

"It's pot luck, but weed let him in. Harry should apply to atone for his elder brother's mistakes" – PAGE 10

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HARRY HEADING HERE

***Puffing
Prince
set to
apply***

EXCLUSIVE

by Julian Blake

It has been rumoured that Prince Harry is applying to Cambridge. The Prince, who is currently studying A-levels, is said to have been spotted looking around Trinity College during the Christmas break, outside term time to ensure privacy. A Trinity second year, who wished not to be named, told *Varsity* "We were at a dinner party last night and it came out then: Prince Harry is now considering applying to Trinity." However, Trinity are keen to keep their cards close to their

chest. Dr Ian McDonald, Trinity Admissions Tutor, said "I know nothing whatsoever about Prince Harry's plans for what he might do after leaving school." St James' Palace were also keeping quiet, with a spokesperson claiming: "It's similar to when Prince William was this age. There was so much speculation. Nothing is ever sealed and finished until he decides. It's far too early to say – it's quite a way off."

It seems the Prince should fit in well here. According to *Varsity's* recent survey, over 50% of Cambridge students have tried cannabis and two-thirds would see it legalised.

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Photo: PA

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News in brief

Cemetery

The Cambridge American Cemetery and Memorial has been granted listed status. The three-and-a-half-acre site is one of 14 permanent American World War II military memorials on foreign soils, but the only one in England. The cemetery has been granted Grade II status, meaning that any planning projects that might affect it will be subject to closer scrutiny than normal. It was set up as a temporary military cemetery on land donated by Trinity College, and dedicated in July 1956. The site features 3,811 graves fanning out like spokes on a wheel from a central flagpole flying the Stars and Stripes. The 500 foot Wall of Remembrance has 5126 names of those missing in action, including jazz band leader Glenn Miller and Joseph P. Kennedy, the eldest brother of American President John F. Kennedy.

Childcare

The Joint Committee on Childcare for Students are hosting an information event for all student parents on Saturday, 19 January 2002, from 2.30pm – 5.00pm, in the Long Room at New Hall. Guest speakers will include Sarah Kiln, of Sarah Kiln Associates, who undertook a childcare study in 2001 on behalf of the Committee, to look at childcare provision for students within the University and the Cambridge area, and Mary Knox, of Opportunity Links, a voluntary organisation which provides information, via the internet, to those who need to find out about local childcare facilities. All student parents are invited to attend this informal event, which is aimed at providing parents with access to information about childcare whilst studying at Cambridge.

Further information is available from Angela Myers, Secretary, Joint Committee on Childcare for Students, at the Old Schools, Tel: (3)32307, amjm2@admin.cam.ac.uk. Some car parking will be available at the College, and a crèche will run during the afternoon. If you would like your children to attend the crèche, please e-mail age details through to the address given above.

Huntingdon

Huntingdon Life Sciences has hit the headlines again. It was announced that Stephens Group, a financial backer, intended "to sell all of its stock and debt-investments" in the research centre.

Since Stephens Group took on the laboratories they have been put under pressure from animal rights activists, who picketed their offices costing the company £250,000 in legal fees and Sheriff's costs. The chairman, Warren Stephens, has also been personally targeted at his New York home.

Stephens Group claim that they are not "caving in to animal rights protesters", but are making the decision to drop HLS for purely commercial reasons.

Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty believe "The time is now - we need to rub salt into the wound and finish HLS off for good!"

Mary King, Jemima Warren,
Judith Whiteley

Happy B'day Hawking

Oly Duff

Stephen Hawking last week celebrated his 60th birthday in Cambridge with a Symposium at the Centre for Mathematical Sciences. A number of leading scientists spoke, including the Astronomer Royal, Sir Martin Rees, Sir Roger Penrose and Professor Hawking himself.

Hawking told an audience of 200 paying guests, including U2 guitarist The Edge, that there is nothing like discovering something that no one knew before. "I will not compare it to sex – it lasts longer."

"It has been a glorious time to be alive and doing research in theoretical physics. I am happy if I have made a small contribution. I want to share my excitement and enthusiasm."

Professor Ian Halliday, Chief Executive Officer of the Particle Physics and Astronomy Research Council (PPARC), the UK's strategic science investment agency, paid tribute to Hawking's achievements.

"Stephen is a world ambassador for science. His achievements have gone far beyond the scientific community. He has brought the excitement of fundamental physics to a truly mass audience, raising the awareness and general knowledge of Cosmology and physics to an unprecedented level and undoubtedly enthusing the scientists of the future."

Hawking came to Cambridge to do research in Cosmology, having already

been awarded a first class honours degree at University College, Oxford. He finished his PhD against the odds to become a Fellow at Gonville and Caius College. Since 1979 he has held the post of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics.

Alongside his many publications, Hawking, now a multi-millionaire, has had three best-selling popular books published, twelve honorary degrees, was awarded the CBE in 1982 and became a Companion of Honour in 1989. In addition to being the recipient of many other awards and prizes, he has also achieved a popular status unparalleled by other scientists with appearances on *Star Trek* and *The Simpsons*.

All of this is remarkable for Britain's longest surviving motor neurone disease sufferer – a man who was given little more than two years to live after being diagnosed with the crippling muscle-wasting condition at the age of 22. The rare form of the disease from which Professor Hawking suffers atrophies the central nervous system and leads to muscle wasting, while leaving the brain unaffected. Despite the body paralysis and the loss of his voice, Hawking has gone on to be regarded as perhaps the most influential theoretical physicist since Einstein, stating once: "My goal is the complete understanding of the universe, why it is the way it is, and why it exists at all."

Varsity would like to wish Stephen Hawking a very happy birthday.



Photo: Cambridge University Press Office

Harry cont. Accessibility

CUSU's Access Officer, Rachael Tripp, is already anticipating the Prince's arrival. She told Varsity, "If Prince Harry got the required grades, and if he was lucky enough to be one of the roughly one in three people who made it through the interview, I'm sure he would be as welcome at Cambridge as anyone from any background. Coming from Eton, however, he statistically stands a greater chance of winning a place than someone from a comprehensive, and being white increases his chances further. I don't think it would do much to further the idea that Cambridge wants to attract people from all backgrounds."

With his father, grandfather and great grandfather as Trinity alumni and the Duke of Edinburgh as Chancellor of

the University, the precedent has already been set, even though his brother chose not to apply.

The Prince, who has been dogged with drug-taking allegations in the past week, will fit in well at Cambridge, according to figures from Varsity's exclusive survey. Figures released today show Cambridge students are also quite prone to a spliff once in a while. Over 50% of students have tried cannabis and nearly 11% have tried cocaine. Like Prince Harry, the majority of Cambridge students have only smoked cannabis occasionally. According to the survey, which received hundreds of replies, Cambridge students are also a bunch of boozers. Indeed, 60% of the respondents had sex under the influence of alcohol.

• Survey pages 12-13



Photo: Tom Catchesides

Rebecca Hoyle

On Sunday the government launched *Aimhigher*, a new initiative to encourage working class students to apply to university. This comes just weeks after Cambridge University's report on 'Undergraduates, statistics of applications and acceptances for October 2001', which shows that the state-educated and applicants from ethnic minorities are still less likely to gain a place at Cambridge than their white, privately-educated counterparts. This came as a double blow to Cambridge's Access workers, whose role it is to challenge and find solutions to 'elitism'.

The government initiative involves 'road shows', where well-known celebrities such as model Naomi Campbell, footballer Steven Gerard and Radio One DJ Judge Jules, will talk to students from schools where few apply to university.

Whilst the government initiative concentrates on persuading those from working class backgrounds to apply to university, the *Reporter* study showed that much of the disparity in Cambridge stems from the interview process, not a lack of applications. Overall 33% of applicants to the university were successful in 2001. White applicants are most likely to be successful, with 35% gaining places. However, only 23% of Pakistani applicants gained places, and this falls to 13% among Bangladeshi students. Black students were shown to be least likely to gain a place at Cambridge after interview, with only 12.5% being offered places in 2001.

These statistics clearly call into question the fairness and equality of the interview process. Nayem Chowdhury, the GEEMA rep on the CUSU Access Executive, said, "With acceptance rates for certain ethnic groups being so low, how can we encourage these people to apply to Cambridge if it is almost certain that they will not get in?"

Rachel Tripp, CUSU Access Officer, has called the results of this report "deeply concerning". She believes the University should respond by increased scrutiny of the applications process and mandatory training for all interviewers on a wide variety of issues including equal opportunities and diversity. This would avoid any possibility of Cambridge being involved in a "name and shame" campaign of elitist higher education institutions.

University leaders have reacted angrily to the government's criticism. In response to the calls by Margaret Hodge, the higher education secretary, for universities to mount big-budget recruitment drives, Diana Warwick, chief-executive of Universities UK has said: "That's why in our submission to the Government's 2002 Spending Review we highlighted the need to fully fund the additional costs involved in recruiting, retaining and supporting these students throughout their studies." Unsurprisingly, the government did not mention that although the proportion of working class students doubled in the 1990s, growth has slowed since the introduction of tuition fees and the abolition of maintenance grants for disadvantaged students.



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Obituary: Frederick Hodder

Adam Karni Cohen

With an unforgettably audible laugh that became the terror of all thespians in Cambridge, Fred Hodder also showed himself in his journals to be a profound and original thinker with a tremendous vision for ideas. Yet throughout his life people were his primary interest, as anyone who met him for the first time could instantly sense.

Born in San Francisco on 16 April 1980, he spent his early childhood in Palo Alto. He studied Japanese and the violin, and learnt to ski on the slopes of California and Colorado. In 1995, he moved with his family to Kazakhstan, attending a school where courses were taught in Russian only.

His polymath background stood him in good stead when he arrived in England in 1996. Attending Westminster School, he studied Double Maths, Physics and Russian A levels and A/S Music, while also acting and contributing to various school sports and the orchestra. Visits to Kazakhstan continued, now serving

also as an opportunity to introduce English friends first-hand to Russian culture, and to continue indulging his passion for skiing.

In 1998, Fred was admitted to Pembroke College to read Maths. He would come to see this as a central aspect of his student career: "I am literally studying mathematics at the best place in the world for it." Initially, however, he wanted to balance work with the lighter side of student life. A central criterion of friendship remained intellectual stimulus: "I like having friends who can teach". He also believed that everyone could teach him something, and hence was never disinterested in what others had to say. He became known as a notorious poser of tough philosophical questions, calling or emailing friends late at night.

Always looking for new challenges, Fred left university in 2000/2001 to become a Research Assistant at The Brookings Institution in Washington DC, where he studied the post-Soviet economy of Russia. Though thrilled

by his work, by the end of his employment he was writing: "I cannot wait to get back to Cambridge."

Fred became fascinated with the idea of establishing an international space colony, believing that the human race should treat the problem of a shrinking world seriously before it became a necessity. His journals record a detailed analysis of his thoughts on the subject. He felt strongly that his fellow Cambridge students should be concerned about "how we will measure up against past and future generations", though he was uncertain how his peers could be made to realise the importance of this.

Memorial services have now been held for Fred in Holy Trinity, Brompton in London, and Menlo Park Presbyterian Church south of San Francisco. A further memorial is to be held at Pembroke College.

He is survived by his parents.
Frederick Hutchins Hodder, Cambridge student, was born April 16, 1980. He died in an accident on the London Underground on December 28, 2001.



Photo: George Danezis

DAVID BABBS LEADS THE NATIONWIDE PROTEST AGAINST ESSO THIS WEDNESDAY IN CAMBRIDGE

Radio go-go

Judith Whiteley

A new broadcasting era dawns this Saturday, as Cambridge University Radio's new medium wave frequency of 1350kHz hits the airwaves. The station will reach out to all Cambridge students for the first time in its 23-year history. For the first 20 years of its life, the station was limited to an induction loop in Churchill, and since 1999 the service has only been available to other students via RealAudio on the internet.

Broadcasting will begin at 1350 GMT on Saturday 19th January, with National Student Radio Award nominee Jack Soper presenting the first show. "We can now consider ourselves to be a 'proper' radio station," he says. "It really feels like CUR has grown up." Tuning squads will be sent out round the colleges to help students tune in to this historic event in Cambridge broadcasting. The launch week that follows promises huge prize give-aways and live broadcasts from gigs and events in Cambridge, culminating in a joint ven-

ture with Queens' Ents, at "Disco Demand" on Friday 25th January.

Station manager Kate Arkless Gray hopes that the station will be able to "offer Cambridge students an alternative to the bland radio they have been subjected to by other stations in the area." CUR 1350 will be on air 24 hours a day during term time and its output will include "the best bands, ents, chat, listings, reviews, comedy, drama, competitions, news, sport and whatever else that Cambridge talent has to offer."

Successive CUR committees have worked for years to be granted a licence by the national Radio Authority. Licensing regulations require a continuous 'broadcast area' to be drawn up that consists entirely of University-owned land. The purchase and installation of the necessary equipment has also required years of fundraising.

For more information about the station, and to vote for the first track to be played when the station goes on air, visit: www.cur.co.uk.

Mag plans

Ed Shattock

Opposition to Magdalene's planned development on Chesterton Road is mounting.

The construction of a sports hall, fitness suite, 140-seat conference centre, and three-storey accommodation block has led local residents to fear that the new facilities will generate even more traffic in an already busy area.

Mr Denis Murphy, chairman of the Magdalene planning committee, has commented that they are "listening very carefully" to the concerns of residents, stating that he was fully aware of the "serious parking problems" around the College.

Christopher Bird spoke for himself and his neighbours, who "hope the conference centre will be deleted and, at worst,

restricted to college use." A petition has been presented to Cambridge City Council, with a meeting between residents and the city council's planning sub-committee due to take place on 23 January. The forum will include residents, as well as representatives of Magdalene and their architects, Freeland Rees Roberts.

The new facilities will house undergraduates, making other parts of the College available for conferences. The conference centre will be used largely during vacations.

The College will advertise the fact that their conferences centre "has no parking facilities", while Mr Murphy stated that parking for conferences will be situated in another part of the college when it is required.

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Free-floating thought corner

Alex Lee lets the semen of his intellectual masturbation drizzle all over the pages of *Varsity*

'Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains,' wrote Jean-Jacques Rousseau. This would perhaps seem to most an awkward mantra to assert with reference to a democracy, but when applied to our own country, to America, to the western world of today, it could seem appropriate.

When wars are being declared in the name of liberty and democracy, this might seem to be an odd assertion to make. When outcry is heard at President Mugabe's treatment of Zimbabwe, it might even appear ridiculous were it not for the decline and death of true democracy. So often has this word, 'democracy' been used in recent months and years that its meaning has been forgotten. For who now, amongst those who shouted in protest at the events of September 11th, and those who cry for political correctness really know what it means? In domestic and foreign policy, the very word 'democracy' is nothing more than a collection of syllables that damns the opposition and justifies whatever is to follow.

When, in centuries past, great men strived against the burdens and privations of tyranny and oppression, the world they envisaged was on liberty, freedom and toleration. Thoughts could roam free and actions were fettered by nothing more than security from harm. And in democracy was seen the simplest and most equitable way to ensure that the views of all were represented and taken into account in matters of government, in which the needs of individuals were to be the primary concern. Variety, variation and non-intervention were qualities prized in society, as nothing more than a group of human being standing on their own merits. Today, the legacy of these great figures is forgotten, though their words are used in their name.

What now of the government that represents us? The very existence of political parties defies the representation of a constituency, while whips ensure that the will of the leadership is obeyed in isolation from the country in which patients rot in overcrowded hospital corridors, and trains lie idle in stations. Governments both here and

in continental Europe and America, have grown complacent and self-obsessed, no more so than here, in Britain, in the 'mother of all Parliaments.

What now of that prized ideal of freedom and variety in society? The freedom to choose and hold open opinions is ignored and even scorned. To how many thousands does it now seem ridiculous to think that funda-

mentalists, anti-American Muslim thought has a place in a democratic country? Or that 'unpleasant', 'offensive' beliefs have a role in Britain? To how many does it seem unthinkable that a person's religion should not be considered when applying for a job in Northern Ireland? And still there are those, some of them ministers, who feel that there are only some views that are to be tolerated in a 'democracy' and

that freedom of expression extends only to a limited range of opinions. There are those who believe that the best way to ensure opportunity is to ignore merit and suppress free thought. The multi-coloured dream of the fathers of democracy is being replaced by a grey homogenous mess fed through a tube to the unthinking millions. Far from representing society and revelling in its true diversity, gov-

ernments of the western world seek to control and sterilise it, afraid to confront the reality that democracy, to succeed, must first embrace its most bitter enemies as a prodigal son.

Yet the governments of the western world are not content merely to delude their chained populations, but in the true spirit of the capitalistic ideal that is worshipped, they desire to spread its word far and wide, invited or not. Wherever there is found some constitution or government not amenable to their way of thinking, or some culture unfamiliar to their additive-dazed eyes, it is squeezed and crushed with alacrity. Where no crime has been committed, one is invented. Where a country refuses extradition on the grounds of a paucity of evidence, bombing is swift to follow. The merciless imperialism is too obvious for even the most dedicated conservative to ignore. The democratic ideal of respecting other cultures and other mores extends only so far as they are willing to adapt to western wants.

We, and much of the world today, sit in shackles, our freedom taken by subtle means and our taste for it depleted through duplicity. Where, it is tempting to ask, is freedom, in its true sense, to be found today? It is not in the corridors of Westminster, or the chambers of Washington, but in the cages in Guantanamo Bay, in the minds of embittered captives from distant Afghanistan, clinging to their beliefs, in opposition to the cultural disrespect that has accompanied western imperialism. It is found, not in aggressive foreign policy, but in isolationism. It is revealed, not in manipulation in society, but in representing people, without the restrictions of party or whip. It is found not in the language of the politically correct, but in the words of those who will be prepared to listen with equanimity to the views of anyone and discuss with open mind even those views most repulsive to them. It is found in all of us, if only we will give rein to our minds to seek out opinions and put faith in merit, and merit alone. It falls to us to recapture the spirit of liberty and freedom, or else let us sell our futures now.



Photo: Angela Grainger

Eur-owed money Worthless

Anna Gunn

As I write this from my parental home in The Netherlands, I'm suffering from my first Euro hangover, and no, it's got nothing to do with inflation. Impressive EU PR efforts mean that every Nederlander knows that one Euro is worth 2.20 Dutch guilders, but that's not the way it seems at 2 am in a smoky bar. Consequentially, a quick survey of my (admittedly boozy) friends revealed that our per capita alcohol in take in the wake of the single currency has risen markedly. Fizzy beer at 1 euro 60 instead of fl 3,00 seems cheaper when the conversion brain cells have been knocked out through drink.

Seriously though, despite the widespread feeling of 'being ripped off' through stealthy and indeed illegal

price increases (my fizzy beer is actually a few Euro cents more expensive these days!), the Dutch have embraced the physical transition to the Euro with remarkable zeal.

A government led campaign under the slogan 'the Euro will belong to us all', and the distribution of special 'Euro kits' to the value of 3 euro 88 to get used to the new coins, helped a great deal. My 9 year old brother has been practicing his Euro arithmetic at school, whilst my Dutch bank has been telling me how much money I don't have in both Guilders and Euro's for over a year.

I spent New Year's Eve in the company of a group of anarchists from the Eurodusnie (lit: Euro-no-way) collective in Leiden. They have been campaigning against the single currency for various reasons since 1997, and admire the British refusal to have any-

thing to do with it. To them, the single currency stands for the erosion of workers' rights and is a tool of big business that has been introduced via undemocratic conspiracy. I never expected to find ideological overlap between the Euro-sceptic conservatives, and continental anarchists, but there you have it.

We have witnessed the death of the Guilder, drinking champagne and eating vegan snacks in a squatted social center which doubles up as a bar and restaurant open to the public. At midnight, we gleefully burnt a giant cardboard Euro on a bonfire in the street, thus symbolizing ongoing defiance to the international monetary system in general. The next day, even the anarchists had already worked out the Euro conversion rates for beer and organic fruit juice and it was business as usual.

Nobody listens to CUSU says Dan O'Huiginn

At the end of last term just over 100 students voted at the termly CUSU open meeting. A good turnout? Perhaps by CUSU standards: CUSU holds an open meeting every term, but this was the first one in 6 years to reach its quorum of 100 students. It only just made it, with the 79 initially present increased by groups hurriedly dragged from nearby bars. If the issues debated had been any less important – on the agenda were motions of opposition to war in Afghanistan and to the Anti-terrorism, Crime and Security bill – there is little chance so many students would have come.

The first part of the meeting, understandably, was filled with criticism of CUSU, which had once again failed to give any real publicity to the event. CUSU's response was to pass the

buck, claiming publicity was the responsibility of college JCRs. Most had either completely ignored the event, or had left a solitary poster in a forgotten place. And of course Pav Akhtar trotted out the catch-all CUSU excuse that "we all work 70 or 80 hour weeks as it is".

This may be true. But it does nothing to explain why CUSU sees the open meeting, virtually the only chance the exec has to meet students directly, as such a low priority. It spent countless hours and almost £1000 publicising the 'Grants not Fees' rally, which was not even a CUSU event. But there was "not enough time" to advertise a major CUSU gathering. Pav should decide which matters more: hearing students' views or helping the NUS hierarchy.

Football ruins society

Michael Phillips examines the recent hysteria surrounding the problems in British football

When football makes it onto the front page, the reason is hardly ever positive. David Beckham's homoerotic dress sense aside, a footballer leading the way on News at Ten is not a reason to be cheerful. Racism, hooliganism and unrest amongst players and fans, on and off the pitch, has recently seen football labelled as a dangerous social ill. It is about time that people stopped using the game as a scapegoat for wider divisions in British life, something which football simply reflects rather than influences.

The recent pitch invasion after Cardiff City's third round FA Cup tie against Leeds was viewed by many as an indication that the bad old days of football violence had returned. This assertion hides the fact that at most British clubs, hooliganism of one kind or another never really went away. The Hillsborough disaster of 1989, where 96 Liverpool fans lost their lives, alerted both football and governmental authorities to the fact that something needed to be done about the condition of British football stadia. This incident was not caused by violence, but the Taylor report, which followed the tragedy, was to play a major role in reducing hooliganism at football's top level. The two main results of the report were that grounds were made all seating, and fences were removed from around the edge of the terraces. This meant that clubs had to provide more adequate security at games, rather than simply sticking the fans behind fences, and leaving them to do whatever they wanted to each other. All-seater stadiums made fans easier to control, with the crowd as a whole becoming less of an unruly mass.

However, these changes filtered down to the smaller clubs a lot more slowly, which meant that crowds at these games posed the same problems as ever. Football violence had always existed at every level of the game, at the bigger clubs there were simply more people taking part. And this stagnant situation did not bother the authorities one bit, as it was a cleaning up at the more high profile end of football which they wished to implement. This was largely due to the injection of cash the game received when in 1992 the fledgling satellite network Sky Television bought the rights to broadcast the newly formed Premier League, for a then unprecedented amount of £365m.



BskyB's owner, Rupert Murdoch, knew that if this risky venture was to be a success, he would have to broaden the appeal of the game beyond its traditionally working-class fan base, and this involved making the grounds themselves a more family-friendly environment. Anyone who has been to a professional football match knows that you do not become hooked by watching matches on the box. It is coming up out of the labyrinth corridor-tunnels of the stadium, and being taken aback at just how green the pitch is; it is the moment just after a goal is scored, when a whole stadium breathes in simultaneously, and then lets out the loudest, most passionate sound you have ever heard. And in order to get wealthy middle-class families to even consider entering this atmosphere, then the beered-up, foul-mouthed, stanley knife-wielding face of football had to be publicly removed. The fact that England was mounting a bid for the 1996 European Championship also meant that English football had to appear friendly, safe, and financially viable.

But anyone who has seen a city centre after a visit from the fans of Cardiff or Millwall will testify that for many, supporting a football team still involves a good punch up with rival fans. It was only the surface of the game which was made shiny and consumable, with the clubs mentioned above, and many others, still having a deplorable record for controlling fan violence. The same is true of racism. The recent case of Emile Heskey being taunted with gorilla noises at Everton is simply a high profile example of a trend with fans, and in some cases players, which never really evaporated. Certain clubs, Everton being a prime example, have always had a reputation for racism. Comedian and Chelsea fan David Baddiel spoke in an *FHM* interview of regularly being verbally assaulted and spat at by his own fellow supporters, for wearing an Anti-Nazi league badge on his jacket. What has changed is the willingness of players and fans to speak out, rather than suffer in silence. FA initiatives can only go so far in tackling the problem; the eradication of racism in football can

only come about with a nationwide change in attitudes.

In an article for the *Daily Mail*, Simon Heffer blames the tribalism of football for the racism and tribalism rife in British society, and links the violence of players such as Lee Bowyer and John Terry, "who seem a bit short on A-levels", with the racism of "a whole segment of British society, young men too revolting to find a nice girl, and too thick to hold down a decent job". I wonder which segment he could be referring to? When you've stood next to someone at a Cambridge college sports event, listening to comments like "He's not bad for a dorky", it seems particularly strange to define racism as a solely working-class malaise; coming from a writer in the *Mail*, it is ludicrous. Despite the gentrification football has undergone, the negative elements which surround it are still seen as linked to its working-class origins, and it is a fear of the working-classes which sees the game labelled as a terrible influence on society during its times of crises. Football attracts anti-social factions because it is a vacuum, into which discontented, disillusioned and down-right nasty people can wield an influence disproportionate to their power. Fans cannot really affect events on the field, but each crowd does have its own identity, and a means of expressing itself for which it cannot be made accountable. To all extents and purposes, the game of football goes on unchanged, whatever the actions of its supporters, and will always be there for those who wish to voice the racism, xenophobia, and hatred which prevail in British society. The football crowd is the perfect place for this, where at the same time the fan has the insulation of anonymity, being one among many, and the safety of numbers, being part of a group. The fan can express his individuality, and also feel that he belongs, giving him confidence to express views which would be unacceptable in a different atmosphere. Thus football attracts to it these negative factors, which exist outside of its power to unite nations, its ability to inspire individuals to the heights of human achievement, and the sheer spectacle inherent in the sport. Football's problems are the effect of a divided society, not the cause.

Trouble

Recently, Oxbridge has been in the news. We have heard about debauched drinking societies, snobbery, and the disproportionately low number of state school students accepted again this year. None of these stories said anything new, but they had an impact all the same, since they highlighted problems.

Another place that is never out of the news is Belfast. The most recent story is the renewed protest at Holy Cross Primary School. In September, and before that in June, there were protests at the Catholic primary school by local Protestant residents, who claim they are being driven out of their homes. Again, we have seen spleen being vented at children too young to understand what they are being caught up in. But this time the trouble has spread all over the city. There have been attacks at Our Lady of Mercy Primary School, where two armed men smashed up several cars in the car park, while another armed man stood guard. Children from the Protestant Boys Model Secondary School have had to be escorted from school by the police.

Loyalist group the Red Hand Defenders issued a death threat against Catholic school workers. This week, police are guarding the gates of all Catholic schools. There have even been bomb threats against primary schools. A Catholic working in a post office in a Protestant area was killed. Revulsion at the killing has been so widespread that there has been talk of a strike by public sector workers to show their disgust.

It all seems a long way away from the jubilation that surrounded the signing of the Good Friday agreement. It was said then that Northern Ireland was moving on, and leaving behind the sectarian bile and violence that had dominated it in the past. There have been many difficulties since then, but the mood has been generally upbeat: the feeling was that progress was still being made.

Events like those at Holy Cross seem to make this progress, and all politics, irrelevant. Intense sectarian hatred, on both sides of the divide, has surfaced in the most sickening way. This hatred has little to do with ceasefires: it simply wants to hurt the other side; the real problem in the North is on the ground, in people's attitudes. The IRA may not blow up a building, but Catholic gangs will still attack Protestants, and vice versa. The politicians are making a worthwhile effort, but it is only once attitudes begin to change that the problem is really being addressed.

In the same way, the recent bad press Oxbridge has received shows that it is only when attitudes in the two universities really are changing that its problems will be solved. The University must work to stamp out sexism, snobbery and bigotry still in Cambridge. Equally, those outside Cambridge need to let go of their prejudices if the University is going to move on. When an A-Level student at a state school reads that Cambridge is a haven of private school debauchery, they are hardly encouraged to apply and redress the balance.

It may seem strange to compare a problem involving weapons with those at one of the world's finest universities. However, in both cases, there is a fundamental conflict between the old order and the new. Some people can't accept Catholics and Protestants living together, some can't accept state school students reaching the highest level of education. In both situations, great progress has been made, and the process is ongoing. But you only have to open a newspaper to see how far there still is to go.

Hugh Collins



Queer pressure

Cambridge is a good place to be gay. Such a diverse community has naturally developed a certain amount of tolerance for those with different practices and beliefs. This is not to say that things don't need to improve. There are still many people who do not feel able to express themselves and still fit into university life. The optimistic view is that as more and more of us feel able to come out, our peers will be more accepting and supportive, making the whole process easier. When a friend comes out to you, it challenges prejudice, and means you have more than stereotypes and media reports on which to base your opinions.

Perhaps it isn't fair that each gay person has, to a large extent, the burden of being the homosexual archetype to those that know them, but until there is complete openness on sexuality, that's the way it is. Based on my own experience of the university gay scene, many of us, especially men, are doing nothing to help themselves or the cause of equality in general. In fact, I would argue that the scene is in general destructive to the individual and detrimental to the acceptance of homosexuality.

For me, it started in fresher's week. First, I read the *Freedom* booklet, reacting to the explicit content and clumsy inspirational rhetoric with a

mixture of amusement and alarm, a standard response from what I gathered. I went along to the LBG society freshers' events: an alcohol-fuelled squash and bop, much like anything aimed at newbies. Everyone I met was terribly friendly, and really quite interested in welcoming the freshers. Again, much like all the events in college.

But at college, you eventually force yourself into some sort of routine. You form the friendships you'll still have when you're settling down and choosing just the right shade of beige for the downstairs toilet. To my eternal regret, throughout that first term,

no means unique, and there are a huge number of people who would be happier, and be more satisfied as people if they remembered that coming out was about being yourself, not a declaration of independence from your community and its morals. Spending time on the scene is not liberating: it's an easy escape into a world that revolves around sex, and as long as you play by the rules, you will get your fix of acceptance. The atmosphere is one that looks down on people who value their straight friends in college or share their values.

So why is this environment supported and promoted by a well-funded CUSU campaign? The LesBiGay campaign is designed to help Lesbians, Bisexuals and Gay men: to offer support, and

work for a better environment in the university. Advertising their events with pink flyers only serves to marginalize them, and ensures that stereotypes are reinforced. The same flyers extend the invitation to people of all sexualities, but this will remain futile while LesBiGay continues to pigeon-hole itself. For as long as the world of LesBiGay remains closed and unaccountable, it will carry on ruining people's lives and reinforcing prejudices.

Nick Hodsdon

It's an easy escape into a world that revolves around sex, and as long as you play by the rules, you will be accepted

I was still going out on the gay scene, drinking too much, trying to fit in and making mistakes that will have an effect on the rest of my life. There were many people I could say I knew, but none I could depend on, none whose motives were clear. That's what I was doing while people in college were choosing their flatmates, celebrating each other's birthdays and regretting that photo with the inflatable sheep, plus all those other bonding rituals.

I'm not suggesting that absolutely everyone gets it so wrong, but I was by

News Features Editor, Michael Phillips, on holiday in Paris



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VARSITY

It's pot luck but weed let him in

Prince Harry should apply and atone for his elder brother's mistakes. Contrary to the CUSU Access Officer's reservations, we think that letting good old Harry in could only be good for Access. Remember that Wills' choice of St Andrews sparked a 200% increase in women applying, all hoping to snare a Prince. He should also be very popular on the drinking societies scene, with the Alley Catz alleged to be first in line. Shops selling pashminas will start to open along Kings Parade and the Pitt Club may have a new member. Oddbins will be selling Champagne by the crate-load and Nadias will be selling caviar baguettes. Prince Harry may well succeed at Cambridge; remember that not so long ago, William Straw, the son of Jack Straw was caught up in his own drugs furore and he is now the President of Oxford Student Union. The same rapid assent beckons.

And finally...

The end is nigh. As the clock reaches 3am it is time to put our last issue of *Varsity* to bed. One is left looking back to those hopeful days of October. Those days when the Freshers came in and believed that Cambridge was a wonderful institution of scholarship, rather than venue to many of their drunkest and most debauched nights. Back in those days, the world was still struggling to come to terms with September 11 and *Varsity* revealed that the leader of the race hate organisation Al-Muhajiroun was being allowed to speak in our hallowed halls. As the term gathered pace we were allowed to unleash our investigative skills on our favourite topic: CUSU. A loss of £25,000 on a disco was the focus and we even provoked a resignation from the Union building officer. Finally as the stress and number of missed essay deadlines rose we were thrust into the international limelight with stories of drunkenness, debauchery and most importantly naïve Deans in Cambridge. Irresponsible, despicable, Judas some of you cried, but I bet you read *Varsity* that week. Above all it's been fun. *Varsity* is an irreverent and sometimes silly student newspaper, but then we are also silly students living in this make-believe world of Ivory Towers. Ladies and gentlemen, it's been emotional.



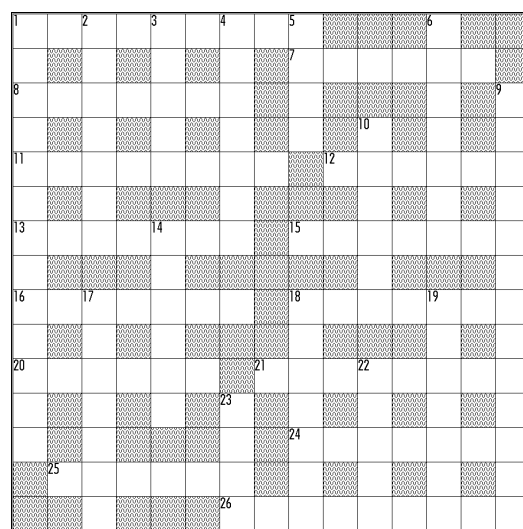
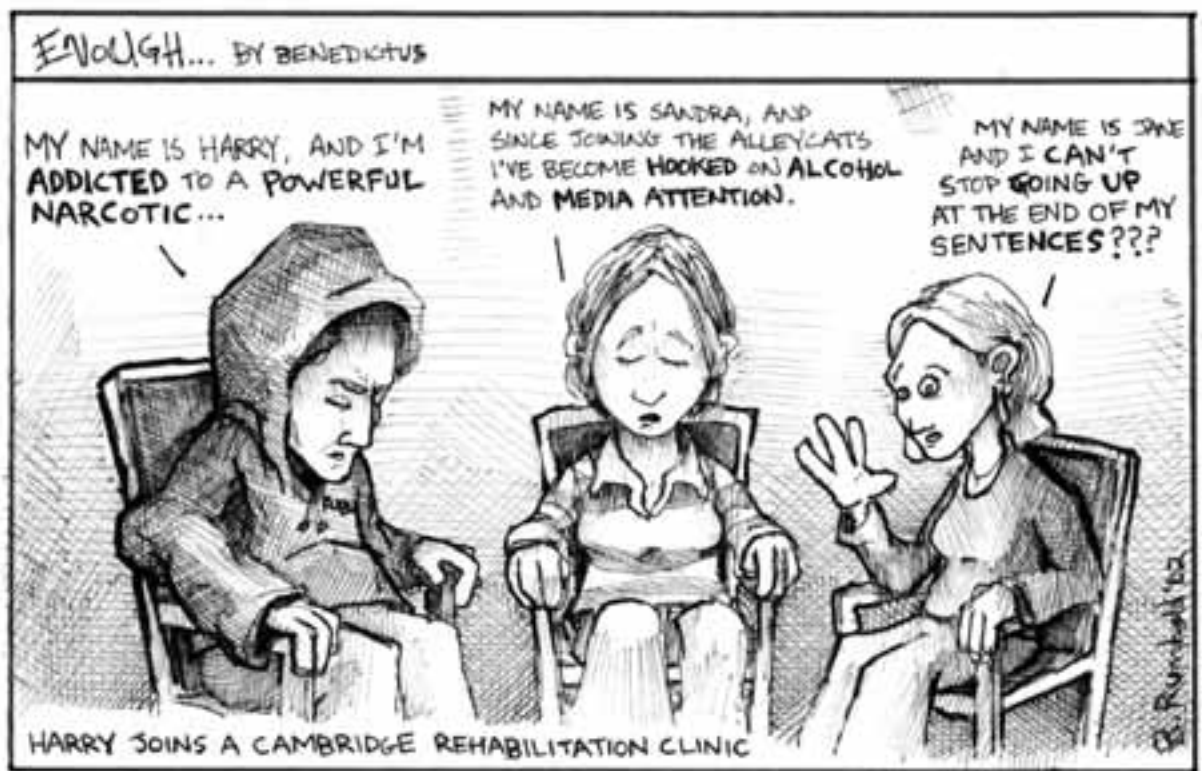
Julian Blake and Adam Joseph, Varsity editors 2001-2002

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The Varsity crossword is sponsored by Joti and Debbie, graduate advisors at NatWest. To win a £10 music/book voucher return either completed puzzle with your details to the Varsity offices by 12 noon Wednesday.

Crossword compiled by Sarah

**Answers to last issue's crossword:**

Cryptic Crossword – Across: 3. Twitcher 6. Herod 7. Urn 8. Bowler 10. ides 11. Ego 12. Tidiest 14. In at the deep end 16. Cranberry sauce 21. Admiral 22. Aid 24. Ruin 25. Trauma 26. Ode 27. Issue 28. External

Down: 1. Deadpan 2. Consent 3. Tank 4. Holbein 5. Rarity 7. UFO 9. Oedipus 12. Theory 13. Cereal 15. Tantrum 17. Rampart 18. Address 19. Curious 20. Cattle 22. Ace 23. bowl

Quick Crossword – Across: 3. Cherubim 6. Apple 7. Fad 8. Eclair 10. Verb 11. Bay 12. Beatify 14. Petrochemistry 16. pugnaciousness 21. Algebra 22. Map 24. Turf 25. Braise 26. Dew 27. Knead 28. acerbity

Down: 1. Appease 2. Blubber 3. Code 4. Brazier 5. Martyr 7. Fey 9. Chassis 12. Bamboo 13. Cha-cha 15. Omnibus 17. Upgrade 18. Neptune 19. Spartan 20. Gambia 22. Mow 23. Eddy

There was no winner at the end of last term, so this week's crossword is a rollover jackpot.

Quick Crossword**Across**

1. Impossible to read (9)
7. Consume (6)
8. Molasses (7)
11. Distributed in limited portions (8)
12. Follower of Islam (6)
13. Container for bones (7)
15. One who bets (7)
16. Place for records and documents (7)
18. First artificial satellite (7)
20. Cut into (6)
21. Type of exercise (8)
24. Capital of Libya (7)
25. Source of stability esp. ships (6)
26. Type of fruit (9)

Down

1. Questioning (13)
2. Father of Odysseus (7)
3. Small lizard (5)
4. Place of beer manufacture (7)
5. Type of cheese (4)
6. Thief (7)
9. Welsh county (13)
10. A martial art (4,2)
14. Surrounded by (6)
17. Drug (7)
18. Doubter (7)
19. Capital of Kenya (7)
22. Board for communication with spirits (5)
23. Undergo combustion (4)

Cryptic Crossword**Across**

1. He hides money and washes clothes (9)
7. Repent about chapter immediately (2,4)
8. Cancer and Capricorn in warm climes (7)
11. Hung about metamorphosed dolerite (8)
12. Dismiss for lie in the past, which isn't on (3-3)
13. Auditor's NatWest, dripping for feast (7)
15. Short diploma by square young Tory Henry results in painting with two leaves (7)
16. A dairy product for guy Thor hampered (7)
18. Prescribed way of life from system of government with direction (7)
20. Stricken silent, practice aural exercise (6)
21. Hated marshal Rob heard (8)
24. Tax one missing from extermination end points (7)
25. Street circle ties things up (6)
26. Debauched Essex vice is too much (9)

Down

1. Small, male university team player wanted to blow his horn (6,3,4)
2. Jazz piano put, not quietly, into a perfect place, where it belongs (7)
3. Doctor initials intravenous ecstasy for energy (5)
4. Look up to in dire spectacles (7)
5. Artist with small foot and primitive boat (4)
6. Decoy loses head when impaled by log in a branch of biology (7)
9. Sinistral 3 found on continental roads (4,4,5)
10. Bowler's hook makes the gap fuzzy (3,3)
14. World Council and United States newsman is neglected (6)
17. Be pregnant with an estimated eight, we hear (7)
18. Automation in charge of moving without thought (7)
19. Shaken, not stirred when fashionable one on old transport is all backed up (7)
22. South American casualty quit climbing to see monsters (5)
23. We receive silver for payment (4)

The Varsity Team

If you would like to contribute to *Varsity*, turn up to a section meeting (times below) at the *Varsity* offices (unless otherwise indicated) or email a section editor

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The Varsity annual survey

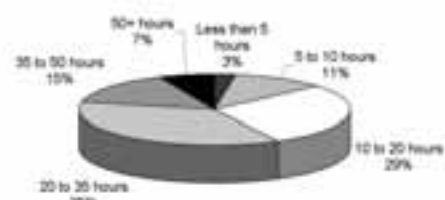
And our survey said...

Sooooooooooooo...Cambridge Life – what's it like? Prissy, studious, conservative? Or disaffected, debauched and decadent? 200 of you responded to Varsity's comprehensive student attitudes and lifestyle survey. So here we present the definitive Cambridge stats. Let's go explode some myths, folks. This is Cambridge for real.

Work stuff

Half of you go to all your lectures, half of you don't. But with average lecture attendance at an impressive 82%, and most people working at least a 25 hour week, you're all working pretty damn hard...even if you don't admit it. Despite all the hard graft, however, 90% of you are content to be Cantabs. And nobody said they wish they'd gone to Oxford instead. Ha.

Number of hours worked per week



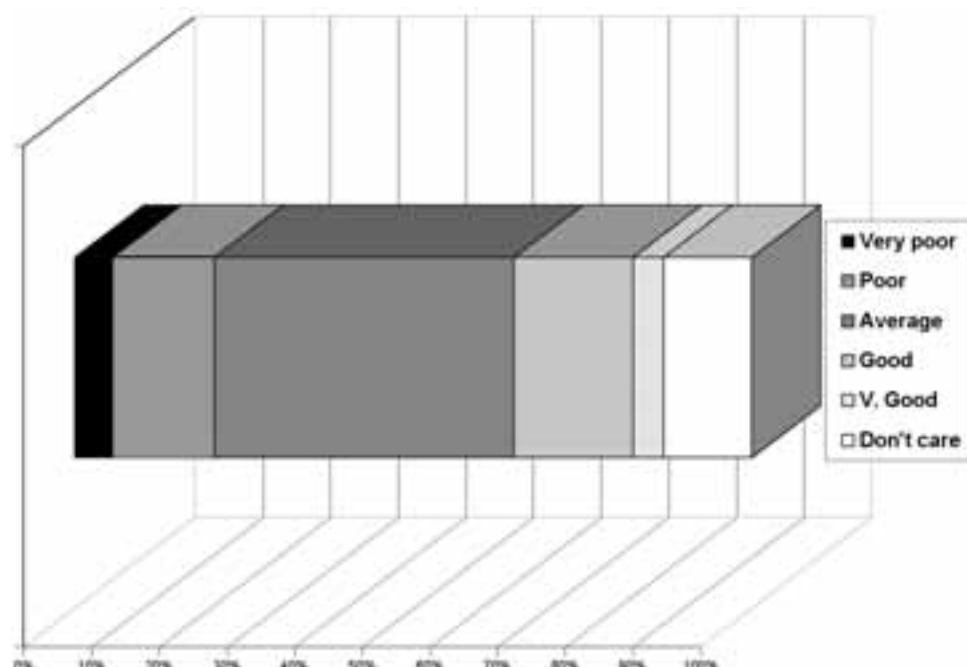
Politics

Opinion is divided over the competence of CUSU, with 54% expressing confidence in the union and 46% not. Despite Varsity's best efforts however, just under half of you reckon that CUSU's actually doing a fairly average job for a student union. And 9 people think it's doing a v. good job. Now how many people are there on the CUSU Exec...?

More than half of you think the Cambridge Union Society is arrogant and elitist, but as black tie for Thursday night debates has finally been abandoned, it will be interesting to see what the stats say next year.

Moving on to REAL politics, it looks like Cambridge isn't full of Tory boys after all. Only 13% of you voted for the Conservatives in June 2001, compared to 29% for the Lib Dems and 27% for Labour. Perhaps the most telling statistic, however, is that almost a third of you didn't vote at all.

How do you rate CUSU?



Sex

1 in 5 of you remain celestial virgins, but 70% of the fallen angels first had sex at Cambridge. The average number of sexual partners to date is just over 4, but the 9 of you who claim to have had 20+ partners unbalances everything a bit.

And now for the fun bit...2 in 5 of you have frolicked in a public place – Varsity's favourites being: in a punt, in a pub playground's big boot thing, in a hammock hanging alongside 30 other hammocks under a palapa. And to the person who had sex in toxic 8 – urgh! Close on a third have got all tied up in bed and a quarter have played at dressing up with a partner. A fairly astounding 1 in 10 claim to have slept with a lecturer. And 17% of those were compscis. No kidding.

And in case you were wondering, morality is not quite dead. Two thirds of you have never been unfaithful. Sweet.

We're 85% heterosexual, 5% homosexual and 5% Bi. Somebody somewhere defined their sexuality as "natsci". We're sure the university has more than one of them.

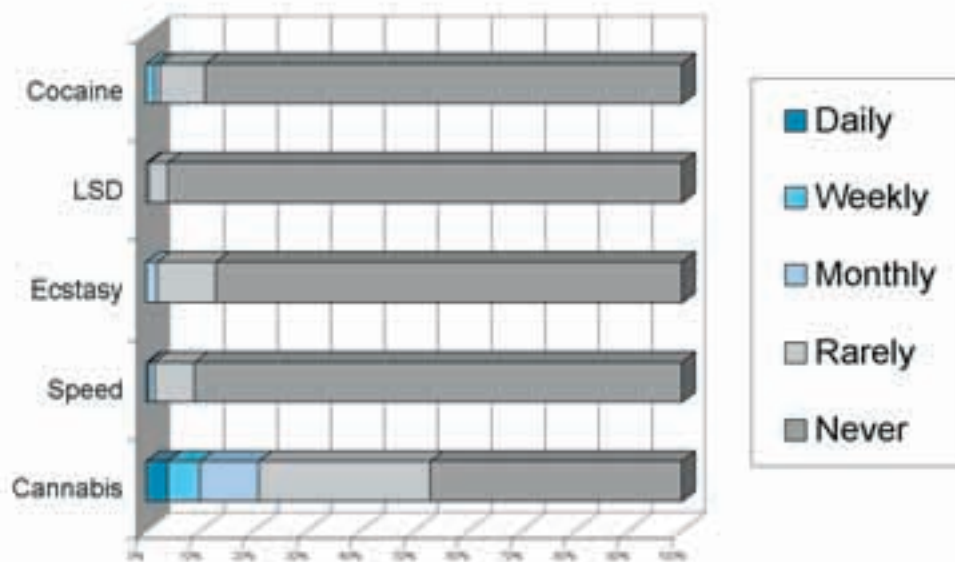
Drugs

Half of you have never tried cannabis, one third of you use it "rarely" and only 10% of you use it once a week or more. Charitably, though, 7 out of 10 of you think it should be legalized. As for other stuff, only 1 in 10 of you have ever used speed, ecstasy, LSD or cocaine. Or for all those tabloid newspaper editors out there: "11% of Cambridge students on crack!"

Most of you get drunk once a week or so, although five crazy chickens reckon they get hammered every single day. One in ten share nothing with the media stereo-type of the perpetually sozzled student, being absolutely spot-on teetotal. And 4 out of 5 of you should be very proud NOT to be a member of a drinking society.

Three-quarters of you never ever smoke, and of those who do, 20% claim only to do so "socially".

What do you take?



Lifestyle

Everybody loves Life! But Cindys and Toxic 8 have been officially rubbished by you, dear readers. The Fez rates pretty well, while the jury's out on PoNaNa. And not enough people have been to

the Junction to say anything meaningful about it at all.

Our survey says...that Cambridge is being taken over by boatie bores, rugger buggers and squash sensations. A quarter of you do between 5 and 10 hours of exercise a week and an eighth do a staggering 10-20 hours a week. Phew.



Random Stuff

Here are a few interesting contrasts and comparisons:

IT'S NOT TRUE, that more people have been to Goa than to Girton! Nearly half of you have been to the much-ridiculed college, and only a pitiful 11% to India. More people have been to the sub-continent than have been to CUSU Council, however.

More people have been to the careers service than on a demo. Our parents would be ashamed.

Churchill wins the award for ugliest college, with an impressive 40% of votes. New Hall was next with 18% followed by Fitz with 12%.

Many and varied were the responses to "what would you like to blow up in Cambridge?" The UL, Sainsburys and the Sidgwick Site were, understand-

ably, popular choices. "Chris Kelly's ass" was chosen by a Corpuscle. Far more disturbing, however, was the clearly tormented individual who wanted to raze the Fudge Shops to the ground and annihilate all those lovely little fudge men.

Apologies to: the female engineer from Fitz who entered 25 times on paper and countless more times on the internet.

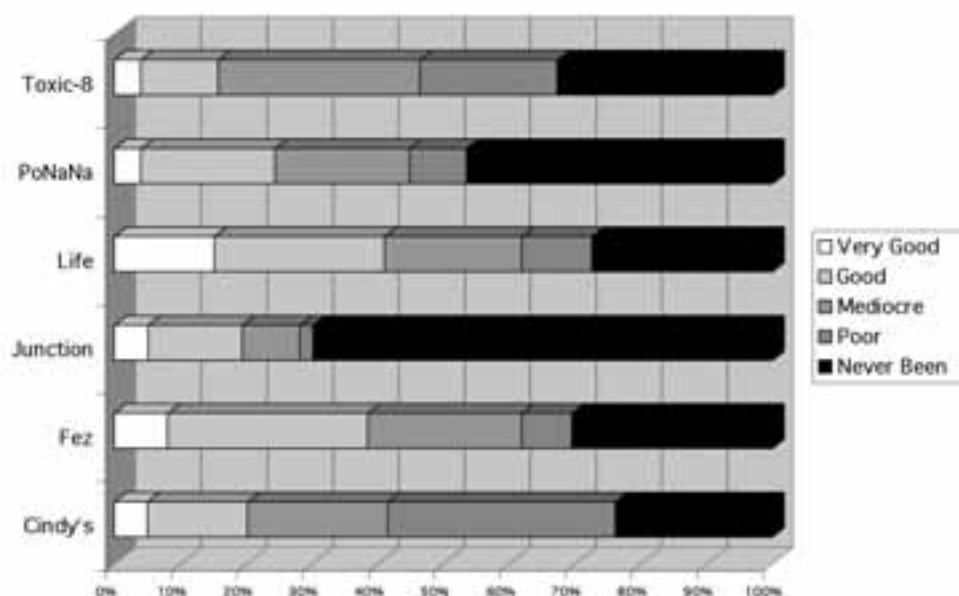
And whoever it was who said: "Give me the prize. My car was stolen yesterday. Give me the prize you bastards. I love you."

Christian Gardener from Trinity was the lucky winner. He spent two weeks in Val d'Isere on the Varsity Ski Trip.

Stats Nerd: Ed Hall

Tea Ladies: James Southgate & Judith Whiteley

How do you rate the clubs?



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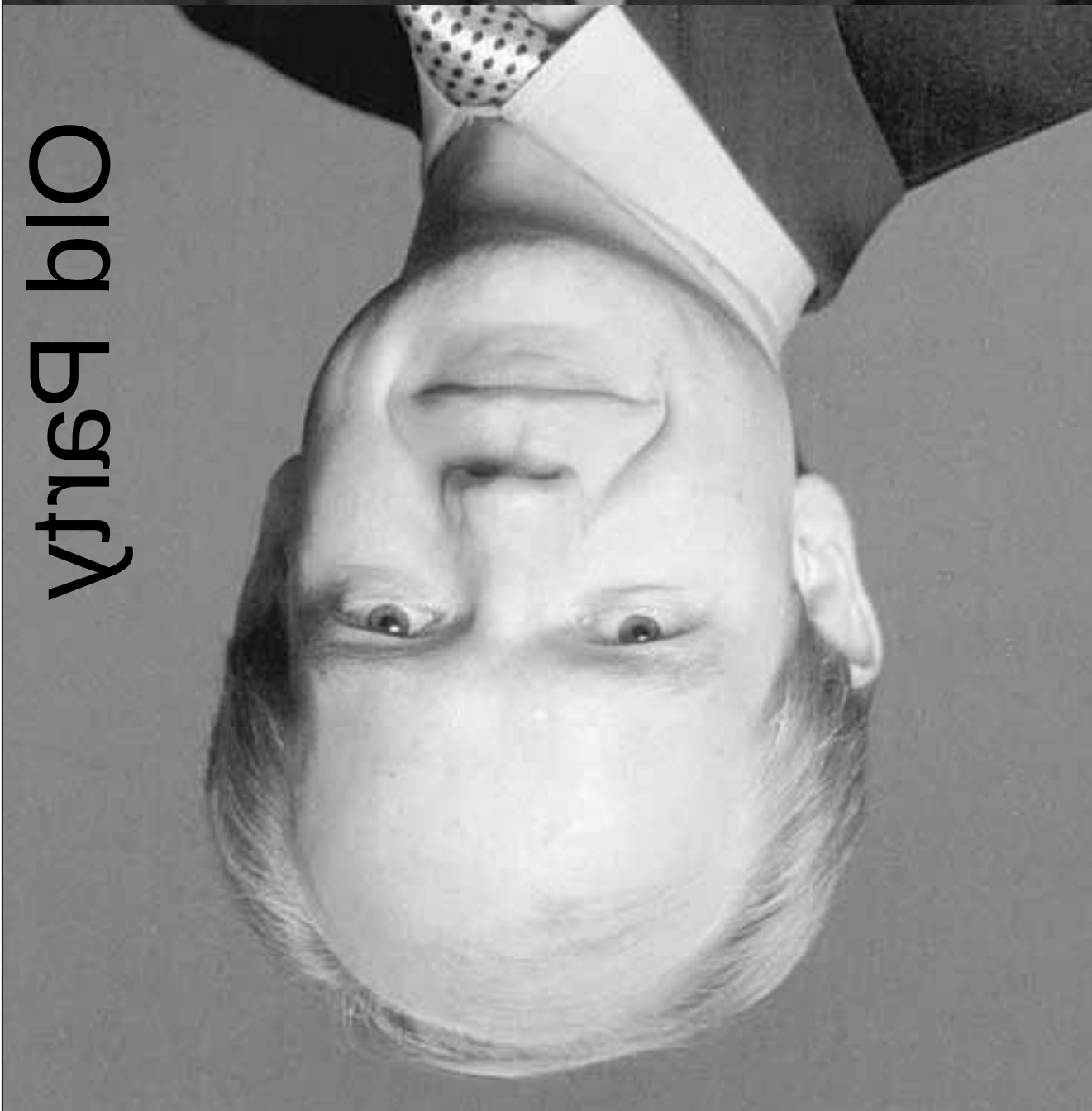


Cyborg party

interview • 16



New Party?



Old Party

In Deep Shit

The regretful but stalwart leader of the floundering Tories talks candidly to Sarah Brealey.

I first met IDS, as Iain Duncan-Smith has christened himself, a year and a half ago, before the leadership campaign was thought of, and I was profoundly unimpressed. So I was interested to see whether power had changed him. He has shorter hair now, to match his new abbreviated soubriquet and statesman-like role, but no more charisma. In fact, he doesn't even sound animated when talking about his wife and children. He says "Um" quite a lot, wrings his hands, and most of his sentences are punctuated with "you know", especially when I don't. He doesn't seem to enjoy his job very much, and speaks of his regrets about standing for election. But that's not going to stop him getting on with it.

"I have regrets about it, but I just get on and do it now, you know. But at the time, I had to consider it very carefully indeed, which I did – I talked to my family about it, and it was only after they agreed that I finally decided to do it."

He adds that it took him a week and a half from Hague's resignation to decide to run for leader. Hague himself says that his successor begged him to stay on, supporting Hague in his last moments in a way he never did with Major.

"I have regrets about it, but I just get on and do it."

Hague returned the compliment, recently describing him as "honest, well-informed, intelligent, thoughtful, hard working and right about everything he speaks about". The two are in regular, if not frequent, contact: IDS says that they last met "for a proper discussion" about two weeks before this interview. What do they talk about? One imagines it can only be the horrors of the job, Hague perhaps with a slight smile on his face as he congratulates himself on being well out of it.

I ask what the factors for and against his decision were. "Against were the effects on my family, and whether I really wanted to do it. It's a huge step and now I've done it I realise what a huge step it really was, and if I'd known then,

"If you come into this for money then you're a mug."

I'm not sure..." He trails off, then continues, "It was a completely different process from anything I'd done before in politics... I work more hours than I've ever worked in my life, and I don't really see my family. It's had a dramatic effect on our lives."

He never gets as far as the reasons for his decision, although John Major's autobiography marked him out as "ambitious" some years ago. He emphatically rules out any financial motivation – "If you come into this for money

then you're a mug" – but doesn't mention anything else.

The Labour Party calls him "William Hague without the charisma". In fact, his cosmopolitan tastes, regular church-going and four children make him seem more similar to Tony Blair. He drinks Earl Grey, shops in Austin Reed and moves Tiffany & Co carrier bags out of the way for the photograph. Unlike

"The health service, without reform, is going to soak up any money that you throw at it and not deliver anything at all."

Blair, however, there have been no media-friendly pictures of him surrounded by an adoring family. "I don't want my family involved at all, so I've said there will be no pictures of them – which there haven't been. It's got nothing to do with them that I'm leader of the Conservative Party." He makes it sound rather like a contagious disease.

IDS came to politics late in life, only becoming an MP in 1992. Before that he was in business, and before that in the army. At times he seems to be visibly wishing he were still in such a regulated environment, where orders are there to be obeyed. "I think it's difficult to lead any political party," he says. "You've got a bunch of people who come here with hopes and aspirations and ideas, who want to press their case (quite legitimately), so keeping the party together is always a difficult process." He describes the job as "a challenge", adding, "I don't think anyone in the world's had enough experience."

Despite this, he says that the Conservative Party's "fractious moment" is now over. "I think the party has made a collective decision that it wants to focus now on getting back into power." In response, I ask him about the complaints of Lord Skidelsky, the former Conservative peer who recently left for the cross-benches, that the party is too dogmatic. He denies this, saying the reverse is true. "I think one of the problems with the Conservative Party is that it's, more often than not, not dogmatic. The Conservative Party, ironically, has always been a fairly loose collection of principles." I am reminded of the words of Nick Kent, the man responsible for co-ordinating Ken Clarke's rival leadership bid, who described IDS's victory as a choice of "ideological purity over electability".

Aware of the Euro's potential to continue to divide the party, he has done his best to

minimise the European issue. He stresses that he is prepared to tolerate disagreement, allowing colleagues to step down temporarily from the shadow cabinet if they wish to campaign for a yes-vote in the euro referendum. He sounds positively offended by questions on the issue, accusing me of "going round and round" the subject after the second question.

He becomes much happier once we move on to his favourite topic of public services, and the visits he and his front bench have made to study best practice in other countries. IDS has shown himself keen to challenge Labour on their traditional territory as the party of public services. "That's the biggest thing that I want to look at in terms of a radical overhaul of policy..."

Key to the central core of that is the health service, which frankly without reform is going to soak up any money that you throw at it and not deliver anything at all."

During the leadership election IDS performed what looked like a startling U-turn on Section 28, the law that stops councils promoting homosexuality. After defending the policy at the beginning of the leadership campaign in June, by early September he was complaining that the law had become a "totem" which identified the party with hatred. In an interview with the *Sunday Telegraph*, he promised to "look at it again" if elected leader. When I ask him about this, he says, "My view on Section 28 has been the same throughout, which is that it's important that children have protection against those who can use their position of authority to influence them. How we go about that is the key question. It may be that Section 28 is the right way to do it, it may be that Section 28 is not the right way to do it, that's what we're actually reviewing at the moment." Not quite the new liberal beliefs he seemed to be espousing during the election campaign.

He refuses to say what his own opinion is, claiming, "My personal opinion is a relevant,"

because I'm having a review of this. I'm just part of the rest of them. We all make our decisions collectively; that's the point about democracy, isn't it?"

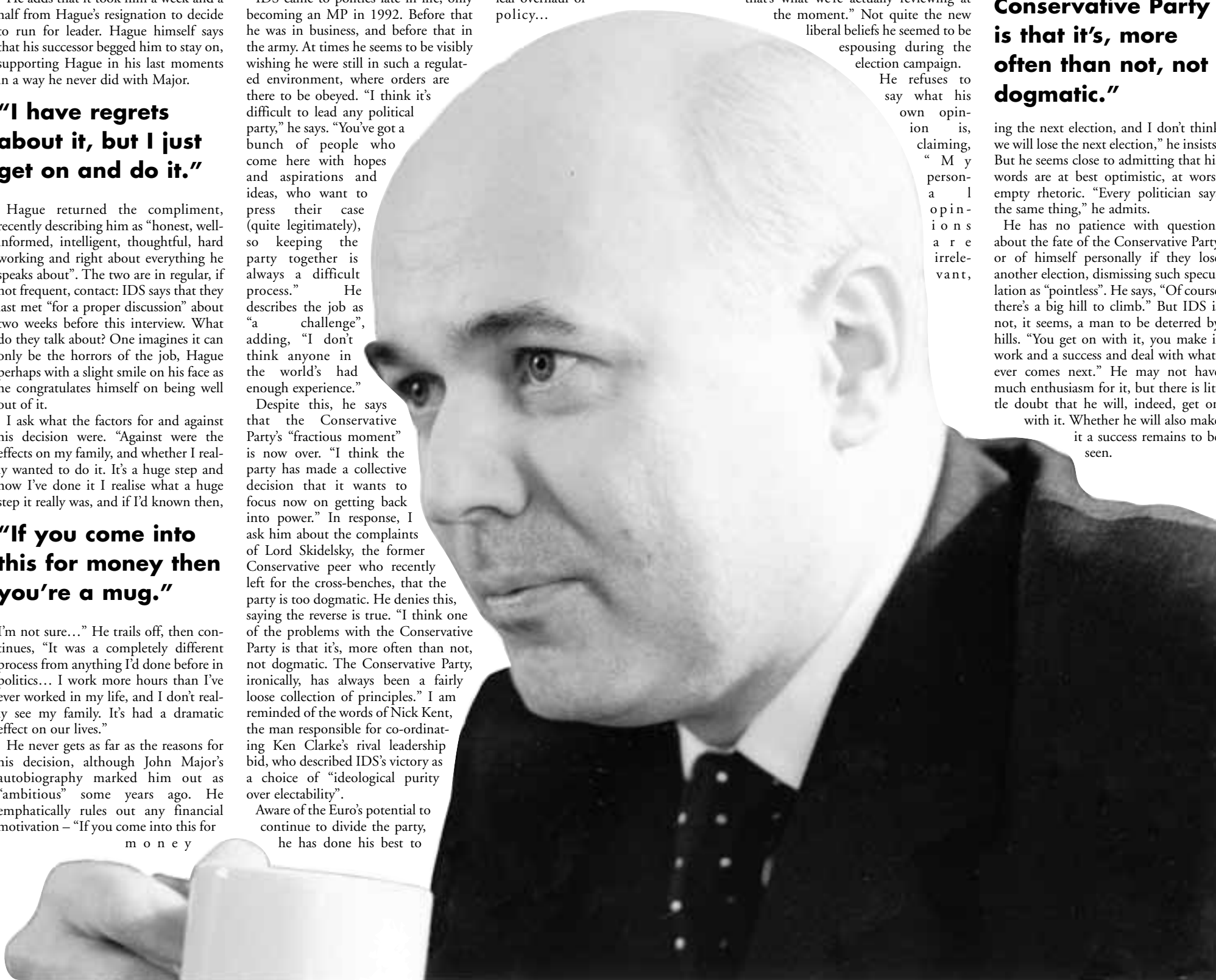
He is more candid about the party's problems: "We were in government for so long that we became more and more focussed on running government, and not on the wider political perspective. We've had to recover from that over the last four to five years and that's what this is all about: getting back engaged again, on things like health service, public service reform, transport, law and order."

This will be a slow process. The results of the policy review will not come through until 2003, with a general election a few years later. At the moment the Tories' performance is barely an improvement on this time in the last parliament. "I have no intention of los-

"I think one of the problems with the Conservative Party is that it's, more often than not, not dogmatic."

ing the next election, and I don't think we will lose the next election," he insists. But he seems close to admitting that his words are at best optimistic, at worst empty rhetoric. "Every politician says the same thing," he admits.

He has no patience with questions about the fate of the Conservative Party or of himself personally if they lose another election, dismissing such speculation as "pointless". He says, "Of course there's a big hill to climb." But IDS is not, it seems, a man to be deterred by hills. "You get on with it, you make it work and a success and deal with whatever comes next." He may not have much enthusiasm for it, but there is little doubt that he will, indeed, get on with it. Whether he will also make it a success remains to be seen.



STARS IN HIS EYES

Jonathan Zwart discusses the cosmos with Martin Rees, Astronomer Royal

Kt, FRS, Astronomer Royal, Cambridge Professor at the age of thirty, ex-President of the Royal Astronomical Society, winner of the 2001 Gruber Prize for Cosmology, Trustee of the British Museum... Exactly what questions do you put to a man who has a whole alphabet of accolades after his name? I mulled the problem over as I wandered round to Kings' to speak to one of the greatest names in cosmology.

He was not the seven foot giant I had expected. Austere-looking, but actually very approachable, he immediately set me at my ease in his huge rooms overlooking the Chapel. I began with his string of book publications in the last few years. Apparently the material was already there in a piecemeal way but his attitude to writing is surprising for someone so distinguished. 'I don't enjoy it at all'.

So I asked him what else drives him in his work. 'I think the answer is the same as you'd get if you asked a fossil hunter the same question – because it's a worth-

while exercise in its own right.' He sees astrophysics as fulfilling several purposes – we have a fundamental human instinct to explore, and the cosmos lets us conduct experiments in much more extreme conditions than are possible in earth laboratories. 'For that reason the best way to understand the basic laws and forces of nature is through astronomy. So it's a really important part of the general advance of science.'

Focused and successful, I imagined him at our age, staring up at the sky, just knowing he wanted to be an astronomer. But I'd got it wrong again – in fact he had much in common with many of us. Sir Martin read Maths at Trinity, but didn't want to be a straight mathematician, enjoying a more applied style of thinking. For a long time he was torn between Economics and Astrophysics.

His particularly providential decision to go for astrophysics, in the melting pot of the late 1950s, is one from which we can learn: 'Some advice I could give to anyone starting research is to try and

pick a subject where new things are happening, because if you don't, all you can do is try to solve the problems that the previous generation got stuck on, and that's tough.' Martin Rees' own field, cosmology, has remained on a high to this day. And in his opinion, it will continue to do so for at least the next ten years, when, for example, there'll be telescopes that can detect earth-sized planets in other solar systems. 'It would be extremely insightful and attract wide interest if we can point to a star and say that star has around it a planet like the earth.'

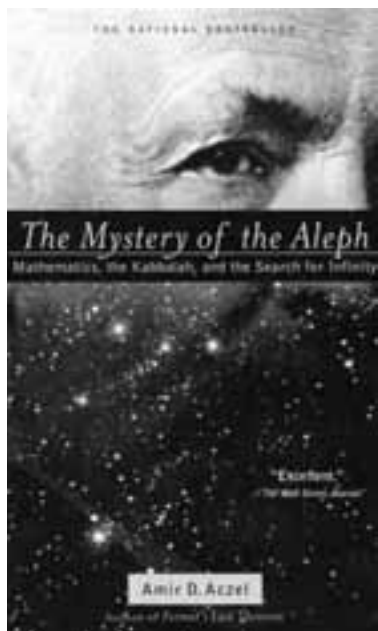
He sees having to explain his work to non-scientists as a very good thing, to avoid the occupational risk of becoming over-specialised. Through writing and talking he can also explore the 'bigger questions', which is why you really should take a look at his new book's unusual perspective. 'Even if we have final equations for the universe, we will never know what breathes life into them.'



Martin Rees' latest book, Our Cosmic Habitat, was published last week.

To infinity but not back again

Gabrielle Bradfield reviews Amir Aczel's *The Mystery of the Aleph: Mathematics, the Kabbalah, and the search for Infinity*



Published by Pocket Books

Can a human being contemplate the nature of infinity and survive to tell the tale? Amir D. Aczel, author of the best-selling *Fermat's Last Theorem*, tackles this question in his new book, *The Mystery of the Aleph: Mathematics, Kabbalah and the Search for Infinity*. With a broadly historical approach, the book encompasses a whirlwind tour of number theory, an introduction to mystical religious thought and a fascinating analysis of the life and work of the mathematician Georg Cantor.

It is within Cantor's story that we find these disparate threads drawn together. This is the story of a deeply complicated man – a mathematical genius, a man with a short fuse and bitter enemies, and a man willing to engage in a battle for understanding that would ultimately drive him to insanity. Born in Germany in 1845, Cantor was a number theorist who cut his academic teeth immersed in some of the most dramatic developments in the history of num-

ber theory. But as he pushed back the boundaries of theoretical understanding, he raised the ghosts of fundamental questions that have been asked by human thinkers from time immemorial.

Cantor ended his life at a small mental hospital to which he had returned with ever-increasing frequency as time progressed. His bouts of depression and insanity seemed to follow no specific problem except for one factor: each time Cantor was admitted to the Halle Nervenkllinik, he had been working on what he called 'his continuum problem.' He wanted to find out the relationship between the different types of infinity he had identified. It appeared that although there were an infinite number of discrete counting numbers (1,2,3,4...), there were infinitely more 'real' numbers lying continuously between each of the counting numbers. This higher level of infinity includes all the fractions, as well as irrational num-

bers like square roots and π . So how could it be that there are different levels of infinity? How many levels of infinity actually are there? And are they mathematically related to one another? These disarmingly simple questions proved to be highly controversial and almost impossible to solve.

But, as Aczel explains, it is not only mathematicians who have pondered the mysteries of infinity. Mystical Jewish thinkers of the Kabbalah have been addressing the issue for centuries. But traditionally, laymen have been discouraged from pursuing Kabbalah too deeply for fear that it will drive them to insanity. Aczel relates the story of four great scholars who attempted to meditate on the nature of the infinite. Only one survived the experience. Of the other three, "one gazed at the infinite light and died, for his soul so longed for it that he instantly shed his physical body and was no more;" another became a heretic after he looked into

the light and saw many gods instead of one. The third lost his mind when he could not reconcile ordinary life with his vision.

The writings of the Kabbalists appear to have much in common with those of later mathematicians. So, sadly, do their tales of mental imbalance. Aczel portrays these mathematicians with poignancy and passion. How is it that man can meditate on a reality beyond the limitations of his own mind? What does this tell us about the nature of God, if indeed there is a God? How can numbers and spirituality be so closely related? In *The Mystery of the Aleph*, Amir D. Aczel raises all these questions without letting the complexity of the subject matter cloud his clear style. It might sound unlikely, but this is actually a very easy read and one which will leave you with plenty to think over – whether you are a mathematician, or an artist interested in finding out about the more poetic side of mathematics.

ETHICS: SHOULD THE MORNING AFTER PILL BE MORE AVAILABLE?

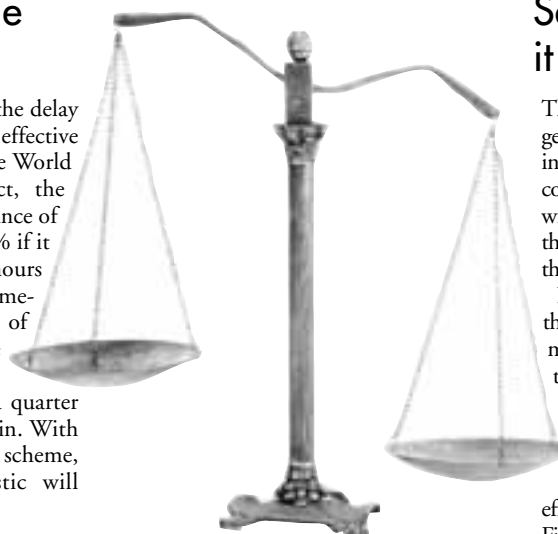
The morning after pill should be available over the counter, argues Amy Lawrence

When asked, nine out of ten women having an abortion said they would have taken the morning after pill, had they known how to get it. So why didn't they?

Fortunately, pharmacists in Britain are now allowed to give out the morning after pill to women over 16 years of age. This makes it much more accessible to people who don't want to visit their family doctor or can't get to a family planning clinic. Pharmacists don't just give it out to anybody who asks; they have to adhere to a Government procedure which includes making sure the woman takes the first tablet in their presence.

Time is crucial – the longer the delay before taking this pill, the less effective it will be, say researchers at the World Health Organisation. In fact, the window is very small... the chance of conception is increased by 50% if it is taken more than twelve hours after sex. So putting more time-wasting obstacles in the way of people who need it will make it much less effective.

In 1998 there were nearly a quarter of a million abortions in Britain. With the introduction of this new scheme, we can be sure this statistic will decrease.



Safety worries and unpleasant side-effects: is it really worth the risk? asks Hannah Fuller

The morning after pill is a form of emergency contraception that is becoming an increasingly popular method of birth control. We assume that because it is widely available, it must be safe – but there is striking evidence that this is not the case.

Both the normal contraceptive pill and the morning after pill contain the hormones oestrogen and progesterone. A fifteen-year-old girl recently died from a stroke as a result of taking the normal contraceptive pill – the morning after pill is six times as strong.

There are several unpleasant side effects from taking the morning after pill. Fifty percent of women suffer from nau-

sea and twenty percent vomiting. However, more seriously, there is an increased risk of ectopic pregnancy, blood clots in the lungs and legs, heart attacks, liver tumours, gall bladder disease and high blood pressure.

If the morning after pill were readily available, more women would rely on it as a standard form of contraception. A serious problem with this is that it offers no protection against sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS.

There have been no long-term studies to show whether women are permanently damaged, or at increased risk from cancer as a result of taking such high doses of chemicals. Is it really worth the risk?

Encounter with a volunteer cyborg

Jochen L Leidner reviews Kevin Warwick's guest lecture at Trinity and discovers the weird world of cyborgs



Kevin Warwick, the first human ever to have a non-medical artificial transmitter implanted under his skin, says he was simply curious about how it would feel to have an artificial part to his body. So in 1998 he found out. For a couple of days, he lived with a tiny device that sent out signals location signals around his lab. His computer would greet him accordingly when he walked into the office.

Next month Dr Warwick, the Professor of Cybernetics at Reading University, is to volunteer for a second implantation experiment. If his university's ethics committee agrees, he wants to have a battery-driven sensor-actor device implanted into his left arm so he can record and 'play back' neural data. If this works, he wants his wife Irena to have a similar operation performed on her, so he could have signals from her arm transferred to his and vice versa. His ultimate aims lie with the idea of hybrid human-machine beings, and he wants to see them realised as soon as possible.

The term cybernetics was coined in 1934 from the Greek for 'helmsman' to name a young interdisciplinary field aiming to establish a unified theory of regulation and control in systems. The concept of a cyborg (from 'cybernetic organism') was first used in 1960 to describe hybrids which might be useful as assistants during long space travels in the future. So where does man end and cyborg begin? What about wearing spec-

tacles, implanting a transmitter, or having an artificial heart? To really become a cyborg, Warwick thinks there must be interaction between biology and device, and the human being should be 'extended' in some way, for example by improving perception or memory.

Warwick aims to invent devices that can be controlled just by the operator thinking about using it in a particular way. He screened a video showing the effects on a patient with Parkinson's disease of installing an implant to counteract abnormal neural impulses. Before the device was switched on the subject could not walk or stand unaided and showed characteristic Parkinsonian tremors. When the switch was thrown, he stood up, walked around and showed no signs of illness. But although some similar products (such as a brain-controlled computer mouse) have already been commercially developed for people with disabilities, we cannot hope for further developments until we gain a more detailed model for how the brain works. At the moment, nobody knows where specific thoughts are located within the brain and how thoughts are related to the electro-chemical signals we can observe using scanning machines.

This type of work raises several interesting questions about the nature of our brains and our thoughts. Would it be possible to communicate brain-to-brain, without having to encode our thoughts mechanically, by producing sounds, ges-

tures or written letters? Could we remote-control our cars or other technical devices with just our thoughts, and if so, how could we clearly distinguish between a fleeting notion which isn't intended to cause any action and a 'thought-command?' Remember, even Captain Kirk had to touch the Enterprise logo on his shirt or say 'Computer' to signal the start of a communications event. It is hoped that research into thought-controlled devices could shed some light on the question of whether there is an internal language of thought that is distinct from the lan-

guage we emit or whether we rather think in and with our native human language only.

To Dr Warwick, his experiment is a first step that needs to be done in order to know more about cyborg life and, eventually, to enter a new age. He is willing to face possible long term injury including loss of feeling, paralysis or continual pain should the implants adversely affect his nervous system. As he said during the lecture, "The excitement of looking over the horizon into a new world – the world of cyborgs – far outweighs the risks."



When Kevin Warwick underwent an operation to have this tiny transmitter implanted under his arm, he claimed it made him into the closest thing we have to a cyborg.

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FRIDAY 18

FILM

• ARTS:
 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00 MONSOON WEDDING (15)
 2.10, 5.20, 8.30 VA SAVOIR (PG)
 12.45, 7.00 AMELIE (15)
 3.00 SECTIONE SPECIALE (15)
 5.10, 9.10 ELOGE DE L'AMOUR (PG)
 10.50pm LAPUTA (15)

MISC

• Cambridge Dancer's Club: Beginners Ballroom Classes, Tu-Thu, arrive 7.15pm. *St Columba's Church Halls, Downing Place, Off Pembroke St.* 1pm. £1.20.
• Cambridge Union: Comedy night at Union Bar, with Footlight performances. *Union Society, Union Bar.* 8:30pm.
• Hughes Hall Ents: WELCOME BACK BOP - Cheese and cheap drinks. *Hughes Hall, Bar.* 9pm. £Free for HH, £2 non-HH.
• Jewish Society: FRIDAY NIGHT DINER - eat, drink and relax. Including wine to welcome everyone back. . *student centre, Thompson's Lane.* 7:30pm.
• www.cambridgesalsa.com: Salsa dance classes every Friday. Absolute beginners/improv. 6-7.30pm. Interm/advanced 7.30-

9pm. *St Columbas Halls 4 Downing Place, Camb. CB1, St Columbas Halls.* 6pm. £5 studensts £4.

MUSIC

• Kettles Yard: LUNCHTIME CONCERT. Free concerts programmed by students. *Kettle's Yard,* . 1:10pm.
• The Junction CDC: Boogie Wonderland: 70s and 80s Disco Extravaganza 10 -2am. *The Junction* , 10pm. £3.50/5.50adv and after 11.

THEATRE

• Wicked Theatre/Big Jacket: AUDITIONS: SHOPPING + F***ING [week 5 show CCCPlayroom]. *Robinson College, check p'lodge for room.* 2pm.

SATURDAY 19

FILM

• ARTS
 11am KIDS CLUB DR DOLITTLE 2 (PG)
 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00 MONSOON WEDDING (15)
 2.10, 5.20, 8.30 VA SAVOIR (PG)
 12.45, 7.00 AMELIE (15)
 3.00 L'ESPOIR (PG)
 5.10, 9.10 ELOGE DE L'AMOUR (PG)
 10.50pm LAPUTA (15)

MISC

• Cambridge Dancer's Club: Beginners Ballroom Classes, Tu-Thu, arrive 7.15pm. *St Columba's Church Halls, Downing Place, Off Pembroke St.* 1pm. £1.20.
• Cambridge University Judo Club: Open to all men and women. *Fenner's Gym, Gresham Road.* 6pm.
• CUCDW: BREAKIN' WORKSHOP WITH THE SIN CRU. *Park Side Community College, Gym.* 2pm. £5 (3 for members).
• The Joint Committee on Childcare for Students: Information event for all student parents studying at Cambridge. *New Hall, Long Room.* 2:30pm.
• The Pembroke College Winnie-The-Pooh Society: Elevenses Meeting - including TEA and CAKE!!! please bring a mug. *Emmanuel College, Z7, North Court.* 4pm.

MUSIC

• Cambridge University Chamber Orchestra: Schubert Unfinished Symphony, Mahler Das Lied Von der Erde. *Great St. Marys,* . 8pm.
• Green Mind: The Broken Family Band + Blusher + The Folk Orchestra. *The Portland Arms,* . 8pm. £4.
• St. John's Ents: UNIFORMITY:

Dance to 4hrs of funk'n'cheese in your favourite uniform, from Schoolgirl to Superhero. *St. John's College, Fisher Building.* 9pm. £4.
• The Junction CDC: Faster Pussycat: UK Garage featuring DJ Luck MC Neat 10-3am. *The Junction* , . 10pm. £8/9.
• The Sandpaper Sessions: a musical orgy of electronica & the avantgarde. *King's College, enter via chetwynd room.* 7:30pm. £1.

SUNDAY 20

FILM

• ARTS
 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00 MONSOON WEDDING (15)
 1.00 KIKI'S DELIVERY SERVICE (U)
 5.00 LUCIE AUBRAC (12)
 7.00 SYMPOSIUM
 3.00, 9.10 ELOGE DE L'AMOUR (PG)
 2.00 KOSINTSEV'S HAMLET (PG)
 5.20, 8.30 VA SAVOIR (PG)
• Christ's Films AMERICAN PIE 2: 'It's all about sticking together' More pie.. *Christs College, New Court Theatre.* 8pm. £2.
• Christ's Films AMERICAN PIE 2: 'It's all about sticking together' More pie... . *Christs College, New Court Theatre.* 10:30pm. £2.
• St John's Films: Amélie (15). 7pm and 10pm. <http://come.to/johnsfilms>. *St. John's College, Fisher Building.* 7pm. £2.00.

MISC

• Cambridge Dancer's Club: Beginners Ballroom Classes, Tu-Thu, arrive 7.15pm. *St Columba's Church Halls, Downing Place, Off Pembroke St.* 1pm. £1.20.
• C.U. Karate Demonstration: Free Demo & intro class with Chief Instructor. Wear loose clothing. *Fenners Gym (Gresham Road),* . 2pm.
• Samatha Meditation: Meditation classes for everyone. No charge. *Darwin College, Old Library.* 8pm.
• Soraya's 8-week Beg. Oriental Belly Dance Course: Learn how this beautiful ancient dance can get you in shape and be fun!. *Cambridge YMCA, Pye Room, info:sorayasun@yahoo.com.* 6pm. £36Students, £40non-students.

MONDAY 21

FILM

• ARTS
 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00 MONSOON WEDDING (15)
 2.10, 5.20, 8.30 VA SAVOIR (PG)
 12.45, 3.00 AMELIE (15)
 5.10, 9.10 ELOGE DE L'AMOUR (PG)
 7.00 NAUSICAA OF THE VALLEY OF THE WIND (PG)

LESBIGAY

• CUSU LesBiGay: Mixed Weekly LesBiGay social. *Grad Pad,* . 9pm.

CUCA Presents:
Douglas Hurd
Former Foreign Secretary on World Politics

Thursday 24th January
1:30 LSR Trinity Hall

MISC

• Ballroom and Latin Dancing Absolute Beginners Class: £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *St Alban's School Hall, behind the Catholic Church, Lensfield Road.* 7:30pm.
• Ballroom and Latin Dancing Absolute Beginners Class: £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *St Columba's Church Hall, Downing Place.* 7:30pm.
• Belly dance: Belly dance for intermediates. Powerful art form. Improvisation and choreography. . *King's College, Chetwynd room.* 6pm. £conc..
• Belly Dance: Belly dance for absolute beginners. Relaxing and fun. *King's College, Chetwynd room.* 7:30pm. £conc.
• Cambridge Dancer's Club: Beginners Ballroom Classes, Tu-Thu, arrive 7.15pm. *St Columba's Church Halls, Downing Place, Off Pembroke St.* 1pm. £1.20.
• Latin Dancing Absolute Beginners Class: £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *St Paul's School Hall, Coronation Street.* 7pm.

MUSIC

• The Junction CDC: The Rollins Band: The legendary rockstar Henry Rollins. *The Junction* , . 8pm. £11/12.

TALK

• Jewish Society: Studies with Buddies, 9 classes on offer from Kook, via myth and Bible to Talmud. *The CULanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street (between Oxfam and the Galleria.* 7pm.

TUESDAY 22

FILM

• ARTS
 1.30 THE INSIDER (15)
 4.20, 6.30, 9.00 MONSOON WEDDING (15)
 2.10, 8.30 VA SAVOIR (PG)
 6.00 CRIMSON PIG (12)
 1.30 MONSOON WEDDING (15)
 5.10 ELOGE DE L'AMOUR (PG)
 3.30, 9.15 MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT (U)

LESBIGAY

• Phoneline: Confidential LesBiGay phoneline. (7)40777. 8-10pm. *CUSU,* . 8pm.

MISC

• Ballroom and Latin Dancing Absolute Beginners Class: £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *St Columba's Church Hall, Downing Place.* 7:30pm.
• Cambridge Dancer's Club: Beginners Ballroom Classes, Tu-Thu, arrive 7.15pm. *St Columba's Church Halls, Downing Place, Off Pembroke St.* 1pm. £1.20.
• Cambridge University Judo Club: Open to all Men and Women. *Fenner's Gym, Gresham Road.* 8pm.
• HITCH TO MOROCCO MEETING: You can still register! First Meeting this term!. *Hogshead Pub , Regent Str., nr. Parkers Piece.* 7pm.

CFTV Proudly Invites Submissions Of Short Films (No Longer Than 15 Mins) For "Camerada", The Student Short Film Competition.

All Levels of Expertise Welcome
 Submit on DV Tape Or VHS To
 Charlie Phillips (Trinity Hall)
 Enquiries: CRP28

Auditions For The Musical

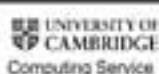
Godspell

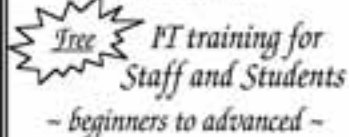
A Week Seven Production at Fitzwilliam College

Auditions to be held at
 10 - 3 Saturday 19th January
 12 - 3 Sunday 20th January
 In the Fitz Music Room

Please Come with a Song Prepared

For Further Information Please Contact
 Jack Ashby (Producer) jda26
 or Laura Bowers (Director) lb266





www.cam.ac.uk/cs/courses/
 tel: (3)34662

CUMS CONDUCTOR AUDITIONS 2002

CUMS invites conductors to apply for the posts of Assistant Conductor Conductor CUMS II Wind Orchestra Conductor for the Academic Year 2002/2003

The auditions will be held on Wednesday 6 February, when you will be asked to work with CUMS 2 for about 12 minutes on the last movement of Tchaikowsky's 5th symphony.

Please apply by sending your letter of application and CV to the CUMS secretary by 26 January:

Maggie Heywood,
mjh64@cam.ac.uk
Tel/Fax 01223 365110

Check out details at
www.cums.org.uk

CUMS CONCERTO COMPETITION 2002

CUMS invites instrumentalists to audition for the opportunity to play a concerto with one of our orchestras during the academic year 2002/2003. Applicants should still be studying at Cambridge during that year.

Apply by sending your recital programme lasting not more than 12 minutes, plus your performance CV, to the CUMS secretary by Jan 26th:
Maggie Heywood,
mjh64@cam.ac.uk
Tel/Fax 01223 365110

The competition will be held on 12 and/or 15 February.
 Check out details at
www.cums.org.uk



The Amateur Dramatic Club announces
AUDITIONS
 for their Week 5 show,
House of Bernarda Alba
 Saturday 19th January 10am-12noon
 Sunday 20th January 1-4pm
 ADC Theatre Bar
 Auditioning for
FEMALE CAST / MALE CHORUS
 E-mail Nick (nrp30) for more info
 If you want to find out more about any aspect of drama in Cambridge, come to our
LENT TERM SQUASH
 Monday 21st January 6-8pm
 ADC Theatre Bar
 Pints and glasses of wine only £1
 The ADC is looking for people to be involved in their 24 hours plays.
 E-mail Alex (director@cucdw.org) for details

MUSIC

• **The Cheese Factory Jam:** Local session/student players bring you the best in live jazz. *The Man On The Moon, Norfolk Street, Cambs.*, see www.thecheesefactory.co.uk. 8:30pm. £2/£1 for musicians.

TALK

• **CUJS:** CULanu film night, 'Captain Correlli's Mandolin' with chocolate and popcorn galore!! *The CULanu Centre, 33 bridge Street, . 9:30pm.*
• **Inter-Disciplinary Group, Faculty of Divinity:** Prof. Nancy van Deusen: Music and Theology. Reception following. All Welcome. *Faculty of Divinity Building, Room specified in Foyer. 4:30pm.*

WEDNESDAY 23

FILM
•ARTS

1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00 MON-SOON WEDDING (15)
2.10, 5.20, 8.30 VA SAVOIR (PG)
1.00, 3.00, 5.10, 9.10 ELOGE DE L'AMOUR (PG)
7.00 SILENCE DE LA MER (15)

LESBIGAY

• **King's LBG Night:** Popular mixed social with cheese music. Undergrads and postgrads welcome. *King's College, Cellar Bar. 9:30pm.*

MISC

• **Argentine Tango Dancing - Beginners Course:** £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *Stoneyard Center, St Andrew's Street. 7pm.*
• **Cambridge Dancer's Club:** Beginners Ballroom Classes, Tu-Thu, arrive 7.15pm. *St Columba's Church Halls, Downing Place, Off Pembroke St. 1pm. £1.20.*
• **Latin Dancing Absolute Beginners Class:** £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *St Paul's School Hall, Coronation Street. 7pm.*
• **Offbeat: Stage Dancing:** £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *St Matthew's School Hall, Broad Street. 9pm.*

MUSIC

• **Anglia Sinfonia:** Symphony and Chorus Concert of music by Percy Grainger. *Emmanuel United Reform Church, Cambridge, . 7:30pm. £8, £5 conc.*
• **Emmanuel College Music Society:** New Year Concert. Featuring music by Handel, Schubert and Rachmaninov. *Emmanuel College, Queen's Building. 8pm. £2/£1.*

TALK

• **CUJS:** Does Religion Screw up our Mental Health? Professors Loewenthal, and Weiss. *The CULanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street (between Oxfam and The Galleria), voluntary contribution £2. 8pm.*

THURSDAY 24

FILM

•ARTS

1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00 MON-SOON WEDDING (15)
2.10, 5.20, 8.30 VA SAVOIR (PG)
1.00, 5.10, 9.10 ELOGE DE L'AMOUR (PG)
3.00 AS YOU LIKE IT (U)
7.00 LA BATTAILE DU RAIL (15)
• **Christ's Films THE BIRDS:** Classic Hitchcock thriller. *Christ's College, New Court Theatre. 10pm. £2.*
• **St John's Films:** The Man Who Wasn't There (15). <http://come.to/johnsfilms>. *St. John's College, Fisher Building. 9pm. £2.00.*

MISC

• **Ballroom and Latin Dancing Absolute Beginners Class:** £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *St Columba's Church Hall, Downing Place. 9pm.*

• **Ballroom and Latin Dancing Absolute Beginners Class:** £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *St Columba's Church Hall, Downing Place. 9pm.*
• **Cambridge Dancer's Club:** Beginners Ballroom Classes, Tu-Thu, arrive 7.15pm. *St Columba's Church Halls, Downing Place, Off Pembroke St. 1pm. £1.20.*
• **Cambridge University Judo Club:** Open to both men and women. *Fenner's Gym, Gresham Road. 8pm.*
• **HITCH TO MOROCCO DROP-IN:** 5-6pm-Drop-In for help with Fundraising or Registration! *The Anchor, Opposite Queens College. 5pm.*
• **Salsa Dancing - Absolute Beginners Class:** £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *St Paul's School Hall, Coronation Street. 7pm.*

• **Salsa Dancing - Absolute Beginners Class:** £10 to join; £1.20 per class. *St Paul's School Hall, Coronation Street. 8pm.*
• **students@HTChurch:** CEILDH! a barn dance without the barn.. ALL students welcome.. *St. Andrews Street Baptist Church Hall, . 8pm. £3 (on door).*
• **Students@HT:** CEILDH! A barn dance without the barn.. for all students. *St. Andrews Street Baptist Church Hall, . 8pm. £3.*

MUSIC

• **CU Band Night:** A feast of university talent. DYNAMO + Pretty Vacant & Littleworld. . — — — — —, 129 Chesterton Street. 8:30pm. £3.

DOES
RELIGION
SCREW UP YOUR
MENTAL
HEALTH?

(fundamentalism, religion, and mental well being)

WEDNESDAY 23RD
JAN 8PM

The CULanu Centre
33 Bridge St
(between Oxfam + the Galleria)

Professor Kate
Loewenthal
Rabbi Abner Weiss

For more info email Simon on sae23

The Pembroke
Players

Announce auditions for
Two Week 7 Shows

Max Frisch's
"Fireraisers"

(Contact Suresh:
spp31)

and

"Monkey"

-Devised new writing-
(contact Henry: hab33)

Auditions for both:
Sat 19th & Sun 20th
2-6pm
Pembroke New Cellars

Kings
Contemporary
Dance Project
2002

6th Week ADC Late
Show

Interviews for
Choreographers:
Saturday 19th 4-6pm
No. 22 Parkside

Pieces should be no longer
than 5 minutes in length
and must be submitted for
consideration by the 19th
More Info:
bhw20@cam.ac.uk

The
Marlowe
SOCIETY

INVITES SUBMISSIONS OF
STUDENT PLAYSCRIPTS FOR A
SERIES OF

NEW WRITING
WORKSHOPS

CONTACT JACK THORNE
(JT251) BY 24TH JAN

AUDITIONS

for the 7th week double bill of
'Play' + '3 Figures,
at Creation'
at Caius, Sat 19th & Sun
20th January
**Please email Jami (jwmc2)
for more information**

CUSO

Are you a budding conductor?
If so, CUSO wants YOU!

CUSO's annual conductor auditions will be
held on the evening of Monday 4th February
Apply by sending a CV to Caroline Rushby,
Pembroke College
email cmr28@cam.ac.uk

Application Deadline: Friday 25th January
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CABS

invite

AUDITIONS
for Michael Frayn's
DONKEY'S YEARS
Emmanuel College
Gardner Room - Sat 19th
Upper Hall - Sun 20th
3 - 6pm

Auditions

"L'Avenir Est Dans Les
Oeufs" & 2 Short Plays in
French by Ianesco
The Playroom • Mainshow •
Week 8
Sat 19th & Sun 20th January
1-5pm
Emmanuel College
contact = mc344

CABS

announces
AUDITIONS

for
FUENTE OVEJUNO
By Lope de Vega

Week 7 Main Show

Sat 19th January 10am-1pm, 2pm-5pm
Sun 20th January 10am-1pm, 2pm-5pm
Juniour Parlour Trinity

Large ensemble cast required
Contact Dan Barnard (db315)

Galileo

a comic opera written by and
starring

Sir Patrick Moore

To be performed in the Playroom

Auditions: Benson Hall, Magdalene
10am-4pm 19th and 20th
Please bring something to sing
Contact: cjl46 07808 167288

Selwyn Touring
Theatre

Invites Applications for
Director and Lead Roles for
a Week 8 touring French
language Production of
**Jean Cocteau's 'La
Machine Infernale'**

Contact pam53 before
Sunday

Christ's Films

Sunday 20th Jan
8pm & 10:30pm

AMERICAN PIE 2

Thursday 24th Jan 10pm
THE BIRDS

New Court Theatre, Christ's
£2 inc. raffle for wine
www.christs.cam.ac.uk/cfilms



IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO REGISTER!!!

All Easter 2002 students from all over the UK will be taking part in a sponsored hitch-hike to Morocco to raise funds for the educational charity Link Community Development. Why not join them? Link will provide all materials and support required. Places are awarded to the following who close the most applications.

The final and more, come to our final meeting this term.

Tuesday 22nd of January at 7pm
The Hogshead Pub, Regent Street, nr. Parker's Piece

Or e-mail cambridge@moroccotrip.org

BATS

announces
AUDITIONS

for Peter Shaffer's
Black Comedy
(a farce)

Week 5 Late Show
Monday 21st • Tuesday 22nd
2pm - 6pm
Queens' College
email: kas44

The Playroom announces

AUDITIONS

for a Week 3 production of
Artaud's "The Cenci"
Sarte's "The Respectable
Prostitute"

Sat 19th Jan: 10am - 11am
Sun 20th Jan: 5:30 - 7pm
Mon 21st Jan: 5 - 7pm
all at Old Labs Newnham
London Transfer Options Available
contact: jat47

BATS

ANNOUNCES AUDITIONS FOR
JUMPERS BY TOM STOPPARD
ON THE FITZPATRICK
STAGE

SATURDAY 19TH 10-4

SUNDAY 20TH 2-7

CONTACT: amt35@cam.ac.uk

IF INTERESTED IN TECH
CONTACT d1v12@cam.ac.uk

THE FLETCHER PLAYERS
announce auditions for their
week 6 production **'NUTS'**
to be shown at the Corpus
Christi College **Playroom**

The play is part of the National
Theatre festival, **INTERNATIONAL
CONNECTIONS** and being
staged in association with
Cambridge Arts Theatre

Sat 19th 12-6 Corpus Christi Playroom
St Edwards' Passage
contact Anna Jones arj25

• **Kettle's Yard:** SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT. Paul Lewis - Piano. *Kettle's Yard*, . 8pm. £8.50 for 5 Concerts.

TALK

• **CUCA:** Former Foreign Secretary, Douglas Hurd, talks about world politics in 2002. *Trinity Hall, Leslie Stephen Room*. 1:30pm.
 • **Kettle's Yard:** LUNCHTIME TALK. 'Construction by Naum Gabo' by Sebastiano Barassi. *Kettle's Yard*, . 1:10pm.

THEATRE

• **Madhouse/Gods:** 'The Caucasian Chalk Circle' by Bertolt Brecht. *Churchill College, Wolfson Hall*. 7:30pm. £4.50.

FRIDAY 25

MUSIC

• **Kettle's Yard:** LUNCHTIME CONCERT. Free concerts programmed by students. *Kettle's Yard*, . 1:10pm.
 • **The Junction CDC:** Boogie Wonderland: 70s and 80s Disco Extravaganza 10 -2am. *The Junction*, . 10pm. £3.50/5.50adv and after 11.

TALK

• **Cambridgeshire Bird Club:** "Wildlife in Kenya and Tanzania" talk by Tony Morris. *St. Johns*

Community Hall, Hills Road (opposite Homerton College). 8pm. £1 non-members.

THEATRE

• **Madhouse/Gods:** 'The Caucasian Chalk Circle' by Bertolt Brecht. *Churchill College, Wolfson Hall*. 7:30pm. £4.50.
 • **The Junction CDC:** Creaking Shadows: Masked horror about Edgar Allan Poe's terrifying genius. *The Cambridge Drama Centre, Covent Garden, off Mill Road*. 8pm. £8/5.50.

MISC

• **Varsity:** Varsity Squash. Find out about contributing, sign your name

down to write. Find out about production and photography opportunities. Have a few drinks at the same time. See page 14 for further details. *River Bar*. 8pm till late

CLASSIFIED

RESEARCHER Student with interest in public affairs needed occasionally for sorting and research. Terms by arrangement. Ring John Wakelin 01954 267326

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION: Classifieds cost £5 for 20 words. Contact Varsity for further info.

GODS auditions for
**"The Hound of
 The Baskervilles"**

To be performed at Wolfson Theatre Churchill, Week 8

Saturday 19th 2-4pm
 Winstanley Lecture Theatre, Trinity

Sunday 20th 2-4pm
 Churchill

Crew also Required
 Contact ejb47 for more information

MAY ANTHOLOGY 2002

Submission deadline: 21st January

For details of how to submit see Page 37

Now! In conjunction **The Fletcher Players** and **Shadwell**
 The Fifth Glorious

Smørgåsbord

Desires
ACTORS

to perform in an exciting showcase for new stage writing.
 AUDITIONS on the **26th and 27th Jan, 2-4pm, room i6, Corpus Christi College**

DON'T FORGET! Deadline for script submissions: **23rd Jan**
 Deliver your secret masterpiece of dramatic compression to Anna Jones@Corpus, with your name written clearly, on the cover, and nowhere on the script itself.

REDS announces
AUDITIONS

for the week 5 Mainshow
"OVER THE EDGE"
 a dark comedy

Sunday 20th 2-6pm
 Gardner Room, Emmanuel College
Monday 21st 3-7pm
 Old JCR, Emmanuel College

Contact: Tim Frogatt (tgf20)
 for details

PEMBROKE PLAYERS

Required:
Singers and a Percussionist
 for a Week 5 production of
OEDIPUS
 at the ADC Theatre

if interested, please email James Lark (jcl41) with a brief CV of relevant experience.

Cambridge
 University
 Chamber
 Orchestra

January 19th 8pm
 Great St Marys
 Tickets:

£12, £8, £3, Conc £6, £1

Schubert - Symphony
 No. 8 - Unfinished
 Mahler - arr.

Schoenberg - Das Lied
 Von Der Erde

Soprano - Catherine Carby
 Tenor - Andrew Kennedy

(Sponsored by Price
 Waterhouse Coopers)

Aviva
 Zornberg

(World Famous Bible Scholar)

will speak in the synagogue
 at 3 Thompsons Lane

Friday 25 January at 4:30pm
 + Shabbat 26 January at 12pm

THE PETERHOUSE MAY
 BALL COMMITTEE INVITES
AUDITIONS

FOR ALL SOLO/GROUP MUSICAL
 ACTS AND OTHER
 ENTERTAINERS

11-6 JANUARY 19TH
THE MUSIC ROOM
PETERHOUSE

Checking Listings???
 Check Online
 www.varsity.cam.ac.uk

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 CB2 1RQ
 01223 363 471
 www.dojonoodlebar.co.uk

Asahi



CLARE CELLARS REOPENS

Fri: Def Fly & Real Kela (Beat Box) + DJ Vadim (Jazz Fudge Recordings)

Sat: Fat Poppadaddy's DJs Daz & Pete – Funky Cheese

Sun: Clare Jazz Presents The Josh Kemp Quartet
Classy Contemporary Jazz

Doors: 9pm / Tax £4 Arrive Early, Bring Student ID
www.clare-ents.com



BATS announces AUDITIONS

for their week 7 main-show

Look Back in Anger
by John Osbourne

Saturday 12 – 5
Sunday 12 – 5
Angevin Room,
Queens College

Details: pjg21
or 07721 954445



www.varsity.cam.ac.uk

CU G+S SOCIETY AUDITIONS

for Chorus Parts in our Arts Theatre
Shows in Rep, Week 7

Candide (Bernstein)
Sat 19th Jan 12-2 Newnham Old Labs
The Sorcerer (G+S)
Sun 20 Jan 12-3 Newnham Old Labs

Bring something to sing if you like
Contact Anna ah295 or Rose krh27

showStell
invites applications for
a) PRODUCER
b) RESEARCHERS
to a) help coordinate or b) be part
of the team which creates the
regular magazine stagershow
email **Simon (skc26)**
for further details
www.showandtell.org.uk

LIVE AS A TUDOR!
Be a Tudor! June 23rd to July 14th: portray
everyday Tudor life in 24th renowned re-creation at
historic moated manor house. Bring Tudor-type skills or
learn some. Stimulating time for lively volunteers of all ages.
Stay a week or more. Families welcome. Send large SAE for info.
KENTWELL HALL • LONG MELFORD • SUFFOLK CO. HBA

**Ever thought:
“I could do
that”?**

**Come to the Varsity
Squash – See Page
14 for details**

Outlook Productions and Brickhouse Theatre Company

announce Auditions for a
production of

Hamlet

Sat 19th and Sun 20th January 1-5pm
Games Room, Robinson College

Week 5 Cambridge and London
Contact Ed (emdr2) or Caroline (ceb56)

we've got the audience, the publicity and the crew...
GOT AN ACT?
The live magazine stagershow, Show and Tell, currently has vacant slots for
the two shows on **Tues 29 Jan, 26 Feb and Fri 15 Mar**. If you are a
group or individual that fancies taking centre stage for **3-5 minutes**, or if
you have something interesting to say in a live interview piece,
please email Kayley on kit29 for more info.
showStell

LISTINGS

ARE FREE & SHOULD BE SUBMITTED BY 3PM MONDAYS,
VIA OUR WEBSITE (www.varsity.cam.ac.uk)

FOR EVENTS ONLY. WE DO NOT GUARANTEE THAT ALL LISTINGS WILL APPEAR

BOX ADS

COST FROM £20.00, DEADLINE 3PM MONDAYS.

TO BOOK, COME TO THE VARSITY BUSINESS OFFICE AT 11-12 TRUMPINGTON STREET
PAYMENT (BY CHEQUE OR CASH) SHOULD BE MADE WITH BOOKING

PYJAMA PARTY

How many people have you slept with recently?

Sleepovers are a female rite of passage. If your parents were liberal, they let you have mixed sex pyjama parties and went out for the evening. If not, they sat in the sitting room whilst you tried not to spill coca-cola on your bedroom carpet and conducted the inevitable game of truth or dare in a whisper. You painted your toenails and did each other's hair. You did makeovers and read magazines. You talked about who fancied who and watched videos. Some time in the early morning, you curled up on the floor and tried to sleep. Then, once you were about 16, you started to look old enough to sneak into pubs, and so gave up on sleepovers.

They deserve a revival. Getting dressed up and going out is great. But when you can't be bothered thinking about how you look and making scintillating conversation with new people, there is nothing more comforting than pyjamas, duvets, old friends and teddy bears. Sitting on someone's bed, laughing and eating toast until all hours of the morning is the perfect antidote to winter and work anxiety. Forget about fashion. Put your pyjamas on and take it easy.

Katharine Hibbert



Present at our sleepover were Joelle (pyjama bottoms, Debenhams; top, Sanrio; slipper socks, Cambridge market), Bryony, (pyjamas, Gap), Imri (kimono, Little Tokyo, San Francisco; pyjamas, market in Jerusalem; slippers, Discount Shoes, Cambridge), Oli (hoodie, Firetrap; boxers, Marks and Spencer), Colleen (pyjamas, J. Crew), Sarah (tracksuit bottoms, Marks and Spencer; Marilyn t-shirt, charity shop), Connie (dressing gown, China; thermal vest, Urban Outfitters), Marcus and Chris (next page - matching pyjamas, Marks and Spencer). Bed linen and tea cups, Katharine's Grandma's loft. Photos: Emily Haworth-Booth



Nightie nights

When I was about 16 I was always terrified that the object of my desire might call round one day and see me in my pyjamas. This would have been the ultimate humiliation. Some people would have said that they felt naked without their make-up or their handbag, or even without their clothes – but I felt naked when I was wearing my pyjamas. I hated them. As far as I was concerned, my night-wear consistently undermined any effort I made during the day. Any glamorous impression I might once have made would have been toppled by one glance at my hideous nighttime self. The problem was that my pyjamas weren't really pyjamas. They were a strange, utterly practical mish-mash of flannel trousers handed down from my cousins, an old night-shirt inherited from my dad (I somehow never had a matching top-and-bottom set), underneath which I might have on a grossly over-sized promotional t-shirt brought back by one of my parents from a business trip, and then one or two even tackier sweatshirts bought on holiday in Florida in the early eighties over the top. Add to this spot-cream, hair which refused to grow in one direction, a dental retainer, and ridiculous bright red bed-socks. I blamed my family – for introducing all these weird garments into my life, myself – for never being committed enough to glamour to chuck out anything that didn't match, or had holes in it, or just looked plain ghastly, and the British climate – for making it absolutely necessary to wrap myself up in layers like an Egyptian mummy.

For how was it ever going to be sultry and lacy in a country where a negligee could only be worn with a pair of tracksuit bottoms and a poncho. Where, if your skin ever did see the light, it would be covered in goose-pimples. And this was the case for me more than most, having a mother whose attitude towards central heating was, "I'll only put the radiators on once everyone in this house is wearing fifteen jumpers and is still cold".

It got easier to be glamorous once I moved away to my own room, with its own radiator that I could put on whenever I wanted. Also, being at college made it much more likely that I'd accidentally bump into someone while I was wearing my nightdress. So I began a campaign of terror against my old pyjamas. I introduced, gradually, a whole complement of different nightclothes to my wardrobe. Now my theatre of dress could continue into my night-world. I found a starched Joan-of-Arc white shift at a French flea-market, that makes me feel like a fifteenth century choirboy. I bought a pair of black satin pyjamas on Walthamstow market, which went well with a cigarette and smudged panda eyes, and a pair of pale green silk ones which feel like flowing water on my skin and turn me into an oriental princess. I've got a pink southern-belle nightdress with ruffles and bows, and a couple of Japanese cotton kimonos that I bind around my waist with a silk scarf. They swish-swish around my feet and make eating a bowl of Shreddies a beautiful experience.

Somehow everything seems a little less bad when you've got pyjamas you can be proud of. It's nice knowing that the Cinderella spell worked by your party-dress isn't going to wear off when you get into bed, and that if someone knocks on your door in the morning they'll detract at least a bit from your Medusa hair and fucked up eyeshadow. Tallulah Bankhead, on the other hand, used to open the door with nothing on at all, which probably did the job just as well. Of course, if, like Miss Bankhead, you tend to use boys to keep you warm in bed at night, there's no reason to miss out on the pyjama fashion-moment. Just put them on when you get up instead...

Emily Haworth-Booth

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An opportunity to learn more about Summer internships at Goldman Sachs and a career in investment banking.

Please note Summer internships in all divisions are only available to penultimate year students. 1st year students interested in the Fixed Income Currency & Commodities Easter Internship Program are also welcome.

Please join us:

**Wednesday, 30 January 2002
Emmanuel College, Queen's Building Lecture Theatre
at 6:45pm**

Places are limited and therefore not guaranteed, we ask that you confirm your interest by e-mailing alison.stirling@gs.com at least five days prior to the event.

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It's snow-joke

Rob Sharp and Dave Thorley review the Selwyn Snowball

I turned up on my *Varsity* scooter and took off my Ray-Ban aviators to rapturous applause, skidding to a halt in front of the porter's lodge. My date for the night was late, but I wasn't going to let a suspected pregnancy ruin a good time. As I made my way to the front of the queue a couple of people tried to arrest my progress, but they were soon dealt with by a few able palms to the face. The programme said that 'the air was redolent with delicious aromas of the finest food in the kingdom, and the finest wines were imported by the cart-load from the realms of Oddbinium, Thresherland and Cambridge Cash and Carry', and I agreed.

The most important skill that Cambridge University promotes is 'the willing suspension of disbelief'. The theme for Selwyn's Snowball was 'Fairy tales': the dining room was transformed into 'Cinderella's Ballroom', the Junior Common Room became an 'Enchanted Forest' and the bar a 'Cave of Wonders'. There was very little to wonder at in the bar but judging by the number of people who stayed for the survivors' photo people were more concerned by quantity of the alcohol and the volume of the music.

I got in and grabbed myself a Babycham and lemonade then me and my woman grooved our way across the dancefloor back to back down under a

tunnel of arms as the panels lit up beneath our feet. The music was good, I especially liked Jim and er...the Jimsters and er...the band with the drums as well as some of the DJs which entertained me between queuing times at various bars. But boy did I get pissed!! Wow! Decorations!! Wow!!

And then we all queued up for the survivor's photo. Having survived, I dutifully appeared to gape happily at some Phantom of the Opera drooling from the ceiling. Like A4 sheets filed into a photocopier we heaped onto each other and struck the obligatory comedy poses. Hawk-like, spotting the opportunity to pour beer on the biggest member of the drinking socie-

ty within reach, I took to it like a drunk to water. Shortly after, I deftly side-stepped his bleary shove at my ribs.

I really, really liked and/or loved this ball, and would thoroughly recommend it to anyone wanting to go to a Christmas ball in the future. "It's like Gardeners World: I keep on expecting Alan Titmarsh to come round the corner" (an anonymous commentator). Five stars ****. Yes. They had a snow machine, wow! I could practice pulling the birds in the snow, so I would be proficient by the time I got to Val d'Iserre! I spotted a victim, sidled up to her and told her that she looked like my arse! She retreated. I really like my arse :-(



Cambridge's coffee culture

Clare Herrick wakes up to the bitter, brown and murky reality of coffee in Cambridge

Christmas is over. Having finally escaped the turkey-curry haven that was my home, I have turned a corner and bumped smack-bang into the large, ugly, smirking beast that is Lent Term. My bank account is now once again on its way to assuming a student-loan shaped hole as I surrender myself wearily to the indomitable might of rampant beer-monkey thievishness (and, of course, to their friends, the ribena-chimpanzee and jaffa-cake-gorilla). But, above all, we less 'fresh' ones are left with nostalgic memories of this time last year when it was still just acceptable to pull fellow freshees with the excuse that it was dark and we had no idea they were ginger (talking of which, here at Emmanuel we were also subjected to the alarming realisation that us blondes and brunettes were now drowning in a sea of redness of Bolshevik proportion, the college having done a highly effective job of compensating for a lack of state-school applications through the practice of extensive hair-colour reverse discrimination).*

No, returning after the Christmas holiday is never fun. Throughout Michmas term the Christmas vacation is seen as no ephemeral six week period in which nothing productive will get done due to unforeseen carol-singing and Christmas-pudding commitments – indeed, in which nothing productive could get done due to the annual mince-pie-fuelled chair-wedding experience – no, indeed. It is an enduring state with magical properties which promote peak portfolio production capabilities and the ability to complete fifteen times the RDA of lecture catch-up without any alleviation of one's academically-inspired superhuman

capabilities. Having accidentally taken eight weeks off mid-term, you very much look forward to the limitless heights of achievement attainable.

And so it would have been, had it not been for that infallible supervillain combination of carol-singing and Christmas pudding, assisted in their evil antics by the oh-so convincing 'drugs in tweed' disguise of 'side-kick' mulled wine as a medicinal, grandmotherly fireside brew. So, instead, the time was spent desperately avoiding The Sound of Music on TV and getting older members of the family drunk to prevent them realising you have been hiding the smaller members around the house in conveniently sized storage places, ready for the new year. This, of course, alongside maintenance of a bufferzone-like demeanour whilst embroiled in the great annual parental pantomime controversy, (father: "it's like Hamlet – it doesn't matter how many times you see it." Mother: "at least everyone dies in Hamlet.")

As a result of all this wrong-doing, second term becomes a nightmare for us arts' students – doing as little degree-related activity as possible is no longer the easy option, and term-life begins to pose a serious challenge to our mooching capabilities. This year, the normal initial frenzy of unproductivity marking my beginning of Michmas term was unfortunately converted into a whirlwind of GreekPlay-induced fun & frolics. I am, therefore, under particular pressure to concentrate hard at over-compensation for such waywardness. This term I am to settle into my true English student niche at last. To be honest, we are not given half enough credit for the true wealth of physical, emotional and spiritual expertise

which go into such high quality feats of procrastination.

In Freshers' week we are not such an exclusive bunch, everyone feeding off the same Cindy's-induced drunken unproductivity vibe. Mid-term is more demanding, as you detect a faint curiosity brewing as to what exactly is the true nature of the large plot of land between the Anchor pub and Grange Road. However, this is simply a weaning-on process and can generally be fended off with a box of Earl Grey and packet of Sainsbury's economy chocolate digestives. Nearing the end of term the sur-

vival race is accelerating, we have become a true minority splinter group and idling-resources are being exhausted at a frightening rate... the true test of leisure endurance has begun.

So, it is now, as we look ahead to a new year of exciting challenges and potential productivity, that we discover how much we truly respect ourselves and our role in the community as a whole. I wish everyone a happy New Year and the best of luck.**

* Lashings of apologies for this highly unfair remark – being ginger by no means makes you unpopular or stupid.



Emily Venables travels without a ticket

Morocco for zero pence. Nada. De rien. Nowt. Yep, the annual charity hitch-hike to Morocco is back with a vengeance. Knowing that you've hitched 1600 miles from Cambridge to Africa is an exhilarating feeling, and not one easily rivaled. The Morocco Hitch is the world's longest sponsored hitch-hike, as well as being Link Community Development's largest fund raising event. Every year hundreds of students across the UK take up the challenge, and raise money to help sustain the valuable work of LCD in Ghana, Uganda and South Africa.

I did the hitch last year and it took me 4 days and 3 nights. 4 days, 3 nights spent gazing out of the window of various lorries, adrenalin pumping as we got nearer and nearer to our final destination. I danced to a very bad rendition of 'I Will Survive' on the ferry from Portsmouth with a group of hitchers from Warwick who I met at the ferry port. I ran manically around a garage in Marbella in a fairy costume trying to find us a lift, much to the amusement of the locals. I was then bought meals by an English trucker with a vast selection of porn magazines and elevator music, before getting a lift with his friend, who was, unfortunately, a Geri fanatic. The longest wait I had for a lift was an hour, the shortest, less than a minute. (Good old VW campers - they always pick up hitchers!) I think the chalkboard with its destinations scrawled on was a definite help, although

'Please take me to Africa' is a little optimistic when you're on Trumpington Street at 9am on a Monday morning.

Once arriving in Morocco you're free to bask in the African sun and take in the kaleidoscope of colours and hybrid of cultures as you please. I lay in the midday heat on the roof of my white washed hotel overlooking the sea, with an amazing sense of achievement. You can trek in the arid Atlas Mountains or do the obligatory camel trek in the Sahara, sleeping in the desert sand as the star-filled sky fades into morning. You can wander through Marrakech's labyrinth of carpet shops, patisserie stalls, olive merchants and henna-artists: a bargain hunters' paradise. Or, ditch the trusty rucksack for a couple of hours and relax in a steam bath as your travel-weary body is pummeled and massaged into bliss, a glass of mint tea awaiting you as you step back into reality.

The hitch is exhausting and exhilarating at the same time. The feeling of joy when finally arriving in Tangiers is one that can't be matched. 11 lifts, 2 ferries and a lot of laughs were all it took to get from Cambridge to Africa. If you want to join this years record-breaking hitch, don't worry, there's still time!

Come to our meeting @ 7pm in The Hogshead pub (Regent St, nr Parkers Piece) Tuesday 22nd January to find out more! Or e-mail us on cambridge@moroccohitch.org if you can't make it.

Although the chances are higher.

** A tip for novices... one evening attempt to bridge gap between stairs and door in one fluid movement. This will result in an unfortunate foot-in-bin wedging incident, and incur a 20 minute explanation period each morning, as you attempt to rationalise to your bedder the psychological state of the lesser-known 'bin-burglar', who breaks into people's rooms, uses all available floor-space for clothes and crumb dispersal purposes, leaves all valuables untouched, and, just prior to leaving, wedges a dustbin on your foot.

SEX IN THE CITY

Guys, you've all been at home over the holidays, eating turkey with your parents and brothers and sisters and aunts and grandmas, so we thought we'd bring a ray of sacreligious sunlight into your lives ... the *Varsity* Top Ten Places to have sex in your fair and beloved student town. And for your further entertainment and amusement we have provided you with your very own cut out and keep card: just cross the boxes when you qualify. First to complete their card gets a prize, that is if you promise to streak down King's Parade shouting "I'm a slag!" at the top of your voice. So for your delectation, here you are ...

Top of the rank comes King's College Chapel, certainly the most tasteless of our selection. Despite being sacred ground, or perhaps because for that reason, many have claimed to have been there and done it. So for bonus points, we challenge you to blow the roof in the organ loft.

Secondly, and a must for sado-masochists, try our favourite tower of torture, a.k.a. the University Library. Most of you would probably creep into a

quiet corner of the North Front, but for those of you with a voyeristic streak see if you can get away with it in the rare manuscripts room.

This can be followed up by a power trip or two, either on the lawn of the Senate House (excellent stress relief following a bad exam result, or alternatively a fantastic and original way of celebrating) or in the Union Chamber, on the President's Chair of course. We advise you start social climbing in the Union bar now!

The Bridge of Sighs would leave you exhilarated in the open air, though to get away with it on Cambridge's favourite tourist bridge we'd suggest you hang off it/under it, anything to avoid the cameras unless that's your thing of course. Even tourists, capable of believing most things, may find it difficult to accept that shagging on walkways is within the bounds of extra-curricular achievement.

Weighing in at number six, the pinnacle of class, featuring some of Cambridge's most scary porters, who dares wins if you're brave enough to blow bubbles in Trinity's Great Court

Fountain. After bouncing around on your Chariot of Fire, streak round the court at midnight wearing only a 'been-there-done-that' T-shirt for real kudos. Leave in a hurry.

Decide who's on top when you ride through Jesus's Front Lawn mounted on your stallion. Like a game of Bucking Broncho, the aim is to stay on for as long as you can until someone chucks you off it.

For the serene and rhythmic swaying of the trees head to Grantchester Meadows to feel the earth beneath your feet. Better still, the location comes with munchies, a romantic bottle of wine, oh... and several punt loads of tourists.

Finally, for utter tackiness, the worst locations central Cambridge has to offer.. Cindy's toilets (and its got to be the girls' toilets to be worth it), perhaps with a later stop to finish off the night in Lion Yard Car Park. Our editor, Adam, recommends the exit barrier for that extra lift.

So there you have it, Cambridge's greatest and grimmest brought together in one determined cause.

Varsity Reward Card

making life feel better

King's College Chapel

Trinity Great Court Fountain

University Library

Jesus College horse

Senate House

Grantchester Meadows

Union Chamber

Cindy's toilets

Bridge of Sighs

Lion Yard car park

Varsity does not accept responsibility for loss of limbs, degree or dignity in the undertaking of the above.

Brasserie Michel, c'est chouette

Jamie Douglass and Thomas Farnsworth sample the culinary delights of Cambridge French cuisine

Visiting France, something I am partial to doing from time to time, is a lottery. You take your life in your hands every time you attempt to cross the road, risk your taste buds every time you order a beer, and your wallet every time you do anything at all in Paris. When not indulging in drinking or automotive Gallic Roulette, one can marvel at the way that, despite constantly bitching about how the rest of Europe has adopted English as its language of intercourse, the French positively despise anyone experimenting with phrases in the local lingo. The beaches around Calais are crowded with beer-soaked overweight Englishmen, and surly garlic infused waiters who just cannot wait to demonstrate that their grasp of English far outweighs your own pathetic schoolboy knowledge of irregular verbs. As you can tell, I don't cross the channel for the atmosphere. In a recent survey in the City, the top three loathings of English businessmen were listed as Recession, Boiled Cabbage, and The French, never mind Genocide, Racism, or Poverty. Apart from regarding onions as an item of daywear, our beret-covered cousins also

England, I'm always a bit wary of French restaurants. My views on Café Rouge, Dome, et al are well known, but Brasserie Michel starts to impress before you get near the food.

Our table being booked for a good half hour after we arrived, we were taken upstairs to a snug bar, comfy sofas, roaring log fire, and menus to select from in advance. I like this idea. I really like reclining and drinking, and being called to your table when your food is ready, because it circumvents The Pause. You know what I mean, you've ordered your food, selected a wine, and then you have to find something to fill the next ten minutes. If, like me, you are a smoker, you have the tricky "To light or not to light" decision to face, since nothing hastens the arrival of food, taxis or buses faster than sparking up one of Rothmans' finest.

We went for the Wild Mushroom on Madeira-soaked brioche, and the Tiger Prawn and Noodle salad. Now, if I were to draw a list of rules for dining out, one of the first would be 'Never order a Chinese dish in a French restaurant', and unfortunately, this was justified.

No chef in his right mind is going to use the best quality cuts of meat for some idiot who wants the damn thing reduced to boot-leather consistency.

hold world records in racism, jingoism, and lorry-striking, at almost Olympic level. The Gallic press managed to make the BSE story last for six months after the epidemic was brought under control, whilst happily feeding their own cattle a tasty blend of brain matter and shit. In fact, I sometimes wonder why the rest of Europe tolerates them at all. But then I go over there and remember.

Cuisine is a French word. 'Saute' is a French word. 'Chef' is a French word, for goodness sake. They invented it. We copied. And that is why, in Merrie

The noodles were flaccid at best, the prawns few and far between, and the sauce slightly less piquant than Bostick. There are two schools of thought operating here. One dictates that, in a French restaurant, one should not attempt to sample fusion dishes. The other says that if the damn thing is on the menu, then it should be as good as the alternatives. This was not. However, the Mushroom dish was something else. I failed to note whether they serve this in main course size as well, but I hope so, because it was simply gorgeous. The brioche was firm,



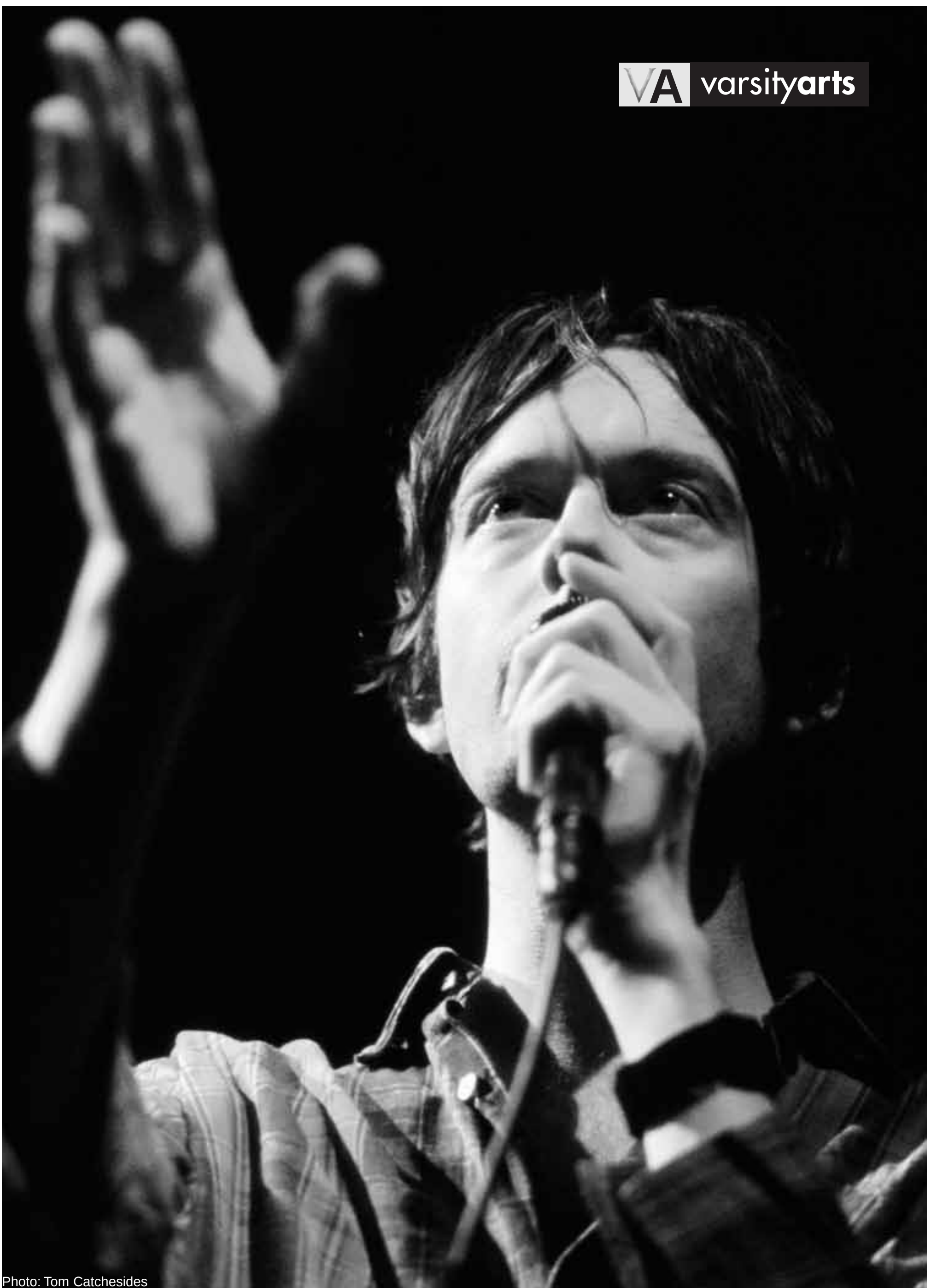
crispy, and succulent, the fungi tasty, the sauce rich, the salad perfectly dressed. All in all, a dish to be proud of. I would recommend this to anyone, I really would. For the main course, we chose the Veal Escalopes, and the Steak with Blue Cheese Sauce. The veal was tender, a beautifully creamy meat, and the vegetables a good accompaniment – not roasted or boiled to oblivion as so often seems to happen. The jus was sour to the point of providing a contrast, though not an Esther Rantzen job, and went very well with the overall concept. As for the steak, well, a word about steak. I suggest, and please remember this, that you never, ever, order your steak well done unless you hate yourself. To request your beef is incinerated will not only destroy the taste of the meal, it will also mark you out as somebody who enjoys Bad Food. Think of it this way. To overcook beef destroys flavour. No chef in his right mind is going to use the best quality cuts of meat for some idiot who wants the damn thing reduced to boot-leather consistency. It is right and proper that the philistines who request such things

get inferior meat because that is precisely what they deserve. Now, I may be wronging Brasserie Michel here. It may be (though I sincerely hope that it isn't), that they are happy to waste good cuts of meat on the 'well done' brigade. I couldn't say. What I could say is that my steak was fantastic. I like my beef cooked so that a good vet could get it up and walking, and they obliged. Proper melt-in-the-mouth flesh. The sort of thing that sends vegetarians into apoplexy and me into rapture. In fact, I forgot about the fries that came with it – right up until I noticed that half of them had mysteriously disappeared, and with good reason. If we are to go by the 'Delia' test of Crispy-outside-fluffy-inside, then these passed with honours. The Blue Cheese sauce, though almost unnecessary, was rich, thick, and creamy. A very good accompaniment to an already great dish. As for desert, the cheese plate was extremely well stocked, and the White- and dark-chocolate-parfait was simply delicious. Small, certainly, but after the main dish, all that was within our capacity. To be honest, it is difficult to

critique the parfait. It tasted as it was described, and that is enough of a recommendation for any desert.

The menu at Brasserie Michel is widely ranging, and to my great delight has a number of liqueurs and cognacs on offer for after dinner. I cannot praise the place highly enough for an overall dining experience – the décor is relaxing and convivial, the staff both attentive and efficient, and the range of food excellent. My one gripe is with the Tiger Prawn Noodles. They weren't bad, just mediocre; and frankly out of place.

Brasserie Michel does French cuisine to a standard of excellence that surpasses any contender in Cambridge, and I personally do not see a need to plunge into the fusion market, much less when this compromises the quality of the menu. But to complain would be churlish. The food was more than enjoyable, and the atmosphere, upon which the place clearly prides itself, spot on. And there wasn't an onion-wearing buffoon or a lorry driver in sight.



Hitler played with Chutzpah

The newly formed Chutzpah Theatre Company's production of George Tabori's *Mein Kampf* is a virtual tour de force, as demanding on its audience as it is on the actors.

The play is a dark comedy that arose out of the pain and absurdity of the Holocaust. Absurdity intrigues Tabori in this play: the absurdity of Hitler, the absurdity of anti-semitism, the absurdity of enlightened attempts to explain mass murder, genocide and xenophobia. He revels joyously and profanely in all the grotesqueries we have managed to conjure up in response to anti-semitism. And yet he is not cynical. There is in fact an unusual optimism in his comic antics.

The play is set in pre-war Vienna, in a hostel run by two ageing Jews. They take in a new guest, an arrogant youth from the provinces who is applying to art school, by the name of Adolf Hitler. Filled with dramatic irony throughout, the story revolves around the relationship between the impoverished and spiritually questing hostel owner Herzl, who is writing his book *Mein Kampf*, and the young Hitler, an obnoxious upstart who is fond of picking his nose! Despite Hitler's increasingly apparent anti-semitic leanings, the lyrical old man is determined to teach his young protégé how to love. But the play, which holds in perfect balance the absurd and yet the starkly real, forces the audience to consider the reality of events leading up to WW2. The death march of Hitler and Frau Death, as they leave the stage to conquer the



world, casts a gloomy foreshadowing of what we all know is to come but which is never dealt with directly.

Yascha Mounk's direction is marked by the installation of unconventional actions - look out for the shepherd's pie, Hitler frothing at the mouth and the chicken's memorable cameo appearance. The German-born Yascha says of his production, "If it may challenge the boundaries of orthodox British theatre at times, this is only in service to Tabori's theme. The text and style of the play are designed to provoke thought." He maintains that "it is important that we keep laughing so that we don't grant Hitler a posthumous victory".

Samuel Klein as Herzl and Leonora Weil as Frau Death give particularly strong performances. Klein is effective in portraying an exterior piety which on occasion boils over into violent tirades, thus mirroring Hitler's own obscenity. Weil is icy calm and chilling, a perfect accompaniment to Ian Hogarth, who steps into the young Hitler's shoes outstandingly well, perhaps disturbingly so!

Mein Kampf is a black comedy of the highest calibre, which the Company have truly made their own. The production offers a particularly creative approach even for those of us with Hitler fatigue!

Simon Eder at a rehearsal of Mein Kampf.

Dead cat bounce

Rejoice. The wretched moggy of a musical that is *Cats* is being put down. The show that defined British theatre for a generation of polyester-clad American tourists is to close this May.

In the meantime, it's too tempting an opportunity to pass up to examine the Lloyd-Webber phenomenon. Especially as some might accuse his music of being crass, fit only for the intellectual lowest common denominator.

Lloyd Webber provided an easy guide to someone's musical taste: schmaltzy, familiar, undemanding, Chris Tarrant-like in bland inoffensiveness and financial reward. You knew that if it was played at their funeral, they were better off six feet under. It was a form of cruel punishment from beyond the grave. The dead don't have to endure 'Memory'.

There is one teeny-weeny problem with this smug view of events. Lloyd Webber made a fortune out of singing cats and Technicolor Dreamcoats - and got a peerage to boot. His musicals are performed throughout the world and have been for many years.

It's very hard to criticise anyone in that position. The critics don't matter. For twenty years Lloyd Webber and Cameron Mackintosh have made a fortune out of putting large numbers of (generally outsized) tracksuit-bottomed bums on seats.

How did they do this? They made the Ford Mondeo of the theatrical market. Ibsen - who he? Shakespeare - nice name, shame about the language. The National's too far to walk. But if it runs on Broadway it must be good. A nice, easy musical sounds just right, Elmer, doesn't it? And it's in English.

The real success came in repeating the formula - several times over. *Starlight Express* came in 1984 and netted £140m in box office receipts before it closed this month. Unlike the subsidised dross that litters many of our theatres, the big A's shows were a marketing phenomenon.

Until this year. *Starlight*

Express has gone the way of Connex South Central. The *Cats* are going and curiosity has nothing to do with it. But lack of curiosity might: these shows lasted a phenomenally long time, and our familiarity with them bred contempt. It isn't as though the musical is any less popular - the current success of the revived "My Fair Lady" owes much to the musicals of the eighties - we just want more of them and different ones.

Ghastly as the thought sounds, Lloyd Webber actually developed the majority of musical tastes - not by being desperately original, but by providing the punters with a middle of the road product that they wanted to see.

But now we want to see something different. But where are these all-new musical favourites? At the moment they're nowhere to be seen. The money men at T.S. Eliot's publishers must now be praying for a real dead cat bounce.

Edward Evans

i *Mein Kampf* is showing at the ADC Theatre from 30th January until 2nd February at 11pm, every day except Fridays

Copacabana

Richard Lee previews the ADC's end of term musical

We didn't expect any startling revelations when we met up with the two leads of Barry Manilow's *Copacabana*, this term's ADC Musical. Conversation was dominated by tales of gruelling rehearsal schedules, sensational choreography and show-stopping music, which seem set to make *Copacabana* one of the most popular shows to hit Cambridge in recent years. However, it soon emerged that there are no lengths that this company will not go to in order to make *Copacabana*'s first performance outside of London a suitably sparkling debut.

Becky Walker and Sam Hodges (both as good-looking

as they are talented) giggled as they let slip to us that they'll be jetting off for a mid-term break to Havana, Cuba, the setting for the show itself.

Sam said: "I think that the restrictive Cuban dancewear will be particularly beneficial in conjunction with the vocal extension exercises which I am currently undergoing, as well as allowing me to establish a warm working bond with the Cuban 'muchachos de la noche'".

Fascinated by this new rehearsal method, we spoke to the show's producers about where the funding from this essential trip is coming from. They told us that as the show's budget does not stretch to such

luxuries, the 27-strong cast took to the streets of their hometowns over the holiday period, to collect money. "Who says that this isn't charity?" replied Jon Lenson and Ollie Wiseman.

Unfortunately, *Copacabana*'s director, Kate Merriam, was unavailable for comment, but her agent, Al Alie, said that Miss Merriam was greatly looking forward to experiencing the Cuban culture and accent first-hand.

The show's stunning blonde star, Becky Walker, took a rather different attitude towards the trip. "I'm sure that an all-over tan can only help my performance in the shower scene."

i *Copacabana* is showing at the ADC Theatre from 12th March until 23rd March at 7.45pm

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PUCK-A PERFORMANCE

Jonathan Styles finds reason to celebrate in the European Theatre Group's latest production

“Dead! Dead! Dead!” Not, perhaps, the most promising of one-liners, but it did it for me. With performances in thirteen of the Continent's major cities behind them, the European Theatre Group's touring production of Shakespeare's tale of love, illusion and mistaken identity has arrived home.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is one of the Bard's most popular comedies, revealing the activities taking place in the court of Athens and its surrounding forests during the preparations for the marriage of Theseus (Nick Blackburn) to Hippolyta (Kaite Baines). Two young couples caught up in a tortuous love rectangle flee to the forests, where

the mischievous Puck (Keir Shiels), servant to Oberon King of the Fairies, subjects them to the effects of a love potion that ensures only further chaos. Meanwhile, a company of Mechanicals, rehearsing a play for the wedding celebrations, is disturbed to find its lead thesp Bottom (Duncan Harte) transformed into a donkey...

That is not even the half of it, but be assured that the ETG won't leave you perplexed by it all. Shakespeare's language was freed here from the rigid iambic shackles of most amateur performances, delivered instead with a notable ease and naturalness that made one forget the disparity of the Ages. So, too, was life instilled into the play, when the high frequency of productions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* could possibly threaten to make it feel stale.

A theme that runs through the text of the play is the discrepancy between the world of our dreams, the theatre and the real world that we inhabit. This strand was entertainingly developed during the production by some additional ad libbing from the cast as they changed the scenery and discussed which pub to frequent at the end of it all.

The set itself further contributed to the effect, being constructed from the props that make up the scenery of the Mechanicals' own play. Atmospheric incidental music was provided by a couple of musical wine glasses an on-stage solo cellist (though this became a little distracting during the longer monologues of the actors).

Many of the cast members have dual roles to play and they make the most of the opportunity to show off their versatility. Each player produced fully individual characterizations of their parts, including Shiels' peculiarly sinister realization of Puck, which he maintained throughout the interval. Scary.

However, it was the Mechanicals' performances that provided the show's highlights, culminating in a final *tour de force* of intentionally dreadful acting as they reveal their play to the newly wedded couples.

Tom Bell, Duncan Harte, Chris Till and Natalie Trangmar were each superb, eking humour from word and gesture alike and bringing the house down in their final appearance.

The ETG, Cambridge University's premier touring company, has a prestigious history. Formed in 1957 by a group of friends that included Michael Deaking, Sir Derek Jacobi and Sir Ian McKellan, the company's first excursion set off in two fruit vans. Nearly 45 years later, this present production is keeping the standard high.



Bottom in Europe

Tom Bell gets all Euro-friendly telling about the ETG's Christmas tour

There is fun to be had in Europe: The names of their cities are largely absurd, the endless borders offer generous opportunities to try out your passport, there are lots of different cheeses, the people all dress funny and once a year an all-too brief and far-too wonderful tour from Cambridge puts on a show. The main show at the ADC this week is the home run of this same, brave endeavour.

Creating a show for the varying throngs of Europe was a far cry from the routine dangers of a Cambridge run. By the time the tour had reached popular Swiss capital Bern the show had become our reality; it was the only constant in the swimming mass of tiredness and Belgian Francs. I began to imagine people applauding me as I checked into hostels, children everywhere seemed to point as their parent's rushed to get them away from this fairy-boy. For some cast members the show proved the only real opportunity to get some sleep, for others cake props were the only source of food they were able to secure.

Years of ETG excess had meant that

the careful hordes of money left by its founders had all been blown on lemsip and good quality cheese. The pressure was really on us; if we didn't make a profit then the two old women in Feldkirch who'd watched the tour for the past 20 years would have to find new ways to spend their December 14ths. Budget restrictions brought a whole new element to the experience: money saved by hiring a driver who gallantly refused to waste petrol on frivolities like parking or going the right way, offensive hostel expenses were cut by staying with hosts of varying safety and sobriety. Francs were to be had from braving a matinee performance in front of the children of the Belgian right wing (seemingly).

The local populace were nothing if not inquisitive. Ambassadors would cry: "Vere are you going?" Old women would point to my picture in the programme asking: "Is that his real name?" German voices rose in cries of: "how did you find Heidelberg's only gay bar?" Audiences proved equally unpredictable: a standing ovation in Paris, whoops of delight at every word from Zurich and 12 non-English

speaking locals in Brescia during a blizzard. The greatest challenge we were to face, however, was in convincing the people of Europe that the tour was entirely student run. This was a concept too far for hosts who saw before them bedraggled and worn students, half dazed from lack of sleep and an excess of Gluhwein. Surely they were wrong, surely there were a few professors stowed away on the coach somewhere.

With the show over for the day and the set and lights lovingly taken down and packed deep within the belly of "Tourmaster" there would be a matter of hours before we had to be on the road at 5am for our next Swiss backwater. No time to sleep but time enough to trek a few miles to end up in an Irish bar, to spend a night quoting lines from the show to each other.

And now, 3 weeks later, we have all woken up, somehow back in Cambridge and ready to do the show one last time; refined, improved and with real beds awaiting the actors. So come and see the show that Antwerp tried to ban and Italy failed to see. It toured Europe. It's great.



A Midsummer Night's Dream is on at the ADC until 19th January at 7.45pm

5, 6, 7, 8...

Who does Tim Stanley appreciate?

I stumbled dazed and confused in to the ADC on Wednesday night for what promised to be a comedy murder mystery set to music. Sadly the only mystery set to music was whose mobile phone went off thirty minutes in to the tune of the William Tell Overture. The only comedy was discovering that it was my own. But that, like the entirety of '5,6,7,8' was purely a private joke. I did not go in a cynic. Considering the current trend of Cambridge theatre of stripping fifteen minutes in, I was quite optimistic. But sadly the show failed even in the department of the now de rigueur nude scene and frankly at this time of year I don't bother to stay awake after eleven o'clock unless I'm guaranteed someone undressing in front of me. Although if they had tried to it would have required a tin opener: the only authentic thing about the play were the eighties costume of tight leotards and wristbands.

There were plus points. The music was very good and catchy. Though much of it sounded the same the lyrics contained the play's small dearth of jokes. I still recall a song about catching a tube train that was very funny and was I humming it all the way home. But the few moments when the band and the actors considerable singing talents were given free rein were few and far between. This undermined the structure of the play and it was noticeable that when the music was not present (such as in the last mind numbingly awful two thirds) the plot disappeared

in to a set of weak vignettes that veered from the ridiculous to the ridiculous. Arguably the last part confirmed my suspicion that the play should be chopped up, re-written and re-done as a series of sketches. As a coherent story it was flabby and often childish. The humour nose-dived in to the realms of such Saturday morning luminaries as the chuckle brothers. How telling that whenever my mother caught me having a sneaky cigarette and watching such geniuses at eight in the morning the first thing she'd do was turn the television over.

Cambridge theatre is currently dire and this epitomised everything tragically wrong with it. On the one hand there was plenty of talent in the cast who squeezed every possible bit of humour out of the play like getting blood from a stone. Rachel Reid is an especially talented actress and Joseph Craig's composition was exemplary. But this was a tired pastiche, both of a subject and in a format that went out twenty years ago and should never have been let back in to the ADC. This theatre lacks social awareness, it lacks bite and it lacks imagination. There was a time when it was famous the world over for using satire to mercilessly ridicule the very establishment that financed it. But for 5678 the funniest joke I found was on the back of the program which read, This space is sponsored by Paul Levy ? Chiropodist and Podiatrist. Ingrown toenails a speciality.? To top it all the show didn't even come with a discount.



5678 is on at the ADC Theatre until Saturday 19th January at 11pm

DAVID LYNCH RULES THE MOB

Charlie Phillips sees postmodern cinema at its best in *Mulholland Drive*

First things first, David Lynch is a genius, the greatest film auteur alive. But it's also pretty weird how a tacitly accepted process goes on whenever he has a new film out, as with *Mulholland Drive*. There's the charged debates on *Newsnight Review* where one person can't cope with the concept of a lack of linear narrative, and another loves it but feels that everyone will think they're trying too hard to be cool, so goes all tongue-in-cheek and apologetic. Then, in the cinema, there's a mood of tension as some people ask loudly, "what the fuck is going on?" and gasp with irritation, whilst others snigger blatantly to prove they recognise a stylish Lynchian motif that has been used in one or more of his other films. Then, like Barthes, Derrida and Foucault say we should, on the way out people discuss how it might all fit together and what it's trying to say. Finally, a hip young sociologist writes about it in some obscure journal and everyone forgets about it, has a cup of tea and gets on with everyday life.

It's an exciting process. But see, I don't think you can, or should, forget about his films, because they're representations of the most central fantasies of modern living. *Mulholland Drive* is his most complete demon-

stration of this. It's about how every event is experienced personally, and through a variety of media, whether the screen, little objects or vivid dreams. After a short time, you can't really be sure if it happened like you remembered it, and knowing that this is happening to everybody, it becomes very hard to be sure if there is a true

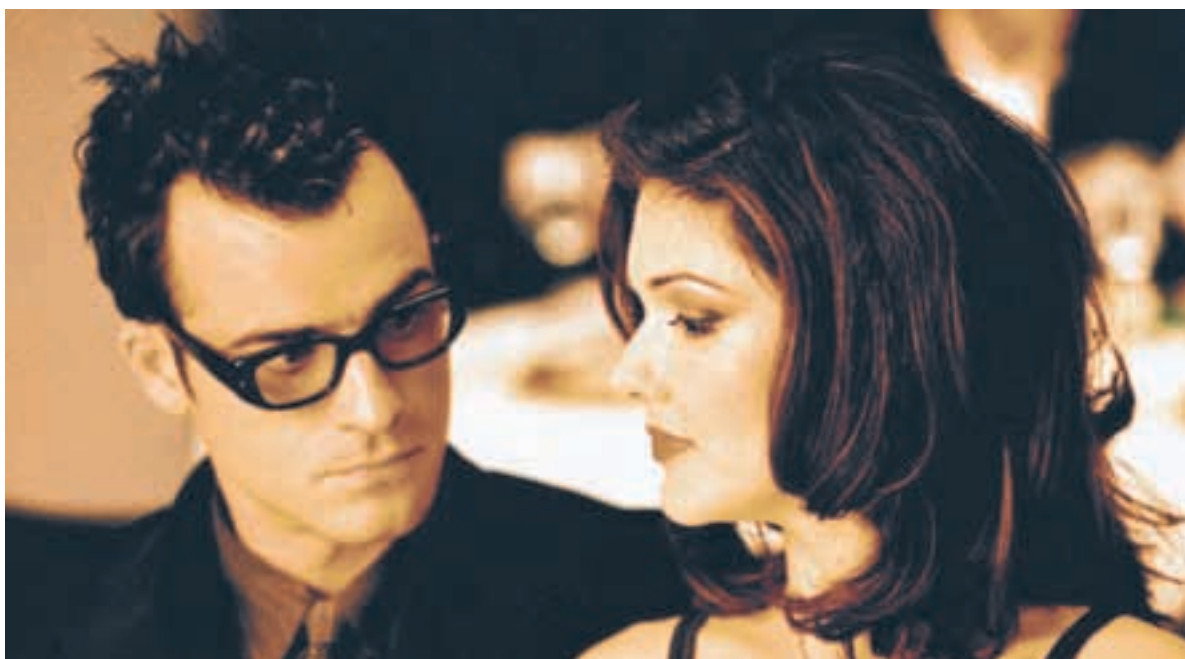
story at all, so you might as well treat everyday life as a spectacular dream-scape. *Eraserhead* was about how that can be scary if you let your dreamlike interpretations get mundane. *Blue Velvet* showed that if you approach life with a wide-eyed innocence, a kind of 50's morality, it'll all be okay in the end.

I realise I sound boring, but I think Lynch would tolerate me because the whole point is that his films aren't complete without the input of the watcher and it's with that contribution that micro-narratives get formed, in the cinema itself and then for the rest of your life, every time you think about his films. Postmodernism isn't

very cool anymore, but it's only in those liberating terms that a viewer fully sees his loveliness. It's so that tortured images like the headlight-lit lost highway and the cagey stranger in suburbia, are what anyone who drives a car or lives in a nice house sees when they shut their eyes.

But you hyper-modern kids are getting goosebumps just thinking about it – I know I am. The best example of contemporary representation in *Mulholland Drive* is the mysterious character of 'The Cowboy.' I knew Lynch would have a cowboy character eventually. Cowboys are those who are perceived as outsiders and watch from the edges, partly because they choose to, and partly because they are made to. Once they lived in the Wild West, now they hide in big cities. Everyone wants to be a cowboy, but they fear it, so they live in terror of meeting one. So when Adam, the film director, meets his cowboy, he must give in to the cowboy spirit. Wow.

Don't forget the Lynch films you see – use them. Because they embrace everything. Even *The Straight Story*. And if you doubt me, then I say only this – Mark Kermode agrees with me, and he knows much.



Do the Camerama Lukewarm

Charlie Phillips presents the student film festival

This is a very *Why Don't You?* moment. Turn off the TV set, burn your set texts and do something useful instead. Beg, borrow or steal a camcorder, get your diaries out and write in massive fluorescent letters for the weekend of 1st-3rd March the words 'My universe-shaking film on show to famous people and jealous students.' The time has come for student film to stop faffing about in the bedroom and go public, to run naked and scream for attention. And this term sees every single Cambridge student's chance to be part of it. *Camerama*, the (probably first-ever) student film festival is coming to make you famous and very happy.

If I over-enthusiase about *Camerama*, then it's only because it is going to be amazing for film in the University on an unprecedented scale. I do admit my bias, as President of CFTV (the University filmmaking society – yes, we

exist and yes, you've been told a million times and yes, we rock, so we tolerate no further patronising), which is organising the festival. However, with the likes of Saul Metzstein (*Late Night Shopping*), and Tom De Ville (C5's *Urban Gothic*) giving talks and showing films, as well as the chance to be involved yourselves, who can argue? Taking place in association with the 2002 Student Art Exhibition, the aim is to showcase the wide variety of films currently being made by students here and elsewhere and stimulate more to be made, as well as getting the most stylish young British film directors and industry insiders around to come and tell us how to make a go of it beyond Cambridge. Above all else, though, it will be a massive celebration of film art and entertainment. And keep an eye out for the posters because more events are being added as we speak.

Sunday 3rd March will see the high-

point of the festival, the student film competition. *Camerama* proudly invites submissions of original films of no more than 15 minutes by 15th February. They can be made by individuals or by groups, and all genres will be delightfully received before the selection is whittled down for the final on the 3rd, to be judged by guests from *Empire* magazine, film schools and directors, and with the lure of big prizes, as well as massive fame.

To prove that films are easy to make with even the simplest of ideas, and to confirm that film is the best artistic medium ever, it would be inspiring if we were to have as many entries as possible. Go on – it's so easy, you've got a whole month, and you can even use CFTV's digital video camera to do it. Whether you know you want to make films, or whether you've just always wanted to try it, when will there ever again be such a lucky opportunity?

Kate McNaughton reviews *Lord of the Rings*

Writing a review of *Lord of the Rings* is not an easy task. As far as I can tell, if you read the book as a teenager and enjoyed it, the likelihood is you will think the film is amazing. Most people who have never read the book seem to think it's pretty good too. If you read the book as a teenager and really, really liked it and have read it over and over again since then, you might not be so keen.

I haven't read the book, and I thought it was okay. A bit long, perhaps, but okay. The cast all turn in good performances, particularly Elijah Wood (though I couldn't quite work out what accent Frodo was supposed to be speaking) and Ian McKellen as Gandalf. The story is as you would expect: lots of fighting great big beasts that are the worst, most dangerous beasts in the world ever, until the next worst, most dangerous beastie comes along. Such is the nature of the

action-adventure-thriller, so it would be a bit futile to complain about this, though the novelty value of beasties does wear a bit thin after a while (especially as they all look quite similar to horrible beasties from other films). Do look out, though, for the incongruous bit of token romance, an amusing instance of the 'we must get a snog into this film somewhere' policy.

Visually, though, the film is at moments breathtaking, and beasties aside, Tolkien's fantasy world really is done justice (as far as I can tell from having only read *The Hobbit*): the elves are cool and beautiful, the hobbits are short and hairy, the wizards are tall and bearded and Gollum creeps around hissing a lot. Oh, and the black riders are REALLY cool. There seems to be little else to say – which perhaps in itself says more about the film than anything else...



Protect your cultural diversity

Kate McNaughton gets virulent about big bad multinational corporations

The French cinema industry in these early days of 2002 is scared. Scared and angry. Why, one might ask, when last year saw almost unprecedented success for French film? As other national industries faltered under the pressure of economic recession, French cinema boomed in 2001, with more films produced, and attendance on the up since the year 2000. At home and abroad, the success of films such as *Amelie* or *Brotherhood of the Wolf* showed that French cinema needn't all be about black rollneck sweaters and philosophical interrogations (not that it ever was, but clichés will be clichés), but

could appeal to a wide, international audience whilst offering something different to the usual Hollywood fare. The big cheeses of French cinema spent most of the end of the year slapping each other on the back – until on 18th December, Jean-Marie Messier, the head of what is now the Vivendi-Universal Corporation, gave a speech in New York and proclaimed the end of the “Franco-French cultural exception”.

To put it in plain English: part of the reason the French cinema industry is so healthy is that it benefits from a high level of protectionism on the part of the French government. State subsi-

dies are high (a proportion of the price of any cinema ticket is fed back into the French industry), and television companies have contractual obligations in terms of broadcasting and funding French films. Among the latter, a channel called Canal Plus is by far the biggest funding body of French cinema – and it is owned by Vivendi-Universal.

This state of affairs is what Messier meant by the “Franco-French cultural exception”. In a world of “cultural diversity”, he argues, these protectionist policies are outdated. What he really means, of course, is that he wants to make more money, and that the recently acquired ‘Universal’ part of his company wants to make sure that a nice, glitzy Hollywood sheen firmly anchors itself on every cinema screen there is. Unfortunately, as the owner of Canal Plus, he actually has the power to do quite a lot of damage once the channel's present contract expires in 2004 – hence the worry that has been expressed by French media moguls and politicians alike.

The French government, whatever its political leanings of the time, has always stood firmly, in GATT or WTO meetings, in favour of the idea that cultural products are not just one more type of merchandise which should be subject to the same rules of free exchange and competition as toy cars or chocolate bars. State subsidy and protectionism of national cinema industries do not go against cultural diversity, it argues, but favour it, since without them these industries would simply not exist. Certainly the French cinema industry is one of the few in the world that can in any meaningful sense be said to stand up against Hollywood, and in fact the model of ‘Franco-French cultural exception’ has



been adopted by other European governments, particularly Germany, because of this. This does not mean however that the French narrow-mindedly only watch home-grown produce: anyone who has been to Paris and noticed its profusion of arts cinemas will know that you can see anything there from *Battleship Potemkin* to the latest underground Middle-Eastern productions. In fact, one film which has just opened, to much publicity, in France this week is Ken Loach's latest offering, *The Navigators*, a film about the privatisation of British Rail, which has already been shown at various festivals, including Venice and Toronto. A UK release date hasn't been set yet, however...

With the upcoming elections in France, the issue of cultural exception

is going to be very much at the forefront of political debate. Messier's declaration does at least have the advantage that it has shocked people into thinking about how the funding of French cinema can be managed so that it is not threatened by his ilk. It has also somewhat reawakened the debate at a wider level, since many hope that a European legislation in the matter (there have been suggestions of encouraging European state subsidies towards cultural products to make up at least 1% of the countries' GDP) could be the way forward. Doubtless this would be none-too pleasing to our friends on the other side of the Atlantic – no offence to them, but the hamburger brand of ‘cultural diversity’ just doesn't sit well on the stomach...

Eloge de l'amour

Director: Jean-Luc Godard
Starring: Bruno Putzulu, Cecile Camp, Jean Davy, Francois Verny
Certificate PG
Running time: 98 minutes
France 2001
Showing at Arts Picture House

Enjoy some intellectual gymnastics in Jean-Luc Godard's latest oeuvre

Okay, be warned: this is not an easy film. Well, it's Godard, innit. And the old man is making no bones about being intellectual and erudite to a degree that often leaves the viewer feeling rather lost. Having said that, if you are braced for a challenge, and want to see some truly experimental use of the medium (respect to Jean-Luc for still being experimental after all these years), *Eloge de l'amour* will prove to be a truly beautiful film, as well as one of the most genuinely thought-provoking ones you are likely to see for a long time.

The film begins with a long, fragmentary sequence in which a young man interviews actors for a project he has: that of filming an *éloge de l'amour*. He has a strangely monotonous voice, so that he often sounds more like he is having an internal monologue than a conversation with anyone. The film more generally leaves us uncertain as to how to read it, disrupting naturalistic conventions without being so surreal as to simply be fantastical; Godard is not trying to construct a narrative, but to use film as a medium for reflection which can draw not only on linguistic

elements (it is rife with literary allusions), but on visual ones as well. We truly are left with an incredibly dense treatise to think about, as after his examination of the artist pondering ideas of age and memory (his protagonist is obsessed with the idea that there might be no such thing as “l'âge adulte”, just youth and old age), Godard moves on to examine the notion of history, particularly in terms of the French resistance. In a fascinating sequence, Steven Spielberg's agent visits an old French couple in Normandy whose story he wants to adapt, and reads out to them the contract by which they are signing over their own personal history to Hollywood. Godard's exploration of these themes is genuinely complex and difficult, a reassuring proof that film need not be the superficial, manipulatory medium it is sometimes accused of being (or perhaps, in Godard's view, does become in the hands of a Steven Spielberg).

This is in fact one of the most striking aspects of the work: Godard is desperate to make us “film-conscious”, as it were. In the initial sequence, each shot is separated by a moment's black-

out, thus making the process of montage visible. The camera is almost always still, so that we become highly aware of its presence: as people walk out of shot, for example, we realize that we automatically expect it to track them, and must unlearn the expectations we acquire from conventional narrative film. At times we feel trapped by the stillness of these images, painfully aware that so much is going on outside of their bounds which we are not being permitted to see. Perhaps we are meant to realize that this selectiveness is something inherent to film generally, not just this one: simply, other films lure us into believing they are giving us the whole picture. Early on in the film, our main protagonist asks someone what they would choose between an opera, a film, and a novel: film, Godard, reminds us, is art and artifice, just as much as these other art forms, and should be recognized as such.

And indeed, however intellectually intricate, *Eloge de l'amour* is above all else striking for its visual beauty. The first half, which is shot in black-and-white film, includes some breathtakingly sensitive shots of Paris; Godard,

for all his learning, is not out of touch with a more physical aspect of the medium. This highly aesthetic part, playing on light and shadows in a manner worthy of the greatest directors of the pre-colour era, is offset by the second half, shot in digital video (something all the old Nouvelle Vague fogies seem to be getting into at the moment – watch out for Rivette and Rohmer's upcoming films), where the colours are vivid and raw, and the cam-

era seems uncompromisingly close to its subjects after the reserved distance of its black-and-white counterpart.

In short, go and see this film – we are lucky enough to have our screens graced with two directors (the other one being David Lynch) who do not just want to spoon-feed us a story, but genuinely to provoke and educate us; they should be given the attention they deserve.

KM



COCKER COCKS A SNOOK AT CAMBRIDGE

Sarah Brealey detects the scent of inverted snobbery, with Pulp at the Corn Exchange.

“So here we are, in Cambridge”. Jarvis Cocker seems to be having difficulty believing that he has finally reached such heights of ponciness. I half expected him to tell the audience to go back to their public schools. Instead, he refuses to play ‘Common People’ all night, deaf to the pleas of the crowd. One assumes that if he had, Cambridge would have imploded with the irony.

The posh students had obviously all been gassed on the way in, as what remained of the fairly substantial audience were mostly balding thirty-somethings. And a moribund lot they were too. The front three rows were showing signs of life, but that was about it. Nor were Pulp much better. Nearing the end of a fairly

intensive tour, there was a definite sense that by this point they were just going through the motions. But then Jarvis, as he admitted, is getting old now. “I’ve still got all me own teeth though,” he quipped, in his best attempt at a joke.

In keeping with his new pensioner status, the new material is appropriately sedate, full of trees and birds. It’s a far cry from *Different Class*, when he sang (in ‘I-Spy’), “Grass is something you smoke; birds are something you shag; take your year in Provence and shove it up your arse.” Expect Jarvis to be in the market for a holiday home in Southern France any day now. The new songs sounds good, but as live material, it doesn’t really get a crowd going. Unless you happen to fancy one of

the band, you might as well sit at home and listen to the album. It took ‘This is Hardcore’ and ‘Sorted for E’s and Wizz’ to raise some sparks of life further back than row four.

It’s not that Pulp have lost their touch. In Brixton two nights later on the last night of their tour, the Academy was packed to the seams; the crowd were loving it; even the band seemed to be having a good time. And, in an “up yours” to all Cambridge people, they even finished with ‘Common People’, damn them. In Cambridge we got ‘Underwear’ instead, which, let’s face it, is not really an all-time classic. Pulp’s tour went out with a bang – but here, all we heard was a long-drawn, faintly melodic whimper.



ROOTY MANOUEVER

Basement Jaxx, Corn Exchange: Ed Maxwell skanks it fen-style

With mixed feelings, I hurried to the Corn Exchange, accompanied by my ‘crazy girl’ companion. Quite apart from wondering if I’d be able to steal ‘jus 1 kiss’ from her I asked myself how this duo, rated as the best live British dance act, would fare. How would the Rooty tour compare with the near-legendary tales of their early days in the back room of The George IV pub on Brixton Hill? Would my hopes of witnessing a skilful blend of chart success and underground soundz be ‘broken dreams’?

As Buxton’s voice flanged out ‘We Are Basement Jaxx’ through the vocoder, I was stunned by the effect that switching the lights on and off over a proscenium arch can achieve, on a trendy Cult-Clothing-Clad East-Anglian crowd. Fortunately ‘Romeo’ was dispensed with early on, discounting its looming over the rest of the evening with the fore-

boding force of a Shakespearian tragedy. The saccharine choon did, however invigorate the sterile crowd, hitherto unimpressed by the warm-up DJ’s waxploitation. Jealously guarding their plastic bottles of Becks, the punters began to skank it fen-style to the assault of chest-rocking bass lines, bright visuals and dancers in tribal dress. ‘Rooty Booty’, but no large apes, alas.

As it happened my fears of anticlimax were swiftly allayed, and I was soon sweating out all the woes of another Cambridge term. Who knows how much of their set was actually live and how much pre-recorded, but they wove it together neatly with some proper technical flexing, even incorporating the sped-up lick from ‘Get Your Freak On’ at one point. ‘The South London boys’ built up some stomping and occasionally quite dark skits to bridge the ‘live’ versions of hits from both Remedy and Rooty, most of

which were one hell of a lot more epic than the album versions. The vocal from ‘jus 1 kiss’ came in via an awesome breakdown that rocked the venue, but the absolute highlight for me was ‘bingo bango’, their final show-down. The peaks and troughs of the mix, featuring solos from the dreaded percussionists and vocalists delighted the crowd to such an extent, that maybe a few might even have spilt a few drops of their treasured brews. It’s just a shame that this level of intensity wasn’t maintained throughout.

Maybe I don’t agree with the Radio 1 stalwarts and their claims of the Jaxx live ascendancy (let’s face it, they’re no Orbital brothers), but their commercial success doesn’t seem to have turned them into total sell-outs. The whole force of the night suggested they’re still true to their Roots. As for my other agenda for the night.... Girl – Where’s your head at?



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VARSLITY'S ALBUMS OF THE YEAR (2001)



An album more constructed than written or crafted, *Since I Left You* leaves the well-worn path of setting a famous hook to a polished drum pattern and waiting for the royalty cheques to flow in, taking an altogether more scenic route. Rambling through the Avalanches' record collection, we find truant school-boys, talking parrots, lazy double bass and the odd glimpse of Madonna, all bound together by the ever-present hiss of aged vinyl. Half-recognised bass lines flow in and out of hearing, lifted vocals stutter from one speaker to the other and snatches of party conversation bubble under the mix, but *Since I Left You* is more than a collection of moments because these elements are combined to produce a collection of tracks that flow into each other as if you're wandering from one room to another in a party that's taken over a cruise liner bound for the Caribbean. The Avalanches debut is a remarkably coherent journey into what sounds like fifty years of second-hand record store history.

The Avalanches
Since I Left You
(XL Recordings)

TOM CATCHESIDES



British hip-hop stands accused of fraud. For many, it is a contradiction in terms, no rival for the US brotherhood. Yet in our defence stands Roots Manuva. And his 2001 album is his greatest alibi yet.

Kicking with originality, *Run Come Save Me* is a classic: a thrilling showcase of an imagination on heat. Smacked with British attitude, Smith is a lyrical wizard, offering us a sensitive reflection upon life in an uncertain and hostile world. In Sinny Sin Sin, he asks if there is a God, in Dreamy Days, if there is love. Yet from this doubt emerges hope and confidence, expressed through smouldering rhythms digging playful loops; which along with a eclectic range of influences, from reggae to gospel, conveys the huge potential of a multi-cultural Britain. A monumental album with a burning message.

So, rest assured, as long as Roots Manuva continues to grow, Britpop will forever remain hip. Moss-side.

Roots Manuva
Run Come Save Me
(Big Dada Recordings)

MARTHA HOUSDEN



If you buy Tarentel's record, *The Order of Things* on double LP, you'll get three sides of lovely, tactile, treacly, black, 12", old-fashioned, back-in-the-day vinyl (although, it wasn't called 'vinyl' back in the day, it was called something else). The fourth side has been left blank for reasons of asymmetrical smugness. The LP being three-sided is convenient, though, because Tarentel are themselves a three-sided band, going in three directions at once. The first direction is the obligatory post-rock direction which I like to call 'Godspeed you Big Orchestra'. The second direction is the post-folk direction, which I call 'Godspeed you Crested Warbler'. And the final direction is the post-buzzing-noises direction, or 'Godspeed you Old Radiator'. And the fact that I'm facetious about it doesn't mean that it's not a great record. It is. And the fact that I invoke the post-rock muse doesn't mean that it's entirely derivative. Far from it. But you'll have to buy it yourself. Godspeed you HMV Cashier.

Tarentel
The Order of Things
(Static Caravan)

DAVE THORLEY



By rights this album should be about as compelling as an evening spent defrosting the freezer. However these 13 songs, possessing all the vim and verve of a narcoleptic tortoise and performed by married Mormons, are amongst the most enthralling of 2001. Subscribing to the belief that 'less is more' it's the sheer simplicity and fragility of this album that makes it so endearing. Against these sparse backdrops, the beautifully intertwining vocals of Alan Sparrowhawk and Mimi Parker come to the fore and lend the album a hushed, warm almost folksy quality.

Indeed it seems impossible to conceive of a more perfect distillation of Low's sensitive and sombre vision than this and in a year overshadowed by the Strokes' artless rehash of New York punk, *Things we lost in the Fire*, seems a record curiously, majestically out of time: a slow cerebral treat.

Low
Things We Lost in the Fire
(Tugboat)

JIM HINKS



This could well be country music. Or folk. Or Blues. Or an ill advised mixture of all three. On the back of the record sleeve, a man sits on the wooden terrace of some deep mid-western country dwelling, alone with his overgrown beard and acoustic guitar. This picture evokes all the feelings that prevail throughout this album – a backwards charm, a sense of overawing melancholy, love that fades with the setting sun, hope that arises somewhere over the hill in the distance, invisible for the moment.

Somehow this album also generates warmth, and a detached optimism. There is whistling, warbling harmonies, a synthesiser, and always in the background, a jangling guitar. His voice positively croons in places, disguising each bitter recollection, love affair and post coital musing behind a superficial calm. This is Will Oldham's 'kingdom'; and after listening to this album, you are half seduced by its apparent simplicity, glimpsed only through these stunning, twisted and graceful songs.

Bonnie Prince Billy
Ease Down the Road
(Domino)

LOUISA THOMSON

and there's more to come

Hilary Tacey looks forward to 2002 and prays for an end to nu metal

New year, new bands? To the chagrin of those who like their musical trends wrapped up and presented in neat annual packages its not quite that simple. Not that this stops every January journalist under the sun attempting the impossible - whether it be fashion, food or music, we all want to predict the future. And so 'detox plan', 'your horoscope for the year' and 'Geri yoga', the words '2002 preview' are everywhere. Yep, including here...

2002 isn't hermetically sealed and separated from what went before it - far from it in fact. The prospects for 2002 have a distinctly, and somewhat depressingly, retro flavour. New albums from the likes of Oasis, Supergrass, Suede, Gomez and Sheryl Crowe are imminent, heralding a possible (whisper it) nineties revival. Poaching the slightly more distant past, The Hives - hyperactive young Swedish men who couldn't sound more like Americans if they tried - threaten to steal the 'best 70s rock'n'roll pastiche' crown from 2001 faves, The Strokes. San Francisco based Black Rebel Motorcycle Club meanwhile bring a much needed lightness of touch to the trad rock vibe with superbly titled songs such as 'Whatever happened to my rock'n'roll? (Punk song)'...

On the UK front, Stereophonics, Travis and Starsailor continue their crusade to provide dadrock for the post-

millennial generation. There is hope for British rock, however, in the form of quirky young Liverpoolians The Coral and the taut Joy Division-esque rumblings of Brighton-based British Sea Power. And for those who prefer a little more subtlety, noodling around on the fringes of things the electronica revival continues apace. Uber-cool androgyny reaches its peak in the form of Ladytron and Detroit's Adult.. Come on, get your black polo-neck on - you know you want to.

On the more mainstream side of things, UK garage - 2001's major success story - has something of an uncertain future. Associations with violence smearing its reputation, it remains to be seen whether So Solid Crew and their ilk can maintain their massive popularity. Pop is also in something of a precarious position, the split-ups of Five and Steps compounded by rumours of the demise of Hear'Say. With popstrels Britney and Kylie going from strength to strength, solo seems to be the way to go.

The best new bands often seem to come out of nowhere, and despite the best efforts of the music press, trends can't be artificially manufactured. Here's hoping, at least, that 2002 won't live up to its name, there'll be a few surprises, and the year won't end the same way it began.



...and single of the year

SCRATCHED

If you have a convertible TVR then you'll know the feeling of cruising through the streets with the sun on your face and one hand on the wheel. You've got a steady beat kicking out of the bass bins in the back, and a soulful vocal rolling though the builds and the breaks, like the sea washing over the stones of your Malibu beach house. Pretty soon the music lifts you higher than you thought anything legal ever could, and you find yourself aching for the track to run all day. You can't imagine that a single piece of music could possibly get better than this, and you've certainly never heard one that has. It's a great feeling, you know. Or have you never had that? You don't have a TVR? Well if you go and get *Scratched* by Etienne De Crecy, close your eyes and sit back, then you'll find that you don't have to.

Etienne De Crecy
Scratched
(V2)

ED CARROLL

PREVIEWS

Friday 18 January

English Touring Opera – Mozart *Don Giovanni* 7.30pm, Arts Theatre, cheapest tickets £5. Further performances on Sunday and Tuesday.

Kettle's Yard Lunchtime Concert 1.10pm, free.

Saturday 19 January

CUCO Great St. Mary's, 8pm, £1-£12 – Mahler and Schubert conducted by Dougie Boyd.

Sunday 20 January

English Touring Opera – Verdi *La Traviata* 7.30pm, Arts theatre, cheapest tickets £5. Further performances on Monday and Wednesday.

Tuesday 22 January

Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra Corn Exchange, 7.30pm, cheapest tickets £5 – Matthias Bamert conducts a programme of Mandelssohn, Brahms and the Elgar Violin Concerto with Tasmin Little.

Wednesday 23 January

ISIS Recital Series The Union Building, 8.30pm, free – Hilary Davies (flute) playing music by Elliott Carter and Ibert.

Organ Recital Trinity Chapel 9pm – Jack Day plays works including Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor.

Thursday 24 January

Come and Sing Queens' Chapel, 7.30pm for 8pm – Vivaldi's *Gloria* and Mozart's Coronation Mass with the Magsoc Chorus conducted by James Southall – No Auditions, £4.

Bach and Mozart Clare Chapel, 9pm free – Bach Brandenburg Concertos 1&6 and Mozart's *Exultate Jubilate* with soloist Louise Kateck and conducted by Nick Collon.

JAZZ

Cambridge Modern Jazz Club continues this term at Sophbeck Sessions, Napier Street. First up is this Friday, with the **Coffee House Quintet**, a local band which won last year's Cambridge Festival Competition. The quintet is described as 'progressive', with influences including Herbie Hancock and Courtney Pine. Gigs continue every Friday, and students are offered two gigs for a tenner.

CUSO

Although a little later in term, it is worth noting that the student run **Cambridge University Symphony Orchestra** are again appearing at the prestigious venue **St. John's, Smith Square, London** on the **22nd February**, with a programme including Dvorak 7 and Elgar's Cello Concerto. Get on the train now and you might arrive in time to support this flourishing orchestra. **BTW**

Cardew the Communist

James Olsen commemorates the music of Cornelius Cardew with a bunch of hippies

Most of us were probably too 'Brittened-out' at the end of last term to reflect on the anniversary of another British composer's death – that of Cornelius Cardew. It's hard to imagine two composers more dissimilar: Britten was the darling of the establishment all his life (even when he was a toddler, he was allegedly called 'dear' so much that he thought it was his name), Cardew rallied against it for all of his.

British composers have never succeeded by speaking up – although Byrd and Elgar were Catholics, Handel was a foreigner, Britten and Tippett were pacifists and all of them were apparently more or less queer, the Anglopatriarchal authorities turned a blind eye so long as these unsavoury sides stayed in the closet.

Cardew had no time for the closet – during the sixties, his socialist convictions led him to abandon conventional notation in favour of abstract graphics interpretable by musical 'innocents'. Eventually he came to reject the avant-garde as an indifferent clique, and became an outspoken Marxist-Leninist, writing music for the workers. Whereas Britten remained devoted to his country from the safety of East Anglia, Cardew was anything but provincial: after graduating from the RAM in 1957, he had worked as an assistant to Stockhausen before returning to London and becoming one of the keenest exponents of European and American avant-garde in the 'land without music'. In December 1981 he was tragically killed by a hit-

and-run driver in Leyton. Fellow Marxists still talk darkly of MI5 conspiracies.

Music from every stage of his life was heard at *Cornelius Cardew Day* this Christmas in London's Conway Hall, a venue renowned for both left-wing political events and, somewhat incongruously, classical chamber music. Organised by former colleagues and friends,



Cardew Day was both at once: on arrival, the event seemed to be a reunion of ageing Marxist men with long, grey ponytails, dusty flares and socks and sandals a-plenty.

The Day began with former members of the Scratch Orchestra, shoes to one side, in a performance of the graphic-scored *Great Learning*. Its egalitarian aesthetic (anyone can take part, using any

instrument) is meant to provoke, but this performance ironically seemed too much just like a shabby concert rather than a striking alternative to one. Other more colourful improvisations similarly lacked real nerve, whilst his later piano music, composed for The People, is downright patronising – as The People can only handle cod Beethoven.

Perhaps the most memorable music of the day was his Marxist pop songs, whose hopelessly idealistic lyrics are set to cheerfully conventional music, with (presumably intentionally) all the stresses on the wrong syllables. It was hard to tell whether the former members of *People's Liberation Music*, who performed (presumably intentionally) out of tune and with great gusto, had their tongues in their cheeks or not. I somehow doubt it, words such as 'Smash smash smash the social contract' are so spectacularly dated as to be risible. (Readers of Private Eye need only imagine Dave Spart: the Album.)

It's easy for us Thatcher-children to mock. We do desperately need some idealism today, but it must move on from this bolsky sickle-wielding. The avant-garde Taliban of yesteryear may now have been toppled, but today's contemporary music world remains a small, relatively affluent circle of hedonists with apparently very little concern for ills of the wider world. We may giggle at Cardew's works, but we should still admire him for believing that new music might just be able to change everyone's lives for the better.

All-star Parsifal

David Warren enjoys Rattle's Wagner début

The Royal Opera House is almost worth a visit in itself, such are the delights of the splendid Floral Hall, the fantastic views from the upper bar balcony and the beautifully redecorated Crush Bar. My expectation of attending the premier of a new production of arguably one of the greatest music-dramas ever written was understandably intense.

The musical side of the production in every way lived up to this burden. Sir Simon Rattle gave a beautifully-crafted account of the score. He brought out the spiritual elements of the music and the resultant communion of the musical and the spiritual was stunningly potent.

It was an all-star cast led by the justly super-famous Thomas Hampson. As Amfortas, his tormented, soulful baritone marvellously exaggerated the hopelessness of his character's eternal condemnation. Violeta Urmana's vibrant and sensuous soprano provided the alluring dimension that is essential to the temptress Kundry's persona. Often Kundry just isn't sexy enough and since it is an axiom of the work that Parsifal's rejection of her advances and his compassion for her leads to redemption for both characters, it is vital that she is absolutely alluring.

While Willard W. White lucidly captures the sinister cunning and maybe psychotic thirst for power of Kundry's master – the expelled Knight of the Holy Grail, Skeletor. He is certainly a worthy opponent of Parsifal with his

powerful voice and significant "physical presence". The eponymous hero himself, however, lets the big league cast down. Stig "of the dump" Anderson has a decent voice but his lumbering stage presence really takes the foolish element of Parsifal's nature a little too far. Moreover, his acting is poor, especially in comparison to that of the other cast members – particularly Hampson, who gives an excellent physical demonstration of Amfortas' suffering. It is true that there is not much Parsifal can do during the unveiling of the Grail scene except watch in naïve rapture but Anderson failed even to accomplish this task by having a look of dim confusion plastered across his features for a good twenty minutes.

A more serious criticism is a direct one of the production itself. The lack of coherence was perhaps the most surprising feature. A shark suspended above Klingsor's realm stems from an arguably viable view that his domain is a submerged one, yet the need to have a scattering of brightly illuminated fluorescent shapes (symbolising the luminescent creatures of the deep perhaps?) is beyond me when one of the corners of the stage is full of very terrestrial looking scenery. Similarly setting the climax of Parsifal's search for redemption in teletubby land defies interpretation. Perhaps with this staging of Act III it was the director's intention to mock the opera, whether it were or not he came very close.

CUCOphany

Will Hutchinson sees CUCO at Britten@25

There was much disappointment on the Cambridge music scene last term; an unsettled CUMS gave an indifferent opening concert; ISIS came and very nearly went; *Machinist Hopkins* wasn't the event that it might have been. Thankfully this finale to the Britten@25 festival given by CUCO and the University Chamber Choir bucked the trend and only served to cement their glowing reputations and confirm the success of the festival.

This concert opened with a work by student composer Tom Poster. His orchestral sketch was meant to represent an unrestrained, romantic Britten and as such was predictably saccharine, though the orchestration and performance were of a high enough standard. Grant Llewellyn's direction was assured and the band was visibly happier than under Wayne Marshall earlier in the term.

The first Britten item of the concert was his *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings* with Alison Butcher and Mark Wilde. Ali is no stranger to CUCO, having been their principal horn in recent years. Those nerves evident in her sound in the first movement gave way to renewed confidence in the second. The tenor was, at times, too operatic to blend with the ensemble and made an unfortunate slip in the penultimate poem, but the sheer vitality of his performance and communication with the audience were enough to remove those doubts. Throughout the work, CUCO's

accompaniment was excellent, marred only by the occasional lapse in concentration.

Britten's *Cantata Misericordia* ended the first half of the programme and saw CUCO accompanying Cambridge University Chamber Choir. With members drawn from a number a chapel choirs, it was no surprise that the choir sang excellently. The baritone soloist Simon Bailey was in commanding form and rather overshadowed tenor Mark Wilde.

The second half opened with CUCC singing unaccompanied in *He-She-Together* by Robin Holloway. If CUCO just needed that extra edge in their performance, then CUCC showed them how it should be done. It was, for me, the highlight of the concert and one of the best choral performances I've heard in Cambridge for a long time. The sheer size of sound they produced was amazing, to say nothing of the range of colours.

Unfortunately, the concert finished on a somewhat lacklustre note with Mozart Symphony No 40. In a move that probably had more to do with platform logistics than authenticity of performance, most of the orchestra played whilst standing up. They were as technically accurate as always but just didn't have the verve and excitement that CUCC showed in the Holloway.

It was an unfortunate ending to an otherwise outstanding concert.

2001: Leaving it all behind

Hannah Barry looks at a year which brought many a grand master and yet another round of Turner shambles

2001 was always billed as the year the Grand Exhibition was to make its welcome return. Early surveys in January had critics who had for so long bemoaned the sorry state of the public exhibition dancing in what had seemingly been the grave of the English art calendar. The wealth of treasures promised saw worldwide collections thoroughly rummaged and consequently plundered to bring the English scene some of the greatest masters to grace the history of art, which has all too often seen important major pieces shunning it for New York, Paris and Berlin.

And the Royal Academy, never one to disappoint, gave us *Genius of Rome*, following it up with the stunning *Rembrandt's Women*, both challenging and extensive hangs filling the main galleries. The smaller Sackler Wing was not forgotten, its walls adorned with hundreds of almost perfectly preserved Botticelli drawings for Dante's *Divine Comedy*, which saw the dimly lit gallery packed out from opening to closing night, all viewing in hushed silence the intricate renderings of hell, purgatory and culminating in the endless circles of stars surrounding the dancing souls of paradise.

In May the graceful hand of the Academy then coaxed from guarded walls above altars and slipped behind many a laser alarm to bring forth from Italy's depths over 150 rarities that well

deserved their places in the masterful *Genius of Rome* show. This was a show that in normal circumstances one would have to undertake pilgrimage to reach. Caravaggio's dark quasi-Hollywood use of the camera obscura (well according to Mr. Hockney anyway) renders the less squalid scenes of 16th century Rome, parading card-sharps, lute players, delectable mounds of fruit, and the celebrated ermine-clad Saint John across its walls.

The directors at the National also strode back into London laden with goods, their July show brought the clear light of Vermeer from the North. Cast through windows and across tables, there were few who did not make pains to come and pay their respects. The Dutch master's stunning work was by far the most eagerly anticipated show of the year, dare I even suggest, the century. On it summer outing in London, it broke all records, selling more advance tickets than any other show in the history of exhibition-going.

Unfortunately the Renaissance Autumn did not see the success of Vermeer repeated. Regardless of the

Times critics relentlessly giving it a place on their must see list, I maintain that the NG's *Pisanello* was one of the most appallingly disappointing shows of the season. There were three paintings alone worth the critical praise. The rest of the show simply padding to fill a badly chosen space, and the reproduc-

tion Renaissance court wallpaper an outrageous waste of money. Photography didn't lose out either, with a fabulously stylish exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery who showed Horst's black and white photography. One of the most brilliantly conceived shows came from the V&A, whose curatorial team is surely one of

the best in a public gallery at present. *Imperfect Beauty* provided an intriguing window on the rarely penetrable backstage of the fashion magazine with contributions from stylists and photographers alike. Later in the year Monsieur Brassai's dark chic was given a full retrospective at the Hayward, recalling the bygone era of 1930s Paris café society, dancehalls and debauchery. For contemporary art, a mediocre year. Old Ms. Emin, with the presence of all the old masters seemed to rear her head and shed the introspective self-indulgent misery with a quiet and graceful show at White Cube². Even embracing a mildly teasing title, *You forgot to Kiss my Soul* presented some of her most mature work to date, alongside numerous small ink self portrait sketches that showed her as vulnerable as the rest of us, even admitting trivial concerns in the Self portrait with Westwood shoes Mr. Jopling continued to have successful shows moving to Gilbert and George for a dose of provocative humour in *New Horny Pictures* (although perhaps the more interesting exhibition was at the adjacent Lux Gallery, who showed

the more obscene old films and even some records of the pair's silver suited spaceman escapades) and culminating in the monumental Sam Taylor-Wood's *Mute*.

The Tate Modern blossomed rather late with its intense and shocking examination of Surrealism in *Desire Unbound*, an exceptionally well-designed show, charting the bizarre realms of the imagination brought into play when the male imagination is set free, the male imagination of a Parisian surrealist in the 1920s, for those demanding a mildly more specific example...

Oh and then there was the Turner, which in spite of presenting some of the most mature, sensible and prize deserving nominees – all being over the age of 30 and quite part of the contemporary establishment – that it has ever shown, managed to shoot itself in the foot. This year they used a blonde bombshell by the name of Madonna, who managed to outshine even Martin Creed's minimalist efforts, though she really need not have gone to the trouble of that simple black Chloë ensemble... For all the clarity of a single bulb intermittently lighting a room was somewhat upstaged by her one diligent obscenity thrown across that white space in the Tate, to break the clean aesthetic pleasure of Channel 4's 9 o'clock watershed.



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All rise please

The title piece *Mute*, from which STW's show emerges, confronts the visitor with an intensely sad vision and sets the tone for things to come. Not unlike her much lauded, and simultaneously loathed, naked male dancing in his infamous residence at the Tate Modern, *Mute* depicts a man pouring his emotion into an operatic performance on slowed film. The emotion rises and falls across his face, gestures tense, clasped fist and passionate eyes, yet we cannot hear the musical accompaniment, he is so clearly aware of. A far more melancholy experience for the audience than those self-indulgent balletics at the Tate, for there the observed subject is entirely unaware of the audience whereas here the man desperately wants us to hear. He performs for us, yet his audience is denied gratification.

Taylor-Wood's silent films aim to place themselves beyond our reach of a satisfactory or complete interpretation. The voice of *Mute* has to be an imagined one, as does the threat in *Girl with Eumuch* and even observing *Pietà*, which for many critics was the reassuring element of the show, I found myself distinctly ill at ease. Here the artist herself carries a nude Robert Downey Jr. in her arms recalling Michelangelo's religious *Pietà* in the Vatican. In composition not unlike a Renaissance Deposition scene, Taylor-Wood teases the audience's perceptions with her own expression, which like the body she cradles, heaving and yet seemingly unconscious, is an ambiguous sequence

of despair and nurture. We leave the scene anxious and uncertain.

Perhaps the pathos is yet more unbearable in *Still Life*, in which we watch a perfect bowl of delectable fruit slowly rot and disintegrate into a moulding mass. We helplessly watch the perfect being spoiled and losing its form. We cannot even remove the offending plate. The whole show demands that we consider vulnerability, but it is perhaps here that the artist is begging us to recognise the fragility of living things. Next to the apples is a biro, which during the rotting sequence remains unsullied, with its smug offensive plasticity.

Also included are a new batch of single subject photographs, which were as always quietly beautiful and endlessly engaging. Fragility is a theme continued here too, with the focus placed on human frailty, perfectly illustrated in *Self Portrait as a Tree* where a lone leafless tree lit by a single ray of afternoon sun stands tall against the onset of night and rising winds.

From the grande dame of pathos we have a curiously intriguing exhibition, full of the Taylor-Wood subject, technique and style we all know and love, but as ever, she remains loath to direct her audience, leaving much to the imagination and inventive narrative of her audience.

Sam Taylor-Wood will be speaking for the Visual Arts Society this term. Details to be announced. She exhibits at the Hayward Gallery from April 25th 2002.

Elegantly scandalous

Any aspiring pleasure seeker should head immediately to the Academy's sublime new exhibition *The Dawn of the Floating World*. Having never previously been overtly taken with oriental art, and naively thinking it was confined to small spurts of fan painting and the ubiquitous origami, I was stunned into swiftly assuming a more educated and mature point of view.

The 140 or so prints assembled in the intimate Sackler Wing of the RA transport the visitor back into the two immensely but disgracefully popular districts in Edo, now modern day Tokyo; the Yoshiwara Pleasure Quarter and the Kabuki theatres, places inspiring over-indulgence and hedonism for literate ancients. These areas were known rather romantically as the floating worlds, where morals and serious concerns were forgotten, fortunes and reputations made and lost, and where love and murder flourished. Places packed with beautiful young women, effeminates, dandies, courtesans and frequented by the wealthy, literate cognoscenti.

Treaves and Clark, guide us through the pieces thematically as well as detailing stylistic elements such as the development of

recession in perspective pictures and eventually the introduction of the three colour printing system and the colour wood cut that was to become a much celebrated tool. The scenes of Edo are fascinating; screens, hanging scrolls, pillar paintings and small elegant compendiums illuminate sake drinking boys, fan-wielding dandies, masseuses, elegant courtesans and bawdy actors. Lone figures or mingling and congregating masses, complemented by fabulous plants; delicately draped willows, red clematis trees and housed in embellished pagodas.

More moral souls would be earnestly wagging those disapproving fingers at Edo's pleasure seekers, engaged as they are so patently in dubious activities, money fashion and sex emphatically the major preoccupations of the Edo residents. Screen after screen shows assembled women gossiping over reams of fine cloth in the haberdashery store, or men parading the streets eyeing prostitutes sat enjoying the obligatory sake. However, not having a terribly resilient moral backbone, I caved in to enjoy the exhibition, these activities elevated to an acceptable level by the sheer aesthetic pleasure and amusement they lavished upon me.

If one is to squander time and vast amounts of money, it may as well be done in style, and in the *Floating World* this was abundant, and perfectly executed by the flamboyant virtuoso of the artists' brushwork. A woman lounges in the moonlight, idly running a comb through her hair. Trailing clematis in silver and gold, each tiny leaf detailed to the last vein adorns her kimono. Even monks manage some appropriate foppiness, bedecked in deep



sedge hats that framed the face with sweeping brim, and more than once I spotted a man of the cloth with the most prized accessory of the floating world; a bevy of beautiful young prostitutes. This juxtaposition of the sacred and profane is evident throughout, and is a source of much amusement.

Much to my relief the ubiquitous Geisha was not given centre stage, and though included was mentioned with appropriate self-restraint – no need to add further fuel to the West's Arthur Golding and Waterstones inspired obsession with Geisha. Instead focus was on the risqué (and indeed it was amusing to see the well-wheeled afternoon Academy visitors inspecting the 'playbooks'. Ancient guides to erotica in Edo), the carefree and the artistically trivial. And above all the *Floating World* manages to envelope the visitor for an hour or two in a supremely enviable lifestyle. A joy for lotus eaters everywhere.



Fusion, forks and flavours

Marcus Omond investigates cookbooks, and cooks the Literature Editor three dinners too

Simultaneous to the growth of the ever more tenuous "fusion" cookery advocated by cookbook writers (Gordon Ramsey's Thai rice pudding with coconut and lemongrass, for example), is a fusion of genre: the previously separate cookbooks and self-help books are melding together. Most new cookbooks come with a wholly integrated "philosophy".



Nadine Abensur, for example, explains her relationship with chicory thus: "Maybe it's my *dosha* (Ayurvedic mind-body classification), but I often seem to crave a slight bitterness; even without exactly liking it, it seems to satisfy some deep need in me". If Abensur's recipes weren't invariably delicious, her new age tone would be enough to put me off her superb *Cranks Bible*.

This limp, unintellectual engagement with other cultures characterises the worse cookbooks currently published. Whole civilisations are reduced to glib phrases; their ways of life are sanitised so as to paint "taste the difference" picture postcards. Hence, Ursula Ferrigno's *Bringing Italy Home* has prose with a remarkable absence of thought: its introduction gushes forth on "the importance of eating to the Italians". "The streets are silent and, if you listen closely, the sound of knives and forks can be heard. There will also be laughing and arguing, for eating is a passionate affair." The book is divided into seasons, each chapter begins with a limp few lines of verse: Keats for autumn, Swinburne for spring, some pathetic lines that Marvell didn't write but which are libellously attributed to him for summer. This limpness wouldn't matter if it didn't carry over to the food too: Ferrigno's chosen ingredients are those of the intellectually lazy vegetarian; no meat, but fish is OK. With the importance of pork products to Italian cooking, this seems almost as ludicrous as her neglecting to mention the importance of Catholicism to all Italian domestic life, including cooking. The food is invariably plain, tasting as bland as the coffee sold in Café Nero, where this ghastly book is available. Avoid.

Anna del Conte's *Gastronomy of Italy* is

more concerned with explaining how Italian food works than providing sepia images of authentic peasant life; as a result, her book is better. Her book is rigorously encyclopaedic, with extensive sections on ingredients and regional variations; no bland, uniform Italy for her. Her prose too avoids gush; although she is passionate about food and hopes "this passion will glow through my words", by laying off the superlatives, over-simplifications and stylistic damp squibs she lets the food shine on its own. The recipes she gives invariably taste delicious; moreover, her instructions are unhindered by the



irritatingly chatty tone of her compatriot's tome. This book is admirably untrendy and delicious to cook from.

Del Conte's book is like Sam and Sam Clark's *Moro: The Cookbook* in insisting on an uncompromising authenticity. The Clark's use of "sumac", "wheat berries" and "mojama" symptomises their incredi-



ble geographical focus: Mediterranean pinenuts "are highly prized and superior to the Asian variety"; "The area around La Mancha in central Spain produces some of the best-quality saffron in the world". In tandem to this insistence on absolute cultural authenticity, the writers help us pedestrian, un-cosmopolitan Brits with useful translations like "we quenched our thirst with ice-cold 'cervezas' (beers)". The food, like del Conte's, is wonderful, but requires inordinate prep time: growing sourdough mixes and live yoghurt is fine for hippies or Chelsea housewives, but not for students with tiny shared kitchens.

The combinations of flavours, though, are doable; any prospective romantic interest is going to be vastly impressed with cauliflower with saffron, pinenuts and raisins or duck breast with okra and pomegranate molasses.

Restaurateurs' cookbooks in general suffer in that they assume teams of skilled subordinates are at hand; hence they tend to come up with recipes which are delicious but incredibly difficult. Gordon Ramsey's *Just Desserts* suffers here: while he may think that choux pastry "is one of the easiest pastries to make", lesser mortals may disagree. But most of his food is achievable, especially with his gentle yet firm instruction; and the thrill of making a delicious orange pannacotta or pumpkin cheesecake successfully almost makes up for the five hours you've spent in the kitchen. Tetsuya Wakeda's *Tetsuya*, however, is more difficult. Finding the ingredients alone is a nightmare (black sesame seeds and live sea trout anywhere in Cambridge?); but turning them into the

colourful tower blocks he favours is nigh on impossible. This book looks gorgeous; but as a cookbook it is rather useless.

Occupying the other extreme of the culinary spectrum is *The River Cottage Cookbook*. Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall's self-sufficiency creates photos a world from Tetsuya's; whereas his sea food is arranged with twigs to look pretty, Hugh



Fearnley-Whittingstall's cuttlefish being gutted in the bath looks more like one of Fred West's family snaps. This book is not for the squeamish: there are plenty of pictures of lambs being taken to slaughter, game being hung and squirrels being skinned. But the approach is refreshingly honest: meat is dead animal, and better to raise or hunt your dinner yourself, thus ensuring animals' welfare, than buy the supermarkets' intensively raised produce.

The River Cottage Cookbook takes the self-help crossover idea to its furthest extent: it suggests a new way of living (although it admittedly also offers less extreme self-help than slitting a pig's throat and collecting the blood for breakfast). The other book published last year that really wants to rearrange your life is John Pawson and Annie Bell's *Living and Eating*. John Pawson, reputedly a fine minimalist architect, is fascist in his insistence on specific bijouterie: "it is useful to have a couple of small dishes for tasks such as roasting nuts. Those produced by Staub are ideal". But his insistence on clutter belies his minimalist pretensions; rather than having nothing, he stuffs his cupboards with "the most restrained off-white china" and "Georgian silver candlesticks [which] possess a timeless elegance". Were the recipes as ghastly as Pawson's limp aesthetic, this book would be on its way to Oxfam; but Annie Bell is consistently stunning. Although her tone can grate ("Knowing how to fix a mean Bloody Mary is an essential social skill"), her recipes are easy to cook and delicious: beetroot and apple soup, chicken baked in salt with lapsang souchong, chocolate mousse cake. Along with the del Conte and Abensur, she provides classy content in a publishing sphere increasingly dominated by incompetent celebrity cooks.

LIT SHORTS

Heffers

Get your black polo-neck out. The anthology *Oxford Poets 2001* celebrates with readings tonight by Maureen Duffy, Peter Scupham, Peter Howard, Jane Draycott, Carmen Bagan and Robert Saxton. Friday 18th January. 6-7.30pm. No ticket required.

Ed McBain, the celebrated crime fiction writer, reads from and signs copies of his new book, *Money, Money, Money*, which deals with contraband drug smuggling. Thursday 24th January. 6-7.30pm. Ticket required. Free.

Wanna Write?

Barbarella joint.com is a new online, monthly magazine focusing on social change and cutting-edge arts, style and music reporting.

The name is taken from the cult movie *Barbarella*, starring Jane Fonda, and the first issue is due this Spring, focusing on 'peace'. They're looking for writers of all kinds, who want to do both Cambridge and non-Cambridge-focused reviews, interviews, and creating writing.

Contact Ruth at Ruthiecolbird@yahoo.co.uk or 07866801915 for more information.



Literature on the bedside table

Sarah Savitt does no work at all and thus interviews the new Literature Editor, Sameer Rahim, in the office.



Currently Reading: I've just picked up Giles Foden's *The Last King of Scotland*, which is about Idi Amin's dictatorial regime in Uganda, told through the eyes of his personal doctor. I'm enjoying it even though his prose style is a bit too journalistic. I'm also tackling Frantz Fanon's *Black Skin White Masks* which is a strange mixture of poetic prose, radical philosophy, and political agit prop. I've also just started reading *Jane Eyre* for the first time.

Must Re-Read: I am always meaning to re-read Martin Amis' *Money*, which was one of the most enjoyable fictional experiences of my life. His lethal

prose makes this a good book to read when you're feeling angry with the world. I should get around to reading *Midnight's Children* again if only for Rushdie's wonderful exuberant style. I have a nagging feeling that *Ulysses* is also one of those novels that certainly warrants re-reading.

Childhood-Reading: My childhood reading covered pretty much the entire oeuvre of Enid Blyton (*Famous Five*, *Five Find Outers*, *Secret Seven*, etc.) and an author who nobody seems to have ever heard of – Willard Price. He wrote about the adventures of two rugged American boys who go to exotic locations and collect animals

for their father's zoo. They're packed full of interesting information about animals, none of which I can actually remember.

Meaning to Read: There are so many books that I want to read that I am continually adding to my list, but apart from the usual (Proust, Marx, etc.) I would love to finish Gitta Sereny's *Albert Speer: His Battle with Truth*. I read the first fifty pages over the summer but had to give it up. It is based on interviews with Speer, who was Hitler's architect, but got off at Nuremberg. It is an examination of his post-war guilt over his knowledge of the Holocaust.

Taking drugs

Richard Pearce reads soberly and says no

People talking about drugs, in terms of the amount they drank, dropped, ingested, or took anally, are not talking about an interesting subject. Drugs are fine (well, that's probably not necessarily true, but this is not an anti-drug rant nor am I anti-drugs *per se*) and booze has enriched and even informed my Cambridge life. My advice is simply to take something and enjoy it. Do something for its own sake, and not because you think it makes you a more interesting person.

These are my prejudices, and I should be honest and say I brought each and every one to Richard Rudgley's collection *Wildest Dreams, An Anthology of Drug-Related Literature*. It is divided into seven parts which are broadly linked historically and thematically, beginning with Second Century accounts of witchcraft and ending with an Irvine Welsh extract set in a Bowls Members' Club. The latter is strongest in showing the parsimonious in life rather than being a strict 'drug piece'.

I make this point because while the book sells itself as 'drug-related', the approach they take – simply recounting drugs and what they do – is really tedious. I think the book overstretching in its aims and what Rudgley believed that, if he put in a few bits of Burroughs and Howard Marks, their elan would diffuse into the boring bits. All of this

leaves little space for writers who use drug literature as a way into interesting questions or even just good prose, such as Baudelaire, Huxley, and Irvine Welsh, all of whom are underused.

I should be fair to the book and point out that the discussions of the various aspects of drug-use in aboriginal societies are very well researched. Again, the point is that the book doesn't sell itself on those terms. I think the use of drugs in non-industrial societies is and would be extremely interesting, but Rudgley has simply collected different accounts of drug taking and truncated them to the extent where any unique flavour they might have is diluted, beyond both real academic interest and accomplished writing. Will Self's restrained (I know, but here he really is restrained) debunking of Burroughs puts Western appropriation of drug-reverence into perspective.

Collections of pieces can be excellent and even exquisite if they are of sufficient quality. The collection here is of just too mixed value to be worth considering. If you're interested in drug-literature, there are better things written about drugs, either appreciated on their own terms or as windows into life. I don't buy Burroughs', Hunter's, or Marks' fixations and there's not enough here to counter their poor writing. Just say no.

Sepia-tinted success

Sarah Penn reads and recommends Isabel Allende's *Portrait in Sepia*



I would wholeheartedly recommend this immensely readable family saga, viewed through the eyes of Aurora, an Anglo-American-Chilean-Chinese girl, which takes place over the years 1862-1910. It is most definitely not just a historical drama, but a two-way journey back into the recesses of Aurora's background, and at the same time forwards through her youth and married life. We see images of the past flash by which are intense



yet fragmented; they originate in the dark corners of myth and memory as she attempts to reconstruct her ancestry. Here, in the disparate scenes of turn of the century San Francisco, Edwardian London and war-torn Chile, Allende's characters radiate energy and life, and a vast yet intimate canvas of her diverse heritage begins to emerge.

Aurora herself provides the necessary constant as she attempts to grasp the elusive threads of her past and weave them together into some cohesive identity. I was gradually drawn more



and more towards Aurora; a measure of Allende's masterful ability to portray characters with tenderness and maintain a sympathy that never slips beyond a realistic sense of human behaviour. The members of her family are likewise drawn with an effective mixture of the hypnotic magic of legend and an affectionate intimacy. Her gigantic Aunt Paulina rises prominent amongst them as the domineering matriarch of the Chilean family, whose massive Florentine bed starts the novel with its progress across three

continents. Sexuality and femininity are powerful presences throughout the novel as Allende confronts issues still very much alive today in her native Chile and in the Western world.

The political backdrop also plays an important role, from the child prostitutes of San Francisco's China Town to the civil war and women's suffrage movement in Chile. Just as Aurora must face the obscure demons of her



youth, so too must Chile come to terms with its own turbulent history of social unrest and inequality. What I found most impressive in Allende's writing was her skill in painting such a wide panorama that stretches through three continents and many more cultures, over a period of fifty years, but at the same time maintains a captivating reality in each tiny detail of personality and emotion.

want to get your creative writing published?

want to have it introduced by

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Nick Cave?

the deadline for submissions to the **May Anthologies 2002** is this Monday, 21 Jan

entries will not be accepted unless they comply with the following specifications...

poetry: up to 5 poems of any length

fiction: up to 3 pieces of no more than 10,000 words each

your name should not appear anywhere on the work...please submit a cover sheet with your name, college, email address, home address and the titles of your submissions...send 5 copies of each piece and each piece on a disk clearly labelled with your name...all submissions to Ed Hall, 11- 12

Trumpington St, by 21 Jan 2002.

Hants pants

Similarly strong individual victories were also secured by Emma Pooley and Emma Calderbank a week earlier in Shotover Park, Oxford, in the second and third team races respectively.



This term the Hare & Hounds will be mainly preparing for the BUSA Championships in early February. If they can reinforce the individual successes of the Varsity Matches and also take revenge over Oxford in the team competition.

Furious at having conceded four goals, the target was set for the next quarter of scoring at least twenty and conceding fewer ourselves. Even tighter defence in the circle from Lois Farrow and Lou Bamfield, coupled with an increase in scoring opportunities provided by some inspired feeds

Stirred into action by their own rebukes, the Cambridge side had a sublime final quarter. A complex system for the defence of opposition centre-passes, devised and implemented by Caroline Tunncliffe, Lou Bamfield and Liz Bates, proved enormously successful, cutting Northampton's possession of the ball down to a bare minimum. Fluent passing down court was compounded by beautiful shooting from Kirsten Barker and Lizzie Naylor. By the time the final whistle sounded, the score-line had soared to a monumental 73-14. Naturally all were concerned were more than satisfied with the overall performance and the prospects for the coming months are good.

In the women's 1st Kyu (upper brown) section Jade Finnegan proved she was the best by defeating three other brown belts to gain 30 points towards her black belt. Unfortunately, Jade was unable to secure a line-up due to a shortage of female brown belts but she's almost certain to go up next grading. Despite this minor setback, the day is to be considered a great success especially for the five beginners who graded and who all gained orange belts. The sort of experience gained at this sort of event is invaluable and will stand all in good stead for the future.



LEAGUE TABLES: WOMENS FOOTBALL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	GD	Pts
Corpus	5	4	0	1	9	2	7	12
N'ham II	5	3	0	2	12	7	5	9
Queens' II	5	3	0	2	7	6	1	9
Christs	5	2	0	3	8	9	-1	6
Sidney II	4	1	2	1	2	2	0	5
Fitz II	3	1	1	1	3	4	-1	4
M'delene	5	0	1	4	3	14	-11	1

No pontoon for Under 21's

U21's Varsity Rugby

17 Cambridge
 23 Oxford

Ben Speight

It was a match worth setting the alarm clock for because, compared to the main attraction, the U21s Varsity Match was a much more open encounter and an engaging watch. Not that many people were willing to turf themselves out of bed for the 11.30am start to watch though and the game was played in an eerie silence with only pockets of supporters dotted about the vast terraces of Twickenham. Despite leading at half time, the Light Blues U21s were put into the shade again by their opponents from Oxford, losing by 23-17. In truth, the final scoreline was somewhat flattering, for if it had not been for some elementary errors made by Oxford's back line, the result may have been a lot more convincing.

Just 90 seconds into the match, Oxford fly-half Honeyben struck first blood with a penalty. Cambridge's full back, Marchand, replied with a kick ten minutes later and then Cambridge edged into a 6-3 lead with another Marchand kick that followed shortly. The game was more than another kicking contest however and running rugby was continually on show.

Midway through the half, Oxford took the game by the scruff of the neck with a slick move only foiled by an inexplicable forward pass. The Oxford team were then camped inside the Cambridge twenty two for the next five minutes and the pressure culminated in Oxford's hooker, Webb, going over before the half hour. A missed conversion left the scores at 8-6 but a Cambridge penalty, brought about after a surging Abiola run, gave the Light Blues a narrow lead at half time.

After the break, another Marchand penalty stung Oxford into action though again a slick backs move was let down by a poor final pass. Following a missed penalty opportunity by Oxford's fly half Honeyben, Oxford also had a try disallowed for crossing. However, seconds later, Honeyben found his kicking form and put a penalty over to close the gap. Oxford searched for a try with their backline switching play across from flank to flank. But, as had been the case right through the match, the receiver of the final pass choked and knocked on.

With a certain inevitability, Oxford were awarded a couple of penalties to regain the lead and stretch it to 17-12 with just a quarter of the match remaining. Despite Cambridge pressure and many attempts to get the ball out to their dangerous winger, Abiola, the game was put out of Cambridge's pressure by two more penalties that gave them a 23-12 lead.



Photo: Rowan Huppert

Honeyben's imperious second half performance was ultimately the difference in this match. But had it not been for school boy handling errors by Oxford's backline, Cambridge would have been dead and buried with half an hour to spare. Indeed if the Oxford's final ball had been as

lethal as Abiola's pace, Cambridge would have been on the end of a severe hiding. He has the reputation of being the fastest man in the university and he showed why in the dying seconds of injury time with the highlight of the match. From within his own twenty two he ran fully seventy

yards at lightning pace, past numerous desperate lunging tackles to produce a try of the highest order. But too little too late. One got the feeling that perhaps if he hadn't been so well defended against, the scoreline might have been a little different from the 23-17 final result.

Ultimate success

Ultimate Frisbee

Rich Turner

Ultimate is swiftly becoming as demanding a sport as you can find in Cambridge. With six training sessions a week and an ever-growing college scene, the sport is enjoying something of a boom. But what of the fortunes of Cambridge's first team? After the ignominy of failing to qualify for the Student National Finals last year, Cambridge were motivated to make this year's indoor season more distinguished. The Cambridge team, Strange Blue, recently travelled to Brighton for the South East Cup. Out of the sixteen

teams present at Brighton, six had credible National ambitions. Cambridge hoped to make it into the top three; thereby securing a place for Nationals.

Strange Blue's multinational team, sporting some of the best of Europe and North America's student ultimate players, breezed through their initial pool play. The first real test was Brunel University; a well-rounded team with a good standard of players. However, after a tight start to the game, Strange Blue's offensive plays proved to be the slickest and they won through 10-6. A couple of easy victories later the team found themselves in the all-important semi-final. Student indoor tournaments are well known for their unrivaled atmosphere, with large crowds watch-

ing many of the matches. However the atmosphere for this encounter was a little special. Disc Doctors from Imperial College London, are one of the most athletic teams on the circuit. Their play is controlled by their captain; a GB All Star with a range of non-standard strategies and throws to match. Marc Guilbert had an awesome duel with him, spending most of the game airborne and horizontal. In spite of this, hammers and blades peppered Cambridge's end zone and the team found themselves two behind with five minutes to go. However, Anna Nelson and Andreas Heger handled faultlessly and helped us draw level, thanks in no small part to Matt Harwood's vital end zone grab at the end of normal time.

Cambridge entered sudden death, but Disc Doctors had possession. The team needed a heroic defense. This came in the form of Keith Hunter, who out-jumped his man in a fantastic block of a pitch-length long throw. Strange Blue proceeded to make pass after pass despite Imperials aggressive defense. After two and a half minutes of possession, under the highest pressure, an opening eventually appeared and Cambridge wrapped up the game.

Having booked their place at Nationals all that stood between Cambridge and the title of best team in the South East was the Portsmouth University side. Cambridge soon found themselves battling against a tight zone-defense. With hundreds watching and tremendous support Roshan Baliga initiated two crucial turnovers. Jon Harris performed well, and Strange Blue cruised to an easy victory.

The new Champions of the South East are looking forward to performing well at Nationals. We'll keep you posted.



Good sports

Modern Pentathlon

Laura Davidson

There was an excellent turnout at the C.U. Modern Pentathlon Club annual Old Blues' Match at the end of last term with this year's members old and new pitting their prowess against the fat knackers who have shunned Cambridge for tedious city life. The first event, show-jumping, took place on a Friday evening. There were some fine performances and the end result was a conclusive victory for Cambridge, with newcomer Kate Robson winning with a slow but careful round in the ladies' competition and Jamie Frith winning the men's. Pistol shooting at the range took place the following morning, and the Old Blues dominated the men's competition with Ben Halstead in first place and Mark Chacksfield in second. However, our resident Junior International, Harriet Thompson, excelled with a superb score, securing victory for the Cambridge women but with Old Blue Pippa Whitehouse not far behind.

Shortly thereafter, the competitors took part in the three kilometre cross-country run at Wilberforce Road with a closely-fought win for Cambridge by Jamie Frith beating Ben Halstead by just four seconds. Pippa Whitehouse's storming run of 10 minutes 58 seconds in the women's race, won for the Old Blues. After lunch came the fencing competition in Newnham Old Labs. Here the skill of the Old Blues proved too much for the current male members, with last year's overall victor of the Old Blues' Match, Mark Chacksfield, dominating the competition. However, in the women's competition, this year's President Laura Davidson won the

women's fencing match for Cambridge. Finally, the 200 metre swim at the Leys pool revealed that despite their comparatively sedentary lives the Old Blues have managed to retain their fitness, with Johnny Stephens powering through the water to beat Mark Chacksfield by a margin of seven seconds, only three seconds behind whom came the legendary Julia James (nee Allen), who won the women's race.

The competition continued with the sixth and seventh events at the Old Blues' dinner that evening in the University Arms Hotel. Unfortunately bronze Olympic medal winning pentathlete and Cambridge alumni Kate Allenby was unable to attend to provide the entertainment this year, but Steve Lennard and novice Jethro Johnson took up the call for the return of the Pete Joy Challenge, consuming all of the table's leftover butter and sugar. Despite a tactical chunder mid-race, Jethro was beaten to glory by Steve, proving himself worthy of the title of this year's men's captain. Kicking off the 6th event, this year's overall winner, Pippa Whitehouse for the Old Blues, was presented with her trophy – a large beer-filled crystal bowl that required immediate downing. Despite her diminutive stature, Ms Whitehouse rose admirably to the challenge. In the women's competition, second to Pippa was last year's women's captain and now Old Blue Fiona Boyd, with her successor Jenny Arrand third, and Laura Davidson, runner-up. Jamie Frith triumphed for Cambridge in the men's competition, with Mark Chacksfield coming an impressive second, despite not having participated in the riding. Third place went to another Old Blue, Mark Stafford, and Ben Halstead was runner-up.



OUT FOR THE COUNT

Cambridge bleak midwinter as Fitzgerald's penalties are enough to secure Oxford hat trick of victories over Count's team

Varsity Rugby

6 Cambridge
9 Oxford

Nick King

At the end of the day, it wasn't much of a spectacle really was it? Coaches, players and fans alike went to Twickenham hoping for a light blue victory and all that either side could deliver was a drab, uninspired and frankly rather boring performance. And we lost. Perhaps the fact that we had all only hoped for a victory was the problem. At root, the Cambridge team didn't play as though they had the self-belief that would be necessary to overcome an organised, disciplined and well-oiled Oxford fifteen. Rather than trusting themselves to put the ball out to the wings and see what could be done with the space that was to be found there, we insisted on trying to punch through the centre with Rivaro, Adams and runners from a pack inferior to Oxford's. Though the forward running was often strong, and there were few turnovers in open play, the Oxford defence was just too solid.

Brett Robinson, the Dark Blue Skipper, was the man responsible for this. His experience with the Brumbies and as an Australian international stood him in good stead for drilling his squad in the tactics and discipline that were needed to win this match. The game plan was set and all that Oxford needed to do was pump the ball into the corners, pick up penalties and take the three points. Their stand off, Seb Fitzgerald, duly obliged with some wonderful diagonal kicking

and converting three out of three penalties meaning that after just twenty minutes Oxford were 9-3 up. At this point Oxford changed their style of play and this could only be beneficial to Cambridge who were unlikely to win in a kicking competition between the fly halves. As Oxford sat back slightly off the ball and allowed Cambridge a dominance of both possession and territory at the end of the first half, it seemed it would only take one flash of genius to get us in the ascendancy.

Unfortunately, this was not to be. Unforced knock-ons, off-sides, sliced kicks and dropped balls piled up both sides of the break as Cambridge struggled to find a way through the thick, dark blue line. Though when Cambridge had possession the pressure was applied ferociously, there appeared to be no way that the Oxford defence might be broken. Often the Cambridge runners were too flat and therefore not hitting the ball at pace but even when they came fast, the dark Blue half backs, in particular the ubiquitous Sherriff, halted them with aplomb.

What Cambridge lacked was that moment of brilliance and skill that would light up the afternoon. Oxford too lacked it but they had the platform on which to build. The dominance of their pack in terms of both scrumming and lineout play meant that they were able to keep the ball for long stretches and starve the Cambridge team of opportunity. And, of course, they got the result, the lack of aesthetic appeal of their play won't bother them too much. Cambridge however will be ruing those small mistakes that now seem like they could have



Photos: Rowan Huppert

made all the difference. Probably they will be regretting the unnecessarily direct manner of their play and the fact that the wings and full-back weren't given enough opportunity to run with the ball. When they were, they looked dangerous and probably our best bet at getting back into the game. Both Moffatt and Baker had runs that could have led to a try but both were cruelly cut down just before their pace took them away from the opposition. With just over 20 minutes to go, one of these runs resulted in a penalty being awarded and Howard duly converted to bring the deficit to just three points at 9-6.

Sadly Cambridge were unable to capitalise and time again we saw the ball aimlessly punted forward into the grateful hands of the Oxford backs. With the ball in hand, the Oxford team merely had to play out the minutes to their victory. Yet it could have been a different story. A poor kick by their scrum half, Taverner, led to virtually their entire team being offside. The resultant penalty was admittedly a tough kick and out of what Sam Howard would regard as his range. The possibility of an equalising score was lost as his kick failed to find the posts and, somewhat ironically, that bastion of the Oxford side, Seb Fitzgerald, kicked the ball clear.

It would be pleasing to say that

Oxford hung on tooth and nail in those dying minutes but, in truth, Cambridge played with few ideas, little imagination and merely continued to pile through the centre. As the final whistle blew, the despair, shattered dreams and nausea brought about by defeat were all too clear. As Oxford took the 120th Varsity Match and completed their first hat trick of victories since 1969-71, it was a case of so near and yet so far for Cambridge. It would be fair to say that Oxford had deserved their victory. They got the basics right, played to their game plan and their defence was awesome, as it had to have been to deny the runs of Adams, Rivaro, Baker, Moffatt and Newmarch. Nevertheless, Cambridge did not deserve their defeat. The play was not always the most sublime but it is easy to scoff at errors made under pressure only imaginable to a select few. This match was all those Blues have cared about for a very long time and the importance of their performance was all too clear as we saw huge hits from the pack, the determination of Innes as he refused to walk away from confrontation and a never-say-die attitude that, on another day, could have made the game ours. But this is all academic in the scheme of things, for the record books will only read Oxford 9, Cambridge 6. Bring on the Boat Race!



Cup of joy for Oxford skipper Brett Robinson



Light Blues captain, Mike Count, in contemplative mood