A man is set to appear in court today, having been charged with supplying ecstasy in connection with the death of Lorna Spinks. Aaron Strange, a 19-year-old man from Cambridge has been charged with supplying a Class A drug to a named person. Police are keen to add that Strange did not supply the drug to Lorna, but to a third party.

The prosecution came after Lorna, a 19-year-old APU student, died from taking an exceptionally high strength ecstasy tablet, before going to The Junction nightclub in Cambridge. Lorna was attending the Good Times club at the Junction along with friends from APU. She became ill at around 12.30 am and was taken to the toilets by her boyfriend. The Junction staff helped her to the front door to get some air. She then started fitting and an ambulance was called.

Paul Bogen, Director of The Junction told *Varsity* "I am deeply shocked and upset by this event. On behalf of everyone at The Junction, I offer my extreme condolences to the parents, family and friends of Lorna Claire Spinks".

The news has shocked students around Cambridge, and all clubs in the Cambridge area have put up signs warning students of the dangers of using the drug. Bogen told *Varsity* that The Junction "Will be displaying posters in the venue warning the public of the dangers of these particular tablets". Toxic8 plans to randomly check clubbers at the door in an attempt to prevent the use of drugs on their premises. The parent company of Life and Fifth Avenue, Luminar Leisure told *Varsity* "We disapprove of drug misuse and its associated culture. We deploy the services of drug sniffer dogs and our venues receive visits from a company who supply both active and passive drug dogs".

Detective Superintendent Tony Southern echoed these sentiments: "We now know that Lorna had taken ecstasy before and there will be thousands of people out there who will think that it won’t happen to them. We accept that people will still take ecstasy irrespective of what has happened to Lorna, but this goes to show that you can never be sure what you are putting into your body.”

CUSU President Mat Coakley said, “We do hope that people make informed decisions about the use of drugs”.

The family of Lorna are keen to highlight their pain as a warning to students considering taking drugs. “She was so, so pretty and when she was dying she looked like a monster. It looked like she had been run over by a truck” said Mrs Spinks. She added that Lorna “is a lovely girl. Her granny called her The Golden Girl, the lovely Lorna. She was very, very popular and had lots of friends.”
Correction

In our issue dated 4 May 2001 (541) we referred to the article in the May Day protests to students being involved in tearing up a telephone box by using it as a toilet. This was mistakenly attributed to Cambridge students and we unreservedly withdraw the same.

The ‘tanning’ of policemen attributed to Mr Mika Minus was also incorrect and we therefore withdraw it unreservedly.

Vox-pops

“None of the candidates really has any relevance to me.”
My Best Friend, Varsity Offices

Corrections

“Ill probably be sleeping through the election.”
Rendl’s Bitch, Posh College

“Everyone should use their vote responsibly.”
Angelo-I-don’t-fancy-Tom, Curry House

“Socialism. Can’t you tell from my beard and jacket?”
Glenda Newton, Ed Hall

“Why not to vote.”
Ian Coullfield, Lucy Corendish

“Don’t believe in democracy.”
Roland & Andrew, Varsity Offices

ELECTION ROUNDPUP

Rob Jenrick

Last year’s results:

Labour 27,416 (55%)
Conservative 13,299 (26%)
Lib Dems 8,287 (16%)
Turnout 71,130 (70.82%)

All sides are fighting for student votes, which are believed to have been crucial in the 1992 and especially the 1997 elections, so the 1999 vote was expected to be below the 1997 total.

Anne Campbell MP

Anne became Cambridge’s first woman MP in 1992 when she narrowly won the election. At 1997 she increased her majority to 14,000. She has worked in Parliament as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Patricia Hewin – the minister for e-commerce. Recently she has helped launch a campaign to fight global warming. Anne Campbell is a Tory by conviction, but she has shown an interest in tuition fees.

David Howarth

Liberal Democrats

David went to Clare in the 1970s and then on to Yale to study Law. He’s since become a fellow at Clare and lectures regularly in Law and Economics. As an advisor to governments, he sat on the prestigious National Policy Committee, which advises the government on economic matters.

Graham Stuart

Conservative

Graham came to Cambridge as a student and was President of the Conservative Association – now he is going for the real thing. He is a council- lor and runs four local businesses as well as working on the local Enterprise Agency board.

Stuart slams Campbell

Julia Goering

Scrabbling around for answers to the American student’s question – ‘If you were a political party, which would you be?’ – Graham Stuart, candidate for Cambridge’s next MP, had this to say:

“I’d be a Liberal Democrat. I’d offer a fresh and radical alternative to the big two parties. I’d be big on education and the environment. I’d also fight against the big tobacco companies and the arms trade. I’d be the first to vote against tuition fees if I wasn’t a student myself.”

The vote will be on 7th May. Stuart is running as a Liberal Democrat.

Rob Jenrick, Lucy Veryndish

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**Scandal at Union**

Peter Tatchell was issued a harsh rebuke by students when speaking to the Cambridge Union this week. Tatchell came to the Union to speak on lowering the age of consent for both gay and straight couples to 14. He wanted to "challenge the criminalisation of young people under 16 who have consenting sex". He explained that sexual rights are human rights, and probably the most important things in our lives. "The idea that the right to make those choices is not a human right is a scandalous oversight". Tatchell went on to try and convince students that they had sexual desires at a young age, claiming "I'm sure a number of you have played daddies and got a bit carried away, "I'm sure a number of you have played daddies and got a bit carried away, exploring your sexuality". His talk sparked great debate, with the majority of students attacking Tatchell's assumptions. His talk was dismissed as "half-hearted libertarianism" by one member of students.

The crisis at Corpus during the Lent term over the academic-based room ballot has been tranquilized by a truce between the JCR and the College. The compromise, put forth by the old JCR committee at the end of last term, is now based more on a prize room scheme, such as at Pembroke and Christ's. This means that a certain number of rooms are still set aside for automatic allocation to those in the college with Firsts and scholarships. This means that a certain number of rooms are still set aside for automatic allocation to those in the college with Firsts and scholarships.

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**Booze & blood**

Cerarian Sunday saw 60 people dress in togas, gather on Jesus Green and roll around for ten minutes last Sunday in the age-old grievance between the Jesus Cerarian and the Giotto Green Monsters. With the aid of drink, heat stroke and suitable warrior nicknames such as Michael "I Drink My Own Cum" Phillips, battle tactics were devised. The Green Monsters made their way across a cricket match and then through St Johns, at which point they began to sing their opinion of the college to a well-known traditional tune: "Id rather be at Oxford..." When it came to actually waging war, the battle was really more of a good natured wrestle, described by one of the warrior participants as being a match of "superior numbers and panic movement tactics from Giotto" versus "raw spirit" from Jesus. In the aftermath of the war there was a reconcileming Pimm's session and the first year Green Monsters, in Giotton drinking society tradition, were made to swim the Cam, according to Hugh Collins a "fucking cold" experience. The final score stood at one police warning, two hospitalisations, eight vomitings, 14 passing outs and many hangovers.

*Fury over the controversial scholar and author David Irving speaking at the Oxford Union forced the University to cancel the debate scheduled for last night. Protesters had been planned by students in Oxford, and David Irving's representative for the Association of University Teachers (AUT) predicted a national boycott of the Oxford Union. However, they persisted in holding the debate. Mr. Irving, "racist" and "anti-semitic" according to the high judge involved in his libel case last year, had been invited to speak on the motion: "This house would restrict the free speech of extremists" but the idea that this could go ahead has been described as a "real tragedy" and a "travesty" by protesters."

Compiled by: Lucy Pogson, Julian Blake & Michael Phillips

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**Privacy Inv**

Rob Jenrick

A Queens' second-year has threatened with suspension from the University's computing facilities and quizzed by Special Branch for participating in e-mail discussions about last week's May Day demonstrations in London.

Hugh Jones was sent a letter by his tutor warning him that he would be banned from using the University Computing Service, including his Hermes e-mail account, if he didn't remove himself from mailing lists associated with the protesters planning to attend the events. It is not known how the University discovered Jones' perfectly legal participation, or how the independent monitoring of student email is in Cambridge. Following the letter from his tutor, Jones was telephoned by Special Branch. Jones told Varsity he was concerned about his plans for May Day, specifically whether he was "planning to storm Buckingham Palace, armed with a machete."

The head of the University Computing Service (UCS) Pat Steward told Varsity that she didn't "believe it [the story] to be true" and that she had no knowledge of it. Mr Jones' tutor refused to comment. But the letter Jones was sent, below, raises concerns for student privacy and for their rights to use the computer services for private uses, free from university intrusion.

"It has come to my attention that you have been posting material relating to planned May Day anti-capitalist protests in London on the web using your 'cam.ac.uk' email address. I must remind you that you are provided with this facility for academic and academic-related purposes. The College is of course entirely happy for you to use this activity in your own time, but the use of your University email address must be limited to the purposes described above. Please do not post any further such material from this address, if you continue to do so, your suspension from this facility will have to be considered."

Vaniry was unable to find any other example of a student being accused of breaking university rules by using their Hermes account for 'non-academic' purposes. Jones has been cleared of all criminal allegations but has received no apology from his college, the Police or the UCS for his treatment.

Lucy Pogson

The biggest event for students in the school of the University of 2001 is a certainty due to explode on June 14. Featuring Roni Size, Timmy Magic of Radio 1's Drum and Bass Tent and the Ministry of Sounds Tall Paul, the headlining acts of CUSU's Easter Creation event are unparalleled for Cambridge. As well as welcoming back May Week veterans Dan Bailey, Fabio and George Plant, Creation will also be playing host to Cambridge vogue The EZ Rollers and the buffo DJ's. The event will be divided between five main tents around the centre: the House Tent, Drum and Bass Tent, Garage Tent, Hip Hop and Beats Tent, and the Comedy Tent. With the likes of DJ Luck to satisfy Garage fans, the EZ Rollers of Lock Stock and Two Smoking Barrels fame in the Drum and Bass room, and comedians such as Craig Charles of Red Dwarf fame, there will be a sure winner. Vaniry is offering readers the chance to win tickets to the event. Two tickets are up for grabs, going to those readers who suggest the funniest outfit for Mr. Cum to wear to the bash. E-mail suggestions to letters@varsity.cam.ac.uk.

Lucy Pogson

**Mentor helps women**

Julian Blake

A mentoring system for women at Cambridge was launched this week, with the help of The Gender Studies Working Group and CUSU. The concept goes back to a seminar in November entitled “education involving women” and the decision was made to take practical steps to aid issues that women in Cambridge have faced. Undergraduates, graduates, graduates or teaching staff are concerned with the scheme, known as “Connect”. It is intended to share expertise and experiences as well as creating a social network. It follows the success of the Equity Audit that concluded the University has a macho culture that excludes women. It suggests that a historical and the University has been male dominated, very few women have entered academia. It is hoped that if female academics share their experiences and advice graduate students, there may be more women entering the higher levels of the Cambridge establishment. A former Office Laura Timms told Varsity "The aim of connect is to provide women at all levels of the University with the opportunity to share and learn from each other's experiences."
Get yer top off

Natacha Simon bears her chest for charity

London is preparing to be engulfed by a sea of topless women on Saturday night. 8000 women and 16,000 breasts, including several from Cambridge, will set out to walk the London marathon overnight armed only with wonderbras. Is this some feminist march for liberation, a personal desire to free ourselves from the constraints of propriety, or are we just saying “Hey! Boobs!” to the world?
The Playtest Moonwalk aims to raise awareness about breast cancer. Currently one in 11 women in Britain will get breast cancer, until recently, the biggest cancer killer of women in Britain. There has been a fall in deaths from breast cancer over the last 20 years, but nonetheless, 30,000 cases are still detected each year.
Annually, 500 women undergo voluntary breast removal. Women such as Steve de Lance, who at the age of 28, decided to have both her breasts removed to prevent the disease striking her family again of 11 female relatives on her maternal side, have died of cancer.
Breakthrough Breast Cancer is a charity committed to fighting breast cancer. Their work includes running the annual breast cancer research centre in the UK in December 1999; an important step for other participants however, the agenda. Again, a degree of caution is called for, but the very fact that a number of anti-capitalist ideas are actually filtering through into the mainstream, with people agreeing that multi-national companies are ‘out of control’ is no small matter. Furthermore, the Movement has made some progress in ‘unmasking’ the institutions of capitalism. Many more people now actually know something about the roles played by for example IMF or the World Bank, and this has to be one of the first steps in making the movement democratic.
These have been real political steps, and contradict the idea that what the entire Movement comes down to is a couple of anarchists Wimbles in boiler suits getting whacked by police batons. Someone on an Independent Media Website put it nicely when he wrote that

The equal opportunities and anti-discrimination juggernaut in the University (the Schneider Ross Report of 25 Oct) led one to think to turn forward another inch. On 21 May the Vice-Chancellor, of course, is sitting in the form of the Heads of Institutions. He still has no training himself, but has now been run for staff. Only that is to say, they think they can improve con- scientific heads, and are seeking to be run against staff separately. Students can continue to ignore.

I am a member of the Advisory Committee on Disability and I asked if I could go to this briefing. But no one from that committee is to be allowed to go and the Disability Resource centre for students, was not brought in on it either.

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In the Reporter of May 2 are a couple of pieces of University legislation to keep an eye on. The first is the Notice on Data Protection. The University is leaving it until the last minute to implement the new legis- lation which gives you the rights (from October 24) to request copies of all electronic and paper informa- tion the University is holding on you. The new guidelines are to be given secretly to a few (again), E- mail Dennis Barrington-Light (data- protection@admin.cam.ac.uk) – in droves if you want better published information on this.

The second item is the one on soft- ware policy. The Computing Service produces a document entitled this name. The Council and the General Board announce that users are ‘expected to comply’ with rules which have not been put up for discussion in the Senate. If the users want to appeal against disciplinary penalties may follow for students from the Student Union. If we got our legislative act together and made sure that rules are properly cre- ated by the proper authority, that everyone knows what they are and what will happen if they are broken. It leaves it to you to write the novel which will outsell Kafka.

All is forgiven

Do you remember where you were during the rent riots of 1999? Approximately a third of the people reading this probably have no idea what I’m talking about. But I can’t entirely unprecedented, but the fact that environmentalists are working alongside Turkish Communists and women’s rights activists in Istanbul, the hand, activists must make sure that this new collaboration on the ground is something substantially more than just show- ing up in the same place at the same time to demonstrate with lots of differ- ent placards.

The second major achievement of the Movement in 1999 was to partly realise in goal of putting capitalism, as opposed to, say, globalisation at the top of the agenda. Again, a degree of caution is called for, but the very fact that a number of anti-capitalist ideas are actually filtering through into the mainstream, with people agreeing that multi-national companies are ‘out of control’ is no small matter. Furthermore, the Movement has made some progress in ‘unmasking’ the institutions of capitalism. Many more people now actually know something about the roles played by for example IMF or the World Bank, and this has to be one of the first steps in making the movement democratic.

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Ethical journals

Varsity’s days in the CUSU building may be numbered. Their new 4,000 word ethical policy is to be ratified this coming week, threats at it, “All companies that publish, print or produce pornographic material shall be excluded”. Blast. But special pleading aside, its principles are truly commendable. It would be a fine thing to see the provisions on positive action, for example, the purchasing of Fair Trade goods, extended to CRUs and beyond.

However, as ever with student actions, the value is largely symbolic. Although advertising in CUSU publications will now be subject to said rules, huge and evil multinationals are not lining up to buy our sabbatical. The GKN CUSU President is, let us face it, only a distant threat. “Companies that produce nuclear weapons systems” will hardly be seeking to control the running of the laminating machine.

Rather than allowing CUSU committees to become bogged down in trivial internal detail, as the distinctly pompous verbiage of this new policy risks, let attention be focussed on changing – or rather, creating – a University ethical policy. It is even rumoured that consideration is currently being given to such matters in the Old Schools. While flowery rhetoric may soon flow, the chances of such a policy signalling a real new approach to securing corporate funding are small. But all great things start somewhere, and this is as good a starting point as are we likely to get.

We love Zadie

The May Anthologies have become a great Oxbridge institution. Certainly the 2001 editions set new standards in student literature and provide a stiff challenge for the next committee to live up to. The impact of Zadie Smith’s involvement should not be underestimated. It is easy to get sick of hearing about Ms Smith’s success and perhaps her success has tended to overshadow the presence of other equally talented, equally deserving voices. Yet beneath the hype, Smith’s story really is inspirational for Cambridge writers. Having cut short a trip to the States, her commitment to the Anthologies is unquestionable. And perhaps in an acknowledgement of how necessary it is to provide student writers with a forum where their work will be scrutinised impartially.

So long and thanks for all the letters

Take a long look at this copy of Varsity. Treasure it. Remind yourself of the role it has played in your life (as toilet paper, we are so grateful). Treasure it. Remind yourself of the role it has played in your life (as toilet paper, we are so grateful). Treasure it. Remind your-

Wrong

I am really disappointed that rather than celebrate the immense honour of receiving a visit from one of the greatest men of our time, Varsity has instead chosen to focus on slamming Magdalen off. You criticise our access policy, when in fact we are the only college apart from Catz to have a higher percentage of state school students than applicants.

Furthermore you criticise the lack of black students here without making any attempt to reason that there is a very low amount of applications from this sector, something GEEMA is doing wonders. It is not self fulfilling prophecy to have more than one of the pastries. I found the photo of the naked woman that was used to illustrate Ed Hall’s article last week quite offensive. I thought both photo and article were completely gratuitous. Worse, she was black. Moreover, I would suggest that the whole ‘Naked News’, and definitely not representative of Cambridge students.

Wrong

The 3am Boy

To all the small-minded people in Cambridge, from CUSU to the May Anthologies have become a great Oxbridge institution. Certainly the 2001 editions set new standards in student literature and provide a stiff challenge for the next committee to live up to. The impact of Zadie Smith’s involvement should not be underestimated. It is easy to get sick of hearing about Ms Smith’s success and perhaps her success has tended to overshadow the presence of other equally talented, equally deserving voices. Yet beneath the hype, Smith’s story really is inspirational for Cambridge writers. Having cut short a trip to the States, her commitment to the Anthologies is unquestionable. And perhaps in an acknowledgement of how necessary it is to provide student writers with a forum where their work will be scrutinised impartially.

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A Night to Remember

page 12
Nice formal dresses are so boring.
And yet everyone will be wearing one, you included. You might think that tuxes are for him only, but team one with killer stiletto heels and smouldering make-up (and not much else), and you’ll instantly have one of the sexiest and most striking outfits of the evening.

Having a

A new take on the Cinderella-style ballgown: this girl ain’t gonna scrub no floor. Little touches - here we used a bright, exuberantly tied sash - transformed princess to punk.

Rectangular blocks of gold foil (available from Heffers Art Plus, King Street) painted onto the eyelids and spiked-up hair completely transformed the dreamily romantic dress. Forget pretty-pretty and subvert the traditional look.

White dress, $250, Monsoon; Sash, $14.99, Accessorize; Suit: Jacket, $150, trousers, $80, all French Connection.

Knock them dead.
Ball

Stylists: Lucy Caldwell, Alice Carey and Heather Tilley
Photographs: Dan Lambert
Model: Nina Rajan
Make-up: Alice Carey
Hot and Fragrant

Kate Norgrove (not Winslet) rocked Morocco

The temperature was 35°C when I arrived in Marrakech this Easter. The heat was intense, but as I rode in, I was struck by the number of children running around, and new buildings outnumbering the old. Though a developing country, Morocco appears relatively prosperous. As I entered I heard myself for being stared at and attacked by roaming beggars and salesmen. I also assumed a bright red headscarf I last wore at the age of 12. However I did not feel particularly uncomfortable or conspicuous as a young woman. There was very little staving, only a few candy stalls, and I didn’t feel I had to wear baggy T-shirts all the time. By the end of the week my cyanic preconceptions had disappeared, replaced by a realisation that for the most part, the local people are genuinely friendly and welcoming. The central square, Place Djemaa el-Fna, is the site tourists are first drawn to, and with good reason. It’s a mysterious fairy-tale place that I didn’t believe could still exist. Our guidebook informed us that at night people congregate, listening to storytellers from the hills. My skepticism disappeared when I saw little pockets of lanterns illuminating old men muttering in Arabic to crowds of attentive listeners. Then there were the henna women, the snake charmers and stalls selling orange juice DelMonte can only aspire to. The numerous food stalls were incredibly good value at £2 a meal. The food was varied and delicious, and the cooks were entertaining (if a little lecherous – see the photo). There are numerous tourist sites but Marrakech’s architecture is also captivating so I highly recommend wandering round the tiny streets. It remedied me of a set for The Phantom Menace, with low-lying ceilings, cool alleyways, no windows and cobbled streets. It’s incredibly easy to venture further afield and head out to the country, which is well worth the effort. West of Marrakech, you’ll find a surreal expanse of desert and hence a wealth of camel-riding opportunities. Go South, and you reach the Atlas mountains, hush-enclaves of beauty. A mere wander from the hotel found us in a Berber village drinking mint tea in the toothless chieftain’s house. But even if you find on your return that you lack tales of tribal villages and bus adventures, you can at least narrow your friends with your excellent taste in rugs and transform your grey Cambridge room into a plush desert tent reminiscent of The English Patient.

Library of Babble

Just walking through town you are time suddenly feels like a distant memory. The wet East Anglia springtime exotic colours, smells and sights of the city. The Library of Babble for a quick cup of tea, and you’ll never go. Those of you doing courses this Easter have it easy to forget in these troubled weeks of revision, but Cambridge University is supposedly an institution dedicated to learning for its own sake, not just exams and tripoom classifications. This is why the University is full of obscure departments which probably served some academic purpose at some point but which now exist only to house crumbling fellows who pre-date Peterhouse. It’s at this time of year when these places come into their own, though. What everyone needs right now is somewhere to absorb general education instead of actually doing any work. The classic place to go to avoid work, of course, is the Tea Room at the University Library. Those of you doing courses where literacy is considered a privilege rather than a right may not be aware of this, but the single best thing about Cambridge University is its fantastically Borges-esque library. Wandering around the book stacks you continually expect to be attacked by some dizzily cleric intent on preserving the secrets of some Inferno-untranslated fragment of Aristotle. Or that may just be me. But the masterpiece of the library is its tea room, particularly the fact that you are not allowed to take books in there. Just imagine so close to so many books, yet prevented by University statute from reading any of them. You too can savour this paradox. Pretend you have to go and revise an early critical notice by T S Eliot, pop in for a quick cup of tea, and you’ll never leave.

If you don’t fancy being stuck indoors, you could head off to the Botanic Gardens. It is, as you might expect, full of plants: pretty ones, interesting ones, rare ones, as well as nice big lawns you can (gasp) walk on to your heart’s content. You can even look at the various exciting research projects and take god you’re not a Plant Sciences student. Unless you are a Plant Sciences student, in which case the botanic garden will probably provoke flashbacks to Dr Grubbs Plants and Temperature lectures. Scary shit, dude. If you can’t be arsed going all the way out to the Botanic Gardens, you could instead take a trip back in time 100 or so years, to when Ockbridge was the preserve of posh kids so stupid universities had to invent special subjects just for them. Oxford invented Modern Gurus for a rich American who wanted to study classics without actually learning Greek, while Cambridge introduced much the same thing with Art and Archaeology (which is these days studied as a proper subject as part of Classics). You too can take part in this tasteful intellectual work-out by wandering around the Museum of Classical Archaeology, (first brought to your attention by Varsity) looking at the plaster casts of famous statues gathered around the middle of the Nineteenth century. Actually, it’s pretty cool. There are copies of statues from top Greek sites like the Acropolis and Epidauros, as well as the treasures of, for example, the Vatican’s archeological collection. Genuinely fun, remarkably enough, although less so than going to Greece or Italy, obvobviously.

If your knowledge of history starts a little late, you could try a quick look round the Whipple Museum in the History and Philosophy of Science department. The museum houses a collection of scientific instruments from the medieval period to the present day, particularly mad equipment used in famous Cambridge scientists, including all the atom-splittinguffstuff used in the old Cavendish Laboratory. “In 1996 approximately 1,000 botanical teaching diagrams were transferred to the Museum from the Department of Plant Sciences.” You have been warned. The Whipple Museum is particularly good for distracting HP students passing through the Department library. You can easily pretend to be revising the scientific revolutions, when you’re actually giggling at the mummified corpse later, you could try a quick look round the Museum of Tropical Diseases, listening to storytellers from the hills. My skepticism disappeared when I saw little pockets of lanterns illuminating old men muttering in Arabic to crowds of attentive listeners. Then there were the henna women, the snake charmers and stalls selling orange juice DelMonte can only aspire to. The numerous food stalls were incredibly good value at £2 a meal. The food was varied and delicious, and the cooks were entertaining (if a little lecherous – see the photo). There are numerous tourist sites but Marrakech’s architecture is also captivating so I highly recommend wandering round the tiny streets. It remedied me of a set for The Phantom Menace, with low-lying ceilings, cool alleyways, no windows and cobbled streets. It’s incredibly easy to venture further afield and head out to the country, which is well worth the effort. West of Marrakech, you’ll find a surreal expanse of desert and hence a wealth of camel-riding opportunities. Go South, and you reach the Atlas mountains, hush-enclaves of beauty. A mere wander from the hotel found us in a Berber village drinking mint tea in the toothless chieftain’s house. But even if you find on your return that you lack tales of tribal villages and bus adventures, you can at least narrow your friends with your excellent taste in rugs and transform your grey Cambridge room into a plush desert tent reminiscent of The English Patient.

The UL Tea Room is open Monday to Friday, 10-5, and Saturday 10-11. 50. The Botanic Garden, on Station Road are open daily from 10. The Museum of Classical Archaeology, on the Sidgwick Site is open 10-5 Monday to Friday. The Whipple Museum, on Free School Lane is open 1-30-
Tim Fisken uses computers to increase his productivity

Across
8 Priest’s mission to get impersonators (14,15)
9 Cuts (4)
11 Southern explorer, we hear, from the north (4)
12 Priest’s mission to get impersonators (14,15)
13 Strain (5)
14 Brushes away first wet drips (5)
15 Support (7)
16 Help from somewhere abroad (7)
17 Pudding of the ministry? (7)
18 Eyed old dance and sang (7)
19 I’m more than a man – a downright giant! (7)
20 Made a mess of bed, having spilt hot chocolate (7)
21 Edge of a hat – the second edge! (4)
22 Unrealistic hopes (5)
25 Southern explorer, we hear, from the north (4)
26 Well-off, Ann got holy black representation (7)
27 Weak person’s drug (4)
28 On edge once meter broke (7)

Down
1 Delicate cheese eaten, without alcohol, at fifty (7)
2 One in a hundred (4)
3 Pizza appears on the lurch – the start of a problem (3,2,5,7)
4 Pay attention in the educational establishment (4)
5 Food and drink in the kitchen (4)
6 Passport to start head-to-head (4)
7 Stops saint’s head being taken by believers in God (7)
8 Use periscope! (7)
9 Company that hectates over Yankee’s food (6,3,1,4,5)
10 Card game where the dealer always gives the dealer (6)
11 Made a mess of bed, having spilt hot chocolate at first (7)
12 Plays hex for drinks but doesn’t hold breath (7)
13 Peculiar mission to get impersonators (14,15)
14 Beard-grass? (4)
15 Beard-grass? (4)
16 Plays hex for drinks but doesn’t hold breath (7)
17 Beard-grass? (4)
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26 Beard-grass? (4)
27 Beard-grass? (4)
28 Beard-grass? (4)

Across
1 Wodehouse character (7)
2 Cats (4)
3 9 Between academic institutions (15)
4 9 Between academic institutions (15)
5 Persian governor (4)
6 Noted (5)
7 Tide (ang) (4)
8 Support (7)
9 Microscopic emblem (7)
10 Sauce served with fish (7)
11 Venerable (7)
12 Flat liqueur cake (7)
13 Sunblind (4)
14 Of the utmost importance (5)
15 Survey (4)
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17 The three in cards (4)
18 Act of declining (7)

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17 The three in cards (4)
18 Act of declining (7)
No bollocks, just balls

Friday 15th
Robinson – Misbehavin’
Robinson traditionally prides itself on being the best value for money in May Week. This year, they promise “the hedonistic world of Golden Age America.” Expect glamour and sophistication straight out of roaring twenties Hollywood, and a “bebop beat” to keep you on your toes.
Sold Out – www.robinsonmayball.co.uk

Saturday 16th
Hughes Hall
More America at Hughes Hall, this time on a Deep South Mardi Gras theme. You can experience an “100% time on a Deep South Mardi Gras More Americana at Hughes Hall, this year. The theme this year is Exploration, and we are promised a view of Clare “as you have never seen it before.” Wandering minstrels, lutes, and African drums will make the College grounds more splendiferous before the ball, no doubt to show up the riff-raff – exclusive, elegant, exquisite. Which, let’s face it, is what May Week is all about.
Sold out, but for VIP double tickets will be auctioned on Tuesday 15th May – www.mcr.hughes.cam.ac.uk/Mayball

Monday 18th
Clare
As ever, Clare seems to be going for the traditional romance of a Cambridge ball, no doubt to show up the riff-raff at King’s Event. The theme this year is Exploration, and we are promised a view of Clare “as you have never seen it before.” Wandering minstrels, lutes, and African drums will make the College grounds more splendiferous than ever, until the morning finds you floating calmly in a punt to Grantridge.
Sold Out – www.claremayball.com

Jesus – Carnival
An endless parade will carry you from Venice, to New Orleans, to Rio de Janeiro and to Notting Hill. Light and colour will play a large part in the transformation of the college. There is a range of food from around the world including Peking duck, Cajun shrimp bites and Bangers and Mash, DJ’s providing hip-hop, cheese, drum n’ basel, house, funk, ’70s, soul as well as live music from Samba and Jazz bands.
Tickets: £69 – www.jesusmayball.com

Tuesday 19th
Queens’
Queens’ only has a ball every other year. Which means, of course, that it’s so big, it takes you two whole years to recover. Details are scarce – the theme and line-up are kept secret till the day of the ball. We do know, however, that the music “suits the varied tastes of the guests.” It’s likely to be very, very drunken, featuring bands, comedy acts and some famous names. It will be the surprises, however, which really add the magic.
Tickets £115 dining, £88 non-dining – www.queensball.com

John’s
A top-secret communiqué from the committee fell into our hands. It reads: “The kilts have been gathering dust and the whisky has been gently ageing. ‘The kilts have been gathering dust while the whisky has been gently ageing. The spirit of Scotland is silently stirring, and soon all will be awake in full glory to celebrate the 19th of June. Continuing in the fine tradition of St John’s, the May Ball this year will certainly be a night to remember. Long-forgotten favourites will mingle with new ones. It takes you two whole years to recover. Which means, of course, that it’s so big, it takes you two whole years to recover. Details are scarce – the theme and line-up are kept secret till the day of the ball. We do know, however, that the music “suits the varied tastes of the guests.” It’s likely to be very, very drunken, featuring bands, comedy acts and some famous names. It will be the surprises, however, which really add the magic. Tickets £115 dining, £88 non-dining – www.queensball.com

Wednesday 20th
Magdalene
Almost unbelievably, Magdalene May Ball boasts that it “is unique in having remained true to the original ideal, continuing to insist on White-Tie and providing an exquisite banquet dinner and breakfast.” The Magdalene ball regularly appears in Tatler. Yes, it’s that kind of affair – exclusive, elegant, exquisite. Which, let’s face it, is what May Week is all about.
Sold out, but for VIP double tickets will be auctioned on Tuesday 15th May – www.magdaleneball.com

Friday 22nd
Corpus Christi – Avalon
At this year’s Corpus ball you can return to a mythical time in England’s past; very much like coming to Cambridge in the first place, in fact. But this is a paradise, where King Arthur lives it up while awaiting the day he is called to return to England. Fine food, fine wines, wandering musicians and jesters. A classic Cambridge transformation of the college. There is a range of food from around the world including Peking duck, Cajun shrimp bites and Bangers and Mash, DJ’s providing hip-hop, cheese, drum n’ basel, house, funk, ’70s, soul as well as live music from Samba and Jazz bands.
Tickets: £65 dining, £35 non-dining before May 15th – mcr.hughes.cam.ac.uk/Mayball

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Sebastian Faulks seems an irritable sort of person. In the fair, this may be because he has a cold, for which reason he is snuffling constantly throughout the interview. Nonetheless, he is courteous, albeit in a comic semi-celebri-
ty way – asking his minder to buy us drinks – and is also, according to the photographer, quite attractive (although she later claimed she was joking).

He is especially irritable about journalists. He is speaking from experience here: this month marks the tenth anniversary of *Charlotte Gray*. He is speaking from experience here: she later claimed she was joking.

Photographer, quite attractive (although no doubt he has a full-time redundancy – “I hatred.”) He tells us that journalism makes you think it through again.”

They are living in a very closed world, these two people. It’s a very intense thing, but it doesn’t take you anywhere, in a sense it’s like something in a pressure cooker, and that is paralysed by what happens in the war scenes, which is essentially about how far people can go in war. The book was nearly called *Hell and Blood*. “It’s about how far you can go and stay human.” All this seems like a rather long-winded way of justifying what is, essentially, still dung-

Even though everyone thinks of you as a literary tombstone, he will become his literary tombstone, he says, “I’d love it if it did; I’m proud of it.” Though surely not the only monument of his writing career he would wish for? “I

I suggest that the sex in *Birdsong* is anything to do with literature; what critics like and what you yourself like are living in a very closed world, these two people. It’s a very intense thing, but it doesn’t take you anywhere, in a sense it’s like something in a pressure cooker, and that is paralysed by what happens in the war scenes, which is essentially about how far people can go in war. The book was nearly called *Hell and Blood*. “It’s about how far you can go and stay human.” All this seems like a rather long-winded way of justifying what is, essentially, still dung-

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*Birdsong* with the *Lion at the Lam* *Or* *Birdsong* sold massively more than either of the others, it is still *Birdsong* by which Faulks is remembered. Asked if he fears it will become his literary tombstone, he says, “I’d love it if it did; I’m proud of it.” Though surely not the only monument of his writing career he would wish for? “I

He is on tour, of course, because his new book, *On Green Dolphin Street*, has just been released. “A departure for Faulks”, according to the blurb, the book is set in late 50s America, and is as swelling and layered as the jazz music which is its soundtrack. Like all the others, it is a love story, heavily punctuated with sex scenes. Asked whether all his books are about love, he replies, “I think they are, to some extent.” He becomes rather distant. “They

Sebastian Faulks told Sarah Brealey why it’s hard to get anything out of sex scenes

“Everyone thinks of me as the man who wrote *Birdsong*, but that’s fine. David Beckham may be your best player, but Manchester United’s still a good team.”

Faulks sounds almost as vitriolic. “I wrote him a letter telling him to fuck off. I actually remember the letter because he was a Cambridge philosopher, so I just wrote him a letter saying ‘Dear Dr So-

Winterson, who was also targeted in this way, told journalists, “I just want to chase him around the common.”

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*Birdsong*

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Independent – it was a way of helping him. I suppose I was sort of mildly irrit-

Was it bad sex? “I don’t think it was a bad description, but then obviously I would’ve, or I wouldn’t have published it.” If *On Green Dolphin Street* is anything to go by, he’s learnt much from his mis-
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He is especially irritable about journalist-

*Birdsong* with the *Lion at the Lam* *Or* *Birdsong* sold massively more than either of the others, it is still *Birdsong* by which Faulks is remembered. Asked if he fears it will become his literary tombstone, he says, “I’d love it if it did; I’m proud of it.” Though surely not the only monument of his writing career he would wish for? “I

I suggest that the sex in *Birdsong* is anything to do with literature; what critics like and what you yourself like are living in a very closed world, these two people. It’s a very intense thing, but it doesn’t take you anywhere, in a sense it’s like something in a pressure cooker, and that is paralysed by what happens in the war scenes, which is essentially about how far people can go in war. The book was nearly called *Hell and Blood*. “It’s about how far you can go and stay human.” All this seems like a rather long-winded way of justifying what is, essentially, still dung-

“Reactions to it were astonishing. An enormous number of people say, you know, I never knew that; only now do I understand how my grandfather or broth-

Sebastian Faulks told Sarah Brealey why it’s hard to get anything out of sex scenes

“Everyone thinks of me as the man who wrote *Birdsong*, but that’s fine. David Beckham may be your best player, but Manchester United’s still a good team.”

Faulks sounds almost as vitriolic. “I wrote him a letter telling him to fuck off. I actually remember the letter because he was a Cambridge philosopher, so I just wrote him a letter saying ‘Dear Dr So-

Winterson, who was also targeted in this way, told journalists, “I just want to chase him around the common.”

Faulks finds almost as vitriolic. “I wrote him a letter telling him to fuck off. I actually remember the letter because he was a Cambridge philosopher, so I just wrote him a letter saying ‘Dear Dr So-

Winterson, who was also targeted in this way, told journalists, “I just want to chase him around the common.”

““I hate signings. This is like one of those awful second rate rock star tours.”

that’s fine. David Beckham may be your best player, but Manchester United’s still a good team, you still have 11 great players. “I didn’t mess it up and I just feel

… I feel in a way it was like a chance, it fell

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… I feel in a way it was like a chance, it fell

… I feel in a way it was like a chance, it fell
Dr Who?

Janet Dowling is a professor in the Department of Engineering at the University of Melbourne. She is the current President of the Royal Academy of Engineering, leading research into the reduction of unwanted transport-related noise. Her work is at the boundary between acoustics and combustion – "a very vibrant field".

What kind of noise?

One aspect of her research is into the noise that tyre make when a car is driving along a road. When a car is going faster than about 35 miles an hour, the main source of the noise we hear from the outside is the contact between the tyres and the road surface – not, as you might expect, the roar of the engine. Prof Dowling's group are looking at ways of reducing this noise by varying the pattern of the tyre tread.

So this could reduce the noise that cars make?

In theory, yes. However, it's not only the tyre tread but also the nature of the road surface that affects the sound produced, so a "quiet tyre" would only be quiet for certain surfaces. But it's not only cars that Prof Dowling studies: she also investigates the noise produced by helicopter blades. Making designs that makes the blades tip up so that the rotation changes the characteristic noise of a helicopter in flight.

So our lives might be getting quieter?

Yes, and safer. Prof Dowling's research has other applications. Because of the need to meet new targets for reducing the levels of damaging emissions, methods that are designed to reduce the emissions have to be part of the overall strategy. Nitrous oxides are by-products of combustion which are believed to be part of the problem of global warming. Methods to reduce the quantities of these compounds, the fuel and air which are burnt together, could also be designed to cope with a premixed combination of fuel and air. At the moment, theermo-mechanical mixing of gases is being used in speeding up the reduction of these compounds in a combustion chamber. Prof Dowling is also investigating the noise produced by helicopters. Her work is at the boundary between acoustics and combustion – "a very vibrant field".

Sounding good so far...

But Prof Dowling explains that there is a "hiccup" in the introduction of this new technology. Problems arise when the fuel and air aren't mixed well. Variations in the concentrations of the mixture result in different rates of combustion. The fluid and air which is burnt together, are mixed together to burn at a low temperature as possible. But variations in the fuel and air mixture can lead to increased combustion pressure waves in the engine. The resulting increased combustion pressure waves can lead to an increase in the noise produced.

So Prof Dowling spends a lot of time trying to get the sound right?

Not as much as I would like to. Climbing her way up in the department from PhD student to professor ("I've been here forever!" she laughs) has brought with it increasing administrative duties. However, she enjoys the variety of her work, "my job constantly changes, it's never boring". And her other commitments include being Vice-President of the Royal Academy of Engineering. Sounds like a lot of work... what does she do to relax?

Well, it may sound like a bit of a hum- man's holiday, but Prof Dowling enjoys flying her own aircraft. And are the engines especially quiet ones?

Surprisingly not, in fact, they're "terribly noisy"! But not, I hope fully, going to fall apart.

2001: A space holiday

Jenny Hogan wouldn't mind being weightless

Budget airlines and package hols have made the world too accessible. India is no longer the preserve of wealthy colonialists nor the Andes the territory of great explorers. It costs less to fly to Dublin for the weekend than to take the train to Brighton or Blackpool. So where do you find the exclusive experience of a lifetime?

Dennis Tito, a 60-year-old Californian multi-millionaire, went into space. He made the first space tourist a passenger on the International Space Station (ISS). It is rumoured to have cost him $20 million, and at $2.5 million per night the ISS "hotel" is star-rated by the background of the Milky Way. The expedition into orbit was organised through Space Adventures, an American company that offers sub-orbital flights with weightless experience for a stop ($59,000) and is taking reservations for future missions to orbiting "leisure resorts".

Until the Hilton Hotel chain gets round to building their outpost in orbit, opportunities will be limited. The Russian Mir space station costs $10 million per person to take the first 30 days there. On Earth we are constantly pulled down by gravity, which gives us clues about our orientation and movement. The resulting pressure sense in the skin on the base of our feet signal that we are on the ground while the vestibular organs of the inner ear detect motion. The otolith organs are gel-filled sacs containing crystals of carbonate which respond to linear acceleration. These gravity receptors are confused by the constant free-fall of orbit. Astronauts may feel as though they are constantly re-orienting, relying on their eyes to detect motion. Over half of all space travellers suffer motion sickness. Gravity usually pulls the fluid in our bodies (and people are mostly water) towards the feet. In space, there is no pressure difference head-to-toe and your legs will lose a litre of water each to your torso. Train of thought: Hmm, newly-sleender legs, holiday romance, 1000-mile high club? Perhaps, but the accumulation of fluids in the head causes cold-sweats and a puffy face. The astronaut will have a permanent store, with the finest training.

So after months of preparation, a week in the silence of space. A week in the company of a million stars. Will the radiant orb of the Earth and the complexities of the station technology take your mind off the space centre? On Earth we are constantly pulled down by gravity, which gives us clues about our orientation and movement. The resulting pressure sense in the skin on the base of our feet signal that we are on the ground while the vestibular organs of the inner ear detect motion. The otolith organs are gel-filled sacs containing crystals of carbonate which respond to linear acceleration. These gravity receptors are confused by the constant free-fall of orbit. Astronauts may feel as though they are constantly re-orienting, relying on their eyes to detect motion. Over half of all space travellers suffer motion sickness. Gravity usually pulls the fluid in our bodies (and people are mostly water) towards the feet. In space, there is no pressure difference head-to-toe and your legs will lose a litre of water each to your torso. Train of thought: Hmm, newly-sleender legs, holiday romance, 1000-mile high club? Perhaps, but the accumulation of fluids in the head causes cold-sweats and a puffy face. The astronaut will have a permanent store, with the finest training.

The musculoskeletal system works to support the body against gravity and weaknesses in its absence. The composition of muscle changes, with slow-twitch endurance fibres replaced by super-fast fibres which are easily fatigued. Bones lose calcium when they are not loaded by body-weight. The resulting increased concentration of calcium in the system may lead to painful kidney stones. Although bone deterioration stops when the astronaut is back in the weighty grav- ity of Earth, they may remain softened and susceptible to breaking forever. Although over 700 people have spent a total of 58 years in space, the physiologi- cal trauma suffered by the body in space is still being investigated. Of particular concern is exposure to high-gravity radia- tion. Outside of the Earth's protective atmospheric blanket, the radiation intensity is ten-fold stronger. Radiation causes damage to DNA, which in turn may trig- ger the cancer cell to divide.

In 1995, Valeri Polyakov returned to Earth after 483 days on Mir, setting the record for the longest continuous res- idence in space. He has proved that long-term living in space is possible, if not altogether com- fortable. Tito had to be carried away from the capsule. But on $98,000 for a snip ($2.5 million per night, few astro-tourists will be staying more than a week away.
Varsity finishes this week. But we have compiled a mini-book of experiments so that you won’t lose the science excitement in your life. Instead of eating chocolate in your revision break try one of these. Follow the instructions (the experiment) amaze your friends with your understanding (the science), and don’t forget to mention the (buzz) words to sound extra-clever.

**Teaspoon Tornadoes**
**The experiment:** Another tea break! Stir in the milk and wait for the tea to calm down. Hold the teaspoon upright so that the tip is submerged. Gently draw it through the tea from one side of the mug to the other with a swooping motion. Observe the two dimples which escape from the edges of the teaspoon, run to the side of the mug and slide around the edges. The science: Fluid mechanics. Each dimple is a vortex, a circulating pattern of flow like that found in a tornado, where the velocity varies inversely with a distance. A boundary layer of fluid is attached to surface of the teaspoon, as the spoon moves through the tea it is pushed away. The shedding of the boundary layer into the surrounding fluid generates the vortices. These move forward with the momentum imparted to the fluid until they reach the sides of the mug. The flow pattern means they are attracted to the walls, but by moving sideways along the ‘Magnus force’ cancels the attraction and stops them self-destructing on the china.
**Buzz:** Vortex. Boundary layer.

**Cartesian Diver**
**The experiment:** Collect a team of condiment packets, the little plastic sachets of ketchup, mustard or natural yoghurt that you find in greasy-spoon cafes. Treat one sachet to a bowl of cold water. The best bit upright in the water, just floating. Now fill an empty water/squash bottle with water and add your chosen diver. Screw on the bottle lid firmly. Repeat ad infinitum.
**The science:** Archimedes’ principle states that the upward force acting on an object is equal to the amount of fluid it displaces. The sauce packet floats because the amount of water it displaces weighs more than the ketchup. The condiment packet is LESS DENSE than the water. When you squeeze the bottle, you increase the pressure and compress the air bubble trapped in the sachet. (The water can’t be compressed because its molecules are already close together, not free-flying like in a gas.) The diver is then DENSER than the water and it sinks.
**Buzz:** Archimedes’ principle. Density.

**Blue Rose**
**The experiment:** Use something sharp to trim the stem of a white rose. Prepare a vase of cold water, adding drops of blue food colour until the colour is dense. Stand the flower in the vase for a few days. Result: blue rose. Very funny.

**Möbius Strip**
**The experiment:** Take a strip of paper about 2cm wide and put one half-twist in its length, then glue or tape the ends to make a loop. 1) Start on the outside of the twist, and trace with a pen along the surface. Keep going, keep going. The line reaches right round to where you started… over both sides of the original piece of paper. 2) With a pair of scissors, cut around the loop. You’ll expect two loops, after all you’ve cut it in half. But no, just one big twisted loop. Magic.
**The science:** There’s no particular trick to this. The Möbius strip may appear to have two sides, but topologically it has only one surface and one edge. It is impossible to define an inside or outside. Topology, the study of spatial properties and connections, is an interesting area of mathematical research. Knots, tangles, maps… There is even a three-dimensional equivalent of the Möbius strip: the Klein bottle.
**Buzz:** Möbius. Klein. Topology.

**Mouldy Jungle**
**The experiment:** Probably an experiment you are already running. Retrieve the forsaken coffee cups or be warned. To the mould. The science: Spores in the air settle on abandoned food, find the temperature and humidity to their liking, germinate and start to grow. Sprouting a mass of tendrils (hyphae) the mould takes nutrients from the food and grows into the familiar greeny-white-blue mass (mycelium). The mould secretes chemicals to decompose the food so that it can be more readily absorbed by the fungus. It is these secretions that make mouldy food bad for people; although not all moulds are evil (like the one that makes penicillin) it’s best not to eat contaminated food. Into the bin.
**Buzz:** Spore. Hyphae and mycelium. Disinfectant.

**Soap molecules**
**The experiment:** Soap is a compound made up of hydrophilic (water-loving) head and hydrophobic (water-hating) tail. When the soap is touched to the water the molecules line up across the surface of the water, with the tail pointing out and upwards. This has the effect of reducing surface tension, so the central soapy region can spread outwards. The pepper around this region is displaced to the edges of the bowl.
**Buzz:** Hydrophilic and hydrophobic. Surface tension.

**Lava Glass**
**The experiment:** Two-thirds fill a tall, narrow glass with warm water. Pour olive or vegetable oil into the glass until there is a layer about a centimetre deep above the water. Fill one hand with salt, and gradual- ly pour it into the oil. Watch the lava trails plunge to the bottom of the braker and bubble back to the surface. Add food colouring to water for more dramatic effect.
**The science:** Oil is less dense than water and the two fluids are immiscible: they don’t mix. Hence the oil forms a separate layer on top of the water. The salt is heav- ier than both oil and water and sinks to the bottom of the glass through the layer of oil, dragging ‘Java’ with it. As the salt dissolves the oil escapes back up through the water.
**Buzz:** Immiscible.

**Frightening Pepper**
**The experiment:** Lightly dust a bowl full of water with ground black pepper. (In a series of controlled trials in the varsity kitchens, this was seen to behave more dramatically than flour or chilli powder.) Hold a wetted bar of soap vertically and touch to the water in the centre of the bowl. See the pepper flee in fright.
**The science:** Soap molecules have two parts, a hydrophilic (water-loving) head and hydrophobic (water-hating) tail. When the soap is touched to the water the molecules line up across the surface of the water, with the tail pointing out and upwards. This has the effect of reducing surface tension, so the central soap region can spread outwards. The pepper around this region is displaced to the edges of the bowl.
**Buzz:** Hydrophilic and hydrophobic. Surface tension.

**Teaspoon Tornadoes**
**The science:** Fluid mechanics. Each dimple is a vortex, a circulating pattern of flow like that found in a tornado, where the velocity varies inversely with distance. A boundary layer of fluid is attached to surface of the teaspoon, as the spoon moves through the tea it is pushed away. The shedding of the boundary layer into the surrounding fluid generates the vortices. These move forward with the momentum imparted to the fluid until they reach the sides of the mug. The flow pattern means they are attracted to the walls, but by moving sideways along the ‘Magnus force’ cancels the attraction and stops them self-destructing on the china.

Last week you missed…

A major problem facing research into the mind is the increasing distinction between psychology and neurophysiology. Dr Busey explained why it is necessary to bring disciplines together and how this can be achieved.

Passing around a human brain preserved in formalin, Dr Busey explained how the complex nature of the brain means that neurophysiologists need psychologists to tell them which areas of the brain to map. The precise disciplines of neuropsychology interacts with the vague qualitative predictions of psychology. Research is being carried out into the peripheral cortex – an area of the brain thought to be a centre for the memory of objects. Computer models of the brain provide quantitative predictions for the effect of removing individual cells or the peripheral cortex which are being used to test this hypothesis. It was proposed that monkeys with the area increased would not be able to remember what they could not only generalised features, such as sound or pattern. The computer predictions were strongly supported by the results of the experiments.

**Ellen Marriage**

Dr M Lynch

Technology and Entrepreneurship

Wed 16 May • 5.30pm • Pippard Lecture Theatre, The Cavendish Laboratory

The Zangiott (Experimental Psychology) Club

Prof J M Pearce, University of Cambridge

The discrimination of structure

Fri 18 May • 4:30pm, Lecture theatre, Dept Experimental Psychology (ground floor)

Nancy Nelson

N.F. is forward – Women in Science, Engineering and Technology

Thu 23 May • 5–6.30pm • Palmerston Room, St John’s

Prof John Lekner

Theoretical Chemistry Colloquia

The Foreign Policy Centre and New Statesman writing competition

Listings

Friday | 11.05.01

Film
- ARTS: 1.00, 4.15, 7.30: 2001 – A Space Odyssey (U), 12.30, 1.00, 5.30, 8.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15), 10.30pm: Charlie's Angels (12), 12.45, 6.15, 8.30: The King Is Alive (15), 3.00: Gendernauts (18) members only. 10.40pm: Fight Club (18).

Churchill MCR Films: Small Time Crooks (no late show), Churchill College, Wolfson Hall. 8pm. £1.80.

LesBiGay
- Town & Gown Disco: Pop and dance until midnight. Mixed crowd - students and townsies. Town and Gown. 8pm. Misc

SALSA DANCE CLASSES WITH NELSON
- John's Cabaret Presents "Linoheari's Lounge": A night of live jazz and funk. Also featuring magic, comedy and food. St. John's College, Boiler Room. 9pm. £3. Theatre

MWW Productions: Edward Albee's absurd comedy 'The American Dream'. ADC Theatre. 11.30pm. £3.

Saturday | 12.05.01

Film
- ARTS: 11.00am: Merlin The Return (PU), 1.00, 4.15, 7.30: 2001 – A Space Odyssey (U), 12.30, 3.00, 5.30, 8.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15), 10.30pm: Charlie's Angels (12), 12.45, 4.00, 6.15, 8.30: The King Is Alive (15), 10.40pm: Fight Club (18).

LesBiGay
- Town & Gown Disco: Pop & dance until midnight. Mixed crowd - townsies and students. Town and Gown. 8pm. Misc

Ballet Club: advanced class (grade 6 upwards, no pointe). Kelsey Kerridge, 4.30pm, £1 + £2.15 on entrance to KK.

MWW Productions: Edward Albee's absurd comedy 'The American Dream'. ADC Theatre. 11.30pm. £3.

Sunday | 13.05.01

Film
- ARTS: 12.30, 3.00, 5.30, 8.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15), 8.00: 2001 – A Space Odyssey (U), 1.00: Virgin Machine (18), 3.00: The Sea Gull (PG). 7.00: Monika Treut – Q & A. 12.45, 6.15, 8.30: The King Is Alive (15), Didn't Do It For Love (18) members only. 4.30: Female Misbehaviour (18).

Queens' Films: Charlie's Angels, Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall. 9pm. £4.

Trinity Films: CASABLANCA Classic love story starring Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman. Trinity College, Winstanley Lecture Theatre. 9pm. £2.

 Misc

Buddhist meditation - Samatha Association: Introductory course in traditional Thai breath meditation. All welcome. Cambridge College, Old Library. 8pm.

CU Yoga Society: Yoga for all levels. New Hall, Vivien Stuart room. 5.30pm. £3.50 or £10 for 4 classes.

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

• Jacq: RELAXATION - de-stress before exams, aromatherapy, crystal healing, massage and chocolate. 33 Cambridge, 33 Bridge Street. 7pm.

Music

• Cambridge Room-Music Ensemble, Jsoc:

• MADHOUSE DIRECT
(New Hall Drama Society)

14.05.01

• Brickhouse Theatre Company
invites applications for
Michaelmas Term 2001 Shows
Contact Laura (lca28) or Alex (adv31) as soon as possible for more details or to submit your application

MADHOUSE
(New Hall Drama Society)
invites applications for funding to
DIRECT or PRODUCE
Contact: A liison amf35
Ursula ues20

Monday | 14.05.01

Film

• ARTS: 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 2.45, 5.00, 7.15, 9.30: The King Is Alive (15). 3.00: Hamlet (PG), 1.00, 5.30, 7.20, 9.20: But I'm a Cheerleader (15). 7pm. £2.50.

• CutAZZ: Intermediate/Advanced Jazz. Emmanuel United Reformed Church. £2.50.

Music

• Oxford University Japan Society: Charity club event in aid of UNICEF. £9.00, 9.50 pounds.

• St John's College Music Society: Weekly lunchtime recital series. St. John's College, New Music Room. 1:15pm.

Pembroke Players invite auditions for
Michaelmas Term 2001 Shows
Contact Laura (lca28) or Alex (adv31) as soon as possible for more details or to submit your application

Pembroke Players
invites applications for
DIRECT/PRODUCE shows
12-6 Saturday May 12th
12-6 Monday May 13th
Contact Alex on DPB002 for details

Pembroke Players
invites applications for
DIRECT/PRODUCE shows
in weeks five and seven of Michaelmas Term 2001 to be staged in Fitzpatrick Hall, Robinson College. Please contact Lucy Aldham

ACTORS REQUIRED for
the roles of jack and Maggie in First Move Theatre Society's Camfest Production of Brian Friels 'Dancing at Lughnasna'
(22-29 july at the ADC)
Please contact Collette Nicholls on 0796 7021050

Also required: Technical Director, Lighting Designer, Sound Designer, Props Manager, Costume and Make-up Designer

Contact Lydia Nelson on 07911202117 (e-mail: len22) for more information

Brickhouse Theatre Company invites applications for
DIRECTORS
to apply with a Musical or Play for their 7th Week Michelle's Show production posts also required
A reply to Becky Mills at Robinson (email: rmg30) by 5th June

CU G&S Society AUDITIONS
for a May Week Concert Performance of The Yeomen of the Guard

Saturday

3-6  Fitzwilliam, Music Room
11pm. £3.50.

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(22-29 july at the ADC)
Please contact Collette Nicholls on 0796 7021050

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Contact Lydia Nelson on 07911202117 (e-mail: len22) for more information

Wednesday | 16.05.01

Film

• ARTS: 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 2.45, 5.00, 7.15, 9.30: The King Is Alive (15). 3.00: Hamlet (PG), 1.00, 5.30, 7.20, 9.20: But I'm a Cheerleader (15). 7pm. £2.50.

• CutAZZ: Advanced Tap. Queens' College, Bowett Room. £2.00.

Thursday | 17.05.01

Film

• ARTS: 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 2.45, 5.00, 7.15, 9.30: The King Is Alive (15). 1.00, 5.30, 9.40: But I'm a Cheerleader (15). 7:15pm. £2.50.

• CutAZZ: Beginners/Intermediate Tap. Queens' College, Bowett Room. 6.00, £2.

Music

• Oxford University Japan Society: Charity club event in aid of UNICEF. £10.50, 11.00 pounds.

• St John's College Music Society: Weekly lunchtime recital series. St. John's College, New Music Room. 1:15pm.

CU G&S Society AUDITIONS
for a May Week Concert Performance of The Yeomen of the Guard

Saturday

Newnham Old Labs
2:00pm. £5/3.

Relaxation Classes (Special Exam term treat!)

Cambridge Student Community Action
Assistant Co-ordinator
Part Time with Good Holidays

Flexibility needed
Starting salary NJC point 22–24 (£15,700–£16,176 pro rata)
(rising to NJC point 28 – £18,372)
(pay award pending)

September start
Closing date for applications 1st June
Applications need to have financial skills, be computer literate, very flexible, and enjoy the opportunity to work with student volunteers

Please send A4 sae to SCA, 10 Pembroke Street, Cambridge, CB2 3QY

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• Robinson Films: O Brother, Where Art Thou? Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall. 10:30pm. £1.50.

Friday | 18.05.01

Film

• Churchill MCR Films: What Lies Beneath (no late show). Churchill College, Bowett Room. 8pm. £1.80. £2.50.

• LesBiGay

• Town & Gown Disco: Pop and dance

Fitzbillies is best
For take-away
Filled baguettes, wraps, and Hot Panini
Free coffee with any purchase before 10.30
On the corner of Trumpington St. and Pembroke St.
LISTINGS

until midnight. Mixed crowd - students and townies. Town and Gown. 8pm.

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

• Cafe Studio: Malcolm Guite performs poetry, Mystery Train performs Rhythm and Blues. Emmanuel United Reformed Church, Trumpington St. 7.30pm. £5/£3

• Oxford University Japan Society: Charity club event in aid of UNICEF. @ Jongleurs, Oxford. 9pm. £5.

• TCMS Professional Recital: String Music to include Handel, Bartok, Mozart and Dvorak. Trinity College, Chapel. 9pm. £6, £2 & £1 (members).

• Queens’ Ents: Jingles + Naughty = FIESTA! The Best of Cheese, end of term party. Queen’s College, Fitzwilliam Hall. 9pm.

We need YOU to help us fill an on-going assignment for temporary shelf replenishers/stock rotators.

Flexible working hours including evenings and weekends
good rates of pay

Please telephone Helen or Carolyn at The Personnel People on 01223 366800

We will be open on Monday 11th and Monday 18th of June as usual to take box adverts. Listings should be submitted in the normal way, via our website (www.varsity.cam.ac.uk)

This is the last issue of Varsity before May Week.

The next issues of Varsity will be on Friday 15th of June and Thursday 21st of June.

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Musique pour l’été.
Page 24

Nouvelles pièces de théâtre.
Page 22

C’est le
Meilleur SEX parmi la littérature.
Page 26
The Dialogue between Painting and Poetry, 1874-1999 at the Fitzwilliam museum

Stephen Wright

The exhibition catalogues the development of an intimate and fertile relationship between artists and poets over a period of 125 years. Centred almost exclusively on Paris, it presents a substantial selection of letters, written between artists, essentially collections of poetry offset by visual art or art accompanied by poetry. This tension, the 'dialogue' of the exhibition's title, is crucial.

The opening exhibit is Mallarmé's poem 'L'après-midi d'un faune', illustrated by Manet (and later set to music by Debussy). Manet's delicate woodcuts offer beautifully the friend's dreamy, impressionistic account of a young faun's woodland wanderings.

The artist also illustrated Poe's 'The Raven', with Mallarmé as translator. This time, stark, black, attenuated forms are not the Manet you are on the chocolate boxes:

It is no surprise that the period to which most attention is devoted was during the twenties and thirties. When most furious and experimental activity in both these media took place. During this peak of Dadaism and Surrealism, the arts scene in Paris was one large coterie, encouraging boundless跨越s of the new technological age, and poetry were moving. The fascination of the new technological age, with its multiple possibilities (travel, artistic experimentation) and impressions (the dehumanising yet irresistible chaos of the metropolis) led to a tendency, in both media, towards fracture, collapse, an upturning of perceived ideas of order and spatial relationships, of words on the page for the Surrealist poets, of objects on a canvas for Picasso, Mattise et al.

This exhibition gives a fascinating insight into the close harmony in which art and poetry have worked in France during this period (although nowhere else, it seems) and its most absorbing exhibits manage to pose the question of where exactly the boundaries between visual perception and mental evocation lies.

Stephen Wright

Oliver Biskitt-Barrell

I t has come to Varsity's attention that our regular columnist, Professor Oliver Biskitt-Barrell (The Dialogue between Painting and Poetry, 1874-1999 at the Fitzwilliam museum)

That the world of Visual Arts is implicit through the gallery wall of the Institute of Visual Arts, she says softly. 'I am no ghost, just a shell'. French artists Philippe Parreno and Pierre Huyghe bought Ann Lee for 46000Y from Kwords, a Japanese company that specialises in the industrial production of Manga characters for animation use. As a cheap design, she was destined to exist only briefly in a few pages of comic strip, without specific history, personality or feelings. By purchasing Ann Lee and giving her a 'voice', Parreno and Huyghe claim to have rescued her.

In a two minute film, 'Anywhere out of the world',Ann Lee is allowed to tell her story. This narrative, haunting because it is oddly virtual yet poetically human, raises questions about the commercial nature of art. Art is becoming an increasingly influential industry in which artists are forced to consider stylistic trends in order to sell work, and the buyer, dealer and critic have increasing power. This view of the art world is implicit through the portrayal of Ann Lee as a victim of Manga commercialism. The success of their attempt to free her can, however, be questioned. Ann Lee will never have her own identity (whatever that might be), but must surrender to the interpretations of Parreno, Huyghe and other artists that work with 'their shell' including Douglas Gordon and Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster are currently producing Ann Lee films.

Although bizarre, this work is original and provocative in its nature and realisation. Parreno's and Huyghe's portrayal of a virtual girl freed from comic strip death is typical of work shown at the Institute of Visual Arts, which showed 'Geocruiser' last term. The contrast between the Institute as a project space in which new artists are working and its setting in Cambridge — traditional and histori- cal, works positively to accentuate the qualities of work shown at the Institute.

See Listings for details.
Unlike your typical exhibition catalogue, Turner Prize winner Tillmans’ book is a thoughtful volume, an eclectic, compulsive mix of the artist’s own photographs and press images from newspapers. Presented in lo-fi black-and-white, it is a contrast to the (now) glossy hip of i-D magazine, which has featured Tillmans’ best-known photos of friends, fashion-shoots and clubs. The ‘Soldiers’ project is a sombre departure, but a fascinating one revealing another side to the artist. Having been accused elsewhere of staging spontaneity, in ‘Soldiers’ Tillmans addresses the unmitigated reality of war. Compiled between 1990 and 1999, the images he has chosen cover conflicts in the Middle East and the Gulf, but do not constitute an overt attempt to make a political point. Rather, they are a striking and moving collection of images resembling a scrapbook of clippings. Material includes a photo of a little boy in fancy dress as a military tank, nationalistic UK tabloid cover of the Gulf War, and a Tillmans photograph of an army recruiting officer’s door, bearing the marketing legend ‘pride is a uniform feeling’.

Through re-printing and magnifying press images and their captions, Tillmans could be as guilty as the press of glamorising war, or making martyrs out of individual soldiers. However, the intentionally grainy reproduction shows Tillmans’ awareness of the potential risks in the interpretation of mass-distributed images. Due to its retrospective objectivity in covering topical issues, any artistic genre (but particularly the livre d’artiste), distances the viewer without compromising its ability to convey meaning. Tillmans is well aware of other unique advantages of the medium of the book, but using his status as an artist, subverts its rules. There are no hierarchical page numbers and the arrangement is haphazard in its juxtapositions – a marked characteristic of Tillmans’ gallery exhibitions where images range non-sequentially and ramshackle across expanses of wall. His apparent underlying theory shares an ethos with Renaissance printmakers, which today seems oddly un-precious: reproduction does not necessarily dilute the power of an image. Though his wide-eyed appropriation of other photographers’ images may seem strange, his reissuing of them within the context of visual art rather than the newspaper forces us to re-evaluate rather than discard them as illustrations. Thought-provoking and skilfully constructed, Tillmans’ book has a presence and value above the mass-distributed words and images, but it does so in a book without the words-as-justification redolent of other livres d’artiste.
Carol Ann Duffy disdains the women of history and myth from their stone setting and injects their voices with new life in this dazzling collection of poems. High praise indeed from Metro, London and I was intrigued to find out how director Anna Jones plans to transform these witty poetic monologues into dramatic form.

Where did you get your inspiration from?
I first bought the collection of poems as a present on Mother’s Day. Reading them for myself, I immediately sensed the dramatic potential within them. The words cried out to be brought to life on the stage.

It’s an unusual idea. How do you plan to dramatise the poems?
We’re adapting them into two shows, the first rooted in everyday life. Set in a chat show environment we see characters such as Mrs Fuss describing her own voyage of self-enlightenment to the Oprah style host. The main part of the stage, however, is a magical space in the past into which the characters intermittently retreat to enact what they are describing in the chat show.

And the second show?
Fantastical! Full of surprises which constantly dupe the audience’s expectations making it a highly interactive experience. The cast’s portrayal of strong characters and powerful images combine with live music, spectacular lighting and projections to create a treat for all the senses.

How are you rehearsing?
The rehearsals are proving to be very exciting in their collaborative nature. The cast are continually inspiring new approaches to the poems. Are you previewing before the Edinburgh festival?
On 8 and 9 June at 3pm in Newnham Old Labs – the perfect place in which to see the world premiere of The World’s Wife
The World’s Wife by Carol Ann Duffy is available in all good bookshops.

Nick Britton

The theatre is dead”, proclaims Dominc, the media-obsessed husband of the title character. Setting amongst the noticeably more mature audience of the Arts Theater, and watching a play whose social outlook and manner seemed ever so slightly passé, the line took on an added poignancy. To be fair to Amy’s View, however, the central relationship between mother and daughter is very sharply observed, and was movingly realised in this production through some very strong acting. Susannah York, as the mother, Eime, was superb, even considering her added advantage of being an actress playing an actress. Behind her wild gestures and flamboyant emotions lay a masterly grasp both of the wisdom and the folly of her character. Rebecca Lacey, as Amy, gave a less conspicuous performance, remaining something of an enigma throughout the first two acts, but picking up some of York’s energy and conviction in the third. These two gave the audience something to believe in, though the performance of Antonia Pemberton, as an elderly lady gradually losing her grip on life, was also excellently done.

If Hare had focused more on the crucial human relationships of the play, and not been so concerned with grandiose comments on English society, or rather, upper middle class commuters to the metropolis, it might have had more impact. Too much time was devoted to ostentatious speculat- ing; too many rather tired themes were skated over and underdeveloped. Too much time had been spent in considering her added advantage of being a theatre not quite dead

Louise Wetheridge

Mrs. Darwin (7 April 1852)
Walter to the Zen –
I said to Him –
Something about that Chimpazee ever
there reminded me of you.

Gillian Carr

At 11pm, it takes a special sort of person to appreciate this satire on the murky depths of American suburbia. It’s not that I’m lazy, you understand, it’s just that trying to decipher the meaning of life, whilst recovering from a night at LIFE, is not an easy job.

After a slow start, the play moves at an intriguing pace, but to a strangely dissatisfying conclusion. A sense of emptiness pervades the whole show, well represent- ed by an austere set of empty black boxes. Nowhere is this more apparent than at the end, where Grandma concludes “everyone gets what they want – or at least what they think they want”. The American Dream, as personified by Charles Anson, is shown to be hollow, banal and superficial, showing up each character for exactly what they are.

What, I hear you cry, of the accents? – the make or break of any translucid production. A script can be as deep as it likes, but when it’s delivered with a dodgy accent, one might as well not bother. Well, the accents are fine, and in the case of Lucy Fletcher (Grandma) and Jemima Thewes (Mrs Barker), exceptional.

Edward Albee’s American Dream prom- ises to blend absurdity with wry satire, in this disillusioned examination of subur- ban life. Well, it certainly is absurd, never more so than when Mrs. Barker takes up an offer to slip out of her dress in the same breath as being asked if she wants a coffee. And there’s no shortage of satire, brought out well by Laura Lewis- Williams’s chirpy ‘Mummy’. Basically, The American Dream is an excellent play with a fine and ably directed cast. I rec- ommend it especially for those who har- bour buckets of bitterness towards our friends across the pond.

BEST TO BE BITTER

Amy’s View
is on at the Arts Theatre until tomorrow at 7.45pm & 2.30pm Saturday matinee

The American Dream
is on at the ADC until tomorrow at 11pm
I

Skye Wheeler

Not all fun & games

It would be journalistic shill-stirring to suggest that The Playroom is in crisis, but none-the-less, there is indeed some toil and trouble afoot. The Playroom is owned and run by Corpus, kept alive and kicking by the very enthusiastic and long-suffering Fletcher Players and the college’s bursar, who is the licensee. Perhaps surprisingly, considering the reputation The Playroom has for being exciting and experimental, the success it has seen recently on a University-wide scale is rather new. The venue was originally for Corpus events, and while we’ve still got access to the venue, it’s only once you have got to the heart of a play that you can set about creating a three-dimensional reality for the audience.

“One of the weaknesses of Cambridge Shakespeare productions is the way in which verse is delivered. Verse speaking is a very hard thing to teach, and there is a great difference between an actor who can speak Shakespeare’s language and an actor who can only read it. It’s a distinction that won’t be resolved during the course of an English degree”.

I ask Unwin what would be his own approach to directing a Shakespeare production. “I think it’s important to concentrate on the simple questions”, he replies. “What is the story? Break the play down into scenes. Establish who each character really is. It is only once you have got to the heart of a play that you can set about creating a three-dimensional reality for the audience.”

The problem with this production, unfortunately, is the sheer lack of menace. Len (David Pearson) looks decidedly out of place in his chinos, tailored shirt and a bottle green tie, an appropriate choice for his portrayal of Colin, whose callosome-one-liners were delivered to great effect. Only Fred (Carl Death), however, was able to create a suitably terrifying air with a completely stage presence. Stella, Campbell produced under the name of John Milton, also managed to instil naivety in her portrayal of Pam, a mother who abuses and flagellates her son. Interestingly, while the performances were superb, there were some fairly hefty moments of soap opera to contend with.

“Perhaps surprisingly, no producer had ever really taken to the heart of the play, but it is also about controlling the pace and the energy of the production”.

Finally, one of the basic requirements of a director is acquiring the ability to know how to direct. Too many productions are let down by inappropriate casting, or casting for the wrong reasons - for example, the choice of the director who cast his Juliet so badly on the grounds that he’d quite like to go to the end of her with her”.

“I want to be the next Director of the National Theatre, because, if you think like that, the chances are you won’t succeed in directing. Directing has never been about pursuing a career path. It is about creating something artistic”. Given that Unwin has dedicated his life to directing, I am rather taken aback by his concluding remark: “I truly regret having spent so much of my time directing plays at Cambridge”, he tells me. “I directed too many productions. I wish I had spent my time doing something else”.

S

Stephen Unwin returned to Cambridge recently to give a masterclass on Hamlet. I didn’t go. Nor did most of the other Cambridge directors and actors I have spoken to. According to Unwin, this is the problem with Cambridge theatre. “I insist on you with an unwarranted degree of arrogance” Unwin tells me, “people leave Cambridge thinking that they know everything there is to know about directing or acting. This simply isn’t true. When I left Cambridge I had directed over 20 plays, but I had very little understanding of the practical skills required to make a successful director. Cambridge directors are able to talk about creating something very convincingly, but I’ve noticed that their practical ability rarely lives up to expectations”.

I ask Unwin how he would define some missing practical skills, and am rewarded with a candid insight into his approach to directing. “Firstly, you need to know how to communicate with the actors”, he tells me. “Talking about directing is guaranteed to isolate you from your cast. Actors hate dis-ussions of Stanislavsky or Brecht - what they are really interested in is getting an insight into their roles, and it is your job to give them this insight”.

“Secondly, you need to know how to focus the action. This is about working with the designer and about controlling the staging of the play, but it is also about controlling the pace and the energy of the production”.

Finally, one of the basic requirements of a director is acquiring the ability to know how to direct. Too many productions are let down by inappropriate casting, or casting for the wrong reasons - for example, the choice of the director who cast his Juliet so badly on the grounds that he’d quite like to go to the end of her with her”.

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Dramatic Lives

Jennifer Tuckett

Not all fun & games

Not all fun & games
STAYING UP FOR THE SUMMER

Varsity may be taking a break until May Week but, contrary to popular opinion, that doesn’t mean the rest of the world stops. Dave Thorley and Tom Catcheside attempt to get their heads around what’s in store for the rest of the term.

The obvious starting point is May Week, that orgy of post-exam release that encompasses both Varsity Sunday and, of course, a whole bust of May Balls and ems. If the prospect of free alcohol being pretty much on tap at many of the Balls weren’t enough to tempt you to part with your cash, most put on a whole range of musical treats as a central part of the evening’s entertainments.

Being big and rich, Trinity (Monday 18 June, £180 for double non-dining; completely and utterly sold out) and St John’s (Tuesday 19 June, £189 for double non-dining, don’t even think about trying to get hold of them now) Naturally offer some of the biggest names in town. Not everyone at John’s Ball last year may have enjoyed the charms of the bass, hip-hop and garage rooms of the UL dungeon, plays merry hell with the confidence of all your peas. Come to Strawberry Fair and top the exam tables. Meanwhile, the Corn Exchange is not deterred by the students preparing to stay home in their droves, maintaining its usual blend of the devastatingly expensive but delectably trendy and the probably-quite-good-but-not-really-fear-inducing. In June, it boosts the company of the glow in the dark confetti heads, Orbital (May 17) and acoustic charp of blues pedigree, Kris Bibb (May 20). Increasingly nargled though Orbital’s recent material may be, live, they always remain acoustic. This is said, the mere prospect of a pop-talking point is usually whether the brothers Hartill and their four tunes more are good enough. It’s this that has caused the latter. June 4th sees the return of the old favourites, is concentrating on its usual blend of the devastatingly expensive but delectably trendy and the probably-quite-good-but-not-really-fear-inducing. In June, it boosts the company of the glow in the dark confetti heads, Orbital (May 17) and acoustic charp of blues pedigree, Kris Bibb (May 20). Increasingly nargled though Orbital’s recent material may be, live, they always remain acoustic. This is said, the mere prospect of a pop-talking point is usually whether the brothers Hartill and their four tunes more are good enough. It’s this that has caused the latter. June 4th sees the return of the old favourites, is concentrating on its usual blend of the devastatingly expensive but delectably trendy and the probably-quite-good-but-not-really-fear-inducing. 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In which Grant Nicholas proves that he has a useful contribution to make to society. Despite having to accept responsibility for Feeder’s rhyming couplets and [shudder] pop metal sound, he proves his worth by harnessing black-clad guitars and a positively brutal bass line to Mark B & Blade’s brassy polemic. As an exercise in catharsis it’s wholly successful but, by indulging in a blatant attempt to create a crossover hit, the animated bluster of the original is lost under the muddy power-chords. Fortunately, the single includes both versions, so you have a choice: either snap up the hip-hop’s geographical elitism told from the British point of view which descends into an extended display of squalid, meaningless effort is in any way representative of their forthcoming album, we can only hope that they take another nine years over the follow-up.

**Mark B & Blade**

*Ya Don’t See The Signs* (Wordplay)

Out May 14th

Tom Catchesides

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**UM’s THE WORD**

**Nat Davies review Um at the Portland Arms**

Despite all attempts to categorise Um, the crazy songwriter defies every pigeonhole in the vicinity. The new John Shuttleworth? Too out there. Another John Hegley? Too drunk. His weird hybrid of styles defies every pigeonhole in the vicinity. Despite all attempts to categorise Um, the crazy songster is released on May 28th through Domino Records, all equally offensive in their utter pointlessness. To say that these bands “are good bands within their fields” (see letters page) simply isn’t good enough. There’s plenty to be cheered about, as today’s page attempts to show, but that’s no reason for – as one writer put it – “blame acceptance and patronising insistence to others, 9’s enlightened that all genres and styles are equal”. The world is full of god-awful music and it would be neither rewarding for us nor remotely interesting for you to write and read about how it’s stylish in it’s own soullessly contrived little way.

There are musicians, from all musical backgrounds, active in Cambridge but the unusual suffer – in the main – from marginalisation and from the heavy majority of bands who have founded long careers solely on being ‘good in their field’. More and more, people are going to Cambridge and its not for the music but for the atmosphere and, while there’s nothing whatsoever wrong with this standpoint, one of its consequences is the rise and sprawl of music which nobody particularly cares about. Equally, there’s a reason for alternative music being called ‘alternative’; most people don’t like it but this is no reason to stifle it. Fight the power.

D

“Um. Um. What is Um? I am Um.”

realist artillery comprising four-track, meter, mini-harmonica, loudspeaker and glove puppet, he grapples valiantly with the impenetrable poetry taking over or dancing like an over-enthusiastic dad at a school disco. Behind him, an imaginary skiffle mixer, mini-harmonica, loudspeaker and ferociously complicated begins. Kieran Hebden’s second solo album (as Fourtet) comes with a whole lot of PR bluster about “its more confident and distinctive range of sounds.” Kieran will have accumulated a CV of six albums well into the first half of his twenties. But this is not the half arsed over productivity of most DIY pretenders (anyone remember Baby Bird?). Paige’s electric tinkling and rat-a-tat boom is actually rather well structured. But if you got a beginning, a middle and an end as any primary school teachers listening would have doubts about. But if there should happen to be any primary school teachers listening would have doubts about. If there’s anything that’s alright in its world is full of god-awful music and it would be neither rewarding for us nor remotely interesting for you to write and read about how it’s stylish in its own soullessly contrived little way.

Um. Um. What is Um? I am Um.”

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**Come the revolution...**

While Um’s theatre section has historically been criticised for its disillusionment, the music page has bucked in the relative freedom afforded by an apathetic readership and a non-controversial editorial stance. But one can only take so much tedium: there’s an awful lot of shit out there and most of it seems to end up in our tray. Man cannot live by Lisa Stansfield alone. However, a staple dish of nourishing hale meal goes him a half decent start of a morning. It’s nice to know that you care.

The more or less non-existent University music scene has led us to vent our repressed anguish on a broad spectrum of mediocre music ‘very very cool’, all equally offensive in their utter pointlessness. To say that these bands “are good bands within their fields” (see letters page) simply isn’t good enough. There’s plenty to be cheered about, as today’s page attempts to show, but that’s no reason for – as one writer put it – “blind acceptance and patronising insistence to others, 9’s enlightened that all genres and styles are equal”. The world is full of god-awful music and it would be neither rewarding for us nor remotely interesting for you to write and read about how it’s stylish in its own soullessly contrived little way.

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**FOURTET FINDS HIS FORTE**

Dave Thorley again fails to say much about the record. We suspect he didn’t listen to it.

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**4 Album and single reviews → Keep schtum → Tête-à-Tête → Varsity is infallible**
A wheelchair-bound aristocrat, dead from the waist down; an oppressed wife, pinned for sexual attention; a simple, rugged gamekeeper, “in her, turgid and quivering” – only DH Lawrence could think of stuff like this and only Lady Chatterley’s Lover could spend so much time describing it. Under the book’s covers, there once lay enough sex to outrage a nation. Even today, Lady Chatterley’s irritating tendency to feel her ‘womb’ stir on the slightest pretext can seem gratuitous. Yet the real revelation is not the “withdrawding and contracting”, the strange, small boy’s nakedness of Lady Chatterley’s first lost, nor the touching description of how “he would slip out of her and be gone” the real revelation of Lawrence’s notorious novel is just how boring it is.

Which is why I’m going to talk about Milan Kundera’s Slowness instead. Kundera and Lawrence, in fact, share the problem that wider themes in their work are sometimes swamped by explicit descriptions of sex. Critics can disagree. The Independent applauded Kundera’s novel as “Rapid, brief, intelligent, amusing”; The Guardian found it “...tipping with philosophical jokes and satirical sketches”. Yet to your average reader Slowness is about one thing and one thing only – and that thing happens to be all holes. Never mind the writer’s plea of existential analysis, a Vingeond objection to a “supreme portal” that steals the show in a novel where sad and stylish writing is supposed to be the vulva and pleasure his love via a more unusual entrance – or, as he puts it, “I’m going to bugger you!” It isn’t simply that as a romantic hero, Vincent, boasting “a member as small as a wilted wild strawberry”, falls absurdly short of the standard set by Don Juan and leaves the reader feeling cheated. More serious is the facetious impotence of Kundera himself, attempting to ground Vincent’s comic sex in philosophical discussion, but withering under his protagonist’s relish to “stick my cock through you and nail you to the wall!” Ideological motifs that do make it to the surface are strangely specious. Kundera contrasts his condemnation of the vagina, “a noisy crossroads where all contrasting: humani- ty meets”, with the mystery of the anus, “whose taboo even pornographic films respect”. He thus exposes his ignorance of the Marx Anal-Coil- se, video classics that reveal rever- ence for the ass hole as being seriously misguided. So I’ve been told by my friend Ahem. If Kundera fails to rise above a sloppy one night stand, then who does write seminal sex, sex that makes you want to rub the pages against your hot naked body whilst deliberating the deeper philosophical implications of such an action? Gabriel Garcia Marquez, that’s who. And Gabrilli’s greatest work to date, Love in the Time of Cholera, is bursting with seminal seminal materi- al. The moment when aged Florentino Arias beds lifetime love Ferminta Davila and finally persuades her to touch his anus, “I’m going to bugger you!”... Well, words just aren’t enough.

Yesterday, I was asked how I felt. Not generally, but in relation to the May Anthologies and more specifically my co-editing of the 2001 books. My answer would be that I’ve somehow skipped any sense of joy and gone straight from relief to reminiscence – a similar em- otion to what you feel when you’ve spent months putting a project togeth- er and you sit there on the last night and NOTHING IS WRONG. All the nervousness are the same – people won’t want, people won’t come to the launch, the posters should have been out sooner. In the end, of course, people do come and it all works and you feel a tingle of bemusement somewhere in there as well.

One of the best things about the May is that submissions are anonymous (the sec- retary removes the attached cover sheet). I can’t think for the life of me why all new writing in Cambridge doesn’t follow such a policy. There are half a dozen magazines that don’t attempt to negate nepotism by asking for names to be left off work. We received 204 poems (I know because I counted) and almost 100 stories and the awkward had to fight for selection by itself, not be propped up by any familiarity that and now, having won awards, more than a quarter of a million paperback copies of White Teeth have been sold. That is the dream for most students who write; she’s got the secret and everybody wants a piece of it. She was the perfect guest editor, recognising the significance of the books and coming to both launch parties – the first to invite submissions, the second to show off the product. And I, for one, am pleased with the product. It’s been almost a year since I got the job and there have been certain turbulences that I’ll conveniently leave out but also a whole number of successes – getting the guest editors we got, running two packed launches with enthused audiences, receiv- ing more submissions than ever before, the cover designs, interest from national papers. All that’s left is for you to read the Anthologies yourselves, and discover what all the fuss is about...
Last Sunday’s concert marked the last appearance of Rory Macdonald and his uncle/father ensemble in Cambridge. The opening of Scherzo Russe from the orchestra’s namesake was notable for its rhythmic energy and a pause that stirred cheers from the healthy, vulgarly inherent in the work. At one or two moments individual violins poured sonorously impressively, but that is par for the course. Owen Cox’s performance of Prokofiev’s Second Violin Concert showed remarkable assurance. The opening of the slow movement was poised and perfectly judged, his vibrato finely graded and innovation spot-on. Macdonald’s accompaniment was again full of energy; a slightly loud basso and a few mishaps in the trumpets aside, the orchestral contribution was of the highest standard. Sibelius’ Seventh Symphony was given a magisterial performance. The string playing was imbued with an inner life and intensity that is rare nowadays, and almost always absent from student concerts. The answering vocal phrases seemed to grow out of the texturally organic, with both atmosphere and latent dynamism. The manifold tempos were managed with the utmost ease. Overall a remarkable performance.

PREVIEWS

Orlando Superbo!

Liz Fleming, Richard Latham

Handel’s Orlando, first performed in London in January 1735, is a daunting prospect for any director due to the difficulty of staging the magical elements which dominate the opera, involving complicated transformations and spectacular dramatic effects.

Handel opera is becoming a more common occurrence on the operatic stage but the Cambridge Handel Opera Group stands alone in its commitment to an eighteenth-century inspired performance, both musically and dramatically.

The use of a ‘baroque’ orchestra of many other modern productions seems to be the only concession to performance practice. The Cambridge Handel Opera Group, however, does not conform to the current trend of ‘real life’ staging, preferring to use a more gestural form of acting. This supports the static nature of the opera and offers a clarity of purpose which is so important in order for music and drama to work together.

Of the singers (professional) Angharad Gruffydd Jones, a former choral scholar at Clare, was a favourite with the audience. Her portrayal of the naive shepherdess was expressive and accomplished, providing light relief and yet not without deeply emotional substance. The cavatina aria at the beginning of act two were particularly notable. Kay Jordan handled the more stately character of Angelica with poise and grace, offering an expressive interpretation of the wealth of slow arias written for this part.

In the title role, Catherine Grifﬁths, coloratura and breath control were stunning during the comparatively short work she captured the intimacy of the act three aria. Richard Stevens had a strong and commanding stage presence, vital to the role of Zoroastro who presides over the unfolding events on stage.

The convincing and exciting live performance much outweighed some of the less polished moments. Overall, a highly impressive production and a welcome change for the Cambridge musical scene. The 2003 offering is definitely one to look forward to.
Rob Sharp isn’t near the knuckle

Host of student films have been put to the not so assiduous Cambridge viewing public in the past months. Reviews have certainly been mixed. Oh, how we laughed when we saw The Eddie Effect. How we cried when observing the grotesque, satirical classical soundtrack (or the schoolboy ocypocacy of the John’s termcard) sway your opinion. With such elements, the film could certainly win festival entry, but this surely isn’t the point. Godwin states with typical hubris that the piece, looking at the final autobiographical reminiscences of Allison White, should be judged on its artistic merits.

Talamasca was founded “almost literally in its second week of arriving in Cambridge” by a group of old schoolfriends and has consistently teamed up with作用produce interesting, if not always technically understated, short films. Where the previous short The Lost Domain was criticized for not knowing its limits, Too Close in the Bone breaks through ceilings often imposed by small budgets and a crew not fully appreciating the intricacies of their craft. With a handful of professional crew and the obvious benefits of a handsome £3k budget received from various Oxford burstraries, the results are undeniably impressive.

However, director Sebastian Godwin is keen not to let the 35mm and passionate classical soundtrack (or the schoolboy ocypocacy of the John’s termcard) sway your opinion. With such elements, the film could certainly win festival entry, but this surely isn’t the point. Godwin states with typical hubris that the piece, looking at the final autobiographical reminiscences of Allison White, should be judged on its artistic merits.

Talamasca have moved on in leaps and bounds since The Lost Domain, as many of the original criticisms have obviously been taken to heart. Actors now have personas lending themselves to the big screen and the experience to carry themselves effectively whilst on screen. Characteristic slow tracking shots convey the intricacies of memory sequences (Heaney is ‘more real than my own breath’) whilst the screenplay parallels Whitman’s terminal situation. The dialogue is kept to a minimum, allowing the painstakingly constructed visual imagery to work wonders. There isn’t a need to override speech when the locations are as sensitively shot as this, the technical proficiency not out of sorts with the imagery and vice-versa.

But don’t go selling your stories just yet. It isn’t edge of your seat stuff (fan invalid although populist criticism). It probably is at the edge of the spectrum produced by filmmakers not on a media/film BA though, and marks an impressive addition to anyone’s portfolio. Hopefully Godwin and co-cinematographer Tom Perrin have set a precedent for people to follow in their footsteps.

So go on. Lay off the self-congratulation, over-exuberant advertising and Monty before you know what you’re doing though. Unless of course I’m invited.

TALAMASCA FILM NIGHT

is at St John’s Fisher Building on Sun 13 May at 7.30pm
Chris Heath joins the programme

Now that the Arts Picturehouse has such a hegemonic grip on exciting new cinema within Cambridge, it is difficult to remember that it was born from the ashes of another popular cinema. Back when it was a Haugen-Daz and an Eileen Lilley's department store there existed the Cambridge Arts Cinema. The short-term memory of a quickly-evolving student body means that few will recall that Cambridge used to hold a prestigious film festival. And prestigious is no mere euphemism; cinema greats such as Wim Wenders, Philip Kaufman, Jack Cardiff, John Malkovich in the US this film is screening up talent but have already fulfilled the 'controversial' picture role by holding the premier of Patricia Churchwell's Intimacy. This intense drama, depicting a woman's solely sexual adulterous relationship, has been passed uncut by the BBFC despite its very graphic depiction of oral sex. Starring Kerry Fox and Mark Rylance, director of the Globe Theatre, it promises to be an involving experience. Other highlights including, a weekend of films presented in Full Summer film preview

Summertime, and the livin' is easy…

The ultimate revision plan courtesy of Chris Heath

We're sorry to say that Intimacy Film is packing up to do its finals. But don't you worry, we're not going to leave you lost in a wilderness of bad cinema, well only if you like it that way. Just to spite ourselves with what we are going to miss, here's a roundup of upcoming promising films. The first of the big summer blockbusters in The Mexican Revolution (18 June) promises babies fighting in bikini spray painted gold. Those in the Rock and you realise how profoundly this film understands its demographic. Another big Hollywood blockbuster is Pearl Harbor (6 June) Jerry Bruckheimer, the master of high-concept and the Three Sixx film, is said to have convinced us that he gone all serious with Remember the Titans, but this promises to be a return to form with lots of Americans dying in prettily prosthetic ways. Talking of prettiness, every Geldi's favourite pop up, Johnny Depp stars in Blow (25 May) a film that tries to do to cocaine what Boogie Nights did with porn. Director Ted Demme aims for Martin Scorsese's Goodfella but gives Br Tim Palma's Shutterly. If you like great Americanenny's portrayal of a woman caught up in a love affair with her husband's best friend is powerful and extremely moving. The anguish she feels for the consequences of her actions on her young daughter is heart rending. Yet this is hardly the point. What it does do is give the whole episode an poetic quality, and means it will withstand as many viewings as you can give it.
Men's cricket
Cambridge UCCE lost to Durham UCCE by 6 wickets
Toby Hughes

After Cambridge's performance in the BUSA championship last year the current season offered an opportunity to right that wrong and actually try winning more than one game. Entering the match against Durham UCCE after a resounding win over Bath/Bristol, Cambridge were highly optimistic that they could beat a very strong Durham side.

Durham won the toss and put Cambridge into bat on a slow wicket that offered less bounce than the M25. Cambridge were always in the game, despite two late wickets by Joel Cliffe and Toby Hughes, who had previously dropped two catches, Durham completed a comfortable six wicket victory.

A disappointing result for Cambridge, but skipper Ben Collins was not entirely pessimistic about losing against a Durham side that included several county contracted players. Cambridge will hope that they can perform better in their remaining BUSA matches and that their one-day form does not follow the same vertical slope that it disappeared down last year.

Cambridge UCCE's season continues with a third-day game against Sussex beginning on 16 May and don't forget that this year's one-day Varsity match is to be played at Lords on 26 June with entry being free for students. Come along and support Cambridge as they try to reverse their current one day form and beat Oxford.

Women's tennis
The Ladies Blues beat The Hurlingham Club last weekend with some convincing doubles play from the Cambridge side. The Blues won seven of their nine matches, drawing level in the remaining two, with Emily Dowdeswell and Amanda James dropping only two games in the course of the afternoon.

Blues Stuhls and Lucy Begg overcame the total to a below par 179 for 7, disappointing and somewhat short of the mark.

The gigantic Will Jefferson, whom the bowlers found most intimidating standing like the Jolly Green Giant at the crease, and the Ronnie-Cobbersque Burrage, who triumphed in some closely-fought encounters, made a substantial stand. Oxford comfortably batting out their 40 overs, finishing on 135 for 6.

With Cambridge's top six in great form in the nets, this still looked a comfortably target. However, in the face of mediocre bowling, they proceeded to get out in a variety of silly ways. The notable exception was Eva Heselham, with an outstanding innings of 48.

In the end a string of fancy catches by new-comer Kendra Bulman brought them closer than expected, but they just couldn't quite make it. All in all, a very disappointing loss for Cambridge.
If 12 years without a victory was meant to provide a daunting challenge to Cambridge, it did not show. Oxford United’s Manor Ground has an air of desolation hanging over its rusting ruins. However, last Friday things changed: the floodlights shone with renewed vigour, the flaking veneer of the terraces seemed almost to sparkle and there was something in the electric atmosphere, roar of the fans and pure, unbridled passion of a Varsity match that was reminiscent of Oxford Utd’s halcyon days in Division Two.

Premiership referee Paul Durkin had only just removed the whistle from his mouth after the kick-off when he found himself awarding Cambridge a penalty, which was merited by their enterprise opening. “Ball to hand” and “disputed” will be the verdicts of The Oxford Student and Cherwell as they try to salvage some pride for their fallen heroes, but don’t listen: striker Damian Kelly certainly didn’t as his expertly-taken spot kick left the Oxford ‘keeper with no chance and sent the travelling faithful, about 70 strong, wild with delight.

For half an hour the score remained the same as the game inevitably became a midfield war of attrition. Central midfielders Graeme Paxton and Dave Harding excelled for Cambridge, with Paxton winning everything in the air and the terrier-like Harding snapping ferociously at Oxford’s heels. Half chances were created by both sides but spurned, until Oxford suddenly stole an unexpected equaliser. A looping shot from 20 yards seemed to be sailing harmlessly over the Cambridge goal before dipping sharply over the head of stranded Cambridge ‘keeper Dan Madden. 1–1 and the game was yet again in the balance as the Oxford fans found new voice and hope. Briefly Cambridge had to withstand a torrent of pressure but held firm, particularly in the centre of defence where Treharne and man-of-the-match Hepburn looked as imposing as ever in stifling repeated Oxford efforts.

It was now that Cambridge had to show their mettle. Stunned by an unfortunate equaliser in front of a hostile crowd, a lesser team might have wilted under the pressure. But lesser teams don’t cruise past a West Ham Academy side 3-1 and scare a national side in their home stadium. As the eminent professor of the game Ron Atkinson would agree, there is no better time to score than in the “psychological minute” before half-time. Cambridge duly obliged and their second strike followed a similar course to the first. A long throw from the typically-assured right back Ben Challis was met by the head of Paxton before falling to striker Goran Glamocak six yards from goal. As he was cynically brought down in the ensuing mêlée, referee Durkin waved play on for the ever-alert Harding to steal in and tuck the ball past the flailing Oxford ‘keeper.

Coach John Drabwell, who had earlier pulled off the psychological masterstroke of stealing the home side dressing room for Cambridge, kept his comments brief at half-time, exhorting his players to commit all their reserves of strength in the last and most important 45 minutes of the season. Such passion for the cause was clearly evident amongst the Cambridge players, whose confidence was visibly growing as the game continued. It is testament to the team’s organisation and tireless work-rate, exemplified by figures such as player-of-the-season and next season’s captain Paul Dimmock, that Oxford created only one real opportunity in the entirety of the second half, a daddling shot well-blocked by the legs of keeper Dan Madden. Cambridge meanwhile created numerous chances with Maluza, Hall and Glamocak all going close. However, it was left to Damian Kelly to notch his second goal and Cambridge’s third with another superbly-struck penalty kick.

1 Oxford
3 Cambridge

CAMBRIDGE CLIMAX
After twelve years, Cambridge wrap up victory in Varsity football

Coach Drabwell said, “The boys are absolutely delighted and have a good chance of beating Oxford tomorrow. They have been working hard and are in good form.”

The Oxford ‘keeper Dan Madden was left with no chance as he watched the ball sail past him.

The Cambridge team celebrated their victory with a parade of the trophy in front of their loyal supporters, whose presence was much appreciated by all of the Cambridge side, thoughts turned to future conquests. Now, at long last, Cambridge have the chance to dominate Varsity football for a lengthy period.