

Issue 547

VARSITY

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Literature

Fay Weldon gets fruity over a glass of wine – PAGE 29

Interview

The Times editor talks about the dark side – PAGE 14



The Cambridge student newspaper

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THE NON-STORY THAT ROCKED THE WORLD



Photo: James Southgate

VOICE OF VARSITY

This was the story of the week. Forget the war in Afghanistan, Tony Martin's sentence being reduced to manslaughter and Tony Blair's visit to Syria: there was only one story and that was broken exclusively by *Varsity* last week.

We did not leak the story to the national press; a local press agency saw a copy of our paper and are now sitting pretty on the proceeds. The result was unprecedented. The *Varsity* offices were under siege, phone lines were ringing non-stop and national journalists were constantly popping in. Soon we were appearing on page 3 of *The Telegraph*, being credited in

The Times, featuring on Sky and BBC news and having live interviews on BBC Radio 2 and Radio 5 Live. Even *Der Spiegel* in Germany and the American-based *International Herald Tribune* were covering the story.

The question we were left asking ourselves was what exactly is the international significance of this story? The story does have relevance to Cambridge: here was a Dean punishing a whole college for the misdemeanours of a few. This part of the story was soon abandoned and it became titillation for the masses. The Senior Tutor of St Catharine's had told *Varsity* last week that there had been "excesses of drunken naked girls running across college". This was however soon blown out of all proportion by the national media and it seemed as though every Catz girl was in a constant state of

getting into, and more importantly out of, their Cat suits on their way around college.

The reason for the unprecedented interest was one of timing. With so much depressing news going on, this was a godsend for the nationals. It had all the right ingredients for a story: sex, drunkenness, drugs (according to the *Mail*) and most importantly Cambridge. Like it or not we do have a special position here. We cannot simply argue that all the other universities do it so it is okay – we are meant to be the leaders and captains of industry of the future and as such our University will always be in the limelight.

One of the most interesting roles has been played by the Alley Catz. This band of 20 girls were initially unfairly singled out by the Dean and have since become nationally notorious. It is hard to fault their

response. Perhaps they should have spoken out earlier and laid to rest many of the wacky rumours about their initiation, but *Varsity* understands the risks of their words being twisted. One can certainly not accuse them of greed: a Sunday newspaper offered them £5000 for a picture and they turned it down. They, and the students whose pictures were taken from the Catz website, are the innocent victims of the press furore.

St Catharine's JCR and fellows are no doubt feeling hard done by. However, whilst they could not have stopped the story going national they could certainly have limited its damage if they had made the right decisions and acted more quickly. The media world does not work to Cambridge time. The Press want answers within the hour, not the next day. It is sur-

prising that the JCR and the college did not realise this. The JCR evidently decided not to comment throughout the barrage of press enquiries allowing misinformed articles to be printed. Only after the damage had been done did they think to draft a letter to *The Times* and *The Telegraph* late on Tuesday evening. We at *Varsity* only received a letter just before we went to press yesterday, almost a week after the story broke. In a public relations crisis a response should have been drafted immediately. Perhaps more to blame were the college authorities themselves. The Dean was apparently on holiday and even cancelled his meeting with the Alley Catz to discuss their future. He should have returned to Cambridge to deal with the aftermath of his letter. If he was prepared to issue such zero-tolerance rules in the first place, he

should surely have had the courage of his own convictions and been prepared to justify his actions to the press. Furthermore, just as the national newspapers selectively used facts, the Dean did the same when he linked the college's academic decline to drinking without taking into account any other possible causes.

After all the dust has settled we should not lose sight of the initial problem which gave rise to the story in the first place. We are all adults and should be allowed to do for the most part what we want. Where people get out of hand and anti-social there should, of course, be sanctions, but these should only be imposed on the guilty few. This affair should be a lesson to all college authorities to consider the potential ramifications before they issue edicts which directly affect student life.

VOX-POPS

Do students drink too much?



"If I didn't drink as much as I do, I'd go mad. There are only so many wave equations you can take whilst sober."

Jez Chaloner
Queens'



No. I think people know how much to drink. We don't drink more here than at other unis. It's just because it's Cambridge that we're in the limelight.

Toby Lovell
Caius



Do fish?

Liv Scarlett
Scudamores punter



People do feel slightly pressured to drink too much because the bars are cheap. But getting drunk is a good remedy for stress and part of the enjoyment of university.

Amit Patel
Queens'



We don't drink enough, we can't afford it!

Andy Davies and friends
Caius

Redressing the balance

Dr Gillian Evans,
History Don

Why does it need a special repressive comment if girls get drunk and misbehave? I think it is pretty stupid to lose control of those faculties which make you a sophisticated human being, and in doing so damage your physical and intellectual self in the long term, but that is not the point. The point is why the media have been having a field day with this story this week.

Most Cambridge academics would call themselves 'liberal' (with a small 'l'), but the unconscious assumptions that women are another breed are not far below that civilised surface. They may even mean to please. As I stood about at one of those parties after an inaugural lecture wearing the usual undistinguished donnish garments from Oxfam, one colleague said what a pretty dress I was wearing. He intended no irony. He really seems to have thought that I would take pleasure in that kind of remark. But I did not notice him turning to another colleague to compliment him on the leather patches on his old jacket.

Not long ago I was queuing for coffee in the Buttery on the Sidgwick Site. In front of me was a male colleague who was talking to someone about a seminar he was about to conduct. I heard him explain that there would be four girls and two boys. He then went on to describe the way the women could be guaranteed to approach

the seminar and the way the men would react. I asked him whether it had occurred to him that he was stereotyping his students? His jaw dropped.

So when the Dean of St. Catharine's made his famous remarks he was making himself into a stereotype of the unreconstructed male don. He was classifying women and making assumptions. I do not like being categorised. If they ever treat me equally with numerous colleagues of lesser achievement and give me that Chair, I do not want it to be a case of positive discrimination. That demeans women and is unfair to men. I get quiet amusement from the report that someone said of all those speeches in the Senate, "The trouble with her is that she behaves like a man." But it is not funny. When I make speeches or write books or work nationally for the reform of higher education it is the power of the words that counts not my "pretty dress". People who tangle with me learn that.



Gillian Evans, former Varsity columnist

Gavin Kermack

Cambridge University has one of the country's lowest male:female ratios amongst its professors and senior lecturers and research staff. In a survey carried out by the Higher Education Statistics Agency it was revealed that in the academic year 1999-2000 only 6% of Cambridge professors and 14% of senior lecturers and researchers were female. These figures place Cambridge only a few places from the bottom of the table.

The University has only recently published the results of an audit investigating its equality practices, which was carried out in conjunction with specialist consultants Schneider-Ross. This is one of the first investigations of its kind to be performed by a UK higher education establishment, but these figures are worryingly low for a university with a policy of positive change in the field of equality, especially as the number quoted for professors marks a drop from the previous year's total.

Dr Gillian Evans of the History Faculty claims that conscious active discrimination is no longer the major problem it once was at the University, but that feelings such as distrust and nervousness are still aroused when it comes to the promotion of women to high academic positions. She feels that women have much higher hurdles to jump in order to gain acknowledgement for their work.

"I've spent my life working ten times as hard as any man and have only got a tenth of the recognition," she says. "Women are still expected to keep quiet and maintain their regular role of just getting on with the job. Any attempt to speak out is met with a wall of resistance."

Dr Evans points out that many female fellows are internationally famous and appear in *Who's Who*, and that she herself is soon to receive honorary degrees from two prestigious academic establishments. But it appears that this is not enough and most female academics never reach senior level.

However, Professor Sandra Dawson of Sidney Sussex, the first female Master of any Cambridge college founded exclusively for men, says that this is due simply to a lack of women to be promoted. She points out that women only started going to university last century and that it is bound to take time for them to reach a level of equality with men that is acceptable.

"There are no overnight changes and no instant solutions," she told *Varsity*. She remarks that the University should be, and is, encouraging women to seek employment and promotion there, highlighting the Schneider-Ross report as a sign of its willingness to reveal areas for address. "Once we know where we're starting from," she says, "we can set ourselves a vision for the future and set to work building that vision."

Hash Cash for questions

Judith Whiteley

The manager of the *Fez Club* has condemned an article in the *Daily Mail* which suggested that marijuana use was rife in the night club.

The article, written by two reporters who visited the club on Monday night, began: "At 2am, the air in the Fez Club in Cambridge is thick with marijuana smoke..." The article went on to describe an atmosphere of "drunkenness, vomiting and clumsy gropings with strangers."

Simon Harrow, licensee of the Fez Club said to *Varsity*: "The article made out that every student has a tequila in one hand and a joint in the other." He emphasised the club's zero tolerance policy on drugs and rejected the article as "mere titillation on the back of the Catz story." He was particularly incensed that photographs from the Catz website accompanied the article although none of the activities depicted had anything to do with the Fez. "My solicitors are examining what was reported with a view to suing them," Mr Harrow said. He said, however, that he did not want the matter to be "stretched out," because students knew that the Fez was "hardly a den of iniquity." It remains one of the most popular venues here, he said. The *Daily Mail* declined to comment.

In response to the Dean of St Catharine's letter that prompted so many national papers to descend on Cambridge this week, Mr Harrow said that he didn't think that students were as irresponsible as had been made out. But he understood that the Dean was trying to "nip things in the bud." He also expressed a willingness to take part in any appropriate dialogue with the college authorities "in order to prevent anti-social behaviour."

Anna Rogers

A new company that charges pupils hundreds of pounds for Oxbridge application training, claims to have attracted more than 2,000 customers in its first year, and is now making "serious profit".

Set up by Oxbridge graduates, Application Research markets an Oxbridge place as a "glittering prize" and threatens "major disappointment" for students who refuse to cough up the cash.

The company operates a "no win, no fee" policy, rejoicing in their 62% success rate. Services include interview training, mentoring programmes, private tuition and help with application forms. But what was conceived as a

great business opportunity may worsen access problems within Cambridge. Alex Cary, a second year historian at Jesus, condemned the company as a "back door for thick rich kids." When challenged by *Varsity* as to whether the fee would be lowered or waived for low-income families, the company's founder declined to comment.

Experts in the selection process, they boast a unique mix of tutors, graduates, undergraduates, teachers and communication experts to help customers fine-tune their performance. However, Alasdair Brodie-Browne, Assistant Principal of Greenhead Sixth Form College in Huddersfield, one of the country's top state schools, emphasised the fact that "individual schools and colleges know their students best." He accused the company of preying on

gullible parents who think Oxbridge provides the only university education.

Rachel Tripp, CUSU Access Officer, told *Varsity*, "CUSU has passed policy condemning the practice of privately 'coaching' applicants for the interview process. Such training is unfair, and any advantage conferred would be discriminatory towards those candidates without the money to pay: just the kinds of candidates that Cambridge so desperately needs to attract." She hoped that 'spoon-feeding' would be seen through quickly, but called for the immediate introduction of mandatory interviewer training: "Such training could cover such diverse ground as disabilities, racial and gender issues, equal opportunities and the variability of educational backgrounds and opportunities."



The National Blood Service Mascot - Billy Blood Drop, and Emma porter Richard Lloyd (right)

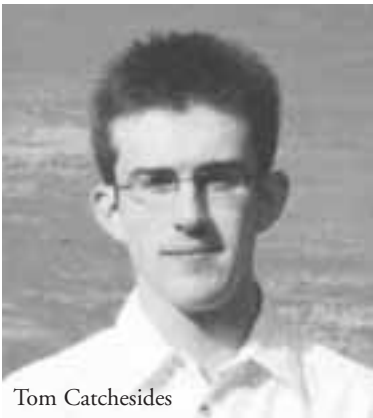
GIVE BLOOD

Blood donation sessions are being held at St. Columba's Church Hall, Downing place on:

- Friday 2nd November 9.30 – 12.30 and 14.00 – 16.30 (no appointment necessary)
- Thursday 8th November 10.00 – 12.15 and 14.00 – 16.30 (you must have an appointment)
- For an appointment please ring the NBS on 01223 548051 or e-mail: contact.anglia@nbs.nhs.uk

web
www

www.blood.co.uk



Tom Catchesides

Winner

Tom Catchesides, *Varsity* Photographer, triumphed at the National Student Journalism Awards 2001 on Saturday 28 October. He was awarded the prize for Best Student Photographer of the year, beating off competition from Oxford in the form of *Isis*' Nell Freeman. The top award of Best Student Paper, however, was awarded to Durham University's *Palatinate*, chosen for its "clean design, newsy front page and properly researched articles": the paper has recently gone broadsheet. The prizes – the opportunity of work experience in the *Independent's* offices, which runs the competition jointly with the NUS, and a cash bonus – were presented by Donald MacIntyre, the *Independent's* political commentator, who claimed that "the best student papers ... are well written, have ambition and are presented with flair."

Afghan Aid

The Islamic Society's fundraising event in aid of the women and children of Afghanistan raised more than £1900 at the weekend. The money will be split between Muslim Aid and Islamic Relief.



Pav Akhtar

Winner

Pav Akhtar, CUSU President, has received more attention from the national press this week. This time it was celebrating his role as an ethnic role model for aspiring students. He was judged to be "Ethnic Student of the Year" in the GG2 Leadership and Diversity Awards of 2001. Pav won not only £2000 (which he has said will be spent paying off his student loan), but also recognition for his work in encouraging students from ethnic minorities and working-class backgrounds to apply to university. He commented, "I hope it shows that ethnicity need not be a barrier. We can all aspire and achieve whatever we put our minds to."

Wallies

Congratulations to the NUS which has launched a design website called "Laden". It is described as being "The Home of Future Fashion for the UK" where students can "keep up to date with the up and coming designers and latest trends" in clothing and home-wares. *Varsity* assumes that a 'Bin' will be the style accessory for any in the know student this winter.



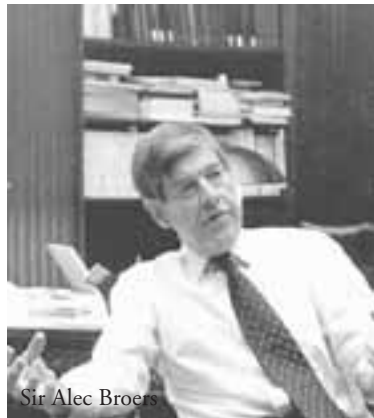
Alex Swallow

Winner

Alex Swallow rides away on a bike worth £500 courtesy of *Varsity* and the *Independent* newspaper.

Funky Fruit

A "stunning display" of over 150 types of apple was on offer at the University Botanic Garden last Sunday at the fifth annual Cambridge Apple Day. A chance to find out all you could ever need to know about "the amazing diversity of apple shapes, sizes and tastes", the Apple Day's attraction included the presence of apple 'experts' to help visitors identify their mystery garden apples among such varieties as the renowned Cat's Head, Braddick Nonpareil and Pitmaston Pine Apple. There was "even some hot apple toddy" as promised by Juliet Day, the Botanic Garden's Development Officer. Supported by the stalwart Woman's Institute, who produced cakes, pies and preserves, and the presence of Ben Haggerty, an international storyteller who provided tales of "apple-lore", the day was presented as a classic "great family day out."



Sir Alec Broers

Loser

A damning report into the University's CAPSA accounting system is to be published on Friday. The report is expected to show that very little has changed to improve the situation that was first revealed thirteen months ago when *Varsity* termed the project as the University's very own "Millennium Dome."

A preliminary copy of the report was presented to the University Council on Monday. It criticised the £9 million system as having "poor" usability and "clumsy" workflows. The report concludes that the project was ultimately doomed. "The implementation of a new system...was at risk from the beginning."

CAPSA has gone over budget by more than 100%. Originally, the Planning and Resource Committee allocated £4.3 million to the scheme. The total has now ballooned to £9.192 million in total.

Universe in Brief

The Universe in a Nutshell, Stephen Hawking's new book on the "theory of everything," will be published on 5th Nov. Best of luck everybody.



Demonstrator

The NUS's East Anglian Regional Rally is to be held in Cambridge on the 20th November. It will be the focal point for CUSU's Higher Education Funding Campaign this term, with students coming from many other Universities to join in. Pav said: "The rally will give students a chance to express their feelings at the government's backtracking. It's obscene that what looked like the return of targeted grants is becoming a Treasury scam to make students worse off."

Commenting on the negative access implications of the Treasury's moves, CUSU's Access Officer Rachel Tripp said: "The return of the grant would be the single most important thing that this government could do to improve access to Higher Education. But the potential improvements must not be negated by a system whereby loans charged at a punitive rate of interest are a necessity to 'top-up' a grant that is not at a living level."

Compiled by:
 Katy Long & Sophie Morphet

Grads say NO

Plans for the integration of the Graduate Union and CUSU have been put on hold following publication of the GU's strategic review committee report. The report concluded that the process, which was set in motion by two referenda last year, faced "serious problems" and "insurmountable difficulties."

A range of concerns were noted in the report. Chief amongst them was the fear that the GU's autonomy would be threatened by the might of CUSU. Graduates were worried about "how the GU would react to the structural momentum of CUSU," GU Vice-president Vladimir Tomasevic told *Varsity*. The full force of this structural momentum was felt last week when *The Cambridge Student* published an article suggesting that the strategic review was the secretive work of a hard-line minority against integration. TCS was forced to apologise for both the tone and content of the article in this week's edition. Mr Tomasevic assured *Varsity* that the committee was vital to establish exactly what graduates' views on integration were, and that membership of the committee had been open to all members of the GU Council. He also pointed out that the referenda results only provided a mandate to alter the respective constitutions of the GU and CUSU, not to go ahead with integration.

The manner in which CUSU has carried out negotiations has also caused disquiet within the GU. "These concerns related in particular to CUSU's transactions with regard to Keynes House, which very nearly resulted in the loss of the GU's separate premises" stated the report. This was in reference to a meeting held over the

summer between CUSU and the University authorities at which the GU's rapid displacement from its Keynes House base was mooted. A GU representative was not present. The strategic review committee itself was set up in response to growing resentment within GU Council about being what GU president Raj Joshi termed, "left out of the loop" of university communications.

It was hoped that integration would provide a much needed boost for the Graduate Union's budget. However, following concern over the financial mismanagement of Creation and in an attempt to establish its own identity, the GU has decided to look elsewhere for extra funding.

MCRs may have the option of affiliating directly to the GU instead of CUSU. Magdalene MCR has already decided not to renew its affiliation subscription to CUSU this year. Its President, John Phillips, told *Varsity* that affiliation to CUSU was not "value for money" for graduates. He suggested that CUSU publications, for example, were superfluous to graduates, requirements: "The value of a manual explaining the basics of sexual activity is highly questionable for the mature adults, many of them married, who come here to read for postgraduate degrees." Corporate sponsorship is also being looked into.

The GU Executive remain positive about its relationship with CUSU, both present and future. Mr Joshi insisted that the GU is still "committed to working with CUSU", and that integration would help both student bodies to better "present themselves to the university." For now, however, the GU is to concentrate on establishing its role as graduate students' primary representative body.

Judith Whiteley



Vladimir Tomasevic and Raj Joshi

ALLEN & OVERY

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Tuesday 6th November, 2001
7.00 – 7.30 p.m.

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ROME
SINGAPORE
TIRANA
TOKYO
TURIN
WARSAW

EXCLUSIVE
MAGDALENE
NOT TO BLAME

The media pathos is Dickensian: "hard-working-but-poor" clutches a rejection letter, gazing wistfully at the aristocrats in their ivory towers, whilst the January snow falls softly and slowly freezes his bare little feet. Drawing his rags closer to him, he turns and shuffles in the direction of the nearest media office. Oxbridge reject; this is your fifteen minutes of fame.

It's the Spence "scandal" all over again, and, just like the Spence scandal, the accusations of unfairness have been proved to be unfounded. This time, Charles Kennedy, leader of the Liberal Democrats, and Alex Neil of the SNP, have graciously stepped in to fill the role of the politician who makes a principled outburst, only to look stupid when the full facts come to light. In an eloquent, dignified statement, Alex Neil offered advice to the people of Scotland: "If this is the way these snobby institutions want to treat us, then we should tell them to get stuffed." Alas, if only he had taken a moment to recall Edinburgh University's title, courtesy of Tatler magazine, of the "Oxford of the North", on account of the sheer proliferation of pashmina clad yaks. Scotland certainly has her share of "snobby institutions", a fact which the SNP have chosen to ignore in a bid to turn this into some Braveheart-esque anti-English campaign.

Alex Neil's comment exemplifies our sticky slide towards entrenchment. A major incentive to stay at home and study is the existence of a Scottish exam system so unnecessarily complicated that Gary Sinclair should have been awarded a place here for managing to fill in the UCAS form correctly. The confusion has been obvious in the media reportage of the "scandal" – Gary's outstanding results have been variously described as "5 level 1 A-grades", "3 A1 grades at Higher level" and "5 SYS Higher A1s". Confused? I am, and I sat the exams. In a half-hearted bid to assert independence, Scotland has created a spectacularly complicated and inefficient examination system, which requires at least six months of intensive study to comprehend. At which stage it is generally replaced with another complicated and inefficient system. The government and the media cry for equality in the admissions procedure, but the vast differences in the examinations make objective comparison of English and Scottish candidates almost impossible. English AS levels and Scottish Highers are both one-year courses, examined at the end of the penultimate school year. However, for some mysterious reason, a Scottish Higher is worth ten more UCAS points than an AS level. The admissions procedure here is far more egalitarian than that of most universities by virtue of the personal interview, but it can only be truly fair if all candidates start from the same point of comparison. How can an interviewer be expected to make an objective comparison of key-stages, core modules, banded grades and a simple A, B or C at A-level? This isn't a case of levelling a playing field, but of putting candidates on the same one. Alex Neil was directing his criticisms at the wrong institution. If, as ought to be the case, English universities are to be entirely open to Scottish students, and vice versa, then a unilateral examination system should be adopted. If it gives the national media something else to whine about, then it can only be a good thing.

Caroline Harding-Edgar

IVORY TOWER IDEALS

Alex Lee examines the intellectual apathy and dearth of radicalism pervading the University

I have something very odd to confess: I like ivory towers. I like the idea of living high up in the clouds, blissfully unaware of the real world below. I really, genuinely like the prospect of being able to think more freely and more clearly than at any point in my past, or at any point in the future. I love the idea of being able to change the world with thought alone, to stand defiant against the world. I just wish it was possible. It once was.

Once, Cambridge was a place that teemed with radical individuals, a town that throbbed with intellectualism and fresh ideas. Ours was the university in which Nabokov, Russell and Wittgenstein rubbed shoulders; the place where Anthony Blunt met Guy Burgess and where both men first flirted with Communism, high living and each other. This was once a town where to live was to think. Here, ideals were the very air that was breathed and the breeze blew fast with inspiration.

Walk down from Magdalene now, cross the river and pass the gates of Johns; meander past the grandure of Trinity, to Kings and beyond. Listen to the sounds of people talking, and strain for the threads of conversations breaking from coffee shops. Stop by the booksellers, leaf through a volume, read through the papers and look for the news. Like a tragic set in some theatre, actors, uncast, act out roles long after the play has ended and the audience has left. No longer can they remember the name of the production.

The talk was once of revolutions, the concerns of communism and democracy. In all of these scenes, the characters once spoke of the individual and his rights and responsibilities. Care coursed through our narrow streets and the issues of the world weighed heavy on the hearts of the many. But today, all are free from the worries of the globe that tears itself to pieces in

moments of insanity, and our university, once the home of those who shaped the world, has become but a lodging house for transients.

For why is there no talk of how things should be? Why no discussion of the ideal? Why concern ourselves with trivialities? Why, in these few privileged years, when our minds are opened before the world breaks in, must we think of nothing?

It can't be that ideals aren't important. Obsessed by jobs and earnings as we all may be, there is a role for the ideal. History, after all, has not yet ended. This is no apocalypse; Armageddon has not yet arrived, but while the aged live in huddled cold, children cry for want of food and the sick go untreated in countries far and wide, solutions are needed. And are these maladies to come from reality alone? Are we to look around and find a compromise from within our liberal capitalist prisons? There is truth in the

phrase that to reach the end of the road we must first look to the stars.

I confess to a feeling of sadness. I have never been so fortunate as to find myself in such a rare environment: everywhere I turn I find people of incredible academic calibre, yet no-one seems to care anything for the uses to which intellect could be put. Ideals have died a sorry death at the hands of those who should be breathing new life into their tired bodies, or fanning flames to break free a new phoenix.

I wish I could find a reason for why this is. I wish I could understand and forgive, but I cannot and for that I mourn. Perhaps it is because the world is more materialistic that we shun the ideal? It seems unlikely. Perhaps structures of wealth have changed against the old gentleman-philosopher that characterised the age for which I yearn? That scarcely seems a good enough explanation for such unpleasant apathy.



Photos: Michael Phillips



An end to the arms race?

Hugh Collins

"We have now witnessed an event, which we regard as significant, in which the IRA has put a quantity of arms completely beyond use. The material in question includes arms, ammunition and explosives. We are satisfied that the arms in question have been dealt with in accordance with the scheme and regulations."

This short, but hugely significant statement was released last week by the Independent International Commission on Decommissioning (IICD). It is a statement that many on both sides of the Northern Irish political divide thought would never arrive. As deadline after deadline slipped past due to Republican procrastination, the graffiti with the simple slogan "Not a bullet, not an ounce" rang more and more true. As Unionist politicians beat the decommissioning drum louder and louder, it seemed all hopes for the Good Friday agreement would be dashed.

Yet here we are. The IRA has "put a quantity of arms completely beyond use." So what happened? Obviously, the insistence by Unionists and the British Government that every element of the

agreement, policing, demilitarisation, cross-border bodies, all depended upon the issue of IRA weapons was certainly a factor. But the Republican movement is not known for its willingness to appease Unionists, much less the British government. More significant would be the events of 11th September. When the planes crashed into the world trade centre, American attitudes to worldwide terrorism hardened even further. The American public, traditionally a source of tremendous support for nationalists and republicans, suddenly cooled towards Sinn Fein. Those in Washington wanted to see obvious commitment from Sinn Fein, and they wanted it quick. Cue this gesture of commitment.

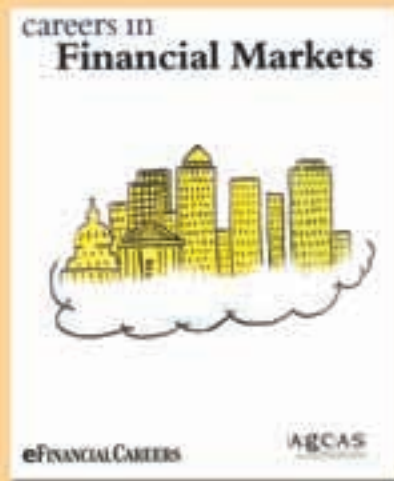
This is not to say they everyone is satisfied by the IRA's actions. David Trimble has called the report from General De Chastelain (the chairman of the IICD) "the clear evidence that we have been looking for." But the Democratic Unionist Party has called the IRA's move "a mockery", since they don't know how many weapons were destroyed, or when more will be taken out of use. This is a peculiar, and yet strangely insightful glimpse into the thinking behind decommissioning. The thought of sections of society being

armed to the teeth is a horrifying one, but practically speaking, decommissioning is a futile process. No one knows how extensive paramilitary arsenals are, so no one will know if they have fully decommissioned. Even if we did know, nothing prevents them from secretly re-arming. The only possible use decommissioning could serve is as a symbol; a sign of commitment according to David Trimble, a sign of surrender according to republicans.

Many would call the republican view absurd, insisting that the agreement removes the need for weapons. But the Unionist approach to decommissioning has been somewhat skewed. All elements of the agreement, and the establishment of a new police force in particular, have depended upon IRA decommissioning. Give us what we want, and we'll give you what you want. The thought that a fair and representative police force should exist in any society was never considered. What's more, the key has always been IRA decommissioning. Weapons in the hands of loyalist groups such as the UDA and UVF, whose activities over the past year have made a mockery of the ceasefire, were never an issue. Nor were the 130 000 private weapons in Unionist hands. There has been no indication that either of these

problems will be addressed. Decommissioning was in the agreement, we were told, and thus must be honoured. But the Patten report on policing, which was also part of the agreement, fell well short of Republican hopes, has been ripped to shreds in an effort to keep the Unionists on board.

It would seem, then, that decommissioning was not as meaningful an issue as many had claimed. Already, sections within Unionism are insisting that unless Sinn Fein supports the policing proposals – an "emasculated" form of the Patten report according to Gerry Adams – they cannot be committed to peace, and therefore cannot be allowed into the Executive. But the IRA has been forced into making a huge gesture, one that goes against almost everything they stand for, all in the name of peace, and they could reap the rewards. Sinn Fein has overtaken the middle-ground SDLP for the first time, and is now the biggest nationalist party in the north. Decommissioning will alienate some hardliners, but it will increase their appeal to the middle-ground right across the island. In their attempts to bolt the door of government against Sinn Fein, Unionism may find it has given them the electoral strength to break it down.



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Catz are just purrrrrfect

Tim Stanley

I'm trying to visualise exactly where the posse of naked girls would have run across St. Catherine's College. Now that St. Catz has become a Police State I've dropped any notions I had about taking rooms opposite every Saturday night and investing in a telescope. According to the Senior Tutor there were reports of "excesses of drunken girls running across college." Which implies that there is a perfectly acceptable level of naked girls running across college, but last Saturday there was just one too many. Perhaps the Senior Tutor is complaining because he doesn't own a wide angle lens. Perhaps he doesn't realise that you can never have too many naked girls running across college. It's possible, as after all he "had no idea what 'pennyng' was until a few days ago." Thanks to pennyng I can't even remember that far back.

Labelling pennyng and other drinking games "silly" rather misses the point; it is silly and therefore exquisite. And yet the college authorities are not alone in their delightful naiveté. The JCR has supported the fellows and said that it is "Perfectly happy and understood" the college's actions. This reveals the puritanical streak that runs like blue rinse through the entire University. Cambridge once had a reputation for being the international centre for learn-

ing, Marxism and decadence. But those fabulous, toffee covered days have long gone and we are left with only the learning and the Lib Dems. In short Cambridge is currently over obsessed with academia.

There is a surprising amount of conservatism in modern Cambridge. At the recent emergency debate at the Union on "This House Would Abolish the Age of Consent" the proposition, despite being a formidable combination of brains and beauty, were roundly defeated. I was one the three who cried "aye", only to have fifty pairs of eyes turn and pour hatred on me for the pervert I quite clearly am.

Thus I praise the voluptuous girls of Catz for their bravery in maintaining a fine tradition that is severely lacking: one of total abandon and decadence. But I shudder at this pale, limp reaction of the moral majority, who think people come to Cambridge simply to study. This very paper claimed that the students "should shoulder the blame" in last week's editorial. If Catz's Formal Halls have a reputation, then the students should be proud of that and revel in the ignominy. Moreover there would be fewer "pools of vomit" in the bar toilets if the Colleges were to invest in a better range of wines that could offer a bottle that wasn't simply vinegar with two seedless grapes left in it.

Catz deserves its reputation and should hold on to it. What is it better to

be known as? A college of exciting, vibrant people who spend so much time on work and play that they can't spare a second to worry about the lifespan of their liver? Or as a bunch of scholars so anally retentive that whenever they get off a chair it gets up with them? At its best, life at Cambridge is a never ceasing dance into oblivion. We are too cut off here to think about wars, death, famine or governments. We're too busy in a private whirl of our own, spinning around in a beautiful haze of Sex, Drugs

and Rock 'n' Roll. So no matter how giddy or sick we may feel, we must not stop, not even to catch a breath. The party may well end.

Looking at the picture on the front of last week's *Varsity*, we are supposed to gasp in horror at the apparent decadence of a table of people with seven beers, four vodkas and two bottles of wine. Excess for some perhaps, for me a light lunch. But what would I know of healthy living? I haven't eaten solids since 1998.



Photo: Tom Perkin

OPEN THE GATES

There is to be a new addition to the West Cambridge site. The inspiringly named William Gates building was "topped out" two weeks ago and will be finished in the summer. When Professor Ian Leslie tightened the last bolt on a roof beam, the thorny issue of commercial involvement in the University reared its ugly head once more. A furore was generated at the tail end of 1999 when the arms company GKN used money from its millennium fund to set up a professorship in manufacturing. Many felt that by accepting GKN's money, the University was involving itself with morally questionable activities.

Bill Gates, at least, was spared this, since everyone from the Taliban to Amnesty International has Windows on their computer. But how significant is the GKN professorship? Ask the average man on the street, and they will object to its existence. But this is a University, not a church. We are neither a moral nor a religious institution and nowhere in the University charter is there an objection to war. GKN is a legal organisation, and it is not for the University or the Faculty of Engineering to denounce them. And, to carry the argument against accepting their money to its logical conclusion would mean calling on all their employees to resign, and no one has dared suggest that. GKN factory workers, morally upright people feeding their families, make the weapons that kill. The professor of manufacturing doesn't sit in their office sketching designs for bombs, they work for the students. Why should this post be treated differently, just because it is part of an academic institution?

But this brings us no closer to resolving the issue of cash from the private sector entering the University. No one wants to see the University turned into a farm for software companies. However, we must look at the facts in front of us, and not get carried away by purist rhetoric. If Bill Gates were a landlord, renting his building out the University, there would be grounds for objection. He would have enormous sway over the work that went on in that building, and indeed over the University as a whole. Such a situation could never be accepted by an institution that claimed to have no commercial interests. But this is not the case. Bill Gates simply signed a cheque, a voluntary donation. It would be absurd to claim that this would have no effect on the relationship between Gates and the University, and this hasn't gone unnoticed. Richard Burgon of the Cambridge Labour Students said, "However much contact Cambridge students have with private companies whilst at university, they should also seriously consider working in the public sector, which would benefit greatly from their skills." These are wise words: students must not be blinded by the interest companies show in them while they're university. But let's look at the options we are faced with. A brand new, state of the art lab, and Bill Gates having a small say in what went on in it, or the moral high ground and no lab. It's not a hard decision.

Hugh Collins

Twelve angry men again

Dan O'Huiginn asks whether Britain's system of trial by jury is the most effective system

In between decriminalising cannabis and scrapping asylum vouchers, David Blunkett found the time last week to remind middle class layabouts that we should stop skipping jury service, in order to make the system more representative. Which raises the question: does random selection of jurors make the system fair? As forensic and legalistic evidence increase the complexity of the law, it becomes very hard for juries to understand the evidence. On top of this comes uncertainty about the basics of the legal system; one study claims that 86% were unsure what constituted guilt.

It's not as if jurors want the job. For a start, there's the emotional trauma. Condemning someone to life imprisonment is not something you forget easily, especially if you have doubts over whether you made the right decision. Then there is the disruption to their lives. Complex trials can now last weeks or even months, whereas most of us would be willing to serve for a few days, we have more reservations when a long case could leave us bankrupt or unemployed. So we cheat. Only 34% of people selected for jury service actually turn up in court. The middle class and the self-employed escape because

of their work, rural areas are underrepresented because of transport problems, and, since it is usually women who avoid serving to look after their children, 75% of jurors are male. A big problem when, as Mr Blunkett said on Friday, a jury "needs to be representative to be strong."

But however much the home secretary tightens up selection procedures, he cannot solve the problem. Even if juries as a whole were truly representative, any twelve people will be biased in some unpredictable way.

Is a system fair simply because there are as many criminals acquitted as innocent people convicted? What makes it worse is that these 12 jurors are rarely independent. Some, through timidity or impatience, will always vote with the majority, regardless of qualms about the verdict. Many let themselves be led by the foreman. But there seems to be little logic to how he (worryingly, the majority of

foremen are male) is chosen. Often he is simply whoever sat at the head of the table, or had the loudest voice.

But juries have their advantages. Perhaps surprisingly, they tend to have more progressive and liberal views than the government, judges or magistrates. And they can act as a check on unfair laws. One of the reasons the government

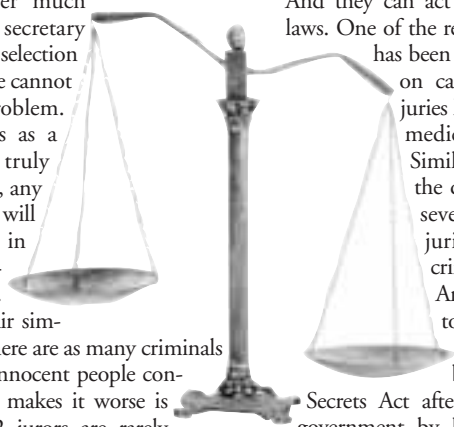
has been forced to relax the law on cannabis is that several juries have refused to convict medicinal cannabis users. Similarly the abolition of the death penalty followed several situations where juries refused to send criminals to their death. And in '85 a jury refused to convict civil servant

Clive Ponting for breaking the Official Secrets Act after he embarrassed the government by leaking details of the sinking, during the Falklands war, of the Argentinian cruiser the *General Belgrano*.

There are ways to get the best of both worlds: legal experience and impartiality. For a start we could change some absurd court procedures. At present juries do not

even have access to the transcripts of court proceedings; they are expected to remember all the evidence, which may have taken weeks to present, without even seeing it in writing. Nor does the system make it easy for them to evaluate the evidence as they hear it; it is only at the end of the case that the judge tells them which evidence to ignore. Intimidated by the court, many do not ask the questions they should.

All these problems could, and should, be resolved by a few basic changes to procedure. More fundamentally we could try to ensure that each jury, rather than simply the average jury, is representative. One way of doing this would be to adopt the American system of *voir dire*, which allows lawyers to reject potentially biased or unsuitable jurors. Another would be to automatically form juries which include a mixture not only of ethnic minorities, as the Auld report on reform of the courts has suggested, but of sexes, professions, and anything else that might be relevant. If we ensured that one juror always understood the law, we could perhaps avoid some of the confusions juries often face. One day we might even see David Blunkett in the jury box.



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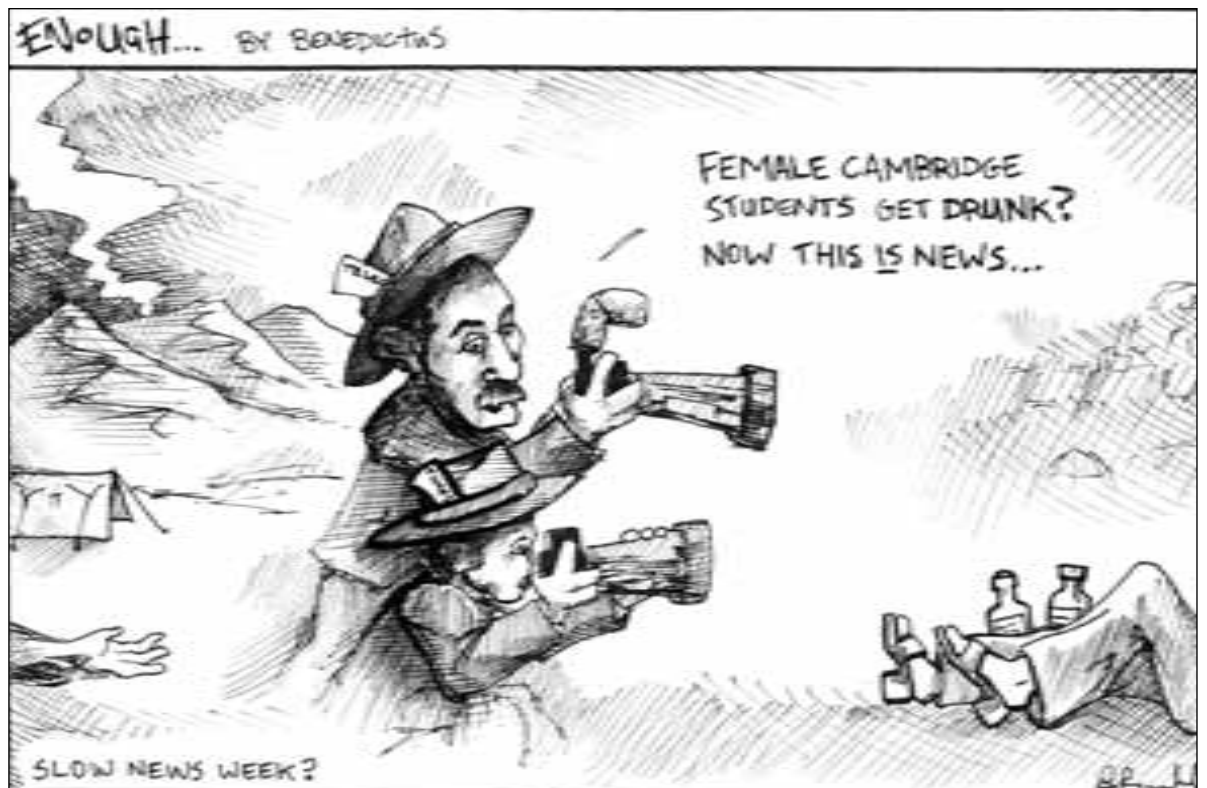
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VARSITY

You've never had it so good

One of the constant jibes we hear at *Varsity* is that we are "too tabloid" or "too sensationalist". Well now the national media circus has been to Cambridge perhaps many of you will reconsider. We at least make a valid attempt to be factual, but when many of the nationals do not know something they just make it up. Stories about the Alley Catz constantly going out dressed up in their cat suits and finishing off their dinner with a choice bowl of cat food are fanciful to say the least. The *Fez Club* are also currently considering legal action after the report in the Mail on Wednesday, which claimed that cannabis was being used there. Furthermore, when we wanted to use the photos from the Catz website, we (Shock! Horror!) actually telephoned the owner of the copyright. He said no and so we didn't print them. There is nothing wrong with making the articles as interesting and as visually attractive as possible. It is only through maintaining a high level of readership among students that we can push for changes where necessary to University life. Yes, we are sometimes sensationalist but we do keep the students informed and can hold the University and CUSU to account.



Bird baiting

Dear! Dear! Don't get your boxer shorts in such a twist *Varsity* and Dr Owen Saxton. As the annual sport of denigrating women's colleges, bird baiting en masse and inflaming senior tutors continues apace, has no stopped to think? Why use the Tompkins Tables at all? Ancient tosh cooked up by a journalist. You can prove anything you like with a 'statistic'. Surely the method of calculating scores, equating a first and a third with two 2.1's (600 points in both cases, I think...), is hopelessly out of date. *Varsity* should return to your normal high standards of reportage – 'Titt club' and 'drunken naked girls' running across Catz, being fine examples from last week's edition!

Bemused of New Hall

Now, having only been living in Bubbleworld (aka the strange world of Cambridge) for 4 weeks, there might be something I'm missing, but it seems to me that everyone's getting far too wound up about this Tompkins table. Okay, last year's finalists here at Newnham got less firsts and more thirds than colleges like Corpus Christi. But being still innocent and having only just fallen in from the real world, I'm thinking "But these are Cambridge thirds. 90% of the UK population couldn't even get a pass if they were here – why are we worrying about a stupid thing like grades?" I've noticed in my classes that men from other colleges seem to obsessively try and pick holes in whatever anyone else does, and women from other colleges seem to be very willing to believe the total myth that they are only here by a fluke and need to work themselves into the floor to be worth keeping. Newnhamites might have got grades at the low end of a very high-up spectrum, but at least we still have our feet on the ground and our heads in one piece when we leave.

**Jo Doughty
Newnham**

Question?

I was thinking of ordering an item from the *Daily Express* called a FLEA ZAPPER. At the bottom of the application form it states: "the result from this test is as good as or better than nearly all conventional chemical insecticides used against fleas" Medical Entomology Centre at the University of Cambridge. I found a quote in *Varsity* online from Dr John Maunder, Director of Cambridge University Medical Entomology Centre dated 18.01.01, however this doesn't give me the information that I am after, but I have no idea how to find the results of this test in particular. I would like to know if this is a legitimate claim before I spend £29.95.

Maybe you know how I can find out. I do hope that I am not wasting your time, but I don't know how to find the information. I am not a University person, merely a housewife seeking information.

Susan E. Mason (Mrs)

Elitism

Congratulations are due to *Varsity* for its balanced reaction to the latest elitism allegation to hit Cambridge. Contrary to your editorial, however, the disparity between private and state-school representation is not a result only of the 'crippling fees', introduced by the Labour Government 'preventing the poorest students from going to university'. The poorest students pay no tuition fees, which should then mean that this charge would hit middle income earners hardest. This is not the case because of a more damaging, more insidious factor than one charge levelled by a hypocritical political party.

That students are being asked to provide an ever increasing 'contribution' to their education creates the perception among poor communities of higher education as a superfluous luxury. One should not tax the things one wishes to encourage.

**Ross Saunders
Magdalene**

Debauchery

While we all believe students should enjoy themselves, don't you think you're playing a dangerous game? Haven't you heard of alcohol poisoning. I suppose it might all stop when someone is found dead or falls into the river. Stripping off, vomiting: I'm not surprised if you are forced to eat cat food! Falling drunk into bed with a stranger, haven't you heard of VD, if you ask me it all falls down to attention seeking. I always thought students were a bit cracked, now I know. But still I guess there are some sensible students around though I guess they don't join in your stupid drinking games: they're nerds. If you ask me some of you still haven't got the nappies off your backsides.

**A Great Grandmother,
Coventry**

I am writing to express my annoyance over your article 'Catz in a Flap'. In my opinion, the piece tries to make a story out of nothing. The college is not 'in a flap'; students have a good relationship with both college authorities and college staff. *Varsity* has blown any suggestion of conflict or tension completely out of proportion. Regulations introduced by the Dean concerning Formal Hall (many of which have actually been revived) are, broadly speaking, designed to make Catz a pleasant place for all, and the JCR Committee recognises and supports this. As a result of the piece's exaggerations, the college's name has been dragged through the mud by the national press, and this could have far-reaching effects on our applications over the next few years.

**Pete Houghton
JCR President, Catz**



letters@varsity.cam.ac.uk
The winner of the Letter of the Week wins two tickets to the Arts Picture House

LETTERS

Propaganda

As CUSU's former Services Officer I would like to take issue with *Varsity*'s suggestion that 'inexperience' was the cause of Creation's losses. One wonders whether the management of a half-million pound overall budget leading to an excess of 15,000 excluding the isolated incident that Creation was, would be similarly described. Rather the issue was – and no doubt still is – the fact that Sabbaticals are ridiculously overworked. This is the explanation for virtually all of the problems recently outlined in *Varsity*, e.g. delays in the Publications and Student ID, however unfortunate these may be. I am sure the present Services Officer is working the 70-80 hour weeks many of last year's team did and so to suggest that the problems outlined are thus the result of 'incompetence' is frankly a cheap journalistic stunt.

**Martin Lucas-Smith
Former CUSU Services Officer**

Glass Ceiling: Part II

Varsity asked a pertinent and overdue question in last week's editorial ("The Glass Ceiling"). However, it is time for Cambridge students to cease simply asking these questions and to start proactively redressing the balance. JCRs and other similar institutions need positively to encourage women students to consider standing for positions of responsibility, not just lament their absence. For example, the woefully small number of

female JCR Presidents does little to encourage aspiring women to take on what should be representative roles. And in our current culture women in such positions can all too often be caricatured as "battle axes" and "harridans" (as I myself discovered when JCR President at Emma). Until such positions are genuinely accessible to female students Cambridge will remain an institution where equal opportunities may exist in theory but are seldom realised in practice.

**Alison Ismail
CUSU Women's Officer**

Silly Women

Women get fewer firsts, they earn less and from your editorial last week it would appear that there are fewer who can claim to be part of the "ruling hierarchy" in Cambridge. While there are of course many explanations, one that appears to be ignored is by far the simplest. Men may just be more intelligent, more ambitious, harder-working and better leaders than women. There are, after all, several thousand years worth of examples that illustrate this. It's almost tragicomic that whenever this subject comes up instead of explanations we hear excuses, which I'm sure will appear once again.

**Navin Sivanandam
St Johns**

Letter of the Week

Tell me how to get the tickets to *Rent*, I'll bribe or escort you for the show, just name it! By the way, I'm a Chinese girl, tall, slim... and of course I will love you more than Adam Rickitt!

J-H.S. Yang

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Dan
Birdwhistell

I've found quite a few music makers in Cambridge. On Monday, there is the little man with the flute down by Sainsbury's. On Wednesday, there is the folk singer outside town centre; Thursday, a bloke playing J.Hendrix on his red guitar. But this past Friday, I found the top music maker of them all: the sultan of swing, the hippest cat on the block. On Friday, my friends, I met the Saw Man.

The night began like any other night. (Well, that is, except for the fact that I was wearing a full 1970s leisure suit and sunglasses). So I headed down from Holly Hill, taking a right at the Round Church and strolling down Trinity Street. It was then that I heard a loud, high-pitched, beautiful sound. Must this be some native songbird, or simply one of those uncontrollable naked girls I've been reading about? Regardless, I knew I must find the source. I was convinced this music maker would at last be able to make Love tangible. (I began searching my pockets for some token to symbolise my love and the eventual betrothal).

My heart began to race as I neared King's Parade. I just knew this would be the movie scene I had always hoped for. Then, in the distance, I saw a figure. My pace quickened, my gaze now sharp and focused. And yes, yes, it was a person (hallelujah, I thought I don't like kissing birds). With each step, my brain cycled through the images: blondes, red-heads, girls from Nice. It was just too much for me, so I shut my eyes, pledging not to open them until close enough for a soft glance and even softer touch. I took four more steps, opened my eyes and?

HOLY MOLEY. Great Goodness Almighty. Gadzooks. CRIKEY. Call me Montrell!!!

Before me was not the beauty from Nice; it was a greying, elderly man and he had a HUGE SAW. Must this be some dream? (I quickly looked down and noticed that I wasn't wearing my dream-sequence Superman Underoos, so I knew that this must be reality.)

Then suddenly a new emotion overtook me. I was no longer saddened, rather, I was frightened and terrified. I think I even whimpered. Before me was a man with a HUGE SAW. I mean, I've seen every horror film known to man, so I knew there was a distinct possibility I could go home minus an appendage or twenty. I tried to run, but I couldn't. I was petrified with fright.

He looked up towards me and pulled a long stick-like thing from his side. I thought this must be his poisonous dart gun or electric shock device. He lifted it up, smiled (strangely), then brought the fiendish weapon towards the saw and began to rub them together. I was just waiting for the sky to open, Gozer to come down (Ghostbusters reference, sorry). But I was wrong. There was no Gozer; instead, there was only sweet, sweet music. The man smiled, then began to sway his head ever so slightly.

It was then that I knew I was in the presence of a master. I stood there for a moment, listening, my head dancing with images of pixies, butterflies, and cheap beer. I dropped a quid in his saw-carrying-box and strolled off, politely humming to myself and hoping that someday, I too, would be able to make such beautiful music. So, today, friends, I lead us in a toast to the Saw Man.

TRANSPARENT CHARMS

Rachael Marsh and Anita Moss work out the secrets behind the glass

When we were told the Glassworks were offering the two of us a free morning to sample their gym, Jacuzzi and sauna, we didn't need to consider the offer for long. After all, the Glassworks sells itself as a Health Fitness Club, and, living opposite the entrance, I have to walk past often enough to know it looks like a classy joint, and that the people who go there look like they've got a Jag waiting for them at home. So we felt truly impoverished when we staggered through the door in our old tracksuit bottoms and smelly trainers, clutching a Sainsbury's bag full of swimsuits. The Glassworks is a gym to buy a specially coordinated wardrobe for.

After an intensive security check (are you who you say you are?), with ingratiating smiles we were finally invited in and encouraged to make use of all the facilities. Of course we had every intention of doing this, taking the crisp, white towels into the seductively lit changing rooms. Try the gym first.

While building the health club around the shell of the former Glassworks (hence the name) they have endeavoured to keep and restore the wooden beams and brickwork, so the main room is very attractive. The ceiling is high and is well lit. There are three big screens showing different programs, which you can tune in to

with your own headphones. And no more mirrors than absolutely necessary (only in the free weights area). It was surprisingly empty considering it was Saturday morning, so we didn't have to wait to use any equipment, although there were signs at some machines indicating that this is not always the case. The Glassworks' site is

not very big, so there are not many of each machine, although they do have a good range. The atmosphere is almost clinical; just walking into the room is enough to make you feel healthy, though you definitely wouldn't relish the thought of an evening down the gym.

Possibly however, you would look



The jacuzzi at the Glassworks

forward to relaxing afterwards and treating yourself to one, or a combination, of the jacuzzi, sauna and steam room available to all members. The view over the river to Magdalene from the jacuzzi is very pleasant; though I've been trying to work out if the window is one way, I'm not sure it is. Disappointingly, considering they brand themselves as a 'Health Club', they have no pool.

They do have Aveda soap in the bathroom, a very smooth publicity campaign, and some amazing gadgets on the workout machines, but how much do you have to pay for this? The reason we were asked to review now is because they are running a promotion. The Glassworks will waive the £150 joining fee for students until 9 November. Apparently they don't have many spaces left, so leaving it for a couple of months if you're not sure you want to sign up just yet may prove to be a mistake, with a waiting list comes a steep rise in the joining fee to £250. To use the gym off-peak 7-5, Monday to Friday, costs £48.50 per month and does include a range of studio classes: pilates, yoga and aerobics, to name a few. I know I couldn't afford this, but they have a surprising number of student members. It may be nice, but my college has a gym I can use for free; Class Works may be a more appropriate name.

Putting a finger in every pie

Jamie Douglass and Thomas Farnsworth find it's not re-Vault-ing at all

I want you to consider the Mini. Brilliantly engineered, a pleasure to look at, did exactly the job it was designed to do. Only, what was the point of it? It was small, it carried you around. It was enjoyable to drive. And it has lasted for years. Where Ford Scorpios have been consigned to the scrap heap of history, hankered after only by Regus Professors of Car History, and strange bearded men in bulky cardigans, the Mini is still driven. But no-one can quite decide why. It doesn't really make a lot of sense. The reason that this comes to mind is that Trinity Vaults reminds me of the Mini in a lot of ways.

Let me explain.

We went to Trinity Vaults with very few preconceptions. But this turned out to be a bonus, because the Vaults confuses me. Firstly, the entire ethos of the restaurant is unique. The idea is that all the dishes are starter sized, and you order two to three per person. Inevitably, this means that the place works on a kind of enforced fusion. Unlike the slightly more stupid kind of "Fusion Restaurant" you don't get the 'Duck a la Tamarind with Vulcanised Rubber' sort of dish, it's just that you will end up eating an Oriental dish alongside a French staple and an English classic. There are no starters and no mains, there are just dishes. We had the Black Bream Fillet, the Lamb Wellington with Roasted Garlic, the Chicken and Mango in a Sweet Chilli Sauce, and a Caesar Salad, with Garlic and Mozzarella Baguette (see?). The Bream was perfectly cooked, succulent, and very tasty indeed. A beautifully sour sauce coupled with sweet caramelised vegetables under the crispy crust, and fresh Dill. Simply gorgeous, though I've

never eaten fish with sweet sauce before. A concept meal perhaps, but done very, very well. Likewise, the Lamb Wellington showed all the hallmarks of consummate skill on behalf of the chef. The proof of the kitchen was in the state of the meat, medium rare, with the juices oozing out into the sauce, and a crust with enough crunch to shame most pastry chefs.

Caesar Salad is a tricky one because everyone has their own idea of what it should be. Some people favour bacon, some anchovies (me, for instance) there are people who like it drenched in dressing (me, again) and others who prefer it

almost dry. This came with as much dressing as I could wish for, and several whole anchovies. But anchovy haters beware. The Garlic and Mozzarella baguette came as a side dish. My one complaint would be that it was on the small side, but then I couldn't have eaten any more.

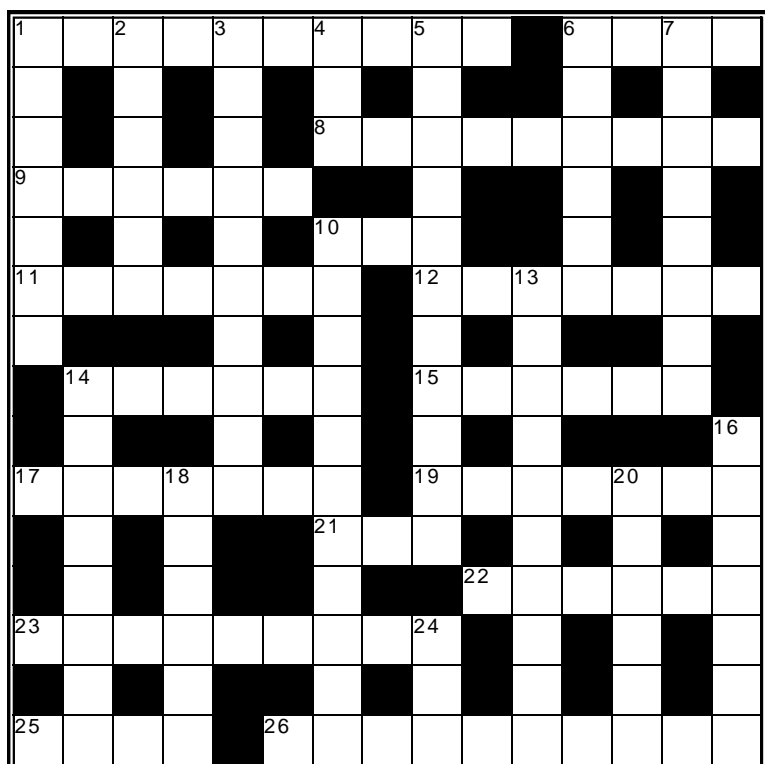
We decided to sample the desserts, going in the end for the Plum crumble and the Chocolate Truffle cake. The Plum crumble was good, with the right balance between fruit and topping, and a smooth creme anglaise. The chocolate cake, on the other hand was not good. It

was orgasmic. I was expecting something that tasted of milk and sugar. It came, and my first thought was that it was tiny. By the time I was half way through I was struggling to breathe, let alone eat. It tasted like pure cocoa solids, only better. This is, without any doubt, the best dessert I have ever eaten in Cambridge. This is a chocolate cake for chocolate fanatics, for people who allow chocolate to rule their lives. I cannot describe it, and it would be an insult to try. You will just have to eat it. Prices range from £4 to £10 for a dish, hovering mostly around the £6-7 mark. This sounds expensive, but when you stop and consider how much you will spend should you go to a conventional restaurant, it really is not bad at all. We certainly spent no more than we have at other places, though I'm buggered if I can work out how this principle operates. It just does. The problem is that the Vaults is a reviewer's paradise. You get to try smallish examples of brilliant cooking, but I'm not sure that I can rank it as a restaurant, because it doesn't feel like one. It feels like a Gallery for the Art of Food. The service is friendly, and attentive, but the waiters aren't waiters, they're guides. The decor is attractive, but largely art-based. I certainly wouldn't go there to be wine and dined, but I will return again and again, because the cooking is just amazing. The wines are good, the house wine particularly so, and prices range from £10 to £30.

The Vaults is so different from anything else that I can't give it a score. It does what it does perfectly, but it stands apart from other places because it is nothing like a "conventional" example of it's kind. Thus, a bit like a Mini. Only tastier.



Photo: Rachael Marsh



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



Answers to last week's crossword:

Cryptic Crossword – Across: 7. Rhapsody in Blue 9. Isolate 11. Cicada 12. Rapr 13. Vinyl 15. Skiers 16. Bib 17. Utmost 20. Edict 22. Dais 24. Cancan 26. Oil-pipe 27. Preconceptions **Down:** 1. Physicist 2. Apology 3. Doctor 4. Wife 5. Obelisk 6. Mundane 8. Brass 10. Optical 15. Recouping 17. Uncle 18. Manners 19. Seasick 21. Delphic 23. Skimpy 25. None
Quick Crossword – Across: 7. Polysaccharide 9. Monarch 11. Glossy 12. Tsar 13. Often 14. Kenyan 16. Bop 17. Acumen 20. Acrid 22. Pleas 24. occult 26. Bastion 27. Ostentatiously **Down:** 1. Soporific 2. Synapse 3. Faucet 4. Thaw 5. Braille 8. Aryan 10. Panpoly 15. Aristotle 17. Aroma 18. Unclasp 19. Enliven 21. Centaur 23. Adagio 25. Jute

Last week's winner was Kate Dickinson (Sidney) – your voucher is at NatWest Benet Street.

Cryptic Crossword

Across

1. Energetic legume? (6,4)
6. Midsummer night's fairy hit playing ice-hockey (4)
8. Abstract giant toto patterning skin (9)
9. Mr Capone second rate in love and lacks pigment (6)
10. Irritate insect (3)
11. First class marines sicken from over-seas post (6)
12. Wild horse guts man in torture (7)
14. Detective Bill with short Emily makes crown (6)
15. Thanks minstrel for knight's over-garment (6)
17. Cake whisk rustled (7)
19. Stretch myself before the Spanish dog (7)
21. Few of these trees found in Holland? (3)
22. Six artists leave termagant (6)
23. Obvious love makes a public declaration of policy (9)
25. Come before top teacher (4)
26. Representing lamb cosily chopped (10)

Down

1. Point in armada, all at sea during month of fast (7)
2. Digit becomes less sensitive (6)
3. Balanced, being not odd-limbed (4-6)
4. Chewed in a horse's mouth (3)
5. Miss Mia Gatt disfigured by eye defect (11)
6. Supply words to actor on time (6)
7. Fraud given monetary penalty and imprisoned (8)
10. Innocently put fault on Les, with cunning (11)
13. Religious rest day cut short by 99, Mr Capone's year off (10)
14. Explode Eton in time (8)
16. Young Alan before company short holiday gets you drunk (7)
18. Relax out of world council draught (6)
20. Italian young Alan in charge of sloping writing (6)
24. Half brother goes back for ball (3)

Quick Crossword

Across

1. Contest of skill between many people (10)
6. Agreement, treaty (4)
8. Seat in House of Commons (9)
9. Usual, perpendicular (6)
10. Also (3)
11. Bewilder (7)
12. Small tropical bird (7)
14. Spanish dance, short jacket (6)
15. Spice (6)
17. One who tests quality (7)
19. Bring to higher position (7)
21. Atmospheric mixture of gases (3)
22. Aquatic protozoan (6)
23. Wooden puppet son of Geppetto (9)
25. Backward pointing hook, wounding remark (4)
26. Place for disposal of corpses (10)

Down

1. High sea wave caused by seismic movement (7)
2. Encroaches, seizes wrongfully (6)
3. Not positively (10)
4. Celtic fairy queen (3)
5. One who predicts future by communicating with the dead (11)
6. Spanish rice dish (6)
7. Giving loud silly laugh (8)
10. Printer, compositor (11)
13. Furthest down (10)
14. Roman public building, Christian church (8)
16. Insignia of royalty, large cigar (7)
18. To take in, occupy full attention of (6)
20. Sour ale, malt vinegar (6)
24. Unit of resistance (3)

ELIGIBLE?

Varsity are running the ultimate search; a hunt for the most sexy, charismatic people hidden amongst our student population. We know they exist somewhere! And when we've found them (and believe me we will find you if we want you) we want to tell the whole University about them in our "Most Eligible Bachelor and Bachelorette" competition. Think it's a little vain? Of course it is; but for the two winners there's a free dinner together at swanky Brown's up for grabs and the chance to spill the beans on how the date went to Varsity afterwards.

This is how the process works. If you want to be in it to win it, you need to be nominated by two people. The nominators need to email us (outlook@varsity.cam.ac.uk) saying not only the nominee's name and college, but also a short sharp burst about what makes them irresistible (50 words max). Following this, the nominees just need to pop round for an interview and photo shoot (after we contact you) and the chosen top ten of each sex get featured in Varsity over the next couple of weeks.

The best bit, is that the choice of winner is up to our darling readers. By a quick e-mail your can vote to decide who are Cambridge's most eligible bachelor and bachelorette, based on the profiles we've drawn up.

So think you've got what it takes? Know you're a lady killer or a man eater? Got the style, the charm and the profile to make the grade? Or know someone else who has? Then contact us by the evening of Sunday 4 November and create a Cambridge legend or two.

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Tonight, I'm going to be...

Debbie Harry Audrey Hepburn Katrina Horrox Your Mum Marlene Dietrich Nelly Tracey Emin Pat Butcher Jack Kerouac Dusty Springfield Glenn Gould Bette Davis Joanna Lumley

...Barbie

Barbie is my style icon. You can dismiss her as the ultimate blonde bimbo, but to me she represents an order and a sense of sophisticated style I can only aspire to. From her blond (rootless) hair through to her long (stubbleless) legs and those feet just made to strut in stilettos, Barbie oozes style. No hours spent before the wardrobe wondering whether her “bum looks big in this” – Barbie, and her inimitable size 8 figure, are able to slip effortlessly from daywear to evening wear forever accompanied by matching handbag and shoes. Perhaps my aim is not so much to imitate her chameleon-like attire, a changeable look that would make even Madonna envious, but rather to achieve the sense of order and occasion that seems to be come effortlessly to Barbie.

Helen Symonds

Eminem Marilyn Monroe Brad Pitt Oscar Wilde Geri Halliwell Lady Di

...Pork-Pie

There was one TV show which between the ages of 10 and 15, I never missed: Desmonds. The story of a group of 1st and 2nd generation West Indians now living in London and, for reasons that were never made quite clear, spending as much time as possible in the local barbers, the ‘Desmonds’ of the title. Brilliant. All of the male characters, particularly the embittered older ones, dressed in a way which seemed, to my uncultured Mancunian mind, quite hip and exotic. Clothes that I’d seen and snarled at in Oxfam shops, on them looked quite good. Patterned shirts, aviator sunglasses and brown front-pleated trousers. A glance at up and coming fashion icons The Strokes shows the characters of Desmonds to have been way ahead of their time as far as fashion goes.

One character stood out. Pork-Pie. He was hilarious; a cool, laid-back old dude who, in retrospect, was probably smoking a little too much of the demon weed. The best thing about Pork-Pie was his hat, the small tweed trilby by which he wore constantly and after which he was named. It looked like the kind of hat the British landed aristocracy would wear, yet it sat perfectly on him. When I was about 16, Desmonds ended, following the death of the lead actor. (Channel 4 ran a spin-off series, simply titled ‘Pork-Pie’ which I loved. It ran for five episodes. Apparently people were concerned by the fact that it wasn’t very funny. Or good.) So Pork-Pie and his hat vanished from my life and, as happens, I forgot them. I got involved with girls, with drink, with poetry... and the adolescent fantasy of being a 60 year old black man from Shepherds Bush gradually disappeared. Or so I thought. Sometime in my Cambridge first year I fell in love with a recently-deceased American named Frank Sinatra. Everything about him intoxicated me. His voice, his clothing, his love of whisky, of women, of mob-bosses. And his hats. Small, grey felt trilbys. I decided I had to have one and spent nearly 18 months attempting to find one that looked a bit battered, fitted my abnormally-shaped head and didn’t cost £200. Then, one afternoon in the sunny little village of Cranbrook in Kent, I found it. In an Oxfam shop. A hat exactly the size, shape and price (£4) I was looking for. Except it wasn’t grey. It was tweed. And, technically, it wasn’t a trilby. It was a pork-pie. All the memories and emotions I’d kept bottled up since that hat had been removed from my telly and my life came flooding back. My happiest moment came when, wearing my newly-acquired piece of high-cultural fashion, I went to stay with a friend in Shepherds Bush for a month. I couldn’t believe it. All around me, old men were chuckling in that distinctive way I remember from the TV show. In newsagents, tube stations, supermarkets, they wore hats like mine and Pork-Pie’s, and dressed like Desmond himself. I was finally home. I belonged.

Ben Power

Gary Numan He-man Mr T Dorian Gray Twiggy Ella Fitzgerald Prince

...my little sister

“He just wears the worst jeans I’ve ever seen in my life; reeeally bad – they’re so wide they flap, and they’ve got turn-ups, but, like, an inch high, and they’re too short. Oh my God...”

It was whilst listening to Katarina’s hilarious rant against a guy whose crime, given his appalling clothes, was arrogance, that I remembered why my younger sister has to count as my style icon. Her winning mix of sharp punk and laid-back skate wear is a result of her obsession with the cultures from which the styles came: the edgy excitement of the time of the Sex Pistols, and the relaxed, sunny charm of boys in baggies hanging on the street corner.

The result? Colourful, chunky necklaces, salvaged from our mum’s ‘80s jewellery, cut-off cord skirts, strappy vests or kids’ Ts, good trainers (Emericas, preferably), rumpled socks, even messier hair, smudged eyes, multiple wrist cuffs, and a beat-up Eastpak rucksack. She looks great. Stars are stars; they have their personal trainers, stylists and paychecks to see them through any potential fashion pitfalls. In the real world, it’s much harder to find people whose look isn’t based solely on Topshop’s latest delivery, who create something distinctive and beautiful for themselves simply through a personal passion for what the style means to them. I might not end up looking like her, but my sister’s sense of sharp pretty casual fun still lies at the heart of my love for clothes, and that’s the best sort of icon you can get. And as for her take on the poor guy’s shoes? “Sooo bad...Just like these Sketcher-Nike rip-off things...And with those jeans...!”

Anna-Helga Horrox

...Dot Cotton

When I was eighteen, I never wanted to look like a Spice Girl, or a lithe blonde tennis player, or even Kate Moss in her healthy, sun-kissed incarnation. I sort of wanted to look like Audrey Hepburn in *Breakfast at Tiffany’s*, but I was never very good at that sprightly Golightly air of hers. My hair was too short, I hated cats, and I found it increasingly difficult to pretend that my little attic room in Wandsworth, with its view of council blocks to the right and sounds of loudly-shagging yuppies to the left, was a kookily-furnished New York apartment. Even if the illusion worked for me, to everyone else I just looked like a try-hard lunatic. I turned, as one does in such imaginative droughts, to the television, and more specifically, to Eastenders. I always adored Tiffany, but I was never going to be like her – she was too sugar-sweet, too much bread-line Marilyn Monroe; I was never going to be that voluptuous or that saintly. No, I wanted something harder; something that slunk around in back-allies in worn-out pumps, someone who hung out at the pub in pearls and little floral blouses and moth-eaten, tightly buttoned cardigans, with a B&H grafted to her lips... A strange creature standing in the shadows, mouthing odd words from disapproving lips. Her name was Dot Cotton, and she loved gin and tonic, perhaps more than anything else in the world. And I loved Dot. Every time I took a slug of the vile stuff I’d think of her... I’d think of her as the smoke from a cheap roll-up punched the back of my throat, as I was feeling pissed-off, and hungover, and dirty; and I’d smile, suddenly, with my stupid crooked face that would never be in a film, or kissing George Peppard, and that would always much rather, really, be raising an eyebrow and speaking a funny voice in a dirty corner of London

Emily Haworth-Booth

Greta Garbo Frank Sinatra Billie Holiday Joey Ramone Sylvia Plath Bob

...my best friend

In the photo of my sixth form, everyone else is smiling politely. Chloe looks like she is about to murder someone. She was my best friend, and she is the coolest person I have ever met. Her eyes were always drawn in black, in huge circles of eyeshadow. She didn’t possess any eye makeup remover. She would stagger out of bed in the morning, wipe the worst of yesterday’s off and smudge on some more. She would grab some clothes off the floor, throw them on and walk out the door. And despite this low maintainance approach to getting ready, she was late for school every single morning. But she never really got into trouble for it, because that was the kind of girl she was. She had brilliant clothes. The kind of clothes you can’t buy in shops. Dirty, punk clothes which she accumulated from charity shops, festivals and friends, cut up, stuck back together and then wore. The sleeves were all chewed into holes. Her trousers were worn out in the right places. She wore tiny skirts without looking easy. She didn’t let her clothes get in the way of doing what she wanted to do. She didn’t fiddle with them. If the straps fell down, they stayed there. If her make-up ran, she didn’t care. When we hung out at her house at lunchtimes, I would borrow jumpers from her if it got cold. I wore a black and white stripey one of hers back to school one time. A girl in our class said to me “when Chloe wears that she looks like a criminal. When you wear it, you look like a humbug”. She was right. I don’t mind looking like a sweet. I quite like it actually. I don’t want to be Chloe, but she was as sharp as a razorblade and that is why she is my style icon.

Lydia Jones

Tammy Wynette Connie Francis The Virgin Mary Madonna Snoopy God Peaches

...Debbie Harry

I am fed up with the constant diet of siliconed, wipe-down, blow-up dolls that pass for female role models these days. Fuck off Britney, Geri and Gwyneth with your zone diets and aerobicised butts. Fuck off with your adolecent figures and your servile expressions. Fuck off with your “I’m so empowered” when you’ve got your tits out in FHM. That is why Debbie Harry is my style icon. She radiated sex like “come and have a go if you think you’re hard enough” not “hello boys”. With dark roots in her bleach blonde hair, in a tiny dress in the ‘80s, she was nearly a barbie girl, but only nearly, because as well as being a pin-up, she was a snarling, spitting punk. She was still supercool at Glastonbury ’99 in her 40s, with a curved stomach and glass fibre hair. And that is because she is real. I can imagine her doing the washing up, screaming at the kids, wearing her jogging trousers. She was a popstar without becoming a plastic pop princess. I wish I was her, but I also wish she was my mother.

Katharine Hibbert

...Katie Grand

“Never say never” replied Katie Grand when asked to nominate her fashion no-nos. Ms Grand is a fashion icon of the highest order. She has a bevy of local London scruffsters, Kate, Stella, and the infamous Luella Bartley. With assorted job descriptions: artistic director, creative consultant, editor and stylist, and an equally impressive assortment of jobs, at The Face, Bottega Veneta, Luella, Pop magazine and more, Katie Grand deservedly dominates the fashion industry.

She cannot fail then, in the style stakes. With so many avenues of activity her look is understandably eclectic, making a change from the uniform boredom of black, black and black, the costumes favoured by clones of the formidable Anna Wintour. Further, Katie Grand’s style takes comfort into account. Her look is hard and practical, and it should never take too long to compile, giving hope to those of us who are loathe to spend more than half an hour dressing up. She never dismisses anything as unwearable, hence one sees some extremely interesting looks – if fancy demands a good heel and neon socks, let it be so...

We have Katie Grand to thank for the introduction of such joys as Perspex bracelets, and the popularity of the military revival. And as for graffiti, who scrawled on the cover first? And now pushing the vintage Westwood demand that has been long overdue – hurrah for stretch glitter knitwear.

Powerful and influential figure through she is, she too has been caught in unassuming attire, the *Independent* remarked that she looked ‘unexceptional’ kitted out in sleek black cashmere and pencil skirt en route to an important meeting in Milan. Thank god even those who we look to as icons also have days on which black, dull as it seems, is the best and easiest option to adopt.

Indeed, Katie Grand is ultimately made all the more admirable in my eyes, for her humble admission that Gap truly is the place for bargains. Shocker. Icon through and through.

Hannah Barry

...David Bowie

Boys are really weird. I kind of get suspicious about most boys, so I’ve always been fascinated by androgyny. With David Bowie, every single moment of his waking life has been spent pushing the boundaries of what someone with the right male bits should wear and do. As he says of him and his glam rock buddies in the newspaper article on my wall, “we reinvented culture the way we wanted it – with great big shoes.” But there wasn’t, and still isn’t anyone like him. Marc Bolan may have worn make-up, massive satin flares and glitter too, but David Bowie dressed like a space angel.

Bowie isn’t a homosexual and neither am I, but our mutually-agreed point is that that’s all irrelevant because dandyish self-expression through your style is a right boys have insisted upon for centuries. As “Rebel Rebel” testifies, tacky bright trousers, tight sparkly tops and looking beautiful need not be the domain only of girls just because of a dominant gender regime. You don’t have to go out in eyeliner every day but the joy of Bowie is that almost single-handedly, he showed that you could and every now and then you definitely should. It may not be the ‘70s anymore but he still inspires my fashion, particularly when I go out in my checked blue trousers that everyone hates. He was a genuine maverick, with a soundbite philosophy based on Foucault to boot, whereas I am not. But I am proud to have him to comfort me when I am dancing.

Charlie Phillips

James Dean Romeo Richie Edwards Jean Shrimpton Boy George Daria Queen Mum Emma Woodhouse Lou Reed Kurt Cobain

Jason Timberlake Isabella Blow Miss Jean Brodie Germaine Greer Michael Jackson Madame Bovary Pinkie Peewee Herman Barry White Joan Crawford Damon Albarn Marky Mark Julian Casablancas Mr Darcy

Anna Wintour Courtney Love David Beckham Sean Connery Justine Frischmann Anais Nin Fred Astaire Hugh Grant Plato Diana Rigg Prince William Christian Slater Rita Hayworth Jo DiMaggio Cleopatra Xena

Steve Redgrave Joan Collins Jarvis Cocker Brigitte Bardot Kat Bejelland Guinevere Neo Lauren Laverne Lauren Baccall Skin Grace Kelly Brenda Lee Paul Whitehouse Radclyffe Hall

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THE DARK EDITOR

The guardian of the original broadsheet gives Natasha Grayson a lesson in history

At last, I have interviewed someone from the Dark Side. Not only from the Dark Side, but a former editor of the Dark Newspaper, *Cherwell*. This is an exciting novelty.

Peter Stothard has been Editor of *The Times* since 1992. He graduated from Trinity College, Oxford in 'Litterae Humaniores' – Classics to you and me – and worked in the BBC and elsewhere before joining *The Times*.

This man has seen a few too many upstart young journalists pass through his office

We met in Times House, a diligently concealed, low-key building on a back street not far from the Tower of London. Fresh from the plush Canary Wharf offices of *Telegraph* Editor Charles Moore a few weeks earlier, I was expecting something slightly more grandiose than the ageing labyrinth of small corridors which I discovered. I was looking out for a contrast between these two editors, since Moore himself had named *The Times* as his key competitor in the daily broadsheet market.

Stothard's own office, at the end of an obscure and twisted passageway, was impressive enough. Lots of books – this was a man who prided himself on being well-read. Apparently none of the name-dropping framed photographs which were to be seen in Moore's office – instead, one corner among these countless books was adorned with a large painting of a man at his breakfast table, the majority of his body concealed behind the copy of *The Times* he is reading. A very dated copy – from 1830, I was to discover – and apparently also a famous painting, as I was later told by its proud owner.

"Rupert Murdoch has never told me what to put in *The Times*, he never would"

To begin, then, I ask to hear what it was like at the Other University. But Stothard is not interested in nostalgic reminiscences about his student days – indeed, he seems disappointed in me for starting out in such an obvious manner. This man has seen a few too many upstart young journalists pass through his office, and it quickly feels like he is assessing me as another one of them. "When I interview people now, at 17 or 18, they've got more cuttings than I had when I was 30. You really are of the determined, career-conscious generation. We had some idea of what we might do, but it was a completely different atmosphere from the one I detect amongst students today."

He also denies that his generation was very politically active at Oxford. "There were protests, but it was a terribly tame and indulgent pursuit". He concedes that Cambridge in the late sixties and early seventies "was slightly more political."

He was Editor of *Cherwell*, however. "Yes, I shared the editorship with the guy who's now the head of the Financial Services Authority, Howard Davis. We edited it for about four weeks, then there was one of those student financial crises that beset student newspapers from time

to time, so for the rest of the summer term we did something else."

He compared his experiences at *Cherwell* to his experiences as a journalist in the upheaval of 1986. I had yet to discover the historical significance of what happened in Fleet Street in that year, when, according to Stothard, "the British newspaper industry was saved by Rupert Murdoch." Despite the fact that I had been only five years old at the time, Stothard seemed again disappointed and unimpressed, as a school-teacher might be, when I did not immediately know what he was talking about. Obliging he explained. "Before 1986 the whole of the newspaper industry was produced around Fleet Street, by corrupt, overmanned, politicised Trade Unions, who made it almost impossible to produce newspapers. The newspaper industry of this country was pretty much bankrupt." How do we think Stothard feels about Socialist politics, children?

Naturally I jump at the opening to probe the legend of Rupert Murdoch, who owns *The Times* and is often widely reputed to have a great deal of control over its content. "Of course Rupert Murdoch was around at that time a lot in England, it was a very important time, and this myth arose of his being involved in everything that was going on. Well that's a small price to pay, really, for what was achieved for all newspapers at that point. He's never told me what to put in *The Times*, he never would."

So, having been educated at Oxford, does he think Oxbridge graduates still have an edge in the careers market? "I still have quite a lot of faith in the way people are taught at Oxford and Cambridge. I think if we could afford to educate everybody like that it would be better, but we can't, and Oxford and Cambridge do do it."

Does that mean you are an elitist? "Do I think that intellectual advance is best made by everybody being taught exactly the same thing? No I don't. So if that makes me an elitist, then I am one, and I

do think that there are some people who have the intellectual gifts to make a difference to advancing human knowledge."

Ok, that worked, Peter Stothard is an elitist! I got a juicy comment – I am a good journalist! But despite such spectacular revelations, Stothard never bristled or got nervous. I had a persistent sensation throughout the interview that I was being judged on my journalistic abilities, and his only worry was my inadequacy. He is a mild-mannered, polite gentleman, yet at the same time strangely intimidating. Quiet, understated self-confidence is far more enduring and powerful.

Stothard regards it as his job to have outspoken political views. "It's a historic duty for a newspaper to offer political advice. That's part of the nature of newspapers. *The Times* of all papers. Its greatest fame came from its leaders, its opinions and its giving political advice. So it would be a complete deregulation of duty for the editor of *The Times* not to give political advice."

Stothard reveals quite a preoccupation with *The Times'* glorious history. The painting on the wall, to which he constantly refers, is his symbol of the Golden Age of the nineteenth century, when *The Times* had "such a pre-eminent position as



Photo: Sam Dobbin

the newspaper for people who made decisions." Is that still how he would define it today? "That's one of the factors that connect *The Times* over there" (gesturing towards the painting) "to *The Times* we have now. We appeal to the decision-makers of this country, who, instead of being 30,000 white males based around London clubs, are now millions of people, spread all over the country, making decisions about their lives."

Indeed, how interesting. So why are you no longer the leading broadsheet, where does your arch-rival the *Daily Telegraph* fit in? "The *Telegraph* management in the early years of the century were much quicker than the management of *The Times* to realise that there was a big middle-class audience out there, and decisions were being made by different sorts of people." Ah, those damned decisions again. "In 1830, when that was done" (the painting again), "all the decisions in this country were being made by a small number of men, and they read *The Times*."

Ok, that worked, Peter Stothard is an elitist! I got a juicy comment!

Er, haven't we covered this ground already? Oh well. So what about today? Charles Moore told me he feels absolutely

no danger from *The Times*, he knows he is winning the sales war. What do you think Mr Stothard? "Far be it from me to suggest that my friend Charles Moore is deceptive...but one might easily be misled by his boast that the *Telegraph* is the best sell-

newspapers, and especially, if they really want to get their heads round it, they go to *The Times*." He is actually cheeky in his commitment to the superiority of his own paper, but surely that is only to be expected.

"If it really mattered to TCS how many people picked up their paper, they wouldn't put that picture on the front"

er while "all the time" costing more than *The Times*. More than a third of the *Telegraph's* daily sale is to those who use cut-price subscriptions and money-off vouchers. Some 300,000 *Telegraph* purchasers pay less each day for their newspaper than those who buy *The Times*. By adjusting the price of these cheap deals the *Telegraph* can maintain its million-a-day sale for as long as the owner is prepared to foot the large and onerous bill."

Stothard is, on the surface, no less confident about his paper than his rival, but he does seem to cling to a hazy nostalgia about the long-lost days of *The Times'* supremacy which he is striving to revive. What can he say about the future of *The Times* and the newspaper industry? "On the 11th September, the sales of newspapers – *The Times* sales rose most – but the sales of all newspapers rose, and that shows to me that when there are important issues that people want to try and understand and get their heads round, they go to

A friend of mine described *The Times* as "the most tabloidy of the broadsheet newspapers." Stothard is not even offended by this. "One may think we are the most tabloid, in the sense that we are the most visually attractive, then yes."

Sounds like *Varsity* to me. Which makes this a good time to offer Stothard the *Varsity*-TCS doorstep challenge. Which paper looks more impressive, in your professional opinion? Looking at TCS, he asks, "Is this the one funded by the Union? You can always tell when something is not part of the competitive, commercial process – if it's a trade union magazine, or something which is given out free to all employees of a company – they always have a certain look, which you can tell immediately. If it really mattered to you how many people picked up your paper, and read what you wanted to say, you wouldn't put that picture on the front." It seems only fair to say that he was looking at a copy from last term, but still...

FRIDAY 2

FILM

• ARTS: 12.50, 3.20, 5.50, 8.20: The Man Who Wasn't There (15). 10.40pm: Together (15). 1.00, 5.40: Annie Hall (15). 3.00, 8.00: Amelie (15). 10.50pm: Elvis, That's The Way It Is (U). 1.30, 6.00: The Circle (PG). 3.00: Life Is Beautiful (PG). 8.00: Southwest 9 (18). 10.30: Urban Ghost Story (15).

MISC

• Baha'i Society: Prayers for World Peace and Unity. *Friends Meeting House, Jesus Lane.* 7:30pm.
• CU Jewish Society: 'Friday Night Experience' – meal + entertainment, followed by Culanu Oneg. *The Student Centre, 3 Thompsons Lane.* 7:30pm.
• Hughes Hall Ents: Halloween Bop, prize for best costume. *Hughes Hall, Bar.* 9pm. £1 HH, £3 non-HH, free with costume.
• Kettle's Yard: Last Chance to see the latest exhibition – an evening viewing for busy people. *Kettle's Yard.* 6:30pm.
• Queens' Ents: Disco Demand. 70s Funk and Classic Disco. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 9pm. £4.
• Raja Yoga Society: The Power of 'Yes'. Stimulating talk by writer and journalist, Neville Hodgkinson. *Inner Space, 6 King's Parade,*

Cambridge. Tel: 464616.
 7:30pm.

• Salsa Classes with Nelson Batista: Abs beg/imp: 6–7.30pm. Int/adv: 7.30–9pm. *St Columba's Hall, 4 Downing Place.* 6pm. £5 (£4 students).

MUSIC

• Hedgepig: Celtic-folk-rock-fusion band, live gig. *The Wrestlers, Newmarket Road.* 9pm.
• Kettle's Yard Music: Lunchtime recital by students. *Kettle's Yard.* 1:10pm.
• The Junction: 70s and 80s Disco extravaganza and karaoke bar. *The Junction, 10–2.* 10pm. £3.50 b4 11.

TALK

• Cambridge Bird Club: "Thrushes" illustrated talk by Peter Clements. Students welcome. *St John's Comm. Hall, Hills Road.* 7:30pm. £1 n.m.
• CamFed/African Studies Centre: 'Creating educational opportunities for girls in Southern Africa'. *Trinity College, Winstanley Lecture Theatre.* 5pm.
• Thomas More Discussion Group: "Why was Human Cloning legalised in the UK in 2001?". *St Catharine's College, Rushmore Room.* 7:30pm.

THEATRE

• CADS: Poisson Rouge – A Comedy Review Show. *Christs College, New Court Theatre.* 10pm. £4/£3.

• Cafe Studio: Mark Stafford – comedy and juggling. *Emmanuel URC, Trumpington St.* 7:30pm. £5 (£3 conc.).
• pretty young things productions/GODS present: Krapp's Last Tape and Not I by Samuel Beckett. *ADC Theatre.* 11pm. £3.
• The Pop-Up Guide To Armageddon: Oddly arousing apocalyptic sketch show fresh (give or take 2 months) from the Fringe. *Trinity Hall, Trinity Hall Lecture Theatre.* 8am. £3/£4.

SATURDAY 3

FILM

• ARTS: 12.50, 3.20, 5.50, 8.20: The Man Who Wasn't There (15). 10.40pm: Together (15). 1.00, 5.40: Annie Hall (15). 3.00, 8.00: Amelie (15). 10.50pm: Elvis, That's The Way It Is (U). 11.00am: Jumanji (PG) (Kids Club). 1.30, 6.00: The Circle (PG). 4.00, 8.00: Southwest 9 (18). 10.30: Urban Ghost Story (15).

MISC

• CU Ballet Club: Pointe Class [30 mins] for 'intermediate' & 'advanced' level dancers. *Kelsey Kerridge.* 4pm. £50p.
• CU Ballet Club: Advanced. lasts 1.5 hours. *Kelsey Kerridge, add £2.25 entrance to KK.* 4:30pm. £1.

• CU Ballet Club: Intermediate (approx. grades 4–6 RAD) last 1.5hrs. *Kelsey Kerridge, add £2.25 entrance to KK.* 2:30pm. £1.
• CU Judo Club: Senior graded session. *Fenner's Gym.* 6pm.
• Pembroke College Winnie-The-Pooh Society: Eleveses Meeting – including Tea & Cake! *Emmanuel College, Z7, North Court.* 4pm.
• Queens' Ents: 2001: A Bass Odyssey. Dark, Funky Drum'n'Bass. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.* 9pm. £4.

MUSIC

• ensembleTzara: Cambridge's elite musicians perform Beethoven 6, Mozart piano concerto no. 27. *Emmanuel College, The Queen's Building.* 8pm. £3.
• The Junction: Good Times: House music 10–3. Age 18+. *The Junction.* 10am. £8 adv/£9 door.

THEATRE

• CADS: Poisson Rouge – A Comedy Review Show. *Christs College, New Court Theatre.* 10pm. £4/£3.
• Footlights: Smoker Auditions – Performers! Writers! (Bring 2 minutes of material). Sat 3rd Nov, 2–4pm. *ADC Theatre, Bar.* 2pm.
• Junction CDC: Organillo: puppetry music and visual art. *Cambridge Drama Centre.* 8pm. £8/£5.50 disc.
• Madhouse: 'Shakers' – Godber's comedy in a cocktail bar. *New Hall,*

SUNDAY 4

FILM

• ARTS: 12.50, 3.20, 5.50, 8.20: The Man Who Wasn't There (15). 1.00, 5.40: Annie Hall (15). 3.00, 8.00: Amelie (15). 1.30, 6.00: The Circle (PG). 3.00: King Lear (Kosintsev) (U). 8.00: Southwest 9 (18).
• Christ's Films: Hannibal. *New Court Theatre.* 8pm & 10:30pm. £2.
• Robinson Films: Quills. *Robinson College, Auditorium.* 7pm & 10pm. £2
• St John's Films: Captain Corelli's Mandolin (15). 7:30pm & 10:15pm. *St John's College, Fisher Building.* 7:30pm. £1.80.
• Trinity Film: A Self-Made-Hero.

Christ's Films

Sunday 4th November
 8pm & 10.30pm
HANNIBAL

Thursday 8th November – 10pm
THE BLUES BROTHERS

New Court Theatre, Christ's
 £2 inc. raffle for wine

www.christs.cam.ac.uk/cfilms/



invites applications
**TO DIRECT
 LENT TERM SHOWS**

Submissions to Bruce Douglas
 at Christ's by:
 Monday 12th November
E-mail: cads@christs.cam.ac.uk
for futher details



announces **AUDITIONS** for
MACBETH

To be performed at the Arts Theatre
 Week 6 Lent Term

Sat. 3rd • Sun. 4th – 12–3pm & 4–6pm
 N7 Pembroke College

Monday 5th • 10–1pm & 2–5pm
 Trinity College Junior Parlour

Please feel free to bring a speech from a Renaissance/
 Shakespearean Drama (not MacBeth)

If you have any queries contact: Alys (ac338)



presents

'Mojo Mickeybo'

BY OWEN MCCAFFERTY

6–10 November at 11 pm

IN FITZPATRICK HALL, QUEENS'

TICKETS: £4 / £3

Please contact Amit on (ap309) for details



presents

'White Socks & Stilettos'

BY GORDON SCAMMER

Directed by

Katie Green and Paul Yardley

6–10 November at 7.30 pm

IN FITZPATRICK HALL, QUEENS'

TICKETS: £5 / £4

Please contact Katie on (keg28) for details



invites

APPLICATIONS

for

Directors / Producers

for Week 5 and 7 shows for

Lent Term 2002

DEADLINE: NOVEMBER 4

Please send applications to Katie via
 pigeonhole at Queens' or by
 e-mail (keg28)

Following their Perrier Nomination for

'Far Too Happy'
 (2001 National Tour)

CAMBRIDGE FOOTLIGHTS

invite applications for their
2002 National Tour

Applicants with an interest in:
 administrating, publicising
 producing or coordinating this
 MAJOR, SEMI-PROFESSIONAL TOUR
 are all welcome.

All experience considered – the
 structure for the team is FLEXIBLE!
All enquiries to Ed Weeks (ew232)
 by Saturday 10th November

Also...

FOOTLIGHTS

open applications for

Director

for their

2002 National Tour

All enquiries to Ed Weeks (ew 232)

LOTOS THEATRE COMPANY

AUDITIONS

Almost A Goddess

Professional UK Premiere
 Summer 2002

ADC Bar 12:30–5 pm
 Sunday 4th November

Please prepare a speech
 (No need to learn)

Bring a photo (non-professional is fine)
 Contact: Raf (rjkinson@yahoo.co.uk)

BRICKHOUSE

THEATRE COMPANY

invites

APPLICATIONS

to

DIRECT/PRODUCE

its Lent term mainshow in the
 Robinson Auditorium (270 seats)

Deadline 6pm, Thurs. 8th Nov.

Beckie Mills' p'hole @ Robinson

Contact: rgm30 for information



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 Cambridge Arts Theatre

STJOHNSFILMS

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Sunday 4th November

Captain

Corelli's

Mandolin

7:30pm and 10:15pm

Thursday 8th November

**You Can
 Count On Me**

9pm

Sponsored by



Fisher Building, St John's £1.80

Kettle's Yard Gallery

Last Chance to See...Solid State
 2 November 18.30–20.30 free

Refreshment for the body and soul



A final opportunity for busy
 people to see the latest exhibi-
 tion at Kettle's Yard. Meet the
 Artist Fellow and curator of the
 show, hear some new music
 and have a drink.



**A FREE
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 EVERY DAY
 FOR A TERM**

**SEE P3 IN
 NEXT WEEK'S
 VARSITY FOR
 TERMS AND
 CONDITIONS**

Starring Mathieu Kassovitz
Winstanley Theatre. 9pm. £2.

MISC

• **CU Kickboxing:** for any standard – beginners welcome. *Parkside Community College*, 7pm. £2.50.
• **Samatha Meditation:** Meditation classes in traditional buddhist meditation. No charge. *Darwin College, Old Library*. 8pm.

MUSIC

• **Salsa Dance Night:** Pre-Club dance class for all levels 7–8pm. Club till midnight. *Sophbeck Sessions, 14 Tredgold Lane*, 7pm. £Class+Club:£4.
• **The Junction CDC:** Dead Man Walking: Band of four seventies heroes, including Sex Pistol Glen Matlock. *The Junction*. 5pm. £12/10.

TALK

• **Cambridge University Islamic Society:** Professor Thomas McElwain on "Islam In The Bible". *Magdalene College, Ramsey Hall*. 2:30pm.

THEATRE

• **Madhouse:** 'Shakers' – Godber's comedy in a cocktail bar. *New Hall, Buckingham House theatre*. 7:45pm. £4.

MONDAY 5

FILM

• **ARTS:** 2.00: Annie Hall (15). 4.20, 6.50, 9.20: The Man Who Wasn't There (15). 12.30, 4.45, 9.30: Amelie (15). 3.00: Ballad of a Soldier (15). 7.00: Le Vertige (PG). 4.30: Annie Hall (15). 2.30, 7.15: The Circle (15). 9.00: Southwest 9 (18).
• **Trinity Film:** A Self-Made-Hero. Starring Mathieu Kassovitz (La

Haine). *Trinity College, Winstanley Theatre*. 9pm. £2.00.

MISC

• **Belly Dance:** Belly dance for absolute beginners. Fun and good for stress. *King's College, Chetwynd Room*. 7:30pm. £Concs.
• **Belly Dance:** Belly dance for regulars. Powerful form of self-expression. *King's College, Chetwynd Room*. 6pm & 7.30pm. £Concs.
• **Cambridge University Strathspey and Reel Club:** Scottish country dancing: all welcome including complete beginners. *St John's College, Palmerston Room*. 7:30pm. £2.
• **CU Meditation & Buddhism Society:** Introduction to meditation, for relaxation and development. *Sidney Sussex College, Knox-Shaw Room*. 7:15pm.
• **CUTAZZ:** Intermediate/Advanced tap classes. *Robinson College, Games room*. 7pm. £2.50.
• **Queens' Art Society:** Life drawing class. Everybody welcome. (Materials provided.) *Queens' College, Erasmus Room*. 7:30pm. £2.
• **Raja Yoga Society:** Stressed? remaining free from worry helps your study. *Inner Space, 6 King's Parade Tel: 464616*. 8pm.
• **The Junction CDC:** MC-ing and Freestyling Workshop with Will Power 5–7pm. *The Junction, Junction upstairs bar*. 5pm.

MUSIC

• **Cambridge University Troubadours:** Rehearsals for performers of mediaeval and Renaissance music. *Jesus College, Octagon room* 7:30pm.

TALK

• **CUJS:** Reform, Masorti, Orthodox: Meaningless Adjectives? *The Culanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street, (by Magdalene Bridge)* more info call Simon 366 338. 8pm.

THEATRE

• **Madhouse:** 'Shakers' – Godber's comedy in a cocktail bar. *New Hall, Buckingham House theatre*. 7:45pm. £4.

TUESDAY 6

FILM

• **ARTS:** 1.30: Cradle Will Rock (15). 4.20, 6.50, 9.20: The Man Who Wasn't There (15). 12.30, 5.00: Amelie (15). 3.00, 7.15: The Circle (15). 9.00: Southwest 9 (18). 2.00, 4.30: Annie Hall (15). 9.15: Beetlejuice (15).

MISC

• **Cambridge Students Against the War:** Anti War Planning Meeting. *Christs College, Z Basement*. 8pm.
• **CU Ballet Club:** Improvers. (for those who have danced before). Class lasts one hour. *Queens' College, Bowett Room (not Fitzpatrick as previously advertised)*. 6pm. £1.50.

• **CU Ballet Club:** Jazz Dance Class – beginners level. *Kelsey Kerridge, (+£2.25 entrance to KK)*. 8pm. £1.

• **CU Judo Club:** Senior graded session. *Fenner's Gym*. 8pm.

• **CUJS:** Spirituality Slam: Jewish Meditation with Julian and Simon. *The Culanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street (by Magdalene Bridge)*. 8pm.

• **CUTAZZ:** Beginners jazz classes. *Emmanuel United Reformed Church, Church hall*. 7pm. £2.50.

• **CUTAZZ:** Intermediate/Advanced jazz classes. *Emmanuel United Reformed Church, Church hall*. 8pm. £2.50.

• **CUWCC (Women's Cricket):** Winter nets practice. Every Tuesday (during term), 7–9pm. Info: hpl20/rc255. *Hills Road Sports Centre*. 7pm.

• **The Globe Cafe:** For international students, relaxed and informal chat, coffee, cakes. *Emmanuel College, O6 New Court*. 7pm.

MUSIC

• **Club Africa:** Cools sounds to dance to from around the continent. *Devonshire Arms, Devonshire Road*. 8pm. £2.

• **CU Jewish Society:** 'The Minims' – new singing group with fun and diverse music. *Culanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street*, More info: jmr53. 7pm.

• 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).

TALK

• **CU Scientific Society:** Professor Wiseman to talk on "Investigating the paranormal: a skeptical perspective!". *Pharmacology Lecture Theatre, Tennis Court Road*. 8pm. £1.

• **Geoffrey Coombe and friends present Jazz record listening sessions:** Overlooked Miles Davis (sic!). *Lecture Room 3, Music Faculty*. 7:30pm. £5 (£4 conc).

THEATRE

• **CADS:** A captivating production of 'Ecstasy'. A play by Mike Leigh. *Christs College, New Court Theatre*. 7:30pm. £5/£4.

• **The Junction CDC:** The Gathering: Will Power in stunning US hip hop theatre. *The Junction*. 8pm. £8/5.50 disc.

WEDNESDAY 7

FILM

• **ARTS:** 12.50, 4.20, 6.50, 9.20: The Man Who Wasn't There (15). 12.30, 5.00, 9.30: Amelie (15). 3.00, 7.15: The Circle (15). 2.00, 4.30: Annie Hall (15). 7.00: Stalker (15). 8.00: Southwest 9 (18).
• **Churchill MCR Film Soc:** Chocolat (also late show at 11pm). *Churchill College, Wolfson Hall*. 8pm. £2.
• **Corpus Christi College Pictures:** M. McCrum Theatre, Benet Street. 8pm.

MUSIC

• **Professional Vocal Ensemble:** TCMS present Vox Angelica. Four beautiful voices. *Trinity College, Chapel*. 8pm. £4, £2 & £1 (memb.).

TALK

• **Baha'i Society:** Francis Greenberg of Oxfam on humanitarian work. *Borders Bookstore, Market St*. 8pm.
• **CUJS:** Judaism and Human Rights Dinner with Dr. G. Wilkes. Book your places now on 366 338. *The Culanu Centre, 33 Bridge Street, (by Magdalene Bridge)*. 8pm.
• **CU Astronomical Society:** Mars – Dr Richard McKim. *Magdalene College, Buckingham Room*. 8:30pm. £2 for non-members.

THEATRE

• **CADS:** A captivating production of 'Ecstasy'. A play by Mike Leigh. *Christs College, New Court Theatre*. 7:30pm. £5/£4.

THURSDAY 8

FILM

• **ARTS:** 12.50, 4.20, 6.50, 9.20: The Man Who Wasn't There (15). 4.00, 9.00: Amelie (15). 2.00, 6.30: Annie Hall (15). 12.45, 9.40: The Circle (15). 3.00: Hamlet (12). 5.00: Southwest 9 (18). 7.00: Burnt By The Sun (15).
• **Christ's Films:** The Blues Brothers. Belushi and Ackroyd 'on a mission from God.' with a classic, funky soundtrack. *Christs College, New Court Theatre*. 10pm. £2.
• **Churchill Films:** The Good, The Bad And The Ugly. *Churchill College, Wolfson Hall*. 8pm. £2.
• **Robinson Films:** Almost Famous. *Robinson College, Auditorium*. 9:30pm. £2.
• **St John's Films:** You Can Count On Me (15). *St John's College, Fisher Building*. 9pm. £1.80.

MISC

• **Charity Hitch to Morocco!:** Have a drink and find out more or e-mail cambridge@moroccohitch.org. *The Anchor pub, nr Queens College*. 5pm.
• **CU Ballet Club:** 'Beginners' Ballet Class. *Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall*. 7pm. £1.50.
• **CU Ballet Club:** Beginners Classes. (both at the same level.) Classes last one hour. *Queens' College, Bowett Room*. 6pm. £1.50.
• **CU Jewish Society:** 'Lunch and Learn' – free bagel lunch and great discussion. *King's College, Chetwynd Room*, more info: jmr53. 1pm.
• **CU Judo Club:** Beginners session. First session free. Please wear strong long-sleeved top. *Fenner's Gym*. 8pm.
• **Dances of Universal Peace:** Heart centred. Chant, movement and meditation from various spiritual traditions. *Bharat Bhavan (Old Library), 117 Mill Road, www.cam.net.uk/home/aaa315/dances/*. 8pm. £2.50–5.
• **Greek Dance Classes:** Come have fun by learning to Greek dance!. *Darwin College, Common Room*. 5pm. £15 pounds/term or 2 pounds /class.

CUWCS TALLULAH MAGAZINE

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Interviews to be held on Sunday 11 November

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DIRECT / PRODUCE

For Lent Term 2001

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by Oscar Wilde

Applications to Lloyd Wood

On il270@cam.ac.uk or 0870 4250973

Deadline for application:

5th November 2001 4pm

The Heywood Society

announces

AUDITIONS

For a Week 2 Lent Term

FRESHERS PLAY

Saturday 3rd & Sunday 4th

1–5pm

Peterhouse Music Room

Contact: jefg3

MADHOUSE

invite

Applications

FOR FUNDING FOR

Lent 2002

Contact: EJB47 for further info.

DEADLINE: NOVEMBER 14th

Pembroke Players

Invite applications to direct in
Lent Term in the refurbished
New Cellars or for funding to
direct elsewhere

Applications & questions to:
Alex: secretary@pembrokeplayers.org

DEADLINE:

8pm Wednesday 7th November

www.pembrokeplayers.org

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SHOWCASE

(PATRON: NICHOLAS HYTNER, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR,
ROYAL NATIONAL THEATRE)

Invites

APPLICATIONS

for

2 Producers & 1 Publicist

To liaise with London Venues
and Agents

Contact: jat47 for further info



ecko invites applications
for a show to be
performed in Lent Term
(Main or Late)

Application deadline:

Tuesday 6th November 6pm

Contact Khalid at Queens' (kha2)



Reform, Masorti, Orthodox: Meaningless Adjectives?

Rabbi Sybil Sheridan
Rabbi Chaim Weiner
Rabbi Julian Sinclair

Monday 5 November
8.00 pm

The Culanu Centre
33 Bridge Street
(by Magdalene Bridge)

• Peace Gathering – meditation and sharing: Calling all spiritual people: let's join hearts. Ralph 510442. www.cam.net.uk/home/aaa315/peace/. *Bharat Bhavan*, (Old Library), 117 Mill Road. 8pm. £Donation.

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.
• Kettle's Yard Music: Subscription Concert : chamber music in the beautiful setting of Kettle's Yard House. *Kettle's Yard*. 8pm. £8.50 per term, £20 per year.

TALK

• Baha'i Society: Reflections on the 20th Century. *Darwin College, Old Library*. 8pm.
• Culture Shock: Seminars in Contemporary Culture: Drew Milne & John Tranter, poets: "Information, Technology and the future of Poetry". *Trinity Hall, Master's Lodge*. 5:30pm.

• Kettle's Yard: Lunchtime talk about the current exhibition or a work of art in the house. *Kettle's Yard*. 1:10pm.

THEATRE

• CADS: A captivating production of 'Ecstasy'. A play by Mike Leigh. *Christ's College, New Court Theatre*. 7:30pm. £5/£4.
• Show and Tell: Mix of everything live on stage- bands, guests, previews, more... *Emmanuel College, Queen's Building, 8 and 10pm*. 8pm. £3.

FRIDAY 9

FILM

• New Hall: Festival of films on the Classics – Cleopatra (1934) directed by Cecil B DeMille. *New Hall, Buckingham House Lecture Theatre*. 8:30pm.

MISC

• 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

• CUOperaS & the Bene't Club: A recital of arias and duets from Mozart's operas. *Corpus Christi College, Chapel*. 1:15pm.
• Kettle's Yard Music: Lunchtime recital by students. *Kettle's Yard*. 1:10pm.
• The Junction: 70s and 80s Disco extravaganza and karaoke bar. *The Junction, 10 – 2*. 10pm. £3.50 b4 11.

THEATRE

• CADS: A captivating production of 'Ecstasy'. A play by Mike Leigh. *Christ's College, New Court Theatre*. 7:30pm. £5/£4.

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LEGALISATION OF THE LEAF

The insular nature of Cambridge reduces most students' knowledge of current affairs beyond Girton to a very low level. So it may come as a surprise to learn that last week David Blunkett announced his intention to downgrade the classification of cannabis from a class 2 to class 3 drug (the same classification as steroids), making possession of a small amount no longer an arrestable offence. Almost half of 16- to 25-year-olds have experimented with cannabis, and it can be assumed that this news will be of some impact to them, and indeed, most students.

Many of us will have experienced, or witnessed, the short term effects of cannabis, and, apart from finding inanimate objects hysterical, developing bad cases of the munchies and suddenly finding CompSci attractive, there seem to be very few serious side-effects. It is frequently stated that "no-one ever died from smoking cannabis", but this is probably not true. One joint has the same tar content as four cigarettes, and so, by smoking only 5 joints a day, you are consuming as much tobacco as a 20-a-day cigarette smoker. As a result, cannabis smokers are 30 times more likely to develop cancer of the pharynx than those who never inhale marijuana, and early research has demonstrated that these tumours strike at an earlier age than in other people. Side effects with an earlier onset include foetal malformation, and impotence, reduced penile growth and increased breast growth in men. Attractive.

There are mental as well as physical side-effects to smoking the drug: the ability of cannabis to precipitate schizophrenia and affect short term memory have been well documented. Studies have shown cannabis users to be five to eight times more likely to have died through accidental death or suicide by the age of 26 than their non-smoking counterparts. A slightly worrying statistic for those who only smoke occasionally is that

Side effects for men include reduced penile growth and increased breast growth. Attractive.

by smoking cannabis every 10 days, you run three times the risk of being involved in a car accident.

Blunkett's effective decriminalisation has caused uproar from anti-drug campaigners, who, as well as citing the detrimental physical and mental effects, claim that cannabis is an addictive "gate-way" drug, leading to harder drugs like ecstasy and heroin. While most cannabis users heavily dispute these claims, and only 15% of cannabis users are fully dependent on the drug, research has shown some connections between smoking cannabis initially, and then proceeding to stronger class A substances.



Photo: Sam Dobbin

Blunkett does, however, have valid reasons for wanting to decriminalise cannabis, the main ones being that it will divert police time to less trivial operations and reduce smuggling and underground sales. Medically, cannabis is in great

demand as a treatment for pain in cancer and arthritis. It can also relieve nausea for those undergoing chemotherapy and reduce muscle spasms in MS sufferers. It should be considered though, that cannabis causes smoking related diseases,

and so this treatment leads to a vicious circle; while the drug gives on one hand, alleviating the pain and nausea associated with cancer, it also takes away, causing the disease in others.

Emma Sherwood

The fungus witch project

Was a fungus responsible for the notorious Salem witchcraft trials? Leonie Sloman investigates

A few centuries ago, if you were accused of witchcraft your outlook was bleak, especially as a popular way of proving your innocence was to obligingly drown when held under water. The trials in Salem in 1692 have been made famous by their dramatisation in Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*. The play is based on real events, which were triggered by the mysterious illness of several girls in Salem Village. The girls' fits and incriminating visions have been passed off as intentional fraud or at best, hysterical delusions. However recent reanalysis of the events suggests that we should indulge the girls with more credibility and accept their testimonies of crawling sensations under the skin, tingling in their fingertips and frightening apparitions. Perhaps we can look to a small fungus, which grows on rye, as the source of these sensations rather than attributing them to the work of Satan's followers.

Ergot can infect many cereals and grasses, especially rye, perceptible only in its dormant winter form as small black grains. These structures contain chemicals that have a powerful effect on both physiological and psychological functioning. It was from one of these substances, lysergic acid, that Albert Hoffmann derived LSD in 1938. Although LSD is ten times stronger, those suffering from ergot poisoning may have experienced many of the symptoms of a bad trip.

There are two forms of disease you might get from ergot poisoning. The convulsive form affects the nervous system, the ergot compounds are a similar shape to serotonin, an important chemical messenger in the brain. They reduce

the natural production of serotonin, leading serotonin-target sites to compensate by producing extra receptors to increase their sensitivity to any remaining serotonin. However, the large amounts of serotonin-like hallucinogens reach these receptors instead, over-activating the target area, which can cause dramatic

matic mood-swings and hallucinations.

It is this form of the disease which best accounts for testimonies of strange shapes in the fireplace which looked like jelly and quivered with a strange motion or a vision of an animal spectre, "the body of it looked like a monkey, only the feet were more like cock's feet, with claws and the face somewhat more like a man's."

The second form of the disease leads to gangrene by causing blood vessels to constrict, restricting the blood flow to hands, feet or even limbs. The intense burning pain experienced with this disease led to its common name of "Hell's Fire" or "Holy Fire" in Eleventh Century Europe epidemics.

Fortunately, outbreaks of the disease are now rare, with the most recent being in the small French village of

Pont St Esprit fifty years ago. The local farmer, a miller and a baker turned a blind eye to rye contamination, leading to the illness of over 200 people. Villagers complained to their doctors about nausea, stomach cramps, feeling bitterly cold despite the August heat and of alternating between euphoria and deep depression. Paranoid

rumours of mass poisoning by the government sprung up as people watched their neighbours suffer from hallucinations that their bodies were wrapped in snakes or run through the street claiming to be chased by wild animals. An eleven-year-old boy tried to strangle his mother. Even animals misfortunate enough to have been fed the poisoned bread showed unusual behaviour: dogs ripped the bark from trees and ducks strutted peculiarly. It was months before village-life returned

to normality and by that time four people had died and thirty-two were left permanently insane.

Since 1976 when Linda Caporael first suggested ergot as a factor triggering the Salem witchcraft accusations, other research has supported her hypothesis. Mary Matossian traced similar reports of psychotic illnesses (often interpreted as bewitchment) across Europe and found their geographic distribution followed dietary patterns, being highest where rye, the most susceptible grain to Ergot, was used to make bread. Furthermore, the dates of the illnesses' outbreaks, both in America and Europe, correlate with the climatic conditions that favour rye infection: cold winters followed by rainy springs. Even the victim profiles point towards ergot poisoning because women, especially young women, are known to be more prone to developing the disease, explaining why the young girls in Salem were amongst the worst affected even though other members of their households escaped unharmed. Finally, Caporael refers us to the villagers' own instincts as they themselves initially judged the girls to be suffering from a physical condition and sought doctors' opinions for two months before resorting to the belief that the girls must be bewitched.

There is convincing evidence for ergot's role in the inexplicable illnesses and peculiar behaviour previously ascribed to witchcraft. But can it account for the old myth of flying broomsticks? Well, as yet ergot doesn't seem to have any gravity defying properties but it might well lead you to believe that you can fly.

NEWS IN BRIEFS



How do you determine the true size of a man's penis? I think most women, and perhaps men too, would recommend that you don't ask the man! Indian health officials have taken this point on board in their current investigation to map the regional variations in penis size.

The study, ordered by the Indian Health Ministry, will be using a digital camera to take measurements at full erection.

The project stems from growing concerns over the failure rate of condoms. N C Saxena, of the Indian Council of Medical Research, hopes that an understanding of the variations in length and width of the male organ across the country could allow the production of tailor made condoms. This would hopefully reduce the 20 per cent failure rate because of breakage or spillage.

Success of the project may only be slight, as a recent survey put contraceptive use in India at just three per cent.

Liz Wilcocks

Contemporary dance.



What the ...? Unless you have had some form of contact with it, that's often the reaction. Even in our art-saturated surroundings where almost any student is likely to go and watch a Ionesco play or take up splatter painting for the weekend, contemporary dance is often side-lined as "inaccessible".

What is contemporary dance, though? Exactly. It's one of those annoying umbrella terms that covers every movement type from hip-hop, mime, martial arts and ballet, to African, jazz, capoeira, Indian and yoga. But just because it can't be easily pigeonholed, it doesn't mean it can't be easily enjoyed. Funky, funny, obscure, absurd, literally moving, and sometimes, yes it's true, it can be a bit pretentious. Let's face it, all art has the potentially pretentious factor, but at its best it's so much more than that and it shouldn't be a put-off.

You could sit through a contemporary dance piece and feel excluded by the Secret Pretentious Code. If only you had been handed a decoding sheet on your way in, you too would be able to say "Mmm wwwwonderful, oh the symbolism, so profound!". But the chances are you'd be blagging. Contemporary dance is not about secret codes, and in this way it is just the same as any other type of art. The old chestnut that every interpretation is a valid one hasn't become old and chestnuty for nothing. Contemporary dance is there for everyone to experience and enjoy.

In fact this country is undergoing a steady swing into making contemporary dance even more accessible. Nearly every company now has an education or outreach department organising workshops, residencies and talks. And they aren't just for dancers and school kids. They often come out to groups of actors, sports people and anyone who just fancies a go. Moreover, it's much easier for complete beginners to learn than any other dance form. It concentrates on enjoying movement, becoming more body-aware and confident as well as communicating ideas and feelings.

Yet last time there was a professional workshop in Cambridge only a paltry handful turned up. Random Dance Company came, who are one of the most innovative and exciting companies around. People really missed out because they didn't know about contemporary dance or they didn't have the confidence to try it.

Apart from being sad, this type of reaction is hard to believe from students at this university. Everyone here faces world experts whose minds are every bit as honed as the dancers' bodies, but no one thinks "ooh, can't go to Cambridge, loads of scary experts will be there". Of course there's always the initial oh-my-god-I-don't-understand-anything first week fresher syndrome, but after that we all recognise the value and (here comes the cheese) the fun in what we do. So why not take the same approach to contemporary dance as you do other art forms, and give it a go yourself!

Amy Bell

Maybe we are all hot chips. Frying and sizzling away in the back room of the Portland Arms, it certainly felt like that, people pushed together beyond the boundaries of common decency: sweaty, close, very intimate. Never did the concept of suffering for the sake of art have such a profound significance. You can breathe without air if necessary, if something is there to distract you, take your mind away from the discomfort. This is what music should be like, a love, a passion, something so all consuming that suddenly all will fall into place with alarming clarity.

Hot Chip do not provide us with a "thunderbolt". It's something far more subtle than that. The appeal of the band is their slight awkwardness, their lack of pretension, the fact that nothing is overstated, grandiose or exaggerated. There's no distance between the people on the stage and the audience, no barriers, nothing alienating. In its simplest sense, it's about the music. Gentle, unobtrusive acoustic guitars, wavering melodies, computer generated beats. To the untuned ear it all seems so simple, so effortless. People can't help but sway and nod their heads.

HOT CHIPPING

Louisa Thomson discovers a new world chatting to local band Hot Chip

description, but they are certainly more new acoustic than nu metal. Suddenly a degree of intelligence has been placed back into music. Artists like Smog, Royal Trux, Bonnie Prince Billy and Jim O'Rourke are reclaiming a sound that uses everything at its disposal. Lyrics can be heard, guitars meet electronica, band members swap instruments with alarming ease and the listener is forced to step back and consider what is presented before them. It's mature and uplifting and all the more

they are still deciding whether the album is finished or not. Alexis wants to continue with Hot Chip when he leaves university next year, and appears serious about "getting somewhere". This encapsulates what is so intriguing and appealing about this band, they are realistic, not so zealous as to sacrifice their degrees for the band, but just to work at it as hard as they can, when they can.

The music is recorded in Joe's bedroom, songs produce themselves from Alexis' guitar playing, Joe experimenting with his computer, and the two collaborating whenever they are both in the same place.

When they do play gigs, Alexis is aware that he doesn't look happy on stage. He claims that live, "we are all struggling a bit, anything might happen because there are so many different parts. Dan and Emma are accomplished musicians and know our songs better than we do. Joe still has pieces of sellotape on the keys of his Yamaha to remind himself what to press". Such modest comments should be thrown to one side. The rough and ready live experience, the thought and consideration that has gone into every song on the CD...if they can achieve so much in university holidays, a part time enterprise, who can say where this could take them when it becomes a full time job?

powerful for that very reason.

Hot Chip consists of five people, though the songwriting partnership of Alexis Taylor and Joe Goddard is at the core. They have both been writing and recording since they were at school, and after spending a gap year in Mexico, released 'The Mexico EP' on Victory

A few years ago, I would never have imagined myself curling up with the paper on my bed, and listening to

something so quiet that I could actually concentrate on something else. Maybe it's my age, perhaps it's the consequence of one too many nights at gigs where all I have to take home with me is an uncomfortable ringing sound in my ears. It always seemed as though noise was equated with power; thrashing away at an electric guitar was more appealing than sitting on a stool, looking miserable and wearing odd pieces of knitwear. Hot Chip don't exactly fit into this last

Garden Records. Over the summer, with the other band members, they have recorded enough songs for an album, and are in the process of looking for a record deal. Listening to the promo of 'Brooke Summ' the sound is even more bare and stripped down than it appears live. As Alexis explains they are "perfectionists with high standards and are not prepared to do anything just for the sake of it", so

Photo: Kate Pelen

Members of Hot Chip will be playing at the Boat Race on 7th November.

LOCAL SCENE

CRS have acquired a reputation as one of the most intense live bands in Cambridge. It is clear that they are (undoubtedly) a talented band; their expansive music manages to sound carefully crafted, ferocious and intermittently breathtaking. Unfortunately they are also devoid of any originality. CRS are seeming content to pilfer the quiet-quiet-LOUD template that Mogwai pioneered nearly half a decade ago on *Young Team*. If things tend to become predictable, the bassist's vast ranges of comedy facial expressions provide a welcome source of light relief. This is not to dismiss CRS completely out of hand, compared to most bands plying their trade in provincial pubs, they are exceptional and well worth checking out.

Not fitting into any particular musical genre, and not really classifiable as a band, or solo artist, the all convention defying UM is the most original thing you will ever see in Cambridge. He (Um, the man, the genius) stands on stage, sometimes in a shell suit, other times in a suit and tie. He presses play on a tape, sounds come out. He then attempts to sing along in time. Or read poems. Or extracts from his diaries. Trust me. You will leave the room a changed person, and want to take Um with you, prop him up in your bedroom, and just have him there on constant tap. Visit Um's website at www.umbusiness.co.uk.

Much lauded a couple of years ago, *The Stars Of Aviation* (nee' Florence) have returned with a new(ish) ep and a gig. The new "Greatest Disappointment" EP marks a progression from what *Varsity* once described as the "almost soporific" to what *Varsity* now describes as the "trip-poppy progressive". Check this new improved pigeon-holing for yourself as Stars of Aviation play a free gig in Selwyn bar around 9.30.

Jim Hinks, Louisa Thomson

Doctor doctor I think I'm a voodoo bluesman

Dave Thorley shook, rattled, checked his pulse and blew away a few cobwebs with Dr John at the Corn Exchange

About 15 minutes into his set the old, fat man stands up and turns around. He just about manages to spread his arms to something like their full span and he gives his aged hips the faintest of swaggers. Dr John rotates on his axis and pours himself back over his pianostool. Inevitably, the old, fat man overflows. He stretches out his hairy arms and his stubby fingers and resumes his twelve-bar nicotine shuffle.

"Ain't nobody says an ol' fat man can't be cool no-more", I wish he'd drawled; but he didn't. Actually, he might have done but his New Orleans brogue, so deep, so rough, so cool, was entirely impenetrable. Syllables, words and whole sentences merged into one long, languid, tributary of sound.

Backed by two leftover cops from Z-Cars (bass and guitar) and a gargantuan white-capped oddball from twenties gangster films (drums and dog barks), the Doctor rules his burlesque kingdom of the voodoo swamp blues.

I call him the Doctor because he must be a Time Lord: the cowboy hat, the ponytail, the jewellery, the mystical cane, the skull on the piano, none of them from this world. The travelling Mardi Gras tra-la-la foursome range, musically, across Duke Ellington, 'Smokey Joe's Café', '70s funk, ol' fashioned love song, country 'n' western, something that sounds like African percussion, bottles and pipes and other things hit with a stick Music from Mars...

This curious hotch-potch of the futuristic-already-dated leeches like acid from the needled, bullet-scarred skin of the old fat man. He sweats the blues; and when he blows his nose, that's psych-jazz that comes shooting out. A cocktail of skiffle and shuffle courses through his just-about-living body. His heart beats in syncopations. He teeters off-stage, gingerly, by degrees, waving his magical mystery cane. Give it up for old fat men.



Photo: Tom Catchesides



Edwyn Collins: remember him? You know, that old, egg-headed, bequiffed Scotch pop-rocker. Well, imagine him in a pair of spangly disco pants, strutting his funky stuff to an accompaniment of '80s electro beats and fretless bass. Now stop imagining, and buy this eponymous debut album to find that this dream has become reality and, much to your amazement, is bloody excellent.

Apart from Collins' cameo on 'Medicine Man', Playgroup, the latest alias of North London hip-hop producer/DJ/label boss/remixer Trevor Jackson, treats us to guest appearances from KC Flightt, Kathleen Hannah, Peaches and Happy Mondays' Rowena. They're not household names, but placed in their varied yet entirely fitting surroundings of '80s electro, dub, Prince-funk, reggae and house, they don't put a foot wrong. Jackson's choice of suitability over celebrity proves a wise one. He has had the refreshing gumption to attempt an irony-free music-for-the-masses pop record. With Playgroup, he succeeds. Gloriously.

Playgroup
Number One
Out 5 November
MARTIN HEMMING



You have every reason to be sceptical about this band. They crept into our awareness, practically marketed from the start as the new Belle and Sebastian, with an even sillier name. There are many reasons why you could hate this record. From the indie boy on the cover dressed in a parka, to the lower case lettering (suggesting childlike innocence?) and the extreme foppishness of it all.

But all is not lost. After a series of entirely forgettable singles, this album is actually a very pleasant surprise, precisely for all the qualities I have just hinted at. The songs are layered with trumpets, flutes, cellos and clarinets, and the simple production results in some quite beautiful moments, even if these may be in a fey, floating in the clouds kind of way. It is hard to believe that they are the rebels from the suburban underground that they allude to, but I propose that we all don our kids backpacks, some badges and stripy scarves and rock (sway) with the best of them.

Tompaulin
The Town and the City
Out 5 November
LOUISA THOMSON



The Gaelicly named Chocolate Fireguard records are back with their second compilation 'Taster' album, hoping for the success that *Xen Cuts* attained for the Ninja Tune label.

If you slot the first CD of the double album in your player, you'll get 14 tracks of eclectic randomness; here, French rapping and break beats go easily hand in hand, only united by the wicked basslines and jazzy sampling. And it's mighty fine. However, the second CD is unforgivably wack.

Somewhere along the production line a whole lot of confused "musicians" stumbled upon a recording studio and thought it would be a good idea to impress upon us their skills (or lack of).

On the plus side, if you've ever been curious to see what happens when you put a CD in the microwave it's this: Guy Fawkes night turns up for the second time this year. You have the right CD to do it with.

Various
Taster
Out 5 November
CHRIS MORTON



The new scene on the block and great hope for new music is this: stutter funk. Flanger are the new exponents of this cut up reprocessed brand of scuzzy, squeaky jazz. *Inner Space/Outer Space* is a musical collage of things cut from *Mojo* magazine and pasted (crumpled and encrusted with Copydex) into alternative music Bible, *The Wire*.

I could say boring stuff about influences ranging from someone you haven't heard of to someone else you haven't heard of but that'd be boring. Far more fun to invent a new "scene" and then you can make your own people up who I've never heard of.

So here are some thoughts for starters: stutter funk is the new thing bridging the modern and post-modern eras. It takes its root in the works of such inspirational as "Bubbly" Joe Suds, Dennis "the hat" Stevens and early period Errol "the reptile" Lizard. You see how it works now? Try it yourself.

Flanger
Inner Space/ Outer Space
Out 5 November
DAVE THORLEY



Can you cast your mind back and remember Ocean Colour Scene? Back in the day, they were rumoured to be Oasis' favourite band...when people listened to Oasis, that was. They were plugged by Chris Evans on *TFI*, way back when people cared. And they put out some great songs.

If you liked a few of their songs, but not enough of them to buy a whole album *Songs For The Front Row* might be just up your street. Tracks like "Huckleberry Grove" and "The Day We Caught The Train" are great tunes, and if you've never heard them, then you certainly should have. But with 18 spaces to fill where the hell are "Get Blown Away" and "Tele, He's Not Talking?"

And doesn't it seem a little early in the life of this band to be selling us a best of? Have they given up? At a time when Bob Dylan is putting out his 43rd album, I can't help but feel that the four of them might be jumping the gun.

Ocean Colour Scene
Songs for the Front Row
Out 5 November
ED CARROL

DEAD POP STARS

Hilary Tacey reflects on the sad passing of the pop icon

John Lennon, Jimmy Hendrix, Brian Jones, Janis Joplin, Sid Vicious, Freddie Mercury, Kurt Cobain: names which all indisputably scream "icon!" and conjure up some of the most seminal sounds and images of musical history...Cast your idol-hungry eye over a newsagent's shelf or teenager's bedroom wall nowadays, however, and you're more likely to see footballers, actors or soapstars than musicians...What's gone wrong? Are we witnessing the death of the musical icon and, if so, why?

The 21st century music scene has "pop stars" aplenty, but who's really going to describe Steps, S-Club 7 or even Britney and Kylie as icons? They're just a bit too sanitised and squeaky clean for that. Real icons got their hands dirty. Paradoxically, though, it's also the increasingly demystified nature of the pop market, headed up by reality TV shows like *Pop Stars* and its bastard

spawn, *Pop Idol* (a misnomer if ever there was one) which are to blame. The aim of democratizing pop is a fine one, but truth be told, the girl or boy next door is never going to have the necessary

"Iconography of musicians has an increasingly necrophiliac feel"

amount of mystique to achieve true icon status. Likewise the fact that we've all seen Robbie embarrassing himself as the "fat dancer" in *Take That* and the footage of spotty, unglamorous pre-Becks Posh means that they're never really going to be able to gain our respect.

It's perhaps unfair to place the blame entirely at pop's door. However, it's

inherently throwaway, its excitement contained and defined by three minute bursts of adrenaline disposability. It would seem more obvious to look beyond the mainstream, to less transitory genres, for twenty-first century icons. But the post-millennial age has thus far been one of iconoclasm, of the breaking down of barriers and an increasing unwillingness by musicians to put themselves on a pedestal. Most artists of musical merit tend to show extreme reluctance to buy into stardom, all too aware of the fact that this endangers their privacy and risks the watering down of their art. The sad fact is that it is becoming rare to the point of non-existence to find that potent combination of musical credibility and star quality.

Iconography of musicians therefore has an increasingly necrophiliac feel – those who are idolised tend to be dead and buried – history distancing and blurring

their deficiencies and flaws. Members of groups that once had iconic status (see Paul McCartney), or icons who have survived their sell-by date (Jacko, Madonna et al) are nowhere near as venerated now as they once were. It's not that musicians no longer have it within them to be iconic and inspirational, but more that our three second attention-span, soundbite & slogan-oriented TFI-IPC-MTV culture just doesn't allow it, reducing everything down to the lowest common denominator.

If the true mark of a star is that you want to be them and/or shag them, then there's no shortage of possibilities; but the icon, who transcends either of those things...well, when was the last time you truly revered a popstar, rockstar, or dance maestro? Despite what Faithless might tell you, God isn't a DJ, and his presence has long since deserted the music scene.

PREVIEWS

CUSU's *Creation* event on Tuesday is undoubtedly the musical tip of the week. CUSU have certainly got a lot to prove after the organisational debacle that was May Week's *Creation*, although the event itself received truly mixed reviews. Still, May Week *Varsity* loved it, and that's got to bode well for future events. Tuesday's event is at the *Ministry of Sound*, coaches leave Cambridge at 7pm and return at 3.30am, visit www.creationents.com or drop into the CUSU offices on Trumpington St for tickets and further details.

If non-stop fun in a packed-out superclub isn't quite your cup of tea then the decidedly low-key *Stars of Aviation* play in Selwyn's newly-refurbished bar on Saturday. They're not just your average student band either because, as far as we're aware, student bands don't often get airplay on Radio 1 and XFM. Turn up for 9.30pm if you want to find out what the fuss is about. The intriguingly named *An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman* are playing the Portland Arms on the same day, offering an alternative source of live music and, quite possibly, bad jokes that can only serve to perpetuate national stereotypes.

The other alternative for Saturday is the noisy *Punk All Dayer* at the *Man on the Moon* featuring AKA Charlie Brown alongside others, all for the a very reasonable £5.

Send your previews to music@varsity.cam.ac.uk

Best Photographer



PREVIEWS

Saturday 3 November

Ensemble Tzara, Queen's Building, Emmanuel College 8pm, £3 – Clement Power conducts and Anna Smith leads in a programme featuring Beethoven's Sixth Symphony alongside Mozart's last piano concerto played by John Reid.

Fitzwilliam Museum Promenade Concerts, 2.30pm, free – Patricia McGill (cello) and Nicholas Rimmer (piano).

CUMC Chamber Concert, St. Catz, 8pm £5/£3/members and under 18s free – Lizzie Ball (violin) and Hilary Ford (piano) performing Beethoven, Debussy and Tchaikovsky.

K239 Chamber Players, Pembroke Old Library 8pm, 37/£5 including wine – All Mozart programme including Variations for piano duet.

Sunday 4 November

Emanuel Choir and Chamber Orchestra of Celje, Slovenia, Selwyn College Hall 8.30pm, £3.50/£2.50 – Slovenian motets and folksongs.

Monday 5 November

Lunchtime Recital, Clare Chapel 1.15pm free.

Thursday 7 November

Kettle's Yard Subscription Series, Kettle's Yard 8pm, subscription – The Guarneri Trio from Prague.

BW

ISIS makes it's debut

Hilary Ford is present at new-music society ISIS' inaugural orchestral concert

ISIS, the new music society specialising in orchestral music from 1900 to 1950, launched its inaugural concert on Sunday night with an ambitious programme combining Stravinsky's *Dances Concertantes* with Mahler 1. ISIS are clearly trying to carve a niche for themselves in the Cambridge classical music scene, with an emphasis on inclusion and optional auditions yet a determination to conquer the masterpieces of the Twentieth Century. Twentieth Century? Mahler 1? Despite aiming to break away from "the familiar ground of the Nineteenth-Century Germanic tradition", ISIS announced themselves with one of the most celebrated Teutonic symphonies. Steven Rajam, ISIS' conductor and founder, justifies his choice by making the frequently-cited link between Mahler and modernism. Although in the end, the capacity audience were probably more intrigued by the prospect of hearing such an immense symphonic work performed in Cambridge by a student orchestra than by Mahler's influence on Lachenmann and Schnittke's postmodernism. Which is no bad thing.

Stravinsky's *Dances concertantes*, ISIS' curtain-raiser, is more in keeping with their aspiration to bring lesser-known early Twentieth Century works to the fore. One of Stravinsky's neo-classical works for chamber orchestra, it demands utter rhythmic clarity and assertion, yet a crystalline texture and subtle dynamics. ISIS began rather hesitantly: the spiky, angular rhythms required more accents and clearer phrasing. The ensemble gathered confidence as the dances progressed, but I was hoping for more of Stravinsky's characteristic wit and delicacy to shine through the

performance. Nevertheless, the orchestra produced a fine tutti sound, and brought individual colour and mood to each variation. Special mention should go to the spectacular flute solos which resonated with remarkable clarity through the less-than-favourable acoustics of Jesus Chapel, and to the well balanced ensemble of the principal oboist and clarinetist. A few uncomfortable moments in the fourth dance marred an otherwise assured performance, though it needed more pzazz and charisma to convey Stravinsky's balletic charm to the audience.

The haunting, mysterious introduction of the Mahler necessitates complete concentration and commitment from each orchestra member in order to create the chilling atmosphere signifying the dawn of time. Although they did generate a sense of stillness, the orchestra needed purer harmonics in the strings and more secure intonation in the woodwind. The main theme, however, had good direction and plenty of rustic buoyancy, and led to a rousing climax with triumphant trumpet fanfares. Steven Rajam's rather conservative tempo occasionally meant that the momentum decreased in the slower passages, as well as towards the end. While he provides a good clear beat, Rajam would do well to indicate his interpretation of dynamics to the orchestra: only then can Mahler's directions of *ppp* and *pppp* have their full effect.

Having chosen a cautious tempo for the first movement, Rajam took the scherzo much faster – a brave decision, which succeeded in bringing the dance to life. The string sound here was fuller than in the first movement, especially in the violins, and ISIS brought a genuine sense of

fun and enjoyment to the music. It was a pity that the humour of the scherzo did not extend to the third movement, where the caricature of the Viennese organ-grinder needed even more of a drunken swagger to contrast effectively with the funeral march.

ISIS obviously enjoy the big tutti outbursts, such as the stormy beginning of the fourth movement, and carry them off with force and bravado. They need now to work on the lyrical intimacy required in the D flat major section, and on the string and brass sound. Nevertheless, the finale certainly achieved its dramatic and rhetorical potential, as well as much well-deserved applause for the conductor.

ISIS aim to present themselves as a music society with a difference, a credible contrast to the perceived elitism of existing orchestras. Their informality shows in their non-audition policy and their concert attire, an array of bright colours contrasting with the traditional and somewhat funereal black. One must admire the impres-

sive feat of assembling an orchestra of over eighty players, including nine horns, who seem to have suddenly emerged from the Cambridge woodwork to take part. Theirs may not have been a perfect rendition of Mahler 1, but it gave many fresh faces and some more familiar orchestral players the welcome opportunity to perform a symphonic masterpiece.

www.isismusic.co.uk



Stephen Rajam rehearsing ISIS

Photo: Ben Ward

Enjoying a beating

Ben Ward goes to *Light and Shade*, Joanna MacGregor's UK tour

I have been to five or six events at the Corn Exchange in my time at Cambridge, and have come out of every single one an inspired, dangerously enthusiastic and happy person. Finding this again the case last Wednesday after hearing Joanna MacGregor, Ensemble Bash and the Britten Sinfonia in their UK tour, *Light & Shade*, I wondered once again, why don't more students end up here?

The Corn Exchange are programming experts, offering events across the board, from jazz and electronica to classic masters and downright dirty pop. Publicity is not slack, but only finds its way onto JCR notice-boards in rare cases. It's a shame because student tickets are rarely over a fiver and events don't on the whole sell out quickly.

Having said all that, *Light & Shade* was a welcome change. In any concert of entirely contemporary music it is not rare to be confronted with a sea of gray hair, but in this case the audience was as eclectic as the programming. The gig was part of the Exchange's *Fast Forward* series which, formed in 1995, aims to provide an "exciting brand of innovative programming" with the "emphasis always on the

enjoyable". How right they are and *Fast Forward* is proving a runaway success.

Joanna MacGregor was exactly the right choice to kick off this season's programme – this was her conducting debut in which she also performed two of her favourite concertos by Alfred Schnittke and Lou

Miss MacGregor spoke and joked naturally with the audience and performers, inviting you into the intimacy of the works she performed. The serious and dark Schnittke was superbly juxtaposed against the Harrison – played on a specially tempered piano – a piece which flits enchantingly from nostalgia and diatonicity to requiring a block of wood with which to achieve the dense note clusters of the second movement.

The pinnacle of the concert on paper should have been the premiere of Nitin Sawhney's first work for orchestra, *Neural Circuits*. In reality this turned out to be a rushed and somewhat incoherent musical response to events in New York, although of course handled expertly by the performers. Stepping neatly into the show-stopping slot were percussion quartet Ensemble Bash whose two appearances were unjustly brief. Their hilarious interaction, wit and cheekiness on stage never once detracted from their razor sharp communication and rhythmic genius, even in the highly complex *Kumbo*, a circumcision ritual dance intended to last three days.

Fast Forward continues next term.



Photo: Nick White

Harrison. She began with Arvo Part's *Cantus in memory of Benjamin Britten*. Mesmerising and enchanting in its simplicity, the audience's undivided attention and commitment to the later, more challenging and complex works of the programme was won within minutes.

New Dawn

Jonathan Styles at Cambridge oratorio premiere

Andrew Downes' Native American inspired oratorio *New Dawn* received its second performance in King's College chapel on Saturday 27th October. The work, commissioned by the Birmingham Conservatoire for its Millennium celebrations last year, calls for a huge combination of forces including vocal soloists, chorus and a fifty-strong orchestral ensemble augmented by an acoustic guitar troupe.

Professor Downes, Head of Composition and Creative Studies at the Conservatoire, has been kind enough to comment on my own compositions over the last couple of years and it was during a recent correspondence that he invited me to play in the work. Knowing of Professor Downes' interest in the music of exotic cultures, I saw this as a unique opportunity to be involved in a piece outside the mainstream of contemporary music.

New Dawn describes a story about the life cycle of the Earth, retelling the events surrounding the death and rebirth of a soul. Its texts are taken from Nineteenth Century translations of traditional North American Indian poetry, particularly from New Mexico, where Downes has lectured and had frequent performances of his works. He was particularly struck during his time there by the Native American Museum, home not to static exhibits, as one might find

in Europe, but dynamic performances of the indigenous people's traditional activities. This contrast perhaps typifies something of what Downes' views as Western society's over emphasis of the intellect and its subsequent loss of the red-bloodedness which prevails in all other cultures.

Thus the sounds heard in King's Chapel last Saturday were not the usual grunts and squeaks some might associate with contemporary music, but instead an uplifting fusion of ethnic, jazz and traditional elements. Downes takes care to bring out the full variety of sounds available from the forces he writes for, and among the six movements of the work are two orchestral tone poems and a movement for unaccompanied voices.

One of the most exciting things about being involved in a project such as this was seeing it gradually take shape, as sectional rehearsals became combined strings and wind rehearsals and finally the full whammy with chorus, percussion and the guitarists. The whole was under the baton of Stephen Cleobury, a contemporary of Downes' from his Cambridge years and present Director of Music at King's. Playing a huge organisational role was the composer's daughter, Paula Downes, a recent graduate of Trinity and the concert's soprano soloist.

Playing a role: Issam Kourbaj

Vanessa Hodgkinson finds out what it takes to be Issam Kourbaj; artist, teacher and suspected outlaw.

You've probably seen him around Cambridge a few times, walking up the road smoking a hand-rolled cigarette, or riding around on his bike with a rather retro black cap on. Or perhaps you heard about the exhibition that he had last year in his studio, in conjunction with his three-year-old son. There is something of the continental artist about him too. And anyone who has been to the ARCSOC life classes on a Friday afternoon will know his name.

This is Issam Kourbaj, artist, but also possibly the Jackal, the criminal the Russian military are convinced he actually is (so much so they even arrested him for it, quite a few times). However, it's not the amazing life this man has led, living in Syria, Russia, Azerbaijan, and Mexico that I wanted to find out about. Nor the way he was discovered as a young artist/caretaker in Damascus by an anonymous 'appa-

His direction went to another extreme, to the deeply anti-academic...

ratchik' who sent him to St Petersburg to study at the Academy of Fine Art. It was from my own experience in his classes, and his approach to teaching others what he knows or doesn't know himself.

For anyone who has taken art classes, either at school, or at college, it is often the case that the teacher falls into one of two categories. Either they tend to get so involved with your work, creating something more personal to them than it is to you, or they tend to ignore you and let you get on with what you think they are expecting of you. So often is this the case, and so important the personal approach to art is, that many people are often put off continuing work by teachers who don't inspire. And when you come back to it, years later possibly, the memories of someone who drew over your drawing, making corrections, seems as fresh today as it was at 16 years old. Art is not like science or a mathematics problem, because essentially there is not a solution, and there is no right or wrong. You can learn to draw or to paint, with practice, but there is no longer an essentially correct style, or way of looking.

And so, daunting as it may seem, taking a life drawing class in Cambridge, between essay deadlines or lectures and seminars, becomes an unmarkable achievement. There is no

"The best teachers are those who do not intend to teach"

grade given at the end of the session, and there is no certificate to tell other people that you know how to create a sort of semblance to a nude model on a piece of paper with some charcoal. You can't have a Blue in life drawing. However, you do leave with a handful of studies, that you have created, that can surprise you. You will be surprised by what Issam Kourbaj can get out of you.

As he takes the class on a Friday afternoon, it is not so much as the teacher

amongst his students, as it is the director of a scene telling us to watch, to see and to record what is in front of us. "The best teachers are those who do not intend to teach" as Kourbaj said himself, and it is when I read this in the synopsis of his autobiography in progress, *I*, that I decided to find out

that which he gets out of his students. Beyond the boundaries of language and the written word, the use of art as primary expression becomes unsullied. He tells me that teaching foreign students, with whom he has no mutual language, is perhaps the best condition in which he has worked with people.

of exhibiting. Last year's *is/am* show, presented the works of father and son next to each other, and was even the subject of an article in the *Tate Magazine*. Here again, there seems to be the emergence of the primitive, an investigation into what comes naturally to us in our artistic expression and

is the instructor and not the student.

Cambridge emanates a sense of deep knowledge. Whatever one studies in their degree, they will be safe in the assumption that they have a rich understanding of their subject. This in turn gives a sense of security, because we all know, at the end of the day, what we are doing, and how to do it. We are highly trained essay-writing machines. We know the formulae and how to apply them. And so when it comes to approaching something new, like drawing the human figure, something many of us have never or rarely attempted, perhaps we are closer to Mourad, the artist's son, than we are to the Academy. And this is what Kourbaj is attempting to extract and encourage; the idea of playing again, and learning through play.

"I often play with what the left hand can do, because the left hand is uncultured. So much of the logic is taught in

I think here is the chance to hold up a new mirror to see oneself.

one's life, represented by the right hand. As soon as you switch to something that is not familiar, I think here is the chance to hold up a new mirror to see oneself."

For Kourbaj, perhaps these students at Cambridge, so capable and so advanced in their academic work present an opportunity to develop a new practical, creative side, which could be just as remarkable as the theoretical.

"You can get to a stage when you say to yourself okay, you have done it once, twice, three hundred times; what else? Now I need something to provoke new emotion."

In his classes, he suggests, but never orders, a way of approaching the model, to look at the light, or to see the lines. On some occasions, he has drawn lines in black marker on the model to emphasise certain aspects of the body. In these classes, there is scope for anything, but always in the mind of exploring what comes naturally. At the end of each session, all the work created by the group goes up on the wall, and the comparisons begin. In many instances it is hard to believe that so many different results are produced from the same stimulus. Each student can see their work from a distance, alongside the work of others, and perhaps most importantly, is able to see objectively what has been achieved. Most leave with a sense of accomplishment, and in need of a good scrub to get rid of the charcoal smudges all over the hands, face and even feet.

Kourbaj has a sketchbook in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, alongside Anthony Gormley and Rachel Whiteread, but that does not 'qualify' him as a good teacher of drawing. What qualifies a teacher is not so much an ability to instruct in the formal sense of the word, but an ability to open eyes, and to encourage a new way of seeing. By letting go a little and playing with what is possible, we can produce things we never thought possible.

www.issamkourbaj.com



more about, according to Issam, what makes a 'good' teacher.

We go back to the very beginning, like all good stories, or should I say interviews? Back to Syria and back to Kourbaj's mother and his childhood in Soweda, but also with one foot in the present with his four-year-old son, Mourad. "My mother and my son. My mother is illiterate, cannot read or write, so [is the case] with my son. Both taught me so much without intending it. My mother, her theory is that you have to learn to watch. It was up to us to watch and learn from it, or not to learn from it, it was our choice."

Kourbaj recounts the story of his mother, when in hospital at the side of her sick husband, in a situation where nothing could be done, she began to weave a basket out of the old intravenous tubes the hospital were going to throw away. This basket was intended for Issam to keep his paint brushes in. "It amazed me to see that she was still using her hands, still able to think in this way in this sterile environment."

The idea of instinct begins here and seems to be the running theme in Kourbaj's approach to his own work and

"With my son, to begin with, I noticed that he taught me to become a child again, and this is something that is easily lost. That playing is the most important thing, that through playing you learn. The way he played and

If Kourbaj has come full circle, this time he appears to have brought back with him some very important lessons

made connections, watching how when he ate bread, the bread changes shape, becomes rocking horse maybe."

It seems that perhaps Kourbaj has

not remaining within the boundaries that have been set around us by the Academies.

Kourbaj went to St Petersburg in Russia, and studied Fine Art at the Academy. As he admits himself, this was an extremely classical, even erudite approach to the subject, where the study of the Nude extended into an examination of the skeleton and muscle

groups. Although this did interest him to a point, it seems that this approach also lacked something more meaningful to him, namely the personal, imag-

inative expression of the subject. And so after six years of this classical education, like so many before him, his direction went to another extreme, to the deeply anti-academic, subverting his natural draughtsmanship, juxtaposing nipples and snow in *It Was Hot in Cold St Petersburg*, 1990.

However, he appears to find himself back again, amongst the learned and the schooled, back in the Academy as it were, in

Cambridge. If Kourbaj has come full circle, this time he appears to have brought back with him some very important lessons, except this time he



learnt the most from this little artist, whose work was so untouched by the conventions of the grown-up view of what art is, that it was deemed worthy

A Self-Made Hero

4&5 Nov, 9pm, Trinity

Un héros très discret (Fr)

As a child Albert dreamt of going into battle for his country. During the Second World War he sat at home with his mother. After the war, his mother is branded a collaborator and he brands himself a resistance fighter. The English title, *A Self-Made Hero*, embodies the ambiguity on which the humour and gravity of this film depend. How else might a hero distinguish himself except by his own actions? At a time when new films seem pre-occupied by form, it is interesting to watch a film in which narrative and screenplay are central.

Will Bland

Blues Brothers

8 Nov, 10pm, Christs

Jake and Elwood Blues (John Belushi and Dan Akroyd) are brothers united by blues not by birth: two washed up blues musicians, wanted by the cops, who reform their band to raise money in order to save the orphanage they grew up in together. John Landis' comedy caper is a blend of action, fantasy, music and laughs that shouldn't work, but does. Why? Because Landis gave Akroyd and Belushi licence to enjoy themselves, play the fool and show their passion for American soul and blues music. *Blues Bros* possibly holds the record for most cameos in one film: from James Brown to Aretha Franklin and Twiggy to Steven Spielberg!

Bob Arnold

Urban Ghost Story2&3 Nov, 10.30pm
Arts Picturehouse

There's a trend at the moment, certainly kicked off by *The Sixth Sense*, for paranormal chillers taking a more subtle approach to their subject matter than the splatter-movies of the eighties. *Urban Ghost Story* is one: a low-budget British independent film. It's a ghost story in a Glaswegian block of council flats - social realism meets scary movie. Having been taken around festivals for a year or two, it's good to see it finally getting a release: taught, edgy, full of great performances and with looks belying its absurdly tight budget, *Urban Ghost Story* is well worth a look.

The late-night showing time can only help the atmosphere.

Tom Armitage

Annie Hall

Director: Woody Allen
Starring: Diane Keaton, Woody Allen
Certificate 15
USA 1977
Showing at Arts Picture House

Joshua Perry identifies with cinema's foremost navel-gazer

There are a few artists for whom life and work are inseparable. Michael Jackson is one, in that all critical opinion seems to be along the lines of: "Thriller was great, but he's now clearly insane, and I wouldn't trust anyone to make a hit album whose best friends are Uri Geller and a chimpanzee." Now, in almost all cases I resent this type of judgement. Whether I like art depends on my emotional reaction to the art in question, with the sanity/all-round-good-blokeyness of the artist being irrelevant.

Woody Allen is another, but with him things get more complicated. You see, we identify with Woody; he speaks directly to us, glorifying the lot of failure and making dysfunction seem endearing. Moreover, with *Annie Hall*, Allen first hit on the idea of filmmaking as therapy. This was his self-professed 'picture about me' in which, he said after its original 1977 release, he hoped to display "my life, my thoughts, my ideas, my background". As viewers, we are simultaneously friend, psychoanalyst and voyeur,



and as such it seems pretty important that we should like Allen the person, given that Alvy - his on-screen alter ego - is a clear representation of self. Yet Allen is the man who once hired a shrink for his two year old child, and who

With Annie Hall, Allen first hit on the idea of filmmaking as therapy

moved in with Soon-Yi, his foster-daughter young enough to be his grandchild, after his then-wife Mia Farrow found polaroids he had taken of Soon-Yi naked.

Ultimately, this might affect our judgement of the film more if it were not so utterly bewitching. Alvy Singer is turning 40, and the film recounts his thoughts on breaking up with Annie, who is played by Diane Keaton, his real life partner at the time. Keaton won an Oscar for her sensitive self-portrayal, yet the true focus is Alvy (or Woody) himself, with the film taking the form of a collection of musings on his life so far. The script is co-written with regular collaborator Marshall Brickman, and designed to give Allen all the best lines, with the impressive ensemble cast that surrounds him serving only to detail his life.

Humour is woven so intrinsically into the fabric of the film that there are laughs everywhere, from the skits during which Allen addresses the audience directly, to cinematic devices such as subtitles whilst characters are speaking to convey what they're really thinking. This gets to the heart of why the film is a classic. We

admire *Annie Hall* for its directorial innovation, its awesomely dense comedy, and its expert delivery. At one point, Allen contemplates semi-rhetorically: "You know how you're always trying to get things to come out perfectly in art, because it's real difficult in life?" The film is asking to be seen as cinematic compensation for the reality of his life as a constantly self-questioning, socially autistic nervous wreck. On the basis of the film's commercial success, the four Oscars it picked up and an adoring fan-base established in the twenty four years since its release, it would seem that the cinema-going public, myself included, are more than happy to accept this rerelease.



Mise en scène

Kate McNaughton looks at the golden boy of Soviet cinema**Who?**

Grigori Kozintsev.

Where and when

Russia, 1920s to 1970s.

Classics of the genre?*The New Babylon, Alone, The Maxim Trilogy, Hamlet, King Lear.***What's it all about?**

An important member of the second generation of Soviet Montage directors (the first one included Eisenstein, Kuleshov and Vertov), Kozintsev came to the cinema in the late 1920s, after an early career in theatre. He and a couple of collaborators, Leonid Traubin and Sergei Yukevich, had founded the Factory of the Eccentric Actor (FEKS) in 1921. This theatrical troupe aimed to liven up the traditional world of Russian naturalistic theatre by importing into it popular forms of entertainment such as the circus, American cinema or the cabaret. Kozintsev and

Traubin went on to direct films together, still favouring eccentric and stylised performances. They soon became leading figures in the Soviet film industry,

until their relationship broke up in 1944. Kozintsev directed alone for the rest of his career; his later works include

two extremely successful screen productions of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. These are probably still some of the best versions of the Bard on screen. Sober in their visual style, they combine an intensely psychological handling of the texts with a more broad, historical ambition: the tragedy of one man is part of and affects the society around him. In this respect, Kozintsev is firmly part of a Russian (and more specifically, Soviet) trend of filmmaking that developed over the 20th century; as he himself said of *Lear*, "This is not the story of one man, everything occurs among many other people."

Find out more

King Lear, Kozintsev's last film, and one of his personal favourites, is showing at the Arts Picture House on the 4th of November at 3pm.

Captain Corelli's Mandolin

4 Nov, 7.30/10.15pm, John's

Oh dear - it's one of those films with big Hollywood actors putting on exotic accents again: in this case, Nicolas Cage struggling to roll his "r"s as the Italian Captain Corelli, while Penelope Cruz fails to do herself justice as his love interest. All the best bits of Louis de Bernières' novel have been left out in this bland screen adaptation; the scenery, however, is absolutely stunning, so there's some consolation.

Kate McNaughton

Life is Beautiful2 Nov, 3pm
Arts Picturehouse

A film worth seeing if only to decide whether you love or hate it. It is a moving and often even funny portrayal of life in a concentration camp, many objected to it for what they saw as using this traumatic historical fact as a mere backdrop and source of facile emotion. Others wept their hearts out and poured rewards on Roberto Benigni. Make your own mind up...

Kate McNaughton

Almost Famous

8 Nov, 9.30pm, Robinson

"The Wonder Years" would have better described Cameron Crowe's semi-autobiographical, nostalgia-laden tribute to rock 'n' roll in its innocent seventies heyday. Patrick Fugit is pink-cheeked naïf William Miller, a rookie music journalist assigned by Rolling Stone to trail emerging (fictional) band, *Stillwater* on their '73 tour of middle America. William is accepted into the band's inner circle, giving the film an access-all-areas pass to the manic tour bus experience: the rush of the gigs, the pressures of success, the drugs, the groupies...don't expect to see rock and roll's seedy underbelly, Oliver Stone style: Crowe's lens is as rose-tinted as the John Lennon shades worn by his cast, and his sentimentality occasionally grates. But with disarming performances from Fugit, candy-girl Kate Hudson as an über-groupie, and Billy Crudup as the talented, egocentric lead guitarist (plus some predictable scene-stealing from Frances McDormand and Philip Seymour Hoffmann in minor roles), this is a warm-hearted tale: not saccharine, just sweet.

Ruth Palmer

CRITIC'S CHOICE**On general release:****1. The Man Who Wasn't There**Dry-cleaning and capital punishment: *American Beauty* in B&W.**2. The Circle**

Women in Iran.

3. Annie Hall

A second chance to see Woody's personal life get messy.

College Films:**1. Three Colours: Blue**The first part of Kieślowski's trilogy on French ideals: *liberté*.**2. A Self-made hero**

The liberation of a frustrated Frenchman: role-play and the Resistance.

3. Blues Brothers

Jon Belushi and Dan Akroyd play the blues and make you laugh.

BOX OFFICE**1. American Pie 2****2. America's Sweethearts****3. Jeepers Creepers****4. Atlantis: the Lost Empire****5. Moulin Rouge!****6. Fableux destin d'Amélie Poulin, Le****7. Enigma****8. A.I. (Artificial Intelligence)****9. Mike Bassett: England Manager****10. Cats and Dogs****WHICH FILM?**

"I guess I could be pretty pissed off about what happened to me. But it's hard to stay mad when there's so much beauty in the world. Sometimes I feel like I'm seeing it all at once... and it's too much. My heart fills up like a balloon that's about to burst. And then I remember... to relax, and not try to hold on to it."

Art in motion: Avant-Garde

Charlie Phillips looks at the 1920s avant garde season at the Arts Picture House

Tiptoeing into the cinema, the ivories tinkle and the screen flickers as smoking men in smart suits and kohl-eyed ladies in pearls use their bodies to express silently to us what is going on. It sounds really weird, I know – instead of being deafened in the multiplex by explosions and the roar of cars, you've stumbled upon an art installation and nobody warned you. But, this is what it used to be like. Forget "I love 1990s", here's an opportunity to love the twenties. It's not a chance you get very often.

The Picturehouse is currently running this season in conjunction with CUMIS, the notorious film cult hiding near the architecture department, and the "République Française" cultural delegation. It's brilliant, and not just because it makes you feel slightly nostalgic for a bygone age of cinematic innocence before war tore the century and aesthetic idealism apart. The joy of watching collage after collage of perfectly-executed images is that it is avant-garde and it is proud to claim so. The mechanical ability to immortalise the moving image made film, in the '20s, the most relevant possible medium. Superstar sociologist Walter Benjamin wrote in the thirties that avant-garde film possessed the possibility for genuine emancipation from dictation by the holders of cultural power. Whether you're a Marxist or not (and everyone in the twenties was either a

revolutionary or an aristocrat, so bear with me), these films are a testament to an attempt to harness that creative autonomy.

As an example, the first film in the season, Jean Vigo's *A propos de Nice*, gradually developed one shock to the system after another. Starting with pretty shots of the Nice shoreline, which would have made a great film anyway, suddenly we were bombarded with

wealthy men and their moustaches, fat women on chariots being pelted with flowers and a saucy Charleston in slow-motion performed by manic young girls, all watched by an intrusively-placed camera. With no sound, and the expense of film and editing, each frame really does appear to have been carved expertly. Léger's *Ballet Mécanique* is even better, a testament to Futurist optimism about the detritus of urban

living relying on a pummelling head-fuck of juxtaposition.

All the films are extremely fun too, even if they don't make you want to storm Hollywood's Winter Palace like me – everyone should experience hearing a live soundtrack to the film they are watching once in a while. But it is wonderful to see their commitment to the avant-garde before anybody knew what the phrase really meant. I don't

know either – I think it's something to do with fragments from the future world showing us the way to go forward. But you should go and see the rest of the season and glimpse hopeful outsider art from a less perverted age on film.

The Avant-Garde season continues until 14th November and films are shown on Mondays at 7pm at the Arts Picturehouse.



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Napalm the Arts Theatre

Tom Royston and Angela Grainger find out if Mark Thomas is as funny as he thinks he is

Mark Thomas doesn't like the war, but his brand of political comedy is certainly doing very well out of it: from TV post-pub student favourite to high profile anti-war spokesman since his tour began on September 17th. If George Bush wanted to stop all this cissy opposition to the war, he could have done worse than to napalm the Arts Theatre last Monday. Cambridge's conscience was gathered at the very reasonable £14.50/head to watch public-school, drama-school educated Mark Thomas lead them in celebration of their own self-conscious moral righteousness.

The Arts Theatre gave him a standing ovation early on, and this is apparently not unusual: "We went to Hereford—an SAS town. People go, "Fuck! There's actually 300 people in the room that feel like me! We hate the war! And he just said it!"

He stares at you a lot, when he talks — you know he means what he says. He also tries hard not to "sound like a wanker" and overstate his importance. He pays tribute to the "fucking magic" people he works with and bases his shows around, but at the same time his sense of personal integrity is very important to him. Chris Morris once said he "made a living out of terrorising receptionists" but often his energy and nerve hit the mark, as when he persuaded representatives of the Indonesian military to confess for the first time to having tortured dissidents, by posing as a PR company rep. "Mark, how do you feel when you come off-stage?" He answers: "Clean."

"I met all those people. I know what was done to my friend Karim and it's horrible... I thought: I am not going to be one of those people who comes by and glimpses at this misery and fucks off. At the end of the show I'm just really fucking glad I've not copped out."

He knows a man who did, though. Ben Elton, 'alternative'-comic-turned-



Photo: Chris Naylor

Lloyd Webber-librettist, is, he says, "just a fucking insignificant fucking corporate knob-polisher. To say, I'm going to let my music be used for the inauguration of George Bush's fucking

mind that's independent, and then to do that, exposes him for what he really is, which is a grasping, money grabbing, little career whore. And yes, you can quote me on that."

"Ben Elton — just a f**king insignificant f**king corporate knob-polisher"

presidency, and then say, 'People really want to hold me to account for that? For my former left-wing views?'... to profess to have an intelligence and a

He might not be worried about libel right now, but I am. Surprisingly, though, he's never been taken to court. "We try really hard not to. I've never

been arrested and I'm really proud of that." Oh? "If I get arrested, I've got a team of lawyers from Channel Four who can protect me. It would be a real act of wankerdome if I ever became a TV martyr, while saying to people, you should get involved, you should do things." I guess so. And of course, he's needed right now, replying to more emails than he can cope with and writing his New Statesman column in the back of the car. Mark Thomas is clearly a man of the moment.

HYPE

Described as "the most important theatre in Europe" by the New York Times, the Royal Court is Britain's leading national company dedicated to finding, nurturing and producing the best new writers from Britain and abroad. Previous productions include *Top Girls* by Caryl Churchill, *East is East* by Ayub Khan-Din and *My Zinc Bed* by David Hare. In their search for new writers, the Royal Court is keen to attract student interest through their HYPE scheme. This involves seeing plays at discount prices including tickets from 10p standing and the opportunity to meet members of the cast and production team. The Royal Court's latest production is *Boy Gets Girl* by Rebecca Gilman and is running from 1 November — 15 December.

Have you ever been on a date with someone you didn't know? Was it love at first sight or your worst nightmare? Who made the first move? The play focuses on Theresa, an independent, successful career woman in New York who goes on a blind date with Tony. The date seems to go well and she agrees to dinner. But when flowers arrive every day and the phone keeps ringing, she doesn't know whether to feel flattered, angry or threatened. *Boy Gets Girl* is Rebecca Gilman's third play to be produced by the Royal Court. Her previous plays include *Spinning into Butter*, described as a "dangerous, searching, brilliant play" (*Sunday Times*) and *The Glory of Living*, which won the 1999 *Evening Standard* Award for Most Promising Playwright.

The Royal Court is offering Cambridge students two tickets for the price of one at £9 for 9 November at 7.30pm and 10 November at 3.30 and 7.30pm, subject to availability. Students must call the Box Office on 0207 565 5000 and quote "Varsity Offer". The nearest tube station is Sloane Square which is on the District & Circle Lines.

Sarah Matthews

BOMBSHELL

"I'm not fighting them again, the war's over." Optimistic words for the IRA of the moment. These are not the words of a terrorist, however, but a ten year old Belfast kid from Owen McCafferty's *Mojo Mickybo*, the BATS fifth week Late Show at Queens'. He speaks after a childhood fight, in the summer of 1970, when Northern Ireland's "war" was far from over. Rehearsing this section last week, the line echoed poignantly across the decades.

1970: The year after the Summer of Love. The World Cup was kicking off in Mexico. In Northern Ireland the Troubles were just beginning to explode and things were about to get a whole lot worse. Bloody Sunday, 1972: 13 civil rights marchers shot dead by the British Army. Ten years later, the Hunger Strikes. Nearly 20 years after those, the Omagh bomb. And things still aren't over even if the IRA has renounced arms. This summer saw the worst rioting in Belfast for two decades; pipe bombs and

punishment beatings were again a daily reality. The international response to Northern Ireland is often one of incredulity at the province's inability to break the cycle of sectarian violence. Perhaps this attitude in England is especially shocking as Northern Ireland is a part of the UK. But then again, not such tired apathy and lack of understanding about any part of the world is shocking.

Mojo Mickybo is an amazing play. It is a fast paced and exciting whirl through the summer friendship of two Belfast kids (Mojo and Mickybo). A two-man show with 17 characters on stage: bullies, parents, drunks and neighbours. But the Troubles don't matter for most of the play, not to the audience and especially not to the kids! All they know is that Mojo lives "up the road" and Mickybo "over the bridge". Friendship, fun and life all go on but we are left asking if the peace process is still "over the hill".

Phil Mulryne



Mojo Mickybo runs 6-11 November in the Fitzpatrick Theatre, Queens' College at 11pm

Dubious company?

Set in New York, Steven Sondheim's *Company* is a musical about a guy named Bobby who isn't quite sure if he is ready to tie the knot. The audience is treated to a series of vignettes of married life: friends about to be married, friends divorced, some happy, some not. We see clips of Bobby with ex-girlfriends. We wonder if he is ready? If not, why not? We ask why he just doesn't get laid. The story plot is typical corny tripe set to music, and certainly doesn't occupy centre stage.

Instead, we are regaled by cute girls and guys wrestling each other, catchy tunes belted out by perky-voiced girls, quality singing (Harry, played by Phil Caroe, is a prime example), fun and snappy dances, and loads of enthusiasm. Sarah (Camilla Cope), was so energetically orgasming over the thought of Sarah Lee cakes, jacket potatoes and chilli with her also dieting husband, that I thought she would pass out. Instead, she struck a wrestling pose and then fell into a sexual position with husband Harry. Unmissable. The orchestra could have been better, but basically, this is a great show for perverts and happy people: see it if only for the ex-girlfriend dance or the food-driven orgasm scene.

Zoe Strimpel



Company is on at the ADC from Tuesday until Saturday at 7.45pm

Beckett at the ADC: Trick or treat?

Sarah Brealey reviews a Beckett double bill, the latest offering from the company responsible for *Disco Pigs*

I saw *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Not I* on Hallowe'en, which turned out to be peculiarly appropriate. It was a little like watching a trick-or-treat devised by the inmates of a lunatic asylum.

Beckett's characters are sometimes funny, sometimes sad, but more often macabre, inhuman or even in bits: in *Not I*, the protagonist is simply a Mouth. The Halloween analogy grew more striking as *Krapp's Last Tape* progressed and Krapp's makeup, which had initially made him a reasonably realistic old man, began to warm up, giving the impression that he was slowly melting before our eyes. This caveat apart, Krapp (Michael Molloy) was extremely convincing. He moved like an old man, the human equivalent of a rusty old car with its exhaust falling off, one could almost hear his joints creaking. As the play begins, he staggers across the stage, somehow managing to make the audience as fixated on the banana millimetres from his face as he is. In a play like this, where the action centres around one man listening to a tape of his younger self, Molloy manages to convey volumes with a raised eyebrow or a curl of the mouth. He also brings out the

comic moments, even in unexpected places.

My companion complained it was a bit slow, though I suspect that was Beckett rather than the production. After all, neither of these plays are about things happening, but about memory, loneliness, and the failures of life. *Krapp's Last Tape* is probably as accessible as Beckett gets. It is also much longer than *Not I*, which is just as well, since it at least contains a plot, and characters – well, one anyway. Neither of which can be said for *Not I*. Imagine the scene. The stage is in darkness. A small rectangle of light illuminates a Mouth, and nothing else. An Auditor, draped in black, is half-visible. Then the Mouth (Caroline Horton) begins to talk. It seems like a kind of verbal assault, a rapid-fire staccato. This is punctuated by inhuman, almost terrifying laughter, which is. Shriill screams are followed by silence. One audience member laughs, uncomfortably.

If this is your idea of good theatre, you are in for a treat, but I suspect that for most people it isn't. In all honesty, *Not I* is not really a Beckett masterpiece. It was made a little more inaccessible by Horton's aggressive



delivery. There is a narrative in *Not I*, but it was hard to find. Fragments of emotion did come across, especially towards the end, but mostly they were lost, the ears overwhelmed by the verbal assault. But maybe that's the point. The set did work well: the Auditor was impressively ghostly, only slightly more human than the Mouth.

Unfortunately, however, the Mouth moved out of the square of light early in the performance, so it could more accurately have been called the Chin.

Trick or treat? Mostly the latter. You might think twice about staying for *Not I*. But *Krapp's Last Tape* is well worth seeing.



Krapp's Last Tape and Not I are on at the ADC at 11pm until Saturday

A Masterful production

Henrick Ibsen is not so much the father of modern drama as its slightly bitter older sister. Think Norway. Think sunlight deprivation, desolate wilderness and depression. It is from these less than cheery elements that Ibsen has taken his cue with his introverted and brooding tour de force, *The Master Builder*. His work provides a difficult, complex and potentially rewarding insight into the strug-

gles of the human psyche, as the ruinous traits of doubt, fear and guilt are assailed by hope and renewal. The latest production from the ADC is worthy of its playwright.

The Master Builder tells the story of Halvard Solness, an architect surrounded by resentful assistants and an embittered wife, and fearing that a new generation of architects will supplant him. Solness becomes trapped in a denial of all that he had once hoped for and has given up building the tallest church

spires. But all this looks to change when the youthful Hilde Wangle arrives. Through her presence, Solness is given the chance of redemption, but at a price. This is not a play for the faint hearted, for it deals with the torments of the human conscience and soul. This is Ibsen, so don't expect much laughter.

In Adam Karni-Cohen's production, nineteenth century Norway is given a unknowingly pitched at a self-doubting academic community. The direction of the play was certainly confident and fluid, but in places it seemed a bit fitful, undermining the power of emotive dialogue with the constant movement of the actors. Adam Karni-Cohen has attempted to keep the play as light as possible providing an absence, murky scenic effects and an almost jovial tone to much of the dia-

logue. But I couldn't help feeling that if you are doing Ibsen, you might as well wallow in the depression. The spite and jealousy, the crushed hopes and shattered lives. It was a little disappointing to see that Cohen has embraced a challenging project, but has seemingly not been prepared to go all the way. The original score does much to add an element of darkness and tension to the production, playing on the expressive and poignant clarity of the strings, but when the background music was absent, the cast somehow strained to fill the space.

As Halvard Solness, Nathan Pyne-Carter was impressive, successfully conveying the conscience of a man racked by the guilt and shame of one who as forced others to suffer for his achievements. He strode across the stage with conviction and some wonderfully contorted facial expressions and did much to engage the play with its darker side.

The young temptress Hilde Wangel, played by Aisling O'Neill, was a little chirpy: all skimpy red dresses, and perky good mornings. Though she engaged well with Pyne-Carter, she seemed unable to portray with any belief the truly redemptive elements of her character, drawing Solness from the mire of doubt and pain that so enveloped him as if she were attempting to convince an unwilling friend to go shopping. Micha Colombo as the wife does a great line in quiet bitterness although was at times a little too quiet, and David Hart as the doctor was...well, tall.

This is a play where you get exactly what you expect (or most of it), namely Ibsen in all his brooding and affecting glory. It's ambitious, bold, and if it is not entirely successful, the production can certainly not be accused of backing down from a challenge. For the committed theatre-goer prepared to see a glimpse of dark tragedy, there is much in the production to reward a visit. And at the end, there's always the solace of a late license in the ADC bar.

Jeremy Lemer



The Master Builder is on at the ADC at 7.45pm until Saturday

Ecstatic

Directors, prepare to break out into a cold sweat: less than a week before opening night at Christ's New Court Theatre, and the cast of Mike Leigh's *Ecstasy* is variously sitting, slouching, even lounging in chairs carelessly strewn across the rehearsal room, cans of lager (and is that gin?) in hand, loosely engaged in dredging up the details of some half-forgotten party – who drank what, and how much; even the food.... Has anyone so much as seen a script? As it happens, yes: that idle banter is dialogue taken from it. "No, not dialogue", the cast and directors insist animatedly when asked: "It's conversation." If it sounds like it could be your friends at the 5am fag-end of some all-nighter, that's the point.

Thanks to the feverishly acclaimed *Secrets and Lies* and *Abigail's Party*, the name Mike Leigh is synonymous with no-frills depiction of domestic life, in all its messy complexity. But discard that stale genre, the self-declared Gritty, Kitchen Sink drama: with Leigh, it's not about realism, it's about real. Improvisation sessions write his script for him, and it shows: half-animated, half-languid, broken off by laughter, distracted, sometimes fraught with tensions, or just plain banal – this is social intercourse, with no theatrical contraption. A world away from the allusion-laden dialogue of a Stoppard, of the deliberately dead-end patter of a Beckett. The ties which bind the five characters – marriage, sex, shared history, all surface artlessly in their interactions – oddly compelling, even poignant to observe, and all the more so because it is uncontrived. "It is about nothing", explains one of the cast, "And at the same time about everything." In short, forget Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in barrels of existential angst. Not an emoting luvvie in sight. If your appetite for theatre has sickened with one too many tortured Danish princes with prop-cup-board skulls, a night eavesdropping on real life might bring it back with a vengeance.

Laura Davies



gles of the human psyche, as the ruinous traits of doubt, fear and guilt are assailed by hope and renewal. The latest production from the ADC is worthy of its playwright.

The Master Builder tells the story of Halvard Solness, an architect surrounded by resentful assistants and an embittered wife, and fearing that a new generation of architects will supplant him. Solness becomes trapped in a denial of all that he had once hoped for and has given up building the tallest church

modern day setting: all minimalist décor, clean spaces and open planning. More Habitat than Ikea. The connection it makes between the bleak restraint of Victorian Norway and the stark isolation of the modern office is an interesting one. In updating the play Cohen has perhaps attempted to make a claim for its continued relevance; exploitation, repression and a crisis of religious confidence are as significant now as ever. Indeed ideas such as the price of success are perhaps not

logue. But I couldn't help feeling that if you are doing Ibsen, you might as well wallow in the depression. The spite and jealousy, the crushed hopes and shattered lives. It was a little disappointing to see that Cohen has embraced a challenging project, but has seemingly not been prepared to go all the way. The

Wine 'n' Women per Weldon

Tim Stanley scoops an interview at the Union Bar with novelist Fay Weldon, and gets quite red in the face



Photo: Tim Stanley

Fay Weldon took a delight in shocking me. What she said in the bar after her talk cannot be repeated or else I might lose my gentleman's licence, but it is fair to say that there is a glass of wine in every picture of Miss Weldon for a reason. "I'm shocking you aren't I?" she giddily asked after an exchange about education and the working classes. "Yes, but don't worry. I need a good political goosing once in a while," I said. Her glass raised in perfect synchronisation with her eyebrows, and she chuckled.

Miss Weldon is not afraid of controversy. She read us passages from her book, leaning with one hand resting on the dais with her glasses perched on her nose, looking at us like a class of naughty schoolboys, and talked about oral sex. She was of course plugging her new book – "I think it's good!" she said once or twice, while denying its product placement. As always with Miss Weldon, she starts out on a supposedly controversial subject, one soon realises it's a non-issue, and then she starts to talk about what she really wants to talk about. There is no

product placement in *The Bulgari Connection* – but if there is, it's about as glamorous as product placing landmines. Her characters, though, are not what one expects from a Weldon novel. They're the elite. I asked her if, since *Big Women*, she'd abandoned working-class feminism. "I fought for it then out of anger. People were stifled and crushed," she explained, "but these battles are largely won." Have the preoccupations of society shifted? "Definitely. This is a new generation we're writing for." On the process of writing she is frank and down to earth. For her, writing is just to put down "One sentence. And then another and then another." Some people are born with a quiet look of worldly wisdom, and Miss Weldon is well and truly such a person. One is humbled in her presence. I have to admit she also reminded me of a member of my family. I said, "In personality you are identical to my grandmother, but of course in looks you are identical to my younger sister." As she laughed she rocked forward, her eyes twinkling in the darkness of the Union bar. Like my grandmother she expresses a silly humility, occasionally asking the Gods, "What do I know?" and then looking thoughtfully into her glass. She hates photographs and refused to look into the back of the digital camera after her picture had been taken. She did look at the one of me taken earlier as an experiment. "Very fetching," she said politely.

She is a critic of the current government because of her staunch support for Neil Kinnock, "He was treated so badly and it was appalling. That's why I don't like the Labour Party as it is now." And she had been to Cambridge before. When I asked her, she told me that she'd had a boyfriend here. She turned her back so that she didn't have to see the



look of envy on my face. She turned back and said, "But he was too old for me. I had a policy of trying not to chase men who were much older than me."

I asked if she has a policy of chasing men who are much younger than herself.

"Please, I am married," she chuckled as I gamely nudged her with my elbow. Again the laugh, which she silenced by telling us her real age. My lips are of course sealed, but it is a wildly implausible number when her countenance is considered.

Miss Weldon did shock me. She has a chauffeur. I told her that I imagined her only riding buses, and then giving up seats for ethnic minorities and people in wheel chairs. This she found amusing. "They are absolutely fascinating. The inside of a Mercedes has a television and everything. At first you think you're sitting on a plane and then often, 'whoosh', a car goes past. Most surreal." 'Often' is pronounced 'orften'. Miss Weldon then shares with us dreams and visions of the future. "I'm looking forward to the robotic age when everything will be done for us and thought out for us. We'll just be catalogued and told what to do without any fuss. There'll just be cameras watching us to make sure we do it properly."

Like all good things the evening came to an end. Her chauffeur was waiting and she skipped out with the President reminding me oddly of the narrator in the song *Mad About the Boy* as she skips across Trafalgar Square. But was I her James Dean? As she left I realised that it was I who was mad about her. We waved goodbye and as she left I breathed a sigh of relief. "You've gone all red in the face," someone said.

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And the Beats Go On...

Sameer Rahim approves Barry Miles' new biography of the Beat Poets, *The Beat Hotel*

In many ways the collective creative and social group known as "The Beats" are a perfect subject for biographical investigation. William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso are the main subjects of Barry Miles' *The Beat Hotel*, which also features Jack Kerouac and Peter Orlovsky. All these artists constantly transformed their own lives and those of their friends into art. Miles concentrates on the period 1957-63, at number 9 Rue Git-de Coeur, Paris, a freethinking establishment that came to be known as the Beat Hotel. Here the beats could smoke dope, play music, have both boys and girls over for "prolonged orgies" and generally live up to the free spirited beatnik stereotype.

An early story sets the tone. The poet Gregory Corso, recently released from jail, spies a beautiful woman making love to her boyfriend through his window and tells his new friend Allen Ginsberg. Ginsberg finds the description peculiarly

familiar and realises that the 'boyfriend' is himself, the 'girlfriend' is his. Miles takes up the story: "You want me to introduce you?" Allen asked mysteriously. 'I have magical powers.' The next day he took Gregory to meet her. Gregory later commented, 'My first lay when I got out of prison.'

The Beats were also big fans of psychotherapy and used their poetry as self-analysis. One of the more bizarre stories of group therapy is when Burroughs analysed Kerouac and Ginsberg by making them act out role-playing games, exploring the stereotypes of their own characters: Jack as innocent American abroad, Allen as scheming Art dealer and "Bill dressing up in drag and turning into a mad lesbian countess". Just like Shelley, Wilde and Rimbaud (the group's literary heroes), the lives of these extraordinary men seem to be of as much interest as their work. But that is my main criticism of this book. Each poet's work is

skimmed rather than analysed and too often the book turns into a literary soap opera charting who slept with whom, and who injected what and where. Whilst entertaining, this disregards the true purpose of any literary biography,



which must be to examine the work in the context of the life rather than vice-versa.

Miles has also written biographies of Kerouac, Ginsberg and Burroughs. He

does not seem to be cashing in on his previous research; there are too many assertions that are not sufficiently backed up. For example, Peter Orlovsky was Ginsberg's boyfriend for many years; despite this Miles asserts that "his (Orlovsky's) preference was for women. His fantasies were always of women, even when he was in bed with Allen." This is merely based on the fact that Orlovsky sometimes slept with women, a sexual preference that Ginsberg was also susceptible to.

This book stimulated me to look beyond the lives and into the work. All the main protagonists have died, leaving behind a corpus of great imaginative depth. Despite the opportunistic nature of this book, it is a good introduction to a bohemian world. One must look into the "wild cooking pederasty and intoxication" of their lives. This book is an elegant footnote to that line of Ginsberg's.

LIT SHORTS

Call for Submissions

Tallulah, the magazine from the Cambridge University Creative Writing Society (CUCWS), is launching its third issue at the end of November. It welcomes any and all creative work (poetry, prose, drama, art, etc.), with a deadline of 6th November and a Launch Party/Writing Festival on 26th November to celebrate its publication. If you want information, or want to submit anything, e-mail creativewriting@cusu.cam.ac.uk or Anita Sethi on as410@cam.ac.uk.

A new magazine, *Works on Paper*, is also getting ready for press, and promises to inject some variety into the magazine scene by exploring what "works on paper" – what one can publish successfully, be it architectural designs, painting, or prose. They are working with Jim Le Fevre (the animator) and Bless, concept-fashion designers. The pieces so far range from essays (on the contemporary art scene in China, for example), short fiction, and photography. If you're interested in getting involved with *Works on Paper*, e-mail Helen Slater on hslater@dircon.co.uk.



Photo: Susan Lennox

Literature on the bedside table

Susan Lennox interviewed Patrick Widdess, a Cambridge poet, who's won prizes in the Guardian and is hoping to publish his first collection...

Current Reading: I'm reading quite a lot of poetry, but I'm mainly dipping in and out of Ivor Cutler's *Fresh Carpet*. It's short, snappy and funny. Sometimes, quite prosaic. Really direct. **Recommended Reading:** It'd have to be *Life in a Scotch Sitting Room*, again by Ivor Cutler. It's short pieces depicting his childhood in Scotland. Quite surreal stuff...

Influences and Inspirations: Simon Armitage's *Zoom*. The writing is complex, full of symbolism and hidden meanings. A lot of poets today are very similar in style, but reading them can be hard work. With Armitage, you can enjoy the poetry on a basic fun level, but at a deeper level, its intricacies are just as rewarding. Very accessible.

A Patrick Poem: *Where is it?*
I left my hand resting on
the window sill,
but when I looked, it had
gone.

Where is it? It must be here
somewhere.
Ah! Here it is – I put it in
my pocket.



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Netball

55 Cambridge 2nds
10 Northampton Uni 2nds

Clare Herrick

Having defeated Nottingham Trent very convincingly last week, the netball seconds were keen to prove their worth once again. It was not going to be a hard task for Northampton did not rise to the challenge but merely sat back and watched their team being taken apart.

A slow start meant that after ten minutes Northampton had been gifted a goal. Defence Helen Skidmore and Anya Kabakova were mortified. Obviously the trend could not continue despite the fact that by now Cambridge were leading by ten. The pace quickened leaving the opposition bewildered. Excellent feeding to the circle by Emma Ashworth meant that every interception was converted to a goal. Confidence growing as the score increased, the difference between the two sides was becoming joyously apparent.

As the lead grew, so too did the frustration at Northampton's seeming ignorance of any of the rules. Marking off court, contact, off-sides, dropped balls, difficulty in catching, running, throwing, the list goes on. The Cambridge shooters kept their heads despite the opposition's ill-founded belief that marking faces is both tactical and allowed. There were frequent looks of bewilderment from the opposition when called up for catching the ball outside the court. Cross looks were exchanged with the umpires for calls of footwork and replayed balls. All correct calls, but when the rules are a mystery then breaking them is quite confusing.

By half time, they had been allowed to score 5 goals in comparison to Cambridge's 35. Energy replenished, the seconds assuaged boredom by setting themselves goal targets. Needless to say these were reached easily with fantastic shooting from Ruth Simpson and perceptive feeds from Jo Michou. The lack of any competition sapped Cambridge of motivation, nevertheless the final goal tally is testament to hard work from all.

The Seconds hope that this week's BUSA match against Nottingham University will prove to be harder fought and won. Having said that, last year Cambridge were victorious twice against this talented side and they see no reason why this year shouldn't bring the same success.



Photo: Clare Herrick

FIVE STAR PENTATHLETES

Modern Pentathlon

Laura Davidson

Modern Pentathlon has its origins in Napoleonic France's search for the perfect soldier. It comprises riding, running, swimming, shooting and fencing, the disciplines in which French gentlemen soldiers required proficiency. This event began to receive more recognition when Stephanie Cook and Kate Allenby won gold and bronze medals respectively for Great Britain at the Sydney Olympics last year. Both of these women went to Oxbridge, with Steph, a former rower and runner at Cambridge, only taking up pentathlon on downgrading to Oxford to complete her medical training. It is an achievable full-blue sport at Cambridge for those at the top level who are strong in all five



events. Half-blues are also awarded on the basis of points; there is no automatic half-blue for competing in the Varsity match. This has kept the standard of competition high, as evidenced by the large number of internationals who have passed through the club.

Last weekend saw the advent of Modern Pentathlon Cuppers, and despite the range of events, there was an excellent turnout by both current club members and numerous novices who naturally varied in ability depending on the discipline. This made for some superb competition and also provided some great comic moments! The show jumping took place on the Friday evening, catering for a range of abilities. Special mention should go to Roly Beales competing for Trinity Hall, who, never having jumped previously managed to negotiate a small (but beautiful) course! There were clear rounds over the highest course of ten fences from two novice pentathletes, already capable riders, Alex Harvey for Selwyn and Camilla Johnson for Robinson. On Saturday morning, pistol shooting took place at the range, and again, the novice women embarrassed some of last year's team members by producing the highest scores. Last year's men's captain, Cahir King, however, was well ahead of the field in the men's competition. At this point, New Hall were narrowly in the lead, with Trinity Hall close behind. The swimming at Girton pool that afternoon produced some very fast times, notably by Cahir King and Jamie Frith in the men's event, and in the women's,



by this year's women's captain, Jenny Arrand for New Hall.

After an alcohol-soaked evening at Chopsticks and a blissful extra hour in bed due to the clock change, the three kilometre cross-country run took place at midday on Sunday. The men's race produced an exciting finale, Richard Sargeant for Robinson just pipping Andy Culling (from Emmanuel, but competing in the Trinity Hall team) at the post. This year's President, Laura Davidson, won the women's run convincingly for Trinity Hall, with novice Sarah Brewer for New Hall just beating her fellow team member Jenny Arrand into third place. The final event was the fencing, but due to time constraints only the novices fenced, leaving Andy Culling (a Junior International fencer) and his team frustrated! (Still, it's the taking part that matters, Andy...) Some of the novices' techniques were certainly interesting, but Tim fencing for Girton and Clare Church for Selwyn both scored well.

At the prize-giving that evening, New Hall were the victors, with Selwyn close behind and Robinson in third place. Madness points go to Rachel Elkins who played hockey for Selwyn immediately before the run, and Sarah Brewer who went fencing after the last event, not content with having spent the weekend doing a mere pentathlon! Congratulations must go to all those who participated and the Cambridge University Modern Pentathlon Club (CUMPC) is always keen to recruit new members of all standards. Please note, though, that true pentathlon involves two extra events, drinking and pulling. This is surely no great hardship, since as Aristotle so astutely observed, "pentathletes have the most beautiful bodies because they were constructed for both speed and strength together". Care to partake!!? If so, email the Secretary Claire Thomas on cvt21@cam.ac.uk, or visit our website on <http://www.cam.ac.uk/societies/cumpc>.

Belper leave with sweet FA

Women's Football

3 Cambridge
1 Belper Town (AET)

Nico Hines

Now I might be wrong, but I suspect I wasn't the only football fan completely ignorant of the level at which the Cambridge women's team plays. So far this season, in a moderately successful start by their standards, they have beaten Charlton, West Ham and Gillingham. Cambridge University sit mid-table in the South-Eastern Combination League, the highest division in the region, and regularly compete against the very best teams in the country. Their FA Cup campaign began on Saturday with a difficult tie against Belper Town, top of their division in the Midlands and with a strong history in the Cup. In the end they were lucky to leave with pride intact. Cambridge dominated from beginning to end and should have run out comfortable winners.

The downside to playing in real FA competitions is that you get real FA referees. The stereotype did not end in the appearance of the squat-school-football-coach referee, or his requisite lanky "assistant referees", but their over officious, pernickety and, at times, bewildering attitude to the game. Its amazing that either team was still standing let alone charging around the football pitch after what must be a world record breaking 145 minute match. The Derbyshire side took advantage of this liberal time-keeping to take the lead at the end of the first half, scrambling the

ball into the back of the net from a poorly defended 53rd minute corner. Competitions such as the Women's FA Cup are seen as a training exercise for ambitious officials, expect to be screaming obscene abuse at these men at a Premiership ground near you by 2004.

Cambridge veered between magnificence and hesitancy. They finally equalized early in the second half and there was no doubt that the Blues were by far the better side. In the captain Susan Rea have a truly exceptional leader. Her touch was immaculate throughout and time after time Rea won the ball ferociously before delicately rolling it into the path of a teammate. A point under-

lined by the superb 60-yard ball, which allowed Laura Pugsley to slide Charlotte Cope into the clear in extra time, at the second attempt she finally put Cambridge into a deserved lead. Pugsley then created the third goal seven minutes into the second half of extra time. Another of her powerful and disarmingly swift breaks up the right drew the keeper off her line, the winger squared the ball to leave the late substitute Hilary Soderland to knock into the empty net.

However, this final flourish masks a worrying bluntness in front of goal. Cambridge never looked comfortable shooting at goal and all their possession in and around the opposition area could easily have come to nothing. It was only once the match was effectively over, that Mandy Wainwright unleashed the powerful effort she had threatened all game. She had looked at ease with the ball on the edge of the box and had no problem shrugging off the increasingly aggressive challenges of the Belper defenders, one of whom was an absolute beast, but never made full use of the space she created to test the keeper, preferring intricate passes when

her power might have been more effective. With more confidence in front of goal Cambridge could have progressed into the second round by a massive margin. Better opposition would have run the Blues closer, but there is the potential for this squad to be very good indeed. When asked if they fancied Arsenal in the next round Laura Pugsley replied, "We'd rather meet them in the final." If this ambition could be channeled onto the pitch they certainly have the talent to upset some massive teams on the road to Wembley (or wherever the hell they play these days). Come On The Blues!



Triumphant Blues beat Brum

Football

3 Cambridge
 1 Birmingham AFA

Tom Warburton

A somewhat depleted Blues side made the trip to Birmingham on Monday to play their relatively new annual fixture against the Amateur Football Alliance. Absent most noticeably, through injury, was captain Paul Dimmock, though several other key players were similarly forced to stay in Cambridge. Spirits on arrival were nonetheless high, buoyed by a string of convincing performances, and the timely call-up of soon-to-depart PhD student, and last year's hitman, Damian Kelly. Sprightly vice-captain Dave Harding meanwhile took over at the helm on his "home turf".

Harding's knowledge of the local dialect immediately proved its value in fact, with the home side pressing for further delays to kick-off time and negotiation required. When proceedings did eventually get underway, they were on a heavy pitch, and it was clear from the outset that, once more, this would be a physical challenge from the AFA, as much as anything else. The Blues had just about had the better of the first twenty minutes of play, however the only real threat from the opposition in the opening period suddenly met with success. From a Birmingham goalkeeper distinguished by his avid use of the route one, bombarding the Blues central

defence with every kick, now came a ball that cleared even their heads, bouncing round a slipping Joe Garrood, for the AFA striker to run on to and duly convert. It was as straightforward and painful a blow as could be, for a team otherwise starting to assert themselves in the match. Yet it was not the first time in the last few weeks that the Blues had conceded an unnecessary early goal, and nor will it be the last time this season and heads did not drop.

Despite clear aerial advantage, with a mountainous number eight towering above Harding and Lewis in the centre, the Blues continued to recycle the ball in the opposition half. Reverting from 3-5-2 to a more usual 4-4-2, chances gradually came Cambridge's way. Tom Lodge, partnering Kelly up front, found the target but also the goalkeeper with an effort from the right before running tantalisingly close to a through-ball shortly after. Kelly himself was by now launching into several marauding runs with the ball, running full circle round three at one stage before shooting wide. Half-chances fell also to Harding and Owles, though both had shots that climbed over the bar. The Blues went into the half-time break unable to find an equaliser. After much good work, and some defending which proved more than a match physically for the Birmingham forwards, the team was left to ponder some unusually ineffective finishing and final ball delivery.

Persistence and ability quickly returned its dividend after the restart

however as Kelly gladly re-opened his account (standing already at a considerable 56 goals for the team), offering a Harding free kick a glancing nudge toward the back of the net. The direction of the game reset, it was a chance for talents like Martin Page to leverage their pace and skill on events, Page continued to cause all kinds of problems for the AFA full-back throughout the half. At the other end meanwhile, having had little to deal with throughout, Garrood dealt admirably with the few goalmouth incidents that did demand his attention. Substitutions on the left and up front added fresh legs on a surface that had already started to take its toll on the Birmingham side. Tim Hall's sterling work down the right was eventually rewarded when a ricocheted cross across the face of goal fell straight into the path of the incoming Kelly, who made no mistake in adding his second.

Now in pursuit of more, that combination of Hall and Kelly linked up again, once more in the six-yard

box, and the goal-line this time only miraculously and inexplicably remained unbroken after some exasperating pin-ball. Foiled though he had been, Hall was clearly man of the moment in the dying minutes, more hard work down the down the right eventually presenting him with just the goal-keeper in front of him at the right of the six yard box. Looking up to find no passing option available, Hall simply bypassed both incoming defenders and keeper, deftly

dribbling along the by-line to slot home at an acute angle. Goalscorer Hall reflected after the game in which the Blues might have hoped for more, but in which, "for all the regulars not here, the team had its familiar commitment and spirit." Kelly, meanwhile, stopping by for the day, will take pleasure in equalling the goal scoring record at the club, at the very least until its other holder, Glamocak, returns at the next fixture.



Photo: Rowan Huppert

Oxford rucked over Fore!

Women's Rugby Union

34 Cambridge
 5 Oxford

Amy Allen

Rugby Union is one of the fastest growing female sports in the world at the moment, and here at Cambridge University we have two excellent teams. Many people still find it hard to believe that women play what they call "proper rugby"! However, the game women play is exactly the same as what the men play. Yes, the scrums are contested; and, yes, they do play full contact. The only real differences are that women are not quite as strong or fast as the men...and they are certainly far prettier!

The last time CUWRUFC were victorious over their Oxford counterparts (including both league and Varsity matches) was in 1988. Therefore, the Light Blues were aware that the match would probably be very difficult. As always, however, Captain, Jess Hudson and her team went into the match with a confident attitude, hoping to build on the successful training so far this season, and the narrow victory (12-10) against Bedford De Monfort University the week before.

From the outset it was clear that the Oxford team were not as well practiced as in previous years, for Cambridge managed to break through their defence early on in the game with a wonderful individually crafted try from Susie Grant, which she then converted. This passage of play, which included long periods of continuous possession, integrating well-worked mauls with good ball handling skills in the

backs, was unfortunately followed by a long period of scrappy and disorganised play. Oxford managed to capitalise on this by scoring a try towards the end of the first half.

The second half saw a much brighter Cambridge side in action. After about five minutes, a call from the a lineup about seven yards from the try line saw Amy Chandler take the ball in. She was then driven over the line by the forwards for Cambridge's second try.

The defensive work by the Light Blues was second to none, with some fantastic tackling from all the players, especially

Rachel McCarthy, Trin Laing and Michelle Schaffer, meaning that Oxford barely entered their opponents half throughout the whole of the 2nd half. And even in the event of a knee injury to Ellie Cannell, the forwards managed to maintain their excellent form in the scrum, and there were some searing runs from Ruth Kirton and Fiona Crowe. Hard Hayley Moore also managed to display that women can be just as hard as men by playing throughout with broken fingers!

The team were further inspired by good crowd support and the crowd themselves enjoyed a second half in which it seemed

as if whenever Cambridge were in possession, a try would follow. Sure enough more tries came (including a penalty try) from Niya Phiri and Ruth Kirton.

The final score was a convincing 34-5 victory for the Light Blues in a match that was greatly enjoyed by all those who played in it and watched it. And for injured players such as myself? Well, I must say that I was agonisingly jealous not to be playing in such a monumental game. All that is left to be said is: WATCH OUT OXFORD...History will hopefully be made again when Cambridge are victorious in this season's Varsity match.



Photo courtesy of Jet Photographic

Golf

11.5 Cambridge
 20.5 COGS

Tom Dawson

The Blues should be encouraged by this weekend's golf, even if the 20.5-11.5 scoreline seems likely to dishearten. The unusually strong society side, comprising the likes of David Marsh (capped many times for England), was held at nine points all on Saturday and this scoreline represents a massive step towards the kind of self-belief necessary to make this team into a very good one indeed. Even with the absences of Weston, one of CUGC's most experienced performers, and MacDonald, Cambridge had enough firepower to subdue a powerful opposition.

Special mention must be made of Richard Bell's stellar performance against the dogged Graham Dill. Bell was five under par for the back nine, and performed admirably again on Sunday morning. The silent assassin, Chris Southworth, also had a good weekend and James Harvey was unlucky not to win his match, as his opponent eagled the last via a bounce from the road. Cousin James also did well to sneak a point as the shadows lengthened over the Sacred Nine, and Gold showed blistering form to beat Tickell.

The quality of golf all weekend was high and valuable lessons have been learnt. For starters the importance of experience to the development of another fine Cambridge side was clear.

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Presentation:

Wednesday, 7th November 2001
6:30 p.m.

University Arms Hotel,
Cambridge

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