



VARSITY

Work for us
next year

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MUSIC

Muse, Divine
Comedy, live

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FILM

Bridget
Jones

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VARSITY

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THESPS ASH CASH HASH

FASHION: "With exams coming up, what students
need is discipline" — Turn to page 13



Photo: Dan Lambert

News Team

The Footlights scandal took a bizarre new turn yesterday, as the group became enveloped in a publicity crisis on two fronts. Fearing that British American Tobacco would pull out of their £25,000 sponsorship deal with this year's tour, the group were vacillating over how to handle the scandal that erupted this week. They are concerned that they may experience difficulty both with 'ethical investment' direct action campaigners and the cigarette firm who they appeared to deprecate in a *Guardian* article on Wednesday.

At first they tried to fob off reporters by taking a light-hearted approach to criticism. Phil Breen, Footlights Director, told *Varsity*, "I think smoking is cool, but my lungs can't handle it. I may take it up; I'm going to give it a damn good go". It seemed they were enjoying the attention, brought on when it came to light that since last term they have been negotiating a tour-saving sponsorship deal from British American Tobacco. A



Defiant: Breen

number of the cast of *Far Too Happy*, which previews to the public on 5 May, were amused by the relation of their show's 'death theme' to the tobacco industry, and even posed for photographers with a scythe. However last night they distanced themselves from the publicity, and realising that the controversy may not go in their favour, were scared that it could fatally offend their generous but contentious donors. The BAT cash is not yet "in the bank", said Breen.

Breen commented, "There is a pitiful state of funding in the arts

and it's just a question of access — we are the only touring show that doesn't ask for money from the cast to tour and we need funding somehow". He says most of the members of Footlights went to state schools, and few can afford the huge cost of their largest-ever tour.

The group have been desperate to secure funding since the Arts Theatre pulled out of a regular deal in July 2000. The theatre blamed falling box office sales for its move, claiming, "During the previous three years, the theatre had sustained losses of £30,000 on Footlights productions". Some students believe that the pull out was because the Arts Theatre fails to provide enough support for student drama. One Cambridge thespian told *Varsity*, "The Arts Theatre doesn't give a shit about supporting Cambridge actors, they only care about middle-aged crap that no-one sees". Others have suggested that the scale of the tour is overambitious — "about one-upmanship over last year's tour," according to one source close to the group.

Eden revisited

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Where can you find 5,330 plant species in biomes made of the biggest bubble wrap in the world?

Top tunes

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Which record shop will sell you more Herbie Hancock than you can shake a stick at?

Denis Healey

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"Prescott might have the face of a man that clubs baby seals. Not that I've met any."

Vox-pops

Is the Footlights-tobacco industry relationship unethical?



"Anything associated with Footlights is okay by me."

Chris Waiting



"It's disgusting that Footlights is selling itself like this."

Ed Rayne



"Absolutely outrageous!"

Ben Ward



"As long as they're not interfering with the way Footlights is run."

Sara Hill



"There are ethical problems but it's a price they had to pay."

Claire Goodeve



"If they're not handing out cigarettes at performances, it's okay."

Alex Hamilton

SLAP IN FACE FOR HARD LEFT AT NUS CONFERENCE

Rob Jenrick

Owain James was re-elected as President of the National Union of Students at the end of this year's conference in Blackpool. James soundly beat his opponent, Helen Aspell, with almost twice as many votes. It is believed that his victory will mean that the NUS will not veer further left towards increased direct action or become any more critical of the government. The Socialist Worker's Party had supported his opponent, and many see her defeat as halting the NUS's slide into far-left politics, a move losing it the support of the unions.

James is the first independent to hold the position for over 30 years, however critics have poured scorn on his claim to impartiality. James is a member of the Labour Party and his voting record exactly matches that of the Labour Party.

In a heated debate at the conference the delegates voted to campaign for means-tested grants for the poorest students. The move was a victory over the left wing whose demands for £8000 for all students were seen as wildly over-ambitious and risked alienating unions and the public. James dismissed Miss Aspell's plans for free education as "unachievable".

The conference was shaken by revelations that the NUS is £300,000 overdrawn. The head of NUS finance, Helen Aspell, has refuted the claims and suggested they were only made to damage her candidacy for President. She

said that the overdraft was the result of cash-flow problems that would be resolved by the end of the year. This year's President Owain James blamed Miss Aspell for the deficit, but added that there was no need for concern.

Despite concern over her conduct, delegates were shocked when the conference turned violent, as Miss Aspell was hit in the face by another delegate as she walked outside the hall in the evening. She was understood to have been very shaken by the attack and upset by personal abuse she received.

The conference's decision not to discuss a proposed full-time black student officer until the last minute also provoked anger. The current part-time holder, Denis Fernando called it "a real slap in the face for black students", while UCL's welfare officer condemned it as a "disgrace".

Despite being widely seen to have lived up to its reputation for faction-fighting, shouting and pointless arguments, there were some formal debates on old favourites like funding, welfare and student rights. David Blunkett's pledge to rule out the introduction of top-up fees in the next term of a Labour government was widely heralded as a success for the NUS, though the decision had arguably much more to do with appeasing middle Britain's parents than students. James claimed that the government's announcement in November, that it will increase funding for high education for the first time in around ten years, was influenced by the march he led two days earlier through Westminster.

Matt Hood

ANALYSIS

Every year all of the NUS's member institutions send representatives to the annual conference in Blackpool. To most students this is a million miles away from the reality of student life – indeed to many delegates at the conference the same is true. But you ask, this time and money must achieve something? Well, yes and no. Conference consists of two things – elections on to NUS positions and debate about motions, which then become NUS policy. Except of course that none of the members have to follow NUS policy at all.

Sticking these two issues together causes problems. Elections hijack policy debates, so that instead of rationally discussing anything, all you get to listen to are noisy candidates speaking from their party's books. This means that policy is left in tatters due to political wrangling. Everyone at the conference is basically after the same things (free education, the fight against prejudice and discrimination, etc.), but it's how they go about it they fight over. The logical left (the majority) and the loony left (the minority) – excluding the 40 delegates from Conservative Future – battle over methodology, spilling over from bitter election debate. For instance the loony left kept demanding the end to compromise and interim measures along the way, whereas the logical left wish to take things step by step to achieve the same goal. It's as petty as that – quite useful motions were thrown out because



Matt Hood

Photo: Sam Dobbin

of the insistence of the loony left to include a government pledge of £10 billion spending on the health service and the renationalisation of the railways.

Where does Cambridge fit into all this? In recent history, we've been rank outsiders at NUS Conference, representing the extremes of the loony left, sacrificing political gain for irrational half-logic. This has earned our delegation a bad reputation elsewhere at times, along with Oxford, for a failure to grasp the actualities of life outside Oxbridge. Happily this year's 15-strong delegation was more proactive in make-up: three on the logical left, one on the dithering left, ten on the loony left and one Liberal Democrat. CUSU is bound over to publish the voting records of the delegates, so I won't tell you who is who, but the voting does speak for itself.

Importantly Cambridge delegate Max Curtis was elected to the NUS part-time executive committee – a real achievement for him and for Cambridge. Congratulations.

All in all it was a successful conference for sense. The logical left succeeded in keeping the loony left – only one of their candidates got a position – at bay for another year, with Owain James and Ben Monks re-elected as President and National Secretary respectively, and we can argue that Cambridge partially restored their reputation amongst the rest of NUS. But then again, others might tell a different story.

(Correction to last issue: Matt Hood was elected to the University Council, not CUSU council as stated.)

Cambridge student is the weakest link

Julian Blake

Cheeky Homerton student Verity Worthington has been mocked for her "monumental" stupidity by TV's Anne Robinson appearing on The Weakest Link this week. Worthington gave out her fair share of insults too, and was told by producers that she was the rudest person ever to feature on the show. The History student told *Varsity* "she made a big deal about the fact that I am at Cambridge doing history and got some history questions wrong. I replied by saying 'the past is vast. I can't be expected to know everything'."

Worthington seemed almost idiotic when answering questions on Ancient Greece, which she has studied in a History module, as well as questions on Geography. She said "I totally lost the plot in the last round when there was just three of us left. I answered every question wrong, including saying that the Orange Free State was in Nigeria!" In response to the question "what part of Northern Spain did the first wife of Henry VIII (Catherine of Aragon) come from?" she stupidly

answered "Portugal".

She was also disliked by a number of other contestants. "I voted this guy off because he's male," she told viewers, and then explained to Robinson about her membership of The Society for Strong and Humorous Women, based in Newnham. Robinson responded "Oh, you think you're funny as well do you?" only for Worthington to reply, "Not as funny as you Anne, of course. One can only aspire to your standards."

Although she managed to survive until the final round, Worthington was subjected to one final humiliation when voted off. Robinson said: "So Verity, this monument of the British education system, if you can find your way out of the studio, with such appalling geography I'll be surprised, you are the weakest link – goodbye!"

"I enjoyed standing up to Anne, she wasn't as scary as I thought she would be, and was quite easy to answer back! We didn't get to meet her either before or afterwards, so she kept the air of coldness! I think she enjoyed the banter. In my interview afterwards I did apologise to my lecturers for being thick!"



"Monumentally Stupid"

Photo: Tom Royston

Intervarsity

Warwick: A student repeatedly pelted his Vice-Chancellor with eggs. He has since revealed that the elaborate plans for the assault had been in the making since December 1999, when he purchased a pack of 24 eggs. The obsessed student had been desperate to see the VC get "his come-uppance" for over three years. In an exclusive interview with the *Warwick Bore*, he revealed that the attack had been the most satisfying experience of his life.

Exeter: The theft of a rare cow's head has provoked outrage amongst students. Undergrads at the university were furious when they discovered that the head of the antique cow costume they had hired for an 'Antique Pantomime Animals Party' had been stolen. The head is believed to be irreplaceable. Police believe it was stolen by a cow fanatic who had stolen other parts of cows in the past. The incident has parallels with a party at York. Whilst most students had opted for the relatively conventional guises of boxes, broccoli and bins, one student made a show-stopping entrance in what he believed to be a specially commissioned banana suit. To his horror the hired costume had been stolen by a gang of 'fruit-suit thieves'. The man was questioned by police who discovered the student in a compromising position with his girlfriend who was arrested for 'handling' stolen goods.

Pasta prof's spin on spaghetti

Julian Blake

A Cambridge Professor has tried to improve access to the University – by playing with spaghetti. Colin Humphreys, from the Department of Materials Science and Metallurgy, was commissioned by Tesco to find out the best way of eating spaghetti, keeping sauce splattering to a minimum. Humphreys told *Varsity* “apparently ten per cent of all spaghetti eaten in restaurants ends up on the floor, on the tablecloth or on clothing”. Humphreys was wary at first, believing that the experiment might trivialise Cambridge science, but thought that it would actually be beneficial to the University, by dispelling its elitist image. He thought that it would make Cambridge seem fun and light-hearted rather than exclusive and overly serious and that this would attract people to the University.

Along with his research team,

Humphreys found that “the risk of sauce splatter is at its greatest just as the last 4.33 inches of spaghetti are being rolled onto the fork”. This 4.33 inches was seen as a major hazard to all spaghetti eaters, where “a final reckless flick of the wrist can easily accelerate the speed of the spaghetti tip to over nine feet per second, producing enough centrifugal force to enable the pasta sauce to achieve escape velocity with deadly consequences”. The team also found that the viscosity of each pasta sauce is a major contributor to the splatter. Less splatter is caused by using a thick sauce, such as Italian cheese or a cream-based sauce. For the perfect splatter-free meal, this should be combined with shorter, broader pasta ribbons. Professor Humphreys is confident that his research will revolutionise the way we eat pasta, and thinks that the future is bleak for dry cleaning services. He told *Varsity*, “I believe that dry cleaning services will now go bankrupt. In fact, I have sold my extensive shares in dry cleaning

services and I advise all readers of *Varsity* to do the same!” He also believes that his techniques will be adopted throughout Cambridge, “all colleges should now have spaghetti parties in which our new technique can be taught, practised and used”. Italians have criticised Humphrey’s technique of eating spaghetti, calling it a “social blunder” because it involves using a spoon. However he claims that the Italians are able to eat safely because they do not use as much sauce as the British, saying “since Italians love their clothes more than anything else (with the possible exception of their cars) this is probably the reason they eat spaghetti with virtually no sauce. He contrasted the spaghetti in two Cambridge restaurants to show that in Don Pasquale there is far less sauce in spaghetti than in Browns. Humphreys identified that “us Brits like a good dollop of sauce” and it is this reason that it was necessary to find out the best way of coping when presented with such a dish.



“Within three years, I predict this machine will have entirely replaced the common fork”
 Photo: Sam Dobbin

The way to eat spaghetti

Socially Acceptable Method	Safety First Method
Pick up a few strands of spaghetti using a fork and raise up the fork vertically to separate the strands of spaghetti on the fork from the rest of the spaghetti. Move the fork to a horizontal position and rotate the fork against the concave part of the spoon with both the fork and spoon horizontal. Rotate the fork slowly and give it enough turns to just get the spaghetti onto the fork and then eat the spaghetti. Do not rotate the fork too many times or the spaghetti will fall off and splatter.	Hold the fork vertically. Select a few strands of spaghetti and rotate them against the concave part of a spoon with the spoon surface parallel to the plate. When the spaghetti rolls up to a suitable size, lift the fork out leaving you with a neat ball of pasta which then can be eaten off the spoon. This method causes virtually no splashes on shirts, dresses or tablecloths. However, this method may be seen as socially unacceptable, particularly on the continent.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Boaties banned from regatta

Oxbridge rowing crews have been banned from a prestigious international event after allegations of “utterly shameful” behaviour. The universities have taken part in the regatta at Mandelieu-La Napoule since 1984, with Oxford winning the event for the last three years, but neither has been invited to race in this year’s event.
 The decision to exclude the teams comes after organisers of the event were unable to find a hotel prepared to accommodate them. Jean-Pierre Laroche, president of the organising committee, commented on hoteliers’ claims of previous university teams damaging hotel rooms and going on all-night drinking binges: “We have had to pay several times for damage they have caused in hotels over the years. What happened last year was the last straw.”
 Last year saw the two teams trash “at least six” of the 20 rooms in which they were staying after returning from a night out. Patrick Vaye, director of the hotel, heard “drunken singing and shouting all night” and was appalled at the result of the rowers’ “rowdy” behaviour. “There was beer spilt all over the bedroom carpets. Beds were upside down, furniture was tipped over.” Spokesmen for both universities denied that their teams had been badly behaved.

Giant plant attack!!!

The giant Mexican plant that was first reported in *Varsity* last term has now broken through the roof of the glasshouse at the Botanic Garden. The much awaited flowering of the plant will soon take place, an occurrence that only happens after 15-20 years of growth and that kills the plant because of the great effort it puts into flowering. Rumours that the plant will soon eclipse the Cambridge skyline are denied; however it is impossible to predict quite how large the plant will grow to. Some plant experts believe that the gardens may be hiding a secret experiment to genetically modify triffids, but this too has been fiercely denied.

Votes please

In the run up to the general election, students are being urged to make sure they are aware of voting procedures. All students living in college accommodation, including hostels, are automatically registered with the local council and are eligible to vote in Cambridge. This doesn’t bind students to voting here; they may wish to vote in their home constituencies instead. The government has recently passed legislation, which gives everyone the right to a postal vote on demand. Because of exams, it is unlikely that many students will have the opportunity to return home, so postal votes can be obtained from www.cambridge.gov.uk or party offices. Cambridge MP Anne Campbell told *Varsity*, “students are very privileged in being the only voters who can decide where they should vote”. Any students in totally private accommodation – mainly graduates – should have already received and sent off a voting registration form.

College spending reaps benefits

For the first time the extra spending by Oxbridge colleges have been considered by a University league table. When this data is added to the equation, the funding gap between Oxbridge and its closest rivals widens considerably.
 Dr Robin Walker, junior bursar at Queens’ College, said that in the past league tables have understated the position of Cambridge as they have omitted to include college spending. Perhaps the biggest change this makes is in staff to student ratios, which enables the university to continue its unique supervision system of teaching. Overall the colleges employ 363 academic staff, which is greater than that at many entire universities lower down the table.
 However many of the figures given in the table are set to change in the next few years. This is because they came from 1998-99, the last year that the college fee of about £2000 per student was paid directly by the government. Although the loss of this will partially be compensated for by increased funding from the University, colleges are set to suffer a loss of about 22% by 2008, even without allowing for inflation. In the future they will be forced to rely more upon funding from other sources. This can be through commercial income from conferences, appeals and increase use of the Colleges Fund, which redistributes income from the richer colleges to the poorer ones.
 Controversially, some of the shortfall will be made up by decreasing the subsidy on room rents. Dr Walker denied claims that Cambridge rents are among the highest in the country. He said that it wouldn’t deter students from less privileged backgrounds from applying “because colleges can offer accommodation for almost all students, and they only pay for 30 weeks of the year, this makes the cost of living here considerably cheaper”.

Controversial research appointments

The appointment of professors at Cambridge has been called into question, following the University’s admittance that it has broken its own statutes in appointing two “research” professors without the approval of the central governing authorities.
 Professor Nick Day, an MRC-funded research professor, and Dr SB Laughlin, a Rank Research professor of opto-electronics must now wait for the decision by Regent House later this month over whether their positions will be confirmed.
 Professor Anthony Edwards, an expert in the University constitution, pointed out that these appointments were against statutes that were laid down by the government in 1923. These say that a professorship can only be established by a grace of Regent House after approval by the central board. This controversy is a reflection of the increasing practice of creating research posts in response to external funding without always going through the appropriate authorities. The University now relies on external sources for 50% of its funds. Staff in “established” positions that are controlled by the University are now outnumbered by those in fixed term, “unestablished” posts who are appointed by outside bodies, such as research councils. It is uncertain exactly how many of these there are but there may be many more that contravene the University regulations.
 Professor Edwards said he did not believe “anything sinister” was involved but that these regulations are important to prevent abuse. However he did criticise the huge increase in externally funded research posts. He claimed that “there is no such thing as a research professor” and that the term was an Americanism and misleading as it implied that other professors were not involved in research. He claimed that the University was under increasing pressure from the government to expand, but that there had been too little debate about the merits of this.

Julian Blake and Hazel Mollison



Gillian Evans

Have you read the revised rules under which the staff of the university can now have their e-mails read and their telephones tapped? (www.cam.ac.uk/CS/ITSyndicate).

These were put together by the Personnel Committee, with threats to sack members of staff who do not obey the rules. Those in positions of authority will be able to invade the privacy of others, it seems, on mere suspicion or because you happen to be away from your desk and someone 'needs to see' something. There is nothing about provision to sack anyone who abuses these powers.

No one seems to have realised that students will be affected too. They cannot be sacked but they can be disciplined and excluded. Can students risk e-mailing supervisors and tutors about their personal or academic problems any more? How will anyone know who is reading what they say in trust?

These rules have been sent round without going through the proper channels for making rules in the University. The student complaints procedures, on the other hand, are being held up yet again by the requirement to do things properly by consultation.

I am in favour of doing things properly, don't get me wrong. We want the student complaints to be good solid 'domestic law' when they are passed for use. But how come oppressive 'legislation' can be rushed

Can students risk e-mailing tutors about their personal or academic problems any more?

out while 'legislation' which would help students takes years and years to go through?

On 1 May there is quite a batch of Reports for Discussion, including one on how to run a better administration and one on student membership of the General Board. The first may be a historic debate, though you can never tell. It is covering bicycle racks and cherry-coloured silk facings which really get people going in Discussions.

Students might introduce a better sense of what is important and one of the things that seems to me important in connection with better administration and governance for the future is to improve our record for getting things done in a reasonable time, with proper consultation and openness.

There is no excuse in the age of the internet for not keeping us all informed, staff and students alike, when plans are afoot like these draconian revisions to the computer service rules, so that representations may be made before it is too late to stop what is planned.

At the same time, there is no excuse for hanging about when things which are important to individuals need to be addressed. (Those complaints procedures again.) Did you know that the official line is that all universities now have robust student complaints procedures up and running? They seem to have forgotten about that little institution in the Fens.

We have no right to be crowing about heading the league-tables when we are leaving our students in the lurch like this.

CAMPBELL SLAMS COLLEGES

Mark Lobel talks to Anne Campbell MP about her ethical agenda

Facing a likely June election, when most students will be busy with exams, Anne Campbell may well feel like she is retaking her Finals. Entering her tenth year as MP for Cambridge, her home for 35 years, the Newnham lady turned maths-teacher then statistician reminisces about crop trials. Bursars, it seems, shall now reap her judgement.

I waded through letters from Bursars in response to her call for every College to adopt an ethical investment policy. When she appears, I am informed that she has another interview to give, leaving us 20 minutes. In the end we overrun. The interviewer is told to call back. Campbell has wanted this direct forum with students for some time.

"Most of the Colleges are saying the same thing. They are looking for the best return on their money. It is interesting that Selwyn has managed to do it. If the will is there, they may find ways in which you can get as good a return on ethical investments as you can on a whole range of investments". she bleats out "It sounds like an area that needs to be clarified...it is tricky...there is a long way to go."

Trinity Hall's Bursar, Miss Pope, informed Campbell that after consultations with the Master, "the College is certainly anxious to avoid unethical investments". A positive letter has also arrived from New Hall, which "seeks to attach due concern to ethical considerations when making investments." Anne believes there are clear signs here that people have moved in the right direction: "the more good examples you can get the quicker you will get other Colleges following suit". She pauses, choosing her words carefully, "it still needs a campaign of pressure, from students particularly".

Her expression changes when I explain that her own campaign mustered replies from less than a quarter of the Colleges, including her ex-col-

lege among the 25 not bothering to write back. "I guess a return of 25% is average". As I am about to move on, she grits her teeth and declares with venom, "the Colleges resent any interference in their governing status".

Campbell stresses that we can bear

ate students from applying to it. It is important that you give the Colleges inclinations of how students are likely to react. It would obviously be disadvantageous for a College if there was a campaign because of its unethical investments".

She grits her teeth and declares with venom, "the Colleges resent any interference in their governing status".

pressure on companies to change their investments. Colleges, she says, are there to educate students. "you need to come up with examples of cases where there has been a policy to invest ethically and where it has been as good an ordinary investment. You have to prove that by having unethical investments a particular College will alien-

The ongoing campaign against Huntingdon Life Sciences is another campaign which concerns Anne terribly. "I can understand that people don't like animal experiments. I find it distasteful as well. But at the moment we have a regime that requires medicines to be tested on animals. With this regime in place, I'd rather it was



Ex-Spenceive admissions

Jennifer Watson considers Magdalen's infamous admissions record

The Laura Spence affair has acted as a smokescreen diverting our attention from the real difficulty of increasing state school admissions to Oxbridge. At least, that was the line taken by Antony Smith, president of Magdalen College Oxford, this week in his address to the Independent School's Conference. Using the occasion to make comments in defence of his college, he sought to rectify the damaging impression of Oxbridge admissions created by media attention last year. While he almost certainly succeeded in winning over the friendly audience of that particular conference, his message deserves a much wider currency than it is likely to receive.

He argued valiantly that ignorant ministers have fudged the issues by directing public anger at Oxbridge admission figures instead of contemplating the much trickier and more ubiquitous problems.

Ministers have fudged the issues by directing public anger at Oxbridge admission figures

Mr Smith pointedly drew out the fact that the 53:47 ratio of private to state educated students at top universities mirrors the ratios among applicants. He told the conference of the battle faced by colleges trying to encourage more applications from working-class students, a battle which "pushes up the cost of

Magdalen's admission programme to at least £250,000 a year."

The Laura Spence affair has become an old chestnut now, to the point where most people are blissfully ignorant of the outrageousness of Gordon Brown's interference and the influence of political agenda on his analysis. His remarks to the TUC conference last autumn condemned Magdalen's admission procedures as "reminiscent of an old boy network". Why? Because they chose a candidate of equally impressive academic record, who happened to attend a private school, over Ms Spence based on interview performance. What qualifications Mr Brown had to pass judgement on the candidates' relative merits can only be wondered at. Whatever the merits of those candidates, it was not the place of politicians to dictate to universities which candidates they should admit,

government to, in Anthony Smith's words "use universities as instruments" to fiddle about with admissions figures rather than to tackle real social inequality. Mr Brown's goon-like comments should have been seen for what they are – political manoeuvring. Instead, they

Brown's goon-like comments should have been seen for what they are – political manoeuvring.

caught public attention. The injustice of Ms Spence's 'forced' acceptance of a £65,000 scholarship to Harvard, and her photogenic appearance, won her a cachet with the public, not to mention a commission by the *Mail on Sunday* to keep readers posted by a 'Diary from America'. Few bothered to question whether Laura Spence was indeed a working-class girl kept down by social barriers. Yes, she went to a state school, and yes she came from Newcastle. And, if the truth be told, yes, she is probably safely of a middle-class family.

Two weeks ago Tony Blair came closer to admitting the truth that public schools have more money, resources and freedom to nurture academic performance than state schools. He promised to make state schools as attractive as their independent rivals, at a time when more parents than ever are making the choice to pay for what they believe will be a bet-

done on strict UK regulations than sent abroad. The current campaign of harassment and intimidation could be in danger of closing it down".

Campbell shifts to sit bolt upright in her chair and takes a second look at a letter from the Vice-Chancellor. In light of the recently accepted GKN post, the MP had questioned the university's choice of sponsor, as GKN has been accused of selling weapons to repressive regimes and developmentally needy countries. Sir Alec Broers asserts, "there is clearly no dispute". He reassured Anne that "the University would never knowingly accept funds from exploitative foreign regimes or from illegal organisations". Campbell would not be drawn on my accusation that the GKN post was supporting foreign regimes 'through the back door', though she noted with interest Broers' comments that "there is a significant grey area which we are some way from defining". She seemed reluctant to get in to greater detail, perhaps because the issue is so thorny, and we are running out of time.

She pauses when I ask about her sense of how things have altered since she became pro-active in the ethical investment campaign. She was clearly pleased with some of the Bursars' replies. Sitting back in her chair, visibly more comfortable as her secretary begins to brief her about her next interview, Campbell interrupts her and turns around, as I am packing up. "Vague about their outcomes, though going in the right direction," she concludes finally.

She is certainly sure of her path as I found out. Approaching her mid-60s, Campbell remains committed to pushing her weight well and truly behind her unremitting ideal hopes. Bursars beware; the seasoned pro knows exactly where she is going, providing the forecasters get it right in June.

ter education, according to figures published this week. Let's not forget where Mr Blair sends his own children.

Gordon Brown could have used me alongside his 'Laura Spence' example. I came from a state school in the North, and got an Oxbridge offer. And, yes I am

probably middle-class too. If things are working as they should be, I should have got my place not because admissions officers believed they should keep up the correct ratios of state school pupils, but because I was a worthy candidate.

Antony Smith's assessment that we should be most concerned about the unequal distribution of academic ambition across social classes is surely correct. The contempt shown by pupils towards industry in academic study in many state schools is well known, and family environment (crudely, class) is instrumental in determining which will students will nurture academic aspirations. Mr Smith said "the academy is being presented with the task of creating social change at a time when the levers of egalitarianism have been abandoned as ineffective." Perhaps it is time that the politicians stop delegating their responsibilities.

Mooning at the Monarchy

Rich Wild joins the Movement against the Monarchy



Photo: Tom Catchesides

The MA'M website features some magnificent photos of the Queen in full regalia, surrounded by similarly splendid officers of state; the explanatory caption: "Fuck the Monarchy: lying, sponging bastards – the lot of them". This is the Movement Against the Monarchy, an opposition group which might, in the wake of the Sophie Wessex scandal, have greater currency than since before the death of Princess Diana.

MA'M, as far as they have a manifesto, stand in opposition to privilege, focusing their efforts on principal royals. Their actions are tame, but that is

Alliance to the author and self-styled 'leading activist in the British anarchist movement', Albert Meltzer. Mr Meltzer deals summarily with such important issues as the monarchy, class struggle, authoritarian society, non-violence, immigration, taxation. In short, he argues that if we were to "abolish hereditary privilege and dominant classes, the state becomes unnecessary". He seems to derive his thinking purely from Marx, only he reforms it into rhetoric so lifeless that it becomes indigestible.

Where Albert fails, the *Guardian* newspaper steps in. For over a year it has defined itself as a republican ship, under the fearless guidance of its editor, Alan Rusbridger. Their campaigns have achieved considerable support from readership polls, symbolising a climate of liberalism that has been gradually spreading out its quintessentially English tentacles. The most high profile statement so far is the action that Alan and one of his journalists have brought against the 1848 Treason Felony Act, under which any writer advocating the abolition of monarchy could be imprisoned for life. This is precisely what he wants to do (abolish the monarchy, not go to jail). Reacting with the deepest of elitist vanity, the attorney general, Lord Williams threatened that it "may be criminal" to do so. And, so, to court, which will provide a fascinating result whichever way it falls.

sary to be considered within such a politically stagnant country. Who has even heard of London Socialist Alliance before? Or of the Movement against the Monarchy?

Both remain as oddities to a mainstream dripping with conservatism and an acceptance of the status quo. MA'M takes no trouble over this, they are simply a group of people who

They want to write poems about the Queen Mother entitled 'Do Not Resuscitate'.

share the belief that total inequality between humans is wrong. They seem open to anyone joining in but spurn attempts to sell themselves. Not even, you may be surprised to hear, to *Varsity*. I emailed one of its organisers and got a brief reply to the effect that Cambridge students are exactly the type of 'privileged cunts' they despise. They do not want to be taken seriously.

Instead, they want to produce posters declaring that the great royal debate is about whether 'To hang or to shoot them', they want to organize counter-protests to the Countryside Alliance, and they want to write

poems about the Queen Mother entitled 'Do Not Resuscitate'.

Although dressed in violent language, their public intentions have never been extreme. The police, however, maintain a wary eye on members, allegedly video-recording the faces of the four members who turned up at the Queen's visit to Lincoln Cathedral last April, before barring their

entrance to the ceremony and concluding with a search of their vehicles. One might presume that police motivation is terrorist-based. On the other hand though, four of the ten who dropped their trousers a couple of months afterwards were held in a police jail for their antics; an act, at root, of oppression, a sinister example of official safeguarding of royal sanctity.

MA'M, we can suspect, would be the last group of people to care about such attitudes, and for this and their loyalty to ending the 'most expensive soap opera in history', they may be well ahead of their time.



Photo: Tom Catchesides

Cambridge students are exactly the type of 'privileged cunts' they despise.

half the point. To the observer, their ambiguity lies in taking on what could be a vital cause for the future of Britain, yet doing it purely for a laugh. Unable to get their breasts out for the lads last July, they used their arses in a MA'M ('moon at the monarchy') to celebrate the Queen Mother's centennial birthday.

Republicanism has seen a resurgence in the late 1990s under many different guises, from the London Socialist

That the *Guardian* is spearheading the monarchy debate has sorely disgruntled Comrade Fischer of the London Socialist Alliance who spoke in December of his disgust that the workers' movement was not the lead reforming element on constitutional thinking. Implicitly, he highlights the difference between informal and formal approaches to the issue: a national broadsheet has not only the resources, but the respectability neces-

mean for the End of Time – are we still waiting for the sun to implode? A mate of mine recently accused me of being irreverent. *Moi?* Our so terribly civilized System is based on greed and competition and exploitation, fear, destruction and hatred. Good thing Evil as a moral concept is really past its sell by date, or else we would have to do some serious searching of the souls we have pragmatically decided we no longer have.

As we sit amidst the funeral pyres and wait for the planet itself to start heating up, bony fingers have to be pointed. Personally, I blame Geri Halliwell. Four years ago, the Spice

lead singer of British girl band Rock Bitch (www.rockbitch.co.uk). Rock Bitch is amazing, in the most liberal sense of the word. Think Courtney Love taken to bizarre and ludicrous extremes. Planet Bitch delivers its ear splitting melodies in the nude to thrilled audiences of male truck drivers across the continent. The ladies piss on each other, have multiple orgasms on stage, whip their fellow band members and (most impressively) can keep relatively straight faces whilst erotically sticking their fists places they shouldn't. I should probably also mention the earth mother statues, and the fact that Rock Bitch

We sit amidst the funeral pyres and wait for the planet itself to start heating up

Girl stunner, with a Union Jack dress and substantial assets gave us the beautiful face of Cool Britannia. Look at her now, a sliver of her gorgeous old self, with a blonde bob and multi-jointed spindly limbs that could have come straight from a Dali painting. You can almost envisage her doing the *Exorcist* spider walk down the stairs in the morning. Yet despite all of this (and I think I may be contradicting myself here) I do not actually think she is suitable for the job of post-Apocalyptic Brit beauty. A lack of attitude maybe: too much of the nice girl in the former UN goodwill ambassador.

The alternative is obvious: Julie, the

Anna Gunn in Germany



Anna is haunted by visions of future gloom

Britain has, as we all know, collapsed. Or seems to be collapsing. Or at least bits of it are. Maybe. Nothing new here really, although the speed with which the Westminster freak show is reducing the country to Third World status is impressive. Where is the point of having an agricultural sector and tourist industry? If a Foot and Mouth outbreak and a huge pile of rotting bovine flesh is what it took to rid us of the pesky American tourists, well fair play really. Getting worried is so pre-Apocalypse. Theologically, what I am about to say is complete rubbish. But imagine the following: imagine that the Apocalypse happened last week. And that we just happened to have missed it. The only questions left to be asked are how much did the Revelation earthquakes measure on the Richter scale, and should the UN be expected to intervene in case of a) mass starvation, b) epidemic diseases or c) murderous horsemen trotting about slaughtering people.

In the end we would probably decide that it would all be too expensive and not really in the interest of the Market anyway. Living in the post-Apocalyptic age puts things in a new perspective. We tend to live in the belief that somehow, things are going to get better. Like evolution. The System may suck, but for most critics there is always a light at the end of the tunnel, Utopias flying Left, Right and Centre.

What if this is wrong? And things are just set to go down hill from here? Could we ever think the unthinkable and accept that Britain had really,

Personally, I blame Geri Halliwell

without a hint of melodrama, gone to the dogs? Recently, hell itself has been redefined: the days of quivering sinners and fire and brimstone are over, with vast sections of the Catholic Church trying to wriggle their way out of the very concept. And, who could possibly want to give up on Liz Hurley in *Bedazzled*-style cat suit? But the question remains, what does this



Coming back from the Easter break with nothing much to write about, I felt strangely comforted to discover that this is an age old phenomenon. In March 1971, *Varsity* self-avowedly had nothing to say. It ran as its front page story, that there was no news whatsoever. The gob-smacking, exhilarating headline to this story was: "No News Is Good News". The editor explained this statement as follows:

"In a week where there isn't a story which deserves front page exposure", wrote the desperate editor, "it may be worthwhile to consider what kind of news people might expect from a student newspaper such as *Varsity*". Or, more accurately why there was no news at all. This scrupulous editor would not stoop to running "stories of college life which are often amusing or unbelievable enough to be worth printing but which would cause a great deal of embarrassment to both students and governing bodies?and might upset don-student relations at times when delicate issues of representation or guests are involved." The editorial ran along similarly: "Its time to reflect on Cambridge's greatest non-event – the term. Politically and artistically it was a bummer, boredom unparalleled." Well, for *Varsity* readers certainly.

Things were not all dull, however, for our flared ancestors. And, if proof were needed here follows a fascinating collection of anecdotes provided by *Varsity's* more energetic reporters. In 1972, "seven Queens' undergraduates posed as officials from the ministry of agriculture responsible for fowl pest control as a Rag publicity stunt. They persuaded many passengers on a train to London to take off their shoes in order to make sure they were not carrying fowl virus. Armed with newspaper cuttings and identity cards to prove their official status, any reluctant passengers were shown an impressive looking lab coat. Only one passenger was not fooled before transport police broke up the prank."

Pranks were something of a recurring feature, it seems, of student recreational activities. Police in the same month were "taking a very dim view of a hoax SOS which was posted in a first-floor window in Trinity Street. The notice, which read "Help! I'm being held prisoner" alarmed passers by who reported it."

On a more disgusting note, "a second year engineer at Caius discovered a cockroach in his pie at Tuesday's lunch. 'I thought initially it was a cabbage stalk he said in dismay.'"

An invasion of even larger animals was to bring Cambridge to a halt: "eight three-year old heffers caused a stir on Monday when they decided to spend the early morning eating roses in Great St Mary's church. It took seven hours for the City Pinder to round them up."

By the end of this fascinating year, a regular letter-writer was growing increasingly critical of the left-wing tone of such *Varsity* political insights as this on Ted Heath: "the son of a jobbing builder...the problem with Heath is that he is FOR but not OF the ruling classes. He has sucked up to headmasters, senior tutors and Tory leaders but he's never been able to pose for a photo without a pint looking as though he was not going to burst into tears."

"Is *Varsity* becoming a Mao-ist *Daily Express*?" the infuriated reader asked.

Jennifer Watson

WE'RE NOT GETTING ON OUR KNEES + BEGGING. VARSITY WILL HAVE EDITORS, SECTION EDITORS, DESIGNERS, PRODUCTION MANAGERS AND ONLINE STAFF. THE DEADLINE IS 11 MAY. MAKE IT, OR FEEL THE PAIN. BITCH.

WORK
FOR VARSITY,
WORTHLESS
SCUM!

CRAK!

FWAP!



Turn to Page 20 for full details

VARSITY

KFC – it's giving us gyp

Did you know that for the sum colleges receive in Kitchen Fixed Charge from students over their time here, they could buy every one of us twenty-three microwaves from Argos? That is, one every three weeks. What they actually do with the money is only fractionally less silly. Our 90-odd quid goes to subsidise college kitchens, hopelessly inefficient beasts which, despite the considerable size of this forced donation, are some way more expensive than home cooking and do not cater for the tastes or diets or schedules of all. The continued existence of this regressive piece of taxation, which probably most affects the poorest students, is an excellent illustration of the fuck-you attitude many senior members hold towards us. They benefit from the existence of college kitchens in their present form, for as fellows they get their meals free.

It is a situation made even more offensive by the shocking state of gyp rooms. Ovens are practically unknown, fridges are tiny, the two warm circles generously known as a stove are old and generally decrepit. If fellows – or the conference guests who increasingly dominate colleges' financial thinking – ever had to use these, we need be in no doubt there would be rapid improvement.

This week, a grand CUSU e-survey on college 'quality of life' is re-launched [www.qualityleague.com]. It is always pleasant to see CUSU looking up from its anal politicking to address student interests. But much more helpful than telling us whether we like our college bars or not would be energetic campaigning on an issue which affects virtually all of us to the tune of £300 per year. CUSU should be organising now to make the abolition of the KFC a focus of next year's activism. Colleges should not be allowed to pass the burden of their financial incompetence on to students any longer.

Footlights non-smokers?

So Footlights are taking £25,000 of ash cash. The expression may already be familiar to priests and doctors raking in money for cremations, but now Cambridge's finest comics are in trouble over their controversial funding from British American Tobacco.

We say who gives a damn? It's rare for any student organisation to be handed this sort of money, and Footlights are right to defend themselves against the whinging anti-tobacco lobby. Not least because actors look cool when they smoke. We're all too grown up to be mollycoddled by the likes of Action on Smoking and Health (ASH) – it's not as if BAT are putting up the money for a nursery school nativity play.

Mentioning no names, it's a shame that funds cannot be found from more obvious sources within Cambridge (the Arts Theatre may know who we're talking about), but such a handsome settlement from corporate sponsors is a thing to be celebrated. So long as Footlights take no money from Russian Mafiosi or the Hindujas, we're satisfied.

Phwoaar!

Some of you may have noticed *Varsity's* slightly new look this week. We are proud to announce that this is our most stunning cover ever.

Before you pick up your pens to complain about our shameless exploitation of the female body in the pursuit of readers, we would like to point out that *Varsity* is as feminist as the next woman. But we also aspire to a readership. Journalism, like all the best things in life, is a messy business. We're not the *Sun*, unfortunately, but there's no harm in trying. And if any of our readership – male or female – would like to pose for Page Three, we'd love to hear from you.

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Cartoon of the week



LETTERS

Nil desperandum

We'd like to take this opportunity to remind your readers of the support available from Linkline, the Cambridge University Student Nightline. We're open from 7pm to 8am every night of full term, and people wanting to get in touch can ring us on 367575 or 744444, or drop into our office at 17 St Edward's Passage.

If you're feeling worried, stressed or unhappy and you'd like to talk in complete confidence about whatever is on your mind, do give us a ring or drop by any evening.

Linkline

Mad

I am writing to express my disappointment with *Varsity's* theatre review 'Not Zinzy Enough'. I wonder whether *Varsity* is aware of the reviewer's previous involvement with the production, in that she auditioned for the show but was not included in the final cast, making Miss Hart a wholly unsuitable candidate to review Kang Zinj 2001. Furthermore, I was thoroughly unimpressed by Sharon Hart's own dance exhibition in 'Diffused', which was certainly not the 'epitome of grace and elegance' as she suggests dance should be; I wonder if Miss Hart is at all qualified to write an article on the subject.

Miss Hart is entitled to her opinion, but *Varsity* should take steps to ensure that student journalism is just that, and remove all doubt that it may be used as a soapbox for individuals to air personal grievances. In my opinion several of your other writers, particularly in the Theatre section, have a problem with this distinction. I suggest that in future you should research your reviewers more thoroughly to avoid losing what little is left of *Varsity's* integrity.

Louise Lee

Producer of Kang Zinj 2001

Madder

I felt appalled when reading the 'gutter' review 'Not Zinzy enough'. Reviews which are merely based on subjective 'bitching' rather than objective reviewing do not contribute to the arts. Not to mention the lack of sensitivity, as the show hadn't even finished at the time the article appeared.

Rudy J Lapeer, Ph.D.
Senior Research Fellow

Desperandum

I have just returned from the maths building on Clarkson Road and am enraged at the clear discrimination against innocent humanists, classicists and all others practicing a discipline other than Maths. In the Maths building, one can buy a scone with butter and jam for a mere 45p. In the University Library, however, this same culinary delicacy, this same lump of flour flecked with sultanas and just the right amount of butter and lard, costs 70p – and that exorbitant price does not even include butter or jam! For a scone with jam, a studious Cantabrigian who has not yet discovered the maths building must pay a whopping 92p. Does this seem just? Does this seem fair, I ask? Does anyone else see this subsidy to the mathmos as unfounded and indefensible?

LV Faulhaber

Unbalanced

Convinced that Ed Hall's article on the Union Society last issue would peddle more of the crass, tedious and insultingly inaccurate stereotyping that so often litters these pages, his balanced, considered criticism was a breath of fresh air. He is right: the Union does have an image problem and often fails to live up to its promises and its potential. We recognise that.

What saddens me is that so much hard work goes unrecognised. As Michaelmas President I worked hard towards achieving greater responsiveness, accessibility and consistency, with a sincere belief in the necessity and value of the Society. That work continues.

Be critical of the Society by all means,

but balance that with an informed, sincere awareness of its value.

Peter Abbott
Magdalene

Letter of the week

I've been in Cambridge for nearly three years now. Coming from a very old-fashioned family in Yorkshire and having a very conservative upbringing, I can remember thinking before I arrived that this university – supposedly the intellectual centre of the world – was going to be a liberal and genuinely unthreatening environment within which I could freely express and explore my sexuality openly. How wrong I was.

There may be many gay students in Cambridge but there are also pockets of suffocating homophobia that need attention. Soon after arriving here in my first year at a college boat club cocktail party I encountered a barrage of anti-gay and anti-cross-dressing jokes and jibes which ensure that I would never be comfortable about being open about my sexuality in college again. Since this date, I have tried to be a 'lad', I have tried to be 'manly', I have even made pitiful attempts to attract members of the opposite sex. But why should I have to? It is only now, as I prepare to leave, that I feel I can be honest.

I don't speak for everyone here, and I don't want to be type-cast as some bitching homosexual: tolerance and atmosphere varies greatly between colleges I'm sure and I may just have been unlucky. The point I want to make here though is that I shouldn't have to be lucky to express myself. To those of you wearing rose-coloured spectacles: Cambridge will never be a liberal and gay-friendly place until the message gets through to the boat clubs, rugby clubs, air squadrons and OTCs, JCR lesbian reps, take note.

Anon
Magdalene



The winner of the Letter of the Week wins two tickets to the Arts Picture House.



interviews.fashion.outlook.science

Paradise: Found

EDEN: The Project

Intro Jenny Hogan and May Glover Gunn can't Adam & Eve it

A disused quarry, Cornwall. Not somewhere you'd expect to come across a collection of huge bubble-wrapped domes. But the mild climate of the south-west is ideal for the Eden Project, the home for over 5000 different species of plants from a variety of locations around the world.

The project is the brainchild of Tim Smit, who previously masterminded the restoration of the Lost Gardens of Heligan – an overgrown estate garden which he discovered and transformed into the most-visited private garden in England. In 1994 he had the idea of creating an exhibition of plants to celebrate the diversity of the world around us – a Garden of Eden for the 21st century. It was not until three years later, while driving near the Cornish town of St Austell, that he came across the crater of a former china clay quarry and thought it would be the perfect location.

The idea won funding from the Millennium Commission, and attracted several high-profile figures to leave behind job security – and, in some cases, their salaries – to become part of the Eden team. Despite construction problems including two months of relentless rain which flooded the pit, the enthusiasm of Smit and his team for the project's messages of conservation and diversity ensured it was completed.

The project opened its doors to the public for a limited time last year, during the construction of the geodesic domes in which the plants are now housed – a phase known as the "Big Build". It

opened properly just over a month ago, allowing visitors to step inside the domes for the first time. Although the maximum visitor numbers were originally projected to be 8000, we visited the project just after the Easter weekend, which had seen crowds of 13000 each day. Doubtless the project has benefited from the closure of many public attractions due to the foot and mouth epidemic, and the high volume of visitors resulted in waiting times of up to two hours just to get into the complex.

Upon arriving at the Eden Project, it's the architecture of the domes that stands out. Described by the directors of the project as "alien" in appearance, the two groups of geodesic domes which nestle in the crater look space-age; apparently sci-fi and James Bond films were part of the inspiration for the design. They're not visible till near the end of the journey from the train station to the crater (which takes about 20 minutes by road – there are hourly buses, complete with cheery driver and on-board videos on the making of Eden, now running from the station). However, the Eden experience starts in the visitor centre at the top of the crater. The gift shop, though disappointingly low on tacky Eden spin-offs, is full of books and soap; and the nearby restaurant, in keeping with the Eden philosophy of supporting like-minded organisations, serves Clipper fair trade tea and coffee. There is another restaurant and a canteen situated in the Teletubby-esque grass-covered link between the Humid Tropics and Warm Temperate biomes. Because the project is proving so much more popular

than was predicted, these tend to fill up quickly towards lunchtime, so go early if you want to be sure of your Cornish pastie.

A path winds its way down through the uncovered biome from the visitor centre to the covered domes. Tents on the way serve yet more guilt-free tea (and the exclusive Eden ale) and offer information about some of the organisations with which the project has links. As for the domes themselves, by far the most impressive is the Humic Tropics biome – a hot and misty swirl of greenery. The jungle atmosphere seemed to be taking its toll on some of the more elderly visitors, but the curators have provided an air-conditioned refuge at the highest point of the walk. The warm temperate biome is much less oppressive, and brings together plants from three disparate areas of the world which have similar climates.

Although both domes have an impressive variety of plants on show, we were left wanting more information about where the individual plants came from, and why they had funny shaped leaves, and so on. At the moment, it's essential to buy a guidebook to learn about the plants, until the information displays are fully installed. Eden is very much a work in progress – but that's part of its appeal. The £5 student ticket can be upgraded for an extra £3 to a 'passport', allowing unlimited visits for a year: well worth it to see how this modern-day paradise develops.

Go to www.edenproject.com for details of how to visit the Eden Project



Photo: Jenny Hogan



Photo: Martin Griffiths

The Ethos

The Watering Lane Nurseries are five twisting miles of country lane away from the Eden site. Converted from a garden centre with a greenhouse extension boasting six-metre tall glass (head-room for trees), it is here that the plants of Eden were nurtured while the domes were built. Dr Tony Kendle, Assistant Head of Science and Mission Director, led us through the conservatories still leafy with left-over plants. The cacti soaking up the sun are waiting for a desert biome to be built...

"I actually did a PhD in china clay reclamation," he explains his involvement with the project. "I was in that pit before Tim Smit ever heard of it." His role was as scientific advisor in the creation of soil for the biomes.

The research was "quick and dirty" with no time for controlled trials, they guessed what would work and are now measuring its success by the health of the plants that grow in the soil. There are no research facilities or science laboratories on the site: "Eden is a science enabler, designed to work with the infrastructure that already exists."

The high-profile interest and sponsorship that the dramatic Eden project has attracted will be used to support research projects aligned with the project's philosophy:

To promote the understanding and responsible management of the vital relationship between plants, people and resources, leading to a sustainable future for all.

Enthusiastically, Dr Kendle explains

that the "real research at Eden is into communication science". Classed by the Government as a science centre, its remit is education. Many such centres are characterised by multi-media exhibits, touch-screen displays and audio-visual presentations. This has deliberately been avoided, and it wasn't only for financial reasons. At Eden, the exhibits are installations by local artists – aiming to provoke emotions. "Coming from a science background, it's been great to work in such a highly creative environment." Dr Kendle is cutting down his commitments at the University of Reading to devote more of his time to Eden.

Unlike the traditional botanical gardens which usually define themselves as genetic collections – and face crisis

as they are made redundant by tissue and seed storage – Eden has no conservation role. So where a botanical garden crushes in as many plants as it can, leaving the visitor the struggle to resolve one bush from the next tree, Eden has the freedom to take not just one of a species but a whole plantation. "Rather than one plant as a curiosity, we are giving people some idea of the environment the plant came from or land-use in agriculture."

"That isn't to say we don't have any interesting or rare plants," Dr Kendle interrupts himself. Any favourites? With almost a giggle, he admitted that there was a very peculiar conservation issue that fascinated him. "People are munching their way through the world's penis-shaped plants because they think they're aphrodisiacs."



Photo: Jenny Hogan

and The Philosophy

Eden Timeline

- 1994: Tim Smit has the idea of building the world's biggest greenhouse
- November 1995: Nicholas Grimshaw Ltd (the architects responsible for the Waterloo International Terminal) agree to design the biomes
- May 1997: Following a resubmitted application, the project is awarded £37.5 million by the Millennium Commission
- October 1997: The Watering Lane Nursery is purchased and becomes the home for the project's plants until they are transferred to the main site
- October 1998: Construction begins at Bodelva pit, a former china clay quarry
- October – December 1998: Constant rain floods the pit, halting construction
- May 2000: Phase One – the Big Build – opens to the public; over half a million people visit between now and January 2001
- October 2000: The first plants are moved to the Humid Tropics biome
- March 2001: The project opens fully to the public

The Domes

They look like the faceted eyes of an insect. Like the soap bubbles at the edge of a bowl of washing up. Like a honeycomb from another dimension. The Eden biomes are the largest conservatories in the world.

Constructed using a unique 'hex-tri-hex' grid, the hexagon-triangle-hexagon structure is based on geodesic domes. The surface of a sphere can be divided into a mixture of planar hexagons and pentagons, the size of which depends on the radius of the sphere. The Eden domes consist of two such layers tied by pyramidal struts that look like stars.

Nicholas Grimshaw Ltd, the architects responsible for the futuristic greenhouses at Eden, arrived at the biome structure by intersecting spheres with each other and the quarry walls. The resulting four-segment biomes are

caterpillar-like structures, emerging from the ground and clinging to the boundaries of the crater. The design gave them the flexibility to adapt to the changing profile of the quarry, essential while the building teams fought to stabilise huge chunks of rock and clay that threatened to slip every time it rained!

The largest biome is 50 metres tall, 240 metres long and 110 metres wide. And yet this structure weighs little more than the air it contains. If it weren't firmly bolted to the ground, it would blow away. These greenhouses are not built of glass, which would weigh so much that the structure would require thick steel strusses and internal support walls, but manufactured from Ethyltetrafluoroethylene (ETFE). The hexagonal frames each tether a pillow constructed from layers of ETFE plastic foil, up to 11 metres in diameter and

two metres deep when inflated, which were installed by teams of abseilers. Unfortunately you can't get close enough to touch them.

ETFE is more transparent to light than glass, which is good for the plants. It looks pearly-white because it reflects some of our visible spectrum. Careful thought had to be given to the climate required by the plants, and with Head Agriculturalist Peter Thoday the architects developed a control system that uses minimal mechanical parts. Triangular vents at the tops of the domes can be opened to encourage circulation of air from ground-level inlets. As well as moderating the temperature, the resulting air flow has an additional benefit. Where plants grown in greenhouses are often weak-stemmed, the air speeds in the biomes will give Eden plants a work-out.

The Plants

Three biomes: 5,330 different species of plant. Eden has collected plants both from the wild and from botanic gardens around the world to populate its three biomes. Appreciate the importance of plant products to our modern lives, wonder at the diversity and structural beauty of tropical vegetation and admire the tenacious survival skills of Mediterranean crops by spending a few hours in a Cornish quarry.

usually satisfied by irrigation schemes, the water laced with fertilisers and pesticides which degrade the quality of ground and surface water. At Eden, the explorer is encouraged to take a holistic view of the environment, to marvel at our reliance on plants and appreciate the strain that we place on the natural ecosystems.

The humid tropics nestle against the side of the quarry, creating a dramatic cliff within the vast conservatory. The temperature is maintained between 18 and 35°C and the air kept moist



The Wild Cornwall biome extends uncovered down the slopes of the Bodelva pit in a series of sweeping terrasses and endures the cold temperate climate of South-West England. Nothing more than a giant earthen staircase for the moment, we are promised plantations of sunflowers, hops and hemp. Eden will only be allowed to grow *Cannabis sativa* (hemp) by licence; its marijuana connections are dubious credentials for a public exhibition and people will be kept away by fence. Yet attitudes towards this plant are changing – hemp is a resilient crop whose fibres can be used in anything from the rope in a ship's rigging to strengthening the paper of banknotes. Tea, native to the cooler mountainous tropics, will also thrive in the Cornwall climate.

The warm temperate biome encompasses the climates of the Mediterranean, California and South Africa. Olive trees are grown in poor parched soil characteristic of their homelands and tell the story of their role in trade. The fruits – citrus, grapes, apricots, tomatoes, peppers – enjoy the sunshine and warmth of these regions recreated in the biome. Their demand for water is

by lurking jets of mist and a waterfall which tumbles from the side of the quarry. Eventually the trees planted in the central, highest regions of the biomes will grow to form a canopy 40 metres above the ground. Within the jungle we find the *Hevea brasiliensis* tree, tapped for its milky white sap from which latex and rubber products are derived. The giant corrugated leaves of palms cast beautiful shade. The coconut infiltrates the international market and palm oil (from the oil palm) grown across Malaysia is widely used in processed foods. Rice paddies, pineapple fields, coffee plantations and banana trees merge with the dense green vegetation.

All of the plants are grown in soil manufactured by the Eden team with the assistance of research groups at Reading University. The quarry has been tucked under a seven metre blanket of compost made from china clay residues and processed vegetable waste developed in just two years. A total of 850,000 tonnes of earth in several 'flavours' has been spread through the biomes to suit the tastes of the plants. They seem to like it.

Education

If only I were little. I could take part in the 'Don't forget your leech socks' expedition in the biomes. An air-ticket would arrive at school, inviting us to the Humid Tropics at Eden to find plant candidates for a new documentary film. I'd explore the jungle...

Except Gill Hodgson, Schools Education Officer, would forget to mention that half-way through my expedition "the camp's raided by a gang of baboons – you've got 20 minutes until darkness to find a plant you can eat, a plant to give you water, a plant that you can use for shelter..." I can almost imagine the excitement of the primary-school children as they are let loose in the biomes on their mission. This workshop would last a few hours and is one of five educational programs that are being introduced in May which aim to show kids that "plants are amazing!" A mathematical workshop 'Cracking the Code' aimed at an older age group will examine the symmetries and tessellation in the domes and learn about the plants which grow according to the Fibonacci sequence (1,1,2,3,5,8... each term is the sum of the previous two) – for example the number of seeds in the counter-rotating spirals of seeds in a Sunflower head are always two consecutive Fibonacci numbers.

Tertiary and secondary groups visiting Eden will be given an introductory lecture by a relevant specialist "from botanists to civil engineers" and can request a guided tour with a similar specialist slant. "The whole of Eden is seen as an education research centre, so there's formal education groups... but also everyone who visits is here, informally, as a student."

The education team of three is lead by Dr Jo Readman, "Jo is bionic and Pam and I have heart-attacks" Gill

joked. They are responsible for conveying the educational message of Eden to visitors, through story-telling guides hiding among the plants in the biomes, the guidebooks and information displays. The aim is to "delve into things like fair trade, organics and loss of biodiversity... but the whole point of Eden isn't to make people feel guilty or to dwell on anything negative, the point to put across is that there is hope if everyone makes choices to do their bit. It's a positive message."

So, to summarise the message of Eden in a five point plan, Gill proposes: (1) Plants are brilliant. (2) We all use plants in our everyday lives... (3) Because of that, it's a good idea to look after them. (4) People are doing that already – take fair trade teas as an example. (5) Everyone can make choices and do their bit."



Photo: May Glover Gunn

Dr Who?

May Glover Gunn learns why lab work is better than sex



Steve Jackson is a professor of biology in the Department of Zoology and a senior group leader in the Wellcome Institute in Cambridge. He's also the Chief Scientific Officer of KuDOS, a biotechnology company based at the Science Park, which he founded a couple of years ago.

Sounds like a very full plate...

Prof Jackson would agree. Although he says "it's great to be busy", he does sometimes feel that "nobody could possibly be more hectic than I am!".

A day in the life?

Jackson describes a typical working day as "a difficult one to put my finger on". He divides his time between travelling to conferences, overseeing the research carried out by his lab of 20 people, and coping with the never-ending academic administration of grant applications, reviewing papers and writing for journals.

So what research do they do in his lab?

Basically, they're trying to understand "how normal cells work and what goes wrong in a cancer cell", using biochemistry, gene cloning and cell

culture techniques. A lot of the work uses mammalian cells, but yeast is also used.

Yeast? Isn't that the stuff they put in bread?

That's right. But Prof Jackson and his team use it as a model system from which to draw parallels with human cells. Jackson explains "there's a big difference between us and yeast, but in terms of fundamental pathways and the way the cell operates, there are amazing similarities."

So what does that have to do with cancer?

Prof Jackson's work involves studying how cells detect and repair damage to the DNA within them. DNA, which contains the genetic information about an organism, is damaged by outside influences, even just the ultra-violet light in everyday sunshine. Normal healthy cells have mechanisms – "pathways" – which repair this damage. In fact, each cell in our bodies repairs about 10,000 lesions a day; in total this works out at the body having to cope with around 10^{18} – that's a billion billion – lesions a day. The problem occurs when a cell fails to repair damage; this

mutation can mean the cell no longer works properly. It stops responding to normal environmental signals. For example, it can fail to stop dividing when it should, characteristic of a cancerous cell.

Do they know why this happens?

In Prof Jackson's lab they've identified an enzyme which is activated by unwanted breaks in the DNA double helix, suggesting that the enzyme is part of a repair mechanism. Subsequently they established that defects in this enzyme cause radiosensitivity in cells. This means the cells are more likely to be damaged by radiation. Given that about half of all cancer patients are treated with radiotherapy, this could have important clinical implications. Cancer patients who happen to have a defective version of the gene for the enzyme will be especially sensitive to radiation and can experience an over-reaction to the standard radiotherapy dose given to cancer sufferers.

So could this change the way cancer is treated?

Perhaps. Ultimately gene therapy could be a possibility – the radiosensitive cells can be corrected by

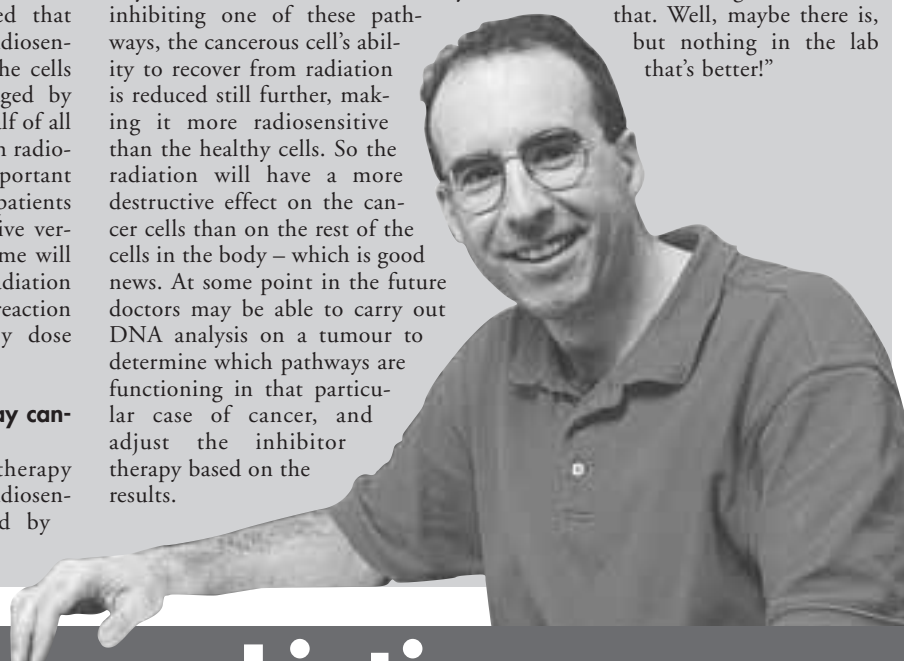
inserting the non-defective version of the gene for the enzyme back into them. However, this would be unrealistically expensive. Jackson's biotech company is instead looking at ways of targeting radiotherapy towards cancerous cells so that the healthy cells aren't killed off. Each cell in the body has multiple repair pathways, but cancer cells tend to lose one of them along the way, making them more dependent on the remaining pathways to recover from radiation. By inhibiting one of these pathways, the cancerous cell's ability to recover from radiation is reduced still further, making it more radiosensitive than the healthy cells. So the radiation will have a more destructive effect on the cancer cells than on the rest of the cells in the body – which is good news. At some point in the future doctors may be able to carry out DNA analysis on a tumour to determine which pathways are functioning in that particular case of cancer, and adjust the inhibitor therapy based on the results.

Sounds exciting...

Indeedy. And Jackson's only regret seems to be that he no longer has enough time to do any of the lab work himself.

He misses lab work? Why?

"There's nothing better than working at the bench, getting a great result and proving right this idea that you've had – maybe an idea that your supervisor didn't think was very good – there's nothing better than that. Well, maybe there is, but nothing in the lab that's better!"



Listings

The Scott Lectures 2001 – Proteins: the fourth dimension

Mon 30 April • 4.30pm
Protein Dynamics: Physics, Chemistry and Biology

Wed 2 May • 4.30pm
How Proteins Fold: Simple Insights into a Complex Reaction

Fri 4 May • 4.30pm
Structural Plasticity and its Biological Roles

All lectures given by Prof Martin Karplus, Harvard University and Universite Louis Pasteur, and take place at the Pippard Lecture Theatre, Cavendish Laboratory

Women in Physics: Is the climate changing?

Thu 3 May • 5pm
Palmerston Room, John's

noodlessence

Noodfucius say:

'To be fulfilled, man must satisfy the hunger within.'

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BOUND

TO PLEASE?

“DESIGNERS PLAY WITH KINKY LOOKS,” gushed the Vogue headlines, “COMING UP WITH THE SEXIEST CLOTHES IN YEARS.” Nova, with a supercilious sarcasm, declared that after last season’s shows when bondage-style leather stalked the catwalks accessorised with whips, killer spike heels and masks: “S&M has become as acceptable as a bowling bag or ostrich-leather slingbacks”.

Fashion is about making a statement, about gaining attention by breaking the final taboos. These clothes aren’t sexy; they’re SEX, screamed at breaking pitch by a writhing, PVC-clad, masked dominatrix as she spansks a whimpering middle-aged man in a secret Soho club.

And is this liberating for women? Certainly ‘real’ S&M owes a large part of its appeal to its clandestine theatricality; exposing this in a tongue in cheek way makes it less terrifying and even slightly amusing. But feminist theory has condemned sado-masochism, denying that it empowers women and exploring how, in essence, it feeds primeval urges by allowing the male to regress to the helplessness of early infancy when he was completely at the mercy of his mother; by proxy anticipating a time when he will be in control.

Interested in a bit of slap and tickle with an edge? Before you rush out and clad yourself head-to-toe in rubber, whips and handcuffs from Ann Summers and other ‘specialist’ shops, take comfort in the knowledge that you can do bondage fashion without having to look like a gimp. The high street has filtered the S&M look very well; clothes are relatively plain, often with only a single suggestive strap, tie or buckle. Expect to see 13 year-old girls wearing studded dog collars to their school discos. Watch out all you bad, bad boys.



2 row glitter bracelet, £3.50, 1 row spike necklace, £4.95, 1 row spike bracelet, £2.95, all from Sunrise, Leather skirt, £44.99, Morgan, Corset, £30.00, Lipsy @ TopShop, Dress (with buckle detail), £34.99, Eyelet belt, £9.95, both by River Island, Sandals, £50.00, Miss Selfridges

Fashion editors:
Stylists:
Words:
Photographs:
Model:

Lucy Caldwell and Heather Tilley
Jemma Abrams, Lucy Caldwell and Heather Tilley
Lucy Caldwell
Dan Lambert
Jemma Abrams



A nod's as good as a wink

Sarah Brown gave tiddlywinks a once-over

Last term was a triumphant one for Cambridge as once again we destroyed Oxford in the Varsity tiddlywinks match. I'm still recovering from the celebrations but, as the Cambridge team revel in glory, this seems like the perfect time to explain to the uninitiated what makes tiddlywinks such a well-loved game.

Most of us remember playing tiddlywinks as children. There's a certain innocent pleasure in seeing the counters (we call them 'winks') flying into the pot. The adult game still provides such moments of simple joy, but also involves skill and strategy. The winner is decided using a scoring system based on how many of your winks are uncovered and how many are in the pot. This means that it is usually better to cover (or 'squop') your opponent's winks

rather than naively go for the pot – although occasionally this high-risk option can be a winning strategy!

However, there is more to tiddlywinks than just playing the game. While at high levels it can be taken very seriously, the most important thing is to have fun! The tiddlywinks community has a strong identity and in keeping with this we can regularly be found playing drinking games in Queens' bar. There are also numerous pub crawls as well as special events such as the annual dinner. Occasions like these, as well as tournaments of course, strengthen the links between team members and give everyone a chance to pick up some new winking strategies. People are always prepared to pass on hints about how to play certain shots and there are plenty of amusing stories from the past.

And then there is the Varsity match. Our victory over Oxford was something to be proud of and was far from unexpected. The sun streamed into the Bowett Room at Queens' College as eight Cambridge players waged tiddlywink war on our traditional rivals. There were some beautiful shots played and we won with ease. As is customary, quarter blues have been awarded to the whole team and so we all had plenty to smile about. We then spent the evening playing drinking games and engaged in some team bonding by drinking champagne from the trophy! It was a great way to celebrate our success and the fun that we had on the way to it.

The Tiddlywinks Club meet every Wednesday at 7.30pm in the Erasmus Room, Queens'.

TRIED & TESTED

Tim Fiskén sounds like a stuck record

Why would you want to go to a record shop? I mean, can't you get CDs in Woolworth's? So speaks the voice of middle age. As we all know, wandering around looking for that obscure early album or live bootleg is much more fun than actually listening to the music once you've got it. But which shops to try? To compare prices, I looked for CUSU President Mat Coakley's favourite album, *Automatic For The People* from REM, while I also found out which shops were pretentious enough to stock Herbie Hancock's seminal jazz/hip-hop crossover *Future Shock*.

HMV, Lion Yard

The most obvious place to buy records in Cambridge is the fairly large HMV. It looks exactly like every other HMV everywhere, which is, obviously, evil, although it's quite a nice shade of purple, as evil goes. Even more evil are the prices, though – CD albums start at £15, with most recent releases about £17. Still, there's usually some sort of sale on; at the moment, they're offering up to 40% off 'classic albums', so you can get *Mel And Kim's Greatest Hits* for £6.99, which is nice. *Automatic for the People* was £15.99, and they did have the Herbie Hancock record, but there is no particular reason to pay HMV style prices.

Andy's Records, Fitzroy Street

"Where Music Matters," apparently. Andy's Records seems to fancy itself as the chain for the 'real' music fan, so there's shelves and shelves of mediocre 'alternative' music, with anything interesting (dance, hip-hop, reggae) relegated to a distant corner. This indier-than-thou attitude, though, can't disguise the fact that Andy's Records is as anodyne a chain as HMV or Virgin. It charges the same sort of prices, too – *Automatic for the People* was £15.99 again. They didn't have *Future Shock*, but Herbie Hancock's "critically derided" fusion album *Sextant* was one of their recommended Jazz picks, so they get points for that, if nothing else.

Virgin, Grafton Centre

As Virgin Megastores go, this is more of a micro, so the range of records is a bit poor. Still, if you're not looking for anything too obscure it's not such a bad choice, with pretty good prices for slightly older records. For example, there's a lot of early REM for £10.50 a pop. Otherwise, newer records are between £13 and

£16. Unfortunately, they were playing Feeder when I went in, and as I left I overheard someone waxing lyrical over Counting Crows, so obviously they lose all their points. No Herbie Hancock, either, so probably not worth the schlep to the Grafton Centre, although they do have a few new releases on vinyl, if that's your thing.

Jay's Records, Burleigh Street

Like all independent record shops, Jay's Records is (inexplicably) much



cheaper than the evil chains. Most records seem to be either £10 or £13 (*Automatic for The People* is the latter), although they also had special offers such as Fatboy Slim's first album for £6.50, which sounds like a pretty good bargain to me. There is also a very wide range for such a small shop, and they pass the Herbie Hancock test with flying colours, as they have both the original and the remixed reissue of *Future Shock*. Nice. Finally worth mentioning is their great selection of vinyl, the best I've seen in Cambridge. There are a lot of hip-hop 12"s, and loads of imports, so if you're looking for that joint you've just heard going down on Westwood, this is probably the best place to go.

Garon Records, King Street

This isn't the place to come for the new Slipknot album, but if you are looking for jazz, blues or world music, you will most likely find it here. Garon records has an impressively obscure collection, from mid-period Serge Gainsbourg to the prog rock opera of *The War of The Worlds*. Most records, no matter how bizarre, won't set you back more than £10, or £5 second hand, so you can afford to investigate Javanese tribal percussion records, or whatever takes your fancy. And, of course, they have more Herbie Hancock than you can shake a stick at, so I was well pleased.

Restaurants

King of the Hill

Ian Caulfield thought No 1 King's Parade was No 1

No 1 King's Parade: everyone knows where it is but hardly anyone seems to have actually been there. The common perception is that it is too expensive for a student budget. For whatever reason it has been overlooked. With this in mind my friend and I set out to dine, and we found our experience to be thoroughly pleasant.

The restaurant proper is situated underground, with a medieval cellar feel to it. Toilets are labelled 'Knights' and 'Damsels'.

The menu had quite a range of starters (from bruschetta for £3.95 to caviar for £25). We decided to share a portion of garlic bread (£2.95). This was fresh, with a pleasantly crispy crust and a surprisingly rich flavour; a definite must for garlic fans. I took a glass of house red (£3), while my companion went for a glass of Merlot (£3.40). Both were pleasing, although not outstanding.

For main courses, I selected the Sunday special, roast beef with horse-radish sauce served with Yorkshire pudding, roast potatoes, carrots and gravy. This was £9.95, which proved good value, as the serving was huge. Toward the end, I must admit I almost regretted having a starter. The meat was very tender and richly flavoured, although pos-

sibly a little rare for my taste. The real highlight however was the roast potatoes: forget the bland, half-cooked offerings available elsewhere, these were richly seasoned – both my friend and I said "Wow!" when we tasted them. My friend went with the Roast Duck Maigret in Marnier sauce (£13.95) which was also served with roast potatoes. He said the quality of the food was excellent, but ordering a side salad would have made it a really satisfying meal.

For dessert you can select from the fairly standard dessert menu, or try one of the cakes or tarts on display in a large

cabinet; I went for apple tart with ice cream, he took chocolate tart with pistachio, served with cream. We were both very impressed, and this formed a fitting end to the meal.

No 1 Kings Parade has an undeserved reputation for being extortionate; while the prices are above the range you would want to pay for an everyday meal, this would certainly be an appropriate place for a special occasion. Alternatively, it's somewhere to take the parents when they're paying.

*No 1 Kings Parade Bar & Restaurant
01223 359506*



Photo: Tim Fiskén



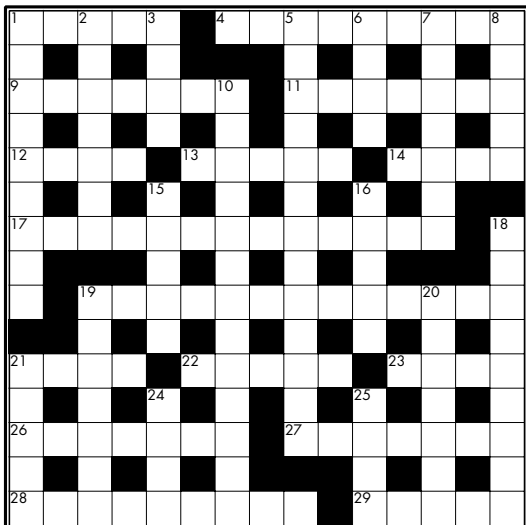
The *Varsity* crossword is sponsored by Joti and Debbie, graduate advisors at Natwest, who hope you've had a good term so far, and wish you all the best for the rest of it. To win a £10 music/book voucher return the completed puzzle with your details to the *Varsity* offices by 12 noon Thursday. Last week's winner was Richard Pearce.

Across

- I'm returning little rodents to ape (5)
- He runs last, making things run smoothly (6,3)
- Court cards? (7)
- Spoil time-out for pot (7)
- Reflects on sound plan (4)
- Rise up primary social classes with drink (5)
- Simple lake (4)
- Below, taking in sleeve of men's vests (13)
- Boy and the mother, we hear, with flower (13)
- Beat tin with energy... (4)
- ...little man worth double beat! (5)
- Back part is in Washington (4)
- Left out African-Spanish, perhaps (7)
- Got tall construction about pipe opening (7)
- Most refuse if thistle is removed (9)
- Frosty, though having spark yesterday (5)

Down

- One's heart might indicate this (5,4)
- Overlook what dream is about (7)
- Meditate over but break down (4)
- Congratulating, remarking about split lip (13)
- Monster is back, therefore (4)
- Damsels requiring help from chaps from the south (7)
- A sister issue? (5)
- Good at mixing chemistry, for example, and anthropology (6,7)
- Tour around royal cathedral city (5)
- & 25 In hot water? (2,3,4)
- Dandy friend, acting like 9 (9)
- Set food (7)
- Rain from stormier conditions results in being wetter (7)
- Name given to one from Land's End? (5)
- Some spit heartily in soft tissue (4)
- See 16 down



by Boadicea

Across

- Hoodwink (5)
- Electrical discharge (9)
- Refunds (7)
- Frees (7)
- Ventilated (4)
- Circular (5)
- Observe (4)
- Device designed to reduce damage in a collision (5,8)
- Ombudsmen 913)
- Excursion (4)
- Dictum (5)
- Unhappy (4)
- Afternoon performance (7)
- Zodiac sign (7)
- Makes amends (9)
- Diving bird (5)

Down

- Cadavers (9)
- Blockade (7)
- Short skirt (4)
- eg Carbon dioxide (10,3)
- Rank (4)
- One who burdens (7)
- Breezy (5)
- Loss of sight sometimes suffered in ski resorts (4,9)
- Brushes surface (5)
- Churchman (5)
- Stew (9)
- Encased (7)
- Oval (7)
- Remit (anag) (5)
- Leg joint (4)
- Sonorous disc (4)

Tall buildings, tall stories

Angela Grainger wound up in the Windy City

The Sears Tower is the World's Tallest Building – but only in three out of four categories. The Sears people stuck a 300ft mast on the top of their tower in 1997 in a shameless attempt to reclaim the title for the City of Big Shoulders, but the honour of actually being the most soaring structure on earth belongs to the Petronas Towers, Kuala Lumpur. This might explain why, despite the 80-mile views of icy Lake Michigan, the Great Plains and sister skyscrapers from the observation deck, I didn't quite feel on top of the world there.

I'm convinced Chicago should get over its 'second city' syndrome and stand on its own two feet. Forget taking a weekend break in New York; head for the Windy City if you want the best from the US. The cloud-busting buildings and futuristic, sky-high life are all very well. But beyond the glassy modernity is the very human megalopolis on the ground; sights stealing your attention, good food, and culture simultaneously urbane and accessible.

The tourist sites are worth visiting – the Art Institute, Natural History Museum, Aquarium, Lincoln Park and its Zoo, or cheering on the Bears, Bulls, Cubs, or White Sox. You will strain your neck looking at architecture billed as the best in the US and recognise much of it from films from *The Untouchables* to the recent *What Women Want*. With a car you can recreate

Ferris Bueller's Day Off or *The Blues Brothers* down famous Lake Shore Drive.

Chicago's gifts to the world don't end there. Take the chance to confess you've been a man all along on the Jerry Springer show – you can phone ahead to get tickets for recordings of that and Oprah. Pop into the headquarters of the Chicago Tribune. The paper's reporters returned from all over the world with stolen bits of listed buildings (including a gargoyle from the Houses of Parliament and a bit of St Peter's in Rome), and cemented them triumphantly, into the building's walls.

Chicago's live scenes – theatre, comedy and music (especially blues and jazz) – are strong. Most American comics have played Chicago's comedy clubs at some point and Second City, ImprovOlympic and the Neo-Futurarium (situated above a morgue) are cutting-edge and fairly cheap. Read the free papers carrying listings and reviews in the few small coffee shops left in the States. My favourite was the Bourgeois Pig Cafe near Lincoln Park, right by what used to be a no-go area run by the mafia.

Around this and a road lined with what appear to be rainbow coloured phalluses (known as Boystown) are some independent cinemas: the Biograph, guaranteed a steady income from ghoulish tourists since a gangster was shot outside there by the FBI in the thirties, and the 1912 Vic Theater, hosting 'Brew and View' film nights where you are expected to smoke,

drink and swear at the screen, are both worth checking out. Much like in London, these parts of the city have been re-branded by estate agents as the middle classes move in, but take a look around you when riding the 'El' train, and in theatres and bars and you will notice that for all that Chicago appears cosmopolitan, there are great social and racial divides.

Bars are a good place to get close to the heart of the city. You will need a fake ID for this, as the legal drinking age is 21 and everyone that looks under 30 is automatically 'carded' when they try to buy alcohol. An ISIC card worked for me. Try 'Frat bars' (open to the public) where university alumni make up for the lack of drinking while they were students and watch the school basketball teams on 17 television screens at once.

Of course, massive brands like McDonalds, Starbucks and Gap are indigenous to the US, but with a few twists that remind you that you are not at home. McDonald's food is noticeably fresher. You are likely to be served your mug of coffee with a straw in many cafes in case you catch something and become litigious. There are also some good non-chain stores around but they have to be hunted out.

Chicago has the best bits of a US city – importantly, its streets and theatres have soul, unlike the surrounding small towns that seem to have no town centres and are

dominated by cars. One warning though: there were blizzards last Christmas and seeing the city means travelling on foot and on the 'El' trains much of the time.

Snow is only fun until your fingers drop off. It's not impossible to get there – there are hostel beds from ten dollars a night in summer, and flights can be under £300.



Photo: Angela Grainger

The May Anthologies 2001

The editors are pleased to announce that the following pieces have been selected for inclusion in the may anthologies 2001:

Stories

If You Need Me
At the End of the Line
Moving Company
The Pink House
Searchers
When You Break it
How to build an impossible staircase
William Humberfield, Breadhurst
Le jour du bienfait ne'st jamais perdu

Sian Williams
Sophie Powell
Greg Kimura
Emily Haworth-Booth
Robert McGill
Robert McGill
Jon Ingold
Madeleine Brettingham
Jenny Steel

DEADLINE REMINDER!

We are also looking for May Anthologies Editors for the 2002 editions of the May Anthologies.

Prospective editors should apply as a pair.

Deadline: 30 April 2001

Contact Kate on 01223 353 422 for more info.

Poetry

XXXI (from The Cherub's Candle)
Contrary Motion
Boxing Day
Re-Iteration
Common Ground
For compatriots who want to ride whales
Gangstarise
Ancient histories of the Ice
Harrowed
Nietzsche's Daemon

Edward Ragg
Simon DeDeo
Kelly Grovier
Tom Perrin
Olivia Cole
Robert McGill
Adam Barnard
Robert Macfarlane
Robert McGill
Sophie Levy

Falling Angels
Desert
Common Magic
Rain
Approaching Belfast In Autumn
October
Box of Tricks
An Ending
Alien
The Children Speak

Penelope Woods
Siobhan Peiffer
Elizabeth Venn
Robert Macfarlane
Dilip Ninan
Adam Goodyer
Robert Macfarlane
Peter Fitzpatrick
Suhasini Sakhare
Sarah Walters

Congratulations go to all of these writers. Many thanks to all those that were also short-listed and to those that submitted work. The Cambridge launch will take place on 4th of May 2001 at Waterstone's, 22 Sidney St, from 6.30-8pm: all are welcome.

16 VARSITY LISTINGS

Friday | 27.04.01

Film

- **ARTS:** 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30: Bridget Jones's Diary (15). 10.30: Get Shorty (15). 1.10, 3.40, 5.50, 8.10: Bread and Roses (15). 10.40: Clerks (18). 2.30: Girlfight (15). 5.00: A One and a Two (15). 8.20: Faithless (15). 10.50: Boys Don't Cry (18).

Misc

- **SALSA DANCE CLASSES WITH NELSON BATISTA:** Absolute beg/improvers: 6-7.30pm. All levels: 7.30-9.00pm. *St. Columba's Hall, 4 Downing Place (opp Crowne Plaza).* 6pm. £5/4.

Music

- **Kettle's Yard:** Lunchtime Concert - Chris Brown (viola) and Jonathon Beattie (piano). *Kettle's Yard, Castle Street.* 1:10pm.
- **Spiritus Chamber Choir (dir. Aidan Oliver):** Miserere My Maker: professional ensemble in stunning works by Schutz, Byrd, Brahms. *Jesus College Chapel.* 8:15pm. £2.50-£8.

Talk

- **JSOC:** Chief Rabbi Professor Jonathan Sacks will speak at Friday night dinner. *Student Centre, 3 Thompson's Lane.* 7:30pm.

Saturday | 28.04.01

Film

- **ARTS:** 11.00am: The Pagemaster (U). 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30: Bridget Jones's Diary (15). 10.30pm: Get Shorty (15). 1.10, 3.40, 5.50, 8.10: Bread and Roses (15). 10.40: Clerks (18). 2.30: GIRLFIGHT (15). 5.00: A One and a Two (15). 8.20: Faithless (15). 10.50: Boys Don't Cry (18).

Music

- **Blue Monday:** Live Blues & Rock, 9-11pm Climax of the SPS-Fest. *Robinson College, Basement.* 9pm. £2.
- **John's Ents:** Club Tropicana; Music-Cheese; Dress- Tropical. *St. John's College, Fisher Building.* 9pm. £4.
- **Queens' Ents:** GOLD! The radical sound of the 80s. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 9pm. £4.

- **Tit Hall Ents:** VIVA! Poptastic cheese on a stick!. *Trinity Hall, Garret Hostel Lane.* 9pm. £4.

Sunday | 29.04.01

Film

- **ARTS:** 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30: Bridget Jones's Diary (15). 12.50, 5.50, 8.10: Bread and Roses (15). 3.00: Ulysses (18). 2.00: Double Bill - The Fountainhead (PG), Written on the Wind (PG). 6.00: A One and a Two (15). 9.20: Faithless (15).

- **Robinson Films:** Charlie's Angels - £2. *Robinson College, Auditorium.* 7pm & 10pm.

- **Trinity Films:** TRUE ROMANCE Tarantino-scripted gangster thriller, starring Christian Slater. *Trinity College, Winstanley Lecture Theatre.* 9pm. £2.

Misc

- **Buddhist meditation - Samatha Association:** Introductory course in traditional Thai breath meditation. All welcome. *Darwin, Old Library.* 8pm.
- **C U Karate Club:** Free demonstration by Chief Instructor (5th Dan). Wear loose clothing. *Fenners Gym, Gresham Road (nr. Kelsey Kerridge).* 2pm.

- **CU Kickboxing:** Kickboxing, suitable for any standard, including complete beginners. *Parkside Community College.* 7pm. £2.50.

Music

- **Clare Jazz:** Cambridge University Jazz Orchestra play an intriguing mix of swing, latin, jazz and funk. *Clare College.* 9pm. £3/4.

- **Kettle's Yard:** Coffee Concert - David le Page (violin) and Mary Wiegold (soprano), coffee from 11:00. *Kettle's Yard,*

Castle Street. 11:30am. £12 per Term, £3 per concert.

Talk

- **Cambridge MethSoc:** Main Meeting: Holy Communion in Methodism - Revd. Dr. Peter Graves. *Wesley Methodist Church, Christ's Pieces.* 12am.

Darwin College. 5:30pm. £5/3.

Talk

- **CISA - CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL STUDIES ASSOCIATION:** Annual Lecture: Prof. David Held, LSE, will speak on: 'Law of States, Law of Peoples'. *Pembroke College, Old Library.* 5pm. £1 for non-members.

Monday | 30.04.01

Film

- **ARTS:** 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Bridget Jones's Diary (15). 2.00: Hamlet (Kosintev) (PG). 4.40, 6.50, 9.10: Bread and Roses (15). 1.00, 9.20: Faithless (15). 3.50: Girlfight (15). 6.00: A One and a Two (15).

- **Trinity Films:** TRUE ROMANCE Tarantino-scripted gangster thriller, starring Christian Slater. *Trinity College, Winstanley Lecture Theatre.* 9pm. £2.

Misc

- **Barbara Harding Yoga:** Beginners Yoga (suitable for all levels). Beat stress the fun way!. *Darwin College.* 4:15pm. £5/3.

- **Barbara Harding Yoga:** Rowers Yoga.

Tuesday | 01.05.01

Film

- **ARTS:** 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Bridget Jones's Diary (15). 2.10, 4.40, 6.50, 9.10: Bread and Roses (15). 1.00: Faithless (15). 3.50: Girlfight (15). 9.15: Lone Star (15).

Misc

- **Barbara Harding Yoga:** Beat stress the fun way! Beginners Yoga. *Newnham College, Old Labs.* 6pm. £5/3.

- **CU Meditation & Buddhism Society:** Introduction to meditation; eight week course: "Going Deeper in Meditation". *Sidney Sussex College, Knox-Shaw Room.* 7:15pm.

- **CU Southern African Society & CU**

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- **CU Southern African Society & CU Portuguese Society:** African Dance Night. *Devonshire Arms, Devonshire Road, off Mill Road.* 9pm. £4.
- Talk**
- **Cambridge University Radio:** Getting Into Radio - find out how. Speakers include Kevin Greening. *Christ's College, New Court Theatre.* 7:30pm. £1 non-members, free members.
- **CU Scientific Society:** Dr Tim Bussey will talk on 'Methods in the Matter of Mind'. *Pharmacology Lecture Theatre, Tennis Court Road.* 8pm. £1.00.

- **ARTS:** 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Bridget Jones's Diary (15). 2.00: Hamlet (Kosintsev) (PG). 4.40, 6.50, 9.10: Bread and Roses (15). 1.00, 9.20: Faithless (15). 3.50: Girlfight (15). 6.00: A One and a Two (15).
- **Churchill MCR Films:** Dancer in the Dark (also late show at 11.00pm). *Churchill College, Wolfson Hall.* 8pm. £1.80.
- **CU Southern African Society & CU Portuguese Society:** BBC Panorama Documentary: 'The Dying Game'. *Jesus College, Prioress' Room.* 5pm.
- **Misc**
- **JSOC:** J PARTY, special offer cocktails, dress up as something starting with a

- **ARTS:** 1.30, 4.00, 9.00: Bridget Jones's Diary (15). 7.00: Beau Travail (15). 2.10, 4.40, 6.50, 9.10: Bread and Roses (15). 12.15, 9.20: Faithless (15). 3.00: The Emperor Jones (PG). 6.00: A One and a Two (15).
- **Robinson Films:** The Green Mile - Thursday 3rd May - Admission: £2. *Robinson College, Auditorium.* 9:30pm.

Misc

- **Contemporary Dance :** AFRICAN-STYLE RELAXATION Classes (Special Exam term treat!). *Magdelene College, Buckingham Room.* 7pm. £3.

Music

- **Kettle's Yard:** Subscription Concert - Paul Lewis (piano), Sonatas by Beethoven, Schubert etc. *Kettle's Yard, Castle Street.* 8pm. £20 per year, £8.50 per term.

please contact Kate kmc29

On the corner of Trumpington St. and Pembroke St.

Friday | 04.05.01

Misc

- **SALSA DANCE CLASSES WITH NELSON BATISTA:** Absolute beg/improvers: 6-7.30pm. All levels: 7.30-9.00pm. St. Columba's Hall, 4 Downing Place (opp Crowne Plaza). 6pm. £5/4.
- **SIN Cru:** Live HIP HOP & FUNK every month. The Kambar, Nightclub. 9pm. £5/£4 concs.
- **Music**
- **Amnesty International:** Acclaimed harpsichord recitalist Lucy Carolan plays early and new music. *Queens' College, Chapel.* 00am. £6.50/4.50, 01223 357851.

- **Amnesty International:** Harpsichord Recital All profits to AI. *Queens' College, Chapel.* 7:30pm. £6.50/4.50.
- **CU Southern African Society & CU Portuguese Society:** African Music Party. *Hughes Hall, Bar.* 9pm. £4.
- **Kettle's Yard:** Lunchtime Concert - Owen Cox (violin) & Tom Poster (piano) - Franck Sonata. *Kettle's Yard, Castle Street.* 1:10pm.
- **Queens' Ents:** Disco Demand! 70s Funk and Classic Disco. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 9pm. £4.
- **Theatre**
- **Cambridge Christian Musicals Society:** "Frontiers" - An original musical. *Selwyn Diamond, Grange Road.* 8pm. £5/£3.80.

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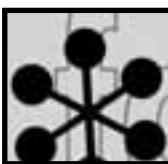
9pm at Queens' Student ID Required

The Varsity Office will be open for the May Bank Holiday

The deadlines for box ads and listings will be as usual (Mondays by 3pm) for the next 2 weeks.

The last *Varsity* of Easter term (before our May Week issues in June) is Friday May 11th.

We recommend that all groups holding events between May 11th and the Summer break submit their listings in time for this issue, so that we can include as many as possible in our May 11th issue.



↓ Ex-Chancellor Denis Healey and his famous eyebrows

Sexual Healey

Charlotte O'Brien saw a disturbing gleam in the eyes of Lord Healey

“It’s called *Varsity*? How very posh!” Somewhat bizarre coming from a man who drops ‘h’s into his words and whose vowels are so stiffened he could use them to tong his famously groomed eyebrows. Denis Winston Healey, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, deputy party leader and repeatedly thwarted wannabe party leader (he’ll cry if he wants to) has just been delivering his opinions on World Disorder. He concluded that he had explained nothing, but we were now “confused at a higher level than before”, thanks to his meandering dicta on international relations. A deliciously ironic choice of subject for a speaker who, Prince Philip-esque, once accused heckling members of his party of being “out of their Chinese little minds.” But then, as all his PR people keep telling me, “he does love to talk”. However, he seems to be labouring under quite the wrong impression of the rag I’m writing for.

Whilst a fidgety minder hovers over us neurotically with a stopwatch, Healey confesses he does like to give a good lecture, “but I’m better at answering questions because I like a bit of banter!” Indeed, he has never shied away from confrontation. Having been labelled “bully”, “thug”, and more indulgently “the greatest leader we never had” he is an ambiguous and

eccentric figure. He engaged in all but armed combat with Tony Benn – the pair worked in the same party but lived on different planets – and his open contempt of militants earned him a drenching in flour. Benn, not quite Denis’s greatest fan, announced acrimoniously in his memoirs that Healey was “unscrupulous, using argument to get what he wants”. Healey’s present slippery answer, that “the top of any profession is a bit like that, which is why I am always glad to talk to lovely

people like yourselves”, confirms he is now more concerned with the school of (sort of) charm than tactics.

Now all those blood-red socialists have been hung out to dry by the onslaught of New Labour, Healey can rest easy in retirement and indulge in writing books – as yet unpublished – painting and pursuing his famous hobby, photography.

He refers to me as “dearie”, pats my hand and asks if the photographer is my boyfriend.

Young Tony has freed Labour from flat cap caricatures. Indeed – Healey, Blair’s premature advocate – can sigh at the 1970/80s arguments about Labour peers, and put his feet up in the House of Lords. He went off on a tangent tonight during his speech to recommend his favourite Mediterranean destination, nice and secluded, away from scummy tourists. At 83, disillusion with politics is fair game, but Healey just keeps resurfacing with barbed not-very-internationalist comments about the Euro, and when asked in detail says in a terribly affable way he was just “agreeing with David” (Owen) and dismisses it as “boring”. “I’m very content with the government

we have now”, he purrs.

Unsurprisingly he has labelled Blair, Brown and Prescott (“he *might* have the face of a man who clubs baby seals. Not that I’ve met any!”) as the “Holy Trinity”. Perhaps disturbingly, he denies even the faintest trace of sarcasm. “Oh no, they are an ideal combination. And Gordon Brown is a very competent

chancellor,” he insists, imagining patting Brown generously on the head. “And since he’s got married, Gordon has become human as well!” Healey never let diplomacy get in the way of speaking his mind, unless you count gushing “with the very greatest respect”, before stinging his opponent with smarting insults. He admits he can “care even less what other people think” now. Assured whole paragraphs in history books and having reeled in a decent packet from his autobiography, *The Time of My Life*, published 12 years ago, he has also starred in a Sainsbury’s advert. He now lives in a vocal hedonism, asking of a Brazilian onlooker “Brazil, isn’t that where the nuts come from?” and remarking that Robin Cook is an “ethics man”. His overly gallant manner betrays an unwitting chauvinism, and he refers to me as “dearie”, pats my hand and asks if the photographer is my boyfriend. And this is the man who pondered about putting a tax on sex – he was presumably well off or considering exile.

“Prescott might have the face of a man that clubs baby seals. Not that I’ve met any.”

Healey served in government during the famed crisis years of the ’70s, “writing weekly articles as a *feuilletoniste*” but failed to lead. Roy Hattersley said Healey took the job of deputy as a “consolation prize”. There is a theory that the sitcom *Yes, Prime Minister* was based on the Callaghan government, implying Wilson hung on bitterly as PM until he knew Healey had fallen out of favour, to block his way to the top. Of course Healey denies this, but neglects to mention how harmonious his relationship with Wilson was. “No, no, no, he wouldn’t have had to do that, it wouldn’t have mattered when the election was, I’d never have beaten Jim.” But did the series reflect the govern-

ment in any other way? “It wasn’t Callaghan; Hacker was quite upper class wasn’t he? Jim Callaghan? Not at all!” Strange, most politicians comment reluctantly on programme’s proximity to the bone. “Oh, Anthony Jay was an astute observer. Certainly. It was other people that he saw he would pick up on.” So it was a sharp indictment of ‘them not us’ then? Sounds a bit like Maggie’s declaration that she never missed an episode.

Those were the years of cleaning up “Tory mess” (*déjà vu?*), and Healey claimed in his autobiography that he resorted to a monetarism policy because “We were on the brink of a catastrophe. My task was obstructed by events over which we had no control”. Doubtless his utterances of regret were to appeal to those who felt Labour principles of

“Brown is a very competent chancellor. And since he’s got married, he’s become human as well.”

Keynesianism had been compromised because the move marked a departure from commitment to full employment. Now, under New Labour, he need make no defence, and history has been cosmetically revamped to make him Labour’s economic shiny armour clad knight. He sounds quietly relieved with the affirmation that “some monetarism *is* needed”, and you can almost hear him add ‘after all’. But the dirty words haven’t all been sanitised, and he quickly points out, “I’m not a monetarist though”.

“With blessings like our economy and William Hague, we will have a job to lose this election!” His easy confidence smacks of someone relatively unaffected – he has had the time of his life, now he just watches. Recent debacles don’t concern him – the Mandelson affair “a melodrama made out of a molehill”. He regards the decline of the Tory party with an unruffled inevitability that comes with retrospect. “Once Thatcher was out the way...” He doesn’t dismiss them entirely as a lost cause, just damned as long as they “stick with him [Hague]”.

Healey’s suited insect minder is getting quite agitated, the Lord has an impor-

“Now I can care even less what other people think!”

tant pending silver service dinner, don’t you know. This wouldn’t happen with Tony Benn. Healey winks from beneath his carefully plumed eyebrow bristles, as congenial and lackadaisical as ever, musing on chatting about “something demanding. With luck I’ll just be asked about my holiday.” There is a disturbing gleam in his rolling eye as he smiles wickedly and tells me to “Behave!” I have to assume the ‘ultimate hold’ Blair PR machine will keep a tighter reign on their bunch when they start flirting with senility.



Photo: Sam Dobbin



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CONFESSIONS OF A RIOT GRRRL

Louisa Thomson bares her teeth

A woman jumps around on stage in an orange boiler suit, proudly displaying her hairy armpits whilst enthusing about the SCUM manifesto. That woman is Kathleen Hanna, original riot grrl protagonist. Last November, Le Tigre arrived in London. If you choose to ignore the feminist polemic that accompanies their live show, Le Tigre rock like... like what? Men? Believe that and you've missed the point. We seem to prefer our female icons to be glossy, polished pop style queens, stage school wannabes who strut around the TOTP stage with perfectly toned midriffs that Bridget Jones could only dream of. Sex appeal is far more important than the music. Leave the men to 'do' rock; after all, they know how, don't they?

Why is the idea of a girl holding a guitar something that needs to be discussed? Ridiculous as it seems, women in rock still have a hard time. Women on stage, in the music industry, do not fit in conveniently with the cock rock ethos. As soon as a woman plays a guitar, writes a song or sings in a band, it is an issue – they are primarily judged as women rather than musicians. Women in rock is certainly nothing new; from the Phil Spector girl groups of the sixties to Courtney Love spitting and punching her way through the nineties, women have made their presence felt. But the traditional gender bias still prevails, and there seems to be a difficulty in women carving out something unique in their own right.

This is where riot grrl came in. Angry at not being heard, girls united in a common cause against male domination, and decided to exclude men from gigs. From Bikini Kill writing 'slut' on their stomachs to Huggy Bear physically assaulting Terry Christian on The Word, riot grrls hollered with attitude. It was all too short lived – scratchy Casio sounds didn't really appeal to the baggy youth of the early nineties, though the spirit behind the music has undoubtedly been passed on to more respectable girl bands. But something is still wrong. If I mention the best girl bands around at the moment, the chances are you probably haven't heard of them. Something went wrong some-

where along the line – we are expected to pick and choose from the gruesome selection of bands that mainstream youth culture neatly packages and hermetically

Why is the idea of a girl holding a guitar something that needs to be discussed?

seals for the MTV generation. For every Westlife and Boyzone, there is a decidedly masculine Radiohead, Muse or At the Drive-In to cater for the, dare I say it, 'alternative' taste. For some reason, when it comes to women, most people don't make it beyond the Spice Girls or Atomic Kitten.

It's not as if there's a shortage of women musicians. It's all a matter of faith and persistence. For the die hard purists, all girl bands such as the Donnas (four American girls called Donna with an obsession for the Ramones) and Sleater Kinney (three more serious American girls who manage to make records, have babies and be in lots of other bands at the same time) are worth checking out. This side of the Atlantic, bands such as Electrelane, Angelica and Chicks on Speed are at the forefront of the New Girl Movement (a genre sadly yet to make the news pages of the *NME*). Bands that have token males like Ladytron, The Aisler's Set, Broadcast and Saloon are also part of this burgeoning and completely incoherent 'scene'. My point is that these bands are good, but for some reason they are not getting the much needed coverage that they deserve.

Why is there this resistance to accepting women as musicians? History has not been sympathetic. During the sixties, female icons such as Dusty Springfield, the Shangri-las and the Supremes looked pretty and daring on stage, whilst they mimed along to songs written by background Svengali male figures. In a male dominated industry, with publicity, promotion and management all handled by men, women were a commodity to be packaged and sold to suit the market. In the seventies, Debbie Harry might have co-written most of Blondie's songs, but sex still came before the music. The gorgeous blonde curling her lips and pouting in the centre of the stage was the focal

point.

The punk movement changed this situation by spawning a generation of teenagers who believed that three chords

and some attitude was all that was required to be famous. In this climate of 'creativity' it was suddenly OK to be a woman on stage, even if you had the kind of sex appeal that amounted to little more than occasionally tightening the bondage clips around your laddered tights or touching up your kohl eye liner. The punk scene was a place for experimentation – everyone was learning to play, men and women alike, and, as the Sex Pistols demonstrated, talent wasn't a prerequisite for success. The Slits were no more in tune than the Damned, or the Clash. Hidden beneath the general chaos, more

'serious' female musicians were being heard. The New York poet, Patti Smith, Polystyrene from X Ray Spex and Siouxsie Sioux wrote their own music,

and were not ridiculed for their efforts.

In the early nineties, it became acceptable for men to wear dresses in the name of grunge, and so girls in petticoats screaming angrily did not look so stupid. Hole, L7 and Babes in Toyland kicked back and played up the bad girl image. Over the last decade, a new wave of more sedate women musicians such as Kristin Hersh, Tanya Donnelly, Justine Frischman and Kim Gordon emerged, merely women getting on with the most important thing, the music. But is this really progress? Gender is still an issue in the music industry. Reviews of PJ

Harvey's last album focussed around its uncharacteristically upbeat nature, attributing this change to a successful relationship rather than any conscious musical decision.

Popular culture is becoming increasingly incomprehensible – fragmented into a pastiche of unappealing role models, banal song lyrics and ridiculous experimental attempts to find that definitive, all pervasive new creative voice. Beneath this, one thing remains depressingly the same – there are still more male journalists and more male bands, and this undoubtedly influences the way women are portrayed. So maybe we all need a bit of the Kathleen Hanna attitude. Get up on stage and shout about how society still makes it so difficult to be a woman and write songs about what a misogynist John Cassavetes was. You never know, someone might be listening.



Photo: Tom Catchesides

Stick 'em Up, Punk

Mike Stubbington reviews the Fun Lovin' Criminals

Toxic8 may make you feel that you're inside a giant, sticky-floored lava lamp but there is, at least, one reason to go there; it can claim to have entertained the Fun Lovin' Criminals' big night out in Cambridge. Admittedly, it was the band's second choice after Cindies didn't let them in because Huey was wearing trainers ("These aren't trainers, they're Nike Air Jordans – they cost more than your house!") but there's no need to dwell on that. This was just one of the stories that comprised the between-song banter from Huey, with him bemoaning the fact that he'd been "beaten up by the Goldschlager" and displaying a graze on his head that proved conclusively that popstars get Unidentified Party Injuries just like the rest of us.

But then, we didn't pay to see a stand-up show. Was the gig any good? Generally, yes. When the FLC are on top

live form, playing something like *Scooby Snacks*, there isn't a band that comes close to their sheer couldn't-give-a-shit exuberance and, at the Corn Exchange, for some of their set, they were as good as I've seen them. They rose above the slightly dodgy sound quality to drive the crowd insane during *Bombing the L* and the opening blast of *The Fun Lovin' Criminal*, but also managed to chill us out with laid-back songs from the second album. It was only the clutch of nondescript tunes from *Loco* that let them down, not even the "attempt at a country-and-western tune – FLC style" could save them from mediocrity. It didn't really matter though, since I'll forgive them anything thanks to the joyous encore sing-a-long of *Big Night Out* where Huey boasted that he had a supermodel, TV presenter and Kylie Minogue on his D. A lucky man indeed.

Previews

Sunday

It may be exam term, but Sunday nights are still for one thing only: jazz in Clare Cellars. This week, the 18 piece Cambridge University Jazz Orchestra will somehow squash between the pillars to bring a selection of swing, latin, jazz and funk to the sweating masses. As well as a full sax and brass section, the band boasts fantastic vocals from Jess Hudson. Get there early to reserve your sofa and blow away those library cobwebs.

Clare Cellars, 9pm, £4.00

Saturday

Fell Thru and hapless sixth-form noise mongrels The Land of Raa play the Man On The Moon. *Varsity* has seen The Land of Raa before. Much as we like to support and indeed encourage the local music scene, a word to the wise: don't go.

The Man On The Moon, 8pm

FIFTH-FORM POETRY

FROG CHORUS

Tom Catchesides consults his Muse

How do you take an album's worth of generic tortured rock, put it onto the stage and somehow impress a sold-out audience? Muse may have displayed awesome potential (a vocalist with an affectingly dramatic voice, guitar players that don't so much play their instruments as play *with* them and that all important "world domination is ours if we want it" attitude), but it was translated onto their debut record with all the grace of fifth-form poetry.

The answer is simple; you take the bits that *do* work, render them with a cartoonist's eye for stylish exaggeration, and turn the amps up well past eleven. You feed your singer a cocktail of illegal substances powerful enough to fuse the average frontman's synapses into a tangled mess of paranoia and soul-shaking flashbacks. You play as if the three-minute warning has just sounded and you've decided to go out in a blaze of guitar-hero glory, defying any conventions that may exist about, like, playing somewhere near the pick-ups. And, most importantly, you

strut and pout like the rock 'n' roll Messiah, instruments held aloft and hair swept back by a small wind farm of electric fans. If any lingering odour of understatement remains, throw golden glitter over yourself and send giant Prisoner-style white balloons bouncing over the audience during the finale.

It's all about as subtle as armoured warfare, and just as effective in the battle to crush cynicism before them. Whether through an admirable dedication to playing their hearts out or cynical audience analysis (they're young, and they're all wearing hoodies, therefore they want all-out rock action – I claim my high-paid City job as a youth culture analyst), Muse give good live show. The old hits are thrashed to within an inch of their lives and their new material hams up the pomposity, but a cover of Nina Simone's *Feeling Good* demonstrates that Muse are more than capable of sending themselves up. Ditching the earnestness, what we're left with is essentially a caricature of a performance, splendid in its exaggerated features and day-glo colours.



Photo: Tom Catchesides

Charlotte O'Brien meets her Prince Charming

The Divine Comedy have packed out the Junction and are selling the new album, *Regeneration*, hard. Neil Hannon has spent the evening being drooled over by star struck fans in the Flying Pig. Aeons ago they emerged from obscurity, thanks to our late night Mark and Lard GCSE revision, and now it seems they have shed their cult clothing as well. Literally. The suits and glasses have been cast aside Reginald Perrin-like and the band have leapt into a wave of t-shirts and shaggy hair.

Hannon's new found uncoolness precludes chatter with an audience "hailing from Cambridge and surrounding areas", and for the first half hour he just mutters occasional song titles. The set is dominated by new album 'tasters', helpful graphics from the cover trailing across the walls and probably even subliminal "cough up and empty your pockets" backwards messages. Surprisingly, the venue is ideal for their epic bowl-you-over music, although the crowd is subdued during the new numbers.

The down beat, relatively low key sound of the new material is affecting and markedly simpler than their last studio album, which featured over 100 musicians. The trouble is, we aren't teenage angststers and the begrunged Divine Comedy inspire just enough discontent to make you scratch off a scab. There are glimmers of their old sound shining through, helped by a welcome glockenspiel, and you can't help but jump at them with an unsuitable glee. Throughout the night, Hannon's powerful vocals are intoxicating, leaving you stunned and giddy. Kaleidoscopic lights drown the stage as the odd but absorbing *Sweden* booms out. The gaunt, straggly haired singer loosens up, forgets that he's angry and friendless and introduces *Generation Sex* as "one of our favourite pieces of poetry". Everyone beams childishly – the fans are here for the tried and tested bubbly melodies and croon-alongs.



Photo: Tom Catchesides



Originally established by the Aphex Twin and Grant Wilson Claridge in 1991 to release Aphex side-projects, the Rephlex record label is now the official "sponsor" of "Braindance." Quite what the term means is difficult to pin down, given that it mischievously chucks all the usual terms – trance, techno, drum'n'bass – into a warped electro-processor before serving them up as music to stimulate the brain, not numb it. The compilation is a sixteen track snapshot of the choicest cuts from the label's ten year history and, although none of the artists are alike, it's easy to spot their connection with Aphex's challenging and humorous aesthetic. Cylob's manic *Rewind* sends Stephen Hawking spiralling into repeat-play hell, whilst more established Leila proves glitches and glitches need not exclude soulful vocals on *Don't Fall Asleep*. The album is a perfect introductory textbook for the avid electronica student and is essential listening.

Mogwai are great. It's one of those things we've come to accept. They rule the fiery cave that is the underworld of post rock with a smoking tri-pronged fork and they are lord and master over all creatures that crawl on their bellies.

So what might we expect of the new record from the kings of noises that sound like deities belching? Pretty much the same as came from their other records, is the answer. But after all, that is very little cause for complaint.

The first track, *Sine Wave*, is a melting racket of metal and techno, but why wouldn't it be? The second track, *Take Me Somewhere Nice*, sounds much the same as the lauded *Cody* but that wasn't broke and, accordingly, hasn't been fixed. And the album proceeds in majesty, thus. Mogwai: are geniuses.

Various

The Braindance Coincidence
(Rephlex)

On Release

Nat Davies

Mogwai

Rock Action
(Southpaw)

30 April

Dave Thorley

No business like snow business

Tom Catchesides wraps up warm

Daft Punk may have only just released *Discovery*, this season's official coffee table album of choice, but they're going to have to start watching their backs if they want to remain untouchably cool in the eyes of the people who decide these things. While their album may be painfully *now* by virtue of being so terribly Eighties, The Avalanches' debut is a whole lot more imaginative and – fuck cool – a damn sight more *fun*.

Crafted almost entirely from samples, the scope of *Since I Left You* is awesome. Picking tracks at random illustrates the sheer range of source material: *Stay Another Season* lifts from Madonna's *Holiday*; *Frontier Psychiatrist* tells the tale of a truant schoolboy to a Western backing track, a talking parrot and what sounds like the theme to *Lawrence of Arabia*; *Live At Dominoes* is a full-on vocoder'n'beats blow-out and *Tonight* is a fusion of cabaret and jazzy double bass heard from the other side of a smoke-filled room. And that doesn't even begin to describe the sheer extent of *Since I Left You*, filled as it is with what sounds like fifty years of second-hand record store history.

For The Avalanches, the samples are the music. From beginning to end, *Since I Left You* hisses with the crackle of the aged vinyl that provided them with the raw material for their debut. While it strays from the clichéd path of setting a famous hook to a polished drum pattern and waiting for the royalty cheques to flow in on the back of someone else's fame, the album is far more coherent than the cluttered mess suggested by its variety of samples. Half-recognised bass lines may 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 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. Flashes of brilliance come thick and fast, but *Since I Left You* is more than a collection of moments. Grand enough to kid you that it's a concept album, flashy enough to produce a wealth of singles, it's worth discovering before The Avalanches gain the dubious status of coffee-table icons.

Since I Left You by The Avalanches
is on release through XL Recordings now

A CLOSE SHAVE

Jonathan Morris finds ENO less than smooth



Photo: Bill Rafferty

There was something not quite right about this revival of Jonathan Miller's original 1987 production. Rossini's celebrated masterwork: as well as exuding jest, humour and frivolity should bathe its spectators in the glory of life: the happy ending, alone, tells us that. It would be easy to think that after all their malicious guile, the inhabitants of Seville's microcosm would be mortal enemies but at the opera's conclusion, forgetting past insults, everyone happily joins together in wishing the young lovers, the Count and Rosina, well. Throughout the performance we ought to revel in the eccentric colour of human folly and ultimate good nature. And it is clear that the multiplicity of disingenuous and asinine characters add up to a satisfying caricature of humanity. However, while the ENO's production draws into its final magnificent cadences, the audience are perhaps not quite as pleased with themselves as they ought to be.

The bland setting is partly to blame. The ambience of the street outside Bartolo's house would have fitted well into that of any Southern European town, yet the interior of his abode, revealed by the awful set change, is particularly insipid. Far from displaying the luxuriant tinctures pervading the last production I saw, it looked faded and dull, maybe bearing a metaphorical resemblance to its owner, but hardly a suitable locale for a comic opera so full of vivid and flamboyant figures as The Barber.

The action too is dully competent, frequently provoking laughter although more because of Rossini's unquenchable wit than because of brilliant management. Somehow the comic set pieces are never made enough of: the entire point is that the humour is delivered through, indeed enhanced by, exaggeration and overstatement. In this composition mere cheek is often not enough. It should be

remembered that comic opera was a primarily vulgar genre; yet the real fault of the direction lay in its lack of coherence. It is extremely odd that in a production where Figaro and Alamaviva choose to hide from by pretending to urinate against the wall their later tying up of the doctor is achieved with such understated efficiency.

That said, Gordan Sandison as Botolo and Mark Beesley as his insatiable assistant Don Basilio are a fine comic double act. Perhaps Beesley wasn't sufficiently lugubrious and Sandison a little too ludicrous, but nevertheless Beesley's amusing mixture of pomposity and conceit together with Sandison's salacious senescence and frustration is a winning combination. Their opponents in deceit however, are less impressive. Individually both Riccardo Simonetti as Figaro, with his light, agile baritone and Toby Spence as the destitute Count Alamiva are convincing. Together they aren't, not really conveying the humour in their farcical reversal of roles, nor clearly demonstrating how their relations gradually return to their normative state during the drama.

The object of Almaviva's and Bartolo's affections, Christine Rice's Rosina, gives the strongest performance of the evening. Her mezzo-soprano is fabulously resonant, especially in the upper registers, with a pleasant quantity of coloratura too. Rosina's allure is furthered by the element of mystery Rice brings; we can never be quite sure whether her part is just a flirtatious narcissist or is in possession of a minx-like cunning, capable of persuading men to accomplish anything in order to win her hand.

But her gloss does not entirely cover the results of the essential fault of the production; uninspired direction. Most of it was entirely competent, yet with the ample material in the libretto for original flourishes of staging and choreography little is done.

Ravel rediscovered

Phil Heseltine

Maurice Ravel's four early attempts at winning the Paris Conservatoire's *Prix de Rome* all famously (or infamously) left him empty-handed. Such was the public scandal caused by the failure of the rising young composer to carry off the Conservatoire's most coveted prize that Gabriel Fauré resigned from the jury in protest. Ravel had already produced his *Pavane pour une infante défunte* and the *Menuet antique* before his first attempt in 1900, where he didn't even make it to the final round. The next three years saw him progressing to the final stage, completing the cantatas *Myrrha*, *Alcyone* and *Alyssa* in response to the competition's requirements.

These three works, making up the present release, make fascinating listening, as much for what they don't do as for their merits. There are few signs of Ravel's own mature language, despite the fact that the masterly String Quartet dates from the middle of this period; in fact one would be hard pressed to name

the composer 'blind'. The works are presented in reverse chronological order; *Alyssa*, the last to be written is surprisingly the weakest of the three. The most attractive is the central *Alcyone*, a work of lush late-Romanticism and ripe sensuality. Perhaps the closest example in Ravel's oeuvre is the delicately exotic Eastern longing of *Shéhérazade*, though in comparison the cantata could seem slightly diffuse and rambling. Massenet, Puccini, Rimsky, early Debussy and the occasional Wagnerism all feature as highly potent influences, though the overall effect is slightly anonymous if still rather attractive.

The performances are uniformly excellent. Michel Plasson's Toulouse orchestra is arguably the leading ensemble in France, and play quite beautifully for him. These are not great neglected works, yet they contain much beautiful music and are definitely more worthy of exhumation than many other late-Romantic works from forgotten composers currently being rediscovered.

➔

Ravel: *Cantates de Rome, Orch. du Capitole de Toulouse, cond. Plasson* EMI 2000

Foreign affairs

Benedict Taylor

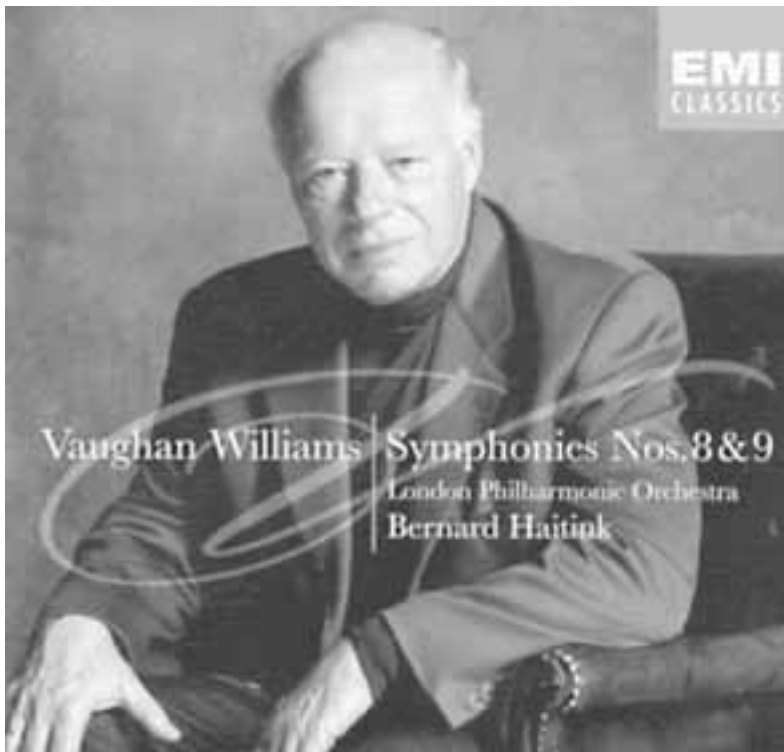
This release of Vaughan Williams' last two symphonies brings to a close Bernard Haitink's cycle of the English master's symphonies, 16 years in the making.

Vaughan Williams is shamefully neglected outside this country: as a symphonist he is one of the very greatest of the last century, a voice of towering eloquence and moral force that belies his reputation as folksong-collecting composer of the English "cow-pat" school. His cycle of nine symphonies explore depths at least as great as, say, Shostakovich, but without the inconsistency found in the latter's output. So it is good to welcome an interpretative stance on this most English of composers from a distinguished foreign conductor, if only to show the universality and relevance of VW's message. Like Solti's Elgar, one doesn't necessarily have to agree with the interpretation to be glad that a prominent international figure is taking up the cause; though admittedly in the case of Vaughan Williams we have already had major cycles from Previn and Slatkin.

Luckily there are no major interpretative quibbles here. Haitink is by now a much loved and well respected figure in this country, after several decades of involvement with both the LPO and the Royal Opera. Indeed I wouldn't be surprised if in a decade of so he is seen as possibly the greatest conductor of the mainstream repertoire of our day. The performances, as could be expected with this conductor, are sober, thoughtful, possibly lacking the last ounce of energy and abandon, but always convincing and seemingly 'right'. The atmosphere isn't conveyed quite as powerfully as with his finest rivals; the clar-

inet solo in the first movement of the Eighth isn't as 'English' as one would hear from Boult, Barbirolli or Handley but that isn't Haitink's approach. The LPO, which must be one of the most (if not *the* most) experienced orchestras in this repertoire, play well enough, though I can imagine a more warmly natural acoustic than Abbey Road (oh for the days of Kingsway Hall...). If comparisons with the same orchestra's classic 1950s version under Boult reveals an increase in technical command at the possible loss of character, that is probably a criticism of a general

trend in playing over the century. Compare the characterisation of the trumpet solo in the second movement of the Eighth under Boult (incongruous echoes of northern brass bands?) with the able but slightly tepid account on the present disc. This disc doesn't necessarily displace Barbirolli ("Glorious John", the dedicatee of the Eighth) (EMI, n/a) or Boult (Belart, EMI), but is nevertheless a most satisfying modern account, an important slant from a major figure of our time.



➔

Vaughan Williams: *Symphonies Nos 8 & 9, LPO cond. Bernard Haitink*, EMI 2001

PREVIEWS

Fitzwilliam String Quartet
Fitzwilliam Chapel • Sun 29 • 8pm
Haydn's *The Seven Last Words of Our Saviour from the Cross*, Op 51.
Tickets £8/6

Berlin Symphony Orchestra
Corn Exchange • Tue 1 • 7.30pm
Wagner Overture *Die Feen*,
Beethoven's Piano Concerto No.4 in G and *Eroica* Symphony
Tickets £22.50/18.50/14.50/5.00

Cambridge Handel Opera Group
West Road • Wed 2–Sun 6, exc. Fri • 7pm
Handel's *'Orlando'* fully staged and in English
Conductor: Andrew Jones
Director: Richard Gregson
Tickets Wed/Thur £12/6, Sat/Sun £15/6

Fitzwilliam String Quartet
Fitzwilliam Chapel • Fri 27 • 8pm
Bach Cantatas BWV 54 and BWV 51 and Handel anthems
Tickets £6/3

Suzanne Lynch

PD James: Mistress of Crime

PD James pleads her case that crime does pay, but for Suzanne Lynch the jury is still out

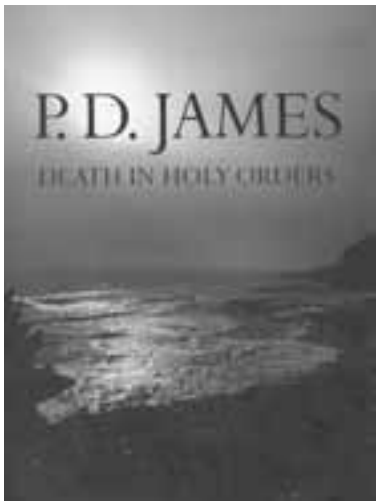
Last month a packed Heffers bookstore in Trinity Street played host to the acclaimed novelist PD James to celebrate the launch of her latest offering to detective fiction *Death in Holy Orders*. The murder-mystery genre has occupied a healthy niche market in British fiction for well over a century, and, with 13 novels spanning five decades under her belt, it seems that PD James is set to take her place in that great canon of British detective writers that stretches back through Agatha Christie and Arthur Conan Doyle. But whether or not your interest in the whodunnit goes just about as far as the ‘Who shot Phil’ episode of *Eastenders*, PD James is undoubtedly a giant name in British fiction, and at a healthy 80 years of age presents a fascinating figure for the budding novelist. Her interest in fiction, and particularly detective fiction, began in her childhood, when, she jokes, on first hearing the nursery-rhyme *Humpty Dumpty*, she wondered “Did he fall or was he pushed?” But the first step to becoming a writer lies, she believes, in the act of writing itself: “The first thing is to write. I do think we learn to write by writing, and not just thinking about it, but actually writing.” She also stresses the importance of reading widely, especially poetry – an art “so insistent on the right word” – in order to attain the wide vocabulary that is an essential element of the writer’s work: “Words are what we use – the tools of our craft...one does need to have as wide a vocabulary as possible, and I certainly still make a note of new words that I meet.”

In *Death in Holy Orders* we meet Daiglish, James’ regular detective, who is sent to investigate a series of murders at a theological college in East Anglia. The mystery revolves around the standard set of six suspects and despite

attempts at a modern garnish (everything from incest, Seamus Heaney’s translation of *Beowulf* to an ultra-trendy good looking Cambridge don is attempted) the style does not stray far from the conventional narrative form. But accusations of conventionality and superficiality that frequently meet the detective novel are defended by James: “admittedly the classical detective story is an artificial form but then fiction is an artificial form...the very constraints are liberating rather than inhibiting.” Indeed it is the conventional structural pattern of the mystery novel that originally appealed to James’ writerly instincts, “I love structure in fiction. I love a book to have a beginning, a middle and an end. I like it to have a narrative thrust.”

Characterisation has never been the strong point of detective fiction, functioning more as a structural requirement for plot development than anything else, but James defends the role of char-

acterisation with a setting. I have a very strong response to what I think of as the spirit of a place.” Her exploitation of the atmospheric possibilities of the cloistered college scene – obvious but effective



On first hearing the nursery rhyme *Humpty Dumpty*, she wondered “Did he fall, or was he pushed?”

acters in her novel: “When you’re writing about a character you are that character.” Despite the fact that many of her characters come dangerously close to stereotype such as, in this novel, the sinister archbishop, confused homosexual student, and cold but attractive Detective-Poet type who just can’t let women get too close, it was questions about characters that dominated question-time at Heffers.

The most impressive aspect of James’ style is the importance of setting and atmosphere in her work. She explains: “the novel with me nearly always starts

with a setting. I have a very strong response to what I think of as the spirit of a place.” Her exploitation of the atmospheric possibilities of the cloistered college scene – obvious but effective

– is definitely a useful guideline for any creative writing enthusiast: “And now the wind was rising, a rhythmic moaning that rose to a howling and then screeching intensity, more a malignant manifestation than a force of nature.” It is this privileging of plot and atmosphere over characterisation that contributes to the suitability of the genre to mainstream television adaptation. It seems to me that therein lies the future of the genre – personally give me John Thaw’s Inspector Morse anyday. But perhaps it’s a generational issue –



undoubtedly the balance of the huge crowd that greeted one of Britain’s leading novelists in Cambridge was definitely weighing in on the fifty plus age bracket – after all, the mystery book was one of the leading forms of light entertainment before the advent of mass media. But the novelist is far from innocent as regards the criticisms that frequently denigrate the fictional genre of which she is quite rightly proud. References to detective fiction self-consciously pepper the novel as she tries to prove the credibility of her own tale, such as when one of Daiglish’s col-

leagues suggests a motive for the murder, her colleague retorts, “For God’s sake, Kate, that’s pure Agatha Christie!”

Nevertheless, the experience of meeting the charismatic queen of the murder mystery was one of coming face to face with a female writer who has made their mark on twentieth century literary world – a remarkable lady with more than just a hint of feminist gusto beneath her barely perceptible eighty years. When asked about a negative opinion voiced by a reviewer of one of her books she curtly replied, “That was a man, wasn’t it?”

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Death in Holy Orders by P D James is available in hardback, priced £17.99

Seminal

What is seminal? Anything by Don DeLillo says Skye Wheeler, especially his latest work:

The Body Artist

“**W**as he telling her what it is like to be him, to live in his body and mind? The words ran on, sensuous and empty, and she wanted him to laugh with her, to follow her out of herself...”

DeLillo’s latest is a novel about art – a surprise after the heavily political *Underworld* which sprawled out of the cold war experience and giant nature of modern America. In contrast *The Body Artist* seems painfully personal, the eponymous character herself obsessive about the potential of self-destruction. As an actress of the most ruinous kind, her art is that of the recreation of the self. Intense, complex and almost grotesquely self-conscious, DeLillo’s *The*

Body Artist dwells on the wreck of a mind broken by grief. This is a story about loss, an abstract immersion in the ambiguity of survival after the death and perhaps betrayal of the ‘Other’. The best part of these hundred and twenty-four pages is formed out of the thoughts of one Lauren Hartke, body artist and widow of a man who made himself by making films and then destroyed himself at the home of a previous wife.

Partly self-consciously, perhaps because she is still so aware of her living body and partly as the embodiment of grief after death, she abuses herself, bleaching her skin and hair, twisting her body, parodying the forms of others. There is an element of the perverse in the depiction of

this process, both by DeLillo and Lauren herself who displays her creation to a perplexed audience. Perhaps the darkness lies in the aesthetic appeal of her disjointed mind; there is the clean and the pale in being entirely lost, a sensitivity in being an entirely single, entirely human being, paradoxically also indeterminate. She makes herself a man, an adolescent or “a one hundred and twenty year old woman sustained by yoghurt”.

DeLillo has a Parfitian stance on the philosophy of identity: ‘Identity is not what matters in survival’. But the novel seems to me to be a short, perfect example of how our philosophical problems are better captured in literature and unashamed metaphor rather than ana-

lytically broken down in accordance with an irrelevant logic. Who and even what she is seems to only be answerable through the language of sense-data, the details of the unconsolable present, experience broken up with anger and the smell of disinfectant. Read and disappear for a while. This is beautifully humane.

➔

The Body Artist by Don DeLillo

BUZZWORDS

The week in literature undoubtedly belongs to Helen Fielding’s chain-smoking and slightly sad singleton. Not only have Bridget Jones’ man (and Chardonnay) induced neuroses conquered the silver screen, but they have sent the novels storming back up the bestsellers list. Fielding is now reported to be enjoying a permanent holiday in Los Angeles.

Meanwhile, a somewhat feistier female protagonist lies at the heart of *In The Midnight Hour*, Cambridge novelist Michelle Spring’s latest addition to her acclaimed crime series. Not only is Laura Principal one of only a handful of female private investigators ever to appear in fiction, she is now, with Colin Dexter’s Inspector out of the picture, the only detective operating exclusively in Oxbridge. With a “chilling story of identity, devotion and death” unfolding in the backstreets of our own city, this really is a case of ‘move over Morse’ – and scary enough to make sure that you never leave your room again. Keep safe...

LISTINGS

True Romance

Trinity • Sun 29, Mon 30 • 9pm

Jack Nicholson pulls out all stops with his ‘Christian Slater’ impression. Fast paced, moving and most of all ‘true’ this is by far the best Truman Capote bio-pic out there.

Gary Oldman and Val Kilmer lend some much needed stability to all this schmooze. Essential.

Tim Wheeler

Charlie’s Angels

Robinson • Sun 29 • 7pm, 10pm

Cameron Diaz and Drew Barrymore put on tight clothes and make my day. Clichéd and pointless, this film rips off the *Matrix* and much besides. Bill Murray makes an interesting sideline as Huggy Bear yet is underused as the most talented person in the film. Good if you’ve got nothing better to do. Which is likely.

Jonathan Pepperman

Dancer in the Dark

Churchill • Wed 2 • 8pm, 11pm

Everyone wants Bjork to stop whining and just die (everyone hates a four-eyes). I reckon people should have taken a baseball bat to her kneecaps long ago. During this film I felt nauseous, and was forced to bury my head in the blubber of a camp fat man I was sat next to. That was fun, though.

Sacha Wilson

Unbreakable

Christ’s • Sun 29 • 8pm, 10.30pm

When you absolutely positively have to bore every last mother-fucker in the place, make a superhero film. Unbreakable allows the everyday moviestar Bruce Willis to look convincingly hangdog and blue collar. Fantastic. No, no. Really fantastic. Unbreakable? Unmissable more like.

Benjamin Leyland

Little Shop of Horrors

Christ’s • Thu 3 • 10pm

Wow, whoever decided to show this film really has their finger on the pulse. Rick Moranis sings ‘Suddenly Seymour’ and a star is born. And Steve Martin’s a sadistic dentist. Watch out for the cameos from Beth from *Neighbours* and Anne Robinson as a convincing downtown beatnik.

Thomas Sugden

Lola Rennt (Run Lola Run)

King’s • Tue 1 May • 8.30pm

Wow, whoever decided to show this film really has their finger on (last season’s) pulse. Franka Potente runs a lot and a star is born. And Steve Martin’s a sadistic German dentist. Watch out for the cameos from Beth from *Neighbours* and Anne Robinson as a convincing downtown beatnik.

Doris the Bedder

Quills

John’s • Sun 29 • 7.30pm, 10pm

The ultimate (Geoffrey) rush.

Charlotte Hatherly

Bridget Jones’ Diary

Julia Blyth

Let me just get some stuff out of the way before I start this review (believe me, it’s all for the best). Smug married. Singleton. Emotional fuckwitage. Chardonnay. V. good. Calorie counts, cigarette counts, alcohol counts, weight checks. Right, now that all the Bridget Jones clichés are flushed out of my system, we can begin.

Helen Fielding’s uber-single chain-smoking heroine has hit the big screen at last, and she makes a sizeable dent. As if you didn’t know, Renée Zellweger plays Bridget, who makes a New Year’s resolution to shape up, sort herself out, find a boyfriend and (most importantly) keep a diary. During the next 12 months, she lurches from one disaster to another, encountering along the way her sleazy boss Daniel (Hugh Grant) and the aloof barrister Mark Darcy (Colin Firth). It’s not a direct adaption from the original novel—the plot and characters vary slightly and there is a lot of funny

material in the book that hasn’t made it to the screen but this is still a very enjoyable comedy. The screenplay seeps Richard Curtis’ juice from every pore. Don’t British film producers know any other comedy writers, for god’s sake? His saccharine-sweet depiction of trendy thirtysomething London is beginning to grate a little. His script has the right amount of embarrassing situations and throw-away gags to keep even the most stony-faced cynic happy. But it’s in the casting that this film holds its true appeal.

In answer to the questions that everyone asks; yes, Renée Zellweger is American. Yes, she can do the accent very well. Yes, she is a bit larger than your common or garden Gwyneths of this world, but she’s not exactly Godzilla. And no, there is no way that Kate Winslet, Rachel Weisz, Helena Bonham-Carter or any other random English

actress could have done half as much justice to Bridget as Zellweger does. She has the character completely sewn up; one second, you’ll be laughing at her big pants, but just around the corner she’ll hit you with an look of such pathetic singledom that you’ll be snivelling into your Kleenex. Really, she’s that good. But she’s not the only gem in this film. Anyone who finds Hugh Grant’s bumbling “Er...I....er....er....I maybe possibly love you,” speech from *Four Weddings* the most annoying moment in celluloid history would do well to see this film. To put it bluntly: Hugh Grant makes a fantastic bastard. He schmoozes through the film with such smarm and slimyness that you’ll want to hit his face with a brick, but secretly inside, you will either want to be him or bed him. Oh, and Colin Firth’s in it as well, but in an ironic post-modern piece of casting, he is merely recounting his previous Mr Darcy with a bit more swearing; so much so that throughout the

film you’re half expecting him to suddenly mount his steed and canter away to Pembrokeshire just so that he can dive in a lake and get his shirt a bit wet.

Of course, it can’t all be good. Bridget’s gaggle of friends are hilarious when they’re on screen, but unfortunately that’s not nearly enough. The film’s also been obviously Americanised. Bridget weighs 140 pounds rather than ten stone, there are a lot of quaint villages, and the last time there was that much snow in London, Jack the Ripper was probably pissing his name in it. But apart from these little quibbles, this is the best British romcom since *Four Weddings* (and it’s not nearly as annoyingly smug). The ticket price is worth it alone for the glorious hissy bitchfight between Cleaver and Darcy, which is a welcome antidote in these times of *Crouching Tiger* and *Matrix*-style over-choreographed slo-mo fight scenes. All in all, v.good. Oh...dammit!



Bridget Jones’ Diary

is currently showing at the Arts Picturehouse

So you’ve seen *Scream*, and you now know how to survive a horror film. However, ever since this film, I have sat worrying. Worrying, “what if it’s not a horror film?” What if we found ourselves aboard Cameron’s *Titanic* or

gracefully into a maintenance room no one else has noticed and shields himself as the liquid fire passes by, naturally not filling the small room and incinerating everything else in shot. What?! You want more proof before heading to your local

hero’s warnings are bogus and therefore spends most of the movie trying to thwart our hero’s efforts.

2. This antagonist will have a revelation just before being devoured. In most films, he’ll have enough time to admit his mistake to our hero, but if he can act (a rare occurrence), he’ll just give a knowing look as he is about to die, just so the audience understands that he knew he was wrong.

3. At some point, our hero will try to outrun, either on foot or in a vehicle, a large tidal wave, a Tyrannosaurus Rex, a tractor, or whatever. For some reason, he will successfully outdistance the onrushing doom, even though in a previous scene he told someone that, “When this thing hits, it’ll be moving at 200 mph!”

4. A loveable older person will cease to be. For example, in *Dante’s Peak*, an old woman wades in acid whilst one of her grandchildren announces “Grandma’s going to die! Grandma’s going to die!” Whereupon the camera then cuts to her grandchild, silent but shedding one plump, perfect tear. Apparently, it’s OK to kill a senior citizen in a movie so long as their dog doesn’t die.

5. Finally, there is the panic scene. In every disaster film, there will be a scene in which humans act like animals. It is

preceded by a lengthy talk by an authority figure who tries to explain the gravity of the situation, while imploring everybody to “stay calm.” Telling people to “stay calm” in a disaster movie is an invitation to riot. Of course, in a ‘real’ disaster, people don’t panic. However, it’s much more exciting to see a mob of ill-fated extras trampling children, wheelchair-bound seniors and mothers clutching babies. As long as they don’t trample the dog.

But just take a minute to consider the dog that got it wrong. Keen to appear in a film, his agent recommended *Alien 3*. His final scene: his stomach explodes in the painful birth of a new alien. Dogs and horror films? No, they don’t mix well.



A DOG’S LIFE

Mark Lowrie is taking shots

became victim to another Spielberg blockbuster? How do we survive a disaster movie? Yes, I know, it could be potentially fatal. It came to me just the other day as I found myself braking hard on a bike to save the life of a jay-walking dog. Yes, to survive a disaster film, you need to be of the canine variety. The first rule in any disaster film, “You never kill the dog.” Kill as many humans as you like, but never kill the dog. Destroy homes, farms and office buildings, but never kill the dog. Wipe out the White House, massacre metropolises, obliterate countries, annihilate entire planets but never kill the dog. Faced with an alien invasion in *Independence Day*, our hairy hero jumps

vet for the operation? OK. *Daylight*, Stallion fights for his life whilst saving the dog. *Twister*, the dog is saved. *Dante’s Peak*, sure enough, there is a loveable dog in the film that gets swept up in the holocaust ignited by the eruption of the volcano. For a few tense moments, we are unsure of the dog’s fate. Does the dog survive? But I hear you cry, “How do I know that I’m in a disaster movie?” It can often be tricky to tell, and you don’t want to spend the rest of your life being a mongrel. So here, for the exclusive use of you, the reader, I include my top five ways to know when you’re in a disaster film:

1. The hero will have a boss or colleague or competitor who believes that our

↓ *One Night at McCool's*

Changing Rooms

Chris Heath is *Crazy* about Liv Tyler



A salutary tale of the dire consequences of a passion for home improvement, *One Night at McCool's* is enjoyably dark sex comedy. Liv Tyler is the alluring Jewel, who will let nothing come between her and her dream home. A simple dream with disastrous consequences for any men unfortunate enough to get in her way. The fallout is shown in a well realised split narrative. Each man relates his story as a confessional bringing very different perspectives to their, largely self-caused, troubles.

Matt Dillon plays dim-witted barman Randy. He is picked up by the troublesome Jewel one night at McCool's bar. The complication of a dead former boyfriend is no problem when faced with her charms but he soon wants her out of his life, and his home. Paul Reiser, who'll always be remembered for the terrible sitcom *My Two Dads*, is his obnoxious lawyer cousin Carl. The most interesting character, he is almost a middle aged version of his smarmy company man role in *Aliens*. Meanwhile John Goodman is less interesting as a besotted police detective investigating the suspicious death of Jewel's previous boyfriend.

The script contains some wry jokes but the sharpest humour comes from the competing perspectives. Tyler has a lot of fun with her role. She is adept at switching between stereotypical male fantasies, whether an innocent bullied by a brutal boyfriend or a dangerous femme fatale. To the widower detective she is the spitting image of his saintly wife, while to Carl, who relates his tale to a disgusted shrink, she is a brazen hussy. That neither version is closer to the truth reveals more about their nature than the ambiguous Jewel. Michael Douglas, the film's producer, has a screen stealing role as a bingo-playing assassin with an amazing quiff that would make Morrissey jealous. The film even pays a neat homage to his role in *Falling Down*.

The performances are exuberant and this compensates for the over familiarity of much of the plotting. This all makes for a fun film despite a very lame joke in the finale. And it certainly gives new meaning to those annoying 'This IS DVD' adverts. Each character actively creates his own downfall but whilst pricking the male ego, it is hard to see this film appealing to many beyond a male audience. This is no Al Murray sitcom but it falls far short of being a *Cheers*.

➔ *One Night at McCool's* is showing at Warner Village

NEXT STOP THE ADC

Alex Hyde looks back on a succesful run for the Oxbridge Short Plays Competition

As the youngest director of five involved in *Next Train Approaching*, it's safe to say I was a little scared at the prospect of joining a project that was to eventually transfer to the London fringe. My first real involvement began at one of many production meetings in which all technical details had to be hammered out. This was made difficult by the fact that not only was the Man in the Moon Theatre an incredibly small space, but also that the show as a whole had to accommodate the needs of five very distinct shorts, as well as meeting the artistic expectations of their directors.

This at times brought the styles of each play into direct conflict with one another: the cold, clinical blue I had envisaged for my psychiatrist's office wasn't necessarily compatible with the hot, revolutionary reds that Leandra had imagined for *The Nightmare Visions of Mecha Menjaro*. Eventually, we stumbled upon the idea of having a

series of rotating blocks on which different images could be mounted for each play. It was a solution that we all agreed wouldn't compromise the integrity of each show while actually helping to give the whole thing a sense of coherence.

After a month of rehearsals it wasn't long before the move to London was upon us. The get-in was a marathon of 12 hour days drilling, painting and hammering. After three weeks of rehearsals in College's large, airy and empty rooms, the Man in The Moon was rather a shock to the system. Adjusting to the confinements of the new space wasn't easy. The blocks in particular looked much larger in real life than they did on paper, but as the run progressed audience members commented on how effectively they worked. Their size certainly created an impression upon entering the theatre.

After the sweat and tears induced through getting the show off the ground, we started to reap the rewards.

Although audience numbers were low at first, they gradually increased over the four week run (aided by a review in *Time Out* labelling some of the new writing "unreservedly excellent" and "handled winningly by cast and crew"), and peaked on the penultimate night with a group of 30 students from the University of Oregon in attendance, who guffawed loudly throughout (luckily my play, *Crazy For You*, is a comedy). Hysteria spread rapidly to even the most dour audience members, and even the cast had trouble keeping a handle on things.

As with all shows, but perhaps especially with *Next Train Approaching*, I had the opportunity to spark off some very creative individuals. Unlike shows staged solely in Cambridge, the end result was seen and praised by a peculiarly diverse cross-section of people, and this perhaps was its most rewarding aspect. Who knows, this might be one train that hasn't yet reached its final destination.



➔ *Next Train Approaching* is showing at the ADC theatre on the 27th and 28th April at 7.45pm

Dramatic Lives

Jennifer Tuckett

For once, I find myself in the happy position of defending Cambridge drama. Before I am told that my 'sledgehammer tactics' are not required in its defence, allow me to bring to your attention the opening paragraph of a recent *Time Out* review: "There's one tip that regularly surfaces in previews for the Edinburgh festival: don't see anything from Cambridge..."

Ouch. Or to be more precise "Cambridge theatre has a lot of preconceptions to contend with," as Nick Eisen, the manager of the Man in the Moon Theatre, diplomatically puts it.

Given these preconceptions – namely that we're crap – I ask Eisen why the Man in the Moon was keen to house *Next Train Approaching*, Cambridge's debut London fringe production.

"Money," he replies. "That and wanting to provide a platform for new writing and new talent."

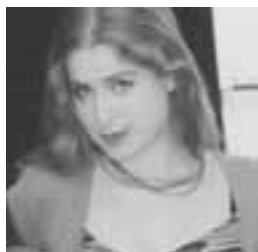
advice, ideas, whatever. Then, once you have initiated that dialogue, they are far more likely to come and see your production."

"Doing a show at a London fringe theatre is never going to be a make or break opportunity," Eisen continues. "Instead, booking a fringe theatre is a little like hiring a stall at a trade fair – you won't make money from the stall itself, but you might make money from the business it generates."

As making money is one of the features absent from Cambridge theatre – or, more precisely, the majority of British theatre – I ask Eisen what he thought of the artistic standard of *Next Train Approaching* in comparison to other fringe productions.

"I think the *Time Out* review was very fair," he tells me. "It's true that Cambridge has got a lot to live up to, and this can be a problem. There is a tremendous dramatic precedent in the university, and there seems to be

Jennifer Tuckett speaks to Nick Eisen, Manager of the Man in the Moon theatre, London.



Eisen explains that the Man in the Moon theatre prides itself on providing a platform for the best of up and coming theatre. "We're a bit like a laboratory," he tells me. "We're cheaper and more accessible than larger theatres, so we offer greater opportunity for experimentation. A fringe theatre in London is a very useful learning experience. Saying that, it's essential you know exactly why you are performing on the fringe and what you hope to achieve. With the right approach, a run in a theatre like the Man in the Moon will give you the opportunity to meet people in the industry and to gain influence and friends for future productions. In order to persuade the industry to come and see a show, it's essential you begin by creating a dialogue with them – asking for

this need to follow in the footsteps of successful groups like Monty Python. I can't help feeling that by far the best Cambridge drama is that which is original and unique, rather than trying to conform to some kind of tradition. Directors and writers should leave the past alone. Only then will people stop condemning Cambridge drama for failing to live up to its predecessors."

Next Train Approaching is indeed worth praising, if only on the grounds of its bravery and innovation. Despite being the butt of *Time Out's* rather dubious sense of humour, the 'Oxbridge Short Play Competition' joins the ETG, CAST, Camfest, NSDF and Edinburgh projects as proof of how very fortunate those involved in Cambridge drama really are.

Fatally Flawed

Claire Le Hur

Beautiful young men and women are lying dead, loved ones are weeping over their bloody bodies, threats, curses and vows of vengeance are uttered...does any of this sound familiar?

Has anyone else noticed the growing popularity of tragedy in Cambridge? In the last two weeks of last term there was the production of *Othello* followed by *Romeo and Juliet*. A new production of Euripides' *Medea* is underway for the Edinburgh Fringe and rehearsals have already started for the triennial Cambridge Greek Play – a performance of Sophocles' *Electra* for the Arts Theatre in October.

The word tragedy means 'goat-song' (tragos-goat and oide-song), but seeing how goats do not often appear in tragedy, the name must be a reference to the sacrificial rites that went hand in

hand with dramatic festivals in Ancient Greece.

Tragedy in its most basic form, as described by Aristotle in the Poetics, is the reversal of fortune. Tragedy was considered the highest intellectual form of theatre.

Tom Hiddleston (Romeo in last term's production and Orestes in *Electra*) offers a reason for the ever-increasing popularity on the Cambridge stage. Hiddleston thinks it is the "challenge that makes them fun". He says that tragedies "are so miraculously complex that you could keep reinterpreting them forever, keeping them fresh, spontaneous, accessible and true. The expectation of tragedy is terrifyingly huge, and the parts and lines are now so well known that it is almost impossible to deliver them with sincerity – that is the challenge".



Spinning a Ramayana

Andrew Rudd

What did the Demon King think he was doing?

Abducting the wife of an incarnation of Vishnu was always going to stir up a whole lot of trouble, but in the manner of folklore villains, ten-headed King Ravana (pictured) went ahead and did it anyway. *The Ramayana*, you may or may not know, is a popular epic of Indian religious literature, describing demi-god Prince Rama's quest to recover his wife Sita from the clutches of evil and regain the throne denied him by his father. A gem of a production from Birmingham Repertory Theatre at the National opened up this rich mythic seam to the British public this Easter, who duly turned up in droves. "What a diverse audience!!" gushed the compere, catching sight of a mohican-sporting youth in the stalls.

It's been all go at the National Theatre. With the arts world following Martine "Liza Doolittle" McCutcheon's every change of temperature and Trevor Nunn announcing plans to relinquish his role as Director, it seems as if there's as much drama off-stage as on. This energetic performance put the action back

where it belonged. Men dressed as monkeys swung into the auditorium, dropped to their feet, backflipped across the stage and delivered their lines without even catching breath. Slobbering monsters struck fantastic poses and hurtled round and round on office chairs. One didn't know where to look.

At first the 'postmodern' props seemed annoyingly at odds with the mighty pulse of epic myth. Rama (Ramon Tikaram) speechified on human greatness standing next to some plastic beer crates. The set was barren: a vast space of glaring white paint, except for cardboard boxes stapled around its extremities, and yellow paper tassels adding the necessary splash of exoticism. Yet my fusty opposition to these things melted away half way through the first act. Hypnotised by the Asian fusion soundtrack, I even greeted the monkeys cheerfully when they bounnded among the audience in the interval offering bananas to children.

Tikaram played the title role with dignity. In the tradition of depicting Indian gods, he was coated in blue paint from head to toe – and as gods

go, he was a suave one. Ayesha Dharker's Princess Sita was suitably regal, yet with a repressed spark of mischief (after her long spell in captivity, Rama doubts her faithfulness and uncompromisingly orders her to be burned alive. What's a girl to do?).

But the real stage presence was Andrew French's Ravana. Often flanked by his nine other heads, he slipped comfortably between forming part of the monster and playing the character on his own. In the first instance, the nine heads seethed and grimaced in a sort of Mexican wave prompted by French. It was quite repulsive. In the second, he played the embodiment of evil with aplomb, yet incorporated the near-tragic fatalism of a man who knows that, in opposing the divine will of heaven, he's onto a loser.

The Ramayana proved infectious. Once I was into the swing of things, the crates, boxes and sequined gloves began to look less like arbitrary silliness and more part of an effort to realise the universality of myth by embracing all times and all places. This is how multiculturalism should be done.

Waiting in the Wings...

Next Train Approaching • ADC • Fri 27 - Sat 28 • 7.45pm

Fresh from London, the five winning plays of the Oxford and Cambridge Short Plays Competition. Read all about it on these pages.

Smoker • ADC • Tues 1 • 11pm

The hottest new comic talent on show at the ever-popular stand-up night.

Racing Demon • ADC • Tues 1 - Sat 5 • 7.45pm

The Best New Play of 1990, David Hare's powerful drama

traces the personal struggles of four priests in a deprived South London parish.

Hamlet! - the Musical • ADC • Wed 2 - Sat 5 • 11pm (and 2.30pm Sat)

Welcome revival of the smash-hit *Hamlet* spoof. Not to be missed.

Bodywork 21st Birthday Dance Gala • Arts Theatre • Sun 29 • 7.30pm

An evening of modern dance and ballet in celebration of the Bodywork Company Dance Studios.



Oliver Biskitt-Barrell



Guide to the Art and Architecture of Cambridge

Each week, our resident art historian, Oliver Biskitt-Barrell, will add to your bluffer's repertoire by introducing you to an artist or architect whose work can be seen in Cambridge.

Part 7: *Au Café* – Edgar Degas (1834-1917)

Oil Painting, the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

Edgar Degas is most famous for the atmospheric charge and the carefully pitched colour of his ballet scenes such as a *Waiting Queue* (1879) but the works that he produced while attempting to capture the ambience of the Parisian café world count for no less a substantial part of his output. It is in this genre hierarchy defying category that *Au Café* belongs. Even amongst pieces of comparable subject matter, this painting stands apart.

The pallid whites and greys of the table cloth, background and left figure are variants from the warmer neutrals he normally employs but this doesn't mean that the painting is devoid of interest. Degas' position within the impressionist canon has been long debated, and looking at

this painting it is not hard to see why. The showing through of the weave of the canvas implies rapid execution in tune with impressionist ideals about fidelity to nature and moment. The loose application of paint and the lack of attention to anatomical detail are again impressionist hallmarks, but this is where the similarity ends. There is here no use of light to intensify an object's inherent hue. Indeed while there are highlights for instance below the eyes of the seated left figure and around her shoulders, there is no coherently defined light source. Further, colour contrast, where it does appear, (as between the orange and blue patches to the lower left) seems almost accidental rather than part of the piece's underlying structure. That said, compositional structure is in other respects carefully worked out and controlled by the gentle sloping rhythms of the chair frames that lead us from right to left between the figures and out of the depicted space in a manner comparable to Monet's rendering of the green upper branches of the trees in his *Poplars on the Epte*.

Ultimately, *Au Café* is historically interesting, if emotionally unengaging.



By kind permission of The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

THE WHITECHAPEL CENTENARY EXHIBITION

Iris Papadatou

This is an exhibition of around 80 works from some of the 725 shows in the Whitechapel's first century and a Documentary space featuring material from the archive.

The diversity of the history of the Whitechapel Art Gallery is reflected in this exhibition marking the centenary of the gallery. As the first space built to offer temporary exhibitions to a mass audience, the gallery holds the title of being one of Europe's most influential contemporary art venues and has more than fulfilled its initial aspiration of "bridging the finest art in the world to the people of East London". Because of the zeal of its founders, Canon Samuel and Henrietta Barnett and the vision of its first director Charles Aitken, the Whitechapel has acquired a reputation for launching the careers of some of the greatest 20th century artists, while encouraging the integration of art into the daily lives of a wide range of audiences.

Rather than a chronological overview, it is a surprising assembly of works that have since acquired iconic status. Work by some of the great international names of the 20th century art scene, including Emil Nolde's *Paradise Lost*, David Hockney's *The Hypnotist* and Bill Viola's *Heaven and Earth*, and some revealing self-portraits: Frida Kahlo's striking gaze and Phillip Guston's portrayal of himself in bed in *Painting, Smoking, Eating*.

Important pieces by contemporary artists, such as Peter Doig's *Young Bean Farmer*, Francis Alys' *Le temps du sommeil* and Gary Hume's *Purple Pauline* are included. These work in parallel with pieces by major historic figures, so that the viewer unconsciously juxtaposes Lucian Freud's study of Leigh Bowery with a Rembrandt angel, and George Stubb's *Lady Reading in a Park* with Andy Warhol's portrait of Jackie Kennedy.

Works which define the western tradition in art stand together with a collection of rare works drawing from past exhibitions which introduced other cultures: ancient Chinese masters from the Tang and Song dynasties, a delicate Japanese hanging scroll and an Eleventh Century Southern Indian Ganesh. The visitor moves around the space confronted by seated wooden figures of gods dating back to the Twelfth Century exhibited alongside pioneering sculptures by Anthony Caro and Eva Hesse.

The centenary exhibition also includes a documentary space with a presentation of images of works that no longer exist or are too fragile to show, important installations exhibited at the Whitechapel and live events continuing throughout the year.

Showing until Sunday 20 May, Tuesday to Sunday, (11-8pm Wed and 11am-6pm Sat and Sun, 11am-5pm other days)



Purple Pauline by Gary Hume, by kind permission of The Whitechapel Art Gallery, London

Listings

Fitzwilliam Museum

Kunisada and Kabuki Part I – Until 3 June, Shiba Room.

The first of a series of exhibitions for the Japan 2001 festival based around Kunisada and the Kabuki theatre. Utagawa Kunisada (1786-1865) moved in literary and theatrical social circles, and his prints of Kabuki actors comprise a large part of his output. It is even said that these prints contributed significantly to the popularity of the Kabuki theatre. Part II follows in June.

The Dialogue Between Painting and Poetry 1874 – 1999. Artists Books from the Bibliothèque Littéraire Jacques Doucet, Paris – until 24 June, Adeane Gallery.

This new exhibition includes watercolours, photographs, objets d'art and rare en-suite prints by Picasso, Braque, Giacometti, Derain, Hans Arp, Léger, Masson, Fautrier, Miró, de Staël, Matta, Michaux and Tapiès. The exhibition is drawn from the exceptional holdings of the Bibliothèque Littéraire Jacques Doucet in Paris and promises to be highly interesting. The physical conceptual links between words and image are extensively explored, and produces some of the most memorable imagery of the 20th century

Kettle's Yard

Serge Chermayeff 1900-96. *The Shape of Modern Living*. – until May 6, Tuesday to Sunday.

From the design of rugs and radios to the planning of cities, Serge Chermayeff was a major figure in Twentieth Century design and modernism. The exhibition includes artifacts, models, sketches and paintings and explores Chermayeff's achievements as a designer, teacher and writer.

Institute of Visual Culture

Anywhere out of the world by Philippe Parreno and *No Ghost Just a Shell* by Philippe Parreno and Pierre Huyghe – until 20 May 2001, Tuesday to Sunday 12 noon - 6pm.

In the newest of the Institute's wacky and unconventional exhibitions, Parreno and Huyghe have "freed" Manga character AnnLee from her unfortunate appearances in the comic strip magazines by buying the copyright to her. Some how she's ended up in Cambridge – not bad for a girl who once had no future.

CAMBRIDGE MAULED

Fenners freeze

Women's Rugby

5 Cambridge
15 Oxford

Ben Sheriff

The Light Blues seemed to have followed Wales in picking strong backs with a good eye for the game, rather than opting for out-and-out pace. This spirit was typified by right winger Rachel Tait (Jesus) who, though not the biggest player on the pitch, showed the kind of dogged and gutsy performance that coaches search high and low for, whilst fly-half Suzie Grant (St John's), earning a great deal of credit playing opposite a classy international outside half, showed the invaluable ability to read rapidly situations within the game and select an appropriate response. Indeed, in the face of a larger Oxford team, the Cambridge pack acquitted themselves very well, and Steve Jones' coaching enabled them to display a rucking game that was exceptionally well organised for a University team of either sex. Characteristic of the forwards was the aggressive play of blind-side flanker, Holly Pickett (Jesus).

However, despite Cambridge's good work, they were ultimately unable to compete with an Oxford side organised around the Swedish international fly-half and multiple Blue Ulrika Andersson. Oxford were weak in the centres, illustrated by the high proportion of moves involving Andersson looping around the inside centre in order to provide a competent mid-field player. But when Oxford broke their pace, in particular through left wing Jacqui Street, they were able to score or at least



advance significant distances up the pitch. The game's first try arrived in spite of a poor pass from the Oxford outside centre, with full-back Natalie Parker entering the line and racing around the defending full-back and wing to score in the corner.

In contrast to Oxford's laboured centres, Sally Wise (Jesus) and Helen Martin (Clare) provided direct, punchy running, but the occasional clean breaks were sadly not quite finished off with scores. However, in the second half,

Cambridge immediately went on the attack, and drove over from a line-out, Pickett scoring the equalising try. Unfortunately, Cambridge's growing forward strength then became a weakness. They successfully shoved the Oxford pack off their own ball, but the clearance kick didn't find touch and Oxford moved the ball smoothly through their hands to Street for a score in the corner. Then the Oxford midfield started to sort itself out, to the extent that Grant started to employ the same

sort of looping manoeuvres as Andersson in order to attempt to create scoring opportunities, and from turnover ball a well-judged pass from Oxford's outside centre put Street in for her second try, to give Oxford a 15-5 victory.

The women's second XV gave Cambridge some cheer with a gutsy win over the Oxford Panthers in miserable conditions. The 17-10 win saw two tries for Caius' Ruth Kirton. The forceful number eight barged over the line after Oxford's opening unconverted try.

Cam quartered Blues Thai hard

Waterpolo

Buzz Hendricks

The Waterpolo BUSA finals were contested by the top four teams on the university scene at Nottingham University's luxurious sports centre two weekends before Easter. The track record of the teams involved was impressive: Cardiff were looking to complete a hat-trick of BUSA championships, while Loughborough and Nottingham were looking to England and BUSA squad players to further their title aspirations.

So when two of Cambridge's starting seven looked like death warmed up, due to the ravages of 'flu on the first morning of the competition, things were always going to be tough. Up against the champions-elect, Cardiff, for the first match, star 'keeper Joel Miller kept Cambridge in the game with a string of athletic saves. A half-time score of 2-1 to the Welsh was not a bad effort, and with Cambridge unable to make the most of their counter-attacks, the final score of 7-2 was a disappointment. Incidentally, this was the lowest number

of goals conceded against the eventual champions, with ultimately second placed Nottingham leaking a humiliating 16 goals against the rampaging Welsh.

Nottingham and Loughborough also prevailed against the Light Blues, but not without further heroics from Miller, who provided more outstanding saves to entertain the contingent of Cambridge supporters. Vet Russell Fuller, one of the ill players (suspected FMD), continually managed to muster the energy from somewhere to deliver a few valuable minutes of pool time – and goals as well. Self-styled hard-man Tausig, Cambridge firework and live-wire, traded a top-scoring five goals for a sending off.

Any disappointment was tempered by having obtained a 4th-place ranking in the country. Captain Samuel Lim was quick to highlight the positive aspects: "I am very proud of the team. Reaching the BUSA finals – beating Oxford on the way – is a massive step up for this club. Expect great things next season". With Senior International Andy Knight continuing his coaching and an expected good intake of fresh talent next year, this is more than just bravado.



Football

Mark Hepburn

Thailand...Golden beaches, grand palaces, and a tourist industry catering for the most discerning of traveller, seemed the ideal destination for the Blues' annual post-season sojourn. Following the cancellation of the Varsity match, players assembled at Heathrow looking forward to getting away from the weather that had rendered the Craven Cottage pitch unplayable. Despite instructions to travel in club kit one player arrived looking slightly out of place, with a bottle of sun cream sticking out of his Hawaiian shirt, a sight that whilst amusing to his team mates, would prove to be his downfall twelve hours later in the immigration hall at Bangkok airport.

At the first training session it quickly became apparent that the biggest challenge the following evening would be the intense heat and humidity. Looks of pity were directed to those due to play in mid-field. The opposition turned out to be the Thai Under-23 national side bound for the Asian games, with the match taking place in the magnificent setting of the national stadium, surely the first and last time the Blues would play on a pitch surrounded by such splendid bougainvilleas. The skill and movement of the opposition were superb and caused several early problems for the Blues' defence, marshalled excellently by the Falcons' Joe Garrood, playing due to the absence of Dan Madden. After absorbing the initial pressure, the Blues were unlucky not to be in front at half time after leading scorer Damian Kelly forgot what he was good at and took the ball off the silver plate it arrived on and fired over. At 0-0 after an hour, the crowd was getting restless, anxious for their team to break the resilient

Cambridge defence and score some goals. As the heat took its toll, ever the crowd pleasers, we duly obliged. The final score? Well...the crowd went home happy.

After a couple of days 'sightseeing' in Bangkok we journeyed south to Phuket for a few days well-earned recuperation, before flying back to the capital for the much awaited game against the National side, warming up for their assault on next summer's World Cup finals. The general feeling was to kill them off early with a couple of goals, then sit back, absorb the pressure, and catch them on the break.

Anticipating goals, the Thai crowd were unimpressed as their team led by a fortunate volley at half time but began to relax as the Blues conceded two sloppy goals within minutes of the restart of the second half. Playing five in midfield, we were able to hold our shape more effectively and after the outstanding Kelly smashed home a corner, Paul Dimmock towered above his opposite man to head home an exquisite Tim Hall cross. The Thai crowd almost choked on their fried insects. However, despite concerted Light Blue pressure the match finished 4-2 after a botched free kick in the final minute bobbed under the defensive wall and past the helpless Garrood, who, despite his claims, was already sitting at the Thigh Bar in Pat Pong market planning his Tuk Tuk ride home.

The Varsity Match was cancelled due to a waterlogged pitch but will now take place on Friday 4 May, 7.30 kick off. Due to the insistence of Smirnoff Ice, the match sponsors, the game was to be played at either Oxford or Cambridge United for publicity purposes, and following negotiations, the game will take place at the Manor Ground in Oxford. Anyone wishing to watch the game should contact Mark Hepburn (mch35) who will provide details on travel and ticketing.

Cricket

Cambridge drew with Kent

Toby Hughes

Global warming may be able to explain freezing temperatures, pouring rain and gale force winds in April. It also signals a time to don white flannels, three dozen jumpers and chase a bit of leather around a field. The English cricket season is once again upon us and Cambridge University Cricket Club has experienced its own 'global' changes during the winter. By joining forces with APU, under the watchful eye of the ECB and new coach, ex-Nottinghamshire and Durham wicketkeeper Chris Scott, CUCC has become one of six University Centres for Cricketing Excellence (UCCE) in an attempt to create a breeding ground for prospective county cricketers to gain a university education whilst still playing a high standard of cricket.

Cambridge UCCE entered their opening first-class fixture of the season as they ended their last one, with a side consisting entirely of Cambridge students and, after losing the toss, Ben Collins and his men were in the field giving Kent batting practice. With six players making their debut for Cambridge, nerves were bound to be on edge and so it seemed with James Scott who opened with a 13-ball over before having Robert Key well caught at point. Whilst Kent batted well, Cambridge fielded excellently and found in Toby Hughes, James Pyemont and another debutant, the wily old Graham Dill, bowlers who could keep the Kent batsmen in check. They finally declared at the end of the first day on 299 for 7.

The Cambridge innings was the scene for a superb knock from Stuart Block who scored 56 not out in a shade over three and a half hours and was the first to carry his bat since Mike Atherton in 1987. Block's application was met, at times, by the other Cambridge batsmen, who all managed to look comfortable against Kent's attack before getting themselves out as they looked to push for runs. The final score of 129 was disappointing after such application in the field.

Kent's second innings opened with a 100 partnership, although both openers were dropped late on the second evening, and play on the third day was delayed by water on the square. Kent skipper Matthew Fleming noted that it was the coldest day he could remember playing cricket on, but it did not cool the Light Blues who took four wickets in a frenetic, if shortened, morning session. Kent, rather sportingly considering the freezing conditions, declared once again to leave Cambridge an improbable 338 to win in two sessions. Obdurate defence from Alex Simcox and Block, along with a heavy shower, ensured a draw and a relatively pleasing outcome for Cambridge UCCE. One only hopes that the weather matches the standard of cricket as the season progresses.

In a break from tradition and in what promises to be the biggest change in the fixture's 174 year history, the existing three-day match at Lord's will be replaced by a 50-Over One-Day Game. The change has been brought about in an attempt to revitalise the fixture and return it to the forefront of the universities' annual sporting calendar. "In time we hope to transform the day into a popular summer event to rival the corresponding fixtures of the Boat Race and the rugby match" said MCC Secretary and Chief Executive Roger Knight. The three-day game formerly played at Lord's will be replaced by a four-day match to take place annually, alternating between Fenners and The Parks.

LIGHT BLUE BOAT PARTY

Women and lightweights win in Nottingham at the 'Henley' boat races

Rowing
Tom Middleton

The Henley boat races provide an antidote from the Boat Race for all those people who complain about foreigners, post graduates, bogus asylum seekers and the CRE. The five races for women, lightweights and lightweight women, which normally take place over two kilometres at Henley, are contested almost exclusively by undergraduates – notwithstanding the occasional 39-year-old mother of two in the women's lightweights – for no tangible reward, not even the ego-enlarging bonus of appearing on telly. In the last two years, the races have at least begun to attract more corporate attention: the races are now sponsored by JP Morgan, the Cambridge University women's boat club by Ashurst Morris Crisp and Goldman Sachs, and the lightweight men by Arthur D Little.

I'm not sure if God wanted the Henley boat races to happen this year. First of all the local council closed the towpath in Henley to spectators, except for relatives and important people like the press, meaning that the races would have been a collection of private matches. Then, a few weeks of torrential rain transformed the upper Thames into a potential venue for white water rafting. In true Dunkirk spirit, the organisers evacuated the crews to the races' new venue: the National Water Sports Centre, at Nottingham.

The day started off miserably for Light Blue supporters. The Oxford men's lightweight reserves, Nephthys, managed to nick almost a length from their Cambridge opposition, Granta, in the first 500 metres. This proved disastrous for the Light Blues. Although they tried valiantly to reel them back in the second half of the race, they could only close the gap to half a length at the finish line. Granta probably weren't helped by the loss on race day of a member of their crew, Simon Case, due to illness. The only consolation was that the winning Nephthys boat was named after ex-Downing Leo Blockley, who drowned on a training camp in Spain last year.

The women's reserves race added



Photo: JET Photographic

insult to injury for Light Blue supporters. The race was over long before a crewmember of Blondie caught a crab 200 metres from the finish line, allowing Osiris to win by a verdict of 'easily'. This result didn't bode well for the other Cambridge women's crews, and CUWBC rowers began to look away in tears. It seemed as if the new coaching staff, appointed this year, wasn't up to the job.

The women's lightweights race was neck and neck in the early stages, with a mere three feet separating the crews at the 500-metre mark. Cambridge, with the oldest person to row in the lightweight women's race, 39-year-old mother of two Sarah Tasker, pushed hard through the middle thousand, to

lead by one-and-a-half lengths with 500 metres to go. Oxford then capitulated, allowing Cambridge to double their lead to three lengths by the finish.

The women's boat race seemed to be going Oxford's way for the first 1750 metres. Oxford surged to an early lead of about a length, taking a couple of strokes more than Cambridge every minute, who were striking a positively social 34 for most of the race. In the last 500 metres, Cambridge started to edge back, and crossed the line almost level with Oxford. Unbelievably, Cambridge had managed to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat: CUWBC chief coach, George Maitre, breathed a sigh of relief as the new training methods introduced this year were unequiv-

ocaly vindicated, by just three feet.

Oxford managed to save their worst performance for the last race of the day. It must have been hard for the Oxford men's lightweights' finishing coach to convince them that they had a chance against a stacked Cambridge crew, which included Under-23 international Nick English, and potential internationals Jamie Bottomley and Charlie Bourne. Cambridge, who have been coached this year for the first time by CUBC development coach Adrian Cassidy, led from the first stroke and pulled away for the full 2000 metres, to win by a margin of four lengths. The crews were chalk and cheese, with Cambridge rowing long and effectively, while Oxford struggled

to get their oars wet. It was a fine culmination of what was mostly a good day for the Light Blues. Since the event, both English and Bottomley have been selected to represent Great Britain this summer.

CUWBC's new coaching staff can feel confident after this year's results: Maitre and his team now need to work hard to develop strength in depth, so that next year Blondie too can be victorious. The men's lightweights are now streaks ahead of their Dark Blue rivals, and the elevation of some club members to international status bodes very well for the future. OULRC, if they are to be competitive in the main race, have some catching up to do. Which is nice.

SPORTS SHORTS

Rowing

The delayed University IV's event was held this week, with no prizes for guessing the winner of the men's event: Emma I. Magdalene I were the victors in the ladies competition, whilst Trinity Hall II won the second men's competition.

Adam Joseph

Rugby

Congratulations to Chris Davis, of St Edmund's, on his selection for the England Sevens team that was sent to the prestigious Hong Kong Sevens that took place from 30 March to 1 April. Former St John's student Russell Earnshaw also added to his collection of England Sevens caps. Though losing to Samoa in the Group stages, England made it through to the quarter-finals, where they lost to losing finalists and sevens specialists Fiji. Simon Amor

and Chris Davis both played for England in the Kuala Lumpur Sevens, with Amor kicking several conversions and Davies scoring a try. The team lost in the bowl final 24–12 to South Korea.

Ben Sheriff

Fencing

Cambridge have become the BUSA men's team fencing champions, after beating Durham 134–97 in the semi-final and UCL 123–119 in an extremely hard fought final. The Championship has not been won by a Cambridge team since 1948 and completes an unbroken string of victories for the men's squad this year.

Andy Culling

Hockey

The mixed hockey Cuppers final took place on a dismal Sunday afternoon last term. The first half showed the teams were evenly matched, but the score sheet was blank until the last five minutes when Queens' fired two into the back of the Robinson net. Robinson, rallied by their numerous supporters, equalised and then took the lead in an exciting second half.

Queens' immediately drew back level with thrilling end-to-end play and extra time ensued. Robinson piled on the pressure and finally scored the winning goal.

Rachel Cooke

Ladies' Golf

The head-to-head with Oxford was hosted by Cambridge at Hunstanton with the conditions rendering a wind chill factor of minus ten that had to be endured. The three foursomes battled bravely during the morning against horizontal driving snow and played some tremendous golf. The leading pair of Rebecca Edmunds and Hilary Allen enjoyed a tough contest but the Oxford pair eventually won 3–2. Louise Elmes and Catherine Palmer scored a convincing defeat over Jessica Mellinger and Natalia Rodriguez. With the singles still to be played Cambridge were 1–2 down. During the afternoon the wind and snow continued resulting in the course's reduction to 15 holes. Oxford won the first two matches so needed one more point for victory. Gemma Westaby, Katja Jarvis and Catherine Palmer played great golf to equalise the score. The result hinged on the last hole of the

final match; sadly Mary Cruickshank's efforts were not enough to secure a Light Blue win and the overall victory was celebrated by Oxford.

Hilary Allen

Skiing

Following last Christmas' triumph over Oxford, the Ski and Snowboard Club travelled to Austria to compete in the British Universities Ski Club's Championships. The teams fared well, though injuries stood in the way of victory. Once again, the women's team gave the rest of the crew a real boost, coming second in both the slalom and technical slalom. They were just beaten overall by Loughborough, by less than a second in the Giant Slalom. Ex-President Juliet Malley and current women's captain Abi Carswell led the team and were also in the top ten in the individual races. The event also involved snowboard races with Pete Medland, CUSSC snowboard captain coming sixth in the individual races. The women's team and a mixed team have also reached the finals of the King's Ski Club British Universities dry slope championships to be held next month.

Julian Blake

Dance

Cambridge University Ballroom Dancing Team put up a valiant performance to achieve second place out of the 21 universities competing at the Inter-Varsity Dancesport Competition on 18 March. It was a tightly contested competition, but Cambridge A-team lost out to Oxford by a mere two points. The stage has now been set for a very closely contested Varsity match on Saturday 12 May at Kelsey Kerridge Sports Hall, Cambridge. For more information see:

<http://www.cam.ac.uk/societies/cdc/>
 Rachelle Stretch

Punting Boat Race?

Eagle-eyed *Varsity* sports reporters gained an insight into recent Light Blue dominance of the Boat Race when Lukas Hirst of the Blue boat was seen ferrying a horde of Japanese tourists around on a punt. Never knowingly shy, he was seen wearing his Blues kit in an effort to woo in the 'punters'. We lost sight of him just as he clashed poles with another punt: no re-start was ordered.

Adam Joseph



HANDS OFF: IT'S OURS

Boat Race

Adam Joseph

The Oxford crew waited to go into the Presentation Area. President Dan Snow and many of his team were crying as they looked upon a jubilant Light Blue crew lifting the trophy. They did not seem to know whether to applaud the victors or cry foul play. Boat race Umpire Rupert Obholzer came over to Snow and in a quiet voice said, "I hope you don't feel I ruined your race". Snow replied with a shrug. This was the plight of the losers in a sport where winner takes all. Despite their amazing courage and tenacity in the chase, it was clear that they were beaten by the more accomplished crew.

The race had begun in unusual conditions. The flood water coming into the Thames Valley had all but cancelled out the advantages of staying in the centre of the river where the tide is strongest. This set the pattern for the controversy over racing lines in the race. Obholzer knew that he would be in for a tough ride as he attempted to adjudicate new lines under the changed circumstances. How tough he could only have feared in his worst nightmares. Cambridge won the toss and opted for the Surrey station for both the Goldie and the Blues race.

Having seen the Isis crew in the earlier race veer towards Middlesex at the start, Christian Cormack, the Cambridge Blues cox, gambled and moved

towards Middlesex. Moncrieff, the Oxford cox, had no such plans however and remained in the traditional Middlesex line down the centre of the river. With Oxford having a lead of a third of a length, blade clashes began. Obholzer initially warned Cambridge, whilst Oxford were coming out the better from the continual hits. However, Moncrieff continued to steer aggressively and just as Obholzer warned Oxford, a fateful clash forced the blade from the Cambridge bow man, Colin Swainson's hand. Obholzer was left with a very limited choice. Whilst the initial transgression may have been Cambridge's they at least tried to move out of the way, whilst Oxford were the last to be called. Thus he was left with the option of disqualifying Oxford, allowing the race to continue resulting in a probable appeal and possible Oxford disqualification, or to restart the race.

The restart again resulted in Oxford taking a slight lead. Cambridge were, however, ready for them and were helped by impressive self-belief with the Aussie Lukas Hirst, rowing at number two, constantly telling himself to "believe in the rhythm". As the Middlesex bend ran out, Oxford had not got the clear water they needed and so desperately wanted. The crews moved closer again in the straight thanks to what Robin Williams called "very interesting steering" from the Dark Side cox. This time though, Cambridge gradually began to settle into their long and fluid rowing style, which has been the trademark of the Cambridge coaches, particularly Harry Mahon and Robin Williams. Whilst Oxford's style was continually chop-

py, Cambridge were the tidier crew. Thus when they put in two devastating pushes as the Hammersmith Bend unfolded, the result was clear water and very soon a two length lead.

This allowed 'Scrubber' Cormack to take the line he wanted as Oxford attempted valiantly to stage a remarkable come-back. Oxford's tremendous courage was shown in the fact that Williams "was never sure we definitely had it". As the terrible pain of the boat race etched itself on the rowers' faces, the Light Blues managed to pull out a further half length to win the 2001 boat race by two and a half lengths. This completed a boat race double for Cambridge as Goldie came from being over a length down to win easily.

As the mighty victors crossed the line, Kieran West rose from his seat and screamed in joy. The Olympic Gold medallist was one of the less experienced members of the Sydney crew but this victory was a great personal one. Having played an integral role in the selection and training of the squad he has proved an exemplary President. Cormack, dripping and shivering from the traditional crew-propelled launch into the Thames, felt that it was "a dreadful row" as they had "never properly settled". Despite this he knew they were experienced men and could deal with the situation. Williams was less harsh on his charges and felt that "the interference did not help".

Oxford will be coming at Cambridge even harder next year with a point to prove. The Dark Blues have sorted out their training programme and now they are just as fit and strong as their Light Blue counterparts.

What they lack is finesse, which comes partly as a result of having great international oarsmen such as Richard Dunn and of course West, alongside top quality coaches. Whilst the Cambridge 2001 boat may not have been an exceptional vintage they have proved themselves the masters in the most trying of circumstances.



Light Blues celebrate Photos: Catherine Harrison