

Issue 543

VARSITY

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Top of the flops

Penis puppetry fails to arouse
Laura Davies on PAGE 36

Paper fight

Tabloids and broadsheets in an
all out war on PAGE 16



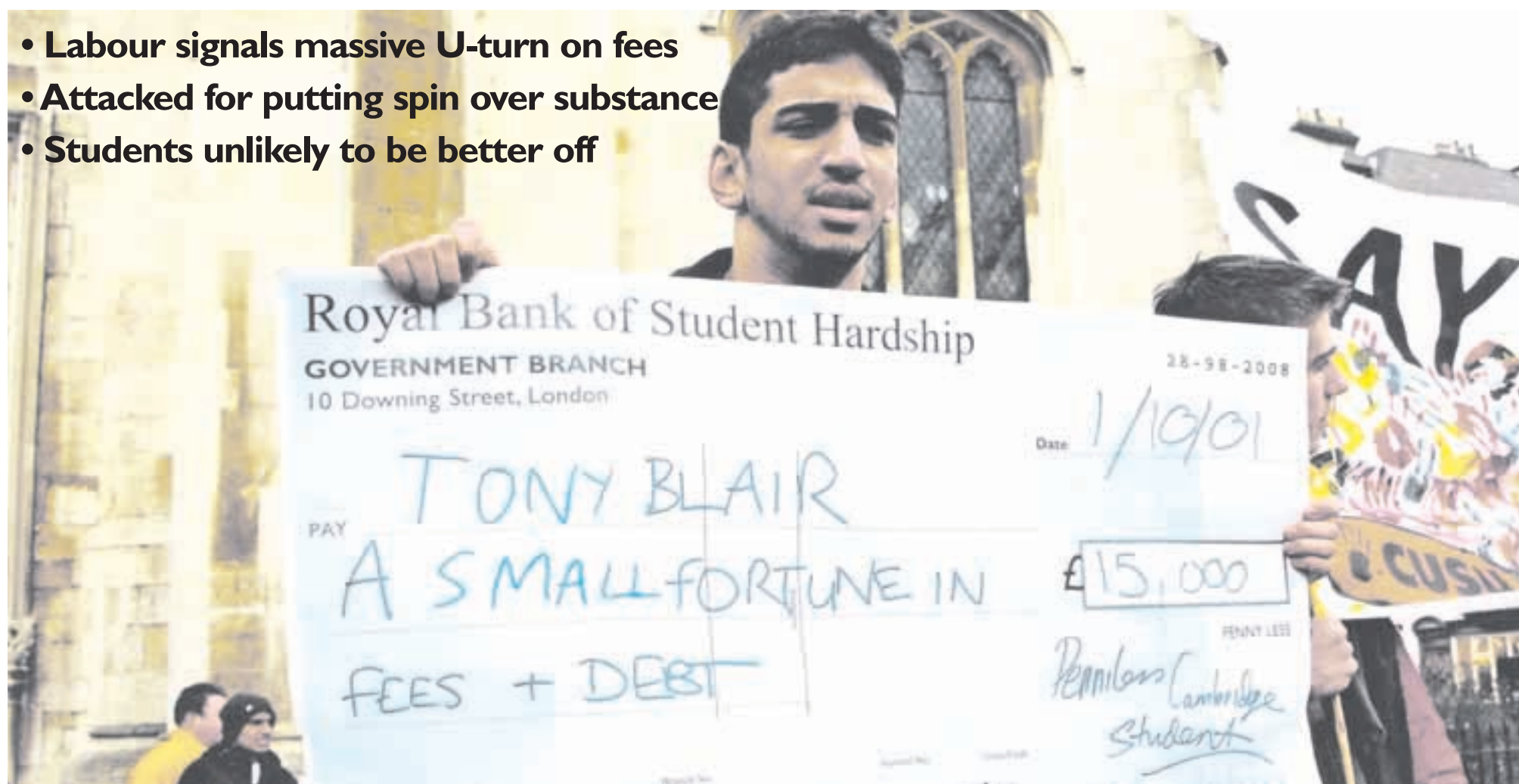
The Cambridge student newspaper

5 October 2001

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FEES SCRAPPED

- Labour signals massive U-turn on fees
- Attacked for putting spin over substance
- Students unlikely to be better off



Sophie Morphet
Judith Whiteley

Grants are to be reintroduced, and tuition fees may be scrapped, in an overhaul of the government's much reviled higher education funding policy.

Estelle Morris, the Education Secretary, announced on Wednesday that maintenance grants are to be brought back, certainly for students from lower-income families and perhaps for all. Student loans will still be available for those who want them. She admitted that "for many low income families, fear of debt is a real worry and could act as a barrier to higher education. I want to make sure that our future reform tackles this problem."

Pav Akhtar, CUSU President said "after years of campaigning, students are starting

to win!" But a more cautionary note, Pav then argued that despite the promising words, students still have to ensure that "the government follow through" with reintroducing grants. CUSU's Higher Education Funding Officer, Joshua Reddaway, also reiterated the warning that the fight is far from finished: "It's a really good thing, but we need to make sure that this time they get it right."

The give-away is not without strings. There are two funding models up for consideration, but both would require all graduates to pay a 'graduate tax' for up to twenty five years after their earnings push them into the 22p tax band. The first proposal would make maintenance grants available to all students, paid off later via the graduate tax. The second model, thought to be the favoured approach, would retain student loans alongside a means-

tested grant, resulting in a lower level of tax. Andrew Oswald, Professor of Economics at Warwick University, said the contribution was likely to amount to a penny on income tax for graduates. In the long term, therefore, the scheme would be self-financing.

It is a major change in policy for the Government, as it will mean that students pay for their degrees on the basis of their own future earnings potential, rather than that of their parents. However, students and politicians remain cautious due to the Government lack of commitment to the abolition of tuition fees. Richard Burgon, Chair of Cambridge Labour Students, warned that "those who have to pay tuition fees under the present system shouldn't crack open their champagne bottles just yet." The "grant will definitely be restored" but he highlights that there are

no promises over tuition fees.

Nick Fawcett, Campaigns Officer for the CU Conservative Association, told *Varsity*, "Tuition fees are another stealth tax. Access to university is more about the ability to pay than academic ability."

Lembit Opik, the Liberal Democrat MP and spokesperson for Wales, Northern Ireland and Youth Affairs told *Varsity* in an exclusive interview last night: "What they have said so far is not a solution. Tony Blair would be a hero if he said tomorrow 'We were wrong. We shouldn't have broken our election promise about tuition fees. We'll abolish them.' Whether he'll do this is doubtful. But if he did I'd be the first to applaud him. The Prime Minister's spirit is willing but his budget is weak."

The timing of the announcement has also sent confusing messages to the student population in a week which has seen the

issue of top-up fees re emerge. David Palfreyman, bursar at New College, Oxford, claimed that it is only a matter of time before the university will be forced into charging them. He pointed to Cambridge University's financial vulnerability too, suggesting that if it did not start charging top-up fees it would risk losing its status as one of the world's best teaching and research institutions to its American counterparts.

The reforms announced yesterday will not immediately address wider university funding problems because revenue will not be generated in the short term. Moreover, as it is being considered for introduction in autumn 2003, it will be of limited comfort to current students, who will still be left with on average £12,000 worth of debt at the end of their degrees.

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Huntingdon: Hard up or not?

Judith Whiteley

Campaigners against Huntingdon Life Sciences have poured scorn on suggestions that the animal testing laboratory is making a financial comeback.

Natasha Taylor, spokesperson for SHAC (Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty), told *Varsity*, "Huntingdon's losses have increased from £3.9 million in the first half of last year to £6.3 million for the same period this year. Any company that consistently loses more money than it makes is going to the wall."

Her comments were a response to news this week that Huntingdon's quarterly revenues are at the highest level for four years. A spokesperson for the Cambridge laboratory, who wished to remain anonymous, said "the company is in no danger of closing down...and the underlying business of the company is extremely positive."

The spokesperson said that the reported half yearly losses were entirely predictable after financial institutions withdrew their support for the company following a concerted and sometimes violent campaign by animal rights protesters. Huntingdon was saved when the government agreed to

let the company use the Bank of England's facilities. Now that "the concern about financial stability has been removed...orders for research have gone up enormously. The future looks very positive for Huntingdon," the spokesman claimed.

SHAC, however, reiterated their claims that cases of gross staff incompetence, animal cruelty and the falsification of research are rife at the Cambridge laboratory. They insist that their campaigns will continue until Huntingdon Life Sciences is shut down and therefore are currently concentrating on some of Huntingdon's high profile customers, such as Shell.

SHAC claim that many employees of companies associated with Huntingdon have silently expressed support for their campaign by regularly leaking sensitive information to the group.

However, Huntingdon's spokesman insisted that it had "enormous support" from its customers and the local community. He also said that although SHAC are "giving Shell an exciting time at the moment", their campaigns were no longer making an impact. "More animals are killed at Cambridge University than at Huntingdon," he added.



Our Victory



Sophie Morphet

Following on from last week's *Varsity* exclusive, the investigations into Sheikh Omar Bakri Muhammad have widened. The Crown Prosecution Service had already investigating him, but this week asked the police to take a "broader look" at his dealings.

Sheikh Omar Bakri Muhammad will now be investigated to see whether he has broken the Terrorism Act, by inciting or supporting terrorism abroad,

when he declared his fatwa on the Pakistani president. The fatwa was issued in response to Pakistan's decision to support the United States in the "war against terrorism." In addition, he may be charged under the Public Order Act if he is found to have incited racial hatred.

The story has also been picked up by the national press, including *The Independent*. Their report comments on the claims Sheikh Omar Bakri Muhammad made over a talk he is meant to hold next month at Trinity Hall.

Cards cock-up

Simon Mullet

In an e-mail leaked to *Varsity* it has emerged that CUSU is investigating creating a new paid position. This is in response to the failure of CUSU to deliver on time the university and CUSU cards to colleges, that are an integral part of a student's life at Cambridge.

Stewart Morris, CUSU Services Officer, admitted in the e-mail that he was to blame, as he had not exercised significant "restraint" when passing on details to colleges concerning the arrival times of the cards. He added, "I've learnt the lesson that only when something has been delivered to CUSU should arrangements be made."

Morris asserts that the reason behind this is that CUSU sabbaticals are overworked in the summer vacation. Burdened with getting to grips with the basic requirements of the job, such as typesetting and deadlines, he claims they do not have time to consider long term issues. Therefore, he believes that the extra time gained through the efficiency of having a permanent member of staff would be "of great benefit to CUSU."

Morris suggests that one way to remedy the problems with the cards would be to create a new paid post, to oversee the publications department, which he currently runs. He argues that a new officer is needed to "coordinate" the six sabbaticals that begin their terms at the "end of July, and by the end of September are expected to have become one of the two largest student publishers in Europe." The other being Oxford, where several part-time publication managers are employed.

CUSU cards were reintroduced this year in an attempt to solve the prob-

lems that occurred last year, when many colleges were only issued with a proportion of the University cards required. It had also been reported that students were having problems getting their university cards recognised as genuine student ID outside of Cambridge. The new cards should have overcome these difficulties but they too ran into complications that have meant delays for students this year.

Morris admits that CUSU may not be able to afford the new officer, but is interested in pursuing the idea nevertheless. He adds that it has not even been agreed as to whether a committee will be set up to study the proposal. What can be ascertained is that CUSU have found themselves in the same predicament two years in a row, and have yet to find a way to deal with it.

• Editorial page 10



is the way ahead clear?

European graduate recruitment 2001

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News in
briefFoot and
Mouth

Researchers from Cambridge's Department of Zoology have shown that Britain's foot-and-mouth epidemic would have been over much sooner if the slaughter and cull policy currently in operation had been implemented from the beginning. Dr Matt Keeling and Dr Brain Grenfell's detailed model of the epidemic also suggests that although vaccination from the early stages of the crisis would have been advantageous, prompt culling is more effective at limiting the epidemic. Dr Keeling said that even if the current culling policies and movement restrictions remain in place, "it is likely to be some months before the disease is eradicated from the UK."

Campeace
Rally

CAMPEACE are planning a big anti-war rally this Saturday. Since the 11th September, the Cambridge Campaign for Peace has been working hard to gain public support for a "justice not revenge" response to the attacks in the USA. The group has held a vigil in Market Square every week since it was set up to protest against the bombing of Yugoslavia in 1999. It has since concentrated its effort on the sanctions against Iraq, West Papua and depleted uranium. However, the past three weeks have seen an unprecedented number of people expressing their support and signing a "NO to military action" petition for Tony Blair. Campeace collected more than 2,000 signatures the first Saturday after the terrorist attacks and Sara Payne, the group's information officer, told Varsity that at least 800 more had been added each weekend since. The assembly point for the march is Great St. Mary's Church at 11am on Saturday, 6th October

Budding
Entrepreneurs

The first ever students of the Cambridge Entrepreneurship Centre's postgraduate course, 'Basics of Building a Business', recently celebrated graduating from the course. The twenty-five postgraduate students and postdocs wrote, between them, thirteen business plans for start-ups in the bio-tech, engineering, IT and environmental sectors and several hope to develop these plans into real ventures.

This year's 'Basics of Building a Business' course starts on Tuesday 9th October at 6pm. In the first term there will be lectures from some of Cambridge's most successful entrepreneurs. For more information and to register e-mail Jo Mills on b3planning@cec.cam.ac.uk or visit www.cec.cam.ac.uk

Compiled by:
Louise Norton
Judith Whiteley

DEBT DEPRESSION

James Birchall

Anxiety over mounting debts is driving students to "pathological depression," according to a new book.

The book, compiled by academics from Bath and Exeter universities, claims that academic results suffer as finances spiral ever further into the red. The study by economic psychologists reveals that students who expect to run up large debts through the course of their university career are up to four times as depressed as colleagues who expect to owe less. Findings also suggest that females worry more about money than males.

The book's editors, Adrian Scott, Professor Alan Lewis and Professor Stephen Lea, also claim that many students are too optimistic about their potential earning power, with 66% overestimating future salaries. New undergraduates, especially those at Britain's 'elite' universities are overly confident that the clout of their course and institution will prove of magnetic appeal to employers. When questioned, this year's freshers at Cambridge were adamant that although student debt is a "looming cloud," it is nevertheless "temporary." A first year Trinity Hall student was in "no doubt" that employers are "queuing up round the corner for Oxbridge gradu-

ates," while another boasted, "I definitely expect to pay off my student loan quickly." James Cave, taking an M.Phil. in English, points out that many new students are "ignorant about the nature of the debt" and concedes that debt is now an "unavoidable consequence of obtaining a degree."

Those pursuing lengthy courses, often in vocational subjects such as law and medicine, are hardest hit. It is suggested that for many undergraduates, debt is a "deterrent" from continuing study beyond three years. While some students are fortunate enough to secure professional sponsorship to further their training, others must delve deeper into the financial abyss. One graduate, now self-funding her £6,000 Legal Practice Course at Staffordshire, frets, "It is difficult to see how and when I can pay back what I owe." She adds that qualifications are "no guarantee" of a good wage.

A spokesperson from CUSU suggested that Cambridge students might be less affected than those at some other universities, partly due to the background from which many students are drawn. Debt remains, however, a central concern among the university populace. Commenting on the gender issue, CUSU Women's Officer, Alison Ismail said that females have a "natural debt aversion," and that the switch over to stu-

dent loans and tuition fees has affected women more than men. "The University Counselling Service does take more calls from women, including for problems related to debt." Ms Ismail also said that mature women students, with young children to support, are the group most susceptible to financial distress within the university.

Although students almost unanimously place the blame on the government's decision to replace grants with student loans, many acknowledge that better

money management would aid their battle against debt. One Cambridge student reflected how problems arose from "failing to keep an eye on bank balances" and "indiscriminate use of the Switch card." Others cite summer jobs as "vital" to checking financial outflow.

Recent figures released by the NUS reveal that a typical graduate will commence working life with a debt of £12,000. The book, *Student Debt: The Causes & Consequences of Undergraduate borrowing in the UK* is available now.



Super water bus

Sophie Morphet

The University is to spearhead a world first in environmentally-friendly transport. Cambridge is set to be the first place in the world to benefit from an efficient, non-carbon based form of public transport it was announced this week, specially created buses will run from 2003 between the University's yet to be completed West Cambridge site and the city centre, ferrying what will be predominately staff, students and local residents.

In what Dr Shane Slater of Whitby Bird and Partners, the consulting engineers on the project, deems "a revolution", buses will be run on

power derived from water. Photo voltaic cells covering a 350-metre colonnade at the West Cambridge site will use daylight energy to split water molecules. The hydrogen that is released will be used to run the buses, forgoing the need for climate altering fossil fuels. The only waste products of the fuel will be water vapour, heat and oxygen.

Colin Saunders, Project Manager for the University of Cambridge Estate Management and Building Service (EMBS) says that it is "the next stage in the evolution of transport." It is the pilot for a system that will hopefully be used all over the world, slowing the depletion of carbon rich fossil fuels and the rate of global warming. Mr

Saunders continues by saying that the purpose of the project is to "demonstrate the future hydrogen economy" in which the world's energy needs can be met through sustainable means.

As it will produce its own fuel on the West Cambridge site, Cambridge is unique in terms of the overall project, though the scheme will see hydrogen based buses in other city centres including London. Although in the long run this system will be potentially beneficial on a global scale, in the short run the costs are high. According to Ben Madden, also of Whitby Bird and Partners, the initial expense of the buses will be around seven times as much as the equivalent carbon based transport. The cost is expected to fall as the technology takes hold on a world-wide basis. The hope is that this will put Cambridge in the enviable position of being able to produce the cheapest and most sustainable transport long before anywhere else.

The European Commission intends to give the scheme the maximum research and development grant 2 million Euros enabling the project to go ahead. It has, says Colin Saunders, been "99.9 per cent" confirmed, but the final approval will not be announced until the end of 2001. This will cover the actual cost of the adapted buses, and at least some of the photo voltaic cells. The rest of the finance is expected to be through private investment and the British government.

If the European Commission choice is, as is expected, Cambridge, both town and university might be, as Mr Saunders terms it "very lucky". One thing is certain, the scheme can only add to the university's reputation as a centre for pioneering scientific research.



The colonnade at the University's West Cambridge Site

Clinton
to Oxford

Aisling O'Neil

William Windsor and Chelsea Clinton, future king and progeny of a former president, both matriculated into the humble rank of Fresher this week. Both will hope that the archaism of institutions such as Oxford and St. Andrews will provide an environment in which they will be protected from the intense media scrutiny that has hitherto pervaded their daily lives.

Alert spectators could spot an inconspicuous Prince enjoying a swift half at Ma Bells, the favoured establishment among the St. Andrew's glitterati. Meanwhile, Chelsea arrived, father in tow, at University College Oxford.

Chelsea, who majored in History at Stanford, will pursue her academic career in the city of Dreaming Spires where she will take a two year Master of Philosophy in International Relations.

Lord Butler of Brockwell, Master of University College said "The college is pleased to extend its links with the Clinton family." Chelsea's transatlantic switch shadows that of her father who, as a Rhodes scholar between 1968-1970, took a course in politics.

While at Stamford, Miss Clinton was reputed to be distant from her peers. Any such detachment may not be appreciated in the Oxford of today. One potential college acquaintance said "I've already asked her to my mate's hip-hop night, but we don't reckon she'll turn up."

For Oxford, this Clinton coup will be a sigh of publicity relief. Reeling from the blows of controversy over diminishing standards and shameful disregard for meritocracy, this media bonanza may act as a catalyst for improvement at this stoic yet flagging institution.



Michael Winner, ex-*Varsity* Editor

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VARSLTY

The Cambridge student newspaper

VARSLTY SQUASH

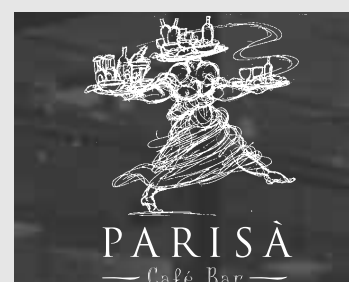
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Place: *Café Parisa*,
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Details: Free food
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A chance to chat with the team

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for the *Varsity* squash

We all need fictional healing

Michael Phillips examines the surreal media coverage of the recent atrocities in the United States of America

It started with the verb 'sharking' at the start of the article: that was the defining moment. On Tuesday 18 September after a period of only one week, the largest terrorist attack in history had become artistic property. A barrier could be erected again between our own reality, and the massive events that had transpired.

The article quoted above was written by Martin Amis, and was published in the Guardian. When the most adjectivally imaginative writer of the last twenty years imposed himself on the events in New York it signalled the close of any attempt to break the news in an objective way. All through the preceding week, it was the literary authors who were filling the opinions pages of broadsheets and tabloids alike. Ian McEwan, also in the Guardian, and Tony Parsons in The Mirror, raised the prose above the normal journalistic levels. 'Death came from a clear blue sky.'

The effect of all this was to turn this news story into a semi-fictional event. Eyewitness accounts with references to "the shiny skin of the towers" served less to bring the events closer to us, than to give them an artistic, and thus unreal, quality. This fictionalising could be seen as an admission that events of this magnitude cannot be conveyed in a normal sense. The fact that the term "epoch defining" has been used so often shows that these events, like a work of art, will transcend our generation. To make sense of the chaos, we have to make it less real.

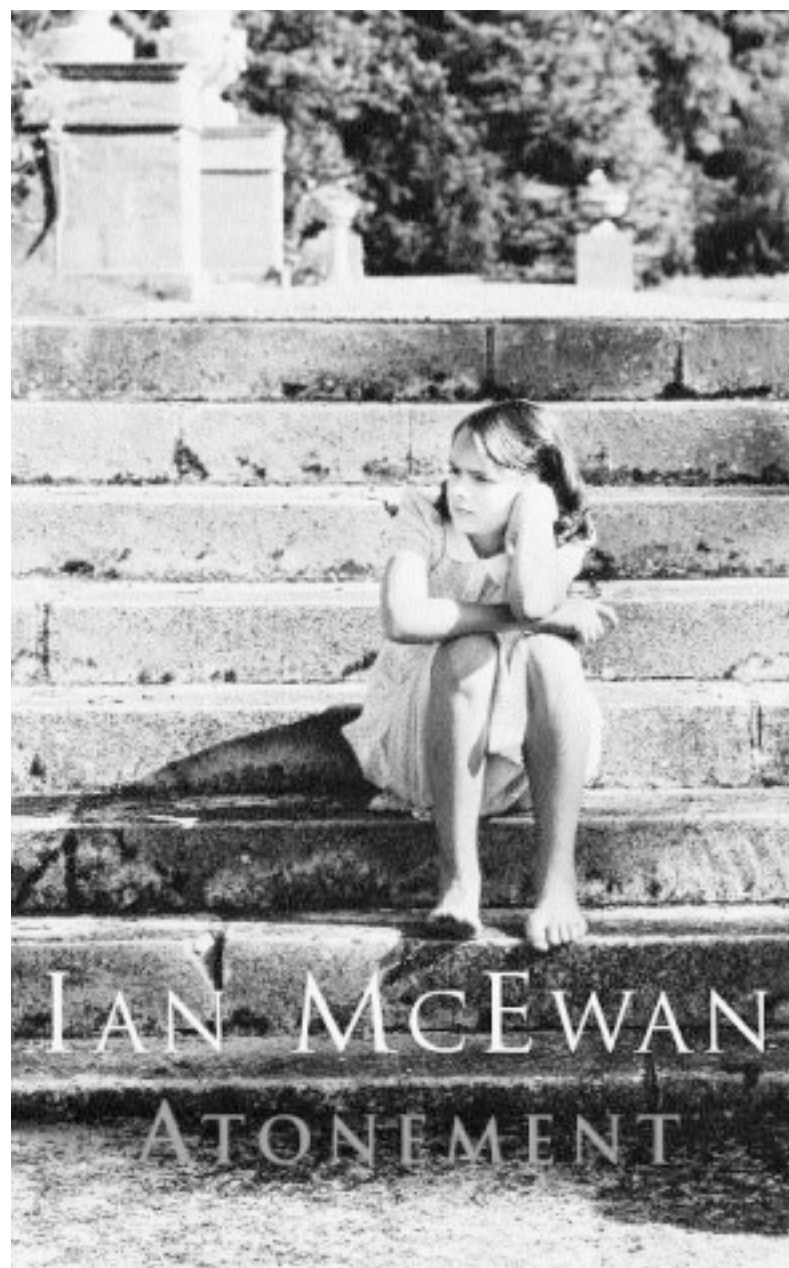
This is not a strange statement, considering the manner in which the story

proceeded. McEwan talked of watching the unfolding news in a 'voyeuristic' way, and unsettling as this may sound, it is the most truthful account I have heard. The multitude of 24 hour news channels, and the fact that terrestrial TV devoted itself almost entirely to the story, gave it the air of a staged event. Many watched the second plane crash live, and the event was replayed endlessly. As pictures from different worldwide news agencies flooded in, you could see the crash, the collapse, the aftershock, from every conceivable angle. The most harrowing pictures were those of the ABC Network, the digital video technology rendering the second crash in such clarity that it looked like a Dreamworks animation. The incident was so massive, and yet so well covered, that it all seemed surreal. Breaking news had never been covered in so much detail before, but satellite and digital TV brought it home so well that the world had to adjust itself to a level of information never before experienced.

As the days progressed however, this sense of surreality swiftly disappeared. Just as normal journalistic had to give way to the language of fiction, so even this had to step aside for the power of the image. When static, the moving pictures were rendered far more shocking by the capacity to linger, to absorb the full tragedy of what had gone on. When frozen, it became possible to process all the information which had previously been arriving at incredible speed. The broad strokes of the TV coverage could be broken down into chunks, the darkness of which created a painful whole.

But soon enough the events became fictional again, and not only in the sense that they were colonised by literary authors, but politicians helped remove them from the realm of reality. The rhetoric of a 'war on terrorism', adopted even by normally government-sceptic newspapers such as the Independent, helped to take the pain away. This was no longer the act of numberless, faceless individuals who could never be defeated as long as a sense of injustice existed, but something which could be combated via the traditional means of front lines and air strikes. Bush's statement of 'we will bring them to justice, or bring justice to them' has an unavoidable logic, where the only concepts which exist are 'them' and 'justice', the latter inexorable, the former cohesive and unified, and neither as simple as he tries to make out. Once again, language being used to avoid the sheer incomprehensibility of the problem.

And what of the future? There is only one possible route: Hollywood. Everyone everywhere has commented on how like the plot of a film the whole thing was. And the plot of a film it shall become. Hollywood will have its American heroes, and most of these, such as the emergency services, will deserve their lionisation. But the problem with the posthumous fictionalisation of events is that they can be rewritten, rather than simply written to bring understanding. And in the rewrite, events can be rearranged, in order to bring not understanding, but dangerous misconception.



PLAYGROUND FAITH

Hugh Collings says extremism is not only found in the Middle East

Fundamentalism is the word on everyone's lips at the moment. As soon as the World Trade Centre had been attacked, it was more or less taken as read that it was the work of Islamic Fundamentalists. These Islamic Terrorists have been America's Public Enemy no. 1 for some time now, their blinkered devotion to their cause held up as a kind of perilous insanity. It would be easy to confuse "fundamentalist" with "Islamic Terrorist", but this summer an example of the ugly side of fundamentalism has reared its head much closer to home.

When the school year restarted in September, a protest was mounted outside the Holy Cross Primary School for Girls in the Ardoyne area of Belfast. The history of this protest stretches back several decades to when the original Holy Cross school was burned down. The protesters, who live in the small Protestant community of Glenbryn in the largely Catholic Ardoyne, say they are the victims of intimidation, and that the transportation of the girls to school is used as a cover for Republicans to infiltrate the area. They are demanding that the girls be brought to school by an alternative route through a nearby secondary school for boys. The protests have escalated to the point where 100 policemen and soldiers and 30 police vehicles line the road every morning to escort children and parents to school. In the wake of the protest, there have been pipe bombings, death threats against the children's parents and one woman is currently standing trial accused

of running a young Protestant man on a bicycle down with her car.

Images of girls as young as five or six being hailed with sectarian abuse have been beamed all over the world. But what are the complaints of the protesters? They claim that their small community is under siege. They say that systematic and organised intimidation is driving them out of their homes, and they simply must take a stand in order to protect their civil liberties. That intimidation is taking place is undeniable: it is a fact of a life in every area of Northern Ireland where there is interaction between Catholic and Protestant communities. What makes this case different is that the protesters claim the intimidation is being orchestrated by Republicans who use the young girls as a kind of human shield, protecting them from community leaders and security forces and allowing them to infiltrate the Protestant area. They point to the presence of Republicans amongst the parents and claim that one of these figures threatened to have Billy Hutchinson, a local loyalist politician, shot.

To demand the end of intimidation is something few would condemn. But the increasingly vitriolic nature of the protests in the first week of September won the Glenbryn residents few friends. People worldwide were horrified by the sight of grown men reducing young girls to tears with chants of "Fenian Scum." Hot drinks have been hurled at children and parents, and the Red Hand Defenders, a pseudonym that has been used in the past

by the UDA, recently warned that parents and children using that route would be at risk from sniper fire.

Like the attacks on New York, these events have been universally condemned. Father Aidan Troy, the chairman of the Holy Cross Board of Governors has warned that "Hate-filled sectarianism has led to untold fear and distress to so many innocent people." Even Billy Hutchinson said that the events at Holy Cross made him "ashamed to be a loyalist." The premise of the protest does seem somewhat absurd: the idea that those who would orchestrate violence would need a human shield (and one that lasts a few minutes a day) is a bizarre one. To complain of senior Republicans taking their children to school in the staunchly Republican Ardoyne is equally strange.

What does make sense is the anger of the Glenbryn residents at the intimidation they are forced to endure. This is causing them to lash out at the Catholic community in the same way as the suicide bombers looked at the disastrous consequences of US foreign policy, and lashed out at the American people. The social injustices that exist in our world, from the Middle East to North Belfast, are a disease, and the ugly faces of fundamentalism that horrify the western world are symptoms. They point us towards what has to be done, but if we fall into the trap of treating them as nothing more than the deranged acts of extremists, we risk failing to learn any lessons they have to teach us.

It's Pashmina politics

Alex Lee

"M'skeeneau," she drawled, and it took me a moment to absorb what I had heard. I had met her at some squash early on in the week and, was glad to have found someone who at least looked interesting. She was charming, well-spoken and really quite beautiful, but I couldn't help thinking that she looked like a down-and-out. So would anyone: her clothes were the colour of mud and ditchwater, but still looked dirty and literally torn to shreds. Bits of skin, tanned to perfection from the summer's last sojourn, poked out here and there, and I wondered if her body was subconsciously trying to escape her filthy get-up. It was while trying to disguise these thoughts that she surprised me with the revelation that these tattered rages were, in fact, designer, doubtless purchased from some chic London boutique. "You see, I really want to know what its like," she continued, noticing my bemusement. "I mean, they must go through simply too much. It's, like, I've got to get back to my beastly nature, my primitive side, to understand them. I've got to, if I want to get the look right, haven't I, darling?"

There was a brief pause as she siped her champagne, and I struggled to imagine this particular person getting back to her "beastly nature". I had visions of her intrepidly exploring the vast and mysterious jungle of Sloane Square, or fighting her way along the whole length of the King's Road, swinging from shop to shop on the end of a pashmina, but in the end none of the images rang true: the adventure might be too tiring and, heaven forbid, the poor girl might get dirty. "I mean, when these things are SO in at the moment, and they're SO good to wear, you can't help but think of what they

must be going through. To look like this all the time, I mean. You know, in Africa, or in India, or Asia, or wherever it is. Anyway, the real point is that, I mean, they're SO tomorrow, don't you think? The closer I get to the real thing, the better!" Polite nodding, I tried not to tell her that I wouldn't want to wear anything like that either

today or tomorrow, thank you very much. "It's

all so, well, yuk, that it's cool, cool, cool, or that's what I think. I mean, my heart goes out to the dirty homeless dung eaters, but they simply don't know just how much good they've done. Someone really should do something for them... to thank them." By now I was completely confused – it was like I've always imagined living in a surrealist painting would feel. Reality seemed to have taken a holiday, or eloped to some exotic island with Reason. Where on Earth had this insanity come from? I had to know. "It's a funny thing, Daddy, who's really big in PR (so he should know), says that everything we thought we knew up to now has crashed and burnt. He says that all we'll be hearing about this year will be Afghan."



BOOZE! SEX! FAME!

Michael Phillips

Ibiza, Ayia Napa, Crete, Bournemouth. What do all these sun-drenched resorts have in common? Ok, they are all Brit-filled sick bins where you could kill yourself after being told for a solid 138 hours that there's '21 seconds to go!', but what else? Yes, they've all been the subject of documentaries, where camera crews follow groups of hormone filled youngsters, in the hope that at least one will pull/be sick/get arrested/win a poetry reading competition. Well, get ready to add Cambridge to that list, because the good people at Anglia Television are planning to make a documentary about you! As part of a series about partying and people who like to party, they have chosen to focus on Cambridge University as a hotbed of talent.

Now what they are looking for is a group of really lively characters that they can follow round while they go out on the razzle and provide enough interesting footage to fill our TV screens. It can't just be you and your mates who go out and get pissed, apart from if you've got a supervision the next day in which case you just have half a shandy. Drinking societies who regularly go out should definitely get in touch, and if you are a really tight group of mates who go out a lot, then check it out as well, The Monty Python Society need not apply. Also give it a whirl if you've got a really big event coming up. But not just your little brother's Barmitzvah.

The prospects are endless. The nation will finally get to see the joyous union of blazered rugby lads and gym slip wearing hockey girls that is Life. The antics of both groups, fuelled by pints of Guinness for the girls, and campari and soda for the lads, could make someone the next Maureen from driving school. Come to think of it, most prop forwards look like her anyway. As do most of the girls in drinking societies as well.

Television is set to become a winner as well. Not only will they get to show the gorgeous likes of you lot in your best Marks and Spencer cardigan, they also get to televise all the little things about Cambridge r'n'r which make the place so special. Now your mates at normal universities will finally believe you when you tell them about formal hall. They'll realise what a fool you look in a gown, that a bottle of wine can be finished before the starter arrives, and that, if necessary, it is possible to vomit the exact amount required to fill a spare pint glass. All those things that make it worth the hours of pain and suffering you went through to get those grades, they can be shown to the nation, as an inspiration to children, showing the heights they can achieve if only they work hard enough.

But anyway, there is surely enough beautiful, interesting people in Cambridge to wipe the antics of Helen and Paul off of page 23 of the Star, so if you're interested the person to get in contact with is Alison Jennings, by telephone on 01603 752489, or by e-mail Alison.Jennings@granadamedia.com It's up to you to do us proud.



Funking with Sally

Sally is back. Only this time she's slightly less arrogant. And a different person.

Today's world is an unequal one. Lad culture dominates and women are categorically and institutionally oppressed. I know I'm oppressed – I haven't had a bloke in ages. Not for lack of trying either. I followed Spice Power: walked into a bar, saw a lad who took my fancy and told him to make a woman of me. He replied by asking me to wait up while he finished his pints, puked, and got into a fight. Then I could wheel him home, shouting and swearing. And what would I get out of that, I asked him. Self-righteousness, he replied. Luckily, there was some major commotion at the bar, otherwise I would have taken the trouble to thread his balls through a kebab spit.

So, I look across and there's a great big alligator at the bar. The bloke who has him on the lead announces, "If I put my genitals inside this alligator's mouth, and they remain intact, you all owe me a drink." Murmurs of approval. So he does! Drops his trousers, opens those green jaws, shoves it in, and the creature's mouth

snaps closed. A minute later the bloke grabs his keys and whacks them hard on the gator's head, who duly prized his jaw open. All's well down under! But the guy gets cocky, saying, "I'll give £100 to anyone who'll give it a go". Silence. Well, I'm only a poor student, so I said, "I will, but you've got to promise not to hit me on the head with your keys."

Returning to University after the summer is distressing enough, but after Edinburgh, where I did almost nothing but plays and drinking, the second year seems a bit of a mare. My mind is completely distracted. I mean, I still know that I do SPS, but now I've forgotten what the letters stand for. Worse still, Freshers' Week, and it is as if my Edinburgh panto role is turning into real life. I feel like Snow White. This week I've been chatted up by Mr Drowsy, Mr Snezy, Mr I've-got-a-very-high-pitched-voice, and Mr Head-twitch. The latter wasn't so bad, only when it arrived to the kissing stage he kept on knocking into my jaw and head-butting my

forehead: the poor fresher was ever so nervous. And if I wasn't disappointed enough Mr Sleazy wanders over and dribbles, "Do you believe in love at first sight, or shall I walk past again?" (I suppose it's better than the blokes from Grainsby. I had one who walked up to me in a club, made sure I noticed him, then nodded towards his crotch and said: "Well it's not going to suck itself.") So, I was just about to advise Mr Sleazy to self-pol-



linate when he licks his finger and smears it over my new white top, the filthy sod. "Let's get you out of those wet clothes", he moans. No qualms here. Booted him right where the alligator don't bite.

Out of luck in he college bar, I happened to be in a really expensive, posh restaurant last week. It was full of financial business people, investment bankers and management convulsionists. One guy caught my eye, or rather he nearly bruised it with a champagne cork after bringing over a bottle and smiling at me. Egged on by the lasses I wrote him a note, "If you want to know me, you need to have two cars, £1m in the bank, and seven inches in your pants." We thought it was hilarious, only he sent the reply, "I've got five cars, £2m in the bank, but not even for you, my dear, am I going to cut off two inches. I'll have the champagne back."

Well, ho hum, the search for Mr He'll-Do continues. Now, I'm off to go and suck my thumb, pretending I've never heard of Freud.

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VARSITY

False Dawn

The announcement by the government that the failed experiment with student loans is to end is welcome news. The removal of the constant spectre of debt should help thousands of students to be able to relax and enjoy university life to the full. However, we should not be deceived into thinking that this is a great triumph, whatever the NUS or CUSU may say. This announcement is very much a triumph of spin over substance. According to the preliminary information received, it seems as though students will still end up paying for their university education. Whilst tuition fees and student loans may be a thing of the past, the introduction of a graduate tax will not leave the government out of pocket or you any better off in the long run. The information released suggests that students will start paying the tax once they have reached a certain threshold. You can bet your bottom dollar that this threshold will be very similar to the level at which students currently start paying back their student loans. This move is a tactical one by the Government to try and reclaim student voters but definitely not a god-send.

The Cambridge guide to CUSU

Varsity journalists are constantly being asked by fellow students: what do CUSU actually do? Well apart from organising the Freshers' Fair, they spend most of their time producing publications. CUSU proudly claims to be one of the two largest student publishers in Europe. They produce a bewildering number of publications every year: the Women's Handbook, the Little Black Book, the Freedom Book, the Little Green Map, the Freshers' Guide, the Cambridge Guide, the Welfare Book and the CUSU Diary to name but a few. But now, as revealed in the news section, they are complaining about their workload and want to investigate the possibility of employing a salaried publications manager. This comes less than a year after CUSU voted to appoint an extra paid sabbatical officer. CUSU officers are not lazy, in fact we often see them in Trumpington Towers in the early hours of the morning. We are suggesting though, that much of their effort is misguided. The issues involved in these books, and therefore the publications, do not need to change significantly every year and, therefore, it should be possible to print each of these books less often. CUSU have a tendency to concentrate too much on producing glossy publications rather than concentrating on student issues. Pav and his 'merry men' should be speaking at JCR open meetings, not holed up trying to proof read pages. Varsity urges CUSU Council to reject any movements towards the creation of another paid CUSU appointment and for CUSU to considerably reduce the number of books it produces each year.

Listen to the Students

Last week, Varsity reported that Chris Kelly's draconian measures had failed to improve Corpus Christi's academic standing. His ideas do have some positive aspects. An academic room ballot for the most expensive rooms would replace an allocation based on wealth, with a system based on intellect. However, Varsity does not believe that Kelly's measures work. This is because his policies have alienated an astounding number of students. Their protests have been dismissed as "childish" and "perverse and irresponsible" by Kelly. Failing to listen to the student body is simply wrong. Moreover, the policies have failed. The college fell by ten places in the Tompkins Table, a huge decline in the numbers of top grades. The Colleges that allow students to work hard and play hard have proved to be more successful when it comes to exam results. Emmanuel and Queens' for example have a thriving atmosphere and have been at the top for some time.

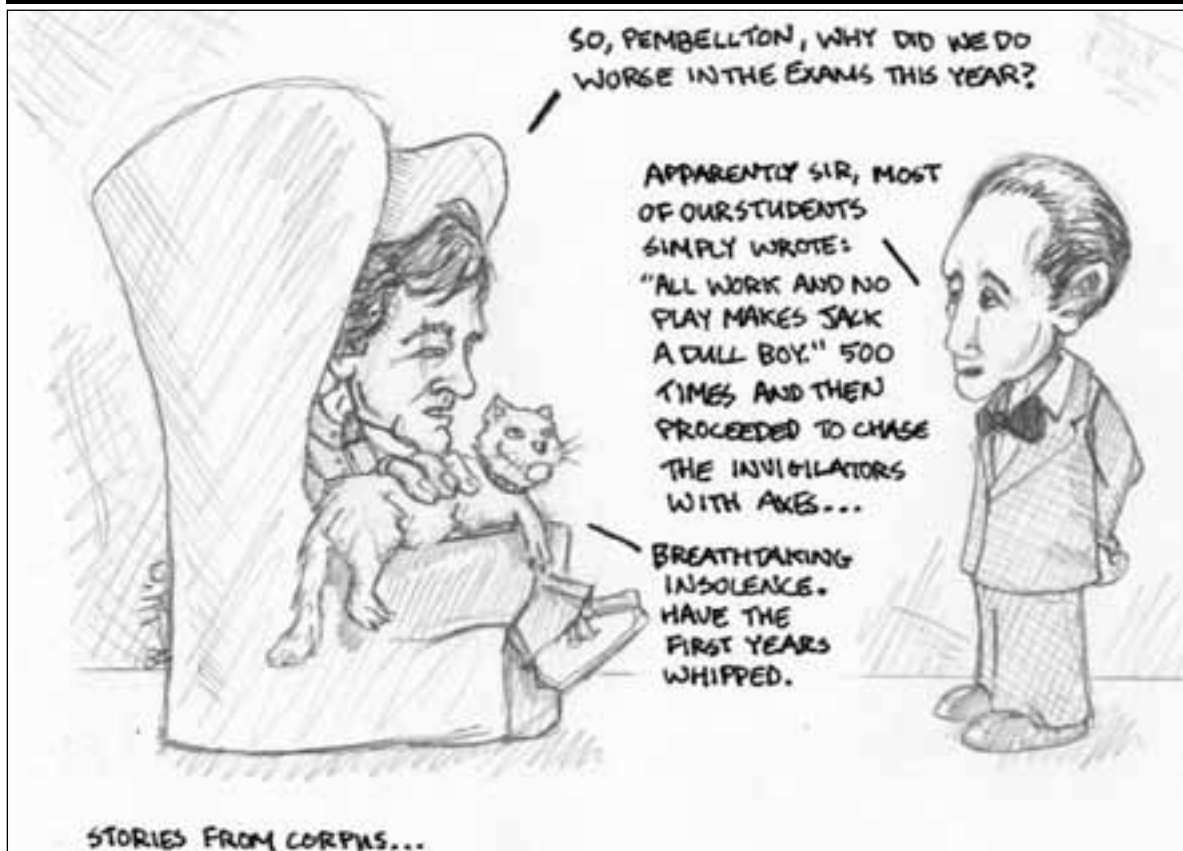
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Weekly cartoon by Benedictus



LETTERS

Freedom of speech

I too call for Sheikh Omar Muhammed to be silenced whilst simultaneously trumpeting your support for freedom of speech. Do the "limits to this liberty" extend to everyone who holds views Varsity disagrees with? Sheikh Omar's views may well be "disgraceful" but if freedom of speech is not extended to everyone, yes, even those with the most distasteful opinions, there is no such thing as freedom of speech. By all means protest outside the History of Art faculty to express your disgust at his presence, but please credit your readers with the intelligence to recognise the views of a hateful bigot.

Paul Martin
Churchill College

We need to know

Alarmed at the apparent spread of fundamentalism we feel that there are further individuals who need to be investigated not least Luciano Pavarotti (front page TCS, 28/9/01) the spitting image of Omar Bakri (front page Varsity, 28/9/01). Are they perhaps related? We should be told.

Rudi Elliott Lockhart
Jon Roiser
Glenda Newton
Jon Grover
Simon Elliston Ball

History of Art denial

On a point of information, the Department of History of Art has not

issued an invitation to Sheikh Omar Bakri Muhammad to speak to it, and has no plans to do so. Indeed until your news item on 28 September we had not even heard of him. We do however encourage the teaching of Islamic and related art to our students.

Dr Paul Binski
Head of Department

He did his best

I would like to defend the reputation of the previous CUSU President, Mat Coakley, who came under attack in last week's editorial for having 'promised a lot in his time but delivered precious little'.

Mat did not (sensibly) promise a union building by the end of his year, only to work hard to get one. He certainly came closer than any previous president to achieving this aim.

On the Access Campaign, Mat ensured massive interest and a high turnout in the referendum to create the Access Officer post, and the benefits of that are already being felt.

While I welcome Varsity's confidence in this year's sabbatical team, which I share, our former President deserves congratulations for his hard work and determination, rather than criticism for failing to achieve all of the highgoals he set for himself.

Stewart Morris
CUSU Services Officer

Spitting image

This week, in one of your characteristic spasms of 'quality journalism', you feature a photo of myself, drinking, opposite a photo of my most famous (and possibly only) namesake. If this is delib-

erate, many thanks for inflating my ego. If not, I offer the coincidence as proof of the existence of God. Praise the Lord.

Chris Smith
King's

Live in harmony

The events of the past few weeks have had a profound impact on people over the entire globe, of all races, colours, and creeds. Whether personally involved or not, it makes us all re-evaluate the direction and meaning of our lives. The scale of the horror in the USA focuses our minds to rediscover the important things we miss in the rush of everyday existing. As we enter a new term, let's put aside our differences to try to at least make our university a safe and happy place where everyone is free to enjoy the life we are so privileged to have.

Alex Swallow
Emmanuel

Letter of the week

Congratulations on an excellent first edition. I like the little tweaks you've made: headers on each 'focus' page especially. Front page headline: too sensationalist for my liking, but thank heavens for the three bullet-pointed sub-points. Your editorials were VERY responsible I'm really pleased to read so thanks, again.

Pav Akhtar
CUSU President



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

The Varsity Team

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

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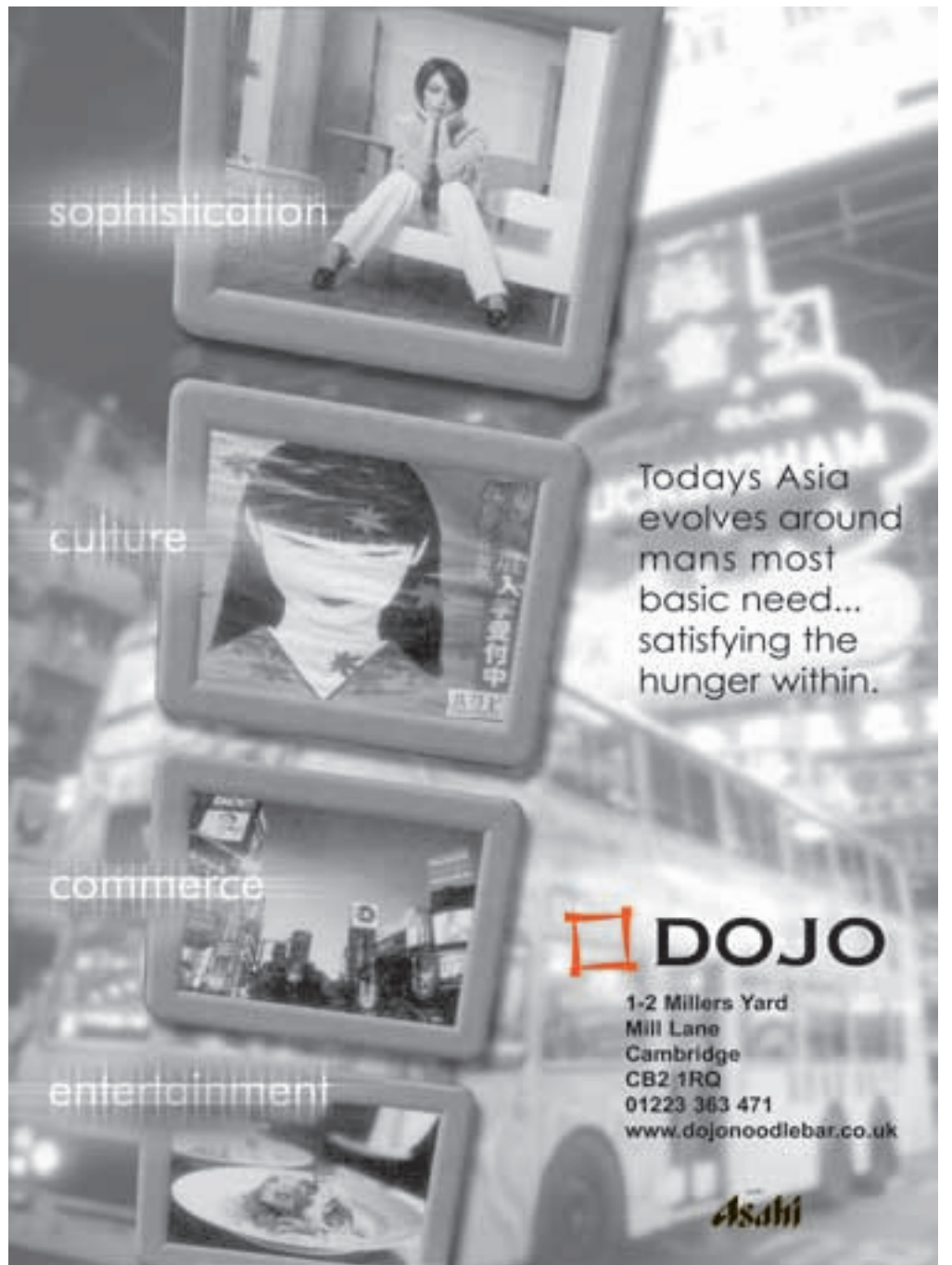




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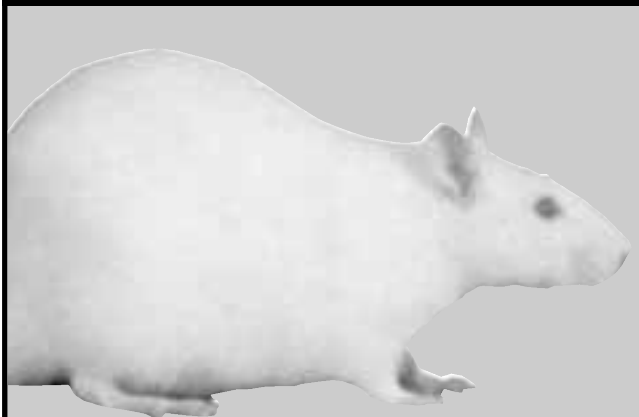
Nice pub

fashion • 15



Nice pair

science • 24



Nice er... mouse

interview • 16



TABLOID

V

Broadsheet

Dan
Birdwhistell

Cheers, mates. (Did I use that correctly?) You see, I'm the American who has never been to another country before. I'm the tall, skinny fella from Kentucky who speaks with a southern drawl and always opens the door for ladies. I love steak and pizza and country music (yet would burn my Garth Brooks if Method Man asked me to); my father is a Baptist minister and my mother is in the horse racing business (my family is a paradox – don't ask). My friends just call me "Birdwhistell" or "Bird". I played baseball, basketball, tennis, and golf as a kid and was miserable at everything but basketball – but I still kept coming back. If I could do anything right now, I would go catfishing with a cute blond named Eva. I always get gummy bears at the movies and sing "Walking in Memphis" after a few glasses.

And I'm completely out of place here – yet, that being said, I also couldn't be happier.

I truly have no idea what to expect of this year. All I know is that I'm studying Education and I live in a dorm on top of a hill. I have a sink in my room. It is a nice sink. I survived the plane ride and that miserable bus trip from Gatwick to Cambridge. I've re-adjusted to the time difference and learned to love toast again.

And now I find myself writing a column. Writing is the only thing that is natural to me. It wasn't until recently, however, that I began calling myself a writer. I was sitting in a Pizza Hut in Washington DC, reading the first few pages of *Great Gatsby* when, after taking a particularly large gulp of Diet Coke, the fizz got to me and I quietly proclaimed, "Now, I am a writer." Great story, yeah? Well, your momma is a great story...or something. Are Momma jokes funny here? If not, I'll do my best to make them such.

So what will be the subject of the columns to come? Probably a great deal of nothing mixed in with tidbits of something. I fancy I'll span from critiquing the new flood of American patriotism to addressing the question of "Top 10 Movies Ever?". I'm sure some large moments will be dedicated to my weekend observations and why I am still, to this day, deadly afraid of armadillos. A word or two will most definitely be given to my frustrations in learning to play the banjo. I'll surely take the time to explain the difference between a 'varmint' and a 'critter' and provide running updates on my search for Eva (the blond).

Who knows. Time will tell. Yada, Yada-hibbity, dibbity-skip to the lou.

So while I cannot tell you what to expect, I can promise one thing: I will write, and will do so honestly. Such is not only my duty, but also my compulsion. And I've got nothing to lose. So if I can pull out one reflective thought or cause a stitch or two from that deep-belly kind of laughter, I'll be quite pleased with myself. I'll write home to "me mum" and tell her I'm now in the big league.

So until then, I'll leave it at that. Have a great week. Make up merry dances and kiss each other on the lips.

Take it easy

Whilst the streets of Cambridge can always provide fun and frolics, as the term wears on it's likely that you may want to get out of town, either to relax, to explore, or because you are just plain sick of the place and want to escape. Ely, a small Fenland town, only 15 miles north of Cambridge, may provide just the short break you need, away from the pressures of college life.

The main attraction of the town, is of course its cathedral, visible across the barren fens from miles away. Dominating the centre of town, it is well worth a visit, if only to stare up at its magnificent octagon from within, and admire its grandiose architecture from without. It is possible to take a tour around the cathedral area through the old buildings of the monastery (through prior arrangement), and to admire the view from the top of the cathedral tower. Indeed, you can even get a great work out in the process by climbing over 300 steps to get to the top.

Afterwards, it's worth either stopping for tea and home-made pastries in Steeplegate's, next door to the cathedral, or strolling through town. There you will find a number of antique shops and small retailers, typical of such a historic Cambridgeshire town, and enough to keep you occupied for an hour or so. Worth noting, also is the additional attraction of the Thursday craft market, if that's what turns you on.

Other than that, the centre of the town doesn't hold much more in the way of attractions, apart from the odd museum and a small ten pin bowling alley. However, a stroll by the river for a little fresh air is well worth it, as it leads you to

The Cutter, a nice riverside pub, and a fine place to stop for a late lunch.

Whilst meandering back to the station, consider popping your head around the door of The Minstrel, which styles itself as the trendy bar in town. The interior is far more traditional than chic, but it is well renowned for the sexy young things it attracts from far and wide, but we are talking a particularly good night in Ely here.

Its worth spending an arts student's day in Ely (ie, wake up late, set off around 10, finish around 3), as it's a good place to chill, and enjoy some old-fashioned country air. Being such a quiet little town, it also has the advantage that when it comes to heading home, you'll feel ready to experience the thunderous night life and cosmopolitan aura of, err, Cambridge, all over again!

Anita Moss

Getting there

Trains leave Cambridge station approximately every half hour for Ely until 7pm, and the journey is around 15 minutes. Once there, the station is situated very near the town centre (and a huge Tesco's incidentally, if you're fed up of Sainsbury's narrow selection), and you can follow the brown tourist signs to the cathedral. The fare will cost you £3.60 return.

Getting around

As it's not the largest of towns, you can explore everything easily by foot, indeed, it would be quite impressive to get lost.

E-View

This week Jeremy Paxman answers our quiz

1. Which was your favourite pub?

Favourite? I drank in loads of them, from the Eagle, through the Mill to that one down by Magdalene Bridge. But the most hours were spent in the Anchor in Silver Street.

2. Where was your favourite place to chill out?

Why did one need to chill out? Any more chilled and I'd have been an icicle.

3. Did you have a student anthem?

No. Is it compulsory nowadays?

4. Have you ever been to Gardies?

Not only have I never been, I've never heard of it, or them. Are they some upmarket version of the Yardies? Or maybe I did, but if it was after an evening in the Anchor, I'm not sure I'd have noticed.



WHERE NOW?

While the arrival of the summer vacation scatters Cambridge students thinly across the globe, the university itself gets around a bit itself. Here's a few of the places it's been...

1. BBC series, *Ancient Apocalypse*: Dr Gopal Madabhushi of the Schofield Centrifuge Centre took part in the series, and the episode on 'Sodom and Gomorrhah' was actually filmed at the centre.

2. The Shell Eco-Marathon World Championships: The Cambridge team, 'Team Crocodile' took part in the race to use the least fuel over the distance of the race. The gruelling race saw our team come fifth out of the British teams, and sixth overall.

3. The Botanic Gardens: The Vice-Chancellor of the university attended a ceremony in the botanic gardens to celebrate town-gown relations on the 800th anniversary of the existence of Cambridge town. In honour of the occasion a big cone pine was planted.

Change of tone

Discovering the unexplored and unexpected delights of change ringing

Although we are nominally at university to study, there is a massive range of extra-curricular stuff to do which will expand, rather than pickle the brain. Even better, with such a variety of people within the university there is a society offering the opportunity to do pretty much anything you want. This may involve hooking up with people doing the same as you, but perhaps you fancy trying something new.

One of the more unusual societies within the university is the Cambridge University Guild of Change Ringers. I am told most of those involved with the guild have rung before they came to uni, but they are keen to encourage new members to join and discover the, often overlooked, joys of change ringing. The rarified nature of bell-ringing means many people are not naturally inclined towards such an activity, but it is an interesting, if obscure hobby to have. The guild use four towers in Cambridge regularly: St Bene't's, St Andrew's, the Catholic church and Great St Mary's. The focus of activity is Sunday mornings, when ringers usually ring for about an hour before Sunday services. Apart from that, the main function of the guild appears to be social. There are practices on weekday evenings, where anyone who's slacking is given training, but these meetings generally adjourn to the nearest pub afterwards. The nature of the guild means there is a limited number of people involved, but this does lead to a tight social group; the ringers organise halls, curries and even a Freshers' Cycle Outing on

Saturday 13th October. It is a chance to get a bit of space outside the university, as well because many of the ringers are locals.

The university guild also has a handbellman who organises handbell ringing in the university, giving you the opportunity to learn a new bell-ringing skill. As many people haven't done hand ringing before, the handbellman is organising teaching groups.

There is no religious qualification for joining, not even church attendance is necessary, just turn up to the freshers' squash after the first practice of the term on Friday 9th October (7.30-9.00) in St Bene't's, opposite The Eagle, or e-mail Andrew Tibbets at ajwt4@cam.ac.uk.



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The student visiting service for the elderly and disadvantaged in Cambridge

Rachael Marsh tells us of a worthwhile cause

Contact is a student-run organisation which describes itself as "The student visiting service for the elderly and house bound in Cambridge." The student committee employs a Worker to deal with the day-to-day running of the charity, and he is also the main point of contact for most volunteers.

Volunteers are given access to the lists of elderly people, or others who are incapacitated or isolated by illness, all of whom can potentially be visited. Those on the lists are rated according to how challenging they might be to visit, thus someone who does not feel particularly emotionally strong would not end up visiting someone in the advanced stages of dementia.

Some of the visitees are much younger people who are unable to experience usual social contact, for

example due to M.S. Volunteers are asked to spend about one hour each week on a visit, but this can be varied as appropriate.

Last year I visited a lady called Edith, and her sister, in Chesterton. Edith had very advanced Parkinson's, and sadly died recently. University is essentially a very selfish activity, and it is gratifying to give up some time to someone else. I am not sure how much Edith appreciated my visits; she slept through most of them, but this is not the case with many of the others; Contact helps.

For more info visit Contact via the University's societies page, or drop into the Contact offices at 11-12 Trumpington St between 1.30pm and 4.30pm on weekdays to visit John Walker, the Worker.

Answers to Freshers' Issue crossword

Cryptic crossword: Across 1. Oyster 4. Deviance 9. Interact 10. Umlaut 11. Ninja 12. Nowhere 15. Take-away 16. Yogi 17. Lima 19. Lothario 22. Bruiser 24. Glee 26. Oracle 27. Marinade 28. Statistics 29. Thrown. Down 1. Onion 2. Sit 3. Earmark 5. Vouch 6. Allergy 7. Establish 8. Scandalous 13. Weatherman 14. Delirious 18. Apricot 20. Roguish 21. Oregano 23. Items 25. Skein

Quick crossword: Across 1. Ousted 4. Conspire 9. Osculant 10. Irenic 11. Droop 12. Irksome 15. Rhetoric 16. Tart 17. Raja 19. Beckoned 22. Chignon 24. Miser 26. Humeri 27. Scudding 28. Deferent 29. Accrue. Down 1. Ovoid 2. Succour 3. Eclipse 5. Nails 6. Preempt 7. Enchanter 8. Antipodean 13. Knickknack 14. Burnished 18. Athlete 20. Nomadic 21. Dossier 23. Gripe 25. Rogue

None of you were clever enough to have won a £10 voucher courtesy of Joti and Debbie, the NatWest graduate advisers. Better luck this week!

EAGLE-EYED

A pub so good, it could be ill-eagle

Reviewing restaurants in Cambridge is all very well, but the reality is we are far more likely to spend quality time in a pub. Vital to your comfortable existence in Cambridge, therefore, is some knowledge of the local pub talent. We begin with The Eagle on Benet Street. This pub has entered into local legend thanks to two eminent scientists, Watson and Crick – for it is to this drinking establishment that they headed to celebrate their discovery of DNA. However, that was in the past, what is the place like today? Well, it is difficult to get away from exciting past events in The Eagle; it has a long history which has seeped into its atmosphere and is now cultivated to encourage a genuine, traditional feel. The pub proudly exclaims its date of establishment as 1525, and much has happened since then. The pub is reportedly haunted by a girl who burned to death in an upstairs room in the 1600s and now won't allow the window to be closed. But more recent events are in evidence too – passing through from the bar at the front of the pub to the second bar at the back,

an unsuspecting punter stumbles across the ceiling decorated by the names and squadrons of RAF and USAF airmen who frequented the pub during the Second World War.

Today, while admiring this masterpiece of graffiti, you can enjoy the relaxed atmosphere of a proper English pub. At lunch time there is a decent selection of home-made, fresh pub grub; nothing more than a fiver. Later on they serve an evening menu of the usual chips, beans and sausages – salt-of-the earth stuff. The prices are also affordable, ranging from £5.75 to £9.45 for a main course. The big 'But' with The Eagle, however, is the cost of the alcohol, which is expensive, at £2.35 for a pint of lager and £2.25 for a glass of wine. Although it falls down on this major consideration, plus the fact that it is owned by Corpus, there is a cute little beer garden outside which is heated throughout the winter, and it is also one of the few places in Cambridge that did not buy its design interior from a catalogue.

Rachael Marsh



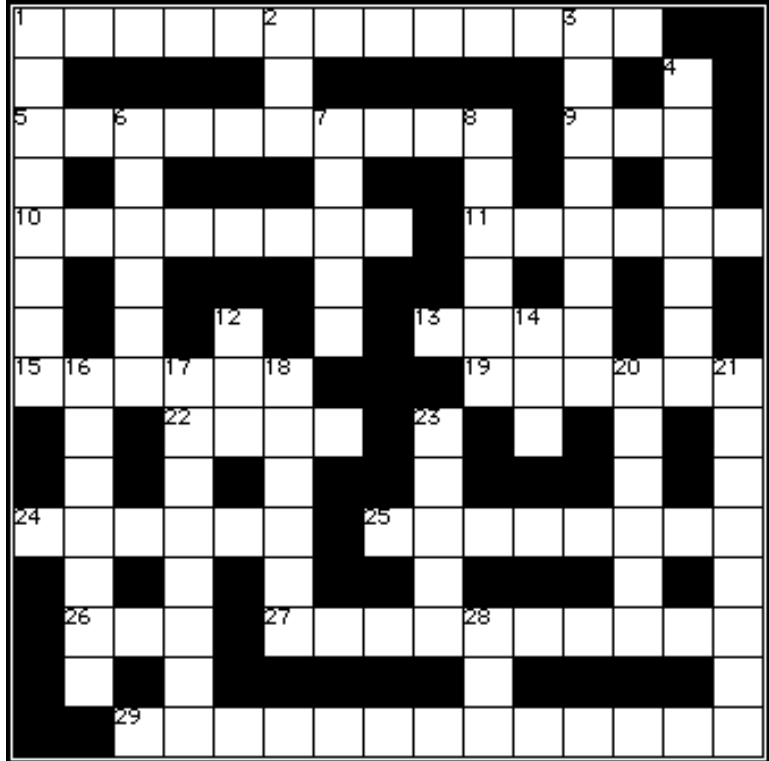
Cryptic Crossword

Across

1. Judge gives recital, ironic reprisal (6,7)
5. Imaginary fish gives false impression (3,7)
9. Soap rest, we hear (3)
10. Is a mollusc gold in sunlit place? (8)
11. Oriental in sauna, sick with queasiness (6)
13. Every moment in time beginners give out (4)
15. Vigorously nose around at heart of cunning (6)
19. Style within the Spanish coat (6)
22. Casualty ward running, spans eras (4)
24. Moan that is unhappy, disconnection from society (6)
25. Thank after detraction, are bloody signs of faith (8)
26. Spanish blazer lost fashion without shirt (3)
27. Papist clue decoded for petition (10)
29. sit around after king and progression, Robespierre! (13)

Down

1. Cut into pears without quarter for vegetables (8)
2. Coward is in conservative university right (3)
3. In India, begin calorie reduction with little thanks (8)
4. Earnings flooded tax centre (7)
6. Artist and bungler (6)
7. Red university in tormented ergo (5)
8. Mythical creature with direction gives information (6)
12. Bomb the French for beer (3)
14. Indian liquid used for drink without doctor (6)
16. It pains injured player (7)
17. Is skullcap in disfigured key mural (8)
18. Bumpkins left in harnesses (6)
20. Noisy, if shaken, charge before a sheep, all served up (6)
21. Wild meat in surgical dressing which joins bones
23. Prepare for ambush (3,2)
28. The French one's garment (3)



The Varsity crossword is sponsored by Joti and Debbie, graduate advisors at NatWest, who welcome freshers to Cambridge and wish everyone all the best for the forthcoming year. To win a £10 music/book voucher return either completed puzzle with your details to the Varsity offices by 12 noon Thursday. Answers to last weeks crossword on previous page

Compiled by Sarah Clark



Quick Crossword

Across

1. Firstborn right of succession (13)
5. Directed backwards (astron.), degenerate person (10)
9. Unit for comparing sound intensity (10)
10. Drug in tobacco (8)
11. Dealer in woven underclothing (6)
13. Islamic leader (4)
15. Item of clothing (6)
19. Vomit inducer (6)
22. Noble gas (4)
24. Ships (6)
25. Illusion, ghost (8)
26. Also (3)
27. One who walks (10)
29. At the same time as (13)

Down

1. Spouses, colleagues (8)
2. Make silent, retch (3)
3. Protein assembled on this (8)
4. Small cavities, esp. of lung (7)
6. Heart (slang) (6)
7. Of the kidney (4)
8. Dig up (6)
12. Pronoun, number (3)
14. Unit of current (abbr.)(3)
16. Attendant, novice (7)
17. Study of cancer (8)
18. Tittle-tattle (6)
20. Muscle contractions (6)
21. Leniency (8)
23. Yellow/brown mineral pigment (5)
28. Close star (3)

London Fashion Week

Warren Noronha's catwalk show during the recent London Fashion Week comprised models in tight, silky dresses which were cut to reveal breasts bare and exposed, framed by ruffles, or at most covered by a flimsy, gauzy and entirely see-through piece of netting. Of course, nudity in fashion shows is certainly nothing out of the ordinary – but what marked Noronha apart from any other designer was his glaringly apparent symbolism. The show took place on a white circular catwalk circling a pool of still water. The models' faces were plastered with a mask-like, Geisha-style white pancake paint, their hair was slicked back, they were literally faceless, a convoy of breasts – but breasts divorced from any sexual or maternal associations. They stalked the catwalk to the sounds of Aphex Twin's *Windowlicker* (1999), to which Chris Cunningham's accompanying visuals – both record cover and video – were the slightly surreal and vaguely disturbing image of Richard Aphex Twin's head superimposed on to the (barely) bikini-clad body of a porn model.

Noronha sees himself not only as a designer but also as a painter and filmmaker – "fashion just happens to be my chosen medium...it could have been any-

thing", and he has been quoted as saying that "a woman acts as a chameleon using dress for empowerment". His show, however, was far from empowering, Noronha,

by most accounts, failed to make any meaningful or original comment on either the liberation of women, the objectification of the female body or even on the



consistent use of sex to sell. The clothes did not come across as a celebration of women's bodies, rather they conjured a picture reminiscent of the female cyborgs in films such as the 1980's film *Blade Runner*, in which the 'perfect' female form was presented as smooth and pale with no 'Freudian' bumps or crevices. A similar exhibition was that of Guvinder Singh, entitled *Guvinda* in which the models stood in static poses on pedestals like pale, smooth shop mannequins.

One fashion writer and reviewer of Warren Noronha's show gushed that it was "defiantly modern...and downright sexy". She was in a minority; others dismissed the show contemptuously as "bottom-numbing mediocrity" and one observer described it as "neither confrontational not titillating, just sterile and cold".

Noronha's show was entitled *Send in the Clowns* in reference to the Harlequin-like make-up. That which sprung more readily to mind, however, was the sinister "It" of Stephen King's classic horror; the disembodiment of the breasts – the most universal symbol of femininity – combining with the blank faces to produce a disquieting sense of not merely concealment, but lack of emotion.



Natasha Grayson talks to the Charles Moore, editor of Britain's biggest selling broadsheet, *The Daily Telegraph*

High Priest of Toryism

It calls itself 'Britain's best selling quality Daily'. The Guardian calls it 'the Tory Party in print', and its editor 'the High Priest of Toryism'. I went to meet the editor of *The Daily Telegraph* to find out to what extent any of these titles were justified, and to see what Eton-Cambridge graduates who are also keen fox hunters are like when they are in their forties.

On paper, Charles Moore is a flawless stereotype. Educated at Eton and Trinity, he is a staunch supporter of the Conservative party. He is against

On paper, Charles Moore is a flawless stereotype.

women priests and in favour of fox hunting. He supported Iain Duncan-Smith for Tory leader, and is currently preparing to write Margaret Thatcher's official biography. Perfect, you would think, how fun this should be.

And outside his office on the twelfth floor of Canary Wharf Tower, perched on the corner of a sofa, sipping sparkling spring water presented by a very dignified assistant, I see no challenge to the stereotype yet.

The man himself, when he emerges, is certainly Eton-charming. He apologises profusely for keeping us waiting, and stands aside to usher the two young ladies into his magnificent office, past the antique dark wood table and chairs and on to another pair of sofas. While we sit attentively on the very edge of our sofa, he lolls casually across his, every inch the successful professional for whom the ride has always been easy.

Charles Moore enjoyed Cambridge. The impression he gives is of a cosy, sheltered existence among those who would all naturally emerge as the leading figures of their generation. "I did this magazine, which was sort of a would-be intellectual magazine rather than a topical magazine. It only appeared three times. It had some good people writing for it, like Dominic Lawson who's now the Sunday editor here. Oliver Letwin was an editor of it, who's now in the Shadow Cabinet, and Neil Malcolm who has become the great expert on Bosnia and Kosovo." But despite where these people are now, they apparently were not even thinking at the time about how they would get there. "We were very un-career-oriented. I remember not knowing what a CV meant. I was always quite attracted to journalism but I didn't have a plan at all."

So how did he get into it in the end? "Indirectly, thanks to Margaret Thatcher. I did the exams for the civil service in my last spring, and I got into the final round, and then Mrs. Thatcher won the general election and she froze recruitment to the civil service." The natural commencement of a lifelong devoted friendship.

As a result, Moore was "unemployed for a few months", apparently the only few such months of his life to date. His good luck resurfaced when a friend introduced him to the then deputy editor of the *Telegraph*, Colin Welsh, at a time when there was a vacancy on 'Peterborough', the diary column. "Rather than go through the pile, they thought, 'well he seems ok', so they said, 'would you like a job?' And I just could-



Charles Moore, in his Canary Wharf office at the peak of his profession: "We were very un-career-oriented at Cambridge".

Photo: Angela Grainger

n't believe it, I was absolutely stunned that this could have happened.

"The other thing I couldn't believe was how much you got paid. I got paid £8,000 a year, and I had honestly thought that the best possible job I could get anywhere for anything might pay me £4,500, so I've never felt so rich and successful! I did only have £14 left, so it was a little bit desperate."

So Charles Moore was ear-marked for success right from the start. Knowing the right people, being in the right place at the right time. You see, these things do not change. But from that point on, the natural progression for him was deeper into the world of political journalism, and then further up its ranks. He was at the *Telegraph* from 1979 until 1983, and then worked for and edited the *Spectator* before going back to the *Telegraph* in 1990. He has been the daily editor since 1995.

On the subject of politics, reputation has designated Moore as not only staunchly right-wing, but also fiercely opinionated and vocal to that effect. The *Guardian* claimed that he could not have endured Michael Portillo as Tory

more clearly well-qualified, but Duncan-Smith was perhaps more likely to inspire trust."

But why is Michael Portillo not to be trusted? "The thing that influenced me a lot on this was talking to the Tory party members in the country. And I kept finding that they didn't really trust him, they thought, 'What way is he moving, what's he on about, what sort of a person is he?' And what of his Peterhouse-related homosexual confessions? "I think it was a mistake to talk about it, because it made it an issue. And that added to the confusion that people felt about him. But I don't think it was the fact of what had happened, it was the fact that he talked about it."

So the claims about Moore's political convictions are not proved wrong, but he glosses over them with a quiet confidence and authority, which will admit no attempts to extract anything *Guardian*-juicy from him. The same applies to other subjects. "I didn't think it was necessarily wrong for women to be priests, but I thought the Church of England was wrong to go and do it alone. If you want to bring the church-

England, I think it does a better job than most people think it does."

So there was none of the reactionary hostility that I was led to expect. Moore is frustratingly calm and comfortable with himself, like all the best, elegant Eton gentlemen, and with all the right persuasions to match. He is a family

like journalism; I'm interested in news and words. Politics is more constrained, and nowadays people don't respect it as much."

However he does move in the political sphere, and is evidently proud of it. On the wall of his office, above two photographs of Margaret Thatcher, is one of

"Margaret Thatcher's very human. You might say she's a jolly odd human, but she's very human."

man, with eleven-year-old twins who go to "private day schools". He is also an ardent huntsman, although he stopped hunting for twenty years, but took it up again specifically "because I thought it might be banned, so I didn't want to miss the chance".

Sadly, for all my angry disapproval, the Eton charm precluded any attack I might have wanted to make on Moore's sporting tastes. Irritatingly, it is that easy, well-bred charm which must to some extent have paved Moore's obstacle-free pathway to his roomy office with its antique furniture.

This is not to say that Moore is not also good at what he does. With a circulation of one million, the *Telegraph* is indeed the country's biggest selling broadsheet. *The Times*, its closest rival, trails behind, despite having waged a determined "price war" for several years. Moore is not jarred for a moment. "If you can keep being the best seller while all the time costing more than your rival, you know you are winning. But we still have to go on fighting, because we not only must stay ahead, we must stay well ahead, we must stay right on top."

His ambition seems always to pay off. Has he never thought about going into politics? "I do not want to be a politician, it's more fun being a journalist. I

the Blairs on an aeroplane, with Cherie beguilingly asleep on her husband's shoulder. As Baroness Thatcher's official biographer, he claims to be "very fond of her". He adds, "She's very human. You might say she's a jolly odd human, but she's very human. She is excited and animated, and that's an attractive quality."

It is clear from meeting Charles Moore that he is genuinely more of a writer and thinker than a talker. Of course, a man of a self-professed "very, very bluestocking family" is never lost for words, but he is not as fluent or oiled as a politician. That is to his credit. But 'the original young fogey' cannot help but be an easy target for left-wing mockery. He simply does not exist at the ground level of society, nor could he. We said goodbye to him as he breezed into the Savoy Hotel, having given us a lift into central London in his chauffeur-driven Jaguar.

High Priest of Toryism or not, he fits matchlessly into his role. Those who wish to set him up as a Tory scapegoat in the context of a newspaper ratings war will continue to do so, but he is no less pleasing to talk to as a result, and whatever we understand the role of *Telegraph* editor to entail, there can be no doubt that friendly Etonian Charles Moore is the man for the job.

"I do not want to be a politician, it's more fun being a journalist."

leader because "he finds it impossible to countenance that a man who has admitted to sexual experiences with other men can possibly become leader of the party he so treasures". But when quizzed on this subject directly, he is considerably milder than expected. "It was clear that Ancram and David Davis weren't going to be able to do it, and that Ken Clarke, though a fantastic man in many ways, would be wrong. So it seemed to me to be between Duncan-Smith and Portillo, and of the two I thought Portillo was

together, you need to act together, and if you do something controversial, like ordaining women, by yourself when other big churches don't, you make it harder to unite."

Moore himself was brought up an Anglican but converted to Catholicism, because, he says, "I finally decided that the Catholic Church's claim that it was the church that Jesus intended was true, and therefore it was logical to be part of it. It wasn't that I was hostile, in fact I feel very friendly towards the Church of

SHIT STIRRER EXTRAORDINAIRE

• DAILY STAR EDITOR PETER HILL CHATS ABOUT WHY TABLOIDS AND VARSITY ARE BETTER THAN ALL THE REST



By NATASHA GRAYSON

As we waited in the corner of the spacious if somewhat minimalist office, I tried to predict how my first interview subject would behave. My instinct was to expect someone friendly and obliging, if a little condescending. Well, he was a big important man, wasn't he?

Even though I looked upon his publication as the lowliest type of tabloid trash, I still recognised that there are those in this world whose days are punctuated by such deeply enthralling debates as 'The Battle of the Babes' between Helen from *Big Brother* and Charlotte from *Survivor*. Indeed, the *Daily Star*, a subsidiary of Richard Desmond's Express Newspapers Ltd, is highly exulted in the eyes of my photographer Julian, for being the home of the Page Three model Jordan. (No, of course they are not real.) This being the case, Peter Hill might well be a little proud, mightn't he?

Arrogant

The man who entered the room was short and bald and frowning. He said nothing but simply offered a hand as his assistant introduced him. An inauspicious start, it seemed. He was apparently not in a good mood; he was even more arrogant and dismissive than I had expected a big (or small), important man to be.

We all know that looks can be deceiving. As Julian and I made nervous small talk and I berated myself for a ridiculous ice-breaking comment about the train tracks below his window, he settled himself down, and started to relax and talk. As long as he is talking, I thought, we might be all right. We were soon to find out that, contrary to first impressions, he really did like to talk.

Peter Hill has been editor of the *Daily Star* since 1998. He is very proud of his paper, and not at a loss for words to defend it against the likes of me. He says, "A big part of the *Star* is that it's fun. If it entertains people and makes their day a bit brighter then haven't I done a bit of good in the world? I'm a benefactor of mankind!"

Hmm. Well I could not immediately argue with this point of view. But on this basis, does Peter still believe he is justified

in calling it a 'newspaper'? "It's definitely a newspaper. People have got this mistaken idea that a newspaper is only about news, but actually it isn't only about news." Oh right, now I see. I'm very glad I had that cleared up for me.

Illegal

Honestly though, didn't he feel a duty to offer people some 'real news'? "I have a hatred of the word 'ought'. It's incredibly patronising of some people" (like myself, perhaps?) "to think that the British public ought to be fed a certain diet of things. I think people should be able to have what they want, provided it's not illegal or dangerous or anti-social."

A populist, then. To his credit, this man certainly does not take himself too seriously. "We like to take the piss. I think it's a great British trait that one can be self-deprecating. It suggests that we have great humanity if we can make fun of ourselves."

Furthermore, he is under no delusions about the significance of his particular position. "Journalists are mercenaries in many ways - they move around, they can work for different newspapers." Hill himself used to work for *The Daily Telegraph*.

So maybe the editor of a stupid newspaper isn't necessarily stupid. He certainly knows what he likes and doesn't like. On the one hand, he found university "hideously hard work, purgatory, murder". On the other, he says, "I like my job enormously. I like to cause a bit of trouble."

What did he mean by this? "For example, John Major once said that I was responsible for the Dangerous Dogs Act. It was a particularly quiet weekend and I remember dressing up the Home Secretary as a poodle on the front page. There had been a big spate of dog attacks at the time and so I just had a big go at the Home Secretary. Not long after that they passed the Dangerous Dogs Act, which many people think is the worst piece of legislation ever created."

Stupid

So, gradually, as we talked, the initially elusive twinkle in Hill's eye shone more and more brightly. "I like taking the piss out of people. I thought John Prescott was God's gift to tabloid

newspaper men because he's just so very stupid. He's much more interesting than Tony Blair, who's a bit on the boring side."

Hill had lots more opinions on tap for any person I could think of, and some that I couldn't. On Posh and Becks: "The Beckhams are not at all thick, they've exploited themselves beautifully." On Jordan: "I don't think anybody owns her, she's a feisty and difficult creature." On Norman Wisdom (spontaneous, I didn't ask him): "Hate! I hate you! You're horrible!" Yikes.

Boring

Although he pointed out that this opinion was subsequently modified, it is still exemplary of Hill's lusty approach to the world. He calls Jeffrey Archer "contemptible", yet when asked whether he should lose his peerage, adds, "I think it's good to have disreputable people in the House of Lords, otherwise everyone would be very boring. If he appears in the House of Lords and makes a speech people will jeer at him anyway, so it will be good fun. And he'll provide more copy." That's what Hill really wants, after all. "Stories about people", he says, "are more interesting than stories about things."

But amidst all this fun, Peter is conscious of the more serious responsibilities of his job.

"I do try to be careful about libel because it is a

very expensive business. All the tabloid editors are. And one of the biggest problems for tabloid newspapers is going to be the business of privacy."

"But the public has a complete double standard as far as newspapers are concerned. Ask them in the street what they think of tabloid newspapers, and they'd say 'Oh, they're deplorable, they're dreadful, they print lurid pictures and say horrible things about people'. But yet they still like to buy them and read them."

So once we had got him into his professional frame of mind, we asked him the really important question. As a newspaper journalist, what do you think of *Varsity*? "I think

this is pretty good." And the reputation it has acquired for itself? Naturally, he approves. "Why shouldn't you have a tabloidy newspaper? A university newspaper has to be controversial and provocative, and to some extent a bit titillating in a way."

So what of *The Cambridge Student*, does that have its finger on the pulse of what students want to read? "I would be asleep after about four or five pages. Too much text, boringly laid out. It's awful." And there you have it - the professional has spoken.

It was certainly difficult to reconcile the man who emerged from the words with the stony creature whom we first encountered. Throughout our meeting, he rarely smiled. Maybe he was shy, I later reasoned. Somewhat difficult to believe. Deadpan, I think, is ultimately the best word for him. Surprising for someone so lively in his outlook, so insistent on the need for 'fun'. But yet not impossible.

Cheeky

When asked about the skills needed to write for a tabloid, Hill cited "a lot of inventiveness, a lot of lateral thinking". Sadly, even after more than an hour in his presence, I still left his office in little doubt that I would never buy the *Star* again. But yet, without necessarily respecting his work, one might admire a man who professes his hobby to be "making mischief", and who has found a career whose vital requirements he not only thrives on, but evidently possesses in abundance.



Picture: JULIAN BLAKE

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FRIDAY 5

FILM

• **ARTS:** 12.30, 3.00, 5.00, 8.00: Amelie (15). 10.40pm: Grease (15). 12.45, 3.15, 5.45, 8.15: Enigma (15). 10.50pm: Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon (12). 12.10, 5.50: A L'Attaque (15). 1.50, 7.50, 10.45: A.I. (12).

MISC

• **Brain Mapping Unit:** £30 for participating in a psychological experiment. Contact Julia 336585. *Addenbrookes Hospital*. 2pm.
• **CU Jewish Society:** 'Friday Night Experience' – meal + entertainment, followed by Culanu Oneg. *The Student Centre, 3 Thompsons Lane*. 7:30pm.
• **Hughes Hall Ents:** Free welcome bop featuring free cocktails and cheesy music. *Hughes Hall, Bar*. 9pm.
• **Salsa Classes with Nelson Batista:** www.cambridgesalsa.com Abs beg/imp:6–7.30pm. Int/adv:7.30–9pm. *St.Columba's Hall, 4 Downing Place (opp Crowne Plaza)*. 6pm. £5 (£4 students). Music
• **Kettle's Yard Music:** Lunchtime recital by students. *Kettle's Yard*. 1:10pm.

TALK

• **Cambridge Bird Club:** illustrated talk "Winter Birds of the Silk Road" Students welcome. *St. Johns Community Hall, Hills Road, Cambridge*. 7:30pm. £1 n.m.

THEATRE

• **CAST's Romeo and Juliet:** Home run of acclaimed US touring production. *ADC Theatre*. 7:45pm.

SATURDAY 6

FILM

• **ARTS:** 12.30, 3.00, 5.00, 8.00: Amelie (15). 10.40pm: Grease (15). 11.00am: International Velvet (U) (Kids Club). 12.10, 5.50: A L'Attaque (15). 12.45, 3.15, 8.15, 10.45: Enigma (15). 1.50, 4.50, 7.50: A.I. (12). 10.50pm: Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon (12).

MISC

• **Brain Mapping Unit:** £30 for participating in a psychological experiment. Contact Julia 336585. *Addenbrookes Hospital*. 2pm.
• **Cambridge University Family Society:** Michaelmas Term lunch and AGM. *Wolfson College, Dining Hall*. 12:30am.

• **CU Islami Society:** Freshers' Dinner, All Welcome, Admission Free. *St Columba's Church Hall, off Downing Street*. 7pm.
• **CU Karate Club:** Free Demo. Beginners welcome. Wear loose clothing. Followed by squash. *Kelsey Kerridge, Fenners Gallery*. 2pm.
• **CU Volleyball Club:** Trials for all teams. Women 12noon. Men 2pm. See <http://www.cam.ac.uk/societies/cuvc/>. *Kelsey Kerridge*. 12am.

• **C.U. Hispanic Society:** – SQUASH – FREE FIESTA with Sangria, Kalimotxo, Mate, Hispanic Food and Latin Music till late! *Pembroke College, Foundress Court*. 6:15pm.

• **MethSoc – Methodist Society:** MethSoc welcomes new members with Pancakes and games. FREE FOOD! *Newnham College, meet King's or Newnham plodges*. 6:30pm.
• **The Pembroke College Winnie-The-Pooh Society:** Freshers' Elevenses Meeting – including TEA and CAKE!!! *Pembroke College, AA20*. 2pm.

• **www.cambridgesalsa.com:** Salsa dance classes. Absolute beginners: 6-7.30pm Intermediates/advanced: 7.30–9pm. No need to book. *St Columbas Halls, 4 Downing Place, CB1 Opp. Crowne Plaza*. 6pm. £4.

THEATRE

• **CAST's Romeo and Juliet:** Home run of acclaimed US touring production. *ADC Theatre*. 7:45pm.
• **Romeo & Juliet:** CAST presents the tale of young love and ancient hatred. *ADC Theatre*. 2:30pm. £4 – £7.

SUNDAY 7

FILM

• **ARTS:** 12.30, 3.00, 5.30, 8.00: Amelie (15). 12.45, 5.45, 8.15: Enigma (15). 3.00: Elektra (15). 12.10, 5.50: A L'Attaque (15). 1.50, 7.50: A.I. (12).
• **Christ's Films:** ONE NIGHT AT McCOOL'S Starring Liv Tyler and Matt Damon. *Christ's College, New Court Theatre*. 8pm & 10:30pm. £2.
• **St John's Films:** Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon. 7:30pm and 10:15pm. *St. John's College, Fisher Building*. 7:30pm. £1.80.

MISC

• **CU Scientific Society:** Squash and textbook sale, includes free alcohol, find out about upcoming talks. *Trinity College, Junior Parlour (via Whewells Ct)*. 7:30pm.

• **Brain Mapping Unit:** £30 for participating in a psychological experiment. Contact Julia 336585. *Addenbrookes Hospital*. 2pm.
• **Samatha Meditation:** Meditation classes in traditional buddhist meditation. No charge. *Darwin College, Old Library*. 8pm.

MUSIC

• **www.cambridgesalsa.com:** Salsa dance night with pre-Club dance class for all levels. Class 7–8pm Club till Midnight. *Sophbeck Sessions, 14 Tredgold Lane, off Napier St. next to Grafton Centre*. 7pm. Class & Club: £4.

TALK

• **MethSoc:** "New Beginnings". Rev Peter Graves talks on Christianity and students. *Wesley Church, nr Christ's Pieces*. 12am.

THEATRE

• **A Tale of Two Cities:** Groundbreaking adaptation of Dicken's classic novel. *ADC Theatre*. 7:45pm. £7/£5.
• **CAST's Romeo and Juliet:** Home run of acclaimed US touring production. *ADC Theatre*. 7:45pm.

CU G&S Society

invites

APPLICATIONS

for Production Team posts on:

CANDIDE

by Leonard Bernstein

THE SORCERER

by W.S. Gilbert & Arthur Sullivan

Which will be playing in rep at The Arts Theatre, Week 7, Lent Term

APPLICATIONS

are invited for

- DIRECTORS
- PRODUCERS
- MUSICAL DIRECTORS &
- ASSISTANTS to the above

Two separate production teams will be appointed

Please apply to Anna Hobbs on ah295 or at Newnham by Saturday 13 October



FOOTLIGHTS

AUDITIONS

For the Week 7 and 8

ADC/Footlights Pantomime
The Scarlet Pimpernel
Singers! Comedians! Actors! Dancers!
ALL WELCOME

Bring something to sing if you like

Sunday October 7

11am–3pm • ADC Theatre Stage
3am–6.30pm • ADC Dressing Room

Monday October 8

11am–5pm • ADC Theatre Bar

Contact Rachel Grunwald (rfg23) for further info



BATS announces

AUDITIONS

for 'Our Country's Good' & '3 Birds Alighting on a Field'

DOUBLE BILL

Auditions to be held in:

THE ANGEVIN ROOM, QUEENS'

Saturday 6 October 1:30 – 6:30

Sunday 7 October at 10 – 4pm

Contact: Beckie Mills (rgm30) for details

Anonymous Players

present

AUDITIONS

for a week 6 production of

BLUE HEART

Sat 6th & Sun 7th October

12–4pm

Chetwynd Room, King's College

Contact: Angela ab335 or

Tigger srg32

FEMALE SINGER

seeks band
(all styles)

.....

Telephone:

01223 505951

BRICKHOUSE
THEATRE COMPANY

announces

AUDITIONS

for

A week 7 production of the

Weill / Hart / Gershwin

Musical

'Lady in the Dark'

Saturday 6th October

11am – 6pm

JCR, Sidney Sussex

Sunday 7th October

10am – 5pm

Music Room, Robinson

Bring something to sing if
you wantContact: csw32 or btw24 for
more detailsAmateur
Dramatic ClubThe Amateur Dramatic Club announces
AUDITIONS
for their Michaelmas ClubShows

Marat/Sade

A play with new music
ADC 'Elsewhere' Show at
The Octagon Week 5

Saturday 6 October 11am–1pm

Sunday 7 October 11am–3pm

ADC Theatre Bar

Bring something to sing if you like

Contact Alex Clay (alc43, 07946 351 051)

Jokes Aren't Funny

5th Week ADC LateShow

Saturday 6 October 12–6pm

Sunday 7 October 11am–3pm

ADC Theatre Dressing Room

Contact Stefan Golaszewski (sg300)

The Scarlet Pimpernel

7th & 8th Week ADC/Footlights Pantomime

Sunday 7 October 11am–6:30pm

ADC Theatre Stage & Dressing Room

Monday 8 October 11am–5pm ADC Theatre Bar

Contact Rachel Grunwald (rfg23, 07939 2537599)

The Amateur Dramatic Club
MARAT/SADE by Peter Weiss

A play with a newly composed musical score

ADC 'Elsewhere' Show at

The Octagon Week 5

Auditions for:

4 MUSICIANS (Clarinet, Bassoon,
Violin, Side Drum)

4 SINGERS (Soprano, Alto, Bass)

Saturday 6th October 2–6pm -

Pembroke Music Room

Please bring something to sing/play

Contact Alex (alc43) for more info



ecko announces

auditions for its

Week 7 BATS

LateShow

Cuckoos

by Guiseppe Manfredi

Saturday 6th & Sunday 7th October,
2–7pm

Old Kitchens, Queens' College

Contact Rebecca (rh270 07876 781 440)

Amateur
Dramatic ClubThe Amateur Dramatic Club announces
AUDITIONS
for their 2001 Freshers' shows,

Antigone and

Dahling You Were Marvellous

Saturday 6th October 11am–5pm ADC Theatre Bar

Sunday 7th October 9am–1pm ADC Theatre Stage

E-mail Alex Clay (alc43) for more info

The Amateur Dramatic Club also invites

FRESHERS

to DIRECT/PRODUCE

the two shows mentioned above

E-mail Alex Clay (alc43) for more
details or to arrange an interviewIf you want to find out more about any
aspect of drama in Cambridge, come to our
FRESHERS' SQUASH

Friday 5th October 4–6pm ADC Theatre Bar

Come and enjoy a drink on us and find out
how you can soon be involved with theatre
in Cambridge

AUDITIONS

'A Midsummer
Night's Dream'

8th Week Cambridge/

London Fringe/

National Tour

GAMES ROOM, ROBINSON

October 6th & 7th, 1–5pm

No previous experience
necessary

CONTACT:

Ed (emdr2) / Rose (rs335)

Pembroke Players

Week 7 Main Show

SARAH KANE'S

Phaedra's Love

~ AUDITIONS ~

Sat 6th & Sun 7th October – 2–6pm

Pembroke College Room N7

Contact: Dan: das49

www.pembrokeplayers.org

MADHOUSE

presents AUDITIONS for

'SHAKERS'

by John Godber – A play for four females

AUDITIONS:

Winstanley Lecture Theatre, Trinity –

Saturday 6th 2–5pm

New Hall (room tba) – Sunday 7th 2–4pm

Crew also required

Contact: EJB47 for further details.

CU G&S Society

invites

APPLICATIONS

for the posts of Director and
Musical Director for their
Mich Term Freshers Show

IOLANTHE

by WS Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.

To be performed in Week 7.

Applications from freshers welcome!

Contact: Anna Hobbs ah295 or at Newnham
by Saturday 13 October

MONDAY 8

FILM

• ARTS: 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Amelie (15). 1.45, 4.15, 6.45, 9.15: Enigma (15). 3.00: Hiroshima Mon Amour (18). 5.00, 6.50: A L'Attaque (15). 12.10, 8.50: A.I. (12).

MISC

• Belly Dance: Belly Dance for regulars. Powerful form of self expression. *King's College*. 7:30pm. £Concs.
• Brain Mapping Unit: £30 for participating in a psychological experiment. Contact Julia 336585. *Addenbrookes Hospital*. 2pm.
• Cambridge University Riding Club: Squash. *Downing College, Party Room, (below the bar)*. 7:30pm.
• Kettle's Yard: Student Squash Art, drink and music. *Kettle's Yard*. 5pm.

MUSIC

• CU Opera Society: Chorus Rehearsal for 'Maschinist Hopkins'. All singers welcome, no auditions. *Churchill College, Recital Room*. 7:30pm.

TUESDAY 9

FILM

• ARTS: 1.30: Bullets Over Broadway (15). 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Amelie (15). 1.10, 6.50: A L'Attaque (15). 2.50, 8.50: A.I. (12). 1.45, 4.15: Enigma (15). 9.15: Sullivan's Travels (U).

MISC

• Brain Mapping Unit: £30 for participating in a psychological experiment. Contact Julia 336585. *Addenbrookes Hospital*. 2pm.
• CU Ballet Club: 'Improvers' Ballet Class. *Queens' College, Fitzpartick Hall*. 6pm. £1.50.
• CU Ballet Club: Jazz Dance Class — beginners level. *Kelsey Kerridge, (+£2.25 entrance to KK)*. 8pm. £1.
• The Globe Cafe: For international students, relaxed and informal chat, coffee, cakes. *Emmanuel College, O6 New Court*. 7pm.

MUSIC

• The Cheese Factory Jam Sessions: Jazz/Funk Jam session. Local session/professionals and students jam night. *The Man On The Moon*, See www.thecheesefactory.co.uk. 8:30pm. Only 2 quid (1 quid for players).

THEATRE

• Far Too Happy: Footlight's spectacular 2001 tour show returns. Perrier best newcomer nominees. *ADC Theatre*. 7:45pm. £4-£7.
• Footlight's Smoker: The bravest and best of Cambridge University's comedy talent. *ADC Theatre*. 11pm. £3.

WEDNESDAY 10

FILM

• ARTS: 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Amelie (15). 1.45, 4.15, 6.45, 9.15: Enigma (15). 1.10: A L'Attaque (15). 7.00: La Haine (18). 2.50, 8.50: A.I. (12).
• Churchill MCR Film Soc: Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon (also late show at 11pm). *Churchill College, Wolfson Hall*. 8pm. £2.00.

MISC

• Brain Mapping Unit: £30 for participating in a psychological experiment. Contact Julia 336585. *Addenbrookes Hospital*. 2pm.

MUSIC

• Tokyo Geidai Sinfonia Youth Orchestra: Part of Japan 2001 Festival. Ticket details 01223 336142. *Emmanuel United Reformed Church, Trumpington Street, Cambridge*. 7:30pm.
• Trinity College Music Society: Midweek Recital: Christopher Whitton plays Trinity's world-famous organ. *Trinity College, College Chapel*. 8pm. £4, £2, £1 (members).

TALK

• CU ISLAMIC SOCIETY: Understanding the Qur'an, All welcome. *Pembroke College, New Cellars*. 7pm.

THEATRE

• Far Too Happy: Footlight's spectacular 2001 tour show returns. Perrier best newcomer nominees. *ADC Theatre*. 7:45pm. £4-£7.
• The Fletcher Players: 'Fallen'... a bittersweet play by Polly Teale. *McCrum Theatre, Benet Street, next to Eagle pub*. 7:45pm. £4 / £3.
• Tony Ponzi Presents: Candid, brutal and occasionally honest account of the music industry. *ADC Theatre*. 11pm. £3.

THURSDAY 11

FILM

• ARTS: 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00: Amelie (15). 3.00: Medea (15). 7.00: Le Mepris (15). 1.45, 4.15, 9.15: Enigma (15). 1.10, 6.50: A L'Attaque (15). 2.50, 8.50: A.I. (12)
• Christ's Films: PULP FICTION Classic Tarantino. *Christs College, New Court Theatre*. 10pm. £2.
• Rainbow Network Cambridge: Meetings with remarkable men — video about Gurdjeff's spiritual journey. *Bharat Bhavan (Old Library), 117 Mill Road, (foot of railway bridge)*. 8pm. £2.50-5.
• St John's Films: Malèna. In association with CU Italian Society. *St. John's College, Fisher Building*. 9pm. £1.80.

MISC

• Brain Mapping Unit: £30 for participating in a psychological experiment. Contact Julia 336585. *Addenbrookes Hospital*. 2pm.
• CU Ballet Club: 'Beginners' Ballet Class. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall*. 7pm. £1.50.

CADS Main Show 5th Week

AUDITIONS

'Ecstasy'

by Mike Leigh

(Writer of 'Secrets and Lies' and 'Abigail's Party')

Sat 6th & Sun 7th Oct
11am to 6pm

Jesus College
Library Court
Seminar Room

ALL WELCOME

Contact Liz: eef20

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on Wheeler Street



The European Theatre Group announces
AUDITIONS

for its 2001 Winter tour of
*A Midsummer
Night's Dream*

Saturday 6th October 12-6pm

Sunday 7th October 12-6pm

Knox-Shaw Room, Sidney Sussex

3 Fresher Technicians are
also needed

Absolutely no experience
is necessary

E-mail rmg25 or dj216 for more details or
to arrange an interview

Deadline: Wednesday 10th October

To find out more about the tour from
some of last year's team, come to our

FRESHERS' SQUASH

Friday 5th October 6-8pm

Blue Bear Common Room, Trinity College

visit: www.cam.ac.uk/societies/etg



... welcomes expressions of interest from singers, instrumen-
talists, technical crew, conductors, and directors at any time. It
is especially keen to hear from singers and instrumentalists
interested in becoming involved in the following productions
in Michaelmas Term.

• Glück, Orpheus and Euridice. 20 October at 7.30 pm Robinson Chapel
Contact — Madeleine ml226@cam.ac.uk

• Max brand, Machinist Hopkins. 18 November at 8 pm, Churchill College, 25
November at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, London. Contact — Peter pjt21@cam.ac.uk

CUOperaS Squash: Wednesday 10 October 2001, 8 pm, Chetwynd Room, King's College.

www.cam.ac.uk/societies/cuops



YOUR
STRENGTHEN
heart
with meditation
and Buddhism

MONDAYS in term-time
at the Knox-Shaw Room,
Sidney Sussex College
- NO CHARGE -

CU Meditation and
Buddhism Society

7.15-8.30pm: drop-in
meditation instruction
8.30-9.30: going deeper

enquiries: 01223 577553 or osadha@windhorsetrading.com

ADC Late Show — Week 8

JCDS & Naughtygang
Productions

are auditioning for the musical

RETAIL ROCK

Sat 6th Oct — Jesus College
1-4pm

Musical Director also wanted.

Contact: Catriona Laing

E-mail: chl30 • Tel: 526 668

Student of Occultism

looking for fellow seekers to
possibly form group

E-mail:

ben200379@hotmail.com

Week 7 Comedy Late Show

Seeks women (good sense
of humour essential)

for

Writing, Acting and
possibly Success

Contact:

EJP35@cam.ac.uk

Activated Image and The Preston Society

David Mamet

Oleanna

AUDITIONS

(and production assistant applications)

Sat 6th & Sun 7th Oct — 12-6pm

Trinity Hall Lecture Theatre

Contact: Jonathan at jas97 or

07779 264 394 or

Simon.sjg63



AUDITIONS

Eve of Retirement
by Thomas Bernhard

CADS 6th Week Main Show

Sat 6th Oct — 9.30am-1.00pm

Sun 7th Oct — 2-5.30pm

Trinity College, Junior Parlour

APPLICATIONS FOR:

Producer, Publicist also welcome.

CONTACT:

Yascha YM221 • 01223 327640



for SATB Pop/Jazz Choir

Saturday 6 Oct. — 2.00pm-5.00pm

Sunday 7 Oct. — 2.00pm-4.30pm

The Old Library, Emmanuel College

We are also auditioning for a pianist
to accompany the choir in some
rehearsals and all concerts.

For more information, contact:

Tjarda Roberts at: tjr29@cam.ac.uk

Do You Need Cash?

Part-time Temporary work for students at the
University of Cambridge Development Office.

The only term time job approved by the University.

We offer:

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Fun working atmosphere!

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Students who care about the University and would
like to help its development efforts.

For details and to apply, contact in the first instance Gilb Fletcher on:
(7)66196 or jgf22@cam.ac.uk quoting ref: LT2001

• **Dances of Universal Peace:** Heart centred. Chant, movement & meditation from various spiritual traditions. *Bharat Bhavan (Old Library), 117 Mill Road, www.cam.net.uk/home/aaa315/dances/*. 8pm. £2.50-5.
• **PdOC (Post-Docs of Cambridge):** Join us for a drink in the bar at the University Centre. 6-8pm. <http://www.postdocsofcambridge.org>. *Grad Pad*. 6pm.

MUSIC

• **Fat Poppadaddys Presidential Suite:** Student night playing Hip hop, indie, jazzy grooves and funky stuff. *Po Na Na's*. 8pm. £free b4 10 with NUS, £1 after.
• **Retro Electro:** an evening of electronica, synth pop, indie, and retro classics. *Q Club, corner of Hills Road and Station Road*. 9pm. £3.50.

• **Tokyo Geidai Sinfonia Youth Orchestra:** Part of Japan 2001 Festival. Ticket details 01223 336142. *Emmanuel United Reformed Church, Trumpington Street, Cambridge*. 7:30pm.

TALK

• **Kettle's Yard:** Lunchtime talk about the current exhibition or a work of art in the house. *Kettle's Yard*. 1:10pm.
• **Far Too Happy:** Footlight's spectacular 2001 tour show returns. Perrier best newcomer nominees. *ADC Theatre*. 7:45pm. £4-£7.
• **The Fletcher Players:** 'Fallen'... a bittersweet play by Polly Teale. *McCrum Theatre, Benet Street, next to Eagle pub*. 7:45pm. £4 / £3.
• **Tony Ponzi Presents:** Candid, brutal and occasionally honest account of the music industry. *ADC Theatre*. 11pm. £3.

FRIDAY 12

MISC

• **Brain Mapping Unit:** £30 for participating in a psychological experiment. Contact Julia 336585. *Addenbrookes Hospital*. 2pm.
• **CU Jewish Society:** 'Friday Night Experience' - meal + entertainment, followed by Culanu Oneg. *The Student Centre, 3 Thompsons Lane*. 7:30pm.
• **Salsa Classes with Nelson Batista:** www.cambridgesalsa.com Abs beg/imp: 6-7.30pm. Int/adv: 7.30-9pm. *St. Columba's Hall, 4 Downing Place (opp Crowne Plaza)*. 6pm. £5 (£4 students).

MUSIC

• **Kettle's Yard Music:** Lunchtime recital by students. *Kettle's Yard*. 1:10pm.
• **Tokyo Geidai Sinfonia Youth**

Orchestra: Part of Japan 2001 Festival. Tickets 01223 336142. *Emmanuel United Reformed Church, Trumpington St* 7:30pm.

THEATRE

• **Far Too Happy:** Footlight's spectacular 2001 tour show returns. Perrier best newcomer nominees. *ADC Theatre*. 7:45pm. £4-£7.
• **The Fletcher Players:** 'Fallen'... a bittersweet play by Polly Teale. *McCrum Theatre, Benet Street, next to Eagle pub*. 7:45pm. £4 / £3.
• **Tony Ponzi Presents:** Candid, brutal and occasionally honest account of the music industry. *ADC Theatre*. 11pm. £3.

CLASSIFIED

• **Nearly New Fridge Freezer** 4.2 cubic feet. £70 or nearest offer. **Cambridge 01223 741030**

• **Jet Photographic** Remember! Last term's photographs can be seen at our studio in Botolph Lane or go to: www.jetphotographic.com

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• **Models Required:** for life drawing classes, £10 per hour. (Inexperienced models are welcome.) Contact: Mr Kowbaj, CATS, 13/14 Round Church Street CB5 8AD. E-mail: i@issamkowbaj.com

CHECKING LISTINGS? CHECK ONLINE

Brickhouse Theatre Company Announces

AUDITIONS for a week 7 production of the Weill/Hart/Gershwin Musical

"Lady in the Dark"

Sat 6th October 11 - 6pm, JCR, Sidney Sussex
Sun 7th October 10 - 5pm, Music Room, Robinson
Bring something to sing if you want
Contact csw32 or btw24 for more details

Worldstar Cowboy Productions


Invite all angelic creatures and superstar performers to audition to act in a film for "The Face" magazine

Contact: crp28
07960 954 307

CFTV (Cambridge Film making society) Squash

Sunday 7th October
7-9pm
B1 Trinity Hall

www.kettlesyard.cam.ac.uk/students



KETTLE'S YARD STUDENT SQUASH
8 October 5-7pm
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STJOHNSFILMS
<http://come.to/johnsfilms>

Sunday 7th October
Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon
7:30pm & 10:15pm

Thursday 11th October
Malèna
9pm

In association with the
Cambridge University Italian Society

citigroup corporate & investment bank
Schroder Salomon Smith Barney & Citibank
Fisher Building, St John's £1.80

Samatha Meditation Classes
Sundays 8.00pm
Old Library
Darwin College
For more details e-mail alanhines@clara.net

LISTINGS

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**Alternatively, learn more about CSFB at our presentation on
Wednesday 10th October at 18.30hrs at The University Arms Hotel.**

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Who wants to live forever?

As the Stem Cell debate rages, Laura Sillence and Anna Ward look at the technology that could bring us a step closer to immortality

Imagine a world where diseases such as Alzheimer's and Parkinson's are a thing of the past, where a spinal cord injury is no longer untreatable and where organs for transplant can be created in a lab. Impossible? Science fiction? This could become reality thanks to the innovations of stem cell research.

The need for heart transplants would decrease dramatically – saving the lives of the countless patients who die every year

Research on both adult stem cells which can develop into a limited number of cell types, and embryonic stem cells, which have the potential to become any cell type in the human body, offers the hope of radical new therapies for presently incurable diseases. Current research into the clinical applications of stem cells is focused on the treatment of auto-immune diseases like Lupus, cancers such as leukaemia and other diseases in which a large number of cells of only a few types are destroyed.

An exciting area of this research is the opportunity for curing the neurological disease Parkinson's. Parkinson's disease destroys a group of nerve cells that produce the neurotransmitter dopamine.

Dopamine is vitally important, as it is needed

for control of voluntary movement. Patients with Parkinson's (famously Muhammad Ali and Michael J. Fox) suffer from loss of mobility, speech impairments and tremors.

Both human embryonic stem cells and 'neural stem cells' found in adult brains can develop into most of the cell types found in the brain. Currently researchers are looking into two ways in which this information can be used to cure Parkinson's. The first involves implanting cells into the damaged

brain, which are stimulated to differentiate and multiply to replace the destroyed tissue. The second method uses signalling molecules, such as growth factors, to activate the stem cells found in the patient's own brain and initiate growth and development. Clinical trials have gone ahead, but not with unqualified success. In one trial the stem cells survived and differentiated correctly, but in some patients

excess dopamine was produced causing twitching and jerking.

Stem cell research also offers

hope to victims of heart attacks. Cardiac disease, the biggest killer in Britain, is a top priority

for medical research. Once again, the potential of stem cells to develop into specialised human cell types promises to provide a cure. In a heart attack, one of the coronary arteries supplying the heart with oxygenated blood becomes blocked, causing cells in the heart to die as a result of lack of oxygen. The death of these cells can then lead to heart failure. Recent research suggests that stem cells may be able to replace the damaged tissue before this can occur. This has been proved with experiments on rodents using bone marrow stem cells. If the research was successful, the need for heart transplants would decrease dramatically – saving the lives of the countless patients who die every year whilst waiting for scarce donor hearts.

Now, scientists are undertaking the project of growing complete organs for transplants using stem cells. This holds an additional advantage over conventional transplant medicine. In order to avoid 'rejection,' where the transplanted organ is recognised as foreign and destroyed by the patient's

immune system, transplant recipients must take immunosuppressant drugs for the rest of their lives. Unfortunately, this leaves them susceptible to many other diseases. The stem cells used to repair damaged tissues or to create organs from transplantation could either be taken directly from the patient as adult stem cells, or embryonic stem cells could be created by cloning an ordinary cell from the patient's body. These 'spare part' cells would be genetically identical to the patient, and rejection could never occur.

Whilst we are beginning to see the fruits of stem cell research, the work is as yet in its infancy. Clearly, the results of this field of research will be highly significant – and could quite literally change our world.

RELIGIOUS DIVISION

The use of human embryos for scientific research has of late become one of the central issues in medical and scientific ethics. An emotive issue, it has been the subject of lengthy and hot-headed debates spearheaded by the clash of principles between the 'pro-lifers,' who believe in the sanctity and individuality of the embryo even from conception; and the scientific community, many of whom feel that research to alleviate human suffering must come before legal and philosophical wrangling over the rights and entitlements of what they see as a small, inert ball of cells.

Both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant church are firmly against embryonic research on the ground that the Incarnation took place when Mary conceived and thus life begins at conception and the abortion of the foetus is equivalent to infanticide. Pope John Paul II met with President Bush and condemned "proposals for the creation for research purposes on human embryos, destined to destruction in the process."

By contrast, Jews base their ethics on two main sources, Exodus 21:22 where the status of the foetus is clearly differentiated from that of the mother, and the Talmud which concludes that during the first 40 days of pregnancy the embryo is 'maya b'alma' or 'mere water' and therefore is not yet even a foetus.



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On these grounds Jews have no objection to stem cell research and go so far as to believe that scientists must use spare embryos from IVF clinics if they have the potential to cure diseases given that they would otherwise be destroyed anyway.

The Islamic tradition echoes many of the ideas of the Jewish faith by not granting full moral status to the embryo within the first 40 days of a pregnancy. Modern Muslim scholars have recommended that it is obligatory (fard kifayah) to pursue this research in order to relieve human suffering, but it should be tightly controlled, full consent must be obtained from donors, and no money must be involved. They also encourage further research into the potential of adult stem cells.

The Hindu view is based on the idea of reincarnation is that life begins before conception, again inferring that the destruction of the embryo would be a form of homicide.

WHAT ARE STEM CELLS?

In 1993, a cell nucleus was transferred from a somatic (body) cell into an egg cell for the first time. This was the technology used to create 'Dolly the sheep' and was seen by some people as the first step on the road to realising immortality.

In August 2001, heart muscle cells grown from cells taken from human embryos were implanted into a patient suffering from heart disease, in order to strengthen his heart. An example of another development that may eventually allow us to rejuvenate our bodies and extend our lives. These embryonic cells were used because they have the ability to divide for indefinite periods in tissue culture and can differentiate into many types of specialised cells. They are described as stem cells.

A fertilised, human egg has the potential to become an entire organism, and is therefore referred to as totipotent. Approximately four days after fertilisation when the original cell has divided several times, the totipotent cells begin to specialise for the first time, forming a blastocyst. This consists of a spherical outer shell of cells which will go on to form the placenta, and within the shell, the inner cell mass that eventually will form all the tissues in the new human body. Since the inner cell mass cannot form the placenta tissue needed for the embryo's development into a viable foetus, these cells are described not as totipotent,

but as pluripotent. It is these pluripotent stem cells that are used in current research.

Human pluripotent stem cell lines have been developed from two sources. The first method involves isolating cells from the inner cell mass of 'spare' embryos from IVF treatment. The alternative was to take cells from foetal tissue obtained from terminated pregnancies. In both cases, informed consent was required from the donor parents. The use of somatic cell nuclear transfer (SCNT) may be another way that pluripotent stem cells may be isolated. This requires the removal of the nucleus from a normal egg cell replaced and then fusion of the empty egg with a nucleus taken from any other type of (non-reproductive) cell. Since the egg contains all the nutrients and organelles require for embryo development, the fused cell should be totipotent and could in theory develop into pluripotent stem cell lines. This has not however been used in practice to date.

In addition to human embryonic stem cells, which are pluripotent, work is being done involving adult stem cells. These are found in the adult body, but can only form a limited range of cell types and are extremely hard to purify. Nevertheless, many countries are more willing to allow research on these, due to the ethical considerations surrounding embryonic research.



Photo: CU Anatomy Dept.

Stem Cell research and the Law

It may come as a surprise to many people that Britain actually has the most permissive attitude towards such experimentation. The precedent was set by the 1990 Human Fertilisation and Embryology Act. This Act allows experimentation on human embryos into the treatment of certain approved research directions. These embryos are usually obtained from fertilisation clinics and are 'surplus' and would otherwise be destroyed. The embryos used in this work, however, must be destroyed after 14 days, as this is when the nervous system begins to develop. In addition, lawmakers allowed cloning of embryos for this research from January of this year. As all embryos have to be destroyed

after 14 days, cloning for reproductive purposes (i.e. to create a new human being) is not allowed under British law. Britain is the first nation to allow embryonic cloning. There is a strict screening process by the Human Fertilisation and Embryological Authority for all applications to undertake this type of work.

Laws in the United States are more restrictive. As of 9 August this year, federal funds may be used for research into human embryonic stem cells, but only from existing cell lines obtained with consent from the donors of 'extra' IVF embryos and without any financial inducements for the donor. No new embryos can be created for research pur-

poses or collected from IVF clinics and cloning is not allowed for any reason.

Matters in the rest of the European Union are complex. Germany has a complete ban on all embryo research, not limited to stem cells – a caution in part due to the notoriety of Nazi eugenics experiments. However, the European Group on Ethics in Science and Technology holds the opinion that embryonic stem cell research should be permitted in those countries in which embryo research is already legal, but that cloning should not be permitted. Indeed, in September last year the European Parliament condemned Britain's plans to allow therapeutic cloning of embryos.

"Okay, okay, so writing an article about The Two New Guitar Bands From The States That Everyone's Heard Of may not be an entirely original or inspired idea, but some things just have to be done (although facing up to the reality of my new-found status as a Finalist can be put off for at least a couple of weeks). After all, how could Varsity retain any shred of credibility if it didn't offer its own take on the great question of "just why is the media so excited about The Strokes?".

The answer is, of course, "we're buggered if we know". Don't get us wrong; Varsity does, after all, recognise the need for pretty young things with superb cheekbones and dangerously good hair from New York to play taut, melodic pop songs that come in at no more than three minutes. However, take away the photogenic qualities of The Strokes and you're left with a band that sounds a bit like The Velvet Underground and not a whole lot more.

Which is where The White Stripes come in, and what more could you want from a band? Music aside for the moment, you'd be hard pressed to come up with a more appealing group on paper, let alone in real life: the Detroit underground background followed by the million dollar record deal, the strict adherence to their red and white dress code, the ambiguous intra-band relationship (are Jack and Meg White really brother and sister or are they divorcees?). They even say inadvisable things in interviews - it doesn't take a particularly detailed knowledge of civil rights history to make Jack White referring to his "dream of being a black man in the '30s" look rather foolish, if not downright idiotic. You really couldn't want more from a band. A sound veering between a pyrotechnically-enhanced Hendrix (present on all of their records) and the distilled essence of The Pixies (on present album White Blood Cells) would certainly be too much to ask for, but that's what we get. Short of a truly rock'n'roll demise, The White Stripes are fully formed and offer everything that a rock band could possibly be".(TC)

There's not the same romance in a table heavy with buttons and bleeps as in a vintage strat. There's not the foot-on-the-monitor verve, the perm-in-the-eyes, the flexible bicep tattoo. Surely, no iBook owner smokes so heavily they have to tally it up in lighters-per-day and, certainly, none of them go round injecting heroin into their eyeballs. It's just not 'raawk', these days, in the true sense of the word.

When I was 10 or 11, my mother dragged me into a music shop. While she flicked delightedly through Gilbert and Sullivan scores, I strayed to a darker remove. Guitars were idling, surrounded by towering posters of various axe heroes in various heroic poses. The shopkeeper was explaining to the harassed mother of some demanding, mulleted boy that 'an electric guitar is a symbol of youth'. And he was right. It was scarcely a year before I was dragging my mother down to the second-hand shop and striking a bargain involving some kind of Christmas and Birthday present exchange. No more tennis racket air-guitar; I had a good decade ahead, of assembling my mates in the garage, gratuitous swearing and smoking.

But with the advent of the superstar DJ and without any warning at all, not playing your own instrument was the done thing. Just as guitars breathed fire into the children of punk, decks and drum machines empowered such hapless incompetents as The Happy Mondays and Stereo MCs. Hardly revolutionary, I know, but it is not on these shambling drunks that I wish to dwell.

Punk's new weapon is the laptop. Aboard trains, in coffee shops and generally, around convenient public places, seeming recluses are tapping away, reprocessing the bloated girth of main-

stream culture. Witness V/VM's garbled butchery of everything from True Steppaz to the BBC snooker theme. Witness Kid 606's entire distended career. Witness Matmos' latest album, constructed entirely around samples from plastic surgery. Where Punk challenged the mainstream by brute force, the iBook mafia are appropriating it, dismembering it and inveigling their way back into it. And I've heard they all smoke like chimneys and rock like bastards besides.

Kid 606: 'With electronic music, we never had the girls, we never had the guys in pick up trucks, we started with the geeks and we're trying to grow out of it. That's why it's such an uphill battle.'

Dave Thorley

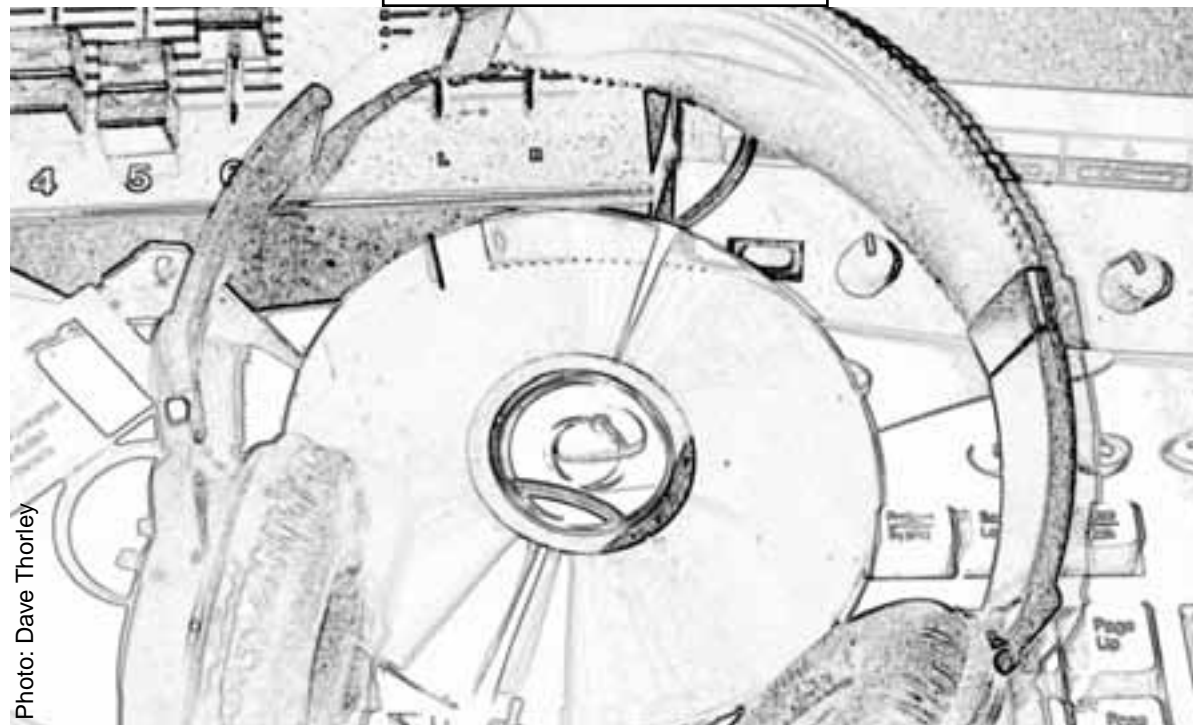


Photo: Dave Thorley

the debate samples vs strings

I know how ATMs work (put in card, out comes money). I can programme a video to record without having to consult the instruction manual each time. I am adept at setting the clock on my stereo after powercuts. Thus, I can conclude that I am not a luddite.

Despite being a fully signed up member of modern life and all the gadgets that accompany it, at times, I can't help but feel that the technological revolution has passed me by especially when it comes to music. It's not for want of trying – I own records that have no guitars on them. I even like these records and am in admiration of anyone who can produce such a noise from a computer, when all I can get out of mine is the start up, welcome beep.

But somehow, whenever I hear the word 'electronica', an image of Kraftwerk on the cover of 'The Man Machine' comes into my head. Each member staring with beady black eyes away from the camera, dressed in uniform red shirts and black ties, with their hair slicked back tightly against their skulls. They look like a cross between Barbara Cartland and Hitler. Music becomes science. They stand behind their black boxes and look like they have the power to bomb the world, the loops and drum machines plotting their progress.

During the mid nineties, at the height of Britpop, it seemed like you had to make a choice. On one side you were confronted with the Chemical Brothers, Orbital, Bentley Rhythm Ace; all of whom have the onstage charisma of a speaker rack lying motionless on its side. Against this apparent inertia stood Damon Albarn and Jarvis Cocker, who despite their faults, at least looked as though they were having a good time and gave truculent teenagers nationwide, something to leave their bedrooms for.

At the age of 14, I persuaded my parents to sell their piano and use the money to buy a shiny black telecaster that bore more than a passing resemblance to Justine Frischman's. I was sold. I had made my choice. Anyone can make a sound come out of an electric guitar, the metal strings responding even to random strums and plucks. The same cannot be said for a synthesiser and a computer. You need a certain knowledge and understanding that some people will never grasp. This is where my patience runs out and I resort to the safe haven of guitar bands. I even go so far as to play bass in a band that otherwise consists exclusively of Moogs, Rolands and Korg samplers. Maybe I'm just a lost cause but the way I look at it, I'm just keeping things simple.

Louisa Thomson

DJs Wanted

Dan Hurst on Fitz hunt for student superstars

For the first time ever, a Cambridge College is set to host an international superclub and it is giving unrecognised student DJs the chance to be part of the action. Voyager – the Fitzwilliam November Event – will welcome the South Coast clubbing giants Slinky, famed for their legendary Bournemouth all-nighters and chart topping mix albums. In an event stretched across four main musical arenas, taking in everything from house, drum and bass and garage, and with a line-up that includes the likes of Goldie, John 00 Fleming and DJ Pied Piper; Voyager is the first of its kind in Cambridge. Nevertheless, event organiser Chris Barnes is keen to stress that Voyager will not remain exclusive to the household names already confirmed: "What we're trying to achieve is an event where we not only showcase the best in international DJs but also give unrecognised student DJs the chance to play alongside the big names. We're looking to take bedroom DJs who haven't been given the chance to prove their talent and give them that chance in an event where their music will actually be heard." Chris is appealing to all future superstar DJs to back their talent and send in a mix tape, and not be constrained by the usual music policy exercised by many of Cambridge's events: "We're not looking for the next Judge Jules or Dave Pearce, we just want to hear music that means

something to people, be it electro, funk or whatever!" Six DJs will be selected and given a minimum of an hour's set each at the event which takes place at Fitzwilliam on the last day of term, 29th November. Tapes with full track listing and contact details should be sent to Rufus Chuter at Fitzwilliam, no later than Saturday 13th October. Anyone needing more information about the event and tickets should consult the event's website at www.fitzvoyager.co.uk



Road to Nirvana

Jim Hinks reads the definitive book of the band

From our vantage point a decade hence, it is patently clear that *Nevermind* fundamentally altered the landscape of popular music, yet upon its release almost exactly ten years ago most music critics did not see it as the most important release of the week. That accolade went to Primal Scream's *Screamadelica*: although a few brave souls suggested that maybe *Nevermind* might break Nirvana out of the underground and sell 50,000 copies.

Without detracting from the album and its astonishing achievements, it will perhaps be forever clouded by the shadow of its creator's ferocious final act. As with so many artists who died violent and premature deaths, Cobain has become an overly romanticised figure; a tendency not helped by a slew of trash biographies published in the immediate aftermath of his death. So maybe it's only ten years after Nirvana's defining moment that any real kind of perspective can be gained upon their front man's short life. Charles R. Cross' attempt is given further credibility by Courtney Love offering unprecedented access to Cobain's diaries, suicide notes and artwork. Cross seemingly relishes his role as iconoclast, exposing the lazy myths that have grown up around his subject. Whilst readily acknowledging that Cobain's fame caused him untold anxiety and revulsion, he maintains it has been conveniently overlooked that Cobain was capable of hectoring MTV executives to play his videos more fre-



quently and demanding larger shares of royalties at the expense of his band mates. However, this is not to say that Cross does a hatchet job on his subject. Kurt comes across as a largely sympathetic character and Cross makes sensitive use of the diary material to document his slow and harrowing spiral toward suicide.

Indeed *Heavier than Heaven* is worth reading for the diary entries alone, which are genuinely revelatory and as such are the book's greatest strength. They reveal the astonishing degree to

which Kurt obsessively planned every musical and career direction, years before executing them. These diaries also display a tendency toward self-mythologising: two charges often unfairly levelled at Cobain's widow. Cross skilfully manages to throw fresh light on one of the most analysed figures in popular music, suggesting that those closest to Kurt Cobain hardly knew him, let alone the fans that have canonised him. It seems at last a deeply complex and contradictory man has got the honest obituary he deserves.



Voyager is at Fitz on Thursday 29 November, 9pm – 6am



Heavier than Heaven by Charles R. Cross is out now, published by Hodder & Staughton



At the break up of the Stone Roses you would have got long odds on Brown being the one to carve out a successful solo career. Helped by remarkable resilience and a loyal fan base Ian Brown has against all odds arrived at the 'difficult third album'. This sees him relocated to rural Cheshire with his wife and baby son in tow. Sadly this domestic bliss has blunted his caustic wit and 'Music of the Spheres' is essentially an exercise in formulaic and bland trip-hop.

Whilst Ian Brown's previous solo releases were also of somewhat questionable musical quality, they were at least redeemed by Brown's bilious lyrics and savage humour. Devoid of such vitriol *Music of the Spheres* has precious little left to offer the listener and as such is ultimately unfulfilling and tedious.

Ian Brown
Music of the spheres (Polydor)
Out 1 October

JIM HINKS



To the uninitiated Turin Brakes are two charisma-free young men with dubious facial hair and even more dubious Neil Young pretensions, who have somehow managed to carve out a career delivering bland MOR whilst perched upon stools.

Needless to say, 'Emergency 72' is stupefyingly dull, sounding like something found on Toploader's cutting room floor after a particularly unproductive day. Yet if this song were merely insipid, then that would be forgivable. The ridiculously histrionic vocal, a conceited and woeful attempt to replicate Jeff Buckley's technique places the track in the ranks of the truly detestable. 'Emergency 72'? Make a 999 call to the taste police.

Turin Brakes
Emergency 72 (Source)
Out 1 October

JIM HINKS



I'm wrenched apart with guilt that I thought Dreadzone were dead. I stumbled away from their sunken body, mumbling, through the sheeting rain; "there's nothing we can do for them now".

And Dreadzone take revenge; returning to haunt me with a song that sounds something like the one everybody quite liked but can't remember properly. That was the Dreadzone I remembered fondly. It was with a teary eye that I heard DJs announce "a trip down memory lane", "a blast from the past" or – in the case of Mary Anne Hobbs – "cacophonous, preposterous, oesophageal, sorry, I'm not making sense" before spinning that really famous record, that I so loved to remember partly. Revenge is exact. In the fine tradition of eyes for eyes and teeth for teeth, Dreadzone have taken what was once trusted implicitly and rendered it insufferable.

Dreadzone
Believing In It Remixes (Ruff Life)
Out 8 October

DAVE THORLEY



Meet Vex Red. At a tender age of but months, Vex Red were exposed to the unspeakable horror of their parents' record collection. Conceived one heady night after a little too much Billy Ray Cyrus, Vex Red still bear the scars of their early years. Understandably, the adolescent trauma flowered into a damaged maturity and, inevitably, a pathological misanthropy.

But the good, big-hearted people at Virgin records looked pitifully on Vex Red. Virgin provided the means for these troubled young men to channel their terribly, terribly intense disaffection for the world into a formulaic racket with a glossy cover. And the debt these unfortunates owe to Virgin doesn't go unacknowledged. "Without Virgin," they've apparently been heard mumbling, "we'd never have discovered that we could get paid for this predictable din."

Vex Red
Itch (Virgin)
Out 8 October

DAVE THORLEY



It seems particularly cruel to have to review a dance record, having just sat down and written an article in defence of the guitar. 'Superpro-kid' makes five minutes seem like a lifetime, listening to the end, requiring more effort than an arts student would need to sit through a lecture on chemical engineering. The strings on the track oscillate between two wavering notes, interrupted only by the obligatory 'break down' mid-song. The effect could be sinister, giving 'Superpro-kid' a more interesting, dark undercurrent. Unfortunately, the other sounds are similarly lacking in direction, resulting in a mish-mash that is excused only under the label of 'disco-dazed funk'. Rather than feeling inspired to jump up and dance, turning the volume down to the level of inoffensive background music seems more appropriate.

Sie
Superpro-kid (Pussy Foot)
Out 8 October

LOUISA THOMSON

ROCK KIDZ ROOL OK

Do you remember the first time? Hilary Tacey does, fondly.

Menswe@r and Kylie Minogue...Not, sadly, a suggestion for a rather nightmarish (but strangely compelling) collaboration, but the first gig I went to and single I bought. Asking your friends what their first musical 'experience' was may appear a bit of a damp squib of a question, but it has to beat the hell out of "What A-levels did you do?" (hello freshers) and is actually a lot more revealing...

I may have been knee-high to a grasshopper when I bought 'I should be so lucky', but the fact is that my first instincts towards cheesy pop and bad indie have proved disturbingly consistent...I was a Kenickie fan, you know.

The music you listened to when you were a teenager, or younger, is worthy of consideration whether or not your tastes have proved as unwavering as mine. In fact they're probably more interesting if you now denounce whatever you danced around your living room to then... By the time

you're 18 you've often lapsed into over-analysis and a tendency to buy records because you think you should like them rather than those you actually do. Kids, however, love pop (for my sister it was Billy Joel and Queen!) because at that age you have little sense of 'cool'...eight-year-olds don't buy Steps and S-Club records as a badge of knowing ironic kitsch, it's because they're shiny, exciting and fun.

Now, this may come as a mental leap of Jonathan Edwards standards, but this is actually, I think, a pretty good argument in defence of nu-metal.

No, nooo, come back! Bear with me, just for a minute. Nu-metallers may be slightly

older than your average popkid, but the genre is pretty much the preserve of under 18s – anyone older who wants to retain any kind of credibility knows full well to steer clear. Come on, you know you've made patronising remarks about those town kids in baggy trousers, eyeliner and multiple piercings, smug in the knowledge that your tastes and musical and aesthetic sensibilities are so much more developed and mature. And, at the same time, choosing to ignore the fact that the boys and girls jumping up and down to Linkin Park are having about 500 times more fun than you did the last time you nodded along earnestly to the likes of the Beta Band and Broadcast.

I'm not in any way arguing that nu-metal is 'good'

music...even I am not that deluded. In the main it's largely derivative, often corporate, sometimes misogynistic bobbins, with little musical merit or depth whatsoever. And stylistically, combining goth and skater is hardly the most innovative of fashion movements. But the fact it's so appallingly bad is what makes it the perfect soundtrack to being young, and more exactly, to being a teenager. Who wants their parents, or even their older brother and sisters to admire their record collection and dress sense?

Nu-metal is cool because unlike the majority of 'adult'

NME sponsored music (the Strokes, the White Stripes et al), its ill-considered, under-analysed, raucous and exciting. It doesn't give a fuck – and that's exactly the attitude you want to plug into, the soundtrack you want to live to, aged 16. So, it hasn't got much depth but neither has pop. Stick a guitar in someone's hands and suddenly they're expected to be 'worthy'... Whether Slipknot or Five Star, the music you listened to before you were expected to be grown-up and reasonable, just for the adrenaline rush, is never really equalled. Something to think on the next time you sneer at the kids in black whilst clutching your latest ice-cool, but probably interminably dull, musical purchase.

PREVIEWS

And so, with the alcohol-induced oblivion of Freshers' Week nearly at an end, Cambridge starts to settle back into the term-time routine. At least, in all senses apart from the musical one, that is.

Most colleges are running ents in an effort to delay the onset of the crippling hangover that will set in as soon as the drinking stops; posters are your best source of information on account of the sheer number of events on offer.

Relief from college ents or the ubiquitous town-centre clubs is, as ever, offered by Cambridge's smaller venues. As far as club nights go, **Retro Electro** (the name says it all) is worth a special mention, and worth the trip to the **Q Club** on **Thursday 11th Oct**. Entry is £2.50 before 11pm, £3.50 afterwards.

For those who prefer their music live, October is the time to be in Cambridge. The woozy psychedelia of the **Beta Band** kick off proceedings at the **Junction** on **Sunday 7th Oct**, followed by the melancholy-yet-uplifting **Elbow** at the same venue on **Monday**. Although occasionally accused of indie, **Elbow** are just as much the perfect antidote to college ent cheese as the **Beta Band** and the **Junction** is perhaps Cambridge's foremost live venue, in terms of both atmosphere and lineup. The week continues in fine form with appearances at the **Corn Exchange** from both **Spiritualized** (creators of the epoch-defining *Ladies and gentlemen we are floating in space*) and the magnificently inventive **Super Furry Animals**, on **Wednesday** and **Thursday**, respectively. Four major tours in one week is quite an event, so make the most of it while it lasts.

realised by Tom Catchesides



PREVIEWS

Friday 5 October

Lunchtime Concert, Kettle's Yard 1.10pm, free. Short recital in pleasant surroundings.

APU Lunchtime Concert Series, Mumford Theatre 1.10pm, free. Alison Stephens (mandolin) gives a lecture/recital following her successful recording of the soundtrack for the recent film *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*.

Saturday 6 October

St. Alban's International Organ Competition 2001, King's College Chapel 6.30pm, free. Clive Driskell-Smith (Organ).

Sinfonia of Cambridge Great St. Mary's 8pm, £9/£6 Haydn 49, Beethoven, Finzi *La Passione*. Includes music by Gerald Finzi, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated earlier this year.

CUMC Chamber Concert, St. Catz 8pm, £5/£3 – members/under 18s free. Ravel *Sonate pour violon et violoncelle*, Mendelssohn *Piano Trio 1 in D minor*, Rachmaninov – Variations on a theme of *Corelli Op. 42*; Anna Smith (vln), Alex Holladay (cello) and Annabelle Lawson (piano). Outstanding student musicians perform some lesser-known works.

Sunday 7 October

Freshers' Concert, Selwyn College Hall 8.30pm, free

Monday 8 October

Lunchtime Recital, Clare Chapel 1.15pm, free

Wednesday 10 October

Newnham Raleigh Music Society Lunchtime Freshers' Recital, Old Labs 1.20pm, free

Tokyo Geidai Sinfonia, Emmanuel United Reform Church 7.30pm, free. This well-known Japanese youth orchestra performs as part of the Japan 2001 festival under the direction of Gerhard Bosse. An interesting programme features Britten and Beethoven, plus Mozart concertos for violin and piano.

Thursday 11 October

Indian Classical Music, Winstanley Lecture Theatre, Trinity Hall, 7pm, free. Pandit Buddhadev Dasgupta plays the sarod.

JAZZ

Friday 5 October

Cambridge Modern Jazz Club @ Sophbeck Sessions, 14 Tregold Lane, Napier St.

Grupo X – the hottest Latin act on the London scene visit CMJC for a second time. "Tough beats combine with explosive horns under a soulful soundscape. Bring dance shoes." 7.30pm, £12/£9/concessions.

www.grupo-x.com
www.jazzeast.org.uk

Quick, free and easy

Ben Ward gets you in for nothing

One of the obvious advantages of being a student is the ability to get stuff free. Simply by flashing one's plush new NUS card in the face of authority, numerous freebies and discounts can be procured. But sadly, finding concerts to which this applies is more difficult. Having said this, hearing music of the highest quality without getting your wallet out is something you can do in Cambridge. There is such a welcome saturation of music-making in the University that often free admission is the best and only way to lure an audience. (In May Week, the incentive has to be increased to include a complimentary after show binge-drinking session due to the sheer abundance of concerts being held!)

One of the easiest, most enjoyable and most convenient free musical experiences around can be had by attending a choral service at one of the college chapels. In the summer, such services become major tourist attractions, but during Michaelmas Term congregations are smaller and more intimate. Colleges almost always have seating reserved for University members at all times of the year. King's have a choral evensong daily at 5.30pm (except Mondays) and at 3.30pm on Sundays, with a sung Eucharist at 10.30am, while John's can be heard at 6.30pm, (again except Mondays and with the extra morning service on Sundays). Works by Tallis, Byrd, Stanford, Atwood and Weelkes are performed regularly as one would expect, but much contemporary music is also programmed. It is worth remembering that choirs such as these, along with the many others around Cambridge, are some of the best in the world (a brief browse through the classical section of HMV proves this), and being able to hear them daily on our doorstep is a privilege not to be taken for granted.

Other free concerts of every sort abound during term time, but another regular fix can be found at Kettle's Yard on Friday lunchtimes at 1.10pm. Shorter, daytime recitals like these make less of a dent in the evening social or work schedule, while also saving beer (or book) money. The KY Subscription Concerts (Thursday evenings) can also be seen for nothing if you are at Darwin, Fitz, Tit Hall, Pembroke, Robinson, Sidney or Jesus. The respective Bursars of these colleges have a number of free tickets tucked away so hassle them until they give them to you.

Borders (the new book superstore in the middle of town) has a license for live music on the premises, and this takes place on a Sunday afternoon and is also free. Check the store for details of what the entertainment is, but it is usually a small classical or jazz ensemble. A word of warning – these are only a few examples of ways in which you can hear a concert for nothing. There are many others, but following the example of a certain Owen Cox (Catz), who claims that ANY concert can be a free one if you simply sneak in after the overture, these are not advisable. He's a small man and slips easily through darkness, whereas you may not. Take heed.

www.kings.cam.ac.uk/chapel/choir,
www.joh.cam.ac.uk, www.borders.com



Photo: Ben Ward

Legendary violinist dies

Isaac Stern: 1920 – 2001

Just over a week ago, the world lost one of its greatest and most acclaimed musicians. Isaac Stern died on the 23rd September from a heart attack in New York, aged 81.

Undoubtedly one of the leading violinists of the twentieth century, Stern's monumental career spanned some six decades and has well over one hundred recordings to his name, making him one of the most recorded individual artists ever. Born in Kreminiec, in the former USSR in 1920, he came to America before his first birthday with his parents as they fled the Russian revolution. Here he remained, being

raised and educated in San Francisco, where he made his orchestral debut in 1936 with a performance of the Brahms Violin Concerto with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. By his mid-twenties, Stern was a soloist of international repute.

During the Second World War, Stern entertained American soldiers as part of a special unit for classical musicians. An American Jew, he vowed never to play in Germany after the war. He stayed true to this promise, returning only in 1999 to teach. Stern toured extensively in the Soviet Union, and in 1979, became the first Western musician to perform in China after the Cultural Revolution. Stern understood the power of music as a diplomatic force and a bringer of peace – politically and personally. This philosophy was most famously evident in a 1991 performance he gave in Israel, during the

Gulf War. An air raid siren sounded, and in the midst of the ensuing panic, Stern stepped on stage and immersed himself in a movement of unaccompanied Bach. The audience became calm and transfixed until the danger passed.

Alongside his acclaimed interpretation of the standard repertoire, especially the works of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, Stern was also known as a champion of contemporary music. Throughout his career, he premiered and recorded new works by leading composers of his time, including Bernstein, Penderecki, Rochberg, Schuman, Dutilleux and Maxwell Davies. He also gave the American premieres of works by Bartók and Hindemith.

He is remembered not only for his on-stage activities, but also for his devotion and support of the arts in general. For over thirty years he was

president of New York's Carnegie Hall, and is credited for saving it from demolition in 1960. Even at the height of his fame, Stern always had time for students – unstintingly giving his time and experience. He was known as an intensely thorough and not unimpeachable master.

He was honoured highly for his contributions to music and the arts, including high accolades from the US, Israel and Japan. His most recent recordings include Dvorak String Quartet No. 2 with Jaime Laredo, Yo-Yo Ma and Emmanuel Ax, and a retrospective collection *My First 79 Years* including his very first recording made in 1945. Both appear on Sony Classical. Stern was married three times, and leaves grandchildren.

www.isaacstern.com



Photos: © Sony Classical



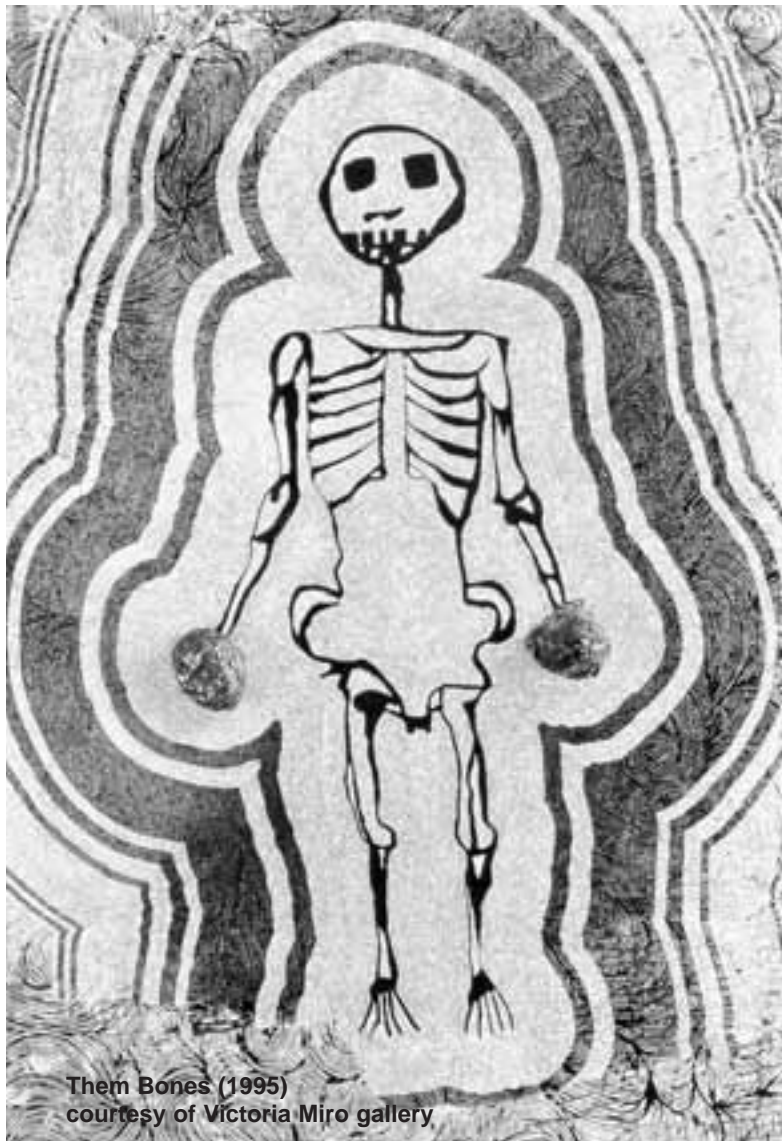
Politics and Tradition

Varsity Visual Arts analyses the amazing art of Africa

Chris Ofili is arguably the only name that comes readily to mind as a contemporary artist of African origin. African art is traditionally known for its tribal masks and great Benin bronzes – but immediate collections are relatively unknown and, furthermore, few and far between. Encounters with the Contemporary at the New York Museum of African Art is the most recent in a long line of attempts to encourage a revival of interest. Exhibition curator Elizabeth Ann Harvey is eager to emphasise that African creativity didn't cease at some arbitrary moment in the past, but is ongoing.

My own trips to East Africa highlighted not only the obvious third world status of Kenya, Malawi, Tanzania, Zimbabwe and Zambia, but also the importance placed on tradition. Western society has collided rather than integrating with traditional African practice. Whilst the Masai tribe are increasingly giving up nomadic life, they continue to dress in the established red shawls and beaded jewelry, and elongate their earlobes. Women are still not seen as social equals to men, but marry and stay at home; a divorced woman is deemed useless within the village community (perhaps this goes some way to explaining the scarcity of female African artistry). Through choice and not necessity East Africa opts not only to preserve but remain with its cultural heritage. Contemporary sculptures and paintings undeniably reflect the relevance of indigenous culture, betraying a hiatus in the progression of African art which began before colonisation. Contemporary cultural identity is rarely portrayed, artists unsure as to what this identity might be. Collections sometimes aim to preserve the ancient foundations; others betray modern urges to destroy it.

Most of the artists displaying at the exhibition in New York appear to have moved from their birthplaces, and produced their



Them Bones (1995)
courtesy of Victoria Miro gallery

works in the United States, Paris or London because there are few available materials and opportunities for young creators, even in Nairobi. Douglas Camp was

born in Nigeria but now lives in London, as do the ceramic artists Abdalla and Odundo. Isn't this a similar situation to the one that sadly arose when Gauguin

transported masks and statues from Tahiti in the 1800s? The death of the postmodernists seems not to have halted decontextualisation and inaccuracy (remembering that Tahiti is quite distant from Africa). Considering the beauty of East Africa, there is a lack of landscape paintings or nature-based sculptures focusing on the attributes of the continent.

It seems that contemporary African art is a mix of political, religious, tribal and aesthetic themes which should be seen as perhaps a benefit. People talk of Africa united. The reality is that each country is probably as individual as each state of America.

In spite of its shortcomings, the future looks promising for African arts: the exhibition in New York and individuals like Ofili inspire a new generation of artistry. Ofili, of Nigerian descent, is noted for examining issues of black culture and sexual stereotyping. His infamous elephant dung was apparently his method of – literally – incorporating Africa. He was influenced by cave paintings in Zimbabwe composed of decorative dots, which explain his richly coloured canvases reminiscent of tapestries. Zachariah Mbutha is a rising artist, little known at present, who follows in Ofili's wake as a portrayer of hunger and poverty in his figurative sculpture. Berni Searle photographs her own body parts in ways that suggest the repressive practices of apartheid. Many powerful paintings at the exhibition in New York are inextricably linked to Third World issues. Social commentary has never been more poignant, considering the needs and desperation of this continent, and no other nation has more firsthand material to address these challenging questions.

There is a long way to go in terms of contemporary African art and collection, but this is a fast-growing market and with talent like Ofili's the renaissance that Harvey and her fellow enthusiasts are hoping for is surely at hand.

GET INVOLVED

Visual Arts Society

Student-run organisation promoting contemporary arts in Cambridge. The society's main aim is organising a series of talks by prominent members of the art world, held mainly at Jesus College throughout the year. Previous speakers include Bridget Riley, Langlands & Bell and Anthony Caro.

Membership: £15 per year or £2.50 per talk
Contact: Rhiannon Pickles (President)
rep36@cam.ac.uk

Fitzwilliam Museum Society

Association between the student body and the Fitzwilliam collection, the society often works alongside the museum, promoting exhibitions as well as being a forum for those interested in the visual arts, both appreciation and practical. Previous years have also seen organised trips abroad.

Contact: Kelly Wear (Practical Arts)
kaw36@cam.ac.uk

Kettle's Yard

A chance for students to get involved with modern art in Cambridge in a very hands-on fashion, Kettle's Yard offers many forms of volunteer work throughout the year, working within the gallery or administration. The gallery holds music evenings as well as gallery talks and a student picture loan scheme.

Student Squash at Kettle's Yard, Monday 8th October, 5pm-7pm
Contact: mail@kettlesyard.cam.ac.uk

Visual Arts Writing for Varsity

For anyone interested in starting or continuing to write for an audience, the opportunity to review an exhibition, discuss the state of art today, serialise the Turner Prize, whatever takes your interest. Varsity is looking for fresh opinions, creativity, enthusiasm and a keen interest in writing.

Contact: Vanessa Hodgkinson
visualarts@varsity.cam.ac.uk

All Abroad for the Biennale

Vanessa Hodgkinson gets down and dirty at the 49th Venice Biennale



Photo courtesy of the
Venice Biennale 2001

This year, the 49th Exhibition of International Modern Art, takes place in and around Venice, bringing together new work from over 60 countries, creating a 'plateau of humankind' through the visual arts.

The two main sites are the Giardini, the Botanical Gardens to the East of Venice's centre, and at the Arsenale. Smaller exhibitions are also to be found in and around the town. The Botanical Gardens house around 30 pavilions and remain the main focus of the Biennale. Each pavilion represents one country, housing work by one or several representative artists of that nation. The architecture of these spaces alone is impressive, with projects by Aalto, Hoffman, Scarpa, Fehn, Rietveld and Stirling, erected over the years as permanent spaces for the show, held in the summer months each year. With over 27,000m² for the Biennale, there is ample space for the imagination to run free.

Of the many countries represented, there are always some that stand out; this year there were arresting entries from Russia, Japan and, of course, the British representative, Mark Wallinger.

Russian artists Olga Chernysheva, Sergei Shutov and Leonid Sokov created thought-provoking works, looking

inwards to their own culture and mythology for inspiration. The main space is filled with more than 40 full-sized robotic figures, all kneeling in the same direction, totally obscured in black cloth. The entire scene, their movements simulating prayer, the concealment of features behind the shrouds, conjures up images of a variety of religions, from Islamic prayer toward Mecca, to the High Priests of the Roman Catholic Church. Small television screens in each corner of the room show varying scriptures and religious texts in a series of almost 'brainwashing' flashes, with a soundtrack of monotonous, ambiguous prayer, giving an eerie life to the entire installation. The entire scene seems to be an attempt to expose the high myth factor of the cult of religion, as well as reflecting the potency of the unknown.

Olga Chernysheva's photographs in the next room, of Russian women wearing their stereotypical heavy fur coats also seems to be an attempt to lay open the sometimes mystifying Russian culture to the world, (perhaps the underpinning statement of the show). The relation of nature to the use of fur for human use was interesting, if a little obvious. But the artist was clear to state that the wearing of fur in Russia was not simply a fashion statement,

quickly dispelling any animal rights sentiment that may have been supposed by the overlaying sounds of birds singing and water running.

Japan filled its space with neon 'Golden Arches' of monumental scale, clearly mimicking the McDonald's sign, exploring themes of corporate identity and image. Walking through these glowing 10ft tall sculptures, the arches take on a new profundity, whilst at the same time, remaining vacuous.

However, it was Mark Wallinger, the only artist to be on show in the British pavilion, whose exhibition stood out as a complete unit of work. As with previous works, and reflected in this show, Wallinger's great preoccupation and the theme of much of his work, is the idea of spirituality and life in the contemporary world, often juxtaposing biblical ideas with a modern image. The various rooms of the pavilion show different pieces and installations, but unlike entries from other countries, the attention of the viewer is undivided by the various works, because the whole was clearly as important as the sum of its parts. The life-size 'Ecce Homo' (1998) takes pride of place in the opening room. The statue stands alone, a pitiful figure whose life-like appearance draws the

viewer all the closer to Jesus Christ, the subject of the work. For both the believer and the sceptic, it holds our attention because of its humanity and humility, both universal themes.

Perhaps one of the most memorable moments was a video installation, 'Arrival Lounge' (1997), which shows an airport arrival door, through which passengers emerge slowly from the flight lounges. Played in slow motion to an angelic choral soundtrack, the scene seemed to reflect what arriving in heaven might be in a very modern interpretation. Wallinger's view on the possibilities of the afterlife and mortality seems more palpable to present society, quite unlike the traditional image of the 'pearly gates' guarded by Saint Peter.

The Biennale, which has been running since June, ends in November. Each year it provides an important ground upon which the varying movements in contemporary art can come together from every corner of the world, and be shown on equal standing. Whilst the established countries such as Britain, France, Italy and the United States draw the greatest crowds, projects from Cuba, Lithuania and Jamaica can often prove to be both surprising and eye-opening to the state of modern art on a global scale.

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Call on crazy Coupland

Emily Haworth-Booth



All Families are Psychotic
Douglas Coupland
(HarperCollins)

"Pretend we're dead. We can say anything we want."

Douglas Coupland knows about people. His new book is a testament to his awareness of the way intimacy grows, and the way that it often takes tragedy for people to understand their feelings for each other. In this sense *All Families are Psychotic* is beautifully structured, a web of family ties that become stronger as the characters' lives fall apart. We read of Ted Drummond and his wife Nickie that "their shared medical sagas bound them more closely together than might have any joyful experience." Similarly, sixty year-old Janet finds that contracting HIV has improved her social life. "About a year into her diagnosis," Coupland tells us, "Janet found herself, for the first time in recent memory, with plenty to talk about." Another character is upset to



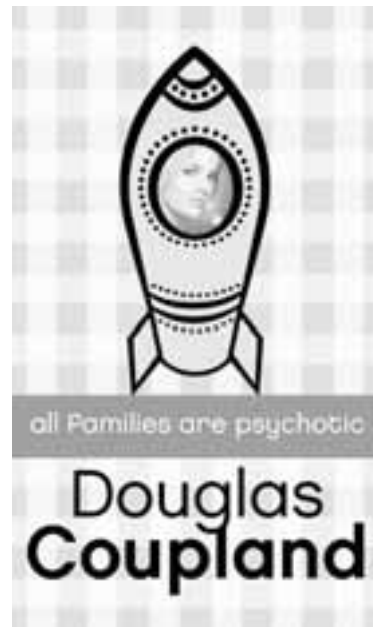
find out that she doesn't have the virus, afraid to leave the support group that came with the disease. Coupland's novel hovers between optimism about the way we cope with personal misfortune, and sadness at the way support groups are often the only way to make connections with other people in a work-crazed world.

This idea of the support group has

been explored recently in other novels, notably Chuck Palahniuk's *Fight Club*. *All Families Are Psychotic*, however, seems to have a special ingredient that is hard to find in much contemporary writing, and is even, in a sense, absent from some of Coupland's earlier works. When I read his debut novel, *Generation X*, I was knocked over by it. It was concerned with everything that was concerning me and my peers. I thought it was the sort of book that might change the world, if books could. I see now that *Generation X* had a limited audience and appeal. Its protagonists were twenty-somethings on the run from the rat race, in a book packed full of brand names, irony and in-jokes. *All Families Are Psychotic*, on the other hand, is a pick'n'mix bag of the old and the young, the clever and the stupid, and the poor and the rich, with a sixty year-old woman at its centre. My sister, sixteen and with-it, loved this book, and so did my mum and dad.

All Families Are Psychotic is a sweet, sharp book, full of surprises. It is, I

think, a book for all time and for our time, in an age where civilians are attacked and no family is safe from becoming psychotic.



Is it mystery fiction?

Sarah Savitt pronounces Ruth Rendell, The Queen of Crime, guilty as charged



Piranha to Scurfy
Ruth Rendell
(Random House)

I read Ruth Rendell's newest short story collection, *Piranha to Scurfy*, in order to solve a mystery: is her crime fiction so good as to surpass genre, to become more than 'just' good mystery reading? Rendell herself seems to think so; the narrator in the first story ('Piranha to Scurfy') describes a crime novelist whose 'good literary writing' gives him widespread critical acclaim even outside the genre, and I couldn't help but think Rendell was referring to herself. The main character of the same story is a highly critical reader who writes to authors about their grammatical and factual mistakes, and rarely actually enjoys reading. But even he is hooked on this 'good literary writing,' though for more sinister reasons than most are.

So was I reading all night as well? Well, no, though this is not to say that the stories aren't entertaining. All of them end on a twist – a psychic is killed by a 'ghost' who turns out to be all-too-real, for example – and there is little to slow you down since description and long conversations are kept to a minimum. The story 'High Mysterious Union,' about a town in

England with rather strange sexual manners particularly intrigued me, and its longer length allowed for a greater building of suspense.

However, I still would not describe this collection as 'good literary writing.' Rendell is obviously fascinated with words and their meanings; she highlights, for example, the odd coincidence of mummy (mother) and Egyptian mummy, and at another point relates a character's realisation of what the word 'bridled' (often used in print, but not in speech) looks like in the flesh.

But this fascination with words does not translate into Rendell using them very artfully herself. The writing isn't embarrassingly bad, but neither is it particularly noteworthy; it mainly does its job of telling the stories.

There are also quite a few fusty clichés about Americans, (the male ones all look like Tom Cruise), the wealthy, intellectuals, and homeless people (all addicted to crack cocaine). Sometimes scenes and words

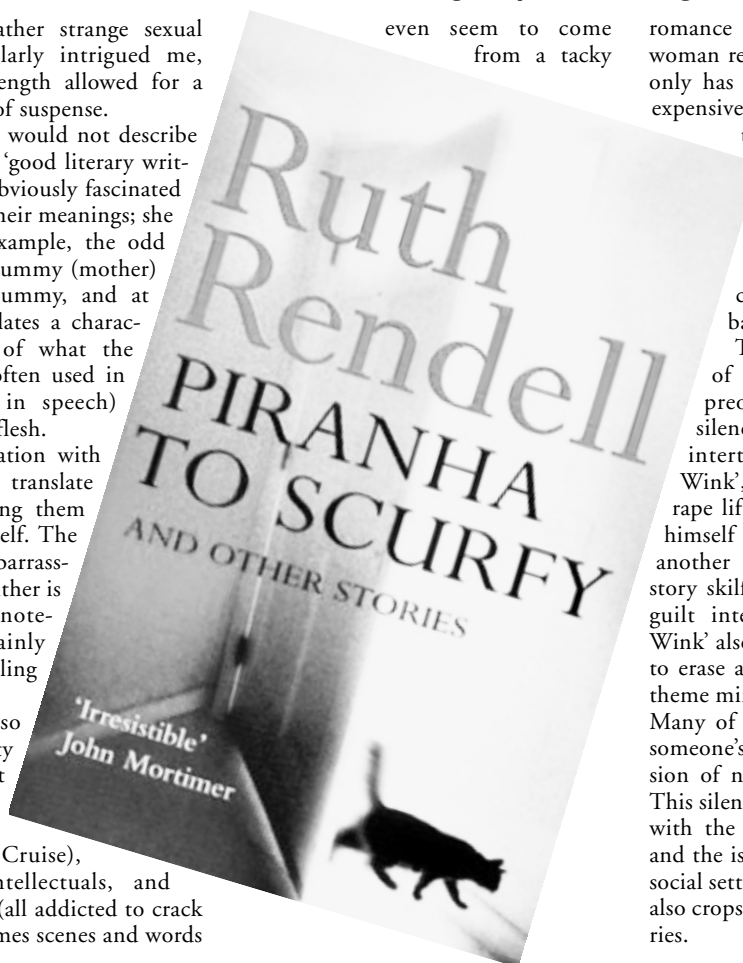
even seem to come from a tacky

romance novel. In 'Beach Butler', a woman realises that the 'beach butler' only has sex with her because of an expensive watch that she has found;

this leads her to throw the watch into the sea, 'empowering' herself. The story ends there and its simplistic finish and lack of any 'mystery' make it seem completely out of place and basically just silly.

The most interesting feature of the collection is Rendell's preoccupation with guilt, silence, and memory, often as intertwined themes. In 'The Wink', a woman's guilt about her rape lifts after she makes the rapist himself feel ashamed. Although it is another neatly twisted ending, the story skilfully illustrates the way that guilt interacts with memory. 'The Wink' also touches on someone trying to erase a memory through silence, a theme mirrored in 'The Professionals'. Many of the plots, indeed, hinge on someone's silence or 'crime' of omission of not revealing another's deed. This silence, in turn, causes the person with the knowledge to feel isolated, and the isolation of an individual in a social setting (be it a party or a village) also crops up frequently in various stories.

There is no 'mysterious' situation in the collection that cannot be explained through guilt-induced hallucinations, or human harassment, and little actual crime or violence is described on the page – everything has already happened or is lurking as a threat. In this way Rendell stretches her genre to its fullest capacity, allowing the human mind to create all the haunting necessary for good entertainment. But these innovations are, in the end, harmed by her pedestrian writing style, and I often just skimmed over her prose, racing to cross the punch line finish.



Literature on the bedside table

This week Sarah Savitt interrogates Jennifer Tuckett, 'CamDrama' Mover & Shaker

Tables turn on Tuckett

Currently Reading: I'm currently reading a biography of Colette. I find Colette continually fascinating – someone who managed to combine writing, acting, journalism, controversy, and an incredible physical appetite and passion for life. If anyone ever asked me to compile one of those lists of 'dead people you would invite to dinner', Colette could sit at the head of my table.

Always Meaning to Read: My course books. Actually, I've always meant to read *Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus*, which sounds incredibly patronising in an American psychobabble way.

Re-Reading: Shakespeare. I always cry when Macbeth begins his "she should have died hereafter" speech or when Lear is going through his 'mad on the heath' phase. (Except in my own productions, where I just mouth words of dismay at the actors from the wings....)

Re-Reading from Childhood: Growing up in Australia, I didn't learn to read until I arrived at University.... Actually, I used to read *ad nauseam*, only everything obviously made such an impression that it has passed into my subconscious. When I was thirteen, I had my first poem published in an anthology called *Loose Change*. I still get it out at dinner parties and force people to read it and pretend it is good. I might show it to Colette if she asks.

LIT SHORTS

Heffers

Jan Morris will be reading from and speaking about her new novel, *Trieste*. Tuesday, 9th October, 6:30-8pm. Free, but an advance ticket is required.

Heffers' Children

Gillian McClure will be talking about her (children's) book *Tom Finger*. Wednesday, 10th October, 6-7:30pm. Free, but an advance ticket is required.

Borders

Discussion Group: *The Words Women Write*, Thursday, 11th October, 7pm. Free.

Student Discount Day. 20% off everything in store. Tuesday 16th October.

Waterstone's

Elizabeth Hodder, author of *The Book of Old Tarts* (as in the baked goods), will be talking about her book and giving out free samples. Saturday, 6th October, 11:30am-1pm. Free.

Beryl Bainbridge will be reading from and signing copies of her new novel, *According to Queeney*. Thursday, 11th October, 6:30-8pm. Ticket (£1) required, but the price goes towards the purchase of any Beryl Bainbridge book during the night.



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Amélie

Director: Jean-Pierre Jeunet
Starring: Audrey Tautou, Mathieu Kassovitz, Yolande Moreau
Certificate 15
Running time: 121 minutes
France 2001
Showing at *The Arts Picture House*

Kate McNaughton is enchanted by Jeunet's poetic new film

Four million viewers flocked to this film in the first five weeks of its being screened in France, and after its critically acclaimed British premiere at the Edinburgh Film Festival, the *Amélie* effect seems all set to sweep over the UK... Some French critics expressed surprise at the way this light-hearted, rather unassuming film could become such an immediate hit, even accusing it of Hollywood-style sentimentalism; but *Amélie* has ignored these embittered voices, driven on by a simple but deep-rooted joy for life. This is a feel-good movie at its artistic height. In his fourth feature-length film, Jean-Pierre Jeunet has let loose his impressive and original creative powers but has lost the darkness of his earlier productions. He retains his ability to create a whole new and weirdly beautiful world (think of the *City of Lost Children*), and it is into this aesthetically heightened vision of Montmartre that we immerse ourselves.

We first encounter Amélie as a young, single child being brought up by two miserable and stern parents. Completely isolated from other children, she grows up yearning for love and with a strong sense of justice; after her next-door

neighbour offends her one day, she sits on the roof of his house while he is watching a football match and unplugs his television aerial every time a goal is scored. The film continues in this vein with a succession of witty, anecdotal scenes, as Amélie, now a young woman, decides to set some

Relative newcomer Audrey Tautou, as Amélie, offers an exquisite performance, which will doubtless lead to a flourishing career. Kassovitz, far removed from his role in *La Haine*, is similarly endearing as an unlikely Prince Charming in this quirky love story. They are surrounded by

The big novelty for Jeunet is shooting on location. When asked in an interview why he decided to shoot outside a studio for the first time, he replied: "Because sooner or later, I needed to get out of there! And the story was right for it, I wanted Paris to be there, at the heart of

done in that vein. Then, we cleared the streets of all cars, cleaned the graffiti off the walls, replaced posters with more colourful ones, etc. Let's just say I tried to exert as much control as I could upon the city's aesthetic quality. And working with digital post-production was great because

we were able to make rectifications all the way to the last moment, to the final frame..." And indeed "the city's aesthetic quality" really does shine forth from this film, with the careful composition and colours of every shot. This is probably what is so refreshing about *Amélie* and why audiences have so rightfully appreciated it; in the face of an industry which either tries to impress with blood and gore, or to relieve with saccharine, a piece of cinematic poetry has flitted in. Welcome to



wrongs right in the world. But of course, while she has a gift for altering other people's lives, she cannot seem to do the same for herself – especially when handsome and dreamy Nino Quincampoix, "part-time cashier at 'Palace Video, King of Porno'" and collector of photo-booth strips and concrete footprints, comes onto the scene...

a host of strong supporting roles, with many (usually interestingly misshapen)

This is a feel-good movie at its artistic height.

faces recognizable from Jeunet's earlier films: notably Dominique Pinon, Rufus, Serge Merlin.

the picture. But, like Kurosawa, I believe that 'every shot should be like a painting.'

I cannot help but be 'aesthetic'. I searched in Parisian imagery for everything that appeals to me, stuff one finds in Tardi's comic strips. He and I are drawn to the same things; elevated metro trains, certain monuments, staircases, burnstone buildings... All my location scouting was

the world of Amélie Poulain: "A shy young woman with a pronounced taste for all of life's small pleasures: immersing one's hand in a sack of grain, cracking the crust of a creme brûlée with the back of a teaspoon or skipping stones on the Canal Saint Martin. On the night of August 13th 1997, it suddenly hits her: she must repair the bungalows in other people's lives. But who's going to take care of the bungalows in her life?"

Nul points

Director: Frank Oz
Starring: Robert De Niro, Edward Norton, Marlon Brando
Certificate 15
Running time: 123 minutes
USA 2001

Neil Ramsorrun knows *The Score* on the new De Niro – Brando collaboration

Brando and De Niro on screen together for the first time, with Ed Norton completing the line-up. That was all I needed to know. The prospect of these two colossuses and their young pretender meeting had me salivating profusely all the way to the Grafton Centre.

De Niro is Nick, a quiet everyday jazz club owner who moonlights as a code-cracking safe-busting big money thief in his spare time. Longing to give up the game and retire to his jazz club, Nick is lured into 'one last job' by ageing fence Max (Brando). The booty: a sixteenth

largely about how chance can scupper our best laid plans. Planning ways round the potential pitfalls of the operation and accounting for all the 'what ifs' are therefore the flesh and bones of the plot and it is the constant threats to these plans that cause tension. Only here they don't. When Nick is nearly caught emerging from a manhole by a policeman, having just been illegally loitering in sewers, I didn't care.

The Score is not a bad film. Brando typically puffs and wheezes his way through a small part, ad-libbing many of his lines and adding a relaxed, often comic touch

magically accommodating rucksack.)

But the problem with this film is that we never really feel engaged. Frank Oz tries to sketch Nick as a non-risk taking character, taking a risk for the first time in his life with everything to lose. Yet the film plods along laboriously and fails to build up any real sense of threat to Nick's security. It becomes easy to just assume

that they'll get away with it like most movie crooks before them. As a result, *The Score* doesn't grip you as a thriller should until the final ten minutes, when two twists are tacked on. By this time, though, I'd become so unresponsive to the plot that the intended *Sixth Sense* effect almost passed me by.

Frank Oz must surely have known how

excited we would get when he put the two Godfathers side by side, so it's sad that he had no idea what to do with either them, or us, when he got us there. I had entered Warner Bros. with expectation levels high, but sadly, like the lover with an untimely limp partner, I realised I'd gotten all hot and bothered for nothing.

It becomes easy to just assume that they'll get away with it like most movie crooks before them.

century French sceptre. The prize: \$30m for selling the booty. The problem: it's inside the basement of Montreal Customs House, the most secure fortress in the entire universe, as they always are. Max puts Nick in touch with his man on the inside, Jack (Norton), who has been casing the joint disguised as a mentally retarded janitor called Brian, and together they formulate a foolproof plan.

As are most heist movies, *The Score* is

to the script while De Niro is everything we have come to expect; trademark scowls and shoulder-shrugs aplenty. But it is Norton that wins the acting plaudits here, including a cheeky Dustin Hoffman-esque performance as autistic Brian. (The final heist scene itself is a slick enough rehearsal of the same old formula, embellished by fancy gadgetry, snazzy computers and more chains and pulleys than realistically should fit into De Niro's



Photo: ImageNet

Love, tragedy and tigers

This week at the Arts Picture House

The Arts Picture House has always been committed to screening as diverse a selection of films as possible. This week is no exception with a mélange of new and old, east and west on show.

Hiroshima mon amour, *La Haine* and *Le Mépris* are all showing as part of the Modern European Cinema season.

Hiroshima mon amour

8 Oct, 3pm, 91 min

During a brief fling with a Japanese man in post-atomic Hiroshima, a French woman recalls her affair with a German soldier during the war. Beautifully scripted by Marguerite Duras, and highly experimental in its use of flashback and montage, Resnais' *Hiroshima mon amour* is a complex and moving exploration of the interaction between memory and history, and our public and private worlds. If only Michael Bay had watched this before directing *Pearl Harbor*. KMcN

Medea

11/14 Oct, 3pm, 118 min

The 'Tragedy on Film' programme continues with *Medea*, Pier Paolo Pasolini's interpretation of Euripides. The eponymous princess exacts a terrible revenge on her husband Jason (of the Argonauts and the quest for the Golden Fleece) for marrying another woman. Not as well known as his other venture into Greek mythology, *Oedipus Rex*, *Medea* still exhibits Pasolini's brilliant interweaving of contrasting plot developments, as seen in *The Decameron* and *Arabian Nights*. NR

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

8 Oct, 3pm, 91 min

Breathtaking fight scenes (choreographed by Yuen Wo Ping of *The Matrix*) against a backdrop of the serene, mystical beauty of its setting mean you don't get the full picture of Ang Lee's *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* unless you watch it on the expanse of a cinema screen. With this mythical tale, Lee won the Best Foreign Language Film Oscar last year, but more significantly, he reinvented the flagging martial arts movie genre. NR

VIEWING VITRIOL

Kate McNaughton investigates life, film and the Universe

With *Swordfish* being hastily removed from UK and US screens after the recent acts of terrorism in New York and Washington, and various disaster movie productions in Hollywood being cancelled, the American film industry is suddenly in an awkward position. Explosions, it seems, are no longer cool. John Travolta playing a mean, bad-ass terrorist motherfucker is no longer cool. The American media generally, which usually think nothing of broadcasting live police raids on prime-time TV, have suddenly acquired an unusual candour. In an exceptional act of self-censorship, no American news programme (in fact, no news programmes at all) has broadcast images of the corpses at the World Trade Centre, out of respect for the victims and their families.

Which is no bad thing. The inhabitants of New York and Washington have suffered enough. No-one needs to see this carnage, at least not now; in fifty years time perhaps, such images may serve as a valuable testimony, but at the moment they would indeed seem indecent. It is a shame that it does not seem indecent to broadcast images of

mass graves in Serbia, starving Ethiopians, or Afghan executions. Granted, the information needs to be passed on, and people need to be

of immunity to horrific images that they can sit in front of a television and munch on a pizza while they watch a Romanian child die before their eyes,

one has to question the worth of such broadcasts. The camera is a great objectifier (after all, it does rob people of their souls), as the American media have understood: broadcasting images of the WTC victims would be disrespectful because it would reduce them to the status of the news items to which we are so sadly used and de-sensitised.

Now that explosions really do happen in America, Hollywood is going to have to define the new cool. No doubt it will still involve blowing people up (bearded men in turbans, perhaps?), but the baddies are unlikely to be the ones with style now. With George W. Bush's inane comments about a "war of good against evil" still ringing in everybody's minds, there is no doubt that Hollywood, with its oversimplistic andedulcorated vision of the world, will soon pick up again. If you thought *Pearl Harbor* was bad, brace yourselves – the propaganda machine is about to roll...

CRITIC'S CHOICE

1 La Haine

Kassovitz's insight into liberté, égalité and fraternité.

2 Amélie

Jeunet leaves aliens far behind for a wander through Montmartre.

3 Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

Your feet won't touch the ground during Ang Lee's romantic epic.

4 Enigma

There's one code Scott can't crack in this adaptation of Robert Harris' novel.

5 Moulin Rouge

All you need is love. Ask Baz Luhrman.

UK BOX OFFICE TOP FIVE

1 A.I. Artificial Intelligence

2 Moulin Rouge!

3 The Fast and the Furious,

4 A Knight's Tale

5 Scary Movie 2

WHICH FILM?

"In Italy for 30 years under the Borgias they had warfare, terror, murder, and bloodshed, but they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and the Renaissance. In Switzerland they had brotherly love - they had 500 years of democracy and peace, and what did that produce? The cuckoo clock."

shocked by the horror of what is going on in these distant lands. But when Western audiences reach such a level

you thought *Pearl Harbor* was bad, brace yourselves – the propaganda machine is about to roll...

Mise en scène

Kate McNaughton examines Iberian Surrealism

Who?

Luís Buñuel, Salvador Dalí.

Where and when?

Paris, 1920s and 30s.

Classics of the genre?

Buñuel and Dalí collaborated on *Un Chien andalou* (An Andalusian Dog) and *L'Age d'or* (The Age of Gold).

What's it all about?

Surrealism developed in the visual arts in the 1920s, in the continuation of the Dada movement. It was led by such artists as Breton, Ernst, Dalí, Miro and Klee. Like Dada, Surrealism challenged traditional aesthetic conventions, particularly with the use of weird juxtapositions.

Unlike its predecessor, however, it was heavily influenced by the then-new theories of psychoanalysis, and sought to explore and express the workings of the unconscious mind. Surrealism thus often used incoherent, dream-like narratives as the basis for its imagery, and the medium of film obviously provided artists with exciting new opportunities. Several Surrealist films were made during the 1920s (notably by Man Ray and Germaine Dulac), but the movement found its epitome in Buñuel (then a novice director) and Dalí's collaborations. Both *Un Chien andalou* and *L'Age d'or* have vague basic plots, on top of which a dream-like narrative perverts notions of logic and causality. Erotic and often very dark imagery pervades both films, as in the famous opening sequence of *Un Chien andalou*

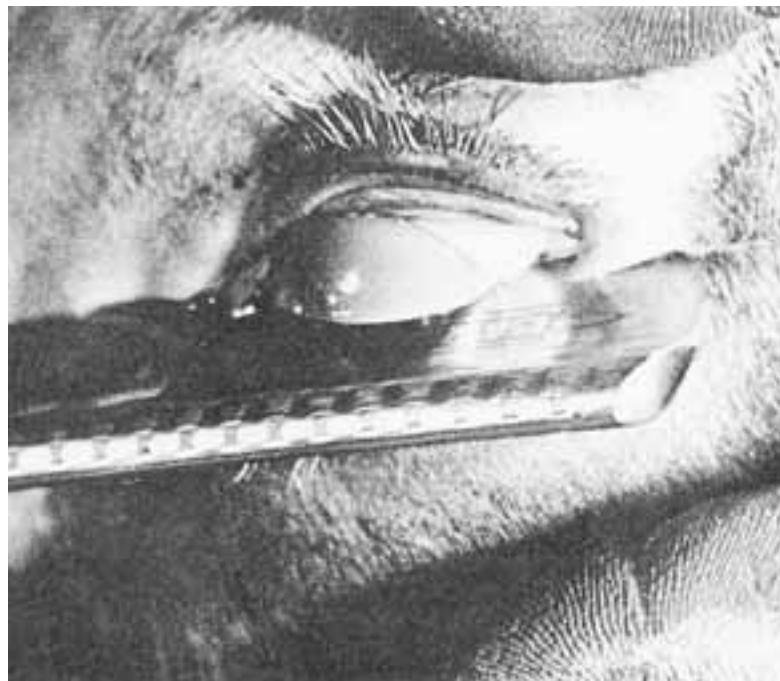
in which we witness the excruciating close-up of an eye being sliced by a razor.

Surrealism petered out as a movement during the 1930s, but its influence was felt long after that and Buñuel went on to a long directing career, still challenging the old bourgeois conventions with displacing juxtapositions and warped narratives. *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, one of his most famous later films, constantly strays from its own narrative as its various characters drift off at a dinner party, without the audience ever being quite sure which sequences of

the film are meant to relate to some kind of reality, and which are dreams unfolding in a character's mind.

How to find out more?

Viridiana, one of Buñuel's later films, is showing at the Arts Picture House on Monday 15th October. Though it is in many ways a more conventional film than many of Buñuel's others, it still bears the stamp of the director's personal obsessions, and, by winning the Palme d'Or at Cannes, firmly reasserted his place on the cinematic landscape during the 1960s.



La Haine

10 Oct, 7pm, 95 min

Vinz is Jewish, Huber is black and Abdel is about to die. "Heard about the guy who fell off a skyscraper? On his way down past each floor, he kept saying to reassure himself: So far so good... so far so good... so far so good. How you fall doesn't matter. It's how you land!" The first sequence in this abrasive French film shows TV reports of rioting on the Paris housing projects: we learn that a police gun has been stolen and an Arab boy seriously injured. The boy in hospital is Abdel and the thief is his friend Vinz. In 1995, Kassovitz won the best director award at Cannes for this insight into the disaffected gangland of Northern Paris. Despite Kassovitz's respect for artistic form, including the unities of time, action and space, the social story is one of division and discord. WLB



Le Mépris

11 Oct, 7pm, 103 min

Jean-Luc Godard's stylish film is well worth seeing, even if only to see Brigitte Bardot frustrate her distracted husband with languid, one-word lines. *Contempt* is a cynical take on Godard's own life. The director vents his anger at the film industry using Fritz Lang and a brilliantly crass Jack Palance as figures at opposite ends of the business. In a tense atmosphere on a secluded fragment of spectacular coastline, Michel Piccoli battles with his character's disgust at elements of the film-maker's trade, as embodied by the arrogant American producer upon whom he must depend for funding. As the producer becomes more overbearing in the minimalist surroundings, Bardot toys with adultery, making her husband's predicament all the more desperate and driving him to an edge which Godard leaves undefined amongst the cliff faces. An intense film with great acting and French cigarettes, *Contempt* is a quiet classic. SSB

Dick tricks fail to arouse

Laura Davies was less than impressed by these puppets...

An unusually expectant hush, a quickening beat from the sound system, a few nervous giggles, an interminable pause, and then eventually a voice from the dark and lights up to reveal... no not 'two men, two dicks, no pants' as the Puppetry of the Penis advertising so boldly promises but rather a fully clad female figure going by the name of Jo Caulfield. 'Are you disappointed?' the support act comic enquired, obviously keen to prove her somewhat unremarkable skills of perception. Of course the audience, not willing to stand on ceremony, replied with a resounding and hardly unsurprising 'yes'.

She need not have worried. Her half hour routine was by far the best part of the evening. Intelligent and contemporary she warmed up the self-conscious and the brazen alike with an effective combination of celebrity scrutiny, tales of sexual misadventure and toilet humour. With a natural, engaging style of delivery and effective timing, old favourites such as "does size matter" were combined with more original material and the participation of unsuspecting audience victims. If her jokes were aimed primarily at women and if we did feel a bit cheated when the interval arrived and not a trace of genitalia – male or female had been spotted, no one held it against her.

In retrospect, my thanks must go to Jo for saving us from a full hour and three quarters of 'the ancient Australian art of genital origami' and limiting the damage to a mere fifty minutes of tedium. "Tedium?" I hear all you proud and now defensive Y chromosome-bearers cry. "How can the male form displayed through such a dazzling array

reveal white weedy bodies clad only in white socks and trainers. Steve and Dan certainly had the audience in hysterics, and rightly so. This opening scene was Butlin's style cabaret entertainment in overdrive, complete with dry ice, musical fanfares and lighting effects in glorious technicolour; not to mention the added extra of the huge cinema screen which enlarged the 'puppets' to a disconcerting four or five feet

feet

in length, and a frankly gruesome level of detail.

Indeed, for the first five minutes, such delights as 'The Pretty Woman', 'The Brain', 'The Boomerang' and the already legendary 'Hamburger' and 'Eiffel Tower' (the combination of stretching, twisting, folding and squeezing) proved eye-watering but strangely fascinating. One thing this show has got going for it is that no one has had the balls to do it before and of course the genital

agility and inventiveness of these self-professed 'Dick Men' is undeniable.

Effective though their shock tactics

were, they did not prove sufficient to maintain the momentum of the show nor the level of laughter. In the absence of any plot or links between their repe-

titious creations the quality of the performance quickly deteriorated. It may be a skill to 'construct' an emu that

and leaving most of the audience unimpressed. Circus tricks such as handstands, running through the aisles and

All would have been better placed in a drunken fresher's bop where at least the entertainment is free and the exit always open.

looks identical to the Loch Ness Monster and a kangaroo that bears more than a striking resemblance to a turtle, but it doesn't make for an enraptured audience. After a good start the novelty wore off and stunts involving beer

offering to look up each other's arses were embarrassing and ineffective. All would have been better placed in a drunken fresher's bop where at least the entertainment is free and the exit always open.

So a tip for the puppeteers... since we all learnt way back in primary school that it's not big and it's not clever to bring our bodily quirks to show and tell, I suggest that if you are going to take this concept to the level of transatlantic tours, paying audiences and overpriced merchandise, you should learn at least two simple facts. Firstly, repetition does not equal variety, and secondly, remaining on stage for the duration of your allocated slot is not the same as producing a show. Boasts of celebrity fans such as Posh and Becks and Hugh Grant and of successes in Australia, North America and the UK are all very well. A spectacle *Puppetry of the Penis* may be, but in the same way that bearded ladies and dancing bears once attracted huge audiences; it is clear that curiosity is its only selling point. Judging by the diverse crowd on Monday night, it seems that an elemental but oddly non-sexual fascination for bizarre bodily feats is a commercial winner due to the breadth of its target market. However, the act and performers lack polish and professionalism and the aim of creators David Friend and Simon Morley to rival such creations as 'Tap Dogs' and 'STOMP' are a pipe dream when, as they say themselves: "There's only so much you can do with a penis and a couple of testicles."

So don't flatter yourselves boys. You only look well hung on screen and your customers (probably like your girlfriends) will never stay faithful.

...the genital agility and inventiveness of these self-professed 'Dick Men' is undeniable.

Don't get me wrong. I gasped, laughed and stared along with the rest at the initial spectacle of two averagely endowed Aussies casting off their purple pantomime dame capes to

Something stirring in the Labs

Anna Jones tells us about the exciting possibilities in Newnham Old Labs.

Two years ago *Varsity* published a piece on the opening of a new Cambridge drama venue, Newnham Old Labs. Unfortunately this flexible and exciting space has since been largely neglected. The committee of Newnham's drama society, The Anonymous Players, has recently changed hands and we, the new committee, are not planning to live up to our name...

The Old Labs began their life in the late nineteenth century as science laboratories for female students. Since then they have been put to various uses, from being an artist's studio to less auspiciously, a garden shed. It was decided they could be put to better use, and along with some generous financial assistance from Emma Thompson, a former Newnham stu-

dent; they were converted into their current status as an arts centre.

The Old Labs is one of the most versatile theatrical spaces in Cambridge.



It is light and spacious with high white walls and fully flexible seating arrangements. The atmosphere is heightened by the audience's close

proximity to the action and by the Labs' unorthodox space. Instead of watching a play on a conventional end stage, the exciting sense of real actor-audience collaboration is more frequently realised here. Of course, this immediacy is the magic of live work and we hope the Old Labs will become a venue that promotes intelligent and imaginative performances.

Last term, prior to going to the Edinburgh Festival, Midas Productions previewed their theatrical version of Carol Ann Duffy's acclaimed book of poems *The World's Wife*, to great success in the Old Labs. We were delighted with the audience sell outs, and yet another member of the useful Newnham mafia, Germaine Greer, attended the opening night, giving substantial funding and

described the production as being "Bittersweet in just the right proportions."

This term, we are planning to build on the success of *The World's Wife* with a production of Caryl Churchill's innovative 1998 double bill, *Blue Heart*. *Heart's Desire* and *Blue Kettle*

in the pipeline include a performance of Jack Kerouac's original and exciting *Book of Blues* - involving actors, a jazz trio and visual projections. At the end of Michaelmas, The Anonymous Players will be inviting applications for performances in the Old Labs during Lent term.

We are keen to encourage more drama and theatrical events in Newnham Old Labs.

are two related short plays, examining family ties in a surreal yet engaging manner.

We are keen to encourage more drama and theatrical events in Newnham Old Labs. Other projects

Auditions for *Blue Heart* will be held on Saturday and Sunday 12-4pm in the Chetwyn Room in Kings. All are welcome. It will be performed in Newnham Old Labs in the 6th week.

No more playing about town

Anna Jones tells us where *Fallen* have gone after the Playroom closure

The phone call came halfway through *The Weakest Link*. The lovely friendly Playroom, the venue for which we had been rehearsing the play, had been shut down and our new theatre was to be the somewhat unfortunately named McCrum. The name may well trick the theatre-goer into expecting a bread-based burger, but in fact the theatre is a hidden gem – the plush seats, staging and

play by Polly Teale, in Cambridge's newest theatre. A one-woman show, *Fallen* dramatises the events surrounding the Kerry Babies case, an investigation of the death of a baby boy whose body was found on the rocks at Carhirciveen, a coastal town on the Irish South Coast.

At the first rehearsal that I'm granted admission to, (in my lowly, non-creative capacity as producer of the show),

...they contemplate restaging the show as a musical ice spectacular...

toilets are a far cry from our experiences of the Playroom. On the doorstep of the Eagle pub the theatre facilitates maximum efficiency in post-show drinking. And so the Fletcher Players, Corpus Christi's theatre company, are proud to present *Fallen*, a



I turn up to meet Delyth Jones and Sam Baldock (performer and director respectively) and find them in hysterics over a glow-in the dark Virgin Mary that Del has found on the internet and is keen to use in the show. Indeed the rehearsal often descends into laughter as they contemplate restaging the show as a musical ice spectacular or handing out free Lucky Charms to every audience member every time Del's Irish accent verges on the leprechaun.

Though the piece is reality based, the themes treated, (illegitimate children, infidelity within marriage) do have the potential to be clichéd. However, any slightly uncomfortable 'issue' moments are more than compensated for by the play's sensitive and humorous characterisation of Siobhan; her bungled attempt at giving her first boyfriend a handjob in the cinema and her childish musings about the reproductive system compliment the more serious court case.

Fallen looks to be a sensitive and approachable production, which will hopefully benefit from the abrupt change of location. Though it faces stiff competition this week, *Fallen* will hopefully put the McCrum on the Cambridge theatrical map.



Photos: Julian Blake

Embarrassing

Ben Musgrave surveys the Cambridge theatre 'scene'

Ah! Slightly embarrassing question: how do I get involved in the Cambridge drama scene. On the one hand, I have absolutely no idea how to 'make it' in Cambridge. Making it in Cambridge shouldn't be what acting/directing here is all about. On the other hand, I don't really know what it should be about, but I've certainly had a lot of fun in the process.

I suspect I'm on slightly dangerous mud, trying to talk about a drama 'scene', but holding your nose and jumping into Cambridge drama always amounts to more than just acting in a play and then going home to sleep. What people want and get out of it varies. For some, it becomes a way of life that ends up, (possibly through a lack of imagination, possibly through some kind of inspiration), extended into a sparkling career. For others, drama here may be a brief egotistical flirtation that has no more design to fame and fortune than the possibility of Mam coming to see it. It's conceivable that some even get involved simply because they enjoy it.

As has been slyly hinted above, it does seem vaguely aggrandising to talk about

a 'Scene', with a capital S. This is, after all, only University drama, though you'd hardly believe it sometimes. The few student centres of drama – the (now closed?) Playroom and the ADC hardly constitute the West End. The campish whoops in the ADC bar don't necessarily translate into products of pure theatrical magic every time. Yet when it comes down to it, drama at this university is taken very seriously by a large number of (occasionally) talented people. Getting involved means finding yourself part of a juggernaut that frequently gobbles up your social as well as theatrical life. It can be exciting, exhilarating, stimulating and challenging as well as aggravating, tiring and frustrating. The drama system here sometimes feels like a doll's house version of the 'real world' – with a sense that plays matter (they often do financially), that a good performance will launch a career into the firmament, that new theatrical ground can be broken. The model is completed by the reviews published in Varsity and TCS, which are often debated as ferociously as anything Michael Billington could pop into *The*

Guardian. Acting in a play here means auditioning many times, then committing yourself to at least two weeks of fairly solid rehearsal with a group of people. It means performing in near-professional facilities to both big and humiliatingly tiny audiences. But when all is said and done it means riotous drunken end-of-show parties.

Ben Musgrave



THEATRE LISTINGS

Electra

Arts Theatre, Wednesday 10 – Monday 15, 2.30 & 7.45pm

Tickets £5-18

The Cambridge Greek play, performed with English subtitles. This most brilliant of tragedies is given an accessible and professional treatment. A must see.

A Tale of Two Cities

ADC, Sunday 7, 7.45pm

Tickets £7/5

Returning to Cambridge following a highly acclaimed international tour. Maybe not a fair adaptation of the wordy original, but can so many pleased critics really be wrong?

Footlights: Far Too Happy

ADC, Tuesday 9 – Saturday 13, 7.45pm

Tickets Tue-Thur £6/4 Fri and Sat £7/5

Nominated for Perrier Best Newcomers at this years Fringe, the Footlights return to Cambridge to take you "on a taxi ride to the dark side of what makes people feel good." ADC, Sunday 9, 11pm

Footlights: Smokers

Tickets £3.50

The testing ground for flowering and failing comedians. Don't expect slick professionalism, but you might just have a few hearty laughs at some pretty natural comedy. ADC, Wednesday 9, 11pm

Tony Ponzi presents

Tickets £3

Antonio Ponzi, seventies record label supremo, tries hard to remember the seventies in this bizarre musical comedy.

Romeo and Juliet

A tale of star-crossed lovers, set against a violent backdrop of feuding houses...

Hang on a second. You know, I know, the whole Western World knows how this one goes. Such overexposure of an undoubted masterpiece really challenged CUASt to do something a little different. They responded nobly, albeit with only partial success.

Before the curtain came up, I idly perused the flyer, and my heart sunk at the words "unique edition of the text" and "original live score". I was thus fully expecting a Baz Luhrman-esque attempt

to "modernise" what is essentially a piece of timeless drama, complete with "wherefore art thou" raps and the like. The sparsely filled firstnight audience may well have shared my mistrust of jazzed-up Shakespeare. However, what followed was a rather disappointing and traditional, if well executed, rendering of the text. Having presented the play as such, perhaps the director, Rachel Grunwald, would have done well to heed her heroine's advice "I should have been more strange." The most innovative moment of the production was a marvellous scene in which Mercutio acts a sequence with a

puppet, to the sound of early effective music (from Tarik O'Reagan's original score). Having the nurse played by a man (Adam Seddon) was similarly interesting, acted in a "League of Gentleman meets Widow Twanky" manner, and bringing out the comedy of the role well. However, breaks from the norm, and the inclusion of music, were rare enough for the audience's expectations to be, like Romeo's, "left unsatisfied".

Having said all that, the play was impressive in many ways, with truly fine performances given by the 8 members of the cast, who showed remarkable versatility in acting all 18 parts between them. A real highlight was Juliet, played by Sophie Elmhurst, who brought exactly the right mix of joy and despair to a play which is so much to do with the closeness of emotional extremes. Romeo (Jon Reynolds) was a tad drippy for the romantic hero, giving his duologues with Juliet an air of adolescent first-date, even in the closing scenes. However, the play's strength lay in the uniformly high quality of its actors, the smoothness of direction and the slick stage-management.

This production of 'Romeo and Juliet' fails to do justice to itself, and one comes away from the portrayal of "loving hate" feeling neither of these extremes; a mood more pastel-pink, (as worn rather uninspiringly by the cast), than red. If you accept that it fails to do what it promises, this play marks a promising a start to the dramatic year.

Claire Leigh



AUDITIONS

Jonathan Stewart on pursuing dreams

Give it a go – that seems to be the motto of freshers' week, as every welfare officer, society rep, and anyone on the pull will tell you. Drama is just the same, and this weekend sees a veritable feast of theatrical opportunities in Cambridge. It's auditions time and, love them or loathe them, if you want to tread those hallowed boards, now is your chance to shine.



Who is your typical auditionee? There are several broad bands of thespians out there who emerge to try and win directorial favour; this is excluding the uber-thesps, cast three years before they arrive in Cambridge. First, there is the budding professional; and there are many of those in our little drama community. They have agents galore, Hollywood offers, and three years training at the National. Second, you have the eager many, wanting to get into those starring roles but without a dramatic CV stretching back a lifetime. Another faction, quite small in our talent-ridden environment, can best be described as the willing. They'll give it all they have, and their pure energy is contagious, but their acting talents may be scarce!

Auditions can be just as stressful on the other side of the table. Directors can often be found anxiously checking their watch for ANYONE to arrive, only for someone to turn up and realise this isn't the inaugural meeting of the Cambridge Transgender Society. Moreover, when a director has invested hours to his vision, seeing the words of Shakespeare tortured can often be too much to bear.

Whatever your stance on auditions, there is no doubt that if you've got the guts to give it a go, the results can be great.

Look out for Jonathan Stewart's less than terrifying auditions for the company Activated Image this weekend

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Varsity Match at Twickenham on Tuesday 11 December (2.00 pm)

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Gown falls to Town in thriller

Women's Hockey

2 Cambridge University
 4 City of Cambridge

Laura Sorenson

The clouds over St. Catherine's College astro parted on Saturday afternoon, and the torrential rain subsided to just mild spitting, as the Blues Women's Hockey Team met Cambridge City Ladies 1st XI in a Printwize East Premier Division clash. With just five girls remaining from last season's Varsity squad of sixteen, the Blues contained several new faces, along with some other older ones. Rebe Joyner, Blues' captain of 1999-2000 season, and Anna Kropelnicki, keeper from the same era, both returned to represent the side, that has adopted an attacking new 5-3-2 formation. This move has been initiated by new coach David Richardson, who joins the club this season as an experienced coach with England U21, and who saw all three university teams through a gruelling schedule of pre season training last week.

The Blues, new to this league following promotion from Division One last season, started the game aggressively,

creating several chances up the right. One such foray into the circle about 20 minutes into the first half resulted in a short corner. Jenny Parkinson, acquainting herself with her new role as centre forward, drilled the ball against the backboard to put the student side in front. After missing a penalty flick shortly after the university side scored, City's experience showed as they fought back from this deficit to equalise with an equally impressive short corner just prior to the half time whistle.

The first ten minutes of the second half were somewhat disappointing for the students, as they conceded two simple goals. Far from being downcast however, they played impressive attacking hockey, and narrowly missed scoring from an exciting passage of open play that cracked open the City defence. City's tenacious attitude and skilful forwards won them another goal within ten minutes of time, but the Blues struck back, again through Jenny Parkinson, to score close to the final whistle.

Though disappointed with the result, which leaves them languishing at the bottom of the league, the Blues were satisfied with their strong performance, which promises much for

the future. They are looking to minimise the slow start that dogs all University sides at the start of the season as new players filter in, and aim to

emulate the impressive performances of the Nomads and the Bedouins who decisively defeated Ely II and III teams, 4-0 and 5-0 respectively. This

Saturday, the Blues are facing Bury St. Edmunds at home (11am, Wilberforce Road) whilst the Nomads travel to Saffron Walden.



Photo: Catherine Harrison

Bike nuts

Cycling

Chris Wallwork

2001 has been a mixed year for Cambridge University Cycling Club. On the one hand the "roadies" had yet another extremely successful year with a lot of strong competition within the club. On the other hand, the mountain bikers had appallingly bad luck with many events, including the Varsity Match, being cancelled due to the Foot and Mouth epidemic.

In March, Duncan Alexander, Rob Driver and Gareth Williams won the men's Varsity match while Rachel Horn was the fastest competing woman, although Oxford could not put out a full team. Since then, Duncan has continued to go from strength to strength. He comfortably won the BUSA 10 mile time-trial (in which Cambridge came second overall with the team of Alexander, Driver and Melville), finished twelfth in the National 10 and surpassed himself by coming fifth in the National 25. This



last performance in the National 25 is a joint best ever placing in this event by a CUCC rider. The only other CUCC rider to have been placed as highly is Mike Hutchinson, who is now a professional cyclist and who was placed 23rd at the 65ème Grand Prix des Nations amongst a field containing many Tour de France cyclists. Maybe Duncan's result will be the launch pad for a truly storming season next year.

On top of Duncan Alexander's success, Rachel Horn also won the BUSA 10, which completed a clean sweep of women's club records, and won bronze in the National 25 and National 100. Rachel, CUCC women's and triathlon secretary, was recently featured on ITV's coverage of the International Half-Ironman in Llanberis where she finished an excellent fourth. For the mountain bikers, there was one event which managed to escape the F&M countryside clampdown. Danny Lanyi, who clearly hadn't had his fill of stimulant-fuelled all-nighters during term time, took part in the Red Bull 24hr. His team, Fenomenon, finished 34th out of over 300 in this insane 24hr MTB relay over one of the most bumpy courses around.

The club now looks forward to the training camp in the Peak district next month and the rescheduled MTB 2001 Varsity match in November. Later on in the year there is the BUSA 10 which is being hosted by Cambridge this year as well as Cuppers and finally the MTB and Road Varsity Matches. Before any of that, however, there is the European Antennas Intro 10. This event, like this year's Cuppers, is open to non-members, so turn up on 13th October, pay your 50p and have a go.

www.cucc.co.uk

Winter Sports

Joe Faraday, Club President

This year will be the 79th Varsity Ski and Snowboard Trip and promises to be the biggest ever. Last year there were over 700 Oxbridge students who went on the trip and this year we are expecting over 1000. The trip is being organised by Skiworld in association with the trip committee. It is one of the best events in the Oxbridge calendar for meeting other students who are not in your college or faculty and is like a two week long freshers' week celebration.

The trip is suitable for all levels of skiers and boarders. In the second week there are Varsity Races and Competitions in both skiing and snowboarding which provide an exciting focus for participants and spectators alike. If, however, you have never been on snow before, the trip is one of the best value ski holidays available with sig-

nificant discounts on equipment hire and lessons over standard resort rates. However seriously you want to take the skiing or boarding there will be someone at the same level as you.

There are several improvements this year including online booking – which means you can pay by credit card – and don't have any of the hassle of posting forms as in previous years. This also means that the deposit of £50 will be taken from your credit card and will therefore be refunded more quickly after the trip. If you have any problems with booking online you can contact one of the college reps (Cambridge) or the Club Committee (Oxford).

Booking starts on October 1st and ends when it's sold out – in previous years this has been mid November. If you wish to fly, you have to book by November 1st and this is subject to availability.

Last year, the Cambridge team beat

Oxford overall, with the women's team thrashing the dark blue side. The team also competed in the British Universities Ski Club's Championships. Once again, the women's team gave the rest of the crew a real boost, coming second in both the slalom and technical slalom. They were just beaten by Loughborough overall, who beat them by less than a second in the Giant Slalom. Ex-President Juliet Malley and current women's captain Abi Carswell led the team and were also in the top ten in the individual races. The event also involved snowboard races with Pete Medland, CUSSC Snowboard Captain coming 6th in the individual races. The teams also reached the finals of the King's Ski Club British Universities dry slope championships, with the women's team coming third.

www.varsitytrip.co.uk



Photo: Ski World



TOWNIE BASHING

Rugby Union

56 Cambridge University
7 City of Cambridge

Hilary Weale

Town-Gown clashes are always vitriolic so it came as a sweet surprise when the Blues dominated this encounter. That the opposition were weaker than the side that beat the University last season should not detract from a very impressive and entertaining performance by the Blues on Tuesday night, playing their first home game of the season. The match had barely begun before the Blues were awarded a penalty in front of the posts, and three points gained from this and another on eleven minutes established a platform that was consolidated throughout by a solid effort from the pack. The placekicking of fly half Sam Howard was by no means the only aspect of his game that deserves praise. He varied his game intelligently, swinging the ball out wide and kicking for territory as seemed appropriate, and dealing with a number of dangerous passes to his feet.

The Blues had a strong first half and scored two tries to give them an unassailable lead. The first came from a line out taken at number four by Martin Purdy, who had a towering game both in the line and at restarts. As the subsequent rolling maul fell over the line, prop Gareth Forde claimed the five points. Fine drizzle was descending by now, but this didn't dampen proceedings. From the kick-off, the



Photo: Catherine Harrison

swift hands and feet of the University centres, Tom Blathwayt and Owen Edwards, and the full back Ali Newmarch, combined. Newmarch took the ball, with over half the pitch still to cover, and stretched away from the pursuing Cambridge City defence. Newmarch soon threatened again, this time down the right flank, but was forced to run away from his support. The next two scores came from penalties converted by Howard. As half time approached, the City looked a little livelier, but the home team blunted their

attack with some committed and well-organised defence, and put their scrum under great pressure. This almost backfired on the Blues. They wheeled the City's scrum on their own line to such an extent that they were able to break away and the University boys had a lot of ground to make up to bundle them into touch upfield.

The Blues went into half time 24 unanswered points to the good, but the two excellent tries of the first half were just a taster of what was to come. Within a

minute of the restart after half time, the Blues extended their lead with another penalty. They then proceeded to concede several themselves, and the visitors at last replied through a Faatoto Moanunu try under the posts. This came about after Blathwayt missed a tackle on their replacement centre, Russell Doel, who was duly able to get behind the defence. This lapse only served to ignite the home team's effort, and captain Michael Count led the way with a try from the ever-effective rolling maul as the Blues reapplied

the pressure. Ten minutes later, Blathwayt, who had been slicing through the City of Cambridge defence almost at will, did so again, despite having to stall his run to receive Howard's pass. He was tackled just before the line, but openside James Johnson was running by in support like a flanker should, and crossed the line.

The best was still to come. Winger Aki Abiola, a first year at Catz, has impressed in schoolboy rugby for some time. He now stepped up, and although denied a hat trick by a last-ditch tackle in the corner, ran in two lovely tries. The first came from a turnover thanks to solid tackling in the midfield by Blathwayt. The second followed minutes later after a swift and skilful pass out of the tackle by Edwards to Newmarch. Newmarch committed his man in the resulting two-on-one and then passed on to Abiola, who ran round under the posts. 49-7 up, the Blues didn't let up, pinning the visitors into their own half and seeking another score. With Abiola bearing down upon them, the defence failed to deal with a chip through and Johnson picked up the loose ball to go in for his second of the match. Howard's conversion was the final score, though Abiola's hat-trick attempt nearly put the icing on the cake for his first home appearance. His next will surely be at the same time next week, 7.15pm at Grange Road, in what will undoubtedly be a tougher match against Northampton. However, with as emphatic a victory as this under their belts, the Blues should be very positive about both their attacking and defensive potential in the coming months.

Hockey boys hopes dashed

Men's Hockey

2 Cambridge
3 Chelmsford

Russell Abel

Fresher's Saturday, a day eagerly awaited by all Cambridge students, marked the beginning of a new season and the ushering in of new talent for Cambridge University Hockey Club. The day, despite all the excitement it attracts, often proves to be dashed with disappointment. And so it proved for the gallant gentlemen of CUHC.

Cambridge almost got their season off to the worst possible of starts when Chelmsford wobbled their way into the D within the opening minute. However keeper Ashley Artaman produced a fine save to settle and steady the side. Captain Ian McClive quickly ironed out the creases of confusion under pressure and Cambridge, slowly but surely, began to take control of a scrappy affair. Chelmsford seemed to be holding out well under concerted pressure but capitulated a quarter of an hour in. A reverse

stick shot from fresher Fulford was steered into the roof of the net by the goal-sniffing Stevie Sweet for the opening goal of the season. As the Blues pressed for a second before the break, Chelmsford managed to score an equaliser. The opportunity to slot home came about due to some sloppy marking by the Cambridge defence.

The change in ends led to a change in tempo from the Light Blues. Jamie Parker made probing runs down the opposition's right flank and repeatedly proved too hot to handle. Unfortunately no goal came about and, to make matters worse, Cambridge conceded a goal themselves. As in any sport, the umpire plays a crucial role and here it was as a result of a controversial goal that Cambridge fell behind. Clumsy tackling was seen as something far more heinous and the Blues were stunned to see themselves punished with a penalty-flick, which was duly converted. This was a real test of the Cambridge team's character but they showed themselves to be equal to the challenge. Pressure was finally converted into a precious penalty corner and Ian McClive provided a thunderbolt for the ubiquitous Parker to deflect over the sprawling Chelmsford keeper. The

Blues were now in the ascendancy and for the ensuing ten minutes searched desperately for a winner. But the Essex boys soaked up the pressure and began to make counter-attacks of their own. First they gained a penalty corner only for the shot to be charged down by the pace of Russ Abel. Tragically however, the Blues' resolute defence was unravelled with just five minutes left on the clock. A turnover in midfield led to a scrappy goalmouth scramble that the gutsy Gareth Kenny was unable to clear, and Chelmsford duly took the honours.

While skipper Ian McClive was obviously disappointed by not opening the season with a win, he was "very pleased with the teams attitude and spirit." He added, "We played with real grit and determination. If we can raise our skill level and tactical awareness we will do very well in the league this year." The punishing pre-season training programme that the Blues have had to endure may not have been enough to secure the victory but with further practice the season is likely to be a successful one.

Blues: McClive (C), Artaman, Mulryne, Abel, Kenny, Cole, Bevan, Parker, Fulford, Arshad, Sweet



Photo: Catherine Harrison