



## Woodstock 2006

Report, review and photos of the festival finale to the year Page 3



# York's ecological crisis

£600,000

Rise in energy costs over one year



33%

Student share of total carbon emissions

25,000 tonnes

University's carbon emissions in a year

£5 million

Total energy costs in four years if situation continues

By Heidi Blake  
DEPUTY NEWS EDITOR

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS acquired by *Nouse* have revealed rocketing energy costs at the University, as a result of increased consumption and global rises in price. The economic forecast for the next academic year predicts

that total energy costs will reach £4.9 million, representing a 53% increase on the expenditure for 2005/6 which has contributed to a budget deficit of £3 million. This trend is described as "especially worrying in view of the University's plans for expansion".

During 2004/5, electricity usage at the University rose to

nearly 30 million kWh, while gas usage rose to almost 65 million kWh. The resulting CO2 emissions mounted to over 21,000 tonnes. During 2005/6, emissions have increased again by more than 13%, enough to fill 200,000 balloons to 5 metres in diameter.

Electricity prices are also set to double when the current con-

tract comes to an end, whilst gas prices have increased by 56% in 2004/5, with a further estimated increase of 18% in 2005/6.

According to the University's energy conservation officer, Heike Singleton, these cost increases are the result of increased consumption due to campus expansion, building developments and a rise

in energy-intensive research. They are also linked to the increasing global demand for energy. The University's Carbon Management Implementation Plan aims to limit cost increases to £3.8 million by 2009/10, but if the current situation continues costs would reach £5 million by that year.

**Indepth report, pages 4 and 5**

# World's richest man donates \$14m to aid University Malaria research

By Heidi Blake  
DEPUTY NEWS EDITOR

THE WORLD'S richest man, Bill Gates, has granted \$13.6 million to the Biology Department at the University of York to fund the completion of their research into better and cheaper treatments for Malaria.

The grant from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, which covers a four-and-a-half year period, will fund research by the Centre for Novel Agricultural Products (CNAP) on the medicinal plant *Artemisia annua* which could alleviate the global shortage of effective treatments for Malaria; a disease which kills more than one million people each year.

The Centre, part of the Biology Department at the University, has been working on a fast-track breeding research programme for *Artemisia annua*, which is currently the sole source of the leading anti-malarial drug, Artemisinin.

The goal of the research is to create a non-GM variety of the plant with vastly increased yields of Artemisinin for use in Artemisinin Combination Therapies (ACTs), which the World Health Organisation have identified as the most effective treatment for malaria.

In recent years, as the malaria parasite has developed resistance to traditional single-drug treatments such as Chloroquine, demand for ACTs has increased dramatically, resulting in a chronic shortage of Artemisinin and a five fold increase in its price since 2004.

Malaria kills a child

every thirty seconds in Africa, and up to half a billion courses of ACT may be needed to combat it. The aim of CNAP's research into new *Artemisia annua* varieties is to produce enough Artemisinin to satisfy this growing demand. Crucially, the research also aims to reduce to costs of producing the drug.

CNAP will use the grant money to recruit over 30 researchers and technicians, who will use a fast-track breeding method which excludes GM technology, to develop new varieties of *Artemisia annua* which will produce up to ten times as much of the drug as normal varieties.

CNAP director Professor Diana Bowles said: "This work could lead directly to making an effective cure for malaria cheaper and more accessible for people who need it most. We appreciate the support of the Gates Foundation in enabling us to undertake this work."

CNAP deputy director, Professor Ian Graham, said: "The potential is there to save millions of lives. It is a very sobering thought. We feel a huge responsibility in taking on this project."

This grant is among the first major moves by Bill Gates since his announcement last week that he is stepping down from the running of Microsoft to concentrate on his charitable work.

Dr Regina Rabinovich, the Gates Foundation's director of infectious diseases, said: "This promising research compliments other important initiatives working to meet the urgent need for inexpensive effective malaria treatments [which] could help to save millions of



Bill Gates last week announced plans to step down from Microsoft to spend more time on his charitable work

lives in Africa".

University's Vice-Chancellor, Professor Brian Cantor, said: "This is a very significant grant for the Department of Biology and is an indication of the all-round excellence of research here at the University of York. It will help scientists in CNAP make significant progress in increasing the supply of effective cures for a disease that affects so many people across the world."

The project plans to field-trial the new varieties of Artemisinin *annua* in areas of the developing world where malaria is endemic, and work with major manufacturers of ACTs to ensure that artemisinin extracted from the new cultivars conforms to pharmaceutical specifications.

## Halifax College objects to First Bus treatment

By Daniel Whitehead  
NEWS EDITOR

MEMBERS OF Halifax College HCSA have sent a complaint to First Buses after they were accused of behaving like "animals" by officials after a recent incident on York's pioneering FTR buses.

The incident occurred on Wednesday 31 May as students were boarding the number four service to town. According to several witnesses, as it became apparent that the ticket machine was

not working, many students attempted to tell the "pilot", but he ignored them and closed the bus doors, trapping a student between them.

With many students still queuing outside the bus they attempted to get onboard by pressing the emergency button on the front of the doors. This led to FTR security man Mark Turbridge being called, who upon arrival ordered all passengers off the bus and contacted the police, accusing students of acting like "wild drunks" and "ani-

mals". Second year Halifax student, Charlotta Salmi, one of the several passengers involved in the incident, accused officials of being "very rude", and said "It wasn't like we were acting like drunks, in fact everyone was seated in an orderly fashion".

Since the confrontation, Halifax HCSA President, Sam Bayley has sent a letter of complaint to First York on behalf of Halifax College detailing their grievances with the service.

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## Who's NOUSE

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# Hundreds kept out of Woodstock 2006

By Daniel Whitehead  
NEWS EDITOR

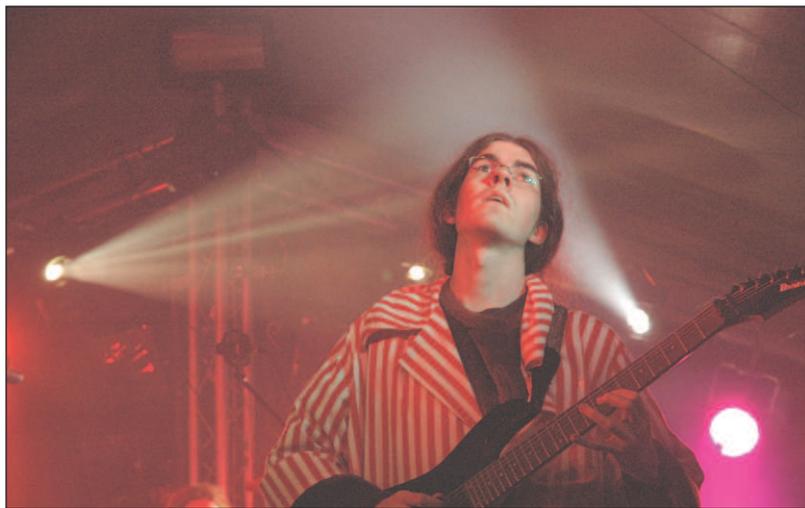
STUDENTS HAVE voiced displeasure at the University's re-location of Woodstock 2006 as event capacity was limited by security restrictions.

The annual end of term event, which is held by the Student's Union RAG committee for charity, was forced by University officials to move from the spacious green lands of Vanbrugh Bowl to Vanbrugh Paradise, as a way of expanding the licensed bar area. The move comes after the University announced a loss at last year's event after providing free security throughout.

Halifax student Thomas Fernyhough described the new system as "ridiculous" saying "Woodstock is dead, long live Woodstock". However, the day was defended by current Services and Finance Officer, Nat-Thwaites McGowan, who stated "the University has no legal obligation to provide security...it is unfair to expect them to make a loss". Although he added that he would push incoming Services officer Amy Woods to get large sponsorship for next year so the SU could afford to provide their own security.

Capacity originally stated as 1200 was increased to 1450 as it became apparent to security staff that student demand was above original expectations. Hundreds of students were left to queue for hours for the chance watch live acts including Battle of the Band winners Conceptual Misfire and campus celebrities Fenna Rhodes and the True Ingredients.

Meanwhile an eventful twelve-hour day saw a total



Left top: Battle of the Bands winners, Conceptual Misfire, photo by Toby Hall. Left bottom: Students avoid the queue by climbing on the top of the walkway, photo by Georgi Mabee. Right: Morning Thieves, complete with Gospel Choir backing, photo by Ally Carmichael

of eighteen acts play on the main stage with flame jugglers and a student diving into the lake; emerging with a discarded bicycle as two of the many side-attractions.

The total money raised at is still to be announced. Jaimal Shah, Student Development and Charities Officer said that he felt "the event went very well", and defended the decision to run Woodstock at Vanbrugh Paradise as "its such a big event to organise" and the decision to move the event "was not in our control".

## York's music talent impresses

By Robin Seaton  
MUSIC EDITOR

YORK'S BIGGEST music event of the year provided a range of talent from the acoustic stage, story tent and stalls in addition to the main stage.

The organisers followed the standard policy of 'let's get every band on campus to play', which was, as usual,

successful. Notable early highlights included Mitus, especially their alarmingly powerful singer Clive. The Zamar Gospel Choir were excellent, and for those who fancied something a little less exuberant, Astronaut played an affecting low tempo set. However, as with all the acoustic acts, he was slightly hampered by the people walking past.

Back outside, Jay

Foreman played his valedictory solo show, though his songs sounded as fresh as ever. The Moguls and El Mono kept things indily danceable, before The Love Apples' cover of 'Children of the Revolution' provided a mid-event highlight. Though why the American accent? I spent most of the next few bands trying to get fish and chips and jump the massive queue, so apologies

to The Memos, I Am Jack and The Morning Thieves. Skatesian brought some much needed energy to the Woodstock crowd, before Conceptual Misfire divided the audience between those who went mad trying to follow their nimble fingers and those who went to the bar. Fenna Rhodes finished the event, with a disappointingly short set that sent everyone home buzzing.

# Student hospitalised after RAG event

By Jamie Merrill  
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

A MEMBER of the Students Union's RAG committee was violently assaulted on campus and hospitalised after the pre-Woodstock warm up party, Woodstock's Little Stock.

Rod James, a 1st year English student who also sits on the RAG committee was attacked by a lone male

at around 1am last Friday, 23 June. The incident occurred outside Grimston House, adjacent to Vanbrugh College where the event was held.

James's attacker approached in a drunkard state to demand a taxi. "He just kept saying get me a taxi, get me a taxi" said James. The assailant who is not thought to be a student and was described by James

as "looking just like a normal guy" punched him in the face before running off towards University Road.

The victim described how he was trying to help the man get a taxi "when he hit me in the face and knocked me to the ground. It's a bit of a blur but he may have hit me two or three more times."

After being taken to York Hospital Accident and

Emergency by friends, the student had to receive stitches for a split lip and be treated for heavy bruising on his face and ribs sustained when he hit the pavement.

The assault was not reported to the police or campus security: "I didn't see the point in wasting the police's time. I know it was assault but I try to take these things in my stride".

In two unrelated inci-

dents a student was allegedly head butted by a fellow student and the police were called to Goodricke College after a reported stabbing.

Both incidents occurred during the England and Trinidad and Tobago football match on the 15 June.

In Derwent College an off duty member of Doorsafe separated two students after an alleged head butting. David Garner the University

Press Officer said "an incident did take place and was dealt with by Security Services but it is now a police matter".

Whilst in Goodricke College police were called after a reported stabbing. However Garner has confirmed that there was no stabbing, "six police officers attended but it was a false alarm, the victim had just had too much to drink"

# University's growing energy

By Heidi Blake  
DEPUTY NEWS EDITOR

IN RESPONSE TO fast-mounting energy costs and consumption, the University plans to undertake a range of measures aimed at reducing expenditure and shoring up environmental sustainability in association with the Carbon Trust. These measures aim to cut emissions and costs drastically by 2009/10.

According to the recent University Carbon Management Implementation Plan, key drivers for change include UK and EU policy, economic factors such as spiralling costs and international levies on emissions, and fears about the environmental impact of growing energy usage at the University. Crucial impetus has also come from the planned Heslington East expansion, which will lead to significant increases in energy costs and consumption.

In addition, the Implementation Plan admits that changes are partly motivated by the hope of "opportunities for grants for low-carbon projects" and "improved corporate image for the University".

Measures to reduce the University's energy usage and emissions will include an improvement in the pro-

cessing of utilities bills, which is expected to save £66,000 per annum; increased recycling; a "shadow pricing system" to assess different departments' share of the energy bill; and a staff and student awareness raising campaign, which it is thought will save up to £110,000. It is predicted that the full range of these measures will reduce costs by £1.2 million by 2009/10, and reduce carbon emissions by 7,009 tonnes by that year.

Speaking of the University's attitude towards environmental issues, energy conservation officer Heike Singleton said "I'd say it's improving - especially now with the cost increases; that's had a big impact... Obviously now it's more important because of the expansion with Heslington East. Sustainability is a major issue."

In addition to the Carbon Management Implementation Plan, the University has a range of other schemes in place aimed at ensuring sustainability. The Students' Union have collaborated with the University on a recent campaign to raise student awareness about the importance of saving energy, after a task force was gathered by the Communications Office at the end of last term to

address the issue of energy-awareness.

Of this, Nat Thwaites-McGowan, SU Services Officer, said "Everyone in the room agreed that something needed to be done, which at this university is a good thing". However, he expressed concerns about the durability of the campaign, saying "It's slowed down in momentum now, though. It's difficult putting that number of people in a room together and getting anything done."

The University also took part in the Business in the Community Yorkshire and Humber Environment Index 2006, ranking 38th out of 150 local companies in terms of environmental sustainability.

Of the Universities which ranked in the top 75, York came fourth of six, ranking less environmentally sustainable than the University of Leeds, Leeds Metropolitan University and the University of Hull; and more than Sheffield Hallam and Sheffield University.

This comes in the light of research by the Stockholm Environment Institute which revealed that the City of York's ecological footprint is 1,254,600 hectares, meaning that the area required to sustain York is 46 times the size of the city itself.



Lights in science block at night. Photo: Ally Carmichael

## Energy

By Heidi Blake  
DEPUTY NEWS EDITOR

Recent energy trends outlined in the Carbon Management Implementation Plan have been described by the University as "especially worrying" in the light of the planned Heslington East expansion, which is expected to lead to "higher consumption and costs".

The Plan states that an "important driver [for greater energy-efficiency] is the expansion of the current campus, the Heslington East project, both in terms of increased expenditure and environmental impact."

The Plan claims that "sustainability is one of the key design principles in the development of Heslington East. Draft Building Designs Guides have been produced, with specific sustainable targets. One of the project targets... is to achieve carbon neutrality in terms of the overall campus."

However, Dr. Richard Firm of the University's Biology department, said of the Heslington East proposal last year: "I have great concern about their interpretation of sustainability, which they take to include

# Ball tickets fail to sell

By Ellen Carpenter  
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

THIS YEAR'S YUSU Summer Ball has failed to sell out despite a new format and an increased budget. Of the 2,500 tickets available, over 450 after dinner ball tickets and over 60 Graduation Dinner tickets remain to be sold.

The Summer Ball, a departure from previous years' Grad Balls, is open to first and second years as well as graduating students. The Ball is costing £100,000 and features a fairground and casino, with Sara Cox presenting performances from Goldie Lookin' Chain and Bjorn Again.

This year the Summer Ball has been scheduled the day before Derwent's popular Big D Carnival. However, Students' Union Services and Finance Officer Nat Thwaites-McGowan claims this has not had an effect on



Bjorn Again, the ABBA tribute band, are to appear

ticket sales for the Summer Ball. "Students actually have a lot more money than we thought and can afford tickets for both events."

First year Langwith student Jessica Sinclair Taylor disagrees. "The Summer Ball's too expensive and Big D just sounds like more fun. I'll go to the graduation dinner in my final year but just I can't be bothered now."

Thwaites-McGowan attributes the Summer Ball's

failure to sell out on the increased number of tickets this year, stating, "they're actually selling at a much faster rate this week than they have been. We've sold 1,065 for dinner, and we normally sell about 1,100." However, despite the recent increase in ticket sales, it has not yet broken even.

Despite admitting that he had received "a mixed feedback" on opening the event up to first and second

year students, and that "a lot of people weren't happy about it," Thwaites-McGowan believes that the separate Graduation Dinner and the increased amount of money spent on this year's ball, which has been put into improved fairground rides and a chocolate fountain "has pacified them."

The SU Summer Ball is not the only end of year event having experienced problems with ticket sales. Langwith College's Summer Ball was forced to downsize its venue from 200 to 120 maximum capacity, eventually only selling 80 tickets.

Langwith Chair, Lucy Wickham, felt that the proximity of the event to the AU Ball and Big D had affected ticket sales: "it's always difficult selling ball tickets at the end of term, no one's got any money left," but maintained that the Langwith Ball "was a successful event" and broke even.

# Man barricades himself into a student house

By Jamie Merrill  
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

YORK POLICE WERE called out to a recent burglary after a man broke into a student house and barricaded himself within, while three students locked themselves in their rooms.

The attempted burglary occurred at 5pm on Tuesday 13 June when a man broke into a student property on Bishopthorpe Road, South Bank.

Second year student Jade Griffiths became aware of the break-in when she saw the man's reflection in her bedroom mirror. The burglar had gained entry by breaking the back door, having already smashed in a back window. "I'd heard some noise but thought it was the neighbour, but when

I saw him I just shouted at him to get out of my house" said Griffiths.

The man then locked himself into the students' living room and barricaded the door. Prudence Ivey, another occupant of the house, said "we could hear him moving furniture around, it was terrifying, we all locked our door and waited for the police".

The burglar remained in the living for 5 to 10 minutes before Griffiths again tried to confront him and he made his escape.

"The police took absolutely ages to arrive considering he was still in our house" said Prudence. "But they were really good once they got here and said we'd done all the right things, they even had CSI here with-in the hour".

# concerns revealed

## impact of Hes East expansion

potentially environmentally damaging economic factors.” Dr. Firn also claimed that the proposal “is not committing itself to the highest European standards for developing the site.”

The central feature of the proposal is a lake which will occupy 10% of the total footprint, and will involve the pumping of groundwater supplies to maintain adequate levels.

Of this, Firn said: “Creating a system which places extra demand on limited water supplies is hardly indicative of sustainable design.” The University used roughly 406,500 cubic metres of water last year.

The Heslington East proposal commits to providing accommodation to all the 3,700 extra full-time students it aims to attract.

With residential usage currently accounting for 33% of total energy costs, this large-scale increase in the number of University residences may pose problems for energy-reduction schemes

The “business as usual” scenario forecast by the Higher Education Carbon Management Programme shows an increase in carbon

emissions of roughly 4,000 tonnes in the year 2009/10 “following the start of the first phase of Heslington

East”. However, the University aims to avert this increase in carbon emissions with a

range of energy-reduction measures, outlined in their Carbon Management Implementation Plan.



Computer monitors left on over night in Derwent College. Photo: Ally Carmichael

# Impact of high student usage on total energy

By Heidi Blake  
DEPUTY NEWS EDITOR

ENERGY FIGURES FOR the year 2004/5 obtained by Nouse show students on campus play a key part in the over-use of energy at the University, and in the generation of harmful emissions.

Of the total gas, water and electricity used at the University that year, 33% was used in campus residences. Campus residents alone were responsible for 68,33368 of the 21,733,598 kg of CO2 emissions generated.

Using an online facility, Nouse has calculated the ecological footprint of the average student at 5.3 hectares. Though this is short of the national average footprint of 6.3 hectares, it is still far in excess of the actual earth-share of 2 hectares per capita.

If every person in the world lived in the manner of a typical student, 2.8 planets would be needed to sustain global consumption.

To combat this high-level student energy-usage,

the Students’ Union launched a recent poster campaign to increase student energy-awareness, by publicising the costs of residential energy usage in terms of student services.

One such poster read: “If all the computers on campus were switched off for 6 hours per night, the University would save enough to fund 450 new societies”.

Though Services Officer Nat Thwaites McGowan admitted on Friday that he had no assurances that the University would spend any of the money saved on students, he is hopeful that if it becomes clear that students have dramatically reduced their energy usage, the University could be persuaded to commit some of the money accrued to student services.

The University will be able to detect changing levels of student energy use through a new system of metering being implemented.

The Students’ Union are keen to remind students to make every effort to conserve energy.

# Takeaway set to open on campus

By Ben Toone  
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

THE UNIVERSITY IS set to give the go-ahead for a campus fast food takeaway.

Unlike Your:Shop and Your:Books, Commercial Services is taking charge of the scheme. “It was their idea and their venture” said Nat Thwaites-McGowan, current Students’ Union Services and Finance Officer.

Despite this, the SU are trying to make the venture as well suited to students as possible, having sent out a survey last term canvassing student opinion. “We [the Students’ Union] designed the survey so that the University can get a better idea of what students actually want” said Amy Woods, Services and Finance Officer elect. “We’re trying to keep the decisions as student-led as possible”.

The new takeaway is

likely to be situated in Vanbrugh, making use of current facilities. It is hoped that it will be more successful than JJ’s pizza, which is partly kept afloat by JJ’s bar profits.

It will also be kept as fair trade and environmentally friendly as possible in terms of packaging and food.

Thwaites-McGowan believes the takeaway won’t encourage an unhealthy student diet. “The University is populated with individuals educated to a very high level and as such we always promote choice. Introducing the takeaway on campus would be a good service and has the potential to raise much needed funding for Commercial Services.”

The venture is in its early stages and the scheme may be operational in time for next year’s autumn term, though this has not been confirmed.

# SU denies No Sweat support

By Daniel Whitehead  
NEWS EDITOR

AN ATTEMPT to persuade the Students’ Union to support the anti-sweatshop campaign has been quashed in its first stages by Rules Committee, and York students will not be allowed to vote on the issue.

A motion submitted to the union’s central decision-making body, the UGM, asked the SU to “investigate the origins of university apparel...and if necessary change suppliers to ensure that the workers involved in their production receive a living wage, work in safe and healthy conditions and are free to join an independent union.”

If this motion were passed, SU officers would have been mandated to take action on the issue of ethical student merchandise. However, in a statement to the students who were proposing the motion, Nik Engineer, the Chair of Rules

Committee, said the SU would not let this issue be voted on at a UGM, because “it is an issue that does not affect students as students”.

He went onto say that the union needed to “operate...within best practice, which includes not making public statements of such issues.”

This has sparked a furious reaction from NoSweat campaigner, Michael Wood, who said: “instead of getting a democratic mandate this was squashed at the committee stage by a group of right wing hacks with a desire to limit the scope of YUSU’s service provision.”

He had hoped that passing a motion for the SU to support a campaign against sweatshop labour would help prompt decisive change. Already, a large number of unions and union branches are affiliated to NoSweat, but the SU has refused to take a campaigning stance.

Wood continued: “I



A child sweatshop worker

simply can’t see how this doesn’t affect students as students. After all, students need merchandise to function as students. Plus, the issue of workers’ rights is pertinent to pretty much any student who works, as they don’t do it for the fun of it, but to support themselves as students.”

The decision by the SU to refuse support to NoSweat follows two years of student campaigns to provide University merchandise

from ethical sources. In December 2004 Nouse launched its ethical clothing campaign, which met with some success against Fruit of the Loom’s poor workers’ rights record.

Several College JCRs switched to ethical merchandising, as did many student societies. This prompted an investigation by the then SU Environment Officers, who were prepared to take action on the problem and drew up various policy options.

However, eighteen months later, the SU have withdrawn their support for a campaign that has touched many student groups on campus. They argue that to do so would be in breach of “best practice”. Wood said: “My guess is because it would involve a lot of time, money, and effort in actually changing the union from a body which provides cheap(ish) drinks into one which campaigns on issues students are concerned about.”

# A guide to the 'Year of Reform'

By Lauren Carter and  
Jamie Merrill

THE STUDENTS' UNION have claimed success in their 'Year of Reform', despite the criticisms it has received from students. The reforms, which started in the autumn term, have involved a complete overhaul of the SU, and, most notably, led to the introduction of the new constitution, which has been seen as one of the sabbatical team's most controversial moves in their term in office.

Over the last year, the SU also faced a number of incidents that were not expected, from the University's threat of bar closures, to the recent AUT strike, and there is no doubt that their reactions to these will affect how the students chose to remember them.

## Campaigns

The SU's sabbatical team become most visible to students when campaigning on campus, whether that be defying the National Union of Students over the lecturers' strike or protesting to the University to keep the college bars open.

Students' Union President, Micky Armstrong, claims one of the Union's biggest successes was standing up to the NUS, and choosing not to support the lecturers in their strike action and assessment boycott.

Micky said: "I'm disappointed that as a national union we suffered a massive spilt but I had to put the needs of the students first."

While most students applauded the SU's stance on the assessment boycott, the outcome of the 'Save our Bars' campaign has been seen as a disappointment.

The two week campaign, which was one of the biggest in the SU's history, led to students packing out their college bars one week and 'barcotting' them the next. Over two thousand signatures were collected in a petition, and Micky Armstrong promised "we will not back down".

Despite the initial claims of success from the SU, the University are still planning widespread closures in the next academic year. At the time, Vanbrugh College Chair, Micky Macefield accused the SU of "leading everybody to believe that closures were negotiable", and other JCRC chairs have hit out at the

close relationship between the SU and the University in the discussions.

Services and Finance Officer, Nat Thwaites-McGowan, however, claims the SU's biggest success was "dialogue with the university" and said "we've finally got them talking to us".

In negotiations, it has been agreed certain bars will open two nights a week. Armstrong said: "I have huge reservations about how successful this new plan will be".

The JCRCs have now taken action, and in a recent UGM a motion was submitted to ensure that the SU would not back down over the bar closures. Halifax College President, Sam Bayley, said: "Thanks to the motion we submitted to the UGM, the campaign will be ongoing".

"I probably would have been more hard-line with the University had I been "chief negotiator" he added.

## Behind the Scenes

However, Thwaites-McGowan and Armstrong have outlined that a number of their successes have been "behind the scenes". Armstrong claims a new five-year strategic plan as one of his high points, while Thwaites-McGowan has concentrated on a financial reform of the Union.

"To be honest our entire budgetary system was a joke before this year", he said. The SU have worked to restructure the Union's budget, which will allow societies to get their funding sooner.

The new constitution was cited as another one of the Union's successes. Armstrong said: "The constitution made the Union more democratic and representative".

However, last term, the constitution proved so controversial that some students threatened to no-confidence Armstrong and Thwaites-McGowan, the two officers behind the document.

This followed a controversial move by the SU to pass the new constitution, which meant a reinterpretation of the voting rules. Despite their claims that a wide range of constitutional experts had been consulted, a *Nouse* investigation found that the SU had misrepresented advice, and most of the supposed 'experts' had not been able to pass comment.

Neil Barnes, the Academic and Welfare Officer, said: "It still makes



The dream team? SU President, Micky Armstrong and Nat Thwaites-McGowan. Photo by Toby Hall

me shudder to think about how seriously dodgy the process became."

## Working relationships

The SU has stated that the relations between the sabbatical officers and other members of the Union has been much better than in previous years. Commenting on the former sabbatical team, Thwaites-McGowan said: "It was an absolute disaster. It was like a soap opera."

However, Goodricke College Chair, Matt Burton said "he found that the cur-

rent sabbatical team weren't very approachable".

This followed a heated email exchange between Burton and Thwaites-McGowan over the SU's Ents Tech. Thwaites-McGowan advised Burton: "don't fuck us around".

There were similar accusations of unprofessional conduct from the student body. In a response to an Ask YUSU question, Thwaites-McGowan told a student to "fuck off" and was forced to apologise for a statement which claimed that the people persecuted under the Nazi regime were "stupid".

However, Thwaites-McGowan believes Ask YUSU was used to harass the sabbatical officers and college chairs: "There are some students who take it to heart to make your life a living hell".

The outgoing SU team have argued their 'Year of Reform' was a success and has delivered a more efficient, democratic and representative Union, while at the same time dealing with crises such as the threatened bar closures and the lecturers' strike.

Thwaites-McGowan has admitted: "there's been times

when we've dropped the ball, hopefully next years team will pick up the pieces that we dropped".

The SU seems hopeful that there will be a 'year of consolidation' under the next sabbatical team, and then it will be possible to see the true successes of the 'year of reform'.

'In what other job can you earn money but still live a student life?'

Neil Barnes M2

## Local stags abuse Alcuin students

By Daniel Whitehead  
NEWS EDITOR

SEVERAL ALCUIN students have complained after being harassed by a stag party staying at a local University accommodation last weekend. Students reported that they were subject to taunts of "Get up you lazy student bastards, you f\*\*\*\*\*ing tax dodging c\*\*s" at 7am on the Sunday morning.

A female Alcuin stu-

dent, told of her personal ordeal in which several men approached asking what course she did. After telling them she studied Biology one of the men said "I wouldn't mind exploring your Biology". A friend, Francesca Archer-Todde said that the abuse was "so loud I could have cried", adding "I think it's disgusting that they come and intimidate women".

The Bed and Breakfast is situated in Franklin

House, behind Alcuin College, and is available to all members of the public apart from stag and hen parties, on behalf of the National Learning Centre which opened earlier in the year under the jurisdiction of the "Conference" sector.

Rachel Harwood, who supervises Conference Business for the University defended the facility saying that "if we had been aware of the incident we would have

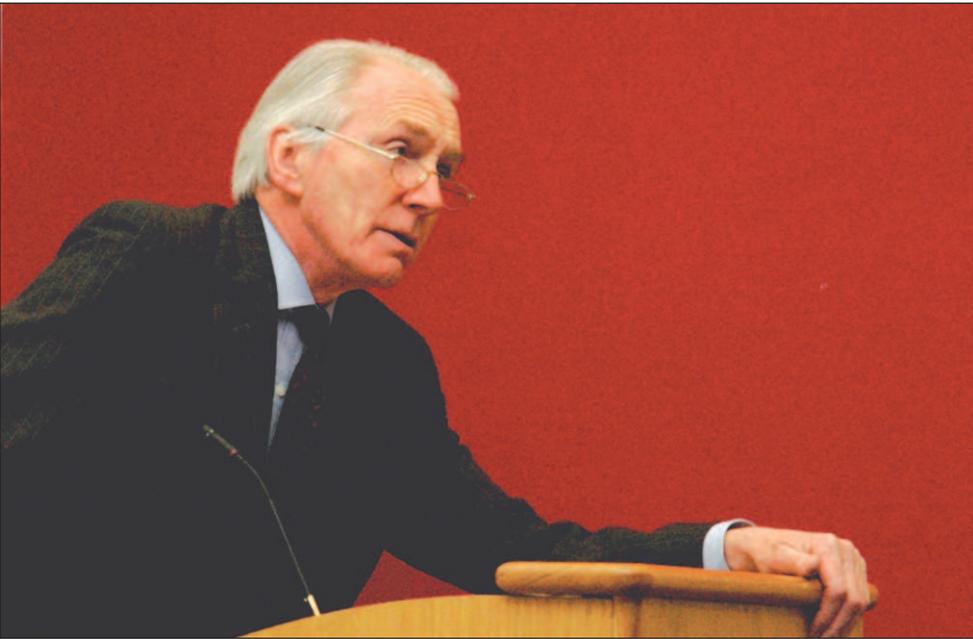
acted", and accused students of making false accusations, asking, "if the incident did occur why didn't they contact security?" She added, "If it is not reported there is nothing we can do about it".

Alcuin student Helen Tilly opposed the University's argument, saying "I can't believe the University would allow people like that to stay among students, they obviously don't care about our safety."

# The year in pictures



(Clockwise from above) A spate of drink spikings occurred in Derwent, prompting a successful Nouse fronted campaign, 'Be Aware', urging students to watch their drinks. Photo by Georgi Mabee; Neil Entwistle, a York graduate, remains in an American prison awaiting trial for the murder of his wife and baby daughter; Documents obtained by Nouse revealed that the University of York hold shares in major arms companies; Rich Croker beat Colin Hindson in the closely fought SU Presidential Election. Photo by Toby Hall; Campus was paid a visit by Lord Hutton, whose report led to Greg Dyke, the chancellor of York University, leaving his job as controller of the BBC. Photo by Toby Hall



# MUSE

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# A year of equal and diverse

Students often know very little about what the SU actually do. **Neil Barnes** reveals all about his year as a sabbatical officer

**N**ever did I imagine, when taking my first few steps as a sabbatical officer of the Students' Union, the ups and downs I would experience in my amazing year as Academic & Welfare Officer. In the past 12 months there have been moments of absolute joy tempered with occasions of total misery, and working full-time solely for the benefit of students is certainly something that has provided many experiences and provoked many opinions.

My work started at the beginning of last summer, which was mostly spent preparing for Freshers' week - there's always a certain amount of naivety amongst new students, so there needed to be plenty of information out there to gently ease them into university life. Unfortunately, a lot of information got lost in translation as students were bombarded with the message of alcohol. Despite some people's best efforts, and the promotion of non-alcoholic events, the overriding message was to drink, drink, and drink more. This disappointed me, as there was so much potential to ease people gently into a student lifestyle through a carefully considered week of socialising and getting to know one another, which would lead to everyone being equally integrated.

However, as soon as the socialising becomes alcohol-soaked a divide is created between those outgoing people who steam on ahead and quickly gain notoriety, and those who aren't so outgoing, get left behind and spend the rest of their time at university catching up. I'm not arguing against drinking alcohol (in fact I would be a total hypocrite if I did, as many people will stand testimony to...), but Freshers' Week provides your one chance to get university off to a good start, and the raging beer-soaked events that occur every night during the week don't help this.

Moving on from the lecture though, Freshers' Week was possibly the busiest, most enjoyable and certainly the most sanity-threatening week of my year. There was the talk and video in Central Hall that was put on for all the freshers on the Monday and first years still remember it now, screaming 'WELFARE!' in my face when they see me in nightclubs. I even felt like a celebrity at Access All Areas that night where so people I'd never met before spontaneously came up to talk to me. I relished the attention without the slightest feeling of modesty or guilt - dammit, I was enjoying myself! You would have assumed that

**Right: Neil Barnes in his office in the SU building. All photos by Georgi Mabee**



**'There have been situations where the Students' Union has been culturally insensitive when dealing with societies'**

as co-ordinator of all student welfare activities on campus I would have resisted the urge to pull a fresher, but no, I was a bad boy, and should have known better. I guess I was revelling in the fact that I was suddenly more popular with the ladies as a sabbatical officer than I have been in any of the previous three years!

Most of the year has continued in the same vein, with a constant stream of work, partying, drinking, and clubbing. It has not always been a healthy year, but it's certainly been eventful. It has also been a very productive year, in terms of how much has been achieved by the Students' Union. At times we are accused of only doing what benefits us,

and not doing what the students want. Although sometimes the work we do may lead to our egos being fed, we always go into everything we do with one aim: doing our best for students. Even if views differ between officers, all our opinions are based on reaching this goal. The problem is that so many people want different things, and this makes it hard to assess what the prevailing opinion is amongst students.

I'm quite a fence sitter at heart and I'm always reluctant to get involved in controversial matters - it comes from an eagerness to please everyone at the same time, which is sometimes one of my failings. The big issue was the reformed YUSU Constitution, especially the flack flying around regarding the role of the equality officers on the Executive Committee. I worked with the other sabbatical officers on this, and I still believe that one of our earlier ideas was the best, which was to have an Equality & Diversity Officer on the Executive with the four equality officers only sitting on Senate. However, certain people rejected this, and thus the first proposed constitution had a severe gap in it when it went to a vote. It was this which led to its downfall. I still refuse to believe that the SU needs the four equality officers to be on both the Executive and Senate; it's not necessary or efficient and perhaps more people are now realising this. The abuse I received for supporting the first proposal insulted me and the work I have put into the Students' Union for over 3 years, but that's the pitfall of being a Union Officer.

Then came the 'revised' proposal, which was no more than just slotting in

the four equality officers on both Exec. and Senate. This left us with very little time before the main SU elections to have it passed or failed. It failed the initial vote and since then the story has passed into SU legend. Do abstentions count as votes or not? It still makes me shudder to think about how seriously dodgy the process became. On the night Exec. voted on the issue of whether to discount abstentions as part of the vote, I decided to be one of only 3 people who voted against. That was the decision my conscience led me to on the night, as I couldn't be part of something that wasn't clear-cut. In the end, we were left with a disrupted election schedule, and a constitution that isn't ideal.

For me personally, the big welfare issue has been drink spiking. I planned a simulated drink spiking campaign at a Planet V in the Autumn Term but to my horror there was suddenly a spate of incidents that led to a running battle between myself (with the help of JCRCs) and the evil bastards who think it's fun to spike drinks. I think we won, especially as Nouse publicised the issue widely, and awareness is now regularly promoted at events. What concerns me is that the majority of the alleged incidents were at events held in Derwent, and only this year. Is there some evil first year targeting student events? What drives someone to seek some thrill from endangering the lives of others? Just sheer perversity in my opinion.

The 'Save the Bars' campaign of the Spring Term was the biggest SU campaign I've seen in all my four years at York. I enjoyed the two weeks of the

# experiences

campaign immensely, sacrificing my liver in the process, but trying to keep the bars open 7 nights a week was not just about the alcohol, it was also about providing a shared social space. With so many JCRs being regularly booked out to societies, there's no longer a constantly available space for people to chill out in, regardless of whether they are drinking alcohol or not. Some people claim that even if a bar is shut the area will still be available, but the point is that the bar being open adds to the atmosphere and means all groups can mingle.

Any proposal the University has come up with will betray and destroy student spirit – all just to save a few thousand pounds. I've actively opposed any suggestions that the Students' Union needs to agree with any University proposal. We can work with the University on any model of closure, but we must still actively disagree with anything that is not what we want and I hope that after I've gone that some future officers may hold this view. It's my opinion that the University wants to be able to say that 'the SU supports this' – it makes them look better, but it makes us become the University's bitch. The SU isn't supposed to be the University's bitch, we're supposed to be the Students' bitch!

The campaign also brought one episode that ranks as one of my favourite incidents of the whole year. In week 9 of the spring term I went to the Goodricke bar quiz, and was conned by two JCRC chairs into taking part in the 'barricade' that Goodricke carried out. Suddenly several Nouse reporters turned up with a camera, and I was worried that it would look terribly embarrassing if disciplinary action was taken and a sabbatical officer was right in the centre of it. But I soon realised that nothing serious was going to happen, and enjoyed the mini sit-in, and Doorsafe's attempt to eject the Nouse reporters from the bar was the funniest thing I've seen in ages.

There have been moments of inappropriate conduct within the confines of the Student Centre, although it's never been outright bad behaviour however there have been occasions when I've felt that people within the SU aren't as 'equal opportunities' friendly as they should be. Some people seem to regard equality and diversity issues as a nuisance that they have to placate and, although I admit that many students may not care about non-alcoholic events or whether smoke or strobe should be used, that's no excuse to forget about the people that are affected by this issue. I've personally felt marginalised as a disabled person, especially in SU committees where my disability seems to be a joke with everyone laughing whenever I mishear something, or miss what someone says. I've witnessed occasions where sexism against women is still present, especially on occasions regarding publicity of events.

There have also been situations where the SU has been culturally insensitive when dealing with certain cultural societies, and times when

'being gay' was used as an insult. In order fully to engage with all students, the officers within the Union need to be more aware of the implications of what they say both privately and publicly, and the opinions they express. Without this awareness, we stumble down the road to greater apathy amongst students, despite the hard work of those related to equality and diversity.

I don't want to be too negative though – I certainly won't try to put anyone off running for a sabbatical position next year and I definitely don't want to scare the incoming sabbaticals. The elected candidates weren't all my first choices but were definitely either my first or second. I've also worked with an amazing team of officers this year, and am privileged to have done so. It's a long way from six blokes inno-



**'Do abstentions count? It makes me shudder to think about how dodgy the process became'**

cently playing croquet on a training weekend to the fatigue and general gladness that our time is nearly up. The decisions we've made have not always been well received by ordinary students, but everything we've done was, from our point of view, for their benefit. It's been a year of joy from campus to Toffs, to Ziggy's to countless bars and clubs, to Lancaster and back to campus again. At the same time, it's been a year of some lows from feeling isolated in my office to wondering why things go wrong.

However, even with the hindsight and knowledge of everything that's gone on this year, I wouldn't change a single thing that has happened. In what other job do you have the collective students as a boss where it requires a majority decision to sack you? In what other job can you be a little late and hung-over, and not be admonished for it? In what other job can you escape for a few hours if the workload is getting you down? In what other job can you earn money but still live a student life?!

## The scientific briefing with **Luke Boulter**

**Modern man: survival of the fittest or just a bit of luck?**



This week it surfaced in the news that a letter written by Charles Darwin – one of the original proponents in the theory of evolution – is to be auctioned at Sotheby's. The letter was written in October 1980 in the aftermath of his landmark work *Origin of Species*, and shows Darwin's modest view on what he had proposed and his lack of shock that his peers were dubious about this 'new' idea.

Natural selection and the theory of evolution is still seen as one of the most revolutionary pieces of scientific thinking, and is classically marked as the point where human creation found a viable scientific footing. Human evolution is a subject which is often not greatly considered, but one which is critically important. It gives us a glimpse of where we have come from, who we are and ultimately where we may, or indeed may not, end up. Human evolution is also a contentious subject not only for the obvious religious implications, but also for being shrouded in arrogance, lies and treachery.

Before I begin the story of human evolution, I apologise for some of the scientific names used, and for the unscientific nature of the information, but when compiling information such as this the majority of it is speculative. As far as we know, humans began as a four legged ape-like creature, that to be honest is wholly unremarkable, known as Proconsul. This creature wandered across the increasingly arid regions of what is now Africa. The original and best Proconsul fossils were found in the 1930s and still reside in London's Natural History museum. Proconsul is similar in both form and characteristics to modern day monkeys, as it has a long slim body, rather than the broad chest of humans and other apes. There were many species of Proconsul living about 20 million years ago, so the fossil record for these creatures is vast.

It is believed that a group of creatures known as the Dryopithecines were the next link in our evolution. Members of this group were effectively Apes with reduced teeth, indeed this is the first point in our evolution where we see a vertical face, with no muzzle, – something that we take for granted. There were many Dryopithecines, but only one is really relevant to our story: Kenyapithecus, the first real ancestor of humans.

Australopithecus seems to be the next in the path to humanity. This ape like creature has similar jaw to ours, and there is significant evidence to suggest that Australopithecus walked upright, since it has similar feet to us.

So, thus far, we have a flat-faced ape-like creature that can walk upright. Okay, I know I'm asking a lot, but stretch your imagination a bit and you can almost see how it only takes a few simple steps from Australopithecus to a recognisable modern day human.

When I say 'simple', all we have to do is increase our brain size. The best analogy I can think of is to imagine a single measure of whisky: it has a volume of 25ml, so it would take 60 measures to fill the volume of our brain, but it would only take about 20 to fill the volume of Australopithecus. We have therefore actually managed to increase our

brain volume by 3 times in the space of 2.5 million years.

Our most famous ancestor is perhaps *Homo erectus*. Unlike its name suggests, it was not the first of the upright hominids, but is a very close relative of us, having a similar brain size and utilising relatively complex stone tools.

*Homo erectus* is the first case where archaeological evidence has been found to suggest a global population... The hominids, at last, after 19 million years, had ventured out of Africa!

The most exciting race of human evolution has only really lasted a few hundred thousand years. This is the race between *Homo sapiens* and *Homo neanderthalensis*.

The Neanderthals, as they are more commonly known, were our most abundant contemporaries (our other contemporary being *Homo floresiensis*, which was discovered, confined to the island Flores in 2003). The Neanderthals were remarkably similar to us, and, in many cases, *Homo sapiens* and *Homo neanderthalis* are classed as mere subsets of the same species. Modern reconstructions of the Neanderthals suggest that they would look like a thickly set modern human. They would have slightly more prominent ridges above the eye, but if you dressed them in clothes then there would be very little difference between them and us. Genetic evidence also shows that Neanderthals are very close relations, diverging from us only half a million years ago.

It is not just in the physical appearance that Neanderthals were like us; there is evidence of a musical flute, and fire, both of which are indicative of a complex society. There is also evidence that the Neanderthals buried their dead, which has no practical significance except that the deceased is not left to be eaten. This, coupled with sites where flowers have been thrown onto the corpse, suggests that there is a complex social ritual and, without stressing the point too strongly, there may even be evidence of belief.

So then, why is it us who grace this earth rather than the Neanderthals or another species? Well, to begin with, we are intelligent – disproportionately so, in fact: our brains are too big for our bodies and that gave us an advantage. We were lighter than the Neanderthals, so when the time came that fighting was no longer an option, we could flee with more ease.

The most convincing argument for our survival, though, is our willingness to adapt. *Homo sapiens* are wanderers, we migrate even now, and always have. When food is scarce or the climate takes a turn for the worse we move. The Neanderthals, or so it is believed, were much more homely, fighting it out whenever times and resources changed.

Ultimately, though, I'd like to suggest that it was just old fashioned luck; somewhere, each of our ancestors was in the right place at the right time, with the right amount of fur. From an evolutionary standpoint we are nothing more than naked apes, but naked apes that have made a population of over 6 billion from an original stock of 100,000 or so.

# of eclecticism and reinvention

remain on form with a new album and recent European tour. **James Fanning** speaks hometown of Reading, their musical influences and getting sneakily wasted at Live8

thing else in Reading. We were always lucky to have the band as friends so we'd retreat into our own little world to be creative, rather than relying on Reading as a place to go and check out music". In the same vein, it is important to remember that unlike many guitar-led British bands, The Cooper Temple Clause write everything together. John sees this as the source for their "eclecticism."

"With everyone writing their parts, it ends up a strange mix. Sometimes Tom (Bellamy, vocals) will be on his laptop for weeks working on some electro, then he'll bring it to us and we'll put our parts on it, or me and Kieran will be jamming away live. Every song is born differently. We're proud of how someone will hear one song and think 'They're a rock band' and then hear another song and think 'They're an electro band.'"

This is the great strength of the band; at the gig tonight there are punters scissor-kicking each other in true metal style, then the song changes and everyone begins raving. Dance-moshing? It's surprisingly fun. When I ask the two how they think this cross-pollination has affected their popularity, they respond with infuriating modesty. "Well, hopefully everyone will like something they find in the mix" Keiron replies, and John simply laughs. "We're just covering our bases really." They seem almost casually indifferent to the fact that they are in the process of shaping a new genre of music.

For a band who have played to colossal audiences all around the world, the decision to promote *Make It Your Own* by playing toilet venues like the Cockpit may seem bizarre. It is a rarity to see so successful a band within getting hit in the face by flailing guitar distance. John admits there is an aspect of "testing the water" after the band's three year hiatus "I mean you don't want to book yourself into a massive room if only four hundred people are coming" but maintains that these smaller gigs are important for them.

"As we've been away so long, we wanted to do fan shows. We advertised the gigs before they got to press through our website. It's just about putting on a really great show for the people who've been there since the beginning."

A lot of bands tend to talk up their relationship with "the fans" but with The Cooper Temple Clause there does seem a genuine affection between audience and band. Tonight John is seen happily mingling with fans after the show, even sitting outside to have a beer with a fan who had been ejected

by the bouncers for "ballroom style antics".

New album *Make It Your Own* apparently signifies their passage into maturity. The band even abandoned 'Dress Up Thursday' (a weekly ritual on their last album, involving dressing up as women, pirates and Motley Crue) for the more civilised pastime of poker. Kieran laments this shift, complaining about the "distinct lack of cross dressing on this album." John interjects. "We've just got older and dressing like women didn't seem like such a good idea anymore. I mean how can you take your bandmates seriously if they're dressed like 80's rock stars?"

This newfound maturity also affected chief lyricist Dan Fisher (see the band's website for his superb elephant costume). John suggests that Fisher has progressed as a songwriter: "He's chilled out a lot from the crazy Dan we used to be scared of and his lyrics are much more emotional. He's always had a dark edge, but he's progressed away from that and become less dark. I think he's in a better place emotionally."

The tracks circulating on the internet certainly seem the product of a band who have finally come to terms with their musical abilities. 'Damage' and 'Waiting Game,' for example are tighter, punchier and more instantly accessible than their older material and it seems they are perfecting the art of writing the four minute pop-rock song with an added twist.

However, there is the niggling doubt that this newfound ability to write songs reflects a desire for the extreme commercial acceptability that has so far eluded the band. John says, "There's always businessmen in suits talking to you about radio and TV and there's always that nagging in your ear. But it's still very eclectic. There are the friendlier tracks, then the downright dirty tracks you'd expect from us. The album is a huge journey."

The Cooper Temple Clause had a lot more time and resources to spend on this album, spending the first six months constantly writing and recording demos in their self-built recording studio, Bleak House. They even worked with Depeche Mode producer Dave McCracken, whose influence can be seen in the electro-punk of new tracks 'Head' and 'Connect.' The two clearly enjoyed the ability to record and write at leisure, as John states. "It was a much better process of writing. Whereas with the first two albums the label needed a record, this time we had enough time and freedom to work on them until they were perfect. We want-

ed to work on getting the songcraft to a much higher state of being, so we spent a long time, writing, listening to other people's opinions, basically taking on all kinds of different ideas and just jamming the songs through various formations until we got to exactly where we wanted to be."

Although The Cooper Temple Clause may be where they wish to be musically, for many fans the band will not be the same without founding member Didz Buchanon. John admits that with six song writers in the band, Didz was somewhat squeezed out. "I don't think he had the scope within our band to show his talents. His songs

kept getting pushed off the radar. He'd also been spending less and less time with us as he'd had a kid. It got to the stage where Karl asked him to join the band".

Despite their obvious disappointment, the pair recall Didz's antics on tour fondly. John remarks that Didz never failed to be sick in his room and Kieran laughs that the bass is much tighter now owing to Didz's propensity for guitar slinging acrobatics. It's refreshing to see a band affectionately discussing their friendship with an ex-bandmate, rather than resorting to the name-calling and childishness that often typifies such splits. As Kieran says at the close of our interview, the strength of the friendship was such that getting a new bassist was inconceivable. "There was the option of getting a new member. But we always thought the idea of a band is quite precious, it's about friendship not just about replacement."

Watching The Cooper Temple Clause that evening in the wretched hive of sweat and villainy that is the Cockpit, the loss of Didz seems to have affected the band more emotionally than musically. The band play an intense and exhilarating set, with the sledgehammer riffage of 'Promises, Promises' and the sonic wigouts of 'New Toys' banishing any doubts about their future as a five piece. It's the new material tonight that really shines with the superb piano refrain on 'Waiting Game' and the frankly unnerving electro-indie of 'Head' making previous tracks like 'Panzer Attack' seem fairly juvenile. Musically muscular and powerfully diverse, the new songs combine poppy melodies and hooks galore with the experimental insanity that initially made the band so exciting. This is a band in its stride.

Electro, pop, grunge, indie? I doubt any of the sweat soaked fans retiring to the bar with ear-wide grins on their faces really care for definitions. The Cooper Temple Clause are themselves, and they're bloody good for it.



"Live8 was a very dry festival, but I managed to sneak in quite a lot of booze... I wore very baggy jeans and strapped it all to my leg and seemed to have a better time than most"

Music on the website: [www.NOUSE.co.uk](http://www.NOUSE.co.uk)

In music content exclusive to the internet, **Camille Augard** reviews local favourites and Battle of the Bands competitors **Cardboard Radio** following their recent gig at Fibbers in York

**James Fanning** reviews the **Foo Fighters'** mini festival, where they were joined by **Queens of the Stone Age** and **Motorhead**, which took place at Hyde Park on Saturday 17th June

# Feminists! It's f-off to the f-word

Is feminism a fight for gender equality, or an outlet for frustrated lesbianism? **Kate Smith** and **Heidi Blake** find out what York men think

Feminism is an elusive and evolving concept. It remains hotly debated and wildly controversial, but whilst men have always been involved in the debate, their voices are conspicuous by their absence in the process of definition and development. So, given the chance, how would men define feminism? Is it nothing more than an outdated theory? Or perhaps merely an outlet for frustrated lesbianism? Does it vindicate a conception which indiscriminately perceives all men as bastards and promotes notions of female supremacy? Is modern post-feminism an excuse for selfish female hedonism? Or, could it be that men see feminism as nothing more than the propagation of gender equality?

Keen to explore the opinions of a wide range of men, we burned our bras and descended upon York's traditional watering holes, armed with a dictaphone, a veritable library of well-thumbed feminist polemic, and a thirst for revolution. While, much to our chagrin, revolutionary spirit was not overwhelmingly forthcoming from the men of York, the conversations we had did reveal just what an elusive concept feminism is. Not a single person we spoke to had a pre-considered definition to offer, but all were willing to bash out some ideas, though sadly some seemed keener to bash us, with our own copies of *The Female Eunuch*, no less.

One man we spoke to insisted that "feminism is about looks". He suggested that "beautiful women" were unlikely to be feminists and claimed that a feminist can be detected by signs of what he described as "frustrated lesbianism". A penchant for "unrevealing clothes" is a telling signal, we're told. An absence of make-up is another crucial factor, but this look is apparently incomplete without that internationally recognised beacon of female homosexuality: "a pair of spectacles". Encouragingly, his companion, Peter, quickly interjected, exclaiming, "it's not the look, it's how you portray yourself. It's all about the attitude". We were reassured by Peter's rejection of his friend's more superficial approach, but our hopes were dashed when we asked him to elaborate on the defining characteristics of the 'attitude' he spoke of. He responded "one like yours, love, you're bloody 'orrible!". At this point we considered it wise to take ourselves, and our trusty Germaine, elsewhere.

The next man we spoke to, Dave, when asked what he thought of feminism was keen to stress that he thought "women should not be chained to the kitchen sink". After our previous encounter, this at least was reassuring. However, he went on to say "I don't like the term feminism; it carries a lot of baggage with it, like all that bra-burning nonsense". When questioned on his strong feelings towards the process of incinerating underwear, he exclaimed "I don't see the point in burning them, I'd

prefer it if they just took them off!". At this point, Dave began to extol the virtues of the aforementioned items of negligee, as a somewhat glazed look of obscure bliss descended upon his previously animated countenance. Not being of prudish disposition, we were unde-

*'Determined to keep our feminist cool, we took a few deep breaths, quoted some inspirational passages from The Female Eunuch and moved on'*

tered from our investigations.

After being gently chastised and duly apologising for his somewhat inappropriate underwear-related tangent, Dave earnestly expressed concern about feminists' tendency towards what he described as an 'all men are perverts' mentality, adding "there are 30 million men in the country, how can you generalise?"

We couldn't help but note the irony inherent in Dave's comments, but concerned to survey as many of these 30 million men as possible, we moved on to our next victim, John. Directing his comments towards the generation of younger women often labelled 'post feminists', but more recently and controversially termed 'female chauvinist pigs' by radical feminist author, Kira Cochrane, John suggested that "a feminist is someone who wants everything her own way; to have her cake and eat it". He expressed frustration with women who "want to be treated equally but are not prepared to do what a man does. They want equality but at the same time expect to have doors opened for them and to be treated like ladies". When asked what he thought a feminist ought to be like, he cited Germaine Greer: "a woman who practices what she preaches when it comes to equality". And, of course, she sports a pair of fetching spectacles, is reserved in her choice of attire and is hardly likely to volunteer as the face of the next L'Oreal campaign.

While few men had a clear definition of feminism, almost everyone we spoke to was readily equipped with a list of problems which they thought it posed, not only for men but also for women.

One man we spoke to, Dan, commented that "shoving feminism down people's throats doesn't make sense. Women are equal. Everybody else realises it, it's just women who can't accept that and move on". When we blithely and cheerily mentioned the resounding lack of direct representation of women in Parliament, the recently exposed 23% average pay gap for equal work, and the glass ceiling of the perceived maternal role, Dan paled

noticeably, and swiftly departed.

Determined to remain unperturbed and to keep our feminist cool, we took a few deep breaths, quoted some inspirational passages from *The Female Eunuch* and, supping furtively on our menstrual blood, adjusted our spectacles and moved on to the next table.

One of the more thoughtful criticisms of feminism made was by Richard: "Feminists belittle women who choose to stay at home and look after their children. Surely what's important is that the woman has the freedom to choose for herself, rather than responding to social pressure from either camp". After our previous conversations, we were overjoyed on behalf of the sisterhood to encounter this more enlightened approach. Germaine herself would be proud, and we thought it necessary to celebrate over a couple of pints of Guinness, while assuring Richard that there are many schools of feminism which embrace women who choose the family over the workplace.

After Richard departed, with a newly acquired copy of *The Second Sex* in his hand and the revolutionary spirit in his heart, we met Jacob, who was commendably articulate after several pints. He was the only man interviewed willing to identify himself as a feminist, though he did go on to express some concerns about the concept: "I'm not a fan of anything that's an 'ism'. I'm afraid you start talking to ideas rather than people. Feminism puts ideas first sometimes and ideas are always defective. I'm uncomfortable with the tendency

towards female-supremacy disguised as feminism; that's not what feminism is about, and actually all men are not bastards. My friends and I are rather nice, as it happens." And indeed they were.

During the evening, what became clear was that, whether or not it is regarded by men as an outmoded concept, feminism is certainly seen as an outdated term. Even those who expressed broadly feminist ideas did not identify them with feminism itself. Perhaps Dave was right; the term does carry too much baggage with it. Preconceptions made full and frank discussion nigh on impossible. The moment the f-word passed our lips, the men we spoke to batted down the conversational hatches. So perhaps a new language of gender equality is required if its true meaning is to be understood. After all, if men are expected to join the fight, they shouldn't have to do battle in the name of a "sisterhood" – a term which is exclusive in upholding the very gender divide feminism seeks to overcome.

Satisfied to have found something vaguely resembling an answer through a haze of Guinness-induced crapulence, we wended our merry way home feeling confident that, now our good work has been done, we could remove our specs without compunction and sleep soundly. After all, the real work starts tomorrow, when we must take the red pen of redefinition to our well-thumbed feminist favourites. Perhaps it's time to say f-off to the infamous f-word. Or perhaps that's just the drink speaking.

**Guinness, Greer and glasses: feminism's bad press.**  
**Photo: Ally Carmichael**



# Parties and pizza box furniture

A year on York's claustrophobic campus is enough for most students who eagerly await moving into a house of their own. **Toby Green** examines this rite of passage

**M**oving off campus is almost like starting university all over again. After finally getting used to the concrete monstrosities and enjoying the brief summer moments, when campus becomes sunny and you can get a tan amongst the duck shit, it's time for first years to consider the implications of their approaching shift into the real world. Will I stay in touch with people I'm not sharing a house with? Will I get a brick through my window courtesy of student-hating civilians? And, most importantly, (especially if you're a BA student) will I ever have the motivation to make the 20 minute walk to the library and do some actual work? However, these worries should be put to one side; forget cleaners, Costcutter and campus events, becoming a resident of York is where the real adventure of university begins.

Your main preoccupation as your mind starts to turn towards the big move is the house itself. For most students the location and surrounding area of their new quarters will be a mystery, unless you happen to be living on Micklegate or along the No. 4 bus route. You may have heard rumours of exotic places such as Fulford and Walmgate, but unless you are intimately acquainted with a 2nd or 3rd year, the thrill of exploring past the army base will match the moment when you discovered Brown's sandwiches as a viable rival to a Your:Shop Meal Deal.

One area on which every man and his dog seems to have an opinion is Tang Hall. Portrayed as holding the scum of the earth in fetid housing barely suitable for a member of Goodricke, the mere name seems to strike fear into students' hearts in the same way as the Bronx or Luton might.

In reality, far from being the hood of York, Tang Hall is just really ugly. Garish houses decked out in England flags and kids riding bikes after 8pm appear the only identifiable signs of social delinquency in this 'ghetto'. If this is York's roughest area then its no surprise the York Press are up in arms when a couple of bricks get light-heartedly thrown at a bus every now and then. I mean, come on, Tang Hall even has a Co-op!

After you've discovered the location of your abode and got over the shock of finding you'll live near a shop that will sell you fresh fruit and veg, you'll have to start thinking about how you will deck out your house. You'll have decided how yours will avoid all the stereotypes: the PlayStations, the pizza boxes and the beer cans. Let me give you one piece of advice: this will not happen. Whatever your grand plans, give them up. Seriously. Because once you move in and rediscover the joy of mixing a sofa with a TV, your plans for a suave and classy abode disappear. Last year, my fellow housemates and I wanted a multi-screen, multi-room



**Your move off-campus may reinvigorate your time at university**

wireless entertainment network through which it would be possible to enjoy music and films whilst making your pizza or taking a piss. We (like the trendy and 'wacky' students we are) were going to have a shisha pipe and even traditional Moroccan wood carvings on the wall (ok, the last one's a lie, but you get what I mean).

What have we ended up with? A dodgy wireless internet connection and a TV in the garage with a few sheets tacked onto the ceiling. And guess

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**'On campus the porters and cleaners are the most important people to have on your side. Well, off-campus your neighbours are the equivalent'**

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what? It suits us just fine. One request however: please, for the sake of the most basic standards of interior decor, refrain from putting girly posters up in your sitting room. You don't have instantly to point out to your landlord what a moron you are.

Oh yes, the landlord. How this turns out is pure luck. You could end up with a landlord like mine who has popped round once to mow the lawn

(which, to be fair, was up to my waist), or you could end up like my friend, who is being sued by his landlord after a few late nights too many. However, either way, it's always good to stay on his or her good side. Even more important are your new layman neighbours. It's well known that on campus the porters and cleaners are the most important people to have on your side. Well, off-campus those that you share a wall with are the equivalent. They are the ones who'll let you know when bin day is, who will pick up 9am parcels when you've been in Ziggy's the night before and who, with a bit of charm, will turn a blind eye to parties every now and then.

Your neighbours' most important asset, and the most refreshing part of living off campus, is simply that they are normal people. They have jobs. They have lives that don't revolve around essay deadlines. Their mood doesn't depend on whether they have an approaching exam. Now I'm not going to lie to you: I'm not the biggest fan of students. Obviously this has no real basis or justification, it's just a general prejudice in the same way some people don't like the French or vegetarians. Students are lazy, they smell and they are surprisingly snobby (I hark back to the description of Tang Hall as being full of "chavs", the catch-all-term used by the middle class to describe those poorer and stupider than themselves).

Yes, I'm sure I hold all these qualities myself, but I'm happy with my hypocritical unfounded views. So that is why it's so refreshing living somewhere where you're not a student 24-7, where you see other people (apart from the taxi driver who takes you to Micklegate and back again) who aren't lecturers or fellow students.

Not only do you get to meet and interact with York residents, you're forced to explore the city itself. And this doesn't just mean the centre, although you do spend a lot more time there once you've escaped campus, but the other areas as well. You'll find parks, grocers and even one day stumble across the physical location of Efe's. You'll actually feel part of York the city, rather than York the university, and it's a lot more exciting.

There are downsides to living in your own house. The bills can often be shockingly high, and you seem to learn a lot more about your housemates than you did whilst on campus. I will never get over the shock of settling down for breakfast one morning in front of the TV, and having my cornflakes interrupted by the sound of my housemate and his girlfriend enjoying a morning quickie. Yet even this sort of psychological scarring (cereal will never hold the same pleasure for me) cannot mar the freedom that living in your own house offers.

# It's your last chance to...

After years of frequenting the library and Ziggy's, post-degree life can seem daunting. **Rachel Ringstead** looks at how to get the most out of your last few days at university, and ease into real life

There are many things that a person should do when they finish their degree. However, once the basics have been covered (such as washing one's hair and nervously rehearsing the art of social engagement in the mirror), most students opt for the obvious, and embrace their inner 'club rep' by funnelling yards of ale, gyrating/urinating against first years and forgetting everything that they have ever learned.

Yet, while killing off brain cells is vital to the post-finals recovery programme, it would be a shame to let the precious sands of university time simply slip away through one long bender. After all, however hard the newly graduated strive to reclaim that hedonistic 'fresher feeling', it is never quite the same, as nostalgia taints all experience. Along with drunken exchanges of emotion - "I love you man! You made 'Politics B' for me", every mundane act becomes imbued with new meaning: "This is my last ever chat with the fit second year", "the last time I get cake from Roger Kirk", "the last time I go through the library doors..."

This cheesy finalist sentimentality can descend from tears of woe into regret. However, while it really is too late to study English and Writing and Performance instead of Chemistry, or run for SU president, the world still remains decidedly oyster shaped and

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**'Along with drunken exchanges of emotion, "I love you man! You made 'Politics B' for me", every mundane act becomes imbued with new meaning'**

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open to opportunity, even as the university body clock continues to tick.

To start with, there is still time to start your own society. Not only will you leave behind an immortal personal legacy and actually have some 'transferable skills' to list on your CV, but by embezzling the SU grant you will be

**You may have to make more effort than Dustin Hoffman to seduce your University tutor**



nice set up with a graduate nest egg. The new society could be founded simply in honour of your own greatness, or if this smacks a little too much of self-aggrandisement, perhaps invent new extreme sports such as 'flame fart soc,' or trend-spot popular culture with 'Dan Brown Soc' - for people belonging to the bloodline of Jesus of course. If you do actually desire to top up your CV with real skills, you could consider more sensible options such as completing a finalist Iliad course, an intensive language course or learning first aid.

Equipped with the financial clout and responsibility that goes with being 'society chairperson', you will now be in an apt position to foster a new 'busy and important' graduate identity. This is vital for dealing with the inevitable questions concerning your impending future, which are next in line for irritability to "how did your exams go?" If you in fact lack any plans, direction or ambition, it is probably best to lie: "I'm aiming to go into organised crime" may get people off your back, while "I'll be busy dividing my time between New York and Tokyo as the Hedge Fund manager of the investment bank that I created through the York Award," will also silence onlookers into awe and envy. Perception is reality, kids.

Indeed, taking the piss, rather than wallowing in fear and nostalgia, seems a rather more effective coping device for leaving the comfort zone of York. After all you are only finishing university - no one died.

Playing practical jokes on those with less free time than you is a truly distracting source of amusement.

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**'Create short-lived campus celebrity by courting controversy and sensation at any opportunity'**

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Perhaps fashion a genius poking device, or glue pound coins to the floor. This, of course, will make you widely disliked, however who cares if you are popular now? While you once had a reputation to protect, it is now the perfect time to emerge from relative anonymity to become a big name. Create short lived campus celebrity by courting controversy and sensation at any opportunity: streaking, impersonating figures of authority, seducing tutors, re-enacting 'Lost' scenes on the shores of the lake. No publicity is bad publicity if it gets your name out there.

However, if being infamous is not your thing, you should at least ensure that you quietly get your money's worth of university resources. For instance, this is the last time that anyone vaguely professional will listen to you moan for free. Book yourself an appointment with a university counsellor or welfare rep to get that long bottled up middle child persecution complex off your chest, or analyse your curious fear of hobbits.

If the mood takes you, you could also tag along to the lectures of other subject disciplines and grill the lectur-

ers at the end with impossible questions about pretend post-war Italian films. Now they have had their pay rise, it's time they did some bloody work.

Furthermore, don't let the University steal anymore of your money. Ensure you have fully used up all of the remaining money on your library photocopying card by xeroxing your arse and determinedly exhaust your print credit, even if it means drawing your own obscene stupid smiley faced images and printing them pathologically. So what if you offend environment soc., your campaign against university meanness is far more important.

Once you have made the most of the opportunities on campus, it is necessary to exhaust York. If, in the future, people find out that you once lived in this historic city, but failed to visit the Jorvik centre, have high tea at Betty's, or go inside the Minster, you will be regarded as a pagan. Thus a day of tagging along to a coach trip is very necessary.

However if you have lived the cultural high life but failed to ever, a) eat a kebab, b) steal a traffic cone, or c) dress up as a 'sexy bunny/doctor/nurse' à la hen night, you are clearly not an authentic student, so it is time to get seriously vulgar.

Hopefully, by the time that all of the above have been achieved, you will be so tired and full of shame and self-loathing, that the prospect of leaving university will seem a welcome prospect. This, of course will be a sad feeling, but it will be far easier than having to say goodbye to York when you are still in love with it.

# Oh f\*\*\* - I just graduated

With exams over and student loans exhausted, soon-to-be graduates must now think about life after university. **Tom King** explores the more financially viable options

**A**round the nooks and concrete crannies of York University campus, a new species is on the increase. It walks tall, a smug expression of complete immunity from work on its face and a spring in its step. It can be seen at all times of day, basking in the midday sun or staggering home from Ziggy's at 3 in the morning. It is the soon-to-be-graduate student. However, there is more to these soon-to-be endangered creatures than meets the eye. Beneath their carefree appearance is the knowledge that they soon must leave the university bubble and enter society. So, in an attempt to foster better understanding of this strenuous and painful process, we present a guide to the stages of its development.

The first stage is Realisation and, as the name suggests, it is the moment when that niggling feeling (which started around Christmas) finally reaches its apex and the student realises that they must decide what to do with the rest of their lives. For some, this stage is not nearly as unpleasant as for others, as they took the time to decide on an action plan before entering their final year and are, therefore, able actually to move towards their chosen life as soon as exams are finished. These lucky souls get to move straight to Stage Three, but for the rest of us Stage Two awaits: Denial.

Denial is, simply put, the immediate reaction of a balanced mind to the requirement that it plan its entire future in just three weeks. The mind worries about it for a second, undergoes a brief stage of panic and then, very wisely, decides that it can deal with the problem later and so ignores it. This may also be accompanied by a complete disregard for financial factors as it becomes clear that, while the student's final debt could be reduced by abstaining from certain activities, a lot more fun can be had by maxing-out their overdraft and "Well, this is this the last chance I'll really get to have fun."

However, after the final pound has been spent and the final shot downed, there is only one place to go, Stage Three: Acceptance. This is actually quite a pleasant phase as it develops gradually and one morning the student simply wakes up with a positive outlook on the future instead of the hitherto held horror. Now there is just one step left: finally to decide what to do next, an easy choice for those who have already thought long and hard about it, but for the more unsure there are four main routes to pursue.

The easiest option is to go on the dole for a while. At a basic level of £34.60 a week it won't allow the student a flamboyant lifestyle, but on the plus side it shouldn't disrupt their day-to-day existence too much. If prepared to properly commit to this way of life then, with a few tweaks to their situa-



tion, the student may be able to increase this substantially. For example, getting married to a fellow student of the opposite sex who is equally committed to the plan can boost their claim to £90.10 a week (split between two) and by seriously maiming themselves to give a severe disability, this can be supplemented by £46.75 a week. Thus, with only the minor annoyance of having to attend a job centre once a week (and the loss of a limb), the student can collect up to £91.80 a week with minimum disruption to their lifestyle. (NB. If especially committed, getting a fellow student pregnant and having a child can add an extra £45.68 per week to the tally, up until the point where the child too can become a student and move into the realms of student loanship. Free milk and vitamins can also be claimed until the child is 5, cutting food bills.) Note that this plan will only succeed if you have no money whatsoever as any savings preclude one from claiming the maximum amount.

If such a stagnant approach does not appeal (or if you are quite attached to all of your body parts and would pre-

fer to remain so) then the next best option in terms of minimum disruption to lifestyle is to take on further study. For some this can mean starting another three year degree because, having studied, for example, Chemistry they've realized that what they actually want to do is be a historian. This is, however, an extreme approach and requires either very deep pockets or very understand-

**New graduates may find themselves joining the dole queue**

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**'Going on the dole won't allow you a flamboyant lifestyle but on the plus side it shouldn't disrupt your day-to-day existence too much'**

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ing parents. A far more realistic idea is a masters degree. These also carry a fairly hefty price-tag of c.£4000 but funding is often widely available from the university or other large companies, provided that you apply early enough,

do exactly what they say and lease them your soul for a prearranged amount of time afterwards. Another advantage of this route is that an MA dissertation can potentially be on any subject and can thus allow you to indulge your passion for "Phallic imagery in the London skyline" or "Buses of the Cotswolds, 1936-1940 : Whither the petrol tank?"

Chances are, however, that after spending most of your life in the education system you may feel a little constricted by it and want to see more of the world before you decide on your place in it. This being the case, travel is probably your best option. Again it isn't cheap but the case can be made that you are "developing people skills" and "gaining life experiences" which can help you enter gainful employment when you get back. After all, who would you rather employ, someone who can only talk about maths or someone who can tell you what it's like to white-water raft through crocodile-infested waters? (Well, if they're going to be your accountant then you'd probably choose the first one, but you get the point.) Here the key thing to consider is getting the maximum personal growth at the minimum actual cost. India is generally good value as 6 months worth of bed and board can be achieved for roughly £630, provided you go the cheapest route. Indonesia is also bargain-basement at £600 for 6 months. Even Thailand can be managed for under £900 and Ecuador can be yours for just £560 (all prices from [www.solotravel.org](http://www.solotravel.org)). For an excellent balance of spirituality, cheapness and safety, try Tibet at £1,200. Here robbery is mostly used to fund the people's rebellion so when you are robbed, you will be given a receipt saying that you have already "donated" which you can show to any subsequent thieves to prevent further thefts.

All of these options require cash-flow, though, and if you just can't raise the money then your only option is to work. However, it needn't be awful. A job is a job and even if it doesn't pay much it can still be surprising how much one can earn. The average graduate salary is £22,000 but if you move into the right career you can earn as much as £35,000 straight away. Even if you're at the bottom of the heap with a starting salary of £14,000 it's still a great deal more than your student loan of £3,000 so you will still feel rich. And don't by any means think that you're committing yourself for life. The modern world of work allows for great flexibility, so, even if you can't afford to travel or do an MA now, give it several years and do it then. So when you next see a graduate student in the throes of Stage Two tell them to cheer up because, however this all ends, they're young, intelligent and (possibly) good looking, and the world is their oyster.

# The joy of taking a road trip

The ultimate way to travel is not by train or plane but, as **Flora Bradwell** explains, the humble automobile

Road trips are something of a right of passage among young people and students alike. Despite the automobile orientated nature of this pastime, anyone can take part. All you require to set a road trip in motion (literally) is either a driver's licence and car or, potentially even better, a friend who owns a car, who can hopefully also drive.

There is one further thing to keep in mind before you zoom off into the sunset in search of the wild adventures of the open road, and that is whether you have motion sickness or not. For, there is no fate worse than being squashed in a metal box on wheels, hurtling down a motorway with the constant urge to regurgitate that morning's quickly snatched breakfast.

So, you have a car and at least one designated driver and have made sure your stomach is hearty enough to withstand speeds of over 70mph; you are almost ready to go. But before you or your trusty chauffeur put the pressure on the accelerator you must remember perhaps the most vital element of any road trip. Not food supplies, not camping equipment and certainly not a map, oh no, the most important aspect of any car journey that will go down in road trip history is a soundtrack. It is the music that makes the memories, and every self-respecting road tripper will have thought of the sounds that will in turn dictate the mood of their voyage through the motorways of the world. Vicky Hallam admits that without her Pocahontas Disney soundtrax her road trip-come-camping extravaganza would have been exceedingly less memorable: "Because of the Pocahontas music I didn't realise I was driving the wrong way down a one way road," Vicky confesses. "Suddenly this Land Rover with a caravan attached to it came hurtling towards me. I nearly crashed, but luckily just swerved into a hedge." However, this seemingly disastrous situation proved to be the making of Vicky and her fellow road trippers' journey. "The man in the Land Rover came to the hedge to see if we were ok and when he realised we had gone camping without camping gear he left his caravan in the field so we could spend the night in it". Incidents such as this illustrate the fact that as long as you have music you will need nothing else to sustain you on your jaunt through the hills and valleys of our green and pleasant land.

Of course Pocahontas is not everyone's first choice for the soundtrack to their motoring excursions. In fact many choose to make tapes to accompany them on whichever autobahns and auto routes they choose to frequent. Laura

**The VW camper van, vehicle of choice for a stylish road trip**



Herbert and Poling Chow, two third years, recently departed on a magical mystery tour in Laura's Saab, which goes by the ingenious name of Murtle the Turtle. They believe there exists a strict musical code that all self-respecting road trippers should abide by. "If you don't have a tune you'll be a buffalo" Laura asserts. An example of the quintessential road trip track according to this driving duo is 'Take on me' by A-ha. Nothing can beat feeling the wind in your hair as you shriek "dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah dah" into the smoggy air of the motorway. Equally great tracks are Dizzee Rascal 'Fix up Look Sharp' for those sunny days when you drive past campus with your windows open, Beach Boys 'Surfing USA' for trips to Whitby or Scarborough, and 'Greased Lightning' of *Grease*, the musical fame for just driving in general. Of course 'Bohemian Rhapsody' occasionally comes up due to its inspirational appearance in Wayne's World. In theory, and celluloid, this head banging track seems ideal for car journeys, however, in practice, 6 minutes is too long for the perfect road trip accompaniment.

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**'The motorway has replaced the jousting tournament in sorting the men from the boys: the M1 is the battlefield of this century'**

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Will Sewell deems that road trips should contain "really loud music and lots of cars and lots of speed"; the third year archaeologist adds "dig it". It seems that volume is synonymous with quantity and, unlike small car manufacturers, he would have you believe bigger is definitely better. "If you are in a convoy it's good 'cos they can do lots of overtaking and talking to each other". Definitely it seems that convoys are the flavour of the month when it comes to

motorway tours. Young boy racers the world over inspired by films like *The Fast and the Furious* and *Grease* are definitely feeling the need for speed and putting the pedal to the metal. History student Will Dixon revels in his recklessness on the road. "We had two car loads going down to Windsor to see some girls we knew and me and my friend were after the same girl and we decided to race the M1 to decide who could chat up the girl. It was the Corsa of Justice vs. the Fiesta of Doom". Obviously the motorway has replaced the jousting tournament in sorting the men from the boys in this technological age. Luckily the end to this particular story ends happily for our protagonist. "We ended up flanking a car either side, my mate skidded and ended up in a ditch and it took eight hours for them to be pulled out: ample time for me to claim the spoils of war." The M1 is clearly the battlefield of this century.

As jousting fought for love in the fields of yore, the likes of Will Dixon fight for lust on the motorways of today; and lust, well at least nudity, is another important ingredient to any road trip. Vicky admits to being one of the many flashers of the freeway: "once on a road trip to France I mooned at tourists at the Eiffel tower." And flashing is not the only way to get attention from the opposite sex while moving at illegal speeds to an awesome soundtrack. A member of a sports team, who wishes to remain nameless, confesses that on a sports tour she and her team mates held up her friend's number to the window of their coach to a group of soldiers. The resulting textual relations didn't result in a lasting love, but this brief flirtation definitely enhanced their general motoring experience.

Having reached a destination, even if it was not the one you intended, you may spend your time as you wish. Richard Salthouse, Uni football legend, has a few tips: "I went to Camber Sands with friends once where we enjoyed ourselves by digging holes. I dug a hole so deep that water seeped in, so it was

like a bath. Just before I got out I weed in it, then my friend went over to it and washed himself in the water." Of course things can't always go so swimmingly, and, as we are in England, the weather is the main enemy to any potential fun. However, you must maintain the stiff upper lip and continue as if everything was going to plan. Rachel Herbert sets the expected tone: "You always set off and it's sunny and once you get there it's pissing down with rain. But you still have your wet sandwiches and wear your bikini and sunbathe with the other people who are, like you, under their umbrellas". Never let the weather think it's got the better of you.

Having proved able to withstand all weather conditions, out-raced your fellow travellers, and out-nuded motorists en route, the eventual culmination of all these joys is the journey home. This, like all the other stages of any road trip is fraught with danger, as Vicky Hallam found out on her troubled voyage back from Skegness. "We stopped in traffic and some chavs started rocking the car. They rocked it so hard that the car conked out so we had to go to the local bingo hall to find someone to fix the car." Obviously going to ask at the local grannies' hang out for complex car repairs is all part of the fun of car journeys. Once Vicky was put safely back on the road she realised that despite all the help the bingo-playing locals of Skegness could offer her the car was not completely road safe and "it conked out again and we ended up in a ditch full of Skegness cows".

Full of danger, excitement, courage in the face of adversity, potential, though fleeting, romance, and the element of surprise that accompanies any journey, a road trip encompasses all that a gap year has to offer except in a shorter time, with less spectacular views and without the humanitarian aspect. Equally, just like with gap years, the incessant retelling of the japes you had on your various outlandish, wild and positively mad-cap road trips is best kept to a minimum.

# Rebecca Gower



## Small, boring and cliquey: why I will miss the University of Dork

I reckon that I'm probably in the minority when I say that I've found finishing my degree to be a profoundly depressing experience. It's down to various reasons, not least the fact that while I had work to do, there was a routine to my life, and I feel rather bereft without it: I woke up the day after I'd handed in the last of my assessed work and couldn't quite accept the idea that I had nothing to do.

Still, it's been a few weeks, and somehow I've managed to fill my time. Our washing machine has, helpfully enough, chosen the height of summer to collapse into disrepair, so I've managed to kill a few hours washing things by hand. I tried doing some baking, and, having got through three separate cake recipes, I reckon I'm pretty much set for life. (Besides, while home baking is very nice, and all, nothing really beats that straight-

**'I've found in the past years that students are very quick to complain about York'**

from-the-cellophane taste, as far as I'm concerned. Also, there's considerably less risk of salmonella poisoning that way, and the overall presentation tends to be a lot better.) As I write this, the Queen's tennis tournament is on the television, so Wimbledon is just around the corner, ready to eat up my time. And I've been reading, a lot. After three years of an English degree, I can't quite bear the thought of anything academic (not for the moment, anyway), so, having had a period of concentrating on rubbish romantic fiction, I've now started on crime novels. Pathetically enough, a couple of them have really freaked me out. But I'm toughening up.

Keeping myself occupied hasn't stopped me feeling depressed, though, because I'm going to miss being a student. Again, I'm probably in the minority, but I've actually found a lot of the modules I've done to be genuinely interesting

(and apologies to anyone who's ever had the misfortune to be in a seminar group with me). A lot of people seem to think that an English degree is a waste of three years, and most of the time I can't be bothered to argue with them. However, since the beauty of writing this column means that I don't have to listen to anyone that disagrees with me, here's my view on it: transferable skills and vocations and all the rest aside, my degree's been brilliant. I reckon I've read at least one thing a term that I've really enjoyed and would otherwise never have come across, so, at the very least, I have a good idea of what kind of books to read – and which to avoid – for the rest of my life. Which, if you're me, is invaluable.

Anyway, being a student is, generally, quite a privilege. It's not just the discounts, and the freedom to make your own schedule (when, in the future, am I ever going to be able to watch all of the Wimbledon matches?); without wanting to sound like an advert for the SU, university gives you the chance to take up all manner of bizarre activities, and to pursue whatever interests you personally. And, of course, you meet a lot of people. I don't know, maybe I'm just seeing everything in a warm nostalgic glow before I've even left, but it seems to me that studenthood is a pretty good stage in life.

I won't only miss being a student. I will also – and I'm almost certain that I'm in the minority this time – miss York, as a place to live. This is something of a sweeping



**The York University graduates of 2006 will soon be unleashed**

generalisation, but what I've found in the past three years is that York students are very keen to complain about York. It's too small, too provincial, the shopping and night life are laughable, there's nothing

to do; the university itself is too small, there aren't enough students, it's too boring. We're the University of Dork and it's almost shameful to be here. Especially as we're so bad at University

Challenge.

I don't think any of it's true. Admittedly, I spent my entire adolescence living in the middle of nowhere, with Perth as the nearest centre of civilisation, so anywhere would seem exotic after that. But I can see some disadvantages to the city and university. Yes, there are too many tourists, and yes, it rains a lot.

As far as I can see, there are too many cyclists intent on mowing down pedestrians (but, in fairness, they might just be aiming for me, so I'll let that complaint go). The campus isn't exactly beautiful, the geese can be, to put it politely, hostile, and some of the accommodation leaves a lot to be desired. Also, speaking as someone who's never had, or wanted to have, any involvement in student politics at all, I'd say that the SU and the JCRCs are cliquey and quite far removed from the majority of actual students.

None of that matters too much, though. I still think that the city is lovely. I mean, if you want to live relatively cheaply in a place where the crime rate's not that bad, you could do a lot worse than coming to York. Especially if you want to come to a university that ranks in the country's top ten overall. Personally, I'm not bothered by the night life issue, because I'm too lazy to go out, and as for shops, well, there are more than enough bookshops to keep me happy. So yes, I'm going to miss York; all in all, it provides rather a good deal for a university. But I won't miss the negativity about it.

## World Cup mania's taking over my TV

I notice that the World Cup is ongoing. I could hardly miss it, of course, as the BBC and ITV seem to be competing as to who can show the most matches in a single day, and my brother rang me in great excitement to tell me that England were the favourites to win the competition.

My housemates (all female) have expressed varying degrees of ire about the football. I can see where they're coming from: I tried to buy a computer part off the internet a couple of weeks ago, and

when my receipt came up on screen, the item was listed along with a "FREE England car flag!" I tried to get rid of it, but apparently, there was no way of removing it from the order. Frankly, this sudden proliferation of a national flag that has dubious associations is more than a little depressing. But I've tried to look on the bright side: there's something rather comical in the way that the nation's sports commentators seem to regard Wayne Rooney's recovery from injury as akin to the second com-

ing of Christ. I thought the point was that the man didn't make the team. But what do I know?

Anyway, as I say, I was trying to be good-natured about it all. But this evening, the main news item on Channel Four News was that England had beat Trinidad and Tobago (oh, happy day), and the first fifteen minutes was devoted to this seminal piece of news. And that's the point at which my tolerance dried up. It's not even a story, as such, yet Krishnan Guru-Murthy had to try to analyse it,

meaning that the drugs story covered by Tom Clarke (the lovely science correspondent; my joint favourite reporter, along with Faisal Islam, the business correspondent) was shunted into second place. It's just not right. When it was the Ashes, the cricket was only ever mentioned in passing; that's how sports reporting on the news should be. God help us if England actually do win the Cup. Still, I can't see it happening. That accursed 'Believe' campaign from Mars hasn't cracked me yet.

# Making their mark: the York invasion of the Fringe

## Jo Shelly outlines the best of the rest of the plays making the trip from York to Edinburgh

This summer York sends its first comedy show to the Fringe under the directorship of Robbie Dale and with a hefty £4,500 worth of backing from the University Alumni Fund. *Chipping Stortford Goes Large: The Bid For City Status* (Sweet Grassmarket, 4th-27th August) revolves around the crusade of a village, based on Heslington, to get itself onto the map. It will certainly be the most visible to theatre-goers in Edinburgh; the cast are taking the show to the streets between performances, using banners, balloons and petitions to campaign for the fictional place to become "Britain's next metropolis". "The kind of comedy we're going for is like Brass Eye," says Dale of the play, "something that's a bit more intelligent rather than just 'ha, ha, cock' or whatever. It sounds wank, but thematically it's sort of a satire on 'Pop Idol' culture and people believing they can do what they want even though they haven't got any talent."

There were questions over whether Will Seaward would make it to Edinburgh with his production of *Bouncy Castle Hamlet* (Rocket @ Demarco Roxy Art House, 3rd-19th August); last week he was lacking the most vital piece of staging and an actor in the lead role. Now, however, the first year English student has got hold of a bouncy castle and a Hamlet and the play has quickly become the bookies favourite to win that elusive media review, following pre-show mentions in The Guardian, The Times and The Scotsman as a festival "odddity" to watch out for. The idea for *BCH*, which, Will confirms, "does exactly what it says on the tin", came to him while mulling over the original play at a children's birthday party in Argentina. It's now stretched to a £6,000 budget and involves trampolines, rope ladders and pogo sticks (for a publicity bounce around Edinburgh's Royal Mile). A visual distortion of the original play, then; will this, together with Will's "philosophy of directing - that you can't respect the text at all", make Shakespeare's best-known tragedy completely unrecognisable?

Somehow, Will also plans to perform in Chris Bush's quick-fire comedy *Man and God* (Smirnoff Baby Belly, 3rd-27th August), which starts half an hour after his own production finishes. ("Luckily," he assures us, "the costumes of the Ghost and God are quite similar.") Despite the title, this play, which ran at the Drama Barn back in May, isn't serious, issue-based theatre of the intensely philosophical variety; Edinburgh audiences can expect gently thought-provoking witticisms on religion, the media and the cult of celebrity, but not a spiritual epiphany. Chris's heaven runs as a corporate enterprise that, in 'reality', is controlled by two angels acting as image consultants to make an out-of-touch, grandfather God appeal to

twenty-first century consumers. Unfortunately, God's return to earth to prove his existence to unbelievers is overshadowed by the appearance of an suave, suit-wearing impostor God who talks the talk as well, if not better, than the real thing. Cue what Chris (who was planning to shave his trademark long hair off to help cover the £4,000 budget) admits are "some really bad puns" and affectionately blasphemous slapstick to balance out the brainwork: his rule, as writer and director, was that "for every reference to nineteenth century philosophy, somebody had to fall over." His view is that "theatre's there to entertain... it's not to be taken too seriously, really."

From religion to television, *What's the Question?* (C Central, 20th-28th August), written by Kimberley Datnow and Stuart Young, is another comedy that parodies the interactive game show. Boasting a host with "David Dickinson's orange tan, Alan Partridge's personality and a really bad magenta suit" it plans to draw audiences to its ten a.m. showing by giving away bizarre prizes in the interval and free coffee before start. All the characters, which include a Jamaican grandmother, devoted Christian, BNP supporter and college professor, cohere to form what Stuart claims is "a genuinely original idea".

Two children's productions are also going to Edinburgh: *Alice Through the Looking Glass* (Bedlam Theatre, 3rd-19th August), directed by Alison Neighbour, and *Fantastic Mr. Fox* (C Central, 4th-19th August), directed by Ollie Jones. Both have adapted their stories in original ways. Lewis Carroll's dark fairytale is accompanied by specially composed music and uses puppets, while the adaptation of Roal Dahl's eighties children's classic will project animations of the characters of the Fox and 'Boggis and Bunce and Bean' with the features of the actors playing them.

The final word goes to *Return of the Actor* (Rocket @ Demarco Roxy Art House, 7th-19th August), a full-throttled farce following the tragic misfortunes of two well-meaning but dangerously incompetent backstage assistants. Described by director Kate Lovell as "cathartic comedy for other Fringe performers", it's designed "to make people laugh and lose themselves for 45 minutes. It has no pretensions and is what the Fringe is all about, performing and sharing high-quality, entertaining theatre with theatre-lovers from around the world."

To book tickets, visit [www.edfringe.com](http://www.edfringe.com).

**Left: A column covered with flyers shows the plethora of acts. Photo by Tom King**  
**Right: The castle provides an impressive backdrop to the fringe**

## Jo Shelly talks to Will Bowry and Nick Payne about taking their new play on paedophilia to Edinburgh

Few taboos remain in theatre, but there is one that is rarely tackled on stage. Paedophilia is not obvious material for a sensitive, searching drama, and offstage it can provoke reactions from sickened disgust to venomous public hysteria. Yet Nick Payne and Will Bowry, two York undergraduates heading for the Edinburgh Fringe Festival this summer, have devised a play that probes the illicit and illegal desire of a grown man for a young girl without, they believe, becoming a platform from which to condemn or condone. Instead, by questioning received notions of love between adults and children, it asks how the line between sexual attraction and sexual abuse may become blurred and, in a test of the generally liberal, un-shockable Fringe audiences, attempts to investigate the psyche of a paedophile.

It is a brave move, especially for a student writer and director. A non-sensationalist view of paedophiles, associated in the public consciousness with figures like Ian Huntley, is not one often made in the public forum, and a month's run at the Fringe is far from a three-day stint in the comfort of the Drama Barn, with much more - a £5,000 budget, to be exact - riding on the response they receive.

When I meet Nick, the writer, and Will, the director, however, it becomes clear that money is

not high on their list of concerns and people's disapproval barely registers.

Both issues, in any case, quickly disintegrate at the prospect of being a part of what Will calls the "real, thriving environment for debate" that is the Edinburgh Festival.

Nick had just finished the script of *Cild* (the world for child in Anglo-Saxon) when we met and, from his description, it is indeed much more subtle than suggested by the pre-show publicity, which shouted "vigilante attacks, abuse and self-proclaimed innocence". The reasons that Joe (Ed Watson), the accused, has moved up to the north of England are only gradually uncovered through his interactions with his brother, played by Tom Hunt, and two siblings who live in his new block of flats, Katie Kelly and John Hoyle.

The revelation that the relationship he has unwillingly left behind him was with a pre-pubescent girl is delayed almost until the end; and, importantly, it is never explicitly confirmed as having been sexual. Nick's aim was to allow the audience to explore Joe's character, "who has lost this relationship and who you engage with". He wanted to put the

emphasis on Joe's love, rather than his desire, for the child.

"It's all very sensitively written and very understated - there's nothing graphic or gratuitous, because that would be sensationalising it," offers Nick. "The sort of response I want is a genuine, emotive response, not, 'oh that was horrible, that was disgusting.' I don't want that at all." The project, he continues, was "just about writing something that represents how a paedophile may feel and how they might express themselves."

So what is it that drives someone to spend months exploring this, something that the rest of us try not to think about? "It's always about trying to push ourselves," explains Nick, while Will says he was inspired to take on the challenge of tackling a "very dangerous topic" by seeing an "atrocious" play about rape at the National Student Drama Festival in Scarborough.

Both were spurred on, however, by the research they did into paedophilia before starting to write the play. This involved reading government reports and meeting with Dr. Carol-Ann Hooper, a specialist in child abuse and protection at the University, but it also, for Nick, meant trying to contact a number of self-confessed 'paedophiles' over the internet. To his surprise, after his first e-mail, responses quickly began to arrive in

his inbox. "I got in touch with a few people who, although they wanted to remain anonymous, openly wanted to be considered as paedophiles," he explains. "They let me send them questions and they responded."

An initial, instinctive disgust at what the men told him soon developed into an intellectual interest in paedophile psychology. "It has been quite grim - I'd be lying if I said it wasn't - but it has also been pretty fascinating," he says. Of the people he and Will came into contact with, a number were part of a paedophile liberation faction which likened itself to the gay rights movement of the last century and believed that, in another hundred years, sexual relations between adults and children would become the socially accepted norm. Both naturally "absolutely disagree" with this idea but, through other discussions, they found that their assumptions about paedophiles were being confronted and challenged.

"What was interesting was the way that they spoke," says Will. "One guy, when he spoke about his feelings for children, used the kind of eloquent and affectionate terms that you would have

expected



**Nick Payne and Will Bowry discuss the script. Photo by Georgi Mabee**

him to use for a wife. If you removed the word 'boy' or 'girl' and replaced it with 'man' or 'woman' it would almost be quite endearing."

Neither director nor playwright can hide their disdain towards the tabloid media for what they see as the encouragement of vigilantes in the wake of the Sarah Payne case, though Bowry offers that the average Festival-goer "probably tends more towards the broadsheets". They condemn the *News of the World's* campaign to "name and shame" abusers for cultivating a fear factor that led to attacks on suspected offenders.

Although Will tactfully submits that "it's a very, very difficult subject to be able to get the dividing line". Nick speaks adamantly of his scorn for the creation of fear in the national media and even

York's own local rag: "Some of that stuff is really inappropriate. Reading the York Press, for example, every day they seem to have a big headline saying, 'lock this guy up'. What are they saying - that we should all walk around in fear, that we should all be panicked? I just don't quite understand the logic."

He presents *Cild* as a theatrical antidote to this tabloid frenzy. "It's trying to get rid of this image of 'stranger danger' - men in long coats lurking at school gates - and get past it, really, because from the research I've done that's not really what happens. Obviously it goes on, but only in an absolute minority of abuse and molestation cases."

"I don't think that you're ever going to solve the problem of why society has the problem of paedophiles and how we should treat them if you're hung up on this one image of a mythical, horrible child snatcher, unless you're willing to understand or at least begin to talk to them on a basic human level. If you are so repulsed by paedophiles that you are never willing to actually listen to what they say and point out the flaws in their kind of logic, and you just shove them in prisons, you are never going to tackle the problem properly. To write them off as monsters, I can understand, obviously, because it's such an emotional subject, but I think that it's important to go the next step and say, 'why did you do this - what do you believe you've done?' I wanted to write something that could re-establish a channel of communication."

The cast of *Cild* will do a reading of the play at 6pm in the Dixon Studio on Tuesday 27th June. Tickets cost £2.



**The Edinburgh Fringe Festival has been running since 1947.**

Recent York plays to go to Edinburgh include *Candide* in 2003, which the *Edinburgh Guide* rated as five out of six

## J.M. Coetzee's introduction for the Nobel Prize



'Your Majesties, Your Royal Highnesses, Esteemed Nobel Laureates, Ladies and Gentlemen.

To write is to awaken counter-voices within oneself, and to dare enter into dialogue with them. The dangerous attraction of the inner self is John Coetzee's theme: the senses and bodies of people, the interiority of Africa. "To imagine the unimaginable" is the writer's duty. As a post-modern allegorist, Coetzee knows that novels that do not seek to mimic reality best convince us that reality exists.

Coetzee sees through the obscene poses and false pomp of history, lending voice to the silenced and the despised. Restrained but stubborn, he defends the ethical value of poetry, literature and imagination. Without them, we blinker ourselves and become bureaucrats of the soul.

John Coetzee's characters seek refuge beyond the zones of power. Life and Times of Michael K. gives form to the dream of an individual outside the fabric of human coexistence. Michael K. is a virgin being, viewing the world from an infinite remove. Although exposed to the violence of racist tyranny, he achieves through passivity a freedom that confounds both the apartheid regime and the guerrilla forces simply because he wants nothing: neither war nor revolution, neither power nor money.

Waiting for the Barbarians is a disturbing love story about wanting to possess another person and to turn that person inside out as though she were a riddle to be solved. Everyone who has recognised the threat of totalitarianism and felt the desire to own another person can learn from Coetzee's dark fables. With intense concreteness and verbally disciplined desperation, he tackles one of the great problems of the ages: understanding the driving forces of brutality, torture and injustice.

Who does the writing, who seizes power by taking pen in hand? Can black experience be depicted by a white person? In Foe, Friday is an African, already dehumanised by Defoe. To give speech to Friday would be to colonise him and deny him what remains of his integrity. The girl in Waiting for the Barbarians speaks an unintelligible language and has been blinded by torture; Michael K has a harelip and Friday has had his

tongue cut out. His life is recounted by Susan Barton: that is, through 'white writing', the title of one of Coetzee's books.

However hard we attempt to grasp Michael and Friday, they have been made, by Coetzee, unsullied by interpretation. They remain silent. But between the lines, in what is unspoken, there is a distillation of feelings uncommon in contemporary literature.

The myth of the survivor on a desert island is the only story there is, Coetzee once said. Several of his books treat similar solitudes. Is it possible to stand outside history? Does freedom from the diktat of authority exist? "I don't like accomplices. God, let me be alone," says Jacobus Coetzee in the first novel, Dusklands, rejoicing in being abandoned. But he remains the tool of history, and what compels the natives to take him seriously is his victorious violence. He does, however, ask himself whether the blacks populate a wonderful world closed to his own senses: "Perhaps I have killed something of inestimable value."

Coetzee's work runs like a high-tension cable across an inhospitable South African landscape. Mrs. Curran in Age of Iron has witnessed monstrous actions but is unable to condemn them using the words of others. Neither will Coetzee himself sign petitions or join in political rallies.

In the dystopian novel Disgrace, David Lurie does not achieve creativity and freedom until, stripped of all dignity, he is afflicted by his own shame and history's disgrace. In this work, Coetzee summarises his themes: race and gender, ownership and violence, and the moral and political complicity of everyone in that borderland where the languages of liberation and reconciliation carry no meaning.

Every new book by Coetzee is astonishingly unlike his others. He intrudes into the uninhabited spaces of his readers. In his autobiographies, he pitilessly ransacks his former selves. In his essay-novel Elizabeth Costello he combines, with uninhibited humour and irony, contemporary narrative and myth, philosophy and gossip.

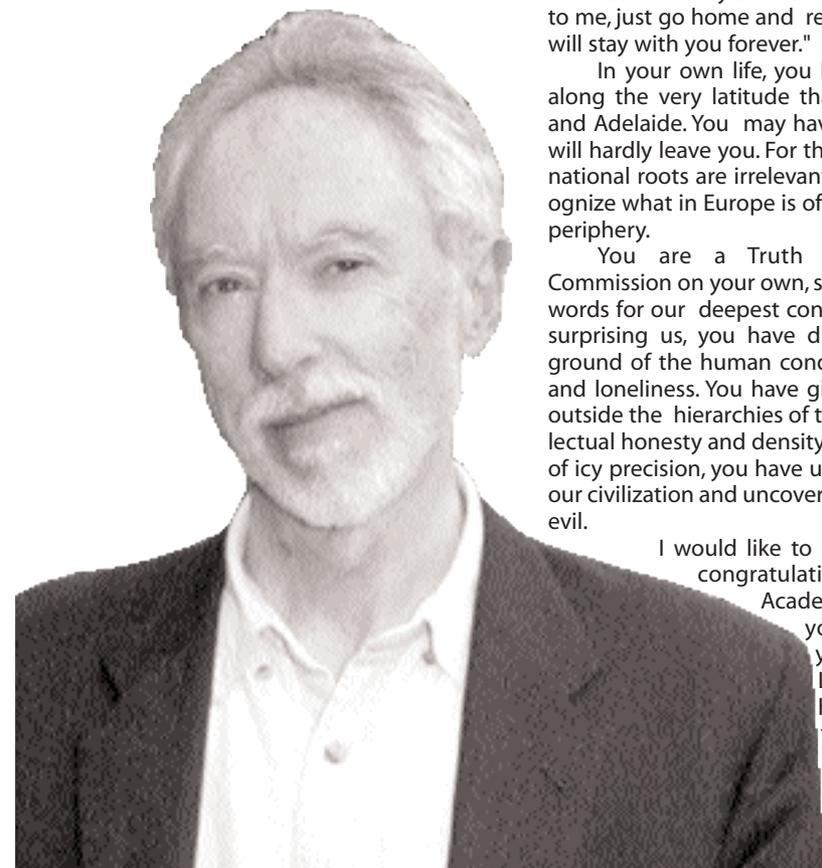
Dear John Coetzee,

Your work is limited in pages, limitless in scope. What I have said in Swedish to those present here is merely in so many words: "Don't listen to me, just go home and read, and some images will stay with you forever."

In your own life, you have recently moved along the very latitude that unites Cape Town and Adelaide. You may have left South Africa; it will hardly leave you. For the Swedish Academy, national roots are irrelevant and we do not recognize what in Europe is often called the literary periphery.

You are a Truth and Reconciliation Commission on your own, starting with the basic words for our deepest concerns. Unsettling and surprising us, you have dug deeply into the ground of the human condition with its cruelty and loneliness. You have given a voice to those outside the hierarchies of the mighty. With intellectual honesty and density of feeling, in a prose of icy precision, you have unveiled the masks of our civilization and uncovered the topography of evil.

I would like to express the warmest congratulations of the Swedish Academy as I now request you to receive this year's Nobel Prize for Literature from the hands of His Majesty the King.'



## The power of the author: Coetzee as the silent observer

In a rare public appearance, the Nobel prize winning author, J.M. Coetzee, made a trip to York. **Toby Hall** explores the man who remains controversial yet distant

An anonymous academic leans across a row of chairs in the Jack Lyons concert hall and nudges me. "If someone set fire to this place there would be a lot of jobs going in postcolonial studies at departments all over the country", he grins.

The sense of humour may a little odd, but he's got a point, of sorts. The publicity surrounding JM Coetzee's appearance and reading of previously unseen material at York has led to an unprecedented interest and turnout of academics, students and fans of literature.

**'His reading brands the legal teams who defend Guantanamo Bay as "literature students who got mediocre grades"'**

The idea of such high demand for an English lecture that tickets have to be requested weeks in advance may seem absurd to students more used to lie-ins than 9.15s, but rarely has the department pulled off such a coup with a guest lecturer. The news made national papers, and staff were on hand to try and protect their visitor by preventing photographs and transcripts of the talk.

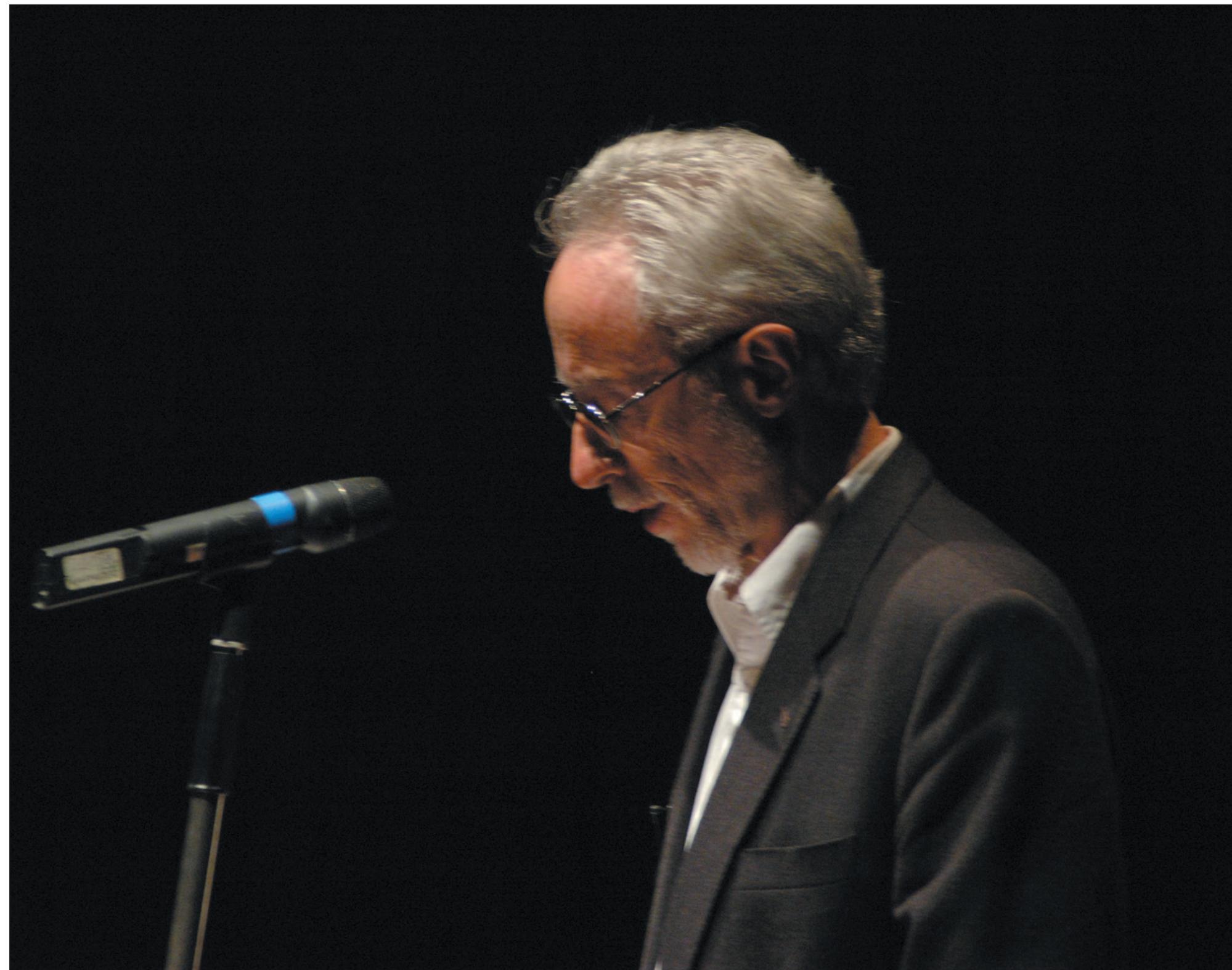
The South African novelist was in the United Kingdom for only 48 hours, enticed into one of his legendarily rare public appearances at the request of two old friends now working at York. Coetzee and Professors David Attwell and Derek Attridge from the English department go back over two decades, and while the novelist observed that he had been "looking forward to visiting one of the foremost literature departments in the UK," it is no coincidence that Attridge heads it. Indeed, the whistle-stop tour fitted around a walk along the Yorkshire coastline, and a chance to catch up with 'two old friends from the old days'.

Years ago JM Coetzee told David Attwell that "All autobiography is storytelling, all writing is autobiography", and the theory seems just as applicable to his work today, as Coetzee presented fragments of a forthcoming book in the form of a fictional diary. The distance the author places between himself and

his art is central to Coetzee's work, and I got the impression that this has never been a purely a matter of literary style for him – it is a political, and moral, dilemma. There is a powerful belief that it is through art that one can truly express the complexities of human interaction, and that the current crises the world faces are the result of an abandonment of these values. Through his reading, Coetzee brands the American legal teams who defend Guantanamo Bay as "literature students who got mediocre grades, whose tutors believed that they never really understood the texts they studied," merely going through the motions of literary analysis. They then stripped these analytical skills of any subtlety or sentiment in order to construct neat arguments for the justification of torture. During moments like these it became a conscious effort to realise that what we were hearing was not Coetzee's views, but those of a fictional character mediated through his art. This calculated effect brings us back to the core of his artistic and political project, and seemed to me the only way to understand the reading. Coetzee is often labelled as the voice of the impassioned observer, placed in an existential crisis when confronted with the extremities of human behaviour and cruelty.

Yet there is an uneasiness about tackling the questions raised in his novels as a true outsider – that is to say, from a disinterested political perspective. Coetzee's character rages against Bush and US foreign policy, yet he is equivocal about Harold Pinter's impassioned Nobel Prize acceptance speech. He points out the danger of fighting politicians on their own ground, not least because 'they will be better than you – they've had years of practice' in the field of justifying the unjustifiable. It is hard to imagine two more dissimilar figures – Pinter, with his fiery renunciation of his writing in favour of politics, and Coetzee, who continues to write, delivering his reading in tones as succinct and measured as his prose. Indeed, his works seem more careful and judiciously constructed as time goes on, and the latest novel, *Slow Man*, could be seen as an exploration of this idea. Nevertheless, the two artists are linked by the powerful moral compass which guides both men's lives, and it is unsurprising that Coetzee should have chosen to use Pinter to discuss the problematic combination of politics and art.

It would be wrong to leave the impression that Coetzee's reading



J.M. Coetzee was born in South Africa, but often rejects critics trying to pigeonhole him as a 'South African' author with its political associations. Photo by Toby Hall

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## 'Coetzee maintains holding oneself to account, whilst saving the human and ephemeral'

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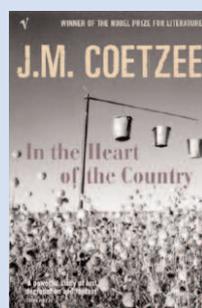


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painted a picture of an author grappling with only the largest of political issues and crises.

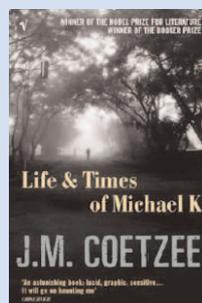
Man's relationship with his natural world provides a consistent moral barometer in his work and it is against this backdrop that we were introduced to 'Niet Verloren', a traditional farm, rendered obsolete by technological and ideological progress and only maintained as a monument to a previous era. The focus on the minutiae of rural life and its repetition of names, places, and archaic agricultural terms served as a eulogy to a passing age. This is a balance which Coetzee always strives to maintain – morally holding one to account, while preserving the human and ephemeral.

## Coetzee's bibliography



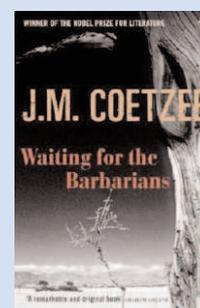
### In the Heart of the Country

Set in the oppressive atmosphere of colonial South Africa, a lonely sheep farmer seeks companionship from a black concubine. This has severe repercussions when the farmer's spinster daughter Magda expresses her disgust, with the inter-racial relationship threatening to end an already unstable peace.



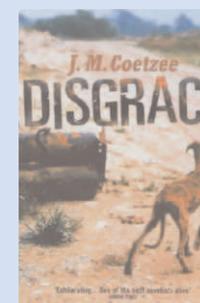
### The Life and Times of Michael K

Michael K journeys with his mother back to her country home. Unfortunately she dies en route, leaving her son to survive amidst anarchy and rebel fighting. Michael is imprisoned, but, driven by claustrophobia, manages to escape and regain some dignity. A Booker Prize winner.



### Waiting for the Barbarians

The Magistrate is the servant of the Empire and has long been running the affairs of a small frontier settlement. However, he has neglected the likely prospect of war between the Empire and barbarians. When interrogation experts arrive, though his sympathies switch to the barbarians.



### Disgrace

Coetzee's second Booker Prize winner tells the story of a tutor David Lurie's retreat to his daughter's farm after the fallout of an affair with a student. The farm is isolated, yet the pair are not immune from brutal and disturbing attacks. These attacks serve to highlight their flaws and insecurities.

# A harvest of literary talent

For one weekend every year a sleepy village in Wales is transformed as the Hay-On-Wye literary festival descends, as **Holly Williams** discovered

The Hay Festival might not seem to have much in common with your classic summer festival – there's no danger here of anyone dressed as a fairy offering you drugs, the toilets are a civilized affair and the focus is on general books rather than raucous rock. But arriving on the Saturday morning, there is one thing already in common – mud. Well, this is Wales after all, and returning to my soggy homeland, I'd expect nothing less.

When Bill Clinton visited the festival a few years ago, he declared it 'the Woodstock of the mind', and while this has become its most over-used tagline, the name holds some truth. The festival, which started in 1988, has grown massively and now includes a truly diverse and inspiring line-up, taking in politicians and poets, artists and actors, comedians and columnists, and even the odd raucous rock band, suggesting that it has as more to offer than initially meets the eye. While the first event I went to was mostly populated by oldies in anoraks, happily clutching their free Guardian Reviews (the paper sponsors the whole event, a fact it would be impossible to remain oblivious to) the Hay Festival has much to offer the intrepid student. I say intrepid, because it is a bit of trek from York – or anywhere really – to Hay-on-Wye, a market town on the Welsh border. But although this might be a bit of an effort, with the chance of free tickets for students and a line-up that really does rival your average musical festival (PJ Harvey, Zadie Smith, Jimmy Carr, Beth Orton, Al Gore and Seamus Heaney to name but a few) it seems a shame there aren't more young faces about.

With the rain beating a steady pattern on the roof of the marquee, my Hay experience for 2006 got off to a thoroughly enjoyable start with Simon Callow talking on his recently completed second volume of an Orson Welles biography. While Callow explored Welles' somewhat destructive capacity for myth making, it seems he, like many biographers before him, has fallen somewhat under Welles' spell. Zadie Smith, next up, came face to face with someone whose spell she had certainly fallen under, American short story writer George Saunders. Their conversation often returned to the admiration of others' styles, and Smith flagged up the epidemic of the GSSS (George Saunders style story), admitting she had to stop herself, as well as her American creative writing students, from falling prey to the

temptation of imitation.

Their conversation was lively, and Saunders came across as that rare breed, the self-deprecating American: his response to Smith eulogising his style was to suggest that "the style thing was a gradual embracing of my own defects". He continually – and with great humor – played down his own intelligence, and saw his personal style as the product of failing to be able to write like anyone he admired. Saunders impulse is "primarily comedic", yet he also explored the growing need, coming with age, to be less cynical, to get away from the "automatic, dysfunctional 'life sucks' attitude of American fiction." But being positive about life without being gushy ain't easy, and he left us pondering the question "How do you



**"Hay-On-Wye is the Woodstock for the mind" - Bill Clinton on his visit to the festival**

stay funny, stay taught, while wanting to get in some of the luminosity of life?"

With the afternoon turning out a bit sunnier, we headed into the town of Hay-on-Wye itself, a town dedicated to books. Despite appearing small enough to explore in an afternoon, there are over 30 bookshops, making it a browser's paradise and great for getting hold of course books on the cheap. The town was heaving, and alive with buskers and street-theatre, on what is surely the only week of the year any of the book-



## Everything you think you know about tomato soup is a lie!

Tomato soup does not come from a tin. In fact, what Heinz and others pass for tomato soup is something sickly sweet, loaded with additives, and very unlike the real thing. Cooking this soup yourself is actually cheaper than buying the tinned variety, and while you do spend a bit more time preparing it, the flavour just can't be compared.

To make the time spent per portion ratio more attractive, make a larger batch and freeze the leftovers in portion-sized tupperware containers. It will taste fine microwaved or you can melt the block in a saucepan and heat to simmering point.

### Tomato soup

(serves 3)

Ingredients:  
A bunch of spring onions (around 150 g)  
2 onions  
1 green chilli  
1 tablespoon of butter  
2 tins of chopped tomatoes  
140 ml water  
1 tablespoon of honey  
oregano  
salt and pepper  
140 ml soured cream

#### Instructions:

1. Start out with chopping the onions, the spring onion, and the chilli – don't worry

about chopping it up too finely.

2. Set the stove to medium heat and put the butter in a saucepan. Once the butter is quiet, add the vegetables and let fry for a minute or two.

3. Pour the tinned tomatoes into the saucepan on top of the vegetables.

4. Let the soup simmer for 10 minutes.

5. When the 10 minutes are up, add water until you achieve the desired thickness.

6. Season with oregano, honey, salt, and pepper. Check you're happy with the flavour.

7. Pour the soup into a food processor, and blend until smooth.

8. Let the soup rest for 5 minutes before serving, as the flavours won't come through if it's burning hot. Serve with a dash of soured cream in each bowl, to soften the chilli punch.

#### Serving tips:

To make this into a substantial meal, why not serve with a doorstep cheese sandwich, cheese on toast or cheese toastie?

Posh version: slice some french bread or ciabatta lengthways and grill until slightly toasted then add cheese and grill until bubbling and golden.

Student alternative: your standard student cheese toastie- dip the corners in your soup, you know you want to!

*By Johan Carlin*

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For fifty one weeks of the year, Hay-On-Wye (or Y Gelli as it is called in Wales) is a quiet and picturesque market village nestling in the valleys. Photo by Justin Williams

shops can make a profit. The town is overlooked by the castle, and up there too is the heart-warming Honesty Bookshop – basically bookshelves, a couple of tin money boxes and a bit of faith in human nature.

Our stimulating first day continued back at the festival site (a field) with Germaine Greer. Having reservations about her, and her apparent courting of controversial topics (all that stuff about beautiful little boys seemed somewhat suspicious...) I was pleasantly surprised. Giving her annual poetry master class, she explored the idea that “poetry is a masculine invention” through a detailed analysis of John Donne’s 19th Elegy. From the very beginning she acknowledged our likely reaction to this “knee-jerk subject”, and was keen to make clear that she wasn’t slagging off men. Instead she looked at the way the poem represented the confrontational sexual relationships between men and women. An excellent speaker, she took a rigorous but entertaining approach and the hour was like just a really, really good university lecture – although she still managed to elicit the odd shockwave; the woman sitting next me gasped at the pertinent observation that “an erect prick has no conscience”.

Perhaps these literary types have a bit of a pre-occupation with erections. Andrew Davies, screenwriter for all those nice BBC dramas (the legendary *Pride and Prejudice*, the addictive *Bleak House* and the beautiful, er, *Line of Beauty*), was asked about the same topic by interviewer Peter Florence: “Is it true that in *Pride and Prejudice* you included the direction ‘Darcy looks at Elizabeth and gets a hard-on?’” Davies answered with a resounding “Yes”. Stressing the importance of sex in adaptations, Davies suggested that for something to work on screen, you have to get the sex on the spine of the story. “Writers are scared of sex, and kid themselves it’s not centrally important which it always is. Until you get to my age when

wine is much more important.” Jovial throughout, Davies never took himself too seriously, even singing the soundtrack to a scene from *Line of Beauty* when the technical equipment failed. Sadly, the same could not be said for interviewer Peter Florence, whose convoluted and often pretentious questions were a confusion to the audience and guests alike. Florence established the festival 18 years ago, with the winnings from a poker game, and is to be thanked for doing so. However, as the only speaker I saw that was on the annoying side of intellectual, he should really let someone else interview, and just silently bask in the glory of having set the whole thing up.

If the festival sounds all a bit cerebral, then a welcome change can be found in Gifford’s Circus. Just outside of the town, its new show, *Joplin!* takes place in proper big top and includes horses, hula-hooping and classic clowning, keeping true to its 1930’s, village green, circus aesthetic. With its inspiration being the “all out performance style and full-tilt rock&roll life of Janis Joplin” the show featured Cossack dancers in Jimi Hendrix outfits, an opera singing horse rider and the most impressive acrobatics I’ve ever seen (two people juggling their own children with their feet), the show constantly took your breath away, or slapped a great big smile on your face. And there was plenty of cause to smile after the show was over, as we were invited to join the circus folk for an after-party in the sawdust of the circus ring. With established ska band *The Trojans* providing some funky live sounds, we enjoyed the unique opportunity to skank with *Will Self* in a big top (well, next to him anyway!) and it was late night before we wended our way home through the windy back lanes.

The next night also provided entertainment, in the poetry gala on site where 8 poets had 8 minutes each to read some of their work. While the gala boasted big names, in Seamus Heaney and Margaret

Atwood, it was actually the new – and distressingly young and beautiful – faces whose work made the most impact. Tishani Doshi’s poetry of dislocation tackled both personal crisis and issues of culture and gender, while Owen Shears work seemed appropriate, with the first poem dealing with sheep castration! The evening ended with the marvelous Hugo Williams, twinkly in tweed and jeans, providing properly funny, very intelligent, laugh-out-loud poetry.

Both Atwood and Heaney proved more interesting within their own session however, and Atwood’s deliciously dry reading from her new darkly comic “short fiction” collection, the aptly named *The Tent*, prompted me to head to the on-site bookshop immediately after the session. Heaney discussed his latest work, *District and Circle*, with an ex-pupil, the teasing Welsh Laureate Gwyneth Lewis. A calm and incredibly modest man, for someone who’s already won the Nobel Prize for literature, Heaney spoke of the “sweet electricity of gratitude and fulfillment” that comes with completing a poem.

With the new addition of a cinema tent this year, the festival is going hi-tech, and this proved especially useful in Ronald Harwood’s talk. Playwright and screenwriter, Harwood is best known for his literary adaptations for Polanski films (*The Pianist*, *Oliver Twist*) and we gained unique insight into their working relationship, as Polanski made an appearance himself, via live satellite link from Paris. They were clearly a close collaborative team and the slightly odd Polanski described their relationship as being like a pair of tango dancers: “it’s a question of, as they say, ‘good vibes!’” These two intensive creative forces also share a Jewish connection (“we tell a lot of Jewish jokes while working”) and the holocaust is clearly a pre-occupation for them both, with Harwood’s conviction that you cannot “remind the world enough of the holocaust”, even if we don’t want to be reminded. For

Polanski, of course, the subject is an intensely personal one. He described how the scene in *The Pianist* where the protagonist is pulled out of the crowd heading for the concentration camp and told, when escaping, “don’t run – walk” by a helping soldier was directly based on his own war-time experience in Krakow. Yet, again, the conversation was thoroughly enjoyable to listen to, and the two men engaged in a bit of banter, and were full of anecdotes. Harwood described his struggle with adapting the pianist: “I said, ‘Roman, I don’t know where to begin’. He said, ‘Look, it’s called *The Pianist*. Start with him playing the piano.”

My Hay Festival experience came to end, after several more inspiring speakers, with the electronic, imaginative noodlings of Wales’ own *Super Furry Animals*. The restrained nature of the audience, who mostly stayed in their seats, meant that strolling to the front of the crowd was easily done and there was plenty of room for a good boogie – although I did seem to be standing next to the only two people left in the world for whom head banging is still the preferred dance move. The ‘Furries didn’t disappoint, and dancing was done to some classic hits, including ‘Juxtaposed with U’ and the anthemic ‘The Man Don’t Give a Fuck’. Always sure to provide a good show, Gruff and co were dressed in shiny blue satin boiler suits and projected a little video montage of the Hay Festival, as well as a live feed of them careering around the site in a little truck, which eventually drove into a van and away.

As they waved goodbye to us, via video, I knew I had to wave goodbye to Hay as well, and get back to my course reading and essays and all you’re expected to get on with during reading week. Still, I don’t think anything could be more inspiring, or so successfully get me thinking and reading and writing. And I’m certainly planning to brave the mud again next year.

# York's thriving local arts scene

Hidden amongst the the tacky tourist shops, York harbours a number of more original artistic activities. **Kirran Shah** and **Amy Blackmore** explore the options

York City is packed with endless sights and attractions; it is possible to spend a week, never mind a day, browsing the galleries and not to see everything. In a search to find some unique cultural attractions, we came across a distinct number of mediocre showrooms desperately trying to sell typically ornamental-clad paintings.

The first of these was York Fine Arts, on Low Petergate, which held a disorganised assortment of Pre-Raphaelite prints, with shots of the Minster and surrounding countryside. The landscape and architecture of York is presented in intricately decorated gold frames - endless appeal for tourists wanting a cheap reminder of their visit to the City. Even though the low ceilings and cosy wooden beams make the setting comfortable and add to York's array of listed buildings, it is incredibly cramped and makes it almost impossible to distinguish the skilful from the painfully detrimental works of art.

Along with this, our advice is to stay away from The Coppergate Gallery, which sported numerous World Cup prints and flags. However, if you stumble across it, fear not because free access to valuable art is close by. York St. Mary's Church is the city's leading contemporary art venue. Currently, it displays 'Echo,' an installation by Susie MacMurray, who has taken the beautiful medieval church as a basis for her emotive, contemplative art. She has used hairnets and horsehair from violin bows to construct a vessel of interpellation for the surveyor. Do not be put off by the seamless exterior façade of the Church and instead of being lured in by the misleading bargains of TopShop, take a free perusal around this cherished art space.

There is a tendency to assume that York Art Gallery is the only reputable place for exhibitions in the city, given its freshly decorated new learning facilities and a continental-style café. Despite its permanent collection of art works, the gallery alternates its exhibitions every couple of months to provide York City with up-to-date shows, many from London's National Gallery, such as 'Icons and Idols' running from 1 July to 24 September. This exhibition is linked to 'The Year of the Portrait', encouraging more peo-

**'The ceramics and metalwork are alternative presents that you will not find in the consistently plastic tourist shops'**

ple to gain access to works of art that would normally only be displayed in stately homes, such as Harewood House and Beningborough Hall.

Next on your agenda, another reputable place we recommend is The Braithwaite Gallery in Low Petergate, which was quirky



**El Piano, with its mix of Latin and Spanish refreshments and crafts, is the perfect stopping point for an artistic day out**

and original. The artist, Mark Braithwaite, can be regularly seen painting in Minster Yard, and if you're into detailed landscapes of York, executed in a different light, it would be worth visiting. The classic red phone boxes scattered around Yorkshire caught our attention, painted to preserve their lost connections. 'The fire from Minstergates' which was Braithwaite's dramatic ten year commemoration of the 1994 misfortune is a shocking portrayal of the reality of York's attractions. It provided a refreshing contrast to York Fine Arts which preferred to sugar-coat the Minster with blue skies and tweeting birds guaranteed.

Close by, Image on High Petergate is a very homely and welcoming craft shop - an ideal place for original gifts ranging from cheap prints, photo frames, carefully decorated glass bowls and an assortment of triptych canvas transfer prints. The contemporary minimalistic 'gallery' is almost hidden away, but is certainly not elitist and is right next door to the Porta Dextra Gallery, another contemporary craft shop selling unique handmade crafts.

Many of Image's designers are scattered around Britain, displaying York's network of connections, bringing in stained glass bowls, colourful jewellery, and comical bird feeders with grotesque facial expressions. Do have an open mind before entering the Porta Dextra Gallery, as it is a very unusual shop, yet has gifts suitable for all. It is certainly not high

and the ceramics and metalwork are alternative presents that you will not find anywhere in the consistently plastic tourist shops.

Last but not least, the *Pyramid Gallery* in Stonegate was difficult to find, but definitely worth a quick visit because of its calm atmosphere and well presented display of silver jewellery, ceramics and contemporary embroidery. Its minimalism is inviting and despite its modest size it has a spacious and relaxed ambience.

If you are worried about the expenses of indulging in fresh new art, the Arts Council England, operating through 'Own Art,' offers interest free loans ranging from £100 to £2,000, ideal for the student looking to invest in various modern arts and crafts. The art market in Yorkshire shows several opportunities for everyone to own inventive high quality art in their homes, such as Open Air Exhibitions.

If by chance, summer returns, and you prefer to spend the day outside, take advantage of the sunshine and appreciate art through the one particular Open Air Art Exhibition on the 1st and 2nd of July on Parliament Street in the city centre. Local artists have the leisure to exhibit and sell their paintings, drawings and ceramics. 10% of the sales will be donated to the Lord Mayor's Charity - a perfect way to make art more accessible.

Browsing the art galleries and craft

shops will certainly tire out the credit cards, so when a cheap refreshment is essential, *El Piano*, on Grape Lane is a great way to finish the day with its vibrant avid gallery space and cosy intimate décor. As a restaurant, café and bazaar, it is packed with books, ceramics, textiles, recycled fibre rugs and handmade bags, just in case you still have a desire to spend your overdraft. As well as a mosaic table, they have a peculiar wooden table that allows you to carve your name into it when you donate a pound to Amnesty International. Unquestionably a friendly, ethical alternative to the many Starbucks littering our streets with manufactured muffins.

*El piano* is an uncommonly personal South American/Spanish themed place. Offering wholefood vegetarian and gluten-free specialities, it is suitable day and evening. Many of their crafts are imported from Collage International in Granada, Spain, presenting a multi-cultural experience that would complement any day out in York.

If you have a few spare days over the summer holiday, take advantage of York's diverse cultural collections, because it is important to support our local artists. Do not be discouraged by the sheer quantity of 'galleries,' all you need is to be selective and careful, and remember, just because it says 'gallery', doesn't mean that it's going to sell exemplary art.

# Arts Reviews

**Amy Scott** braves the turbulent elements for some Shakespeare in the Park, while our book reviewers come up with three summer reading suggestions for the beach

Summer's here and with it has come ice cream, football and now, Shakespeare in the Park. With a run of five days in Hull Road Park, Will Bowry's production of *Twelfth Night* had everything going for it: a beautiful setting, classic comedy and a talented cast. The one thing they were missing (this being summertime in the north of England) was the weather.

In the run-up to opening night, sporadic and heavy showers threatened the success of the production, and although the rain held off, the wind certainly prevented the evening from being quite the summertime joy it had promised to be.

It would take something pretty special entirely to recover from the influence of such unpleasant weather, and something special it was. There were strong performances from all the lead characters, with Sophie Larsman (Viola) and Tom Hunt's (Orsino) scenes together bubbling with chemistry, and the icy Olivia (played by Becca Morgan) visibly melting in the presence of Cesario.

However, it was really the supporting cast that made this production such a joy, despite the wind. Special mention must go to Lewis Charlesworth's Feste, whose singing cannot accurately be described as good, but was certainly hilarious, and who demonstrated possibly the finest capering ever seen in North Yorkshire.

But it was the comic trio of Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague and Maria (played by Matthew Lacy, Patrick Rogers and Rose Wright respectively) that really stood out, whether it was Lacy appearing drunk complete with twigs up his nose, Rogers trying - and failing miserably - to duel, or every wry comment and witti-

cism that left Wright's mouth. These three robustly kept the comedy at a maximum without ever resorting to the annoying tendency in modern Shakespearean comedies to rely on slapstick humour.

What would clearly be a gem of a production in the sunshine only further demonstrated its strengths through the conditions, for barely a line was lost to the wind and, even if the entire audience was freezing, not one of them seemed to care.

So now to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Minster Residence Gardens, and to better weather if, perhaps, a less polished production. Sam Magdi Hana's production seemed more aware of, and adapted to, its outdoor setting, though, making more use of levels and the surrounding flora and fauna than *Twelfth Night*. The setting was also invaluable in helping to create the illusion of fairy magic. The production had two Pucks, but cleverly staged them so that when one disappeared behind a tree, the other would appear on the other side of the gardens. The manoeuvring was slickly executed by Emily Domaniewska and Thea O'Hear, who appeared to flit around the performance, with engagingly sprightly movements.

However, with the amount of park space in York and the surrounding area, one wonders why the choice of location was so inadequate. The cast were interrupted at least every 15 minutes, not only by the Minster bells, but also by noisy tourists on the city walls, the nearby busy roads, later the England match in the pub behind the gardens and once, hilariously, by a cat. Although the setting was picturesque, the audience was somewhat misplaced,

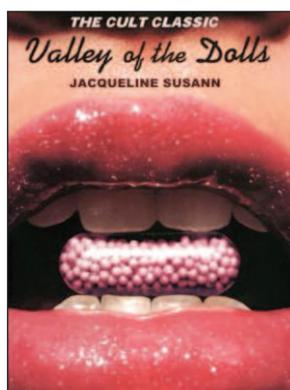
meaning that many lines were lost simply because they were uttered too far upstage.

The delivery was perhaps a bit fast, and many of the cast struggled somewhat to deliver the verse. Lines often ran away from the actors and lost their meaning. A bit more work on the actual text would have boosted the performance no end.

But, overall, the cast were impressive. Havilah Gianetta was outstanding as Titania, and with her commanding stage presence, power and charisma, she was a joy to watch. Andy Birnie's bemused and mischievous Oberon made an amusing narrator to events and the lovely Tamsin Urquhart's energetic performance helped rescue this production from the noise pollution, with her delightfully stropky gesticulations and exasperation as the spurned Helena.

But the real star of this show was Chris Hoyle in the role of Bottom. With a fine supporting cast of comic players, Hoyle's too-short jacket, over the top delivery and masterful cluelessness really raised the game of the production as a whole. For a sunny summer afternoon, you really couldn't ask for much more than this, but I'm not sure it could have survived the wind.

Both productions successfully highlighted the fun and comedy of Shakespeare's words, while also revealing just how much of a challenge it can be just to make sense of the text and characters, especially when faced with the adverse effects of British summertime. Both are also going to be performing in Stratford in the coming weeks, as part of the Complete Works Festival - quite an opportunity, and one they richly deserve.



*Valley of the Dolls*  
Jacqueline Susann

Reviewed by  
Lucy Peden  
£7.99  
Virago

★★★★

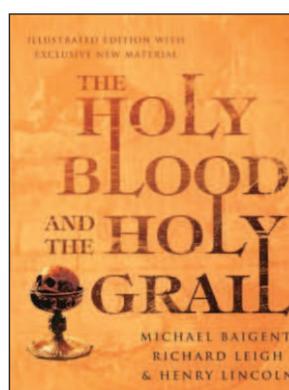
If you need a sleazy beach read but think you're too cool for Jackie Collins, you need to check out Jacqueline Susann's trash masterpiece. The term 'cult classic' is horribly abused, but the novel is so deliciously sordid that it fully deserves being categorised in that way.

Anne, Neely and Jennifer are three girls in New York who are desperate for stardom. Their stories overlap and intertwine but all involve huge amounts of bitchiness, lesbian sex, deception, manipulation, failed marriages and drugs galore.

The titular Dolls are not, as I had thought, a reference to the perfectionist standards of sixties Hollywood, but a slang term for the uppers and downers imbibed, inhaled and ingested by the girls as they attempt to claw their way to the top and stay there.

Susann captures and contrasts the energy of New York with the languid drowsiness of California, and has an excellent sense of both the comic and the tragic. The concept of feminism is conspicuous by its absence, as the story is essentially about strong, beautiful women being manipulated and destroyed by men, but Jennifer's need for love is heart wrenching, and Neely's drunken lurch from man to man is hilarious.

As a holiday accessory this goes with acid candy coloured wedges, enormous sunglasses and a Kir Royale.



*The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail*  
Michael Baignet, Richard Leigh  
and Henry Lincoln

Reviewed by  
Amy Milka  
£7.99  
Delacorte Press

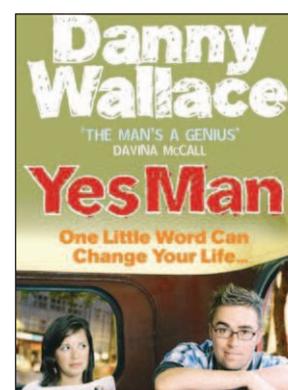
★★★★

It seems the country is gripped with Dan Brown fever. I remember my last few years working in a bookshop, watching *The Da Vinci Code* fly off the shelves, lamenting every copy of the ill-written, trashy phenomenon. I detest the term "summer reading". So, while you're lying on that sandy shore, why not dig into something slightly more meaty?

*The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail*, Brown's novel's predecessor by some thirty years, is filled with the kind of detail and evidence which he refuses us. I was amazed to find that, despite its hugely controversial reputation, this was not just the report of some investigation, but a gripping tale, beginning in nineteenth century France, with a parish priest's startling discoveries in his church, and sweeping back through the ages to the mysterious Templars and their relation to that elusive treasure, the Holy Grail.

We are privy to the author's thought patterns in a way which a fictionalisation of this issue could never allow. I was intrigued to read that even now, when the legend of the Holy Grail appears to have assumed a mythical, antiquated status, individuals still exist with close links to the Templars and some potentially huge religious secret, and are, perhaps, still concealing it.

This is a surprisingly easy read, and if you want something a little more worthwhile to get into this summer, I highly recommend it.



*Yes Man*  
Danny Wallace

Reviewed by  
Klara Patterson  
£6.99  
Ebury Press

★★★★

Wallace's latest book is perfect reading material for the beach. Its central premise is quite simply how our lives could be dramatically altered were we to say 'yes' more frequently.

The positive philosophy behind the book neatly sidesteps the genre of self-help books in the witty and anecdotal nature of Wallace's style. The book operates more as a diary of one man's year, and how he helped himself out of a post-relationship slump.

His 'carpe diem' mentality leads him to many bizarre situations, such as helping the son of a murdered Sultan sort out his finances, joining a group that believe the pyramids were built by aliens, and undergoing hypnosis by Murphy the hypnagog.

The quirky, offbeat comedy is embedded within a more everyday narrative of pub trips and meetings. It is these down to earth aspects that make the novel so appealing, and his quest to change so easy to relate to.

Wallace's feigned naivety - and at times stupidity - is a slightly ineffective and problematic part of the text. Despite this, the book is cleverly written and endorses an outlook of positivity that holds a resonance for us all - perhaps particularly for us students whose time at university can appear so brief. Who knows what the knock-on effect of joining that society, answering that email or going to that party (or even lecture) could be...?

# Music Reviews

## Singles Reviews



**The Who**  
**Live at the University Refectory, Leeds**

Reviewed by  
**Toby Green**

17/06/06

★★★★★

After nearly forty years, The Who have returned to Leeds. They were playing at the University's Refectory, the site at which their seminal *Live at Leeds* album was recorded, which is regarded by many as the best live album ever. Surviving members Roger Daltrey and Pete Townshend, together with their band, which included Ringo Starr's son, Zak Starkey, played a set full of hits to an intimate crowd to kick off their national tour.

Exploding out of the blocks with 'Who Are You', and following it up with 'Can't Explain', 'The Seeker' and 'Substitute' in a row, this was always going to be a gig with one eye fondly on the past. However, despite the encroaching old age of the two remaining original members (both are now in their 60's), the songs they have played a thousand times still managed to sound fresh and excit-

ing, particularly the towering 'Baba O'Reilly', complete with Townshend's trademark wind-milling. The only time the 90 minute concert flagged was during Townshend's new rock opera, debuting tonight, when even Daltrey looked like he wasn't sure what was going on.

However, fans of The Who are used to Townshend being the overbearing personality; he made sure that everyone knew each song was written by him and even revealed how one song was "too crap" to do as part of his solo work so he decided to record it with The Who. Yet his undeniable rock-star factor remains a contrast to Daltrey, who sipped menthol tea and occasionally unbuttoned his shirt in the claustrophobic heat, although his voice still stands the test of time.

They finished with 'Won't Get Fooled Again', and sweaty middle-aged men swooned in admiration at their heros. Classic bands playing their old songs are often treated with contempt, but despite showing their age, The Who still managed to thrill. The absence of Keith Moon may have stifled the spontaneity of the band, but the passion and musicianship remain. They may not quite be the best live band in the world right now, but the magic of The Who still lives on.

### Jim Noir, *Eanie Meanie*

Well, this song is well timed if nothing else. Noir's JCB-esque summer song bops along nicely for three minutes without either seriously offending or being particularly satisfactory. So if the middle of the road's your position, then this song's a winner.

### Jamie T, *Sheila*

As Pulp once said "this is hardcore". Jamie T tells of a night out so wild that eponymous protagonist Sheila ends up in the morgue. He's got the lyrical comedy Mike Skinner owns the copyrights for - "Her lingo went from the cockney to the gringo" - AND a decent tune. This is worth a listen.

### Larrikin Love, *Downing St Kindling*

One thing. If you don't like it here then jog on. Larrikin Love spend three minutes winning about how crap things have got since 1984. A quick refresher course: in the 80s we had Thatcherism, looming recession, famine in Africa and awful music. This Albion decadance was done far better (and earlier) by the Libertines. This lot are completely average.

### The Long Blondes, *Another Weekend Without Makeup*

The Long Blondes' latest tells another of their tales of loss and betrayal. This slightly standard (though eminently danceable) indie tune is vastly improved by Kate Jackson's vocals, which as usual, are impressively laconic and passionate by turns. The music picks up on repeated listenings, too, although too many more singles could see the Blondes' sparkling formula sounding a little tired.

### Mogwai, *Travel is Dangerous*

The first single to be taken from *Mr. Beast*, 'Travel is Dangerous' builds slowly, of course, to a mighty crescendo. So far, so Mogwai. There's nothing drastically new on offer here, but the powerful quiet/loud dynamic should keep established fans happy, even if it doesn't win any new admirers.

### Belle and Sebastian, *White Collar Boy*

Hitherto feyer than thou, indie favorites Belle and Sebastian have been showing unprecedented levels of testosterone on the singles from their latest album, *The Life Pursuit*. 'White Collar Boy' is no exception, but maintains a beautifully summery sense of joy in its tale of a young office worker led astray and into criminality by a femme fatale.

*Singles this week were reviewed by Jenni Marsh and Robin Seaton.*



**Jim Noir**  
**Live at Fibbers, York**

Reviewed by  
**Kathryn Bromwich**  
18/10/05

★★★★★

Ever wondered how Hesse's Siddhartha would sound if he were a band? Fret no more. Jim Noir and his bouncy powerpop come as a breath of fresh air in a musical scene full of world-weary bands that try too hard to be 'unpredictable'.

With Jim Noir, the smiling begins right away: the stage is littered with garden gnomes ('stolen from posh parties') of all sizes, the biggest one riding a kangaroo, and there's a desk lamp on the keyboard with a little drawing labelled 'Phil's Lamp'. The band themselves are outlandishly attired, with sharp haircuts, ponchos, hats, and Noir aptly wearing a red bandleader jacket, all of which creates a pleasant air of theatrical flippancy.

The band's sweetly naïve lyrics, boyish looks and constant smiles, added to the soft, upbeat backing singing and deceptively innocent songs, unexpectedly contrast well with Fibbers', er, unostentatious atmosphere. The band members make funny faces at the audience, chase each other with guitars and there is much good-humoured stage banter ("What's the plural of Jesus? Jesi?").

They're endearingly self-mocking at all times, and, well, I've never seen an audience look so happy.



**Isle of Wight Festival**  
**Seaclose Park, Newport**

Reviewed by  
**Jenni Marsh and Jon Addy**  
9-11/06/06

★★★★★

Since being reincarnated, the Isle of Wight Festival has become the unofficial opener to the festival season and 2006 had the best line-up since Hendrix's appearance at the legendary 1970 festival.

It's criminal to deny the awesomeness of Placebo, but a 45 minute 'co-headlining' set in blazing sunshine just didn't do them justice, whereas Richard Ashcroft reminded us exactly why it was the everyone bought *Urban Hymns* in 1994. The Foos proved, unlike the Prodigy the night before, that you don't have to be on pills to think that you're having a good time. Goldfrapp and her fellow minxes brought a little spice to the event whereas Lou Reed was under the illusion it was okay to be fourth on the bill and play none of his hits. Maximo Park kicked the proverbial faeces out of a mediocre Kubbe and I'm reliably informed the Proclaimers were smashing (unfortunately I was watching England).

But most importantly, Coldplay demonstrated why all those who brand them as boring or depressing really need to experience them live. Uplifting and anthemic, they justified why it is worth being (as Chris Martin put it) 'a Coldplay fan in this cynical world'.

A perfect end to a perfect weekend.



**Thom Yorke**  
**The Eraser**

Reviewed by  
**Emma Fite-Wassilak**  
Out 05/06/06

★★★★

Having complained of the restrictions and boring nature of being in a rock band, Thom Yorke has put his experience with electronic music into an attempt to do something new. The only problem with this project is that this new album is far less original than his work with Radiohead from *Kid A* onwards.

Yorke wails in his loveably pained way over typical electro-beats and accompaniments, but it makes one wonder: just exactly what does he have to whinge about? At first, this album seems destined to alienate anyone who likes him; indeed, if it weren't Yorke behind the project, one suspects few would listen to it. Most of the album is dominated by dirges, sung with seeming complacency. Yorke himself on 'Analyse' aptly paraphrases the effect: "it brings you down".

However depressing this album seems, do not despair: on the few tracks with guitar parts, Yorke's talent as a rock musician shines through, recapturing one's attention. These tracks, unfortunately scattered between disappointing noise, are catchy and far more harmonious. If only he would recognise what he does best and inject some life into the rest of this album. Even these tracks are growers, though their merit is more in providing background music than engaging one's interest.

# Film Reviews

## *Thank You For Smoking*

**Director:** Jason Reitman  
**With:** Aaron Eckhart, Maria Bello

**Runtime:** 92 min

**Reviewed by** ★★★★★  
**Paul Becker**

"You know the guy who can pick up any girl? I'm him, on crack." Nick Naylor is a tobacco lobbyist in Washington and, as his words indicate, a shameless promoter of his own humble person as well as of the little glowy death-sticks which, he graciously informs us, kill twelve hundred people a day nationwide. Although there's no conclusive evidence for that, mind you.

Nick talks for a living - in the glorious acting of Aaron Eckhart, he is a player glow in the limelight, a movie star day in, day out, befuddling the naysaying masses with his flawless rhetoric and rugged features. That is until a sexy journalist (Katie Holmes) seduces him and then publicly reports on his candid pillow talk, causing his boss (J.K. Simmons) to drop him like the hot potato he is.

Writer/director Jason Reitman deftly avoids a *Jerry Maguire* dynamic, however, and that alone deserves praise; instead, Nick takes a triumphant last stand in front of cheese-eating, liquor-bottle-collecting, wearing-sandals-over-socks Vermont senator Finistirre's (William H. Macy) congressional hearing and makes asses of a lot of people who hardly deserve it more than he does. But, as he tells his avid learner of a nine-

year-old son, "if you argue correctly, you're never wrong."

Reitman, however, seems reluctant to argue at all, perhaps due to the power wielded by those who he is satirising. The result is that the consequences of smoking, in the persons of Cancer Boy (Nick's chat show co-interviewee in the opening scene) and the ex-Marlboro Man (Sam Elliott) dying of lung cancer, come across as sterile and harmless whereas the allure of tobacco is perfectly captured in the beautiful opening credits, where the names of the players are seen printed on old cigarette packet designs. And not one cigarette is actually seen smoked in the film.

*Thank You...* is thoroughly immersed in the spirit of bullshit (in one hilarious scene we are even treated to the hitherto unacknowledged danger posed by Nicotine patches) and sometimes it's hard to tell whether this spin is reviled or relished; the apogee of this is Nick's crisp and ludicrous exchanges with a Hollywood talent agent, played by Rob Lowe as Phil Ken Sebben's reclusive cousin. Together, they would return cinema to the Golden Age where smoking was sex via images like Brad Pitt and Catherine Zeta-Jones sharing a post-coital cigarette aboard a spaceship in a sci-fi movie. "But wouldn't they blow up, though, in an all-oxygen environment?" Nick asks. "Probably..."

The upshot of all this is that the dreams and symbols we all like to hide behind are controlled and pushed at us by a bunch of hilarious freaks - an idea which, golly me, seems a lot easier to live with than that of evil masterminds plotting our doom.



## *United 93*

**Director:** Paul Greengrass  
**With:** Christian Clemenson, Trish Gates

**Runtime:** 91 min

**Reviewed by** ★★★★★  
**Tom King**



This generation will, perhaps, never see an event which can affect the global consciousness as much as the events of 9/11. So shaken was the world by what transpired and so raw were the feelings created, that it has taken almost 5 years for anyone to feel comfortable enough to attempt a dramatisation of that day. The end of September this year will see the release of Oliver Stone's blockbuster, *World Trade Center*, but first comes this much more low-key offering.

Telling the story of United Airways flight 93, the only one of the hijacked planes not to reach its intended target, *United 93* is not,

strictly speaking, a dramatisation. The story is told in real-time and much of the dialogue is based on transcripts, with many of the central characters, such as Ben Sliney (the newly-promoted supervisor of the National Air Traffic Control Center) playing themselves. This, coupled with the casting of relative unknowns, makes the film particularly affecting as the audience can see the characters as the real people they are instead of performances by a familiar face.

As a spectacle for entertainment, *United 93* moves too slowly. This is not to say that you'll be bored - the real-life events are as dramatic as any Tom Clancy - but to provide entertainment is not the objective of this film. Made at the request of the passengers' families, it is intended to provide an honest account of the sacrifices made by their loved ones and to serve as an emotional touchstone to remind people of how they felt as the day's events unfolded. In this it succeeds fantastically, as I began watching in no real mood for serious subject matter and ended in tears.

Though the delicate subject matter may make any criticism of this film seem callous, this is thankfully not an issue. The cinematography is first rate, the performances moving and Greengrass' script provides a sensitive treatment of the material. If there is one criticism to be made, it is in the portrayal of the hijackers themselves. Though the film deals with the conflict that they undergo in an attempt to humanize them, there is no examination of the fanatical belief which led them to commit such an atrocity, leading to them being the least well developed characters. However, such an unbiased approach also prevents the film from being overly jingoistic.

To get the most out of this film I would definitely recommend seeing it at the cinema as, only by watching it alone with your thoughts can you get the full emotional impact. Deeply moving.

## *Hard Candy*

**Director:** David Slade  
**With:** Patrick Wilson, Ellen Page

**Runtime:** 103 min

**Reviewed by** ★★★★★  
**Rob Perkins**



Cinema loves controversy as the most taboo subjects often make for the most engaging films. Paedophilia is no exception and Hollywood has not remained silent, addressing the subject in films like 2004's *The Woodsman*.

*Hard Candy* however, has a new lens for the mass hysteria. The title comes from internet chat-room slang for a young girl, and this film begins with 32 year old Jeff and a 14 year old teen called Hayley arranging to 'hook up'. The audience follows their meeting with dread as the two banter and flirt their way back to Jeff's apartment. It is here where the

tables are turned, as it becomes clear that Hayley's own agenda makes her far less innocent than she first appeared. From here on, the plot gives way to a fascinating and sickening character piece, as Jeff and Hayley's deadly cat-and-mouse game unfolds and the boundaries between predator and prey are blurred beyond all recognition.

The film lives and dies by the performances of its two key characters, and it is the performances of its two relative unknowns which make it the success that it is. Ellen Page is the young actress to whom I must dedicate the most fulsome praise. Her explosive performance is utterly terrifying, and Hayley's fires of madness illuminate the film. She dominates the screen in her first major breakout role, walking the tightrope between a naive innocent and a furious ball of vengeance. However, Wilson should not be forgotten either. He is also brilliant - always ambiguous in his performance, hiding from the audience the true nature and extent of his sexual predilections. As the characters wrestle for control, our sympathies fluctuate between the two. The acting is unforgettable, and almost lifts *Hard Candy* beyond criticism.

*Hard Candy* is not a conventional thriller. It relies less on its thrills and spills, and trades out-and-out 'excitement' for a gnawing claustrophobia and a near-hysterical tension. This trade-off doesn't make it boring, but it is perhaps a minor flaw of the narrative that it is so simply and conventionally structured. *Hard Candy's* weakness comes from the fact that it is actually a little soft (at least narratively speaking). It doesn't tell a story, more than a few haunting set pieces, and the ending is something of an anticlimax. *Hard Candy* remains an admirable and remarkable thriller which tackles a very dangerous taboo subject with gusto and power, but as a film is an intense, gruesome ordeal.

# Food and Drink Reviews



## Which Sweeties?

Gosh, isn't it a long time since you skipped off to the sweetie shop in the first flush of youth, with a feverish glint in your eye! Some readers may have fond memories of a generic Woolworth's pic 'n' mix counter feeding their childhood sugar-based fantasies, others may have had their confectionary dispensed by a kindly old tweed-clad gentleman who wore special gloves and had a slightly creepy smile...Anyway, we thought it was time to remind you just how fabulous sweeties are. All the sweets are available from Debbie's in Stonegate.

### Yorkshire Mix, 65p per 100g

A huge and oddly shaped array of citrusy things, pear flavoured things and minty things. The sweets are shaped in such an unusual way that it is impossible to eat one without drenching your companions in saliva, but they do give you magical powers, enabling you to talk like a Yorkshireman.

### Strawberry Bon Bon, 65p per 100g

To test the bon bons, we embarked upon an explicit discussion of the personal life of a mutual acquaintance. Although we were desperate for sordid details, the bon bons were so chewy and sticky that they silenced us, halting the conversation. If someone starts asking you awkward questions, give them a bon bon- they are one hundred per cent effective, and very tasty too.

### Old Fashioned Boilings, 65p per 100g

These are every bit as repulsive and disgusting as they sound. Comments included "like gone-off menthol", "tastes like bile" and "the aftertaste is like the fluff that gets under the sofa." We feared for the old people who make up the product's target demographic, as we decided that it would take out their false teeth. The black currant one was a high point as it tasted like a vintage Thornton's car sweet, but everything else was a little hard to swallow.

### Sherbert Lemon, 65p per 100g

The most impressive thing about these was the colour, as they resemble lego car headlights. They are great to suck as extra lemony boiled sweets, but the real fun begins when the sherbert explodes all over the roof of your mouth which in our case had already been lacerated by excessive sweetie consumption. If confectionary listened to music, sherbert lemons would be into Happy Hardcore.

Reviewers: Vicky Hallam and Lucy Peden

The Olive Tree  
10 Tower Street

Reviewed by  
Victoria Hallam

★★★★★

Situated opposite Clifford's Tower, this restaurant is not hard to miss and boasts beautiful views, although come 10pm this is somewhat tarnished by drunks rolling down the hill. The Olive Tree prides itself with an unwavering passion for food as they strive to source the best ingredients and quality products, choosing only to serve ingredients, which are at their peak of perfection. Wherever possible their game, lamb and beef are sourced right here in Yorkshire.

Most Friday evenings dining is complimented by the solo guitarist who adds to the authentic Mediterranean experience found at the Olive Tree. If it weren't for Clifford's Tower it would be easy to forget you were in York. The Olive Tree is open all day, so you can pop in for a coffee if you are feeling a bit cosmopolitan or you can take advantage of

their lunch offer where 2 courses on the set menu costs only £10.95. This offer only applies Monday to Saturday, between 12pm and 2pm. I would, however, recommend the early bird offer, its great value for money, with 2 courses costing £11.95, until 7pm Monday to Friday and 6.30pm on Saturdays. Instead of getting the usual Pizza Hut my friends and I decided to be a bit more upmarket and hurried along to the Olive Tree to get our 2 courses and we were blow away by the delicious food on offer.

I had Char-Grilled Aubergine, sun blushed tomato and Feta Cheese salad with a Yogurt & Herb Dressing, followed by Truffle Roasted Chicken Breast, Braised puy lentils, pancetta, carrots and button onions. You can almost taste the passion that went into making this food and the fresh, original ingredients certainly do the dishes justice. It is really refreshing to see seasonality in the menu here, unlike many restaurant chains that simply provide the same choice of Pizza and Pasta and still claim to produce the taste of the Mediterranean, the Olive Tree supplies variety and creativity.

So when my parents decided to come

and stay I needed to take them somewhere to impress, after all they are the ones who are supplying the funds for my restaurant endeavours in aid of Nouse! I thought of the Olive Tree and breathed a sigh of relief as I was sure it would impress. We shared Pan Fried King Prawns with a garlic and herb butter to start, although we could have easily gone for seared King Sea Scallops with Hazelnut risotto and a cider vinegar beurre blanc. The main, which seemed to win points with my parents was the Roasted Rump of English Lamb on chunky ratatouilles, rosemary crushed potatoes with natural pan juices. Each ingredient seems to have been specifically chosen in order to compliment the different parts of the dish, we did however; have to order extra sides of vegetables, as there wasn't quite enough with the meal. If this is the case I would suggest the Chargrilled vegetables with parmesan cheese, they would bode well with any of the main dishes.

If you are looking for fresh, original, seasonal food, carefully prepared with an equally enjoyable atmosphere and service, head to the Olive Tree.

L'antica Locanda  
33 The Shambles

Reviewed by  
N. Luke Abraham

★★★★★



L'antica Locanda is a restaurant that I wanted to visit for a while, after being given three good independent recommendations. It is hidden away in the Shambles and also doesn't look like a restaurant from the outside, but a delicatessen. The small seating area is upstairs, which does offer good views of the street below.

There is quite a good range on the menu, and there was large selection on the specials boards. I opted for the aubergine bake for a starter and spinach cannelloni for the main, while Esther opted for (a whole) buffalo mozzarella with grilled aubergine starter followed by salmon tagliatelle. The food was very nice but exceedingly rich, and the portions were also very generous, which meant that after the starter I felt quite full. When I go again I think that it would be better to go for a main and a pudding rather than a starter, even though these were excellent.

The house white was very drinkable, and in total the bill came to £33.45 for two starters, two mains and a bottle of wine. The service was good, and we were able to sit quite happily after our meal to finish the wine. The food available from the deli downstairs also looked delicious, and I may be back to pick up something from there.

Meltons Too  
25 Walmgate

Reviewed by  
Emma Fite-Wassilak

★★★



A laid-back café-bar bistro version of the more formal (and expensive) Melton's on Scarcroft road, Melton's too prides itself in using local produce and meats whenever possible. Thus the drinks list is quite extensive, and although the cheapest bottle of wine is 11.95, they'll sell it to you in half-litre or glass form as well.

Tapas is a favourite here, but we opted for a more traditional format. For starters the cream of local asparagus soup, served with toasted baguette, was pleasant, though less asparagus-tasting than expected, but the polenta with baked mushrooms and garlic cream sauce was excellent. When the mains arrived, I was already almost full from the soup, but the lovage pasta with asparagus, onions, and Parmesan looked far too tempting to pass up. The freshly-made pasta was beautifully complemented by a light, creamy sauce, and the addition of parmesan perfected it. On the other hand, the grilled Yorkshire sirloin steak with red wine shallot sauce and homemade chips was not worth the 12.95 paid for it—the chips were far too greasy, and the steak was tough.

Unfortunately, we were too full to tackle dessert, I had to ask if I could take half of my pasta home, and got a lovely tin foil handbag!

Thilda Thai  
16 George Hudson Street

Reviewed by  
Mark Zollner

★★★



Thida Thai Reviewed by Mark Zollner Located on George Hudson Street and nestled quietly amongst the more chaotic Jumbos and Reflex, the often over-looked Thida is a pleasant enclave of calm. Once inside the purple walls, lined with carvings of elephants and alcoves adorned with bright flowers and Thai Buddhas, lend an atmosphere of tranquillity.

The food is scrumptious and includes traditional dishes like the spicy Thai Tom Yum soup. Starters are delicious, especially the golden tiger prawn wrapped in spring roll paste served with sweet chilli sauce. Of the main courses the barbecue chicken marinated in garlic, pepper, coriander and spices grilled over charcoal served with sweet chilli sauce deserves special mention.

One great feature of the food is the opportunity to mix and match side dishes and choose from a range of meat or fish for the main course, including chicken, duck, pork, prawns and squid. Side dishes range from jasmine rice to coconut rice or even rice noodles topped with chicken and peanut.

The food really caters for everyone ranging from spicy curry dishes to a milder palate. Combined with the friendly Thai staff, Thida Thai is definitely worth investigating.

# The last word

**Andreas Masoura:** this year he's won as many awards as Vision

## The brothels revealed

An exclusive Vision underground investigation has discovered the York brothel. Apparently a Vision journalist was offered sex for money. If you're that desperate, go to Ziggys and buy a mediocre looking female a K2, a true bargain at £1.50. That won't be difficult, we're in York.

Despite an arduous account of how Vision editors spent their weekends, the story failed to give the location of the brothel. How selfish. Word on the street suggests it could be inside the Roger Kirk toilets, or perhaps in that strange little room one down from the Nouse office. If only you could hear some of the noises coming out of there.

## Feminism proved irrelevant

With regard to Nouse's token feminist militants, Heidi and Kate: put your bras back on and throw away your mooncups because I did a little feminist survey of my own. Whilst at the York brothel, I fortunately stumbled across several women who were only too pleased to succumb to my every desire in exchange for hard currency. Especially the receptionist at the front, she even made me a coffee. Imagine that, a woman in 21st century Britain making a man a coffee. Bring back the 1950s. Oh, and another thing, there is a perfectly reasonable explanation as to why men are paid more than women. There are 12 months in a year. Multiply that by the number of days each month in which a woman's labour efficiency is reduced by PMT. Thus you have the pay gap.

## Why travel for hooliganism?

Football hooliganism in York peaked the other day when a fan was assaulted during an England match in Derwent. Some advice: Don't turn up to the match looking like a Swedish caricature and then proceed to mock England. I know they're crap and that Peter

Crouch is an un-athletic, gangly beanstalk, but you must be wary of the skinhead.

## Minster versus Roger Kirk

York St. John graduate in the Minster. We graduate in central hall, that architecturally dated eyesore. It's not fair. Apparently if we abandoned our Central Hall graduations the University would lose business since no one



**Look at his rash: this is why you shouldn't go in the lake. Photo by Georgi Mabee**

would buy baguettes from the Roger Kirk Centre. As much as I love a Coronation Chicken treat, I don't want to spend my graduation reception running in between toilets. I think students would benefit on more than one level if we moved to the Minster.

## A festival for charity?

On behalf of the University, I feel it necessary to apologise to anyone who had the pleasure of queuing not to get into Woodstock. This free festival was open to all students all in the name of charity. Or at least it was last year. After wasting too much of my time this year queuing for possibly the worst clubs in England (Ziggys, Toffs etc.) I was fortunate to slip in through a gap in the fencing. To any

discerning voices of disapproval attempting to uphold social morality (you know who you are) I can only justify my actions by emphasising the dire state of affairs at York given by the fact you had to queue to get into Vanburgh Paradise. When such a situation occurs, instinct prevails; I'm afraid it comes down to the survival of the fittest (see Darwin's evolution theory).

OK, so you spent a good hour or two queuing to get into Vanburgh Paradise, an idyllic expanse of concrete that can only have arisen as a result of someone having a frantic fit with a cement mixer in the 1960s. Maybe

he got it for Christmas. I'm sure most second and third years were asking why this was the chosen venue given the success of last year's Woodstock, which was on Vanburgh bowl. This meant unrestricted capacity and therefore no queuing. Given this was an event in aid of charity this would have surely made more sense.

But wait, the bars won't make any money unless you force people to use Vanburgh bar by physically caging them in and banning outside alcohol, even if you did get it from CostCutter. Charity being exploited for University capitalism, some might say.

Oh well, at least some people seemed to be making the most of a summer's evening on the Paradise. Several of the more intuitive students utilised the event's lakeside location by engaging in water sports, such as sailing and swimming. Both were hospitalised due to excessive amounts of battery acid in the lake.

## End of year special

# Blag your sabbatical



**We've had this photo of Last Word favourite, Matt Burton, for ages, just waiting for an excuse to run it. We got bored waiting...**

To get this low paid but gratifying job you must win an election. Given that no one actually cares or can be bothered, you can win by getting about ten of your friends to vote. Great, now you've been voted in to office, but what do you do next? First of all, fashion. You can strut around campus with an air of superiority whilst sporting a fetching scarf. You must never ever take the scarf off, be it indoors or amidst a 35 degree heat wave. Or you can wear your YUSU hoodie just to remind those students who almost got out of bed to vote who you are. The possibilities are endless.

Right, you've perfected the art of public presentation. What next? Office conduct. Well, just spend most of your time on facebook creating groups declaring yourselves and your fellow Sabs 'Campus Legends'. These serve no other purpose other than to heap praise onto yourself and fellow officers. Nominate yourself because someone in Ziggy's once read the title on your hoodie and mistook it for your name. Once you have convinced yourself of your greatness you are ready to hit the ground running. Oh yes, it's time to liaise with college chairs.

This is relatively straightforward as long as you retain several key features in your negotiations with them. Remember to exercise the power of a dictator through your immovable stance on issues that make the very concept of negotiation redundant.

Any manners your parents taught you must be forgotten as you correspond with respectful mortals with a distinct yet underlying sense of arrogance mixed liberally with a selection of naughty swear words, such as 'fuck'. Or 'bum'. No one will fuck with you ever again.

You may also have to deal with the campus media. A good idea is to tell them they make stuff up, either in the Nags Head toilets or during vital meetings. Don't bother to explain why, they won't understand.

Remember, you have little training so it is vital you come across as confident in your abilities. Type importantly. Smoke aggressively. Watch the World Cup right at the front table in Derwent and, most importantly, never, ever, admit you were wrong.

Lastly and perhaps most importantly, when making public statements, ensure that you justify your stance by reminding everyone that Stalin only killed the stupid people. Or was that Hitler?



**The BenQ-Siemens E61 Mofi**

## Competition - win a phone!

**B**enQ-Siemens has got together with Nouse to offer (one more) student from York University the chance to win their latest music phone - the E61 Mofi.

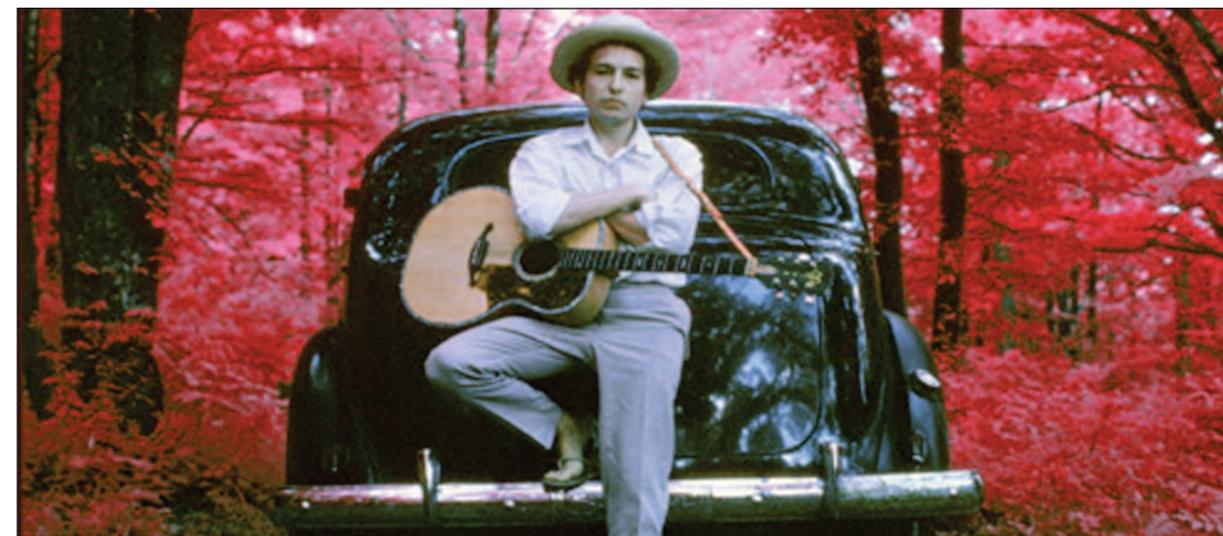
The definitive phone for music lovers, the BenQ-Siemens E61 Mofi can store up to 500 tracks and enables you to listen to tunes on the go for up to ten hours. The music control panel is located at the top of the phone

and has dedicated keys to make it look and feel as much like a music player as a phone. The E61 Mofi will also automatically pause playing music when your phone rings, so there's no chance you'll miss a call. With its unique wedge-shape and black and orange colour-scheme, the BenQ-Siemens E61 Mofi has both its fashion and music credentials in perfect order.

Available for just £99 on

prepay, or free on contract, from Virgin Mobile, the E61 Mofi is the ultimate music phone for summer.

To be in with the chance of winning this handset, send an email entitled Mofi Comp to socs12@york.ac.uk by 30th June 2006. The lucky winner will be chosen at random and contacted by telephone - so don't forget to include your mobile on the email.



Clockwise from top left: Goldie Lookin' Chain will perform at this year's Summer Ball; Pub Landlord Al Murray comes to York; the Birmingham Royal Ballet performs the Pineapple Poll at the Grand Opera House and an example of a photo from the Bob Dylan exhibition on at Nunnington Hall

## Live Music

**Tuesday 27th June**

**Seven Shades, Fibbers**

A regular at Woodstock, they rocked Vanbrugh's concrete paradise again on Saturday. For a repeat performance, head down to Fibbers tonight. The band could be described as reinventing 1980s metal for a current audience (keeping the very essential long haircuts!)

**Sunday 2nd July**

**Battle of the Bands, Fibbers**

Well worth sticking around for as The Blueprints, Cohesion, DigiCore and two more as yet unconfirmed bands battle it out in the final of this year's long-awaited Battle of the Bands competition. Buying tickets in advance is recommended as this

is likely to be very popular. Doors at 6pm.

**Wednesday 28th June**

**Larrikin Love, Fibbers**

Highly recommended by those at Fibbers, this Larrikin Love gig promises to be a show you don't want to miss. Buy your tickets online at [www.fibbers.co.uk](http://www.fibbers.co.uk) for only £7 or on the door for £8.

**Saturday 15th July**

**Snow Patrol, Leeds Millenium Square**

If you can get tickets to this gig then it will definitely be worth it. At £22.50, the average student budget may have to be stretched slightly, but what's an overdraft for? This is a good summer gig for those who have missed out on festivals.

## Campus Events

**Wednesday, Week 10**

**Graduation Dinner, York Racecourse**

Finalists this year don't only get treated to a champagne reception and a swanky four course silver service dinner, but also a four foot fountain of Belgian chocolate. Just don't over-indulge, as the rides at this year's fairground don't mix especially well with that much chocolate and alcohol!

**Wednesday, Week 10**

**Summer Ball, York Racecourse**

On top of the Graduation Dinner, there's entertainment from 10pm until 4am. Attractions range from the dodgems and waltzers of the fairground to Sara Cox introducing Goldie Lookin' Chain and Big J and the Piccolo Chickens. Will you make

it all the way to the "survivors" photo at 4am?

**Thursday, Week 10**

**Big D, Derwent and Langwith**

The Big D Carnival this Thursday looks like it's going to be the event of the year and all for a good cause, as it aims to raise as much as possible for various charities. Set across Langwith and Derwent with fairground rides, fireworks, N-Trance, the Cheeky Girls and three bars open until 1.30am - what more could you possibly want?

**Tuesday, Week 10**

**Cild (readthrough), Drama Barn**

The cast do a readthrough of the play before Edinburgh. Tickets £2 on the door.

## Art and Performance

**Thursday 29th June**

**Al Murray, Grand Opera House**

The pub landlord is back with a new show which guarantees to have you in stitches! Tickets are guaranteed to sell very fast, so if you want to go, book yours as soon as possible.

**Friday 30th June-Saturday 1st July**

**Birmingham Royal Ballet, York Theatre Royal**

This will be a first class performance from the Royal Ballet Company, who will be presenting three ballets: Brouillards, Solitaire and Pineapple Poll. The ballet doesn't come to York very often and prices are reduced for those under 25. A must for any fans out there.

**Wednesday 5th July-Sunday 8th July**

**An Evening With Gary Lineker, York Theatre Royal**

This comedic play has a soap star-filled cast (actors from Emmerdale, Eastenders and Hollyoaks) and dramatises a married couple as they watch the infamous 1990 England vs Germany world cup semi final.

**Until Monday 9th July**

**The Official Bob Dylan Photographic Exhibition, Nunnington Hall, York**

This collection of iconic images is sure to attract any Bob Dylan fans as well as any budding photographers. Nunnington Hall is the first place outside of London to show this exhibition.

## Cinema

**United 93 (15)**

The story of the fourth plane from the September 11th terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. An emotionally provocative film dealing with an issue that is still very current in people's minds.

**Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest (12A)**

Not out until the 6th July but definitely worth a mention. The long-awaited sequel to the 2003 film, sees Captain Jack Sparrow (Jonny Depp), Will Turner (Orlando Bloom) and Elizabeth Swann (Keira Knightley) take to the screen to swashbuckle alongside each other again. This time Turner and Swann's wedding

plans are disrupted as Captain Jack Sparrow needs them for yet another adventure.

**Thank You For Not Smoking (15)**

Adam Brody and Katie Holmes star alongside Aaron Eckhart in this smart, satirical comedy which promises to keep you laughing.

**The Wind That Shakes The Barley (15)**

Winner of the prestigious Palme D'or award at the Cannes film festival, this film follows the story of two Irish brothers torn apart by the 1920s Irish Civil War. It has come under fire from the British press for its obvious sympathy with the Irish Republicans.

# Endangered species disappear as numbers face 'total collapse'

**Adam Sloan** meets with Stanley Johnson to talk about his work protecting endangered species

**M**ore than 16,000 species worldwide are facing the threat of extinction, primarily as a result of human activity.

For 30 years, Stanley Johnson has been campaigning for the protection of endangered species. As an MEP between 1979 and 84, he chaired the European Parliament's committee on the environment and has since written more than ten books on environmental issues. Recently he has travelled on fact-finding missions out to places such as India, Malaysia and Brazil, investigating human impact on endangered species. He is also the father of Boris Johnson, MP for Henley and Conservative Higher Education Spokesman.

Johnson recently went to India, looking into the falling tiger population. When the British left India in 1947, there were around 50,000 tigers left in the wild, now the number is as low as 500: "We are seeing an almost total collapse of the tiger population in India," Johnson said, "one of the big factors is demand for tiger bones and tiger parts from China, as this is used in certain traditional medicines."

There is also a growing "general pressure on the tigers' habitat." With the population of India now exceeding a billion people, there are less and less prey species for the tigers to eat and also increasing forays



Stanley Johnson made his visit to the University as a guest of the York Union Society. Photo by Adam Sloan

into their reserves: "you are getting increasing conflict between humans and tigers. You may get a situation where a tiger will attack a cow, or even a human, and there will be calls to kill it." The situation is increasingly getting out of hand, "there are probably more tigers in zoos in Texas than there are in the wild at the moment."

The mountain gorillas that inhabit areas of Rwanda and the Eastern Congo are

also suffering as a result of human pressures. The war situation in this region has contributed to the drastic reduction in the gorilla population: "Gorillas are constantly getting caught in the crossfire of the militias." Much of the gorilla's habitat also lies on potentially lucrative supplies of coltan ore; "there have been a huge influx of miners, many will come across a gorilla and shoot it, one gorilla could

keep the miners fed for days."

There is also a growing trade in the export of illegal bush-meat out to the West, with an estimated 5 million tons of gorilla meat exported from Rwanda and Congo last year. In London, gorilla meat can be sold for up to £300 per kilogram.

Johnson has become involved in the Dianne Fossey Gorilla fund which encourages mining outside gorillas' areas.

Most recently, Johnson has been to Borneo to look into falling numbers of orang-utans that inhabit the island's primary forests: "it is our own thirst for palm oil

which is having the worst effect on the habitat of the orang-utans." Palm oil is an ingredient in many products in the UK. In Borneo, much primary forest is cut down to make way for palm-tree plantations; "probably the crisps you eat in the bar have got palm oil in them!"

One campaign currently running in the UK is called the 'Round Table on Sustainable Palm Oil,' "this is to force companies like Tesco and Sainsburys to ensure they source palm oil from plantations not built at the expense of primary forests."

Over the past 100 years, Orang-utans have lost 91 percent of their population. They are the only great apes outside Africa and, despite legal protection, are still often killed for trade in their meat or body parts.

"I don't think we in the UK do enough," Johnson finishes by saying, "for example we should boycott companies who are not sourcing their palm oil sustainably, or who use timber taken from hard wood forests."

With continued habitat destruction resulting from human actions, many of the species that we look upon so fondly could soon disappear.

## For further information visit:

**Stanley Johnson**  
[www.stanleyjohnson.com](http://www.stanleyjohnson.com)  
Visit this website to find out more about Stanley Johnson's environmental work

**Diane Fossey Gorilla Fund**  
[www.dianefossey.org](http://www.dianefossey.org)  
Information about protecting the endangered mountain gorillas

## The Campus Soapbox

By Andrew Dixon  
York Labour Club

**S**o the present Labour Government has lost its way, people say. Perpetually dogged, it seems, by newspaper stories of ministerial mistakes and the appalling consequences of an ill-conceived war. At the same time, David Cameron's Conservative

Party look that much more cuddly and media-friendly than the Tories of old. Something appears to have gone drastically wrong with Labour and they are desperate to seem like the answer. But what in fact are the questions? Looking beyond image, beyond superficiality, beyond spin, what are the real questions?

Here are just a few. How

do we secure international peace? How do we secure our futures against personal and economic uncertainty? How do we fight environmental degradation and catastrophe? How do we hold a modern society together?

However we define ourselves, as socialists or social democrats, one thing that unites all members of the Labour Party is that we believe in the value of collective action, that "by the strength of our common endeavour we achieve more than we achieve alone." By contrast, conservatism takes the stance that "you look after you". The implication always being: they sure as hell won't.

With all the issues of importance that loom before us, the need for collectivism is most certainly clear. Peace and security cannot be achieved through military might, or at the dictat of a global superpower. Financial security requires collective provision for pensions and a decent welfare system. Environmental protection requires collective action through a democratic government. Justice and the cohesion of society require that resources are redistributed to where there is greatest need.

Cameron's Conservative Party know that they can no longer ignore these issues. But their problem is that conservatism has none of the



Is Labour losing its way?

answers. If they are genuine, then they must face the choice of either joining another party, or entering deeply into self-delusion. Otherwise, they can only

drift back into conservative ideology and therefore ever-further from the solutions required.

There remains only one serious political party with whom forward-looking answers sit comfortably. I believe for some years now though, the Labour Party has been hamstrung by the excessive dominance of one individual's outlook and temperament.

But Tony Blair will soon be departing. The task for the Labour Party then is to lift its head from the day-to-day headlines, rediscover its purpose and apply its principles, to the benefit of us all. And you can have your say in this. You can join the Labour Party.

# Israeli universities face boycott

**Claire Yeo** looks at the proposed boycott of Israeli institutions by university teaching unions

It has been relatively under-reported that many of our university lecturers have been actively engaging in an academic boycott targeted against the state of Israel. While we have all been worrying about the duration of the AUT's recent "assessments boycott," which has had us all up in arms about finalists' prospects of graduating on time, it seems that there have been some other interesting developments occurring within the university teachers' union. Few of us may actually be aware of another policy of the union's sister organisation NATFHE for which Israeli academics, rather than British students, have had to bear the brunt.

Up until May last year, the AUT itself had been actively boycotting the Israeli universities of Haifa and Bar-Ilan, with the intention of extending this to include the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. It had claimed that these institutions had been complicit in the government's "abuse" of Palestinians. This boycott involved tactics such as refraining from any form of academic or cultural cooperation, collaboration or joint projects with Israel; suspension of subsidies and funding to these institutions; and supporting Palestinian aca-

demical and cultural institutions directly without requiring them to partner with Israeli counterparts.

Although the AUT's special council has since voted to revoke all such motions of this nature in favour of preserving academic freedom (a dubious principle to advocate considering the obvious detrimental impact the boycott has on academic freedom), the union's new partner and sister union, NATFHE, still has in place a motion inviting its 69,000 members to consider a boycott of academics and universities which do not distance themselves from Israeli government policy.

The union, which has very recently merged with the AUT to form a larger umbrella organisation UCU (the University and College Union), has accused the government of pursuing what it has called "apartheid policies" in Israel which have been likened to those of the apartheid regime of South Africa in the 1980's. The union has also condemned what it cites as "discriminatory educational practices" in Israeli higher education.

While the boycott is said to have expired with NATFHE's amalgamation into UCU, many see this as merely a "technical matter" that does not indicate a change regarding Israel, and

should not constitute grounds for assuming a victory for freedom of speech over the boycotts. The AUT, by contrast, have totally reversed this policy, stating, "the AUT does not endorse this policy and is strongly advising its members not to implement it."

The actions of both unions are highly contentious. Several academics, including Oren Ben-Dor from the University of Southampton, have argued that the AUT's overturning of the boycott is a "missed opportunity to awaken Israelis, and in turn Palestinians, to the urgent need to engage in a debate about all the skeletons in the cupboard."

The effectiveness of a boycott as a means of improving dialogue is highly questionable, and is seen by many as merely counterproductive. Supporting trade unionists in Israel and Palestine which are working for peace seems, instead, a much more proactive way of improving the situation. Yet the central issue is not whether the unions are correct in their accusations, but whether or not they legitimately should attempt such a boycott. Indeed, the move seems, in many ways, little more than a blatant denial of freedom of academic speech, a principle that is central to



The University of Haifa, in the north of Israel, was boycotted last year by the AUT

the integrity of academic unions. As AUT's general secretary, Sally Hunt, has stated, "UK higher education has had a long and proud tradition of defending academic freedom. The struggle to maintain academic freedom whenever it is under threat is one that the AUT

will always support and which will always guide our work." Surely, therefore, their actions against the Israeli academics run counter to this claim.

While we can accept that the AUT are now taking a more proactive approach to the Israel-Palestine conflict,

the NATFHE are not. "By pursuing such a policy, NATFHE will isolate its members and their students rather than Israeli academics," as Israeli Ambassador to the UK, Zvi Heifetz, has commented. Again, it would seem the wrong people are being unfairly targeted.

# Church calls for toughening of abortion legislation with present laws 'outdated'

By Ellen Carpenter

The Catholic Church has this week called for more restrictive abortion laws in the UK. Cardinal Cormac Murphy O'Conner, who met privately with Secretary of State for Health Patricia Hewitt last Wednesday, claims that the current 24-week time limit on abortions is "outdated" in light of advances in neonatal technology.

Abortion has recently returned to the political agenda due to the debate surrounding lowering the time limit to 20 or 22 weeks. Technological and medical advances allowing babies



Patricia Hewitt has no plans to change abortion law

born before 24 weeks to be kept alive, though often with significant handicaps, has led to widespread calls for a review in abortion legislation.

A commons motion

demanding a review of the 1967 Abortion Act, which was last updated in 1990, to reduce the time limit from 28 to 24 weeks, has been signed by 31 MPs, while both Michael Howard and Liam

Fox have made their views on the issue known.

Cardinal Murphy O'Conner, the head of the Catholic Church in England and Wales, has claimed that public opinion on the subject is changing due to images such as those of foetuses "walking in the womb," published in 2004. He is supported by a poll conducted by *The Observer* earlier this year showing that 47% of women agree with the tightening of abortion laws.

However, groups opposing a change in the law have pointed to the very small number of abortions, only 1.6%, that currently take place after the 20 week period. Marie Stopes

International (MSI), a charity that provide abortions outside of the NHS, have argued that women seeking late abortions do so for reasons including poor accessibility and long waiting periods for facilities.

The group has criticised participants in the current debate regarding abortion law for failing to take into account the individual experiences of women and their reasons for undergoing abortions, instead focusing exclusively on the scientific viability.

MSI found in a study of women attending their London clinics for late abortions that the majority were against a reduction of the

time limit, with many saying that they would have suffered considerable emotional distress had an abortion not been available.

The Department of Health has stated that it is not planning a change in abortion law. A vote at the British Medical Association conference last year also resulted in 77% of members rejecting a lowering of the current time limit.

Cardinal Murphy O'Conner last year likened abortion to Nazism, saying, "what else is the termination of six million lives in the womb since the Abortion Act was introduced?" and claiming that abortion will lead to the rise of eugenics.

# Blast from the Editorial Past

**Julian Hammerton and Charlotta Salmi** delve into the Nouse archive and find out what made it to the news in the summer terms of 1968-1970

## Exam trouble in 1968

Two weeks ago, Tom Fawthrop, a well known student militant from Hull, sparked off a series of sit-ins and demonstrations by tearing up the first of his final examination papers and walking out. Fawthrop has always openly declared his opposition to the examination system as we now know it: on this occasion he displayed a most commendable unity of theory and practise.

## Anarchism reigns at Derwent Disco, 1970

Before the days of Club D, Nouse reports on Derwent activities "At the first Anarchist disco of the term held in Derwent last Friday, Anarchism could truly be said to have reigned. Unfortunately the Anarchist did not seem at all please by this.

At approximately 1pm, those present were treated to a true example of what Anarchy can do for the masses - fighting broke out. In the true spirit of letting everyone 'do their own thing' the disco was brought to an end. I feel there is a moral for all of us in this little parable, but for the life of me I cannot think what it is.



## Illegal Party follows 'The Who' Gig

'The Who's recent gig in Leeds was not the first in the North Yorkshire region; thirty-six years ago they honoured the University with a visit. The gig resulted in not only a policeman on duty being assaulted, but was followed by an "anarchist party" on campus. The university took a tough stance as £110 worth of damage was done to Vanbrugh College. Nouse reports: "June 2nd, a Vanbrugh College disciplinary committee convened for the trial of Mr N R Hunt. Mr Hunt faces three charges from a party which took place on May 16th in V121.

He was charged with misleading the administration. Their claim is that his private party was in fact an anarchists convention, that he caused damage by negligence to property and to staff-police relations. He pleaded not guilty to a fine of £110."

# Letters

Please send your comments and complaints by email to letters@nouse.co.uk or by post to Nouse, Grimston House, Vanbrugh College

**Win!**  
Best letter receives a party camera from Snappy Snaps



## Star letter

### Alcohol joys?

Flora's feature kind of misses the point of drinks awareness campaigns. Certainly no campaign I've ever seen preaches complete abstinence from alcohol, and I've always been of the personal opinion that getting a little drunk is rather fun (and conducive to relationships/one-nightstands!).

What I do object to is this constant need to go even further - many students, once they are obviously drunk, don't stop there! If you're already drunk, how much more drunk do you really need to get? Do you need to keep

going back to the bar again and again? Does it really improve your night if you're now so drunk you can't function normally at all?

I agree with Flora that alcohol can equal fun, but there's still needs to be a limit, a point at which you are going too far - and many students are guilty of doing this. Another problem is that students do this several times a week, not just once or twice. This style of binge-drinking is a new phenomenon and we're yet to see what this generation's health is going to be like when they reach 30. IF they reach 30...

Talk about the fun of drinking if you wish, but don't gloss over the effects of extreme binge-drinking.

**Neil Barnes**  
SU Welfare Officer

## Safe Woodstock

I want to write and express my dismay at the organisation of Woodstock. I arrived at about 9pm only to find that the event was full and there was little chance of me getting in before it finished.

From my position outside the gates, I could see plenty of space, so it can only be 'Health and Safety' regulations that limited the capacity. Isn't it time that the University stopped its obsession with safety rules and instead focus on common sense? This would surely have dictated that people shouldn't be abandoned beside Central Hall where one man was free to go for a swim in the lake - I doubt very much that his risk of disease is less than the extra risk 200 more people would bring to an outdoor concrete space.

Why can't the University take a lesson from other universities where events can feature such dangerous wonders as bouncy castles (not allowed at York events) and put student interests first.

**John Craine,**  
Second Year English and Philosophy student

## Monkey Retorts

Having read the recent article by Flora Bradwell regarding 'the joys of alcohol and its place in university life'. I felt it necessary to clear up a few issues on behalf of Fact Monkey. The Social Norms campaign is not intended to jolt students into abstemious living, but to counteract the image of the borderline-alcoholic, hedonistic lifestyle so diligently portrayed via all forms of media. The message of the campaign is clear: the majority of students manage to drink without causing harm to themselves or to others.

The Student Life and Alcohol survey clearly showed however, that there is a huge difference between what students believe or the way they behave with regard to alcohol, and the perception of what constitutes 'typical' or 'normal' behaviour for students. The role of this campaign is not to change individual behaviours per se, but to create a more correct and clearer view of true norms. If the effect of this is to empower a student to speak up and stop a friend from engaging in a potentially dangerous feat then-



the campaign is a success.

Of course drinking alcohol is an incredibly social activity, but it is perfectly possible to enjoy alcohol, while staying safe, looking after friends and of course staying true to those academic or other responsibilities! Not only Fact Monkey knows that.

**Oliver Smith**  
Director, The Social Norms Research Center

## B&B in Alcuin

I am writing to express my outrage at the fact that a violent and drunken stag party was allowed residence at a University owned bed and breakfast service located in Alcuin's residential area. They behaved threateningly towards students, calling us "cunts" and "lazy student fuckers", made sexually aggressive comments to female students and smashed up a tree in our quad. They woke us up at 7am, by shouting abuse outside our windows, and were generally noisy and despicable all week-end.

I just can't believe that the university is operating a public bed and breakfast in a student residential area at all, let alone allowing any unpleasant Tom Dick or Harry to stay there. Unleashing a stag party into the residential area of several hundred vulnerable young women is about as much of a recipe for disaster as letting Michael Moore loose in a pie shop. My friends and I felt intimidated and victimised by their behaviour, and I hope the university will take note of our offence and implement some kind of vetting system on potential residents at the B and B in future.

**Helen Tilley,**  
Second year History Student

# Your: Platform

Enough of what our writers and editors have to say, we sent reporters to find out what York students think of today's issues

### 1. How do you feel about the SU's work this year?

### 2. Is a takeaway on campus a good idea?



**Name:** Laura Stanley  
**College:** Derwent  
**Course:** EEE  
**Year:** 2nd Year

1. I'm against the campus bar closures and I'm not sure the SU have done enough to prevent it.
2. Yeah, I think a takeaway on campus would be good for students.
3. Not very. There's not enough recycling points and computers and lights are left on over night.
4. I think it's a good thing. Bill Gates earns so much money he could afford to donate much more than he does.



**Name:** Charlie Wesley  
**College:** Halifax  
**Course:** Linguistics  
**Year:** 3rd Year

1. They haven't really been all that effective, but pretty much the same as the previous two years.
2. I suppose it would be good if you're living on campus, although that depends on how good the takeaway is.
3. They have been alright, I haven't really noticed any problems.
4. It's good that Bill Gates is giving a bit of his vast amount of money away.



**Name:** Fay Robinson  
**College:** Alcuin  
**Course:** Economics  
**Year:** 2nd Year

1. There's been quite a lot of changes this year. I was treasurer for a society last year and we had a lot of problems with the budget, which seem to have been solved this year.
2. Yeah it's a good idea, the food would arrive much quicker than it does from town.
3. It's up to the students mostly to turn off lights in their rooms and the kitchen. The staff are quite energy efficient.
4. It's quite an honour to get money off Bill Gates himself.

# FIFA to axe Poll?

By Andrew Fenichel  
SPORTS CORRESPONDENT

MUCH HAS BEEN made of the sometimes confusing decisions referees have taken at this World Cup, but the officials of the recent Croatia vs. Australia Group F match have a great deal of explaining to do. At the centre of the farce, is none other than England's 'best' referee, Graham Poll, who during the game must have become the first referee in the professional game to have issued three yellow cards to one player in a single match.

Croatia's number three, Josip Simunic, was cautioned in the 61st minute, and then received his second booking in the final minute of the game. The Croatian defender, dismayed by the prospect of his World Cup reaching a premature end, began to head for the tunnel when he realised that Poll had failed to show him a red card and continued to play on. Simunic was not so lucky immediately following the final whistle, when following a confrontation with Poll he was issued his third yellow card of the game and finally given a red card.

In what was surely one of the worst performances by a referee in a World Cup in recent memory, Poll not only failed to apply the rules



Despite two yellow cards, Simunic was not sent off

of the game appropriately with regard to Simunic, but he lost control of a game in which he booked eight players and sent off three.

Such a poor show is thankfully not without its consequences. FIFA's referees committee will meet on Wednesday to decide which match officials will stay in Germany and who will be sent home, with Poll expect-

ed to be told that his services at the World Cup are no longer required.

FIFA's referees committee President Angel Maria Villar Llona had words of support for Poll describing the English referee as "exceptional and a great sportsman, who would be able to overcome the situation thanks to his strong personality and love of the

game." However in a statement the committee did admit a serious error had been made. According to reports, when Poll gave Simunic his second booking, he mistakenly wrote down Australia's number three, Craig Moore. Failing to realise this blunder, Simunic was allowed to continue.

Referees are, of course, human beings and liable to make mistakes. This has long been a part of the game and yet we have very much struggled to accept it. The reality is that their job is far from an easy one and we should be able to forgive them for that every so often harsh sending off, incorrect offside decision, for that dubious penalty verdict, no matter how much it may make our blood boil.

However what we must not tolerate are referees who blatantly fail to apply the rules of the game correctly. If the match official fails in this area then the game quickly develops into a joke. Poll's shambolic performance overshadowed what was a momentous achievement for Australia in reaching the last 16. And where were his assistants? It is simply disgraceful that of the four other officials present, none of them attempted to intervene by taking advantage of the communication system that links them together.

# BBC and ITV commence battle



Lawrenson and co. have been the subject of criticism

By Ben Masters  
SPORTS CORRESPONDENT

THE STATE OF the English game on the pitch has occupied thousands of words and hours of airtime during this summer's extravaganza in Germany and will no doubt continue to do so until England's inevitable early departure from the World Cup in a few days' time. But, more than any other tournament, a storm of controversy and debate has surrounded the coverage of the tournament by our esteemed national broadcasters the BBC and ITV.

Mark Lawrenson and the increasingly incompetent John Motson have borne the brunt of much of the criticism - and rightly so. The signs of Motson's decline have though been apparent for a while. During last season's Liverpool v Manchester United FA Cup tie, Peter Crouch's winning goal was met with the sheep-skinned one proclaiming, minutes after the event, that his headed goal "may have come off the post". Everyone else in the ground and at home could hear as much as see the fact that it had crashed off both uprights.

The BBC have reacted to criticism of their punditry in a staunch, if hopefully ironic, manner. "We are delighted" was the response to an article in The Sunday Times which drew attention to the fact that, on the BBC's official website, fans had been posting "offensive abuse" at the corporation's ailing analysts and commentators.

Martin O'Neill's place on the BBC rota of pundits offers a tantalising glimpse of who England should have turned to post-Eriksson, but his colleagues Ian Wright and Alan Shearer put forward only misguided hope and patriotism. And sat in the co-commentator's chair

in the lesser games, Mick McCarthy's interjections have made both Sunderland's plight last season and Roy Keane's walk-out in Korea and Japan four years ago only more understandable.

The trend of employing foreign pundits, started during Euro '96 with Ruud Gullit, has again paid off though. Former World Cup winning Brazil wing-back Leonardo offers insightful and original analysis, particularly on his native Brazil. Marcel Desailly on the BBC has been another success. Nonetheless, there does seem to be an element of racial stereotyping taking place with the assumption (on both main channels) that former French and Dutch internationals Desailly and Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink have an intricate knowledge of the competing African nations. Thankfully Ron Atkinson has been nowhere to be seen.

Another drag has been Clive Tyldsley's apparent obsession with the eccentric Mexican manager Ricardo La Volpe's smoking. Seemingly overly concerned with the health of Volpe, Tyldsley feels the need to comment on this issue at the very least three times a game - a classic being "La Volpe has threatened to quit on many occasions - his job that is, not smoking".

As often, the dulcet tones of Alan Green, Mike Ingham and Terry Butcher on Radio 5 Live provide the best commentary and punditry in the British media. And while the prospect of crowding around the 'wireless' is not especially inciting it may be the only way that the world class football on show can be matched by anything approaching world class by the many ex-professionals enjoying their lucrative summer employment.

# Have Brits lost their chance to stop the Federer bandwagon?

By Simon Lickley  
DEPUTY SPORTS EDITOR

STRAWBERRIES, CLIFF Richard and rain; it's that time of the year again, where all of Henman Hill holds its breath in the hope that a Brit will finally win the Wimbledon men's title for what would now be the first time in 70 years. This annual two week feast for tennis fans is soon to begin and below is a look at what this year's tournament has to offer.

The undoubted favourite for the men's title is Roger Federer. Having won the last three Wimbledon titles as well as the most recent Australian and US Opens, the Swiss has now firmly established himself as one of the all time greats. His record on grass is simply incredible and challengers such as Lleyton



The Wimbledon venue

Hewitt and Andy Roddick will have to be at the very top of their game to even get a look in.

Indeed the only person who has seriously challenged Federer's dominance of late is Rafael Nadal. He has won six of his last seven matches against Federer, but it must be remembered that he is more of a clay court specialist and goes into Wimbledon with doubts over his fitness, having injured his shoulder at the recent Stella Artois

Tournament.

As for British hopes, Henman's last Wimbledon outing left a lot to be desired but reaching the last four of the Stella Artois tournament for the first time since 2003 gives hope that he may have a stronger tournament this year. Britain's rising star, Andy Murray, made the tennis world sit up and take notice by winning his first ATP title in February, beating Lleyton Hewitt and Andy Roddick along the way, but has since won only three of his last twelve matches. However the 19 year old will only get better and his progress this year will surely get the country chewing its collective fingernails.

Unlike the men, the women's tournament will have no clear favourite. Justine Henin will be looking to build on her recent

success at the French Open, although current holder Venus Williams will be keen to defend her third Wimbledon title as well as atone for a disastrous first round defeat at the Australian Open. Her sister and previous winner Serena Williams will be absent owing to a knee injury. Belgian Kim Clijsters and Frenchwoman Amelie Mauresmo, winners of the most recent US and Australian Open's respectively, will also be staking their claim.

Thus as the two week tournament begins, expect drama, upsets and an undoubtedly worthy winner. But with Federer being so dominant in the men's and no female British tennis star of note, expect champagne to only be toasted with strawberries rather than for a British victory.

# Forty year hurt set to end?

By Sean Henderson  
SPORTS CORRESPONDENT

AS A NATION, we're a cynical lot when it comes to sport. I was speaking to an Italian gentleman after the Trinidad game and he thinks we're all crazy. "You have 6 points!" he said with a smile, "What are you complaining about. Sure it wasn't pretty but what have you done wrong?"

"In Italy, we think we'll win the World Cup if we win our group games!" He had a point. This World Cup has sprung a few surprises at both ends of the scale. Now, it seems, the World Cup is living up to its name. We have seen the American, Asian and African nations making a major impact on the world game and truly competing on a world class level, showing that anybody can beat anybody in this competition. The top teams have not performed to the standard expected, with the possible exception of Argentina who put forward one of the best footballing displays so far, but the second rung of teams like Spain have impressed. With this level across the board, no team should be taken to beat any other. In context a seven-point finish is an excellent



The nation appears to be losing hope in the England team repeating this iconic moment of 1966 forty years on

group performance.

Of course the unfortunate news of Michael Owen's injury has complicated matters and may prove to expose the flaws in our squad. The reluctance to play Theo Walcott is baffling, after going through so much trouble to pick him. We have Peter Crouch scoring and a very fiery and passionate Wayne Rooney ready to carve up the planet - and we

may only need one of them. This is where the true quality of our talent shows through. Lampard, Gerrard and Joe Cole can all easily slip in behind the striker, plus we have Michael Carrick to fill in the midfield. Even the often-criticised Owen Hargreaves is starting to settle into the side. We're starting to learn how to play along the ground and play fewer long balls. By the end

of the World Cup we may have even stopped Rio Ferdinand going up for corners.

I do acknowledge, however, that we are far from faultless. We seem to fix one weakness for something equally feeble to appear in the next game. If we attack well, the defence looks shaky. If we play the ball around, we fall out of position. We can't seem to get the whole pack-

age. Even the rock solid John Terry has had one or two slight slips despite his unbelievable defensive displays. Against Sweden we looked strong but conceded silly goals from set plays, an area that we are normally strong on. Surely this is slightly pedantic however, even for us. The criticisms we level at England can be levelled at most other teams in the competition. For me, Argentina

and Spain have shown real strength in depth but are the only two that really stand out. The only consistent teams tend to sit at a mediocre level and are beatable if we raise our game. Other than that, nobody has stood out as a runaway favourite. Maybe we should be looking around us before we are too quick to judge.

We have a real competition on our hands and the knockout stages will sort out the men from the boys. We have a problem when we look at England, we have no justification to say we can win the World Cup easily but also no reason to say that anybody can knock us out. The key to take from the group performances is that we are showing a steady improvement game on game and we clearly have another gear left. We're not playing our best and we have the players to raise their game to achieve our potential. There are only a handful of teams, such as Brazil or Argentina, who can make that claim. We may not have the experience, as a national side, of the later stages but we are a very strong unit and have adaptable players.

It's time to start believing we can really do it this time.

# Goodricke capitalise on early promise

By Nick Hassey  
SPORTS CORRESPONDENT

GOODRICKE HAVE been crowned college sport champions after an exemplary year that saw them take the lead early in the first term and never relinquish their hold on top spot. Carrying their impressive late season form from last year into the new season Goodricke had built a commanding lead by Christmas that was always going to be difficult for the chasing pack to overturn. And despite a late charge by Derwent that threatened to derail the green and black title challenge a string of fine performances in the summers one day tournaments saw them home.

The closest challenge to Goodricke came from the blue of Derwent who will have been disappointed to have seen their campaign run out of steam towards the end with some below par performances in the one day events. Nevertheless they can be proud of a year that has seen them improve on



Carl Worrall of James after playing Goodricke College

last year's third place and consolidate their position at the top end of the college sports table.

Behind Derwent were Halifax, this year's dark horses had a strong finish to the term that saw them finish a respectable third. Sitting in mid-table at Christmas

Halifax have been re-invigorated by their new sports rep team and look well set to finally start mounting the sort of title challenge that a college of their size should be capable of.

In contrast to the optimism of York's largest college there are the problems facing

its smallest. Although Vanbrugh finished fourth this year and, thanks to an excellent college spirit still outperform many larger colleges, it is difficult to see Vanbrugh doing as well next year. With only 80 first years on campus it will be a real struggle for Vanbrugh if they are to maintain their position and avoid slipping down the table.

However these problems nothing compared to those facing last year's champions, Langwith. Unable to recapture their form and commitment from last year they have dropped rapidly down the table and finished the year in fifth. Although victory in the tag rugby tournament this term showed Langwith still have the talent to be serious contenders they must rediscover some of the organisation and desire of last year if they want to move back towards the top of the table.

Another disappointing season for James sees them finish in sixth and with their

victory three years ago now just a distant memory it is hard to see much for the sports men and women of York's newest college to be optimistic about. Blame it on the lack of a bar, the fragmented nature of the college or even on the fact that their students just never want to leave their en-suite rooms: the fact is that too often James sports teams either simply didn't turn up or had to be cobbled together at the last minute and were unable to do themselves or their college justice.

Last of the colleges who competed in all three terms Alcuin face a huge challenge if they are to lift themselves off the bottom of the table. Undoubtedly possessing the talent and numbers needed to challenge at the top end of the table and yet rooted to the bottom the challenge for Alcuin is to break the cycle of underachievement and create a real interest in college sport amongst their sports men and women.

Finally a mention must

be made of the efforts of Wentworth this year. Although only competing for two terms and only playing for points in one of those it has been a promising start to their re-introduction into the college sport. Although there remains plenty of room for improvement, their enthusiasm and commitment epitomized by this year's Justin Taylor memorial award winner Craig Wirt has been hugely impressive and their continued involvement can only benefit college sport as a whole.

The inclusion of Wentworth has only been one aspect of a very successful year for college sport that has also seen the introduction of a Netball 2nds league and several new one day tournaments such as Ultimate Frisbee and Goalball. With more sports and greater variety planned and with more colleges involved than ever before, next year's competition could well prove to be even better.



With AU President Nik Engineer

For many students the end of their time at university is simultaneously a wonderful, happy time and a sad and often frightening time and it's exactly the same for the sabbatical officers.

Having been here for four years, the thought of having to return to London and to leave so many good friends behind is far more daunting than presenting to BUSA general council or having to meet the VC. At times like this though, when the future seems so intimidating, the best thing to do is look back at your time at university and be proud of what you've accomplished.

This year I can look back and say without any reservation or doubt that I couldn't have worked harder or done more for the Athletic Union or the Students' Union. So much has taken place, and when senior staff of the university and Students' Union say that we've moved forward this year more than we have for a long time, I think it is safe for me to say it as well.

I can however also say with just as much confidence that nothing could have happened this year without the officers that make the AU Exec and SU Exec the best teams at the University. Work in the Students' Union is a case of either moving forward together or regressing as individuals - in short, the team is everything.

Regardless of what people say, some facts are undeniable - the AU is held in its highest ever regard by the University (proved by my presentation to Council, the VC attending the AU dinner and taking the time to walk around on the busiest BUSA Wednesday), the budget process is better and fairer than ever, the integrity of colours awards has been restored, the AU finally has an online membership system, it's easier and cheaper than ever to book vehicles (though they still break down sometimes), we've raised more money for charity than ever before - over £8,500, we've never had a year except this where we haven't filed or lost a single BUSA appeal and we've held the first ever online election - which lead to more people voting for next year's Exec than ever before. These are just some of our successes.

I will leave knowing that this year has been a great year for the AU, and I hope many of you will do the same. My best wishes to next year's exec and to you all for the future, this is me signing off.

# Yorkshire County Cricket offer fans highs and lows

By Steven Morrison  
SPORTS CORRESPONDENT

YORKSHIRE COUNTY Cricket Club will have mixed emotions over their progress so far this season after impressing in one day games, but struggling with their first class cricket.

The campaign has already had several highs, with Michael Vaughan's injury comeback and Tim Bresnan's England debut providing the Yorkshiremen with talking points.

However, their form in the County Championship has been far from impressive, suffering 4 defeats and not winning yet this season. Without Darren Lehman's batting prowess it could have been worse; he managed to hit a massive 193 runs to force a draw with Kent.

Form in the C & G Trophy has been better, where Yorkshire picked up a 6 wicket victory in their roses battle against Lancashire. At one stage they even looked

like challenging for top spot in the Northern League which would have earned them a place in the final at Lords. However, defeat on the last ball against Steve Harmison and Durham put an end to that hope.

While Yorkshire have been struggling, their pace bowler Matthew Hoggard has been enjoying a rich vein of form as England's opening bowler in the recent test series with Sri Lanka. Although the series was tied, Hoggard looked menacing after taking 15 wickets.

This season has also marked the Yorkshire debut of Australian Ashes flop Jason Gillespie. The world's highest scoring night watchman has continued his form with the bat, helping out Yorkshire with a 144 9th wicket stand with Tim Bresnan against Hampshire.

While Yorkshire will miss out in the C & G Trophy, they will be hoping for an exciting Twenty20 Cup campaign, starting this week against Durham. They will also be looking to improve on their very poor County Championship form, attempting to move up the table with the 4 home fixtures still to come.

With Matthew Hoggard back from international duty to spearhead the bowling attack with Gillespie, and Vaughan looking to play himself back in to form, a day out at Headingley may be worth the cheap price of admission.



Yorkshire have flattered to deceive in first class cricket so far this season

County Championship Division 1		
	pld	pts
Lancaster	8	135
Sussex	8	129
Hampshire	8	107
Kent	8	95
Durham	8	90.5
Warwickshire	8	89
Notts	8	67
Middlesex	8	58
Yorkshire	8	51

## The Cryptic Crossword

Tuesday 27th June, set by Cornius

### Across

- 7. On impulse, I hear, spilled blood over summer tournament (9)
- 8. Injured bream is almost ready to go (5)
- 10. Big creepy crawly chases person on raised wooden bridge (8, 6)
- 11. Paralyzed in endless volume of date puree (13)
- 13. What john did to get his name? Stab pie horribly (7)
- 15. See 23
- 18. 7 Across star has goddess' determination at dilapidated Siam (6, 8)
- 22. Damage one cinder

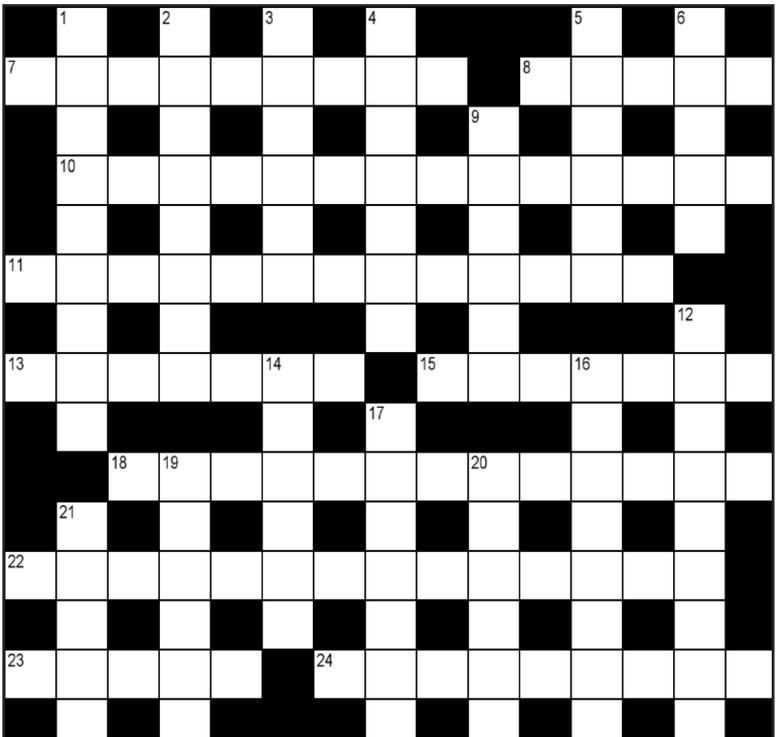
- 23. Screw agent and hesitate twice over 7 across star (5, 7)
- 24. Inert clay is destroyed for definite (9)

### Down

- 1. I'm the name circling about at 7 across (3, 6)
- 2. A jump missing hoop by insect is ample (8)
- 3. Japanese dancer in Stonehenge is happy (6)
- 4. Live with company trend (7)
- 5. Judge impure mess (6)
- 6. Goes up and down

- 9. Space out on ecstasy evasion (6)
- 12. Absorbing for every setter's talent (9)
- 17. Adjusted temperature with feeble journalist (7)
- 19. Small boy and girl of upper classes (6)
- 20. Fatless meat to shed (4-2)
- 21. Not a single taxi holds up pig meat (5)

For this edition's answers, visit the Nouse website at [www.nouse.co.uk](http://www.nouse.co.uk) and go to crossword section



Graham Poll faces being kicked out of the World Cup after his three-card blunder **Page 9**



York Men's first eight row their way to their first appearance at the Henley Royal Regatta in eight years, despite a poor season and disappointment against Lancaster

# York men's Boat Club qualify for prestigious Royal Regatta finals

By James Padmore  
SPORTS CORRESPONDENT

THE UNIVERSITY OF York Boat club Senior Men's 1st VIII qualified for the highly esteemed Henley Royal Regatta for the first time in eight years last Friday.

After a disappointing season which included the head coach leaving over Easter and a far from satisfactory Roses result, the VIII travelled down to Henley-on-Thames to compete against student crews from all over the country as well as the US and Europe. Fifty crews raced down the 2,112-meter course with the hope of making it through to the internationally renowned regatta that commences Wednesday Week 10. Each crew had their time recorded over the course, with the fastest sixteen qualifying.

Henley Royal Regatta was first held in 1839 and is held annually. The regatta



The famous Henley venue

works on a knock-out basis, with the winning crew progressing to the following day. With the event going on for five days, the final is not held until the Sunday. The Student VIII's event, known as the Temple Challenge Cup, is one of nineteen separate competitions held over

the five days. Others include the Stewards & Grand Cups, which witness top international crews, namely the Great Britain VIII & coxless IV, the likes of which ex-Olympic oarsmen Sir Steve Redgrave and Matthew Pinsent previously rowed in.

Overall there are thirty-two places for University crews in the Temple Cup. Sixteen crews pre-qualified for the event due to good results over the course of the season at other regattas. These included the likes of Oxford Brookes and Loughborough, as well as numerous crews from the US, Ireland and Holland.

Unlike most University crews, York's is predominantly made up of those who learnt to row outside of school, three of which did so at the University itself, with the cox having only got in a boat for the first time last October. The experience within the crew is also wide-

ly varied, ranging from competing at the Junior World Championships, to rowing at Cambridge University.

Men's Captain Peter Nicholson who rows at five in the VIII, said; "With a season that has left a lot to be desired, qualifying for Henley has made nine months of solid training and constant fitness worthwhile. All nine of us went out there with a lot to prove, not only to ourselves, but to other clubs and University's, many of whom have written us off in the past as a walkover." In fact, York beat crews from Leeds, Cardiff, Reading, Bath, Manchester and most importantly Lancaster, to make the last sixteen. Nicholson went on to mention that although York's success is to a large extent down to the crews unparalleled commitment to training seven days a week, without which it would not have been possible had it not been for

the "help and dedication of our new coach Helena, as well as the generous funding of a new 1st VIII by the alumni last year".

The race started with a strong wind led by Chris Owen who strokes the VIII; "The adrenaline was pumping & when I took the rating up to 42 strokes [per minute] off the start I could feel the whole crew respond behind me as one."

The cox, Claire Barnes, has no problem with taking on the challenge of controlling eight men; "I may be smaller", she says, "but they do what they're told, when they're told to do it. If they don't react to my calls together we'll not only be slower, but they'll also have to deal with me after."

York were strongly supported down the course by family, friends and even some old blades. Graduates, Dr. Rich Skinner and Dr. Angus Alisson were there

having qualified for the Goblet's Cup and racing in a pair. Likewise old blade and ex-captain, Andy Jason who now rows for Bristol's 1st VIII, was also cheering on the crew, and will be hoping to meet them on the rowing course next week.

Qualifying for Henley Royal Regatta for the first time since 1998 marks a long awaited return to form of the Boat Club.

The crew are now among the top thirty-two student eights in the country, not forgetting the four foreign crews also in the event. Come Wednesday 28th June the VIII will line up on the start for the second time, but this time alongside Trinity College from Dublin, not only with the hope of competing at the highly esteemed event, but also making it through to the second round on Thursday and possibly even beyond that to the final on Saturday.

