to her success, as she notes, “The secret to fashion is that nobody has the final word. The boardroom can dictate numbers but if you don’t have the designer to create the right product, the press to support it and the buyers to buy it, it’s useless. That’s why I find this work so fascinating. It’s a pattern and everyone is entwined, so everyone has to work together with everyone else.”

All the Answers

Chris Addison by Luke Roberts

After being the nearly-winner of the coveted *Perrier* for many years running, bombarding an audience with shows about Britishness, class, civilisation and evolution, Chris Addison is bringing his show *Atomicity* to the Junction this Friday. It’s a digressive and whimsical ramble sparked by the periodic table, which once more earned a Perrier nomination. His success on the stand-up circuit has recently led to a part in Armando Iannucci’s high-quality Whitehall sitcom *The Thick of It*, and a Radio Four series *The Ape that Got Lucky*, based on a previous Edinburgh show.

In this interview, however, I asked him things that do relate to *Atomicity*, but failed entirely to ask him questions about the content of the actual show. But it’s easy to see these things in retrospect. The points at which Chris Addison clearly wanted me to ask him

about the show’s content are marked with an *.

Varsity: How are you?
Chris: I’m fine how are you.
Varsity: I’m fine thank you.
Chris: Well done.*
Varsity: Your show, *Atomicity*: Has it changed since Edinburgh?
Chris: Well...* it goes on longer. In Edinburgh you get very restricted time slots, you have to get out in an hour or else you get fined. I find my self straying from the show a lot more and going off on further tangents, because I haven’t spoken to anyone during the day.
Varsity: Does that make for a better show?
Chris: Oh, yes, definitely. Sometimes, yeah – it’s a very concentrated thing to get through in an hour.* And there is a temptation to make it a bit more baggy when you’ve got the time.
Varsity: And do you find the responses of your audiences change as you move around the country?
Chris: Some places have more momentum, but I don’t think there’s any sort of systematic change. Different places have a different feel, different nights of the week. Whether it’s raining or not.
Varsity: A lot of people go on about you being a really intelligent comic. Is that something you get sick of?
Chris: Yeah. I don’t think I am. I’m no smarter than anybody in my audience. It’s an easy thing for journalists to say. The subjects are big: the jokes are silly. Doesn’t require any previous understanding about what I’m talking about.



I don’t ever think ‘I can’t do that because the audience won’t get it’ – you’ve lost if you think that. They’re much cleverer than most of us ever think.

I choose my subjects

because I find them fascinating in a sort of pub-quiz-dilettante-ish way, you know, in the way that people find ‘did you know facts’ quite exciting, people find these* quite exciting. I don’t go into them*

terribly deeply. I mean I don’t have the time. Even if it was an hour without any jokes, I couldn’t go into it* very deeply. It’s an hour, the vast majority of it is jokes.* They’re things which I find really interesting*, and really good starting points for thinking about things in a different way.*
Varsity: Do you have any advice for aspiring comedians around the university?
Chris: Well. Your particular university does have a tradition of that.

Varsity: It does have a tradition of that, yes.
Chris: You know, *Footlights* and smokers and various other ways of doing comedy at comedy are an anomaly.
Varsity: That’s true.
Chris: There are student reviews every so often in other universities.
Varsity: Yeah.
(So far no advice)
Chris: For me starting out was like it was for everybody. Schlepping round doing five minute spots
Varsity: Yeah.
Chris: for free at pubs
Varsity: Yeah.
Chris: trying to get paid work, building it up slowly from then
(no advice coming.)
Varsity: *The Thick of It*, I guess, is the next thing to talk about. What’s it like working with Armando Iannucci?
Chris: Working with Armando Iannucci is astonishing. Great. The process of making *The Thick of It* is really intense and quite demanding and quite frightening. He’s an extraordinary comedy brain on him, from a structural

“I’M NO SMARTER THAN ANYBODY IN MY AUDIENCE. THE SUBJECTS ARE BIG: THE JOKES ARE SILLY”

point of view as well as, you know, jokes.
Varsity: Any other comedy heroes?
Chris: You end up always going back to things you loved most first – for me that would be the Goons. My first real understanding of how astonishing stand-up could be was watching ‘An Audience with Billy Connolly’ which was recorded for LWT in 1985. Is still the best stand-up set available on video.
The Goons and Pythons used to take big notions - Spike Milligan would take big famous novels from the canon of world literature. Nobody ever ever accused them of being massively too intelligent.
Varsity: Thank you. I think that’s enough. Thank you very much.
Chris: No worries. Thank you for your time.*

Chris Addison presents
ATOMICITY at The Junction on Friday 28 oct 7pm



Hallelujah, It's Reading Men

It's time to tackle the last ghetto in Cambridge

Chloe Sackur

Cambridge is a special place. Just the other day, for instance, on a jaunt from p'lodge to street, I passed a young man patiently instructing a girl on how to restraining her bow. I mean the kind of bow you use on the Amazonian battle-front, not the nancy kind used for making fine cultivated music.

Such an anachronistic activity should perhaps come as no surprise. In many other areas it seems we like to live in the past. While women over the age of 21 were given the right to vote in 1928, here in liberal Cambridge, today, we stubbornly hold onto our single-sex havens. And yet since students of New Hall *et al* seem content enough to have voted to remain in their time warp, it is not for me to dispute the perpetuation of St Trinian's into the twenty-first century.

The thing is that at least denizens of the News ('hall and 'nham) were given the choice. In the University's other oestrogen ghetto there has been no such democratic innovation; the English Faculty remains proudly, if unofficially, man-free.

For all of those who no longer converse in the country's official vernacular, but rather in a combination of utterances apparently based upon Riemann's hypothesis, this is the 'salmon pink' building by West Road. Independent of its sexual bias the place is



SIMON CALDER

“If the near-mathematical obscurity of Literary Theory were intimated to the Physics-loving teenage male, he might be enticed to abandon Newton for Nabokov”

hard to love; I have to agree with the chap I overheard telling his friend, 'the English Faculty seems to have been designed by someone who hates English students'.

Yet apart from this observation from a lone male amongst trillions (my estimate) of female students, a deeper voice is rarely heard in the concrete-and-glass

warren.

I got to thinking of this after stumbling across a couple of male Historians there. I asked them what exactly they were doing, though not in a hostile way, because English students welcome all-access trips to our arty asylum. Wandering past the Faculty's glassy exterior, they had noticed the disproportionate "One

guy to twenty chicks" ratio and swiftly taken up residence in the common room to practice their most angst ridden, thoughtful facial expressions. Their endeavours did not, however, afford them much success. It transpires that seminars on the objectification of women by the male gaze in sixteenth-century poetry are of more prac-

tical use than feigned soul-searching.

It seems sad that there aren't more men taking English. The problem begins post-GCSE, in that crucial period of indecision that all Generation-eXam kids face so frequently in the form of, well, forms. Somehow, all those potential dissectors of Shakespeare fall by the misinformed way-

side, deciding to study something more 'manly'. Hemingway would have been outraged; he fitted his creative bursts in very manfully amongst his huntin', fishin', shootin' and fightin'. He called it writin', I like to think.

It's down to English being written off (ba-boom) as being about mushy girly stuff, like feelings and, you know, the Darkness of the Human Soul. Perhaps, if the near mathematical obscurity of Literary Theory was intimated to the Physics-loving teenage male, he might be enticed to abandon Newton for Nabokov, Hawking for Hawthorne.

But what we really need isn't better advertising. Oh no. What we need is a new superstar scribbler. Perhaps not a Beckham of performative poetry ("I'd like two tickets for Rooney's Rhymes, please"), but some other, less gender-ambiguous, literary lion.

If we can't convince men to study English for its own sake, we should trick them into it by playing on their insecurity and willingness to follow a more socially adept leader. A genetically engineered cross between the Pied Piper and Keats is what the doctor has ordered, though ideally one less prone to death by tuberculosis. Listening to his song the rats will come, and English faculties across Britain will swell with men applying their spatial awareness to the space between the lines.

Well-Read Male Seeks Girl Impressed By Bookworm

How books can help you escape your self-hatred

Adam McNestrie

I like books because I don't appear as a character. Not explicitly, anyway. Not by name. Books don't fuck me over. They don't set me essays. They don't complain about my formulaic sentence structure. In fact, they don't give a fuck about me. They treat me as if I was you and that, let me tell you, is the greatest compliment that anyone or anything can ever give me. They are not identity-contingent; if they were I probably wouldn't read.

Two-time Guardian Student Media Award nominee Ned Beauman (see last issue but one) likes F. Scott Fitzgerald; I don't. I liked the way *The Great Gatsby* was quite short, but I found *Gatsby* entirely unworthy of his alliterative epithet; the mediocre *Gatsby* or the ludicrous *Gatsby* would have been more apt to my mind. Fitzgerald's aphrodisiacal qualities have also been disappointingly exaggerated. I took *Gatsby* off my shelf after reading Beauman's article and carried it round with me all day; I even pointed it suggestively at several women, but without any discernible

effect. In the end, I was nothing but a lonely singleton carrying around a book I wasn't reading as a very Cantabrigian virility symbol. (I'm not alone: a recent survey revealed that one in three consumers in London admitted to having bought a book just to look intelligent.)

Pace Beauman, books don't get you girls, no matter how well you talk about them afterwards, no matter how experimental your hand gestures, no matter how bold your neologisms. Books are good because they are representations of the world. They're extrapolations, distortions, presentations, rationalisations: the world obliquated through the mind of the author and presented, self-contained and linear, before the reader. Obsessions are friends of mine because they obviate the need for choice. I like books for the same reason. The world out there is gargantuan, eclectic, unsifted, unintelligible; if we want to experience it we have to judiciously exercise will and choice. Books have done all the work for us; all we have to do is choose which tome's version of the world to buy into. Books are

the prostitutes of life experience; they're always willing to accede to your advances, with or without Beauman's Fitzgeraldian mating dance.

Books aren't just hazard-elusion devices, effort-savers, or problem-solvers. They don't just save us from difficult decisions and independent world interpretation; they fictionalise as well as represent. They are heightened. They are just as much art as reportage; they are worlds ideal and nightmare, portraying characters heroic and anti-heroic. Books are more than just the amputation and reproduction of manageable novel-sized bits of life; the raw material is beaten, abused and reshaped by the artist's store of prejudice, psychosis, artifice and plagiarised pretensions.

Not another fucking list, Adam: it's clear that your own writing is about cutting the perceived world into bite-sized morsels, assigning apt, if difficult, adjectives to them and laying them out with a linearity that mirrors your discovery. Not more self-referential bollocks: stop critiquing yourself in the article.

This is why I read and oughtn't to be

allowed to write. I don't appear as characters in the books I read. At least I don't think I was a character in *The Great Gatsby*. Maybe I should read it again to find out. Perhaps it would help me get women...

So you see, writers are the greatest of men. They are visionaries, hermeneutists on a grand scale; in choice and apprehension they mercilessly outstrip everyone else. They are path-finders, guides, a source of forlorn hope for humanity, appraising and rendering where others cower with clenched eyes. They show us projections, scenarios, constructions, externalisations of their inner worlds; they give us privileged access to their relationship with the unfathomable without. Writers sculpt alternate worlds out of language with immanent truths, where each detail and phrase chosen from an infinity of similitude is fitted together to create something complete. That is, good writers do; not the contemptible dilettantes who write for execrable ego exhibitions like *Varsity* and *TCS*.

FEE FIGHT CONTINUES



CUSU PRESIDENT
Laura Walsh

“You're not still fighting fees, are you?” said a friend as I told him of my year's plans. Yes I am. Several years of campaigning came to an end in 2004 when the Bill allowing top-up fees was passed. So what's the point if they're already happening? The point is there is still a fight to be had.

Top-up fees will be here from 2006 - currently capped at £3,000, but for how much longer? It is due to be reviewed in 2009, and if the cap is lifted, variable fees are likely; universities charging differing rates to attract 'consumers'. Cambridge, of course, will not need to adopt such tactics as they have their reputation to rely on. Cambridge can afford to charge more, and will. But many are unable to pay. The University, the colleges, CUSU and the students have done so much over the last few years for access; we can't allow it to be undone.

Variable fees bring the concept of higher education as marketplace. The thought of people choosing universities on their cost horrifies me. CUSU believes potential applicants should ask where they want to study, not where they can afford to study. If you believe that too, then help us do something about it.

Many are sitting back and accepting fees. I have news for you; the University is not sitting still. They are moving forward in their fight for fees, so why aren't we moving forward in our fight against them? The idea of Student Unionism is to fight for students, so if we don't do anything to halt the increase in fees, who will?

That's why I owe it to every student in this University to carry on the fight. While I applaud the Vice-Chancellor for launching the 800th campaign and searching for other sources funding, I find her comments that they are prepared to charge students more troubling. If variable fees are allowed, Cambridge will be one of the most expensive. Top-up fees are here yes, but we need to work to ensure they do not go higher. We may have lost the battle - we can still win the war.

Come to our "Facts on Fees" meeting on Wednesday 2nd November at 6.15pm in the McCrum Lecture Theatre, Corpus: a chance to learn about the history of funding, where we are now and where we can go from here. We can go somewhere if we are strong and united.

The University needs to realise that it doesn't matter how good your bursaries are - many students won't even get as far to find out; they will have already been put off by Cambridge's reputation of unaffordability. Alongside campaigning against fees, we need to push the University to show potential applicants that they will get the financial support they need to study here. Bursaries should make a tangible difference to those from the poorest backgrounds and not just be a nod towards their agreement with the Office for Fair Access enabling them to charge full fees.

CUSU will play its part in this through our access work, getting the message across that there are ways to afford to come here, but this is a message we should not have to be giving in the first place. Higher education should be fair, should be funded and should be free. We need to fight for that, and for that we need you.



Summer has turned to Autumn and Winter isn't far behind. I sort of think four seasons is a bit lazy, and sixteen would be a more reasonable number to expect; mainly because I hope it would be reflected in the number of toppings on the pizza which shares its name.

Women glow when they're pregnant. Not the kind of glow you get when you have to hold the woman under the light for a few minutes, and then cup your hands and peer and peer in with one eye. No. A more attractive glow. Apparently this is to make their men stay with them. It's not a conscious thing, that women have this glow function and just choose when to turn it on. No – Nature does it. It's all Nature's work. Thanks Nature, you're beautiful and your favourite colour is green, which is fine by me even though my favourite colour is blue and you don't like blue much at all. But wouldn't it be nicer if nature just gave women this glow all the time? And why not even maybe give the men that glow sometimes? Nature, not for the first time, you've let us down. First wasps, then hurricanes, and now this.

Man and nature have a fairly awkward relationship. Man has done things for Nature – Nature would never have got half her ideas without GCSE textbooks to describe the nitrogen cycle and the water cycle and blood – yet Nature still seems grumpy. Nature apparently communicates with mankind most often to indicate that mankind needs to urinate. This is odd.

But then, I guess there's a reason we're not really on talking terms anymore. Since the industrial revolution, our pollution has been the equivalent of a rude word chanted during school assembly, louder and louder until a figure of authority hears it. Nature's only bloody heard – and during a memorial assembly for a really close friend of Nature.* And pretty soon the glow of pregnant women might go entirely.

What can we do to prevent this? I think it boils down to the country code – it turns out all Nature wants is for us to close the gates behind us. There's a gate left open somewhere, and Nature will calm down when we find it. Sorted. Great. Ta. Get hunting! For gates, not foxes.

Maybe also recycle and don't use so much electricity or water. But this is hard and takes effort, or at least a good memory, so proceed with caution. Play it by ear – if you're desperate for good weather one day, or really desperate for your roses to bloom, put some recycling out in the morning. The fact that it happens so infrequently will make it seem more special to Nature – like a nice little treat – and Nature will reward you appropriately.

Stop playing sports. You're kicking up those fields like nobody's business. Rugby's a definite no-no. Only Table Tennis is absolutely fine – fantastic if you keep your table tennis table in the extension: Nature abhors a vacuum but adores the back room. You can confuse Nature by storing your vacuum in the back room.

You'd think, because of the sort of stooped-over way that they walk, that old men would be really good at playing prop forwards in rugby matches. Turns out they're not. But Nature doesn't mind rugby in this case, because rugby helps it take its course. And then helps the nitrogen cycle.

* Maybe Wordsworth. Probably Wordsworth. Wordsworth.



I'll Do Graffiti If You'll Sing To Me In French

Love doesn't conquer all. Statistically speaking.

There are three things you realise when you are brokenhearted: i) You will never really find anyone quite as lovely as the one you've left behind sobbing at the train station; ii) Cambridge is no good for relationships with people who are not in Cambridge; and, iii) Ben and Jerry's is two for a fiver in Sainsbury's and its certainly not going to last long enough for you to worry that the gyp room doesn't have a freezer. Regular Ophelias will know the emotional benefits (and serious physical drawbacks) a tub of ice cream and a teaspoon can bring, but to spare you (and my upchuck reflex) I will set aside my Phish Food inspired spiel and merely concern myself with point number ii). (Although do give the Dublin Mudslide a go).

Cambridge is absolutely no good for relationships with people who are not in Cambridge. Even the most amorous, dewy-eyed of freshers, overheard in the corridor squealing "you hang up first...no you" into her Sony Ericsson will be snogging someone else's face off in Cindy's by the beginning of Lent term. We've got a sweepstake going on how long the eye candy upstairs can hold out against hours of late night essay crises and the constant predation of the second year boys' drinking society. It's a shame. Her boyfriend came up from Brighton last weekend. He seems so nice.

It is scientifically impossible to make your summer love last when you hit, well, the un-Real World. Suddenly your essay looms bigger than Hokusai could draw a tsunami; that Google Society formal you just can't miss is only ten minutes away and you've got to iron your gown (or something); and before you know it, you've forgotten to reply to that text message he sent you in the UL that you quickly had to hide as the scary librarian was walking past. Last month.

What about your prospects within Cambridge? Well, after a year it has finally clicked that, no matter how much you leave your inhibitions behind, after a few

pints you also find they were inextricably tied to a little package called "good judgement", and besides, you're certainly not going to find your Casanova in Kambur. There are no sirens on the rocks at Soul Tree.

And then there's oxbridgelifeline.com, the dating service that snorts "don't marry outside your intellectual class". Am I the only one who senses something sinister in this scheme to get us all to marry as if in order to multiply and create a 'super

“Regular Ophelias will know the emotional benefits (and physical drawbacks) a tub of ice cream and a teaspoon can bring”

race' of incredibly academically gifted (although possibly socially inept and very likely a bit horsey) children? Somehow the words "Aryan" and "genocide" come to mind, but that might just be a result of my overactive historian's imagination. As someone pointed out to me, they haven't built the gas chambers.

Yet.

According to my friend Eva, 60% of Cambridge graduates marry other Cambridge graduates. This is either, i) untrue, ii) a shocking coincidence (the mathmo next to you at speed-dating can probably work out the exact probability), or, iii) my theory is correct: it simply is too difficult to hold a relationship with anyone outside Cambridge. If you can prove me wrong do write a letter. Please.

And they're not the only kind of relationships that manage to disintegrate quicker than the time it takes for you to pick up your new room key from the Porter's Lodge. Why do you think that they have a postbox in the University Library? And why do they sell so many postcards? The truth is, these little slips of cardboard are emergency messages home. They say "look mum, I'm still alive,". There's one of the Reading Room, complete with grey carpet and soggy pine desks: I wouldn't be surprised if it was a bestseller. Call me a bad daughter, but I was surprised not to find my face under the missing persons helpline column last time I bought the *Big Issue*. Sting must have done time in Cripps' too: we should just send a 'message in a bottle' floating down the Cam. You know, an SOS to the world.

There are some who seem to maintain perfectly good relationships with parents, lovers, pet hamsters, best friends from primary school. There's that girl whose name I can't quite recall but I remember her face from matriculation dinner. So, what is the future for us bright young things? Enough job prospects to ensure your head spins with the choice of office walls to stare at, a six-figure salary before Cantab can print the words 'first-class', and an alcohol tolerance that means you'll drink even the most hardy of young interns under the table. Then return home to TV dinners and pet Alsatians (the same ones that will maul us after our death, Bridget Jones-style).

Yes, I'm so grateful that I find myself in one of the most prestigious seats of learning in the world. Yes, I'm so excited that every day I pass by a young maths prodigy, an internationally renowned concert pianist, the next Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist and two champion blues rowers before I've even left my front door. Yes, its amazing, yes, we are so young and yes, yes, I really will miss him.

Mary Bowers



We're going to print 100,000 free newspapers next term. We could do with a hand. Could you edit Varsity? See page 26

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News - The Munby Room, King's: 7pm, Sundays
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Literature - Tatties, Trinity St: 2pm, Friday
Comment - The Eagle, 8.30pm, Monday
Contact section editors (left) to get involved with other sections.

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VARSTY

VARSLITY

A question of rights

Two outstanding pieces of new student writing are discussed in this week's Theatre pages. According to Intellectual Property laws, the university owns them. If these had been the circumstances for an undergraduate Tom Stoppard, Britain's well-loved playwright would be considerably poorer today. Indeed, he might have been barred from staging his most famous play. Yet whilst playwrights will always form an admired minority, this significant problem is of far greater concern for all at the university who won't be personally rewarded for their own research, especially in scientific fields of endeavour.

Intellectual Property is about rights. People who create ideas need to have rights to protect those ideas, because there will always be people who can't create, who will try to steal them to their own advantage.

A university is a community of ideas – of collective thinking and creativity in every field. Cambridge is such an ivory tower. Not a centralised corporation run by professional managers. No institution is greater than the sum of its parts and it is the individuals who inhabit this place that make it great. Their individual ideas.

As with Physical Property laws, whilst land can be owned, people cannot – they would be subject to slavery – and distinguishing between people and their ideas is a difficult thing to do. But the rights of students are not satisfactorily represented here, and case studies constantly submitted to *Varsity* provide endless reminders of this.

This policy clearly discriminates against students, and against college fellows. It undermines academic autonomy and will inevitably dissuade people from studying here. It signals only the beginning of a great debate...

The next issue of Varsity will include interviews with the leading figures from either side of this debate: Professor Anderson and the Pro Vice Chancellor Ian Leslie.

The right fight?

After a long, exhausting battle, NUS and CUSU's fight to prevent the introduction of top-up fees ended in disappointment in 2004. For those sixth-formers who successfully traverse next month's interviews process, annual fees of £3,000 to study at Cambridge will be a fact of life. So will they be in any conceivable future under a Labour government.

The alternative of an (increasingly likely Cameron-led) Conservative administration offers no more reason for optimism to the present student consensus. If and when the party finally gains a coherent policy for higher education funding, it looks certain only to rank 'as bad' or 'worse' by CUSU's standards: a not-so appetising choice between top-up fees or a reduction in student numbers and commercial rates of interest on student debt, lessening the burden of state subsidy.

This is the real-life context in which, as Laura Walsh writes on page 17, CUSU will continue to fight for a 'free education'. Their fears regarding the Vice-Chancellor's apparent welcoming of the cap's lift in 2009, and resolve to fight it, seem well placed and encouraging. The battle against this dramatic, inequitably stratifying change of the situation still offers considerable prospect for debate and even victory.

But regarding the wider fight, Walsh's assurances to her members that "alongside" continuing the campaign against fees *per se*, she will pressure the University to better publicise its bursaries schemes, seem lacking. For CUSU to even entertain prioritising the former at the cost of fulfilling their own responsibility to do the latter seems a stubborn, futile denial of reality.

Perceptions of debt deter applications from poorer backgrounds. As Walsh says herself, CUSU "has done so much for access: we can't allow it to be undone". Aggressively and straightforwardly publicising both the more open availability and benefits of a Cambridge degree - and bursaries that might relieve its financial burden - seems the way to do this. Wasting any more valuable time, energy and resources on a lost fight for a chargeless education does not.



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CUSU to architects: we fought together

Dear Sir,

I was most surprised and amused to discover a letter from Bengt Cousins-Jenvey and George Rhys Jones (*Varsity Letters*, 21 October) throwing their toys out of the pram because of a flyer from CUSU highlighting a prominent example of an occasion where CUSU stood shoulder to shoulder with its members to defend their education and welfare on an issue that mattered to them.

Much as I am annoyed that the lectern I allowed them to borrow has not been returned, I find it somewhat amusing that they seem to believe that the rally was about "us" and "them".

The attendance, publicity, and triumph of that campaign (there was more to the campaign than simply the protest) are a tribute to the huge efforts that students of the architecture department put into saving their subject, supported by their union.

Not just through the intensive lobbying and press

work put in by myself and other CUSU officers, or the donkey work of poster, flyer, and petitioning, or even the substantial finances we pumped into the campaign, but through the support and mobilisation of the student body as a whole.

It is indeed a sad pity and sign of the times that some students still believe that CUSU is a separate entity that simply provides services (yawn), rather than a union of students in which we can unite together, fight together and win together.

Wes Streeting
CUSU President (2004-05)

PS - Give me my lectern back!

A Durham Tory is proud to be Right

Dear Sir,

I was most interested in the pen product of Mr Tim Roach (*Varsity Comment*, 28 October). Mr Roach should know that there is at least one student who will never break out into "blushes" when making the case for such things as

controlled immigration; just see the latest issue of Durham University's *Palatinate* (on which Mr Roach used to work) for proof. It was under his editorship, after all, that the unashamedly right-wing 'Broadhurst Berates' column began in our paper.

I suppose the difference between us is that I never had the chance to go to a grammar school. I went to a comp, where being conservative was most certainly not *de rigueur*. But living in a certain Midlands city, every day I saw the failings of welfare-state, multicultural, EU-dominated Britain.

And I'll never feel the Right is inadequate, even while Mr Roach starts to sound horribly centrist.

Robert Broadhurst
Deputy Editor, *Palatinate*
(Durham student newspaper)

An unfair generalisation

Dear Sir,

The English Faculty places Irish Literature in the English Literature section. This is despite having an American Literature

Letters

section and other such distinct categories.

Irishness is a fluid identity. Anyone can go into an Irish Bar. No doubt many non-Irish Cambridge students have ventured into one. But perhaps this fluidity is not as fluid as the English Faculty assumes. An "Irish Bar" cannot, after all, be renamed an "English Bar".

Ireland adopts English second-rate footballers. They helped Northern Ireland beat England in September. But this is no reason why the English should claim Irish first-class literature.

Patrick Leonard
Girton College

A word from our chums at Oxford

Dear Sir,

I just wanted to write to compliment you on your new layout. At "the other place" we're enjoying it greatly, even if it is a bit *Guardian*!

Andrew Dagnell
Deputy Editor, *Cherwell*
(Oxford student newspaper)



Letters of the Week

Money and the "milk-snatcher"

Dear Sir,

I'm sure I cannot have been the only reader left slightly mystified by Zoe Pilger's assertion (*Varsity Investigations*, 21 October) that Margaret Thatcher, our former prime minister, is unsuitable as a donor to Cambridge university. Ms Pilger's three major gripes - that Mrs Thatcher supported General Pinochet, cut university funding, and, um, supported "free trade" and other similarly fascist policies - were all well-known at the time of her third endorsement by the electorate in 1987.

Perhaps Ms Pilger should be more concerned about

the university's main donor - a shadowy entity calling itself "Her Majesty's Government". Not only does it support free trade and have daily contact with many despotic regimes - it also invades other countries using dodgy evidence and makes students pay to go to university.

Surely *Varsity* wouldn't be so unprincipled as to suggest that Cambridge should accept the government's money simply because it would go bust without it?

Edward Turnham
Christ's College

Letters may be edited for
style or space

Quick Sudoku (Hard)

Dear Sir,

Despite much practice over the summer, I would still consider the above an oxymoron.

Dave Solan
Homerton College

Letters of the Week win a specially selected bottle from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants, King's Parade



"Westminster is, essentially, a giant Oxbridge college"

The Last Word

This Week: From Cambridge to Parliament

If it was the real world that I was hoping for after three years in Cambridge then the Conservative Research Department, tucked away in the heart of the Westminster Village, was never going to provide the starkest example of reality.

Essentially, the Palace of Westminster is just a giant Oxbridge college. It's not only the architecture, and the quickly-acquired pretence of being blasé about it all ("Oh, that? That's where Charles I was put on trial..."), it's the little similarities. There's an internal mail service which isn't terribly efficient, the tourists seem to have been trained to

dawdle in your way when you're in a hurry, and the food in the canteens offers plenty to stomachs nostalgic for the fare they grew hardened to over three years in Hall. The only real difference I've noticed, in fact, is that the porters here are all armed.

It's probably not surprising that there should be such similarity between the beating heart of British democracy and our nation's great universities when so many MPs are Oxbridge alumni (27 per cent, to be precise). To some, that's an invidious fact - and one which certainly helps people like Jeremy Paxman (St Catharine's) and

Andrew Marr (Trinity Hall) sell their exposés of the secret Oxbridge mafia running Britain - but I'm much less bothered.

The perverse snobbery directed at Oxbridge graduates overlooks the fact that so many of us were state school-educated, and that the admissions policy which gave us the privilege of an Oxbridge education is built on the noblest pillars of meritocracy.

Anyway, it could be far worse: in the general election held the year I was born, more Old Etonians were returned to Parliament than women. As the rest of my life threat-

Stephen Parkinson

ens to pan out in front of me, and words like "career", "mortgage" and "pension" lurk on the edge of conversations, I find it helpful to break time down into the far more manageable chunks we call "terms". It's surprisingly reassuring not to have to think further than eight weeks ahead, despite the occasional drawbacks: I made a bit of a prat of myself wishing my colleagues a happy Christmas break last year, and telling them I'd see them "next term".

I guess some things just aren't the same out here in the real world.



SPECTRUM OF SPECTATORSHIP



NOVEL: Nabokov's 1955 masterpiece, *Lolita*, draws us into the obsessive gaze of Humbert Humbert as it dwells uncomfortably on the twelve-year-old 'nymphet'.



FILM: Jonathan Caouette's dizzying autobiography, *Tarnation*, disturbs as much as it dazzles. The keynote scene remains the ten minute close-up of Caouette's schizophrenic mother as she falls apart before our eyes.



DOCUMENTARY: Before Guy Ritchie, Madonna was married to Sean Penn. They argued – violently – and when they didn't, she masturbated on stage during her 'Blonde Ambition' tour. And in *In Bed With Madonna*, it's all caught on camera.



TELEVISION: *Big Brother* was the first and the worst, but still the only circus act to pull in a record 7.8 million viewers, in 2005.



ARTICLE: Laura Mulvey's "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema" (1975), introduces us to the concept of the objectifying male cinematic gaze, and is one of the most widely cited and anthologized articles in the whole of contemporary film theory.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

Are the arts permitting a gaze that isn't rightly ours?
Emma Paterson casts a critical eye

Behind the term 'Peeping Tom' lies a very simple legend: in 1796, as a nude Lady Godiva rode through the streets on horseback, all the surrounding residents shut up their windows with moralistic conviction and refused to look. All but tailor Tom, that is, who was glad to observe – though was later struck blind for the offense.

This week, the stars of *Big Brother* 2005, Derek Laud and Makosi Musambasi, join the Cambridge Union to discuss their journey through the moral and intellectual vacuum of today's reality television. In 2003, the sudden deterioration of the programme's viewing figures threw Channel Four into fits of worry and despair, prompting a desperate attempt to reinvigorate ratings with poor-house rich-house divides; love shacks; and the shameless planting of homophobes and racists amongst an otherwise tolerant candidate list. If only they had saved themselves some trouble and skipped straight over to the on-screen copulation that finally sent ratings soaring. Following the explicit union of Stuart and Michelle in 2004, and Anthony and Makosi in 2005, *Big Brother* reclaimed its 8 million viewers and became Channel Four's highest rated show.

Now, I don't really intend to delve into an investigation of the multiple evils of reality television, or the highs and lows of Channel Four's ratings popularity. Firstly, that would be excruciating, and secondly,

I'm sure that if you visit the Union tonight, Makosi Musambasi will do a far better job. The point I want to make in this preamble is that *Big Brother* was finally rescued by the simple fact that sex has always sold, and, as poor Peeping Tom will no doubt tell you, when it comes to that

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**HAVE THE ARTS
BECOME AN AID
FOR OUR GUILTY
PLEASURES?**
”

which we are not meant to see, we just can't stop looking. And what I really want to talk about is the film, *Peeping Tom*, Michael Powell's landmark cinematic achievement, and the most reviled work of 1960.

Peeping Tom centres on scopophilia, the morbid desire to watch. Its protagonist, Mark Lewis, works in movies, films

women during the moments before sex, and then kills them. It was released in the same year as Hitchcock's *Psycho*, but where Hitchcock's film terrified yet delighted, Powell's repulsed, leaving an aftertaste so bitter in the mouths of those who watched it that a complete and uncut version of the film was not released until 1979, after major sponsorship from Martin Scorsese. The distinction between the reactions is a baffling one. Both films followed a male protagonist whose sadistic obsession with the female form pushed them to violence; both characters were motivated, in part, by destructive parent-child relationships; both were presented as much as victims and they were villains. So why the disparity?

As reductive as it sounds, it was simply the camera that *Peeping Tom*'s protagonist held, and Norman Bates didn't. Bates peered through a hole in the wall as he watched Janet Leigh undressing. Lewis looked through a camera, as though watching a film, and suddenly, unnervingly, the audience felt as though it was doing the same. Wasn't the revulsion engendered by the subject matter of *Peeping Tom* merely a projection of our own discomfort with our role as spectator? Certainly, as in so much of today's cinema, the film raised to the surface the uneasy connections between spectatorship, sex, violence and the arts. As our gaze becomes increasingly fixated upon images

that it shouldn't, do we become complicit in a voyeurism that we would otherwise throw to the mire with society's outcasts, renounce as seedy, and quickly wash our hands of? Have the arts become an aid for our guilty and most secret pleasures?

I remember watching Jonathan Caouette's *Tarnation* (2005), and *Capturing the Friedmans* (2003), and wanting to excuse myself from the claustrophobia of a family dynamic of which I was not legitimately a part. Or feeling the compulsion to watch the full eighty minutes of Michael Winterbottom's *9 Songs* because as much as the sexual explicitness made my eye intrusive, I couldn't tear it from the screen. Or thinking that really, if I open Tracey Emin's recently published autobiography, *Strangeland*, and begin to read that she was raped and sexually abused as a teenager, I should close the cover. I remember thinking to myself that staring might suddenly become sharing, yet that all my reservations would not stop me from giving this transition my full assent.

Was Peeping Tom's blindness a deserved fate? As the other residents shut up their windows to Godiva's torso, were they biting their nails and playing with their hair, consumed by the desire to open the blinds? If this was 1796, I'm sure I would have been struck blind by now, but while I still have my sight, and until the arts put an end to their commitment to bare all, I'm afraid I'm just going to keep looking.

Ned Beaman discusses the voyeurism at the heart of his new play *Camera Obscura*

There are three reasons why someone might be watching you at this very moment: 1. They are a voyeuristic psycho, stalker, or pervert, and they are so close to you that you can almost smell their sweat; 2. They are the government, with a CCTV camera, and every second of footage is being analysed, encrypted, duplicated, tagged, and archived; 3. They are aliens. (Although the early drafts of my play *Camera Obscura* featured aliens in almost every scene, the paltry budget of an ADC late show forced me to cut this aspect entirely.)

I was left with the following question: what relates the Peeping Tom (whom Emma Paterson discusses in her article, left) and the hidden camera? Normally, they are presented as quite separate. The government agents and surveillance experts in Orwell's *1984* or Coppola's *The Conversation* are sexless, almost robotic. They are interested only in preserving themselves and the state. They get no dark pleasure out of their godlike knowledge of the lives of innocent people. But that's deeply implausible. Look at Abu Ghraib. If you put someone in a position of enormous power over a group of people for whom they have nothing but contempt, with no accountability, then half the time they'll abuse that power and they'll have fun doing it. 'Who watches the watchmen?' as Juvenal said.

There's an urban myth that, if you know the right person, you can buy bootlegged footage of rape, torture and murder to watch in the comfort of your home. I didn't used to believe it, but since it was discovered, like Abu Ghraib *redux*, that American websites are offering free porn to US

infantrymen in Iraq in exchange for gory photos of Iraqi casualties, who can tell? And I thought, who would be the big players in a market like that? Britain has more CCTV cameras per head than anywhere in the world, with the average citizen caught on camera thirty times a day - and in every control room there is a bored, lonely human being. My play didn't end up being about

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**SOMEONE MIGHT
BE WATCHING YOU
AT THIS VERY
MOMENT**
”

those people, but about a man on the brink of destruction who is forced to spend an evening in their world. To the government, the streets of London have become a foreign country which they have to colonise. Every crime has a witness. I'm not against CCTV, because I don't want to be mugged in the street. But it still scares me.

Camera Obscura, winner of the Other Prize 2005, is on at the ADC at 11pm November 9th-12th.



PRESCRIBED

Dressing up as bird flu:

there is no scarier costume this Halloween

Buying bikes from the police pound: very cheap, very gangsta, and there might be cocaine or diamonds hidden in the seat cushion

Splash Disco: every Saturday from 5:30 at Parkside pool. We don't know what it is but it sounds amazing

Fizzy fish: some of the best sweets to be had in Cambridge: three packets for a pound in Sainsbury's

Justice: French electrohouse duo: you may know them from their remix of Simian's 'Never Be Alone'. They are going to be big. So big. Probably bigger than the actual abstract philosophical concept of justice

Pure badger-hair shaving brushes: pimp my face

Illustrations: Too hot to burn?

Graphic novelist CHARLES BURNS meets JONNY REGAN

The graphic novel format has, incrementally, risen to some sort of esteem in recent years, and the early 21st century looks like it might herald the genre's true coming of age. It's an interesting phenomenon because it disrupts the natural human desire to pigeonhole: no one quite knows how to categorise a narrative form that simultaneously

“ I TRIED TO MAKE SOME OF THE SCENES SEXY, AND I THINK I’VE PULLED THAT OFF ”

comprises words and pictures. From such shady categorical interstices have emerged some of the most interesting artistic developments throughout history, and some of the most compelling art of the last two decades has been made by graphic novelists. Step forward Charles Burns - the man who has helped to elevate this traditionally unrespected format to the status of popular art. His masterpiece is *Black Hole*, a comic series that started to appear in the mid-nineties and which has recently been made into a single hardback book. The transition from serial to unified novel suits the work, and it also suits its creator, who is “very happy” with the way the book looks.

Black Hole doesn't just combine the novel and the comic. It presents that extended lost moment in youth culture when the idealism of the late sixties had abated, leaving a generation confused about where they were heading and what it meant to be young after the upheaval of the previous ten

years. As the dust jacket to *Black Hole* highlights, this was the vague period “back when it wasn't exactly cool to be a hippie any more, but Bowie was still just a little too weird.” Despite its geographic and historical specificity (Seattle, mid-70s), this is a book about everyone's adolescence, as Burns says: “What I tried to do with *Black Hole* was develop an authentic voice. I tried to tell my story as clearly and precisely as I could. The series reflects on a time period in my life, and it's all about getting that frustration that I felt as an adolescent out there. I think that the frustration that you find in *Black Hole* is universal, and you can recognise it if you were in North America in that period, or in Britain right now. My experiences were probably much more boring than those depicted in the work. I was trying to show the post-sixties thing where that wave of music has broken, and there's a sense of ‘what do we do now?’ It's kind of a lost period, and that's when I grew up.”

“ ALL OF THE DRAWING, ALL OF THE WRITING- EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED TOGETHER ”

Much has been made of *Black Hole's* pitch black content and, yes, there's a fair amount of gruesome material between its covers. However, the series was always about emphasising the beautiful aspects of youth as well as the darker moments, as Burns articulates: “I was trying to bring out the beauty of adolescence. A lot is said about

how dark the book is, but I was aiming at bringing out the intensity of youth- how amazing its highs and its lows are.” This is where the visual aspect of the format really comes into its own. The weird aesthetic of alienation is developed throughout, with the characters regularly removing to Seattle's heavy woodland or to Washington State's amazing coastline to try to escape the quotidian ennui. Thus, Burns gives himself plenty of scope for painting an evocative picture of youth in solitude: “All of the drawing, all of the writing- everything is connected together in this series. There are purely visual elements that do not push the narrative forward, but they definitely contribute to the story on some level, even if it's not explicit. I tried to really bring out the physicality in the look of the woods, because that kind of thing builds the atmosphere of the story as a whole. Maybe if you are reading straight through, you will not catch those things. These subtle visual elements of *Black Hole* are very important to the story line.”

A kind of inverse theory of definition works in relation to Burns's drawing style. His illustrative style used to be a colourful mash, a far cry from the clean binary of his recent black and white drawing. This evolution hasn't come at the expense of visual attractiveness. Rather, the clean lines of Burns's drawing in *Black Hole* seem to augment the weirdness of the tale. We are being offered a story of unspeakable oddity in simple black and white, and this somehow makes it harder to dismiss.

Themes of twisted sex, drugs, genetic mutation and violence may sound like the kind of things that keep Mid-West



from BLACK HOLE by CHARLES BURNS

Charles Burns Factfile

Burns was born in Washington D.C in 1955 before moving to Seattle which later provided the setting for his semi-autobiographical *Black Hole*, started in 1994. Over the years he has been a regular contributor to *RAW* magazine, and has had a weekly strip entitled *Big Baby*. He has also illustrated covers for magazines such as *Time* and the *New Yorker*, as well as designing the sets for stage productions. He has also turned his hand to advertising, creating campaigns for companies like Altoids, and has designed album covers such as Iggy Pop's *Brick By Brick*.

mothers up late at night, but Burns insists that nothing in this novel is superfluous to the plot: “There are passages of the story that are quite graphic, but I don't think any of *Black Hole* is gratuitous in any way- all of what's there contributes to the story. I tried to make some of the scenes sexy, and I think that I've pulled that off, but with this book, there was never any issue of censorship. It was originally put out by a relatively small publisher and so there was very little editing. To an

extent, this was unlike when I was having my comics serialised in newspapers. Back then, there was a healthy amount of self-censorship. I was dealing with some issues that got me into trouble. For example, there was one issue where I was dealing with a fundamentalist religious leader, another where I was doing a thing about God, but as far as *Black Hole* goes, I realised that I didn't want to or need to censor at all.” Some of Burns's pages could

be hung in the halls of the Tate Modern or Manhattan's newly reopened Museum of Modern Art - they are visually appealing in the extreme. He has a great sense of how to drive narrative forward. *Black Hole* is a compelling story that forces you along until its fulminant conclusion. It forces a re-examination of any potential preconceptions about alienated youth, it makes us think twice before deriding the graphic novel form again, and it makes a girl with a tail seem genuinely sexy.

The little dog laughed to see such fun

Rhiannon Adam

The relationship between illustration, words and the reading public is a complex and ever-evolving one. Would I be an English student had it not been for Quentin Blake, Tove Jansson, Bon Brooks, or Ralph Steadman? The answer is probably “No!”. Had not these intriguing visual stimuli captured my imagination early on, I probably would never have been interested in reading. Pictorial interludes can either provide an unexpected insight into the text, or embellish readings and interpretations. It is for the latter reason then, that illustrations rarely find their way into adult fiction. I suppose that the difference between adult fiction and children's picture books, is that as adults we draw on a wealth of experiences to make narratives come to life, rather than rely on our ability to realise the ridiculous and far-fetched through imagination.

I had a rather unique and isolated upbringing, where I didn't have to go to school, where I didn't see other children, and where television was an alien concept - I had no need to judge anything by the ‘real’ or the ‘tangible’. As soon as I came to England I realised that things were not so: there were schools, and rules. If that wasn't enough

there was also the introduction of The Examination. One creative writing piece to write per year, and we were examined on it. A right and a wrong answer: talk about stiling creativity. It got worse as we grew older. Soon we were taught to analyse everything and anything, and by the age of 16, I can safely say that I could no longer pick up a pen and paper and draw the scene I read in a book. Logic took over, I craved a sense of realism, and if I read *The Hobbit* I wanted to think about the time scheme, or the significance of rune symbols. The problem is that somewhere along the line our critical brains are switched on, and Coleridge's “willing suspension of disbelief” becomes redundant. The sofa-explorer culture we have built means that nothing seems beyond our grasp, and is the enemy of illustration. Every pencil mark these days comes embedded with a heavy serving of world knowledge. The illustrators of the pre-television era could maintain some level of innocence and a notion of the abstract. They could create illustrations that took on complete independence. The new crop of illustrators and recipients, however, are encumbered by a stodgy serving of too-much-information and have had their childish naivety beaten out of them.

So, we reach the JK Rowling era of the “Chapter Book”, where books are written for mini-adults who have already lost their ability to imagine. These days, all children's literature seems to suffer from what I have nicknamed “Petit Prince syndrome” - remember the story? A small boy draws a snake swallowing an elephant and the adults see it as a hat? Sound familiar? Try it - give the next child you see a piece of paper and tell them to draw that same scene: I'll bet they attempt to draw realistic snakeskin, probably because they've watched a documentary of it on the *Discovery Channel*. The trouble is that the more we are exposed to, the less we can visualise for ourselves. The purpose of illustration? Debatable. If you think I'm writing off the picture book altogether though, think again. Children's books are not just for children anymore: take a look in the kiddie section of the bookshop next time you're passing. You'll find some real treasures. Appreciate the drawings for what they are: an interpretation probably not too far removed from your own.

- Recommended:**
- Sara Fanelli
 - Bon Brooks
 - J. Otto Seibold
 - Junko Mizuno



RHIANNON ADAM

Venue Guide:

Emmanuel bar

Where is it?
Funnily enough, Emma bar can be found in Emmanuel College. Easily recognisable by the tragic '60s exterior and its allegedly boat-like design. The bar, that is, not the college. Unless you can bribe a student for a Cor-key, entrance to Emma is through the Porter's Lodge situated on St. Andrew's Street.

Why Emma bar?
It serves pints from £1.10. If that's not enough to persuade you, it is also unlikely to be overrun by the types you normally cross the street to avoid and is home to some very comfy blue seats. Oh, and it runs some pretty decent Ents too.

What goes on?
Emma runs two renowned events: Funk Da Bar and Indie In D Bar.

Try not to be put off by the names. The brilliant Funk Da Bar takes place every Wednesday and prices vary from week to week, but never expect to pay more than a fiver. In the past it has attracted DJs and MCs from around the world and as there's something different every week, there's no reason not to try it at least once.

Indie In D Bar is Funk Da Bar gone indie (bet you never saw that coming). 'Indie' is perhaps an exaggeration, but it's certainly more alternative than most Cambridge club nights and at only £2 and dirt-cheap drinks you can't really go wrong. This term they run on the 4th November and 2nd December.

Jamm Jazz sessions are also running this term.

book now:



An Evening with Brian Sewell
The notorious *Evening Standard* art critic will dazzle you with his nightclub ballads, close-up magic, and saucy anecdotes about his time as a chorus girl at RKO studios in 50's Hollywood.

Cambridge Arts Theatre,
Sunday 13th November



Jo Brand
Grandmother-shocking jokes about periods delivered in a throaty voice... and so much more!

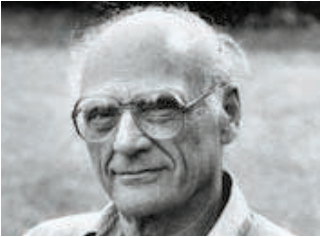
Corn Exchange, 30th November

the essential events of the next seven days



theatre

150 Years of the ADC
Fraysn's *Wild Honey* followed by a *Celebration* of the club's acting talent.
ADC, 7.45pm & 11pm, Tuesday 1st until Saturday 5th November, prices vary



All My Sons

A devastating and tragic deconstruction of the American way of life. family, morality and community are all held to trial in Arthur Miller's first great play.
Pembroke New Cellars, 7.30pm, Tuesday 1st until Saturday 5th November, £5



Orgy

A shocking masterpiece by Italian filmmaker and playwright Pier Paolo Pasolini that lays bare the seedy underside of middle-class existence.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 9.30pm, Tuesday 1st until Saturday 5th November, £5.50/£4



film & music

Cambridge University Chamber Orchestra
Heaps of Beethoven.
West Road Concert Hall, 8pm, Saturday 29th October, £3



Pather Panchali

From 1955, the first of Satyajit Ray's legendary Apu Trilogy, based on the novel by Bibhutibhushan Bandyopadhyay.
Corpus Christi, 8pm, Tuesday 1st November, £2



Battle in Heaven

This new film by Carlos Reygadas, who is interviewed in Varsity this week, shocked audiences at the Cannes film festival with its explicit sex.
Arts Picturehouse from Friday

Pick of the Week

A funny thing happened on the way to Glamis...

"A funny thing happened on the way to Glamis," or so the saying goes. Happily for me this particularly funny thing didn't involve any digressions into mobile forests, child slaughter or invisible cutlery; instead it took the much less spectral form of the Fletcher Players' latest offering, *Living With Lady Macbeth*.

And before you well-read intertextual types start getting ideas, no, this isn't a dramatisation of a Kristeva essay, nor a biting domestic portrait of a young Lorraine Kelly's struggle for acceptance on the Glaswegian stand-up circuit. Much better, this production is quite simply one of those rarest of things: a well thought-out black comedy that actually makes you laugh.

Gytha Lodge, in the central role of Lily Morgan, plays a modest adolescent determined to prove her worth by landing the much sought after part of *Lady Macbeth* in the upcoming school play. Unfortunately for Lily, nobody really believes she quite has the gumph needed to tackle the fiery First Lady of Shakespearean tragedy. "She's too tall", say the popu-

“
A WELL
THOUGHT OUT
BLACK COMEDY
THAT REALLY
MAKES YOU
LAUGH
”

brilliantly acted portrayal of one girl's defiant quest for recognition and acceptance in the face of well-dressed adversity. Although Lodge's performance as the increasingly obsessive misfit-come thesp is hugely enjoyable, it is Katy Burke's deadpan turn as "Mon" (Lily's Daria-esque best friend and general voice of reason) which makes this production such a treat. The

Joseph Dance
reviews *Living with Lady Macbeth* at the Playroom

ular girls; "She's not pretty enough", says her brother; "She's just too, well, nice," her mother adds in a desperate attempt to dissuade her daughter from what she sees as inevitable humiliation.

However, Lily has different ideas. What follows is a scene in which her and Lily narrate the imaginary death scenes of the popular girls who blight their existence has to be the comic acme of the production.

In addition to stealing every scene she's in, Burke has also managed as director to achieve an impressive staging of Rob John's play. Props are kept to a minimum, and décor is decidedly au naturel, featuring nothing more than the stark interior of the Playroom. This was a good choice I feel, as the stage could easily have resembled a set from Grange Hill if cluttered with too much scenery. Instead spot lighting is used to great effect, illuminating characters as they wander in and out of the story passing comment on Lily. The fact that the piece feels more like a tightly edited "mockumentary" is a testament to Burke's thoughtful blocking and the cast's effortless performances. This has to be the best comedy to appear at the Playroom for a long time: go see it.

Corpus Christi Playroom, 9.30pm, until Saturday 29th October, £5.50 /£4

When I was 21

Ron Arad

notorious artist, designer and architect

In what year were you 21? 1972

What were you doing? Studying @ the Academy of Art in Jerusalem.

Where did you live? Lived in Ein Karem, a village just outside Jerusalem, in an old water cistern I converted to a studio/home. My first ever piece of architecture.

What was your favourite outfit? Own brand of 60's hippy-wear: 2nd hand, flea market, self made stuff, hats. Hair!

What were your illegal activities? Organized a mock military parade in protest against the planned military parade across Jerusalem. We also sprayed the route of the parade with stencilled graffiti images of tanks, bombers etc. We were arrested 2 minutes after starting the march, spent the night in custody.

What was your most prized possession? My guitar, still have it. My 6B clutch pencil.

What were you afraid of? Fundamentalism, violence, tedium.

What made you angry? Fundamentalism, violence, tedium.

Who were your heroes? Dylan, Yossarian, Morgan, people with names ending with N.

What did you believe in? Knowing what's right & what's wrong.



What music did you listen to? Broonzy, Dylan, Bartok, Monk

Where had you travelled to? England
What are you ashamed of having done? I've done n-o-t-h-i-n-g!

What did you keep secret from your parents? Not much, grass in the garden maybe.

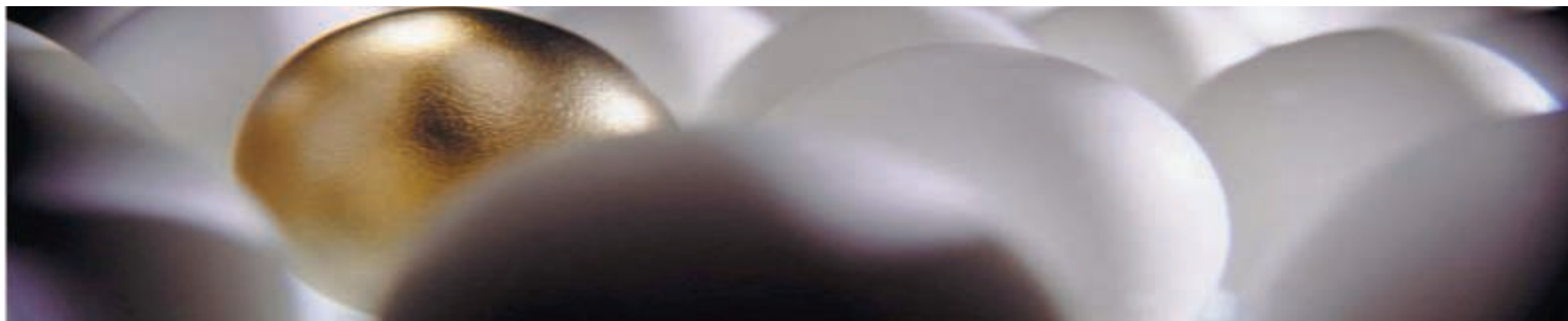
What was your most political action? See: illegal activities (above).

What made you cry? End of puppy love.

What did you hope to be? More or less what I am.

What do you wish you had known then that you know now? What's right & what's wrong.

Emily Stokes



Expect more from Little

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The Record Label

Harvest Time Recordings

Harvest Time started around 3 years ago and is a platform for all independent music from live shows through to recordings. Starting as a regular promotion, we had bands such as Herman Dune, Nina Nastasia and David Grubbs. After the success of these, we formed a record label, which has released 7" singles by Of Montreal, The Broken Family Band, Lionshare and Wooden Ghost along with a host of CDs and CDRs. Harvest Time is now concentrating on its online record store, which specialises in all forms of independent music, while featuring a host of specialist areas such as free folk.

HOW TO START A LABEL

1. If you want to do a 'proper' run (not CDRs for example, although there is nothing wrong with these!) then you will need a reasonable amount of capital. You have to pay all outgoings before anything even reaches your house, let alone the shops.
2. Decide on a name. Names are very important and this should, in most cases,

reflect the label (see Paw Tracks, Constellation, Eclipse)
3. Have a definite idea about the music you want to release and only release the music you love. There's no point in putting something out which even you don't like that much!
4. Packaging. From the very first release Harvest Time decided to have quite elaborate packaging of the highest quality. Unique packaging is great. Alternatively, no thrills packaging can be really cheap and work well, like Dischord Records.
5. Remember that if you are totally confident into the music you release and you believe that it life changingly good, then don't worry if it doesn't sell, you are just 2 steps ahead of the game. Hah.

Harvest Time's 'November Season of Free Folk Sounds' will feature 3 concerts with performances from Taurpis Tula, Directing Hand, A Hawk And A Hacksaw, Lionshare, Haeti, Sharron Kraus, Alec Redfern and Furaxa to be held at CB2 Basement and The Portland. Full information can be found at www.harvest-time.com



The Danielson Famile, who played a Harvest Time gig last year

The Fashion Designer

Benj Seidler

I started designing when I was fifteen, just by working my way around a mannequin. I was really keen and began doing internships/work experience with Anna Sui (who I designed T-shirts for) in New York, Gucci's Bottega Veneta in Milan and Roland Mouret in London. I did my Foundation Degree at Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design in London and learnt a lot of my skills there.

I take most of my inspiration from art and mix it with whatever mood I want to convey. Then I think about how people wear clothes and how to design so that the garment suits the person's needs.

HOW TO START DESIGNING

1. Ideas. If you've got ideas for clothes that you think are new and haven't been done before then keep a notebook and draw them. If drawing isn't really your thing, then you can write your ideas down.
2. Make. You can learn how to sew by taking short courses at Central Saint Martins over the holidays or by buying patterns and sewing books and teaching yourself. Even if you haven't got a clue but know you want to make clothes, buy a mannequin and a sewing machine and just try to figure it out... you'll be surprised

what you can come up with.
3. Work. Though internships with more prominent designers tend to go to design students or people with previous experience, there are many young designers in New York, Paris and London that are looking for a helping hand. These will be un-paid and time consuming so be prepared for a tough but educational time. Being in the studio is the ultimate way to pick up the tricks of the trade and will push you into doing hands on work.

4. Look. It helps to look at what's happening in fashion now so that you know what's out there and can learn about how other people made it. You may think you've got the most original ideas, but could then open Vogue and see five different versions of it. Going to shops and seeing how things are made and what kind of materials are available and how they can be used is a great way to learn.

5. Money. Making clothes costs a lot. Investigate using cheaper materials like cottons and recycling materials from old clothes. Starting small by making bags and small accessories is a great way to practice skills and means you won't have to buy metres of materials.



A Seidler at the Cambridge Fashion show

The Guerrilla Filmmaker

Bea Martinez-Gatell

I have wanted to be a director for as long as I remember. Reading every book on filmmaking in the library is a start but will never teach you as much as going out and making a film. In my attempt to keep up with Steven Spielberg I wanted to make my first feature before I was 21. This summer I shot Essayette with a semi-professional cast and crew working for free, from leaving after 5 consecutive 20-hour days.

HOW TO MAKE A FEATURE FILM

1. Whatever you think the budget will be, double it! Leave enough money for emergency problem solving too. We almost had leave the film unfinished because of the number of things we had to pay for that went wrong.
2. FOOD! They say an army marches on its stomach. Seriously, it really does and a film crew is a lot more like an army than you think.
3. Believe in yourself and your vision 110%. Trust in yourself inspires others to trust you. It may be easy to convince people to come and work for you (unpaid), it's much harder to stop them from leaving after 5 consecutive 20-hour days.
4. Make sure you interview potential crew members and take up their references. A showreel may be beautiful but if you can't bond (at least professionally) with the person who made it, your work will suffer.
5. Plan everything (storyboards, shot lists, prop charts) but remember it will never be exactly how you imagined on the day. Leave enough space and time for yourself in case you want to add that extra thought you hadn't thought of.

The Magazine Editor

Rachel Wolf

I've always been over-ambitious; I convince myself that I can do three supervisions' work in a night, or learn Chinese in a month - it doesn't usually work. With *Avenue*, I decided there was no reason why students couldn't create a professional product, which would be read for interest rather than information. And maybe more importantly, would look beautiful on a coffee table.

The last few days were manic. But they were also among my best days in Cambridge. I was exhausted and irritable, but energised to my eyeballs - possibly a result of caffeine as much as excitement. All of the team agrees; they were terrified it wouldn't ever appear. Now it has, all the stress was worthwhile.



HOW TO START A MAGAZINE

1. Organisational structure is key. For a magazine, getting together the editorial design and business teams can be much trickier than finding the articles and writers. If you find the right people at the beginning, it makes your job much easier at the end.
2. Delegate. You cannot create and run something alone. Trust the people involved and delegate as much as possible.
3. Make your project something you'd want to read/be involved in, not just what you think other people would like.

You're as good a critic as anyone else.
4. The people who aren't directly involved, like advertisers or printers, are really important. Even if they mess you around a bit, it's worth making an effort to keep good relations with them. It will probably save you hassle in the long run.
5. Deadlines, deadlines, deadlines. No-one ever keeps to them, however hard they try. Have someone really uptight on your team, who sends out emails which irritate everyone. Accept that you won't always stay on schedule, but don't let it stray too far either...

Cinecam 24-hour film festival

by Kirsty Dootson



While in the third week of term, most Fresher's find the concept of yet more new people and experiences leaning a little on the catatonic side of mundane, around 25 of them decided to brave it all over again by taking part in Cinecam's Fresher's Film Challenge, the products of which were screened last Friday at Robinson's Brickhouse Theatre. Unlike anything on show at the UGC or Picturehouse that night, all of these films were made in just 48 hours by people who had mostly never met before, never mind made films together.

All the entries went under the title - 'a piece of cake' - the irony of which will be appreciated by anyone whose attempted to make a film in Cambridge over the course of the year, never mind in a single weekend with a budget of vaguely zero (minus the odd expenditure in Nadia's). While two teams didn't manage to complete the challenge, the four who did will testify to the fact that film making needn't be complex, expensive or (too) time-consuming.

Considering the complete inexperience of most of the participants, the coherence

and professionalism of the films on the whole was impressive.

What some lacked in technical ability was compensated for in witty dialogue and entertaining performances, while others scarified entirely cohesive plots for aesthetic considerations showing thoughtful deliberation over locations, angles and scoring. The winning film by Nadja Ortelt and Anna Wexler; while quite photographic in character, was the most polished of the films. Their depiction of the unravelling of a 'sticky' first date struck just the right chord with Cinecam judges - quirky yet unpretentious, avoiding the pit falls of the usual student rom-com dress.

As those who took part in the challenge will agree, there's a lot to learn this year in student film-making but this was a promising way to start.

If you think you'd be interested in taking part in the next -university wide- 48 hour film challenge, sponsored by apple, email Jenny Leow [JERL2] or Kirsty Dootson [KSD28] or see www.cinecam.co.uk

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editor

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All Night Blenders

Sam Blatherwick explores an exploding market in indie mixes

In 2005, genre hopping is the name of the game. **Erol Alkan** is probably a familiar name to you – he played a CUSU ent and St. John’s ball last year. *Bugged Out* comes as a double CD package, one mixed CD and an unmixed compilation – the mix thumps through, with pulsating bass throughout and takes in the Rapture, Goldfrapp and Soulwax along the way. Alter Ego’s thumping ‘Rocker’ grinds through the later stages, whilst earlier on in the mix there is a more techno-house vibe. The unmixed “selection” is a more laid back affair, taking in rarities – there’s a suprising fondness for 60s weirdness, taking in *The Wicker Man* and Girton’s finest, the White Noise. The later side of the compilation concerns itself with the more indie side of dance. Or the other way round depending on how you look at it – also leaves you wondering whatever happened to Clinic?

If that’s a little too beat heavy for you and you’re looking for a song, try *Leave Them All Behind* – it’s a similar format to the Alkan disc, this time mixed by **Modular DJs**. It’s a far more mainstream modern indie offering, although beautifully spans an indie-dance platform. It’s definitely worth checking out, even if it’s only to hear the Long Blondes’ incredible ‘Giddy Stratospheres’, which is startlingly gorgeous and worth the price of the album alone. The appearance of The Killers at the end seems a little



more than bizarre though. **Diplo** has been making inroads this year, being heavily involved with M.I.A. and he produced one of the tracks of the year on the Kano album. His Fabriclive mix is one of the strongest of their kind, combining chilled hip-hop with more aggressive beats, whilst throwing in crowd pleasers – the Cure splicing into Outkast splicing into Le Tigre is something to cherish, M.I.A.’s ‘Bucky Done Gun’ over

Diplo’s own ‘Way More’ is priceless. **Optimo** in their own words: “We always say there isn’t a ‘sound’ but I guess there is actually a sound to our ‘non sound’. It’s kind of hard to define but I know it when I hear it. It’s perhaps more a spirit rather than a sound.” Two albums produced by Optimo have dropped this year, *How to Kill the DJ Pt. 2* drills beats, pumps bass and pounds dirty riffs into your

cranium in the early stages before slapping you across the face with kids choirs singing ‘Good Vibrations’, angular guitar originals and revivals in Gang of Four and The Rapture and sugar sweet post-punk-pre-pop-punk in White Mice. Screeching guitar riffs burst into ‘Atomic’ and the breathless affair closes with Love’s beautiful crooning ‘Everybody’s got to live’. *Psyche Out!* is almost entirely different and demonstrates the sheer range of Optimo’s sound. In spite of fewer crowd pleasers, the album is incredibly strong, again starting with a dancier feel setting a tone for the album before breaking down into more poppy melodies. Throbbing Gristle’s sleazy classic ‘Hot on the Heels of Love’ and Simple Minds’ ‘Theme for Great Cities’ set the tone to the later part of the album before it closes with treasures such as ultra-rare ‘Kiss Me Again’, an all out disco classic, the best seven minutes of your life should be spent listening to this song – perfection spills out, nothing is left to chance, yet it retains a feel of spontaneity. Utter magnificence seals the record before it closes with Sons and Daughters’ ‘Johnny Cash’. And then it’s back to the play button...



www.optimo.co.uk
www.fabriclondon.com
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The Fantastic Four

Dave King meets Four Tet



From the moment you meet Four Tet, a.k.a. Kieren Hebden, it is clear he is at the opposite end of the spectrum to the fame-hungry, image obsessed attention junkies who seem to dominate music today. But having listened to his last album *Everything Ecstatic*, it’s not surprising to find Hebden to be just as interesting, unpretentious and mysterious as his records. In his words his music is “made on computers, it’s instrumental, it’s influenced by a huge range of styles, in quite a pure way what I do is hip hop, and equally it’s influenced by jazz, techno, rock music, one of the ideas is that it draws on everything”.

I get the impression that it is music itself rather than any one type of sound that fascinates Hebden and gets his creative juices flowing. His Four Tet releases, whilst maintaining a distinctive electronic vibe, have explored different directions and influences and he was also part of the post-rock band Fridge. Next year Hebden has two albums coming out under his real name with jazz drummer Steve Reid who played with Sun Ra and James Brown. Each new release has to offer something different; “I’m very conscious of the constant fear of just repeating myself...I try to make sure things are always moving forward, evolving, changing. I never want to get stuck anywhere.” It’s this desire to innovate that sets Hebden apart. To make a good collaboration he tells me, you have to have a natural connection with the people you work

with - it’s no good just working with someone whose music you like. Surprisingly he adds “I know I would be quite happy if Mariah Carey phoned me up tomorrow and said ‘let’s make an album.’” It was probably this playful but sincere desire to explore new ground that attracted Radiohead, who asked Hebden to support them on tour and remix a song for them. Some people might be slightly boastful that Radiohead just “phoned up and were like ‘we really like your stuff, will you open for us.’” Hebden however says it “happened in a very mellow sort of way”. He will concede though that “it’s really exciting for me to be able to do something very underground in my own little world, and then next week work on a Radiohead remix, and then go do something weird and tour Taiwan.”

Like most serious music collectors, Hebden has a passion that walks the tightrope between nerd and enthusiast. Naturally when I ask him what he’s listening to, I am not expecting a mainstream answer. He is particularly keen on the Sublime Frequencies label, guys who travel the world doing random recordings of radio stations and making compilations. He gets animated when talking about people who are “true innovators”, like the architects of the d’n’b explosion, “something that genuinely sounds new, that before it existed you couldn’t imagine it in your head. It’s the people trying to make those sorts of bold moves that inspire me.”

Hold You Tight

Rebecca Brown checks out local talent at Teenage Kicks

One mile High have been together for around 18 months now and guitarist Andy describes them, as having “A really wide range of influences. Everybody in the band brings something different, from AC/DC to Wildheart.” It was evident as they kicked off the night with a set that melded classic ‘80s rock riffs with more recent guitar-pop. Dear Old Blighty took to the stage next and the young frontman had a considerably more aloof stage presence. The three-piece were clearly all accomplished musicians, who were joined later in their set by a cellist who added a haunting depth to the lo-fi sound. The Barnum Effect went down very well with the audience who, from the first chords responded enthusiastically to the Nirvanaesque grunge rock.

Stewart, singer in Badwell Ash, worked the crowd with a confidence defying his eighteen years of age. Youthful they may be, but this band have fifty-odd gigs under their belts and this shows in their well-honed set. The 9foldpunch frontman worked the crowd and the whole band worked to give a charismatic, dynamic performance. Anti Cage, from the Czech Republic, contrasted with the otherwise Cambridge based line up. With reggae influenced tunes, their country of origin was not the only thing that set them apart. Tonight was a charity gig in memory of a young musician, Tom Jones, who died tragically earlier this year and the quality of the music and supportive atmosphere was a credit to all those involved in this thoroughly enjoyable night.

album reviews

Gemma Hayes
The Roads Don’t Love You ★★★★★

While her debut attracted widespread critical acclaim, this second endeavour is quite possibly far superior. The gentle, lilting songs show more semblance of melody, a quality occasionally lacking on the previous album, which relied more heavily on raw sweetness at the expense of melodic development and direction. Her lyrics are more credible and weighted with more sincerity, erring always on just the right side of saccharine. She seems less concerned with misty emotional allusion and more focused and self-assured; her new-found straightforwardness makes each individual song potent and memorable, instead of appearing as mere compos-

ite parts of one long musical soundscape. Consequently, the album gathers a more consistent sense of momentum. The music is driven by Hayes’ characteristic hon-ey-suckle voice; a breathy, soft confection that sometimes threatens not to carry itself. This is saved by the subtle, yet unmistakable Irishness of her intonation, the vaguely manipulated vowel sounds of her pronunciation and the indie-like way that her voice intermittently breaks into a more gravely, guttural drawl. Despite her willingness to experiment instrumentally, Gemma Hayes is not averse to stealing the odd line: she plagiarises the phrase “the kick inside” from Kate Bush. Interestingly, she also adds her name to an ever-increasing list of female song-writers who have written songs or albums entitled ‘Horses’. Can there be any accounting for this phenomenon? Answers on a postcard please...



Charlotte Newman

El Presidente
El Presidente ★★★★★



They say that in pop, as in politics, it’s a case of survival of the fittest. Well, they don’t actually, but El Presidente are looking very fit indeed: chiselled Italian Dante on lead vocals, elfin girls Laura and Dawn on keyboards and drums...need I say more? They’re not just aesthetically pleasing either: the band’s eponymous debut sparkles with T-Rex inspired riffs, androgynous descants and the kind of pulsing beats that would be produced if Supertramp met Super Mario. There are times when the Jim Henson impressions can make sentiment seem silly (“when it

Mary Bowers
comes down to you, girl/ you were never on my mind” croaks the cookie monster unconvincingly on ‘I Didn’t Really’) but who cares? From opener and A-side ‘Without You’ to the swirling sweet delirium of ‘Hanging Around’ this is an Indie-Pop carnival that doesn’t stop dancing in a way that is endearingly unselfconscious. And makes the wallflowers secretly jealous as they critically slurp their cans of Red Stripe. The only drawback with El Presidente is the fact that the Scissor Sisters got there first, but what they lack in filling a hole in the market they make up for in filling a dance floor. They might not be set for world domination, but El Presidente will be ruling the disco.

www.el-presidente.co.uk



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“The Future’s bright, the Future’s grapefruit”

Mathilda James predicts *The Future* at the ADC

‘The day we stop copying other companies’ ideas is the day everything goes down the pan’. Well then, Joe Thomas, you and Jonny Sweet have really messed up this time. Because *The Future* is new and original and if you don’t apply for a patent soon, I will on your behalf. And I’ll be taking your royalties.

Joe Thomas and Jonny Sweet’s new sketch show is a showcase for

their natural comic abilities. Confident enough in their material to take their time over it, *The Future* sees them mixing surreal wit and physical clowning to perfection - but never allowing that confidence to slip over into self-indulgence or insularity. They know they’re funny – but they also know that doesn’t mean they can stop trying to make us laugh. In the hands of two less engaging performers their peculiar flights of fancy might prove alienating, but here they’re charming and we’re willing to laugh as soon as the house lights go down. Not because we know the catchphrases or because of the embar-

rassing too-close-to-homeness of it all, or indeed because of the self-knowing ‘bet you didn’t think I’d make a joke about that did you’ posturing of so much student comedy. But because they’re Genuinely Very Funny. There’s an enviable effortlessness to their performances, as if none of this was scripted at all, just something they happened to think of, there and then. With characters ranging from a widower, now engaged in a not-quite sexual relationship with an extractor fan, to a property developer understandably confused by the nightmarish similarities of house numbers and doorbells, *The Future* is a bit

like the best games of Consequences – weird, wonderful and, worryingly, making an unexpected amount of sense.

A piece of scrawled graffiti on the back wall claims ‘We want answers to the questions of tomorrow’. Whatever. With Joe’s bemused exasperation, and Jonny’s infectious ever-hopeful grin, I’m wary about taking anything these two say seriously. Except their claim that this is the future of comedy. It had better be. With Jonny and Joe, the Future’s Bright, the Future’s ...Grapefruit. Go see.

ADC, 11pm, Wed & Thu £4/£3, Fri & Sat £5/£4, 26-29th October



Johnny Sweet and Joe Thomas bring the house down in *The Future*

ELAINE CAMERON

The Invention of Love

Andy Heath sees Stoppard’s literate comedy at Christ’s

The cast of Rebecca Leigh’s production cope admirably with one of the most demanding of Tom Stoppard’s works. *The Invention of Love* examines how the life and death of the poet and classical scholar, A. E. Housman, was affected by homosexuality. Living through a remarkably fertile and dynamic period of intellectual and social history, Housman shares the stage with, amongst others, Walter Pater, John Ruskin and Oscar Wilde.

Through alternation between Housman’s older and younger selves, his story is gradually revealed to the audience.

As in much of Stoppard’s work, the jokes flow in an impressive tide of scholarly research, requiring a skilful delivery to make them bob to the surface rather than sink unnoticed. The actors rise to the challenge, with excellent variation of tone to suit everything from jolly, undergraduate slang to the wistful eroticism of Housman’s lyrics. Darren Craig, in particular, deserves to be mentioned for his combination of pithy asperity, as Pater, and sensitivity, as George Chamberlain. Especially in the first role, he provided a lesson in how to seamlessly marry high-brow cultural theorising with deli-

ciously lewd and accessible jokes. Virginia Corless and Will Pearce also show great versatility. Pearce’s deliberately plodding Charon, complete with bowler hat and waist coat, is both a figure of fun and of quiet gravity, providing a wonderful foil to the self-conscious wits surrounding him.

The production’s minimal, unchanging set was effective, echoing themes of the play. Characters cross and recross the same physical space, revolving around one focal point but weaving their own, conflicting, narratives of interpretation. The doubling of parts accompanies this nowhere more strikingly than when David Walton appeared in rapid succession as Wilde and young Housman, the two characters offering different

opinions in their discussions with the older Housman. The interchangeability of the rivers Styx and Thames also underscored this, implying that whether one is en route to the underworld or a picnic is as much a matter of one’s internal perceptions as it is of external realities.

This CADS production manages not just to evoke complex questions about the nature and reception of history, literature and sexuality, however. It also communicates an enthusiasm for the poetry which prompts the characters to consider them. For both of these achievements, I recommend it.

Christ’s New Court Theatre, 7.30pm, £5/4, Tue 25th - Sat 29th October



Director Rebecca Leigh reinvents love

CADS

Rainy Days at the Playhouse

Tom Royston enjoys *September in the Rain*

“Nowt wrong with crying. Ah’ll pee less, that’s all.” – Jack [crying]

Out of playwright John Godber’s big brassy Yorkshire filling cabinet of stock characters spring Jack and Liz in this lightish comedy to which, at only 75 minutes and £4, nobody could particularly object. Frail Yorkshire OAPs Jack the miner and Liz the housewife – the only two characters – are stationed in exotic Blackpool on their probably-last-ever annual holiday.

Stuck indoors, they use the opportunity afforded by rain to look back with us on their lives of benign obscurity. So here are their stories of family holidays “before the M62 was built”; of radiators overheating in B-road-traffic jams, or paddling with the kids in the lee of open sewage pipes. But here also - distinctly immiscibly - are the worries of a young wife about whether she will ever conceive, and the toll of a life down the pit on an old man’s health.

Given no space to develop, these Serious Bits do not serve much purpose: rocks lobbed into a river to make a splash. The production would flow much better from scene to scene without the resulting, clichéd, dissonance, optimistically described in the programme as “bittersweet.”

Now, Godber always enjoys making his actors work for their money. Not only do Jack and Liz have to shuttle from scene to scene – few last more than three minutes – but they are also required to conjure up umpteen

other characters as they play out their lives. It’s great that this play is very rarely just a dialogue. And it’s fine writing that can reliably both raise a laugh and build a character. “Good tan on him.” Liz says of a Blackpool waiter. “I bet he lives here.”

Both of the cast are very enjoyable to watch. Helen Cripps in particular has mastered as Liz the range of accents and manners which she needs to keep us engaged. Holly Hunt’s direction sensibly keeps props and lighting changes to a minimum. Even so, it is difficult to avoid losing pace. Good scenes finish too soon. “Always leave them wanting more” said someone famous, but they surely can’t have meant every ninety seconds?

Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, £4/5.50, Tues 25th - Sat 29th



MIRANDA HOWARD-WILLIAMS

Death & the Maiden

Georgia Walker-Churchman reviews Ariel Dorfman’s harrowing story of guilt and torture at St. Chad’s Octagon



Eshwar Elladi and Isabel Schoelcher talk dirty

MACOM CHRISTIE

This is the kind of play that you can take in one of two ways. Personally, I was bawling my eyes out from around twenty minutes in until the lights went up at the end. The guy directly opposite me sniggered every time the word “shit”, “fuck” “cunt”, “rape” or “torture” was mentioned, and on numerous other occasions besides. Seeing as the play is about a woman who has been raped and tortured, he sniggered quite a lot. This says it all. If you’re of a sentimental disposition, the play is genuinely harrowing: there are some extremely powerful moments in it, particularly in the husband and wife scenes played between Eshwar Alladi as Girardo and Isabelle Schoelcher as Paulina. On the other hand, the script itself is so tense that at times I felt that the audience were laughing at inci-

dents or speeches that really shouldn’t have been funny. Talking to Aaron Safir, who plays Roberto, the rapist and torturer turned respectable doctor, he mentioned that they hadn’t really considered the possibility that some might find the play amusing. This was something of an oversight. There are clearly meant to be some funny moments; or at least moments that relieve the tension of the inquisition. Perhaps if the direction had considered this in advance then it might have been possible to elicit a more controlled response from the audience. As it was, I felt that many were laughing at points that weren’t meant to be funny (although I think in part this can be put down to the typical Cambridge student’s response to four-letter words) and remaining silent in bits that

were. This, though, is a minor quibble. It was a brave production to put on, precisely because the subject matter is so serious, and on the whole I think that it worked well. The very fact that the audience felt the need to relieve their tension is testimony to how effectively the piece as a whole worked. It seems to me that there is a fine line to be walked, when dealing with horrific events such as those of the Maiden, between glibness or flippancy on one side and bombast on the other. Although this was perhaps not controlled with the coherency of a professional production, the play did not feel to me like it mistreated its subject matter. That, I think, is a serious and quite profound achievement.

St Chad’s Octagon, 9pm, £6.50/£5, until Saturday 29th



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MAYSfourteen

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Prose • Poetry • Drama
• Non-Fiction •

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Deadline for submissions: January 26th, 2006

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A way of life no more?

Kettle's Yard is one of Cambridge's premiere arts spaces. *Varsity* asks academic Dr Margaret Garlake and Kettle's Yard curator Sebastiano Barassi if it has a future

Jim Ede, writing in 1984, defined Kettle's Yard as "in no way meant to be an art gallery or museum, nor is it simply a collection of works of art reflecting my taste, or the taste of a given period. It is, rather, a continuing way of life". This definition is simultaneously liberating and constricting for the visitor and curator. Ede's house is truly domestic, Ben Nicholson's and Alfred Wallis's vie with lavatories and wash-basins for space, there are no labels, no spatial restrictions and no trendy curatorial spin. But, this can seem stifling, it's difficult to view the art distinctly from Ede's other objects and the importance of light raises serious problems of conservation. Thirty five years after Kettle's Yard was given to the University it seems appropriate to return to Ede's words and ask whether his desire for a 'continuing way of life' has succeeded? Dr Margaret Garlake, formally an associate lecturer at the Courtauld Institute of Art and Sebastiano Barassi, curator of Kettle's Yard discuss the success and future development of Ede's creation.

How far do you think Ede achieved his desire not to reflect the taste of a given period?

MG: I don't think Ede did succeed at all in not reflecting period taste (or a section of it, rather). I think it's almost impossible not to reflect contemporaneous taste in such a venture and this impossibility is the same sort of constant reassessment through a current lens that keeps historians in business.

SB: What Ede wanted was, above all, to avoid for the house to become a kind of 'period piece' frozen in time. Unfortunately this would prove very difficult to achieve in a place that was created as a domestic environment but which has not been lived in for over thirty years. Indeed today many argue that KY has become exactly what Ede wanted to avoid, the expression of his taste and aesthetics.

If Kettle's Yard isn't a museum, what is it?

MG: Oh, I'm sure Kettle's Yard is a museum; Ede was simply expressing an aspiration, wasn't he?

SB: It has been dubbed an



A Cambridge way of living: Kettle's Yard

KETTLE'S YARD IS IN NO WAY MEANT TO BE AN ART GALLERY OR MUSEUM... IT IS A WAY OF LIFE

'anti-museum'. Many of the display techniques adopted by Ede (no chronological order, no labels next to works, works displayed on the floor, interplay of artworks with natural light etc.) are definitely unconventional and very rarely found in museums and galleries. Ede liked to think of KY as a house of prayer, or a place of contemplation, and fashioned the atmosphere in the house accordingly. It has to be said, however, that some of his views on the enjoyment of art have been taken on in recent years by some of the more forward-looking art organisations.

Why is Kettle's Yard so important?

MG: Well, KY's importance is surely (and I'm afraid this could be considered facile) that it does represent or summarise a period taste that was the product of English modernism at a

certain moment i.e. an extremely rarefied period taste, compared with ribbon developments and stockbroker Tudor. SB: Above all as an historical document of the thinking processes, aesthetics and collecting of the Modernist era. Also as an alternative model for them fruition of art to that conventionally found in museums.

What features have ensured its survival?

MG: Apart from the University's involvement in its survival (not insignificant), I guess the nostalgia factor is important; this may be intellectually deplorable, but I don't think it should be underrated. Then there is the fascination, which I think is valid, of a single-period artefact i.e. the house and its contents, which are powerful, coherent and good to look at.

Is Kettle's Yard the most progressive public space in Cambridge or a modernist 'relic'?

MG: If you are divorcing house from gallery, I shall assume that you are, the house has to be a modernist relic. The gallery's admirable and needs to be treated separately (please!).

SB: I think it is both, which probably says more about Cambridge than it does about KY.

How far is it possible to divorce Ede from the house and collection?

MG: Not at all, except of course from a few later incursions into the collections.

SB: Very difficult, as it would be with a work of art from its maker. KY was very much Ede's 'masterpiece', a work of art in its own right created by a man with strong artistic aspirations.

How should the University continue its guardianship of the house, taking into account modern trends in curator ship, security and conservation?

MG: I think that the house should be treated like a National Trust property for which it would be a perfect candidate.

SB: The big challenge at KY is to find the right balance between Ede's vision (and obsessions) an modern curatorial practice, the two often being apparently incompatible. Hard work, but not impossible."

What is your favourite aspect of the house?

GM: On the one hand a lot of the paintings and on the other the quirky things like spirals of pebbles on windowsills.

SB: Light play. I am lucky enough to have the opportunity to see the light fall into the house at different times of the days and of the year. The Variations are mesmerizing and always surprising, even after many years.

What is your least favourite aspect of the house?

MG: A tendency to fetishise Ede's presence in the house - which includes things like spirals of pebbles (yes, I know that this is contradictory); at some stage pebbles accrue dust and have to make way for, perhaps, a vase of flowers (the NT model again) or an empty space.

Perhaps pebbles are a metaphor for my suspicion that even a relatively recent one-period site has a short life in its pristine condition; already we see Kettle's Yard from the perspective of 2005 when we can understand that the nostalgia aspect (which takes in the pebbles) is in danger of obscuring what might be a much more vigorous intellectual position, if it were allowed to.

SB: From a curatorial point of view, the condition of the building, which is deteriorating significantly. From a personal point of view, the immobility of the display. I am lucky enough to be able to see paintings and sculptures in different locations and light conditions from those chosen for them by Ede. Some pieces really come to life when moved.



www.kettlesyard.co.uk



Jonathan Yarker talks to Tobias Rehberger

The internationally renowned German sculptor Tobias Rehberger is currently exhibiting several works at Kettle's Yard, including lying around lazy, not even moving for sweets, coke, tv or vaseline, a sculpture that is updated every nine years into the latest fashion.

Where do you see the work lying around lazy, not even moving for sweets, coke, tv or vaseline in 2009?

The idea of the project is to construct a sculpture that changes over time with fashion.

No, the idea is not about my taste, its not personal I try to update the work by using as many contemporary sources as possible, it will be what is fashionable and the most sexy look of the time. I am trying to relegate my own point of view and decisions and make it a piece about contemporary fashion...I suppose I am trying to loose control of the work.

But surely you have control by the very nature of being the creator?

Sure, but I am trying to relegate my own input and decisions, by making it the taste of other people, I am loosing the personal input- of course I have control, but I use that control to loose control.

Many of your works are both works of art and practical, is this important to you?

Yes, I am most interested in the ambiguity between art and function, trying to reconcile different perspectives of a work of an object, you could look at 'Massimo Ranieri' in a philosophical or art historical way or just a purely utilitarian way as curtains. What are the relevant questions of art? Is lying around lazy merely comfy to sit on? As a sculptor I am trying to give things multiple meanings and several possibilities. But, I am approaching all my work from the position of a traditional sculptor, I'm not interested in merging with other fields my work isn't architecture or painting, it's sculpture.

What are your next projects?

I am working on a couple of possible projects; working with video installations...I am showing in four galleries all over the world. I suppose my work is quite international. A lot of people say my work isn't very German, I don't believe in a national context, national identity isn't very important for me, much more important is the 30 km around me, location not nationality.



Fitzwilliam Museum

Art Around Cambridge

**Dessert Plate from the Catherine II Service
Sevres, 1778
Fitzwilliam Museum**

This 18th century porcelain dinner service was made in France for Empress Catherine II of Russia. Made by the Royal porcelain factory at Sevres it took three years of extensive work to complete and was the first neo-classical dinner service to be produced there. The service comprises eight hundred pieces. The centrepiece was a figural group consisting of ninety-one pieces over which presided a model of the Empress herself depicted as Minerva, the Roman goddess of wisdom, surrounded by nine muses.

Catherine was a passionate admirer of ancient Greek and Roman civilization. Each item is decorated with heads of pagan deities and scenes from ancient myth or history. The stunning bleu celeste colouring was supposed to resemble turquoise stone and the tooled gilt floral scrolls, rinceaux, were inspired by decorations on the 1st century BC Theatre of Marcellus in Rome. The nucleus around which these elements sit is the monogram of the Empress; E II, for Ekaterina, the Russian form of her name written in flowers and gold, surrounded by a wreath of laurel and myrtle and topped by a golden crown. The monogram appears on every piece of the service.

Catherine was a fastidious patron; the precise shape of the plates was modified eight times before she was satisfied and three thousand pieces were fired to produce eight hundred

of acceptable quality. She was determined that the design of each piece should be original, although based on the ceramics of antiquity.

In December 1837 the Winter Palace in St Petersburg, home to the Russian Imperial Family, caught fire. The building was looted and about 160 pieces of the magnificent dinner service disappeared. By 1840 the pieces had turned up in London and they have subsequently been dispersed to museums throughout Europe and America. This plate in the Fitzwilliam is one of 288 dessert plates from the original service.

Each week we highlight an object of aesthetic interest in Cambridge.

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Dave King

Saturdays are over: the age of Sunday is upon us. Sunday's vibe is different; people seem less manic, less viciously severe in their drinking habits. Anyone who saw Four Tet at the Soul Tree will know what I mean. This Sunday offers up three treats for our consumption, all of which embody this Sunday Spirit. The biggest is **Roni Size** at the Fez, a fantastic chance to see a true D'n'B pioneer in an incredibly intimate venue. Anyone who loves to dance with wild abandon should be there feeling the beat and loving the flows. On a different musical landscape sits **Songs in the Dark** at the Clowns Café. This acoustic night profiles local performers in an atmosphere as personal as music can get. The performers include the return of founder **Jeremy Warmasley** (who is now signed to Transgressive Records, home of Battle and Ladyfuzz), Varsity's own Mary Bowers, and a rare acoustic set from Sleepwalker. At Clare Cellars they are hosting, with CUSU, **Slam Poetry**. In celebration of Black History Month this poetry and spoken word night brings two New York poet-MC's to perform with a live jazz/funk band. Otherwise, bootleg VJ's **Eclectic Method** offer live mash-up on Friday with support from DJ Sketchy and djembe-drumming from Shekere's Theo Bard. On Tuesday, **Martha Wainwright** adds her voice to the family musical dynasty, while **Status Quo** play all three chords they know repeatedly. On Wednesday, **King Creosote** presents Twisted Folk at the Junction, or there's **the Crimea's** beautiful indie harmonies at the Portland Arms. On Thursday, finally, there's shambolic pop from **Architecture in Helsinki** at APU.

stage



Calculus
A darker side of Isaac Newton.
ADC, 7.45pm, £5-£8, until Saturday 29th October

The Future
Future-based sketch show.
ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, until Saturday 29th October

Footlights Smoker
The second hour of stand-up and sketches this term.
ADC, 11pm, Tuesday 1st October

Wild Honey
Michael Frayn's funny yet poignant adaptation of Chekhov.
ADC, 7.45pm, £5-£8, Tuesday 1st until Saturday 5th November

Celebration
Scenes and monologues by members of the Amateur Dramatic Club, past and present.
ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, Wednesday 2nd until Saturday 5th November

Orgy
"The most scandalous show of the term."
Corpus Christi Playroom, 9.30pm, £5.50/£4, Tuesday 1st until Saturday 5th November

September in the Rain
Nostalgic comedy of a couple on holiday in Blackpool.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, £4/£5.50, until Saturday 29th October

Living with Lady Macbeth
The story of an aspiring actress.
Corpus Christi Playroom, 9.30pm, until Saturday 29th October

Death and the Maiden
Thriller about torture and guilt.
St. Chad's Octagon, 9pm, £6.50/£5, until Saturday 29th October

Horrible Histories
Children's books brought to the stage.
Cambridge Arts Theatre, various times and prices, until Saturday 29th October

Lady Salsa
Red-hot rumba, mambo, cha-cha, Macarena and sensational salsa.
Cambridge Arts Theatre, various times and prices, Monday 31st October until Saturday 5th November

Something Dark
Part of BLACK HISTORY MONTH
A journey of the soul and a triumph of the heart.
The Junction, 8pm, £10/£7, Saturday 29th October

The Little Match Girl
Hans Christian Andersen's uplifting story.
ARU Mumford Theatre, 2.30pm, £8/£6, Saturday 29th October

The Nightmare Room
Arthur Conan Doyle's Chilling Tale on Halloween night.
ARU Mumford Theatre, 7.30pm, £9.50/£8, Monday 31st October



screen

Arts Picturehouse

Friday 28 October:
Battle in Heaven (18)
12:00, 14:10, 18:30, 20:45
Broken Flowers (15)
13:40, 15:50, 18:10, 20:30
Corpse Bride (PG)
13:10, 15:00, 19:10, 21:00
Crash (15)
16:20
Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18)
Late Show 22:40
Future Shorts - October Programme
23:00
Ghost Dog (15)
22:50
Godzilla (1954) (PG)
17:00

Saturday 29 October:
Battle in Heaven (18)
12:00, 14:10, 18:30, 20:45, 22:45
Broken Flowers (15)
12:00, 15:50, 18:10, 20:30
Corpse Bride (PG)
13:10, 15:00, 19:10, 21:00
Crash (15)
16:20
Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18)
22:40
Ghost Dog (15)
22:50
Godzilla (1954) (PG)
17:00

The Little Vampire (U)
11:00



Sunday 30 October:
Battle in Heaven (18)
12:00, 14:10, 18:30, 20:45
Broken Flowers (15)
14:15, 16:20, 18:30, 20:40
Corpse Bride (PG)
13:10, 15:00, 19:10, 21:00
Crash (15)
16:20
Godzilla (1954) (PG)
17:00
La Ville Est Tranquille (18)
12:00

Monday 31 October:
Battle in Heaven (18)
12:00, 14:10, 18:30, 20:45

Broken Flowers (15)
12:00, 14:30, 16:40, 18:50, 21:10
Corpse Bride (PG)
13:10, 15:00, 19:10, 21:00
Crash (15)
16:20
Godzilla (1954) (PG)
17:00

Tuesday 1 November:
Battle in Heaven (18)
12:00, 14:10, 16:20, 20:45
Broken Flowers (15)
16:00, 18:50, 21:10
Corpse Bride (PG)
13:10, 15:00, 17:20, 19:10
Duck Soup (U)
21:15
The Blue Angel (PG)
13:30

Wednesday 2 November:
Battle in Heaven (18)
12:00, 14:10, 18:30, 20:45
Broken Flowers (15)
14:30, 16:40, 18:50, 21:10
Corpse Bride (PG)
11:00, 13:10, 15:00, 19:10, 21:00
Godzilla (1954) (PG)
16:20
The Perfect Catch (PG)
11:00
The Shutka Book of Records (n/c)
17:40

Thursday 3 November:

Battle in Heaven (18)
12:00, 14:10, 18:30, 20:45
Beau Travail (15)
17:00
Broken Flowers (15)
12:00, 14:30, 16:30, 18:50, 21:10
Corpse Bride (PG)
13:10, 15:00, 19:10, 21:00
Godzilla (1954) (PG)
16:20

St John's
Skeleton Key: 30th Oct 7pm & 10pm
Crash: Thurs 3rd Nov, 7pm & 10pm

Corpus Christi
Panther Panchali: Tue 1st Nov, 8pm, £2

Caius
Koktebel: Thu 3rd Nov, 8pm, Free

Christ's
Sideways: Sun 30th, 8pm & 10.30pm, £2

Robinson
The Ring 2: Sun 30th Oct, 4pm & 9pm
Battle Royale: Thur 3rd Nov, 9pm

exhibitions

Ways of Living
Contemporary sculpture from four internationally renowned artists. Each exhibit explores the relationship between art and life (above).
Kettle's Yard, free entry, 1st October until 20th November


Cambridge Illuminations
The largest and most comprehensive exhibition of illuminated manuscripts including ten centuries' worth from Cambridge collections.
Fitzwilliam Museum, free entry, 26th July until 11th December

Coveney: Island Identity in the Fens and Currency in Africa
Two of several small exhibitions in the Andrews exhibition gallery that explore the extensive reserve collections of the museum.
Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, free entry, 19th September Until 1st December

The Real Madagascar
An exploration of the flora and fauna of the strange island of Madagascar, from pre-history to the present day (right).
Museum of Zoology, free entry, 19th July until 24th December

The Antarctic Photographs of Herbert Ponting
Photographs taken from the original negatives of the intrepid photographer who accompanied Scott's expedition to the Antarctic in 1910-1914 (right).
Scott-Polar Research Institute, free entry, 1st September until 31st March 2006

Life, ritual and immortality: Eating and Drinking in China
Special display of Chinese bronze, jade and ceramic vessels used for rituals and daily life
Fitzwilliam Museum, 4th October - 3rd January 2006, free entry

Drawn to Africa
Workshops including African fabric painting, Sona sand drawing, Kente cloths and African Indigo dye drawing.
Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, selected dates throughout October and November, free



Eclectic Method
AV bootlegs, last seen at Fabric and Cargo
9-1 £4
Clare Cellars

The Broken Family Band
alt-country
8pm £7
The Portland Arms

Uptight!
Motown on a boat
10-2 £15
The River Boat Georgina

Bhangra Nights
'Asian flavas'
9-12:45 £4
Queens'

Lady Midnight
Halloween psychobilly, grime, electro with apple-bobbing
9:30-12:30 £2
King's Cellars

Salon Rouge
new burlesque night
8-12 £3
Nusha

The Broken Family Band
second night!
8pm £7
The Portland Arms

Rocky Horror Show
'Halloween cheese'
9-12:45 £4
Queens'

Songs in the Dark
acoustic bliss
8pm £1
Clowns

Roni Size
the man who killed jungle comes to Cambridge
9:30-2 £6
The Fez

Poetry Slam
part of Cambridge Black History Month
9pm £4
Clare Cellars

Letz Zep
tribute to Led Zepellin
7pm £12
The Junction

Fat Poppadaddy's
the 'alternative' alternative
9-2:30 £2 NUS
Fez

International Student Night
pohjanmaan kautta!
9:30-2 £5
Life

School Days
'free entry in school uniform'
9:30-2 £5
Ballare

Martha Wainwright
sister of Rufus
7pm £12.50
The Junction

Status Quo
we know you've already got a ticket
7:30 sold out
The Corn Exchange

Top Banana
CUSU's weekly fruit-market
9-2 £4 NUS
Ballare

Unique
LBG night
9:30-1 £4

Twisted Folk
with King Creosote, Jose Gonzalez and Twisted Fingers
7pm £10
The Junction

The Crimea
John Peel favourites
8pm £7
The Portland Arms

Funk da Bar
with the Get Down Crew
8-12 £3
Emma bar

Club Goo
indie night
9-2 £4
The Soul Tree

Kubrick
emo post-hardcore with support from Keiko
8pm £4
The Portland Arms

International Student Night
na zdravje!
9-2 £4
Ballare

Urbanite
with DJ Semtex
9-2 £3
The Soul Tree

First We Take Manhattan...
Devilry and revelry
9.30-2 £3 before 11
Kambar

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FOOTLIGHTS ANNOUNCES... AUDITIONS

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Princeton scrape past CUBC in Boston

Russ Glenn

The last fortnight has seen the Cambridge University Boat Club competing successfully in two international regattas. A win over stiff national-team competition in Germany and a second-place finish in the USA, mark a successful autumn and have set the tone for a blistering season to come.

CUBC drew a line in the sand at the E.On Hanse Canal Cup in Rendsberg, Germany, in early October. The Canal Cup is a unique race, placing five crews in a side-by-side competition over 12.7 gruelling kilometres. This year was the first time a non-international crew had been invited, with Cambridge rowing against Germany, the Netherlands, the USA and Great Britain.

After some preliminary sprint races, Cambridge settled into an efficient rhythm, pushing out in front of the pack, which included a US crew that contained six of the nine athletes from the 2004 Olympic gold-medal boat. Over the next ten minutes the US and Cambridge battled for lead, pushing the Germans back one and a half lengths, and dropping the Netherlands and Great Britain to the horizon. At 6km, Cambridge newcomers Kip McDaniel and Don

Wyper, both of St. Edmunds, helped break the United States, moving to a commanding two-length lead. At this point, the experience of Germans Thorsten Engelmann (St. Edmunds) and Sebastian Thormann (Pembroke) showed to carry the boat over the line 18 seconds ahead of the trailing German crew, who were followed by the US, Dutch and British. Thormann is now the only man to have won the event all five times it has been raced - the first four victories with the German national

team and most recently with Cambridge.

The Boat Club looked to continue this high-level success last weekend at the Head of the Charles Regatta, in Boston, USA. As the largest two-day rowing event in the world, the regatta boasts over 7,000 competitors and 200,000 spectators. Head races such as this are run as time trials. Owing to last year's victory,

“Cambridge beat a US crew that contained 6 from the Olympic gold medal boat”



Cambridge win the E.On Hanse Canal cup in Germany but are pipped in the Head of the Charles by Princeton

Cambridge started at the front of the pack, racing as the first boat out in the Men's Championship 8+ Event. Behind them were a British contingent entered as the Leander club, an Italian national crew, and the cream of the US colleges. With the same

Netherlands crew defeated at the Canal cup also nipping at their heels, CUBC fired out of the blocks and sprinted down the course. Despite British Olympians Tom James (Trinity Hall) and Kieran West (Pembroke) pushing the pace of the Cambridge boat, a veteran

Princeton University crew managed to race over the course four seconds faster than CUBC.

Although disappointed with the second-place in Boston, the boat club heads into the Winter buoyed by the success of the Canal Cup and hungry from the

narrow defeat to Princeton. Next month brings competition closer to home, with Cambridge toeing the line against the Other Side at the Four's Head in London on November 12, and at the British Indoor Rowing Championships on November 20.

Victory for John's

Claire Standley

DOWNING ST JOHN'S 7 17

Tuesday afternoon saw the much-anticipated clash between last year's league winners, St. John's and runners-up Downing, but the final result didn't come as much of a surprise. John's appeared to have lost several veteran players from the year before, and Downing also fielded a team that was depleted from the side that last year ended John's 3 year unbeaten streak.

Early pressure from the John's forwards put them in Downing's half, where they proceeded to stay for the better part of the next 20 minutes, taking advantage of some loose play on Downing's part. This must have come as an unwelcome change for Downing, who last year were known as having the strongest pack in the college league. Finally unleashing their backs, John's Bidder had a quick break up the left wing, which looked like a certain score, but the men in green held on. Despite this, play was still all in the hands of the attacking side, and their perseverance finally paid off as Bidder flew over the line for a try in the last two minutes of the half.

As John's kicked-off for the start of the second half, the run of play looked to continue as it had started. An early try by Bidder was met by more resolve from Downing, particularly after another missed conversion. The majority of the 50/50 balls were still going to John's and every green advance into red territory was met with a solid defending line that repeatedly turned



Downing win the line out but cannot contain St John's

the ball over to their advantage. Despite pressure as far up the pitch as the John's twenty-two thanks to excellent running from the Downing backs, the result was yet another try from John's, with a successful conversion following.

John's thought it was all over, but Downing had yet to be convinced. A remarkable surge in energy led by Schilling brought the men in green fully into the game, tak-

ing John's by surprise and reminding us all that Downing rugby can be a force to be reckoned with. A final battle brought the ball over John's back line, with the try scored by Dalton in the corner. What then followed was a truly outstanding conversion by Ringland, into the wind and from two yards inside the side-line. Downing left the comeback too late though - the final whistle blew, leaving the visitors victorious, 17 - 7.

Churchill go top

Adam Edelshain

Churchill have moved to the top of the first division of college football after an impressive 3 - 0 win against Trinity. Trinity, who were semi finalists in the cup last year and pushed Fitz in the league until the end of the season, were rolled over by Churchill, who are on 6 points after beating Homerton in the season's opener.

Joining them at the top are Jesus and St John's, who have also maintained 100 per cent records. Jesus followed their 3-0 demolition of Caius with a slightly grittier 1-0 win over St Catherine's. The cup winners are still short of a quality striker, but their 4-5-1 formation seems to be working a treat and they look likely to concede very few goals this campaign.

St John's are current favourites to go on and win the league, having beaten last season's best two sides away from home. Trinity went down 3-2 and last weekend John's felled Fitzwilliam, last year's champions. Fitz won every game in their last campaign



St. John's look to mount another attack against Fitz

and only failed in Cuppers on penalties, but have now lost two from two, and already look out of the title race at this early stage.

There are still plenty of games to be played and in college football injuries can really cripple a good side, but it seems likely that the top three

will remain in contention come the end of the season. And if this is the case, the fixture list has thrown up some fantastic final fixtures. Jesus play host to St John's on the penultimate match week and finish with a game at Churchill. The title could well go down to the wire.

MEN'S RUGBY DIVISION 1										MEN'S FOOTBALL DIVISION 1									
	P	W	D	L	F	A	PD	PTS		P	W	D	L	F	A	GD	PTS		
John's	3	3	0	0	58	10	48	12	Churchill	2	2	0	0	5	1	4	6		
Girton	3	2	0	1	40	25	15	9	Jesus	2	2	0	0	4	0	4	6		
Jesus	3	2	0	1	30	38	-8	9	John's	2	2	0	0	5	3	2	6		
Downing	3	1	0	2	33	37	-4	6	Christ's	2	1	0	1	3	2	1	3		
Magdalene	3	1	0	2	11	30	-19	6	St. Catz	2	1	0	1	3	2	1	3		
Pembroke	3	0	0	3	21	53	-32	3	Darwin	2	1	0	1	2	3	-1	3		
Other results:										Caius	2	1	0	1	1	3	-2	3	
Madgalene 8-3 Pembroke										Homerton	2	0	0	2	1	3	-2	0	
Jesus 3-27 Girton										Fitzwilliam	2	0	0	2	2	5	-3	0	
										Trinity	2	0	0	2	2	6	-4	0	

Hawks vs Ospreys: the truth

An investigation into the fortunes of our two clubs of sporting excellence

Sophie Pickford

Founded in 1872, the Hawks' Club epitomises everything Cambridge about Cambridge. Its gentleman's club image, distinguished alumni, palatial clubhouse and old-boys network make it the nearest thing we have to the Hurlingham (though perhaps with a few more drinking competitions). Founded in 1985, the female equivalent, the Ospreys, has had a good deal of catching up to do, or so I thought. This week I met with Eimear Neeson and Steffen Buschbacher, Ospreys' and Hawks' presidents respectively, to find out how these social bastions of sporting excellence are fairing financially in the twenty first century.

The Hawks' generates an annual revenue of £120,000 from its bar and restaurant alone, if you add to this the money from subscriptions - £20 a quarter for between 90 and 130 resident members, as well as additional funds from dining-only members - you would expect the club to be on a solid financial footing. Yet this is far from the case, with an annual struggle to balance the books. Around five years ago they only narrowly escaped bankruptcy, with few people using the clubhouse facilities, something that has been turned around by the significant efforts of committee members. Without revenue from the bar and restaurant the club would be in serious jeopardy, something not fully appreciated by the Hawks' thousands of non-resident members, who are largely unaware of what a perilous position the club has been in, and whose annual subsidy of £50 is optional.

The Ospreys on the other hand has never been on such a solid financial

footing. Thanks to the generosity of the senior committee a clubhouse is now being rented from Jesus College, after three years without one. The building is in the process of being renovated and should be open on Jesus Lane in a matter of weeks. The vast majority of the Ospreys' annual revenue comes from five extremely lucrative corporate sponsorship deals with UBS, IBM, Citigroup, Morgan Stanley and GSK totalling about £55,000 this year (with an additional £15,000 in the pipeline). £13,000 of this is earmarked for bursaries, but with annual running costs of

“Few would deny there is still a gender bias in Cambridge sport”

c.£35,000 for the whole club (excluding the new clubhouse, the running costs for which will be covered by the senior committee until it can pay for itself), the financial future of the Ospreys is looking extremely bright indeed. Combined with the fact that members only pay £28 for life, it seems the Ospreys are getting a great deal.

Yet this turning of the tables denies that there is still a gender bias in Cambridge sport. It is the men's Boat Race and the men's rugby Varsity match that are televised, spectator numbers at men's matches in general are much higher and it is men's sport that on average attracts more funding. But, as Eimear says, “let's not get depressed about it - it's time to do something and move forwards.” Steffen agrees: “I wish the University



Members of the Hawks Club at a recent dinner

would provide more funding for women's sports and try to balance out the gender disparity.” He adds, “you can't just throw money at it, you've also got to start caring about it too,” and points to the low numbers of women who attend their friends' matches as evidence of a lack of peer-support in women's sport. In an effort to address this problem, the Hawks'

and Ospreys are increasingly advertising each other's matches and encouraging their members to attend games. Perhaps this grass-roots approach will eventually even out the more important sporting disparity between the sexes in Cambridge; the increased financial stability and prominence of the Ospreys can only help in this endeavour.

Coventry blown away by Blues

Axman Luge

CAMBRIDGE COVENTRY	3 0
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Once more unto the Midlands dear friends, the Blues embarked on a fifth consecutive away game, this time in a BUSA group including Birmingham, Nottingham, Warwick and Wednesday's opponents Coventry. Inter-university competition is characterised by the dominance of the home side, with points on the road notoriously hard come by.

Against this scene the fifteen strong Cambridge cast took to the stage, though they were dealt a cruel blow when ever-present leading man Alex Coleman was forced out in the warm up with injury. This year though, the Blues' start has been built on the quality of a large first team squad, and Alex 'Slice' Morgan has been an excel-

lent understudy.

On an overcast West Midlands afternoon, the Blues generated palpable energy to mingle with the threatening downpour. Encouragement to play at high tempo rang out across the field, and when tempo is required, Mikey Adams, appearing courtesy of the Judge Institute, is the man to have around. The Cambridge front-man's pace had the Coventry defence looking like the cast of a teen horror flick; scared, disorganised and all sporting highlighted hairstyles. It was Adams who, ten min-

maintained their lead thanks to a fine parry from keeper James Dean, and the staunch defending of a backline among whom Will Stevenson was outstanding. In this darkest of hours, the Blues were further hurt by an injury forcing Payne's withdrawal. Stray elbows - to his nose and ribs - ensured that he could barely speak or breathe.

Cambridge were decidedly the happier to hear the half-time whistle, and Coleman, now in a coaching role, made changes to regain the structure of the team. Dave Mills, the large animal vet-

tain Alex Mugan.

Coventry refused to submit, but the tide of the match had turned. Turnbull and Pantelides formed a bulwark against increasingly direct attacking, while the pace and persistence of Threlfall was a constant threat. It was he who created the second, drawing two defenders to him like moths to a flame. He released Mugan to chip the approaching keeper.

As the Blues dug in, tempers frayed on the Coventry side, though Dean was at his best to keep out a curling kitchen sink twenty minutes from time. With Coventry pressing desperately, Mugan again got in behind the defence and drew a foul from the goal-keeper. Mills stepped up, sent the keeper the wrong way and his penalty miss from the man whose influence turned the game.

This was not to be the midfielder's last word. In the dying minutes, his tackle-cum-through ball sent Mugan clear to finish the match with his second.

“Threlfall created the second drawing two defenders like moths to a candle”

utes in, ran from midway inside his own half, beat three and crossed for Rich Payne to show that he is much more than a target man with a cool finish.

Having met their pre-game target, the Blues allowed Coventry into the game as the midfield shape disintegrated. They

erinarian, was introduced to the mid-field. Coleman was vindicated quickly, as Mills, from a 'quarterback' position, and stretched Coventry with searching passes for the speedy front three of Adams, Fitz prodigy turned mature Blues player Brendan Threlfall, and cap-



THE LOW-DOWN

Trampolining

>>Name: Cambridge University Trampolining Club
>>Where: Leys School Sports Centre
>>When: Tuesday: 8.15pm-10.15pm, Thursday 6.15-8.15pm (both open to anyone), Saturday 4-6pm (beginners), 6-8pm (advanced)
>Who: Anyone - from complete novices to seasoned competitors to the completely mad!
>Aim: To have fun! Competitively the aim is to complete a 10 move routine scoring for

both the form and difficulty of the moves. However, many people come just to keep fit, do cool moves (multiple twisting Somersaults, anyone?), or to cure an addiction to bouncy castles.

>>National: Kirsten Lawton (12th in 2004 Olympics), Gary Smith (7th in 2004 Olympics)
>>Cambridge: Unfortunately we lost the last two Varsity matches, but had some excellent individual results in the last year
>>Contact: Visit www.cutc.co.uk or email kas54@cam.ac.uk

sport in brief

Football: In the women's college league Jesus thrashed Trinity 6-0. Last year's runners up comfortably overpowered the defending champions thanks to goals from Ambrose and Comberti.

Hare and Hounds: The next college league race will be held on Sunday at Grantchester Meadows. For more information see www.cam.ac.uk/societies/cuhh.

Award nomination: The CUR1350 Sports Show has been nominated for a National Student Radio Award. The ceremony takes place in Covent Garden, London on the 24th November.



A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF
DAVE MILLS
UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL

saturday

Lose 2-1 in opening BUSA match of season, away to Nottingham. Day is memorable less for below-par performance than Mugan's inspirational post-match philosophising.

sunday

'Day off' where I get in a cheeky ninety for Catz vs Darwin and come out with 2 goals, one sweet drilled attempt from 20 yards past Falcons' captain and fellow Rochdale sex god James Dean. We run out winners 3-1 and duly celebrate in *Life* later-on.

monday

Morning off so plenty of time to wallow in hangover. Afternoon training at Fenners proves therapeutic, mainly due to our endlessly mockable Greek utility player Pantos. Mugan in net also provides ginger-related and mal-coordinate humour.

tuesday

Should be day-off, but elect to play for the Falcons as I can't/am incredibly reluctant to make the 7-hour round trip to play the Navy tomorrow. Si Harris snaps his ankle, dangling at right-angles on end of leg. Ugh.

wednesday

Squad travels to Portsmouth to play Navy, I spend the morning learning how to ask open questions in a consultation (vet student) and the afternoon looking at pictures of horse teeth. Back to winning ways with a 3-1 victory.

thursday

Day off for some, but I'm in lectures then a few more, indeed cheekier, minutes for college vs Jesus, probably the most negative team in college football. Freshers' curry; so much hilarity and widespread debauchery involved.

friday

No game this weekend so head for a little light relief in the gym (until I get sick of seeing lycra-clad rugby boys indulging in macho, homoerotic groans, and one-upmanship. Why not play a technically demanding sport, big boys?).

rotations

Win one of three copies of 'Guess Who'. Guess Who is available to buy or rent on DVD on 12 September 2005 from Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment. Thanks to www.fox.co.uk

Re-arrange the letters by rotating the discs to create six separate six-letter words leading in to the centre. Email your answer to: competitions@varsity.co.uk

Footballer turned administrator

Joe Speight meets FA Director of Football Development Sir Trevor Brooking

When you walk into the headquarters of the Football Association, cast a glance to the left, and shining brightly behind a glass wall are the two most recognisable trophies in English football – the FA Cup and the 1966 Jules Rimet trophy. And plastered around the surrounding walls are images of players and fans celebrating, unbounded elation emanating from their ecstatic faces. In just one room, the essence of sport has been captured. For Sir Trevor Brooking, it is this image which greets him as he enters his office every day, and this image which motivates him to make a difference in the sport he loves.

Brooking currently holds the position of the FA's Director of Football Development. What does that really mean? "It's a really varied role with an overall brief across both the technical unit (the highest levels of English football) and the national game (the grassroots of football) which previously seemed to be working in isolation" he explains. "It's nice to get involved with Sven Goran Eriksson and the national team and I always go away with them and act as a buffer between him and the players and the committee but the real key for me is the development of the game". And this encapsulates Brooking's attitude as he seeks to give something back to the game which has provided him with a career in sport.

He hit the heights in a highly success-

ful playing career with over 600 matches for the club he supports, West Ham United. He reveals the motivations behind his time with the London club: "the first aim really being to survive and make a success of it – the harsh fact is that 90% of youngsters who go through our academy structure now are out of the game by the age of 21. Then, to get a winning goal in the 1980 FA Cup final against Arsenal was very special. I didn't realise it at the time but that has become the defining moment of my career". A career which also included 47 England caps under four different managers, including the 1982 World Cup in Spain, and a brief but highly successful period as manager of

“90% of youngsters who go through our academies leave the game by 21”

West Ham in 2003. Though management he says is something he will not return to for "family reasons".

But since his retirement in 1984, Brooking has made a career in sports administration. Famed for his "sit-on-the-fence" style of punditry in a twenty year broadcasting stint with the BBC, when it comes to the importance of sport his determination is obvious. "As a youngster it teaches you so many life skills and being physically active gives you a much healthier, lively body and mind."

This passion for sport carried Brooking to the role of Chairman of Sport England and through this fascinating lens he reveals the challenge facing sport in this country. "It was a very frustrating time. I would sit in a government department thinking nobody has got a clue what I'm on about here, they're the ones with all the money and making the decisions where the funding is going. Our parting was a bit acrimonious, but it was frustrating to see bureaucracy blocking the money getting to the right people."

But now his eyes are firmly on his



JAMIE MARLAND

Sir Trevor Brooking at his office in Soho Square

role at the FA and preparing the next generation of footballers for the challenge of international football. Yet Brooking remains optimistic about the current team's chances. "To be honest we've have two or three bad games and the perception seems to be that we're either world beaters or no hoppers, but I think the reality is that we are somewhere between. I think Brazil will be favourites though they are vulnerable defensively, but we are capable of winning. There is a lot of emphasis on Wayne Rooney but we can't rely on one person. Between now and next summer there is still a chance for one or two to force their way into the squad." And his view on the current head coach? "Everyone is concentrating on

2006 and what's going to happen after that but Sven has got a contract until 2008. Sven's done an excellent job and whatever anyone says his competitive record is massively impressive."

But the immediate task for Brooking is in the development of the game. "We are currently working on the coaching aspect. Sports psychologists say that the biggest learning time for the brain is between the ages of 6-11 and at present we have the worst paid and qualified coaches in that area. I relish the challenge I've got here and I think we can transform the quality of football in this country". And hopefully then Sir Trevor will walk past more World Cup trophies and scenes of jubilation as he arrives for work at the FA.



Channel Hopper

By now, you know old Channel Hopper. The old hopster, the hoperoonie, the big cee aitch. He's a reasonable guy. He's not one to jump to excessive judgement. He'll let you draw your own conclusions.

Well, none of that namby-pamby crap this time. Let's be clear from the beginning: **Scare Tactics** is wrong. In fact, it's the first convincing sign that the Last Days are upon us. Reader, I have seen the Antichrist, and her name is Shannen Doherty. The former star of *Beverley Hills 90210* hosts this hellish version of *Beadle's About*. "We're about to take four unwitting people to the edge," she says, with a weird kind of dutiful glee, "and then push them over, with the help of their friends!"

The help of their friends! This'll be fun! Here's a fun bit. Angela wants to be a doctor, so she arranges some work experience in a local surgery. Except, the doctor is a bit mad! It turns out he's harvesting organs from patients who've come in for a tetanus jab! One thing leads to another, and thanks to some nifty prosthetics, before very long Angela thinks she is involved in an operation to remove a kidney from an unwilling subject. She doesn't know what to do. She wants to get out of the situation, but she's scared. "I can't do this, I'm not trained for this," she wails. The doctor shushes her, and says the man will die if she doesn't help. She helps.

She puts her finger into the cavity as instructed, to hold something or other in place, and blood promptly begins to seep from the relevant spot. The patient palpitates. His ECG flatlines. The doctor, who is really an excellent actor, screams "What did you do? We're all going to jail!" Angela is, understandably, sobbing, in pieces. It's time for the big reveal. The doctor does the honours. "Angela – I have to tell you - we're using *Scare Tactics*!" Angela looks blank and continues to cry, because obviously this isn't *Candid Camera*, no-one's ever heard of *Scare Tactics*, so he tries again. "Angela, you're on *Scare Tactics*! You're on TV! There's a camera there and a camera there!"

The guy whose kidney has been removed sits up and smiles and claps. "This is so fucked up," Angela sensibly points out; "I'm going." And go she does, although on her way she produces a half smile which the viewer is meant to read as permission to find the whole thing hysterically funny. We aren't finished. Donna, a teenage babysitter, is convinced the child in her care has been abducted. A group of hikers are duped into believing their friend has been killed by a bear. Cody and his friends think the hitchhiker they've picked up has murdered their friend and has his head in a bag. When the trick's revealed, they all kind of quiver in relief and then put their best Good Sport faces on. This is maybe the most depressing thing about the show, that its subjects are not, generally, as ballsy as Angela: they accept Television's right to fuck them up. Doherty winks knowingly at the end, Anne Robinson style. Her closing platitudes attempt a sort of deferral of responsibility: "I bet you enjoyed that as much as we did," she chirrups: "scare you later!" It doesn't cut the mustard. Irony will only get you so far: for fronting a show which signals the beginning of the end times, we're going to need rather more by way of an apology. How about a human sacrifice, Shannen? We could take your entrails out and feed them to you while you bleed to death. Nah, don't worry, only joking. It's all in fun! *Scare Tactics*, Sky One, 1.50am, weeknights.

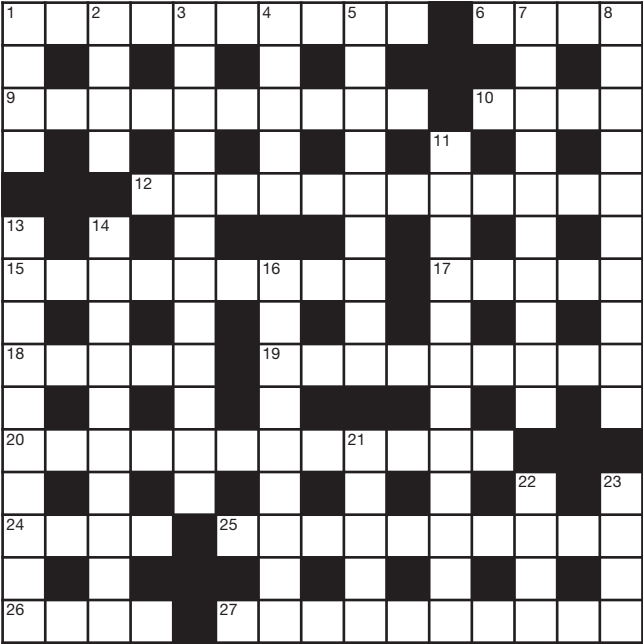
fact file

Name: Sir Trevor Brooking
Born: Barking
Age: 56
Playing career: 635 appearances and 102 goals for West Ham; from 1965-84; 47 England caps with 5 goals
Honours: Won F.A. Cup in 1975 and 1980
Other: Appointed to Sports Council in 1989 and Chairman of Sport England up to 2002
Broadcasting: BBC Radio and television pundit 1984-2004
Currently: FA Director of Football Development (2003-)

Hare and Hounds RAF match

Aidan Brown

Last Saturday saw the Hare and Hounds struggle with the RAF and East Anglia Athletics on Magog Downs. In the women's race, Tanya Taylor (22:26) of EAA came home first, followed by two of her teammates. Sarah Kummerfeld, (23:38) of Cambridge took fourth. Catharine Wood (24:00) followed, just snatching 6th place from fresher Tricia Peters (24:02), reversing their positions from the freshers' fun run. In the men's race, Will George, Rowan Hooper and Paolo Natali, all of Cambridge, took the lead and maintained an admirable, pace. Unfortunately, Hooper developed breathing problems half way round the first lap, and dropped out soon after. 10km of perspiration later Natali and George led the University team in to take all five top places, with Natali (34:01) just beating George (34:06) in a tense sprint finish.



Across

1. Sitting on the fence makes stomach muscles strain, we hear (10)
6. Thought aide produced (4)
9. Renovated, carried on deliveries (10)
10. Right away when father comes back (4)
12. Files on Carly reproduced so as to be used in court (12)
15. Instrument's charge after agreement (9)
17. Legal defence - I bail out (5)
18. Approach jog at university (3-2)
19. Leader's quiet tenant (9)
20. Frustrated demonic ace - with two points - was runner-up (4,2,6)
24. Bird loses tail in river (4)
25. Devilish graduate laid coil out (10)
26. Ribbon has gone back around corner (4)
27. Impression about plan I put together for distribution (10)

Down

1. Promise an oath (4)
2. Slough outhouse (4)
3. Scattered on the pictorial representation of cultural science (12)
4. Hundred in real ceasefire (5)
5. Deference from a bee's icon (9)
12. Malice is dissembled in doctor's denial of responsibility (10)
8. Suffocate snake - I hate unknowns around (10)
11. Experience partner infrequently (12)
13. Unpredictable debts after better run in charge (10)
14. Dismal scientists come into ship dishevelled (10)
16. Expressionless, I offer no resistance (9)
21. Clique King removed from black operation (5)
22. Came shuddering to climax (4)
23. Allotment design (4)

Set by Mathmo

POT BLACK

Instructions:

Complete the questions in order from red to black. The answer to each ball is integral to the following question.

- Which Brazilian footballer is nicknamed the Beast?
- Which club did 'Redball' join in the Summer?
- Which 'Yellowball' defender has scored at both ends this season?
- Which club did 'Greenball' sign from?
- Which 'Brownball' player signed from Chelsea in the Summer?
- 'Blueball' got his first call up when at which club?
- What is the nickname of 'Pinkball'?



For answers to the crossword and Pot Black, contact:

competitions@varsity.co.uk



HOCKEY

Mixed fortunes for men

Defeat in league to Ipswich but followed by cup win



ROWING

International Success

Light Blues win in Germany and take 2nd in Boston



RUGBY

Jesus 3-27 Girton

Girton take Jesus apart while St John's beat Downing



HARE AND HOUNDS

Men win in RAF match

Women finish a close 2nd as men storm to victory



Captain's Corner

LYDIA TONG

Hockey Club President

Every year, around June, clubs around the university quiver with fear at the thought of losing all their players. Saying goodbye to your entire defensive line with 15 blues between them, your flair international; or even losing the club down can feel like a real blow. But this year CUHC is excited by a new squad; droves of freshers have descended, and it appears they might actually be quite good. Yes, CUHC is experiencing a boom year.

On the men's side of the club an almost brand-new Blues team is keeping up the fight to keep Cambridge in its place as one of only three universities to have a team in the National League. With such a high player turnover this is a formidable task for Blues Captain Andrew Middleton and his squad. The National League is tough, but it gives our men's Blues game a definite maturity – one that showed during their win in the Varsity match last season. A 2-0 win this weekend in the National Cup competition should keep their heads up and eyes on the ultimate task – Varsity 2006.

“ALMOST HALF OF OUR 45 REGULAR PLAYERS HAVE COME FROM FRESH STOCK”

The Women's squad has been revitalised this year. Almost half of our 45 regular players have come from fresh stock – and a fine stock that is. The women's Blues, under the leadership of Jennifer Lees, are scoring freely so far this season. In addition, with four Blues players who have represented their region (ex Blues-Captain Rachel Wheeler, Blue Rosie Sherman, Lizzie Ballentine, and Pippa Woodrow), the Blues have some extra spice to accompany their sturdy playmaking.

New sponsorship from Merrill Lynch and Deloitte has helped give us freedom to get the coaching we need. We are very grateful for this support as like so many clubs we are now coming close to teetering on the edge of existence from season to season without sponsorship. The gift of Rory – our lion mascot, the kind help of our ball-boys and girls from St Faiths school and new beer-serving clubhouse are helping to make the Men's Blues home matches a fine spectator event this year – see them in action next on Sunday 6th November: 1pm at Wilberforce Road.



JAMIE MARLAND

Inconsistency costs Blues dear

Varsity Sports Reporter

Men's First Hockey XI win cup tie but fall in league

Cambridge University Men's Hockey Blues continued to struggle with league form this weekend, but had an opportunity to put that behind them on Sunday with a kind HA Cup draw.

On Saturday the Blues welcomed bottom of the table Ipswich to Wilberforce Road for a crucial EHL National South league game.

Cambridge started the game brightly, deploying ten minutes of prolonged pressure featuring two narrow short-corner misses. However, having emerged from that early pressure unscathed, Ipswich began to express themselves slightly more coherently and were able to capitalise on some poor marking inside the circle with a simple tap-in; the vital first goal of the game. As so often in sport, the next goal was the most critical. Not for the first time this season the Blues responded to

conceding a goal by self-destructing. An elementary lapse in concentration resulted in a soft Ipswich short-corner which they duly converted. Going in at half time 2-0 was not a fair reflection on the balance of play, however the team learnt the hard way that it is not possession or territory which get you points – it is goals.

The second half saw Ipswich score an early goal, again a result of poor Cambridge decision-making in distribution, which effectively killed the tie as a contest. Cambridge's hard

work in attack eventually paid off thanks to a reverse stick strike from Jamie Parker, eligible as a recent graduate working at Addenbrookes, which made the final score 3-1 to Ipswich. This result characterises the team's season so far; the Blues often don't need to fear the opposition – their biggest enemy is themselves.

Sunday brought lower league Fareham to Cambridge for a third round Cup encounter that was seen as a welcome distraction from league difficulties. As expected the match was a rough, unattractive encounter

with Fareham trying to break up play at every opportunity. Jamie Parker added to his already impressive goal tally with a double on Sunday providing the University with a cushion upon which they relaxed in the second half. Some bizarre umpiring decisions saw the Blues reduced to nine men in the second half, yet despite also being awarded a penalty flick Fareham were unable to break a resolute Cambridge back line determined to keep their first clean sheet of the season. The 2-0 victory provides the Blues with a fourth round tie against Premier League Guildford, the fourth best team in the country.

Meanwhile the women's Blues hockey team has had a disappointing few weeks. Last weekend they were beaten 3-0 away at Crostyx, and in the preceding BUSA league match the Oxford Blues came out on top 3-1.

“THE BLUES RESPONDED TO CONCEDEDING A GOAL BY SELF-DESTRUCTING”

Coming Soon

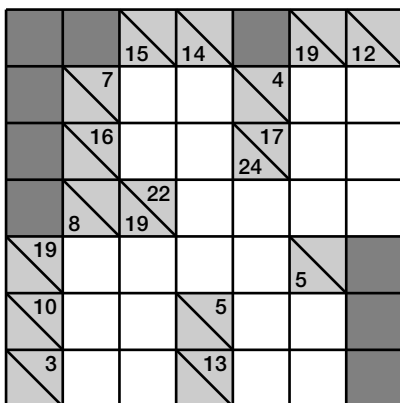
The Times' Bel Mooney solves your university blues. Email: letters@varsity.co.uk

Quick Kakuro

Medium

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

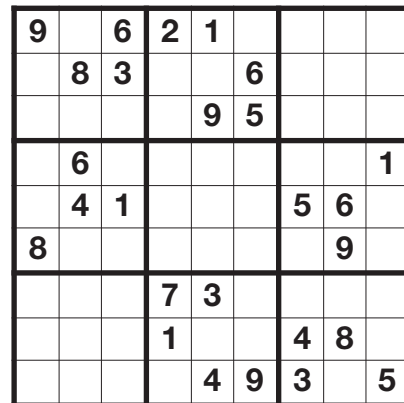
Solution and solving aids at www.dokakuro.com



Quick Sudoku

Hard

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



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